

Archers of Calontir

János Katona

Ar-chers to the line, tar - gets in your sights. Arms and bows held stead - y, locked on the mark.

Reach through the air to de-li-ver fierce bites. Toothed and wing-ed mis - siles through the sky will arc!

Chorus Lift up your bows, loose your ar-rows to soar. The Ca-lon-tir yeo-men are off to war! Our foes in their boots are quak - ing with fear From the Ar - chers of Ca - lon - tir!

Archers to the line, targets in your sights.
Arms and bows held steady, locked on the mark.
Reach through the air to deliver fierce bites.
Toothed and winged missiles through the sky will arc!

Chorus

*Lift up your bows, loose your arrows to soar.
The Calontir yeomen are off to war!
Our foes in their boots are quaking with fear
From the Archers of Calontir!*

Kingdoms near and far learn to fear our bows.
Train we hard while sweating underneath the sun.
But it all pays well when the bloody river flows
From the wounds our arrows carve when we are done!

Chorus

Bowmen say we ne'er receive our glory earned.
Fighters oft begrudge us honor on the field.
Listen to them curse when they suddenly have learned
That their gen'ral took the shot and then did yield!
(optional verse, sung for more humorous version)

Chorus

Bodkin points can pierce through mail and steel.
Ev'ry piece of armor bears one arrow sized hole.
Our shafts seek gaps from the head to the heel:
Each missile launched will exact its toll!

Chorus

With the cry of "loose" skies turn black with cloud.
Hails of missiles flying off toward their goal.
As our lightning strikes we can't fail to be proud
Of the deadly rain under our control!

Chorus