

Reunion Hill

Fairport Convention

Must've been in late September
When last I climbed Reunion Hill
Fell asleep on Indian Boulder
Dreamed a dream I will not tell

I came home as the sun went down
One eye trained upon the ground
Even now I find their things
Glasses, coins and golden rings

It's ten years since that ragged army
Limped across these fields of mine
Gave them bread, I gave them brandy
Most of all I gave them time

My well is deep and the water pure
The streams are fed by mountain lakes
I cleaned the brow of many a soldier
Dowsing for my husband's face

I won't forget our sad farewell
And how I ran to climb that hill
To see him walk across the valley
And disappear into... the trees

Alone there in a sea of blue
It circles every afternoon
A single hawk in god's great sky
Looking down with god's own eyes

It soars above Reunion Hill
And I pray he spirals higher still
As if from such an altitude
He might just keep our love... in view

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