

## **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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Recorded on *Heartwalk*  
by Cindy Kallet, Ellen Epstein and Michael Cicone (with Richard Knisely)  
Overall Music OM-3  
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