

The Ballad of St. Anne's Reel

John Denver

He was stranded in some tiny town on fair Prince Edward Isle
Awaiting for a ship to come and find him
A one-horse place, a friendly face, some coffee and a tiny trace
Of fiddling in the distance far behind him
A dime across the counter, then a shy hello, a brand new friend
A walk along the street in the wintry weather
A yellow light, an open door, a welcome friend, there's room for more
And then they're standing there inside together
He said, "I've heard that tune before somewhere, but I can't
remember when
Was it on some other friendly shore or did I hear it on the wind?
Was it written on the sky above? I think I heard it from someone I love
But I never heard it sound so sweet since then"
Now his feet begin to tap, a little boy says, "I'll take your hat"
He's caught up in the magic of her smile
And leap the heart inside him went, and off across the floor he sent
His clumsy body graceful as a child
He said, "There's magic in the fiddler's arm, there's magic in this town
There's magic in the dancers' feet and the way they put them down
People smiling everywhere, boots and ribbons, locks of hair
And laughter and old blue suits and Easter gowns"
Now the sailor's gone, the room is bare, the old piano's
sitting there
Someone's hat's left hanging on the rack
And empty chairs, the wooden floor that feels the touch of shoes no more
Awaiting for the dancers to come back
And the fiddle's in the closet of some daughter of the town
The strings are broke and the bow is gone and the cover's buttoned down
But sometimes on December nights
When the air is cold and the wind is right
There's a melody that passes through this town

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