

The Voice House

Harbors of Home Gordon Bok, Ed Trickett, Ann Mayo Muir

Farthest Field David Dodson

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

Chorus:

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,
The final tally, I know that I will see you there.

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