

## Legend And The Lore

Falconer

Forgotten and concealed  
Are the tales of old.  
Yet the spirits of the field  
I do behold.  
A mist-like shape reveals  
The fiddler in his prime,  
It's an act through the time.

Under the starlit sky  
Shadows come alive.  
Chapters of laughter and a sigh,  
They do revive.  
The mist-like shape entwines  
The legend and the lore  
Into a conviction unsure.