

Farthest Field

There is a land high on a hill
Where I am going, there is a voice that calls to me
The air is sweet, the grasses wave
The wind is blowing away up in the farthest field

Walk with me and we will see the mystery revealed
When one day we wend our way up to the farthest field

The sun will rise, the sun will set
Across the mountains and we will live with beauty there
The fragrant flowers, the days and hours
Will not be counted, and peaceful songs will fill the air

I know one day I'll leave my home
Here in the valley and climb up to that field so fair
And when I'm called and counted in
That final tally, I know that I will see you there

Oh my dear friends, I truly love
To hear your voices lifted up in radiant song
Though through the years we all have made
Our separate choices, we've ended here where we belong

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Overall Music OM-3
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