

## Jamboree

The social event of the calendar year  
Was circled in red hearts and finally near.  
A thrill ran through Kayla, and up she jumped, a-clicking her heels.  
Her mother's old dancing shoes still had their shine,  
They had cut many a rug in their time,  
And on younger feet they would again dance the waltzes and the reels.

Come Saturday night with the bonfires all lit,  
The ale in the keg and the pig on the spit,  
Joshua stood off alone as the fairgrounds were filled.  
But when the fiddles were fondled and the mandolins rang,  
He lifted his high lonely voice, and he sang,  
And it echoed in waves through the misty blue valleys and the hills.

Songs for the highland—songs for the sea—  
Songs for the lovers who long to live free  
From the painful misgiving and the fear of misstep.  
Let 'em laugh right out loud and dance wild  
through the crowded jamboree.

Joshua's voice caught way down in his chest  
When he saw the angel in the blue cotton dress.  
Kayla was a-whirling and a-twirling to the songs he had made.  
She danced with the old men, and she danced with the boys,  
The sound of her laughter rose over the noise.  
Then she and the singer locked eyes, and he jumped from the stage.

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They still tell the tale in the local dance halls,  
The band dropped a beat and swung into a waltz.  
Kayla and Joshua glowed, at least that's what is said.  
He walked her home under the October moon,  
He held her hand gently, and he made up a tune,  
And the band played it sweet the night Kayla and Joshua wed.

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