

THE BALLAD OF ST. ANNE'S REEL

He was stranded in some tiny town on fair Prince Edward Isle
awaitin' for a ship to come and find him
a one-horse place, a friendly face some coffee and a tiny trace
of fiddlin' 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 and 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 loved
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 clurnsy body graceful as a child

He said there's magic in the fiddlers arm there's magic in this town

There's magic in the dancers' feet and the way they put them down

People smilin' everywhere Boots and ribbons, looks of hair
And laughter and old blue suits and Easter gowns

Now the sailor's gone, the room is bare the old piano setting there
Someone's hat's left hanging on the rack
and empty chairs, the wooden floor that feels the touch of shoes no more
A waiting 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

(Maffett)