

REUNION HILL

MUST HAVE BEEN LATE SEPTEMBER WHEN LAST I CLIMBED REUNION HILL
FELL ASLEEP ON INDIAN BOULDER AND DREAMED A DREAM I WILL NOT TELL
CAME HOME AS THE SUN WENT DOWN, ONE EYE TRAINED ON THE GROUND
EVEN NOW I FIND THEIR THINGS, GLASSES, COINS, AND GOLDEN RINGS

TEN YEARS SINCE THAT RAGGED ARMY CAME TO CROSS THESE FIELDS OF MINE
GAVE THEM BREAD, GAVE THEM BRANDY, MOST OF ALL I GAVE THEM TIME
WELL IS DEEP, THE WATER PURE 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
JUST TO WATCH HIM WALK ACROSS THE VALLEY AND DISAPPEAR INTO ALL TREES

ALONE THERE IN A SEA OF BLUE IT CIRCLES EVERY AFTERNOON
A SINGLE HAWK IN GODS GREAT SKY, LOOKING DOWN WITH GOD'S OWN EYE
SOARS ABOVE UNION HILL, I GRACE MY ROLE HIGHER STILL
AS IF FROM SUCH AN ALTITUDE I JUST MIGHT KEEP MY LOVE IN VIEW

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**SHALOM, from
SPIKE and JAMIE**