

Presence

Dolan Madoc



Some time a - go, a man I know Would tra - vel far and wide A mar - shals book and a range he took To each and ev' - ry site.



Chid - i - ock the Young - er brought with him A gift for Ca - lon - tir For the joy we know, as we lift our bows Flows from all that he did here.



But tell me when, if as I ken, His pre - sence lin - gers on,



As we take the line and our ar - rows fly Is he e - ver real - ly gone?

Some time ago, a man I know
Would travel far and wide
A marshals book and a range he took
To each and every site.

Chidioc the Younger brought with him
A gift for Calontir
For the joy we know, when lift our bows
Flows from all that he did here.

*But tell me when, if as I ken,
His presence lingers on,
As we take the line and our arrows fly
Is he ever really gone?*

In ancient days, the sagas say
Lived an archer of renown
From Thousand Hills with mighty skill
Who would wear the Calon crown

Twas Zenobia of Rebelswood
Of her legend you have heard
How a lady fair and an archer rare
Showed us wisdom with her words

Chorus

I can see him stand, with bow in hand
An eye both keen and true
A giant of a man, from southern lands
His skill was matched by few

Bear was known for an arrow thrown
And the Knowne World can attest
Champion of all, but as I recall
Twas his smile I liked best

Chorus

From Three Rivers land comes many a man
Who would fight for land and king
Some seek the skies where the arrows fly
And you hear the bowstring sing.

Where hearts were glad and fun was had
Christoval could be found there
I can still recall, how he brought to all
This passion that we share.

Chorus

Through woodland wild for many a mile
He'd journey staff in hand
Though sharp his blade and sharp his aim
He was a gentle man

To Otto Graubert grant word-fame
Remember through the years
Drink well and deep the honeyed mead
See his smile through your tears

Chorus

Pray lend an ear O Calontir
Have you seen Laura Ann?
She'd bend the string, a song she'd sing,
A kestrel on her hand...

And I recall a lakeside mews
At Lilies every year
There's pain we know from the long dark road
Adding fire to our tears.

Chorus