

Heather Dale, Troubador

No one knew from whence he'd come
Or all the shadings of his life.
He walked in dreams across the land
And, waking, flown within the night.

Oh, how he enchanted us
'Til summer fled and autumn turned.
Oh, how he enchanted us
And left us rich with what we'd learned!

We knew him from the tales he told
In breath and string and gaze and drum.
We marveled at the dancing world
Our simple silence had become.

Oh, how he enchanted us
'Til summer fled and autumn turned.
Oh, how he enchanted us
And left us rich with what we'd learned!

So, raise your voices,
Raise your glass!
Raise your voices,
Raise your glass!
So, raise your voices,
Raise your glass!
Oh, raise your voices,
Raise your glass!

That troubador has left our hall.
Those summer days were far too few.
But journeys call to ev'ry man,
And his, like ours, began anew.

Where once he sat within our hall,
And kindled joy in ev'ry heart -
Where once he sat within our hall,
New fingers move upon his harp.
New fingers move upon the harp.

So, raise your voices,
Raise your glass!
Raise your voices,
Raise your glass!
So, raise your voices,
Raise your glass!
Oh, raise your voices,
Raise your glass!