

# Dance to the St. Anne's Reel

(lyrics by Wil Maring, [www.wilmaring.com](http://www.wilmaring.com))

1

He stood on the deck with his case in hand

4

1

He gazed to the west in a strange new land

He hummed a little tune that his Grandpa sang

4

5

1

A tune called the St. Anne's Reel

1

The work was hard and the days were long

4

1

But the land was their own and it made them strong

When work's all done, roll the rug to the wall

4

5

1

For a dance to the St. Anne's Reel

**Chorus:**

1

2m

So get out your fiddle and the mandolin

5

1

Toe to heel to a tune like it's always been

6m

2m

Take a peck on the cheek as he takes her hand

5

1

For a dance to the St. Anne's Reel

**1** **2m**  
The shuffle of their shoes on the wooden floor

**5** **1**  
As they twirl to a tune from a-nother shore

**6m** **2m**  
A song come down from the days of yore

**5** **1**  
It's a tune called the St. Anne's Reel

**1**  
The young man's son had a son, now old

**4** **1**  
He rests on the bench as his own son holds

The hand of the girl with the hair of gold

**4** **5** **1**  
For a dance to the St. Anne's Reel

**1**  
Now the strange new land is home sweet home

**4** **1**  
And no one recalls where the tune came from

They still gather 'round when the work's all done

**4** **5** **1**  
For a dance to the St. Anne's Reel

(Repeat Chorus with tag, below)

**1** **2m**  
A song come down from days of yore

**5** **1**  
And it's still called the St. Anne's Reel