

# John Denver, The Ballad Of St. Anne

This song was first released on the Autograph album. It is the only album it has been released on.

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 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 smilin' everywhere  
Boots and ribbons, locks of hair  
And laughter and old blue suits and easter gowns

Now the sailors' gone, the room is bare  
The old piano settin' there  
Someone's hat's left hanging on the rack  
And empty chairs, 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 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

Words and Music by David Mallett