

**The 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  
Oh, way up in the farthest field

*Oh, 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(R.)

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 (R.)

Oh my dear friends /I truly love  
To hear your voices/All lifted up in radiant song  
Though through the years  
We have all made our separate choices  
We've ended here where we belong (R.)