

Here, In This Place

Lyrics by Peter Fischman © 2000

The sun rises through the pines on a February morning,
Bird song drifts by brightly on the breeze
Thought the ground is white with snow and the day is done with dawning
And the mercury is stuck at 10 degrees.
Still, the ground is white with snow,
Yet the birds are sweetly singing.
There is magic here, and mystery, and wonder all around
Out along Old County Road, by the rock wall in the garden.
Everywhere, I stand on hallowed ground.

Chorus:

Here, in this place, I have all I every wanted.
Here, in this place, I have everything I need.
I have love, I have beauty, I have grace
Here, in this place.

The sun sets across the pond on a February evening.
The sugar maples, all awash with gold,
Stand in rows along the drive. They will stand that way forever
In the golden sun. They never will grow old.
Once an apple orchard grew,
When these maple trees were younger,
In the southern field, upon the hill, beyond the garden wall.
Now the field is overgrown. You'll find no trace of the orchard,
And spruce and hemlock 50 odd feet tall.

Chorus

On a February night, bold Orion stalks the south sky
In a motion set in motion long ago.
By the light of the full moon you can read a book or watch as
Sugar maples cast moon shadows on the snow.
We are stewards of the land
Only for the briefest moment
Of cosmic time. Orion blinks. We're gone as swift as deer
Out along Old Count Road, by the rock wall in the garden.
This place remembers all who linger here.

Chorus