

The Ballad of St. Anne's Reel

Dave Mallett

D G D

He was strand-ed in a ti - ny town on fair Prince Ed - ward Is - land

A G A

Wait-ing for a ship to come and find him A one horse place, a friend - ly face, some

D G D A D

cof - fee and a ti - ny trace of fid - dl - ing in the dis - tance far be - hind him Then a

D G D

dime a - cross the coun - ter then a shy hel - lo, a brand new friend, a

A G A

walk a - long the street in the wint - ry weath - er A yel - low light, an o - pen door, and a

D G D A

"Wel - come friend, there's room for more" and then they're stand - ing their in - side to -

D A

geth - er He said, "I've heard that tune be - fore some - where but I

G D A

can't re - mem - ber when Was it on some oth - er friend - ly shore, did I

hear it in the wind? Was it writ - ten on the sky a - bove? I think I

heard it from some-one I love, But I ne - ver heard it sound so sweet since then."

And now his feet begin to tap and a little boy says, "I'll take your cap."
 And he spun off in the magic of her smile.
 And leap the heart within him went when 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 'em down."
 People smiling everywhere, boots and fiddles, locks of hair,
 Laughter, old blue suits, and Easter gowns.

The sailor's gone, the room is bare, the old piano's sitting there,
 Someone's hat's left hanging on the rack,
 The 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, 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 the town.