

ST. ANNE'S REEL

He was stranded in a tiny town on
Fair Prince Edward Island
Waiting 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,
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 a sound so sweet since then.

And 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 within him went,
As off across the floor he sent
His clumsy body, graceful as a child.

He said, "There's magic in the fiddler's arms
And 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
Laughter, old blue suits and Easter gowns."

The sailor's gone, the room is bare,
The old piano's setting there
Someone's hat's left hanging on the rack
The empty chair, the wooden floor that
Feels the touch of shoes no more
Awaitin' for the dancers to come back.

And the fiddle's in the closet of
Some daughter of the town
The strings are broke, 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
A melody comes driftin' through the town.