

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