

# 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 fo  
r more

And then they're standing there inside together

He said, "I've heard that tune before somewhere, but I can't re  
member when

Was it on some other friendly shore or did I hear it on the win  
d?

Was it written on the sky above? I think I heard it from someon  
e 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 h  
at"

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 do  
wn

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 sittin  
g there

Someone's hat's left hanging on the rack

And empty chairs, the wooden floor that feels the touch of shoe  
s 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 butto  
ned 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