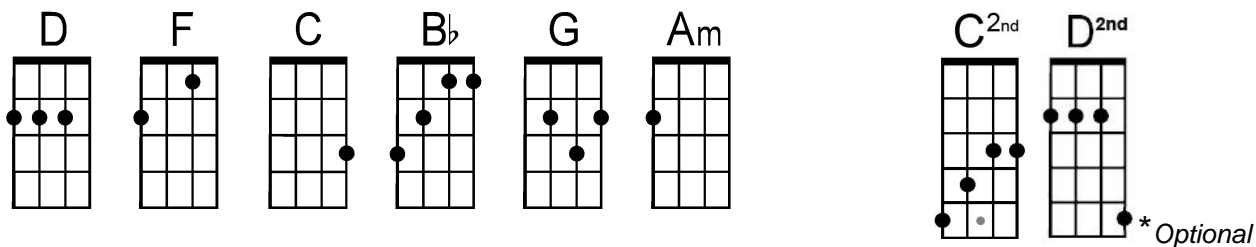


# Mummers' Dance

by Loreena McKennitt



**Intro:** D . . . | F . . . | C . . . | D . . . | Bb . . . | C<sup>2nd</sup> . . . | D . . . | . . . . . |  
 D . . . | F . . . | C . . . | D . . . | Bb . . . | C<sup>2nd</sup> . . . | D . . . | . . . . . |  
 Oooooo Oooooo Oooooo Oooooo Oooooo Oooooo Oooooo

D . . . | C . . . | Am . . . | D . . .  
 When in— the spring-time of the year, when the trees— are crowned— with leaves—  
 D . . . | C . . . | Am . . . | D . . .  
 When the ash and oak and the birch and yew—, are dressed— in ribbons— fair—  
 D . . . | C . . . | Am . . . | D . . .  
 When owls— call— the breath-less moon, in the blue veil of the night—  
 D . . . | C . . . | Am . . . | D . . .  
 The shadows of— the trees— appear—, a—midst— the lantern— light—

**Chorus:** D<sup>2nd</sup> . . . | C . . . | G . . . | D . . . |  
 We've been ramb-ling all the night—, and some-time of this day-ay—  
 D<sup>2nd</sup> . . . | C . . . | G . . . | D . . . |  
 Now re—turn-ing back a—gain—, we bring— a gar-land gay-ay—  
 C . . . | Bb . C<sup>2nd</sup> . | D . . . | . . . . . | C . . . | Bb . Am . | D . . . | . . . . . |

D . . . | C . . . | Am . . . | D . . .  
 Who'll— go down to the shady— groves—, and summon the sha-dows there—?  
 D . . . | C . . . | Am . . . | D . . .  
 And tie a ribbon on those shelter-ing arms, in the spring-time of the year—?  
 D . . . | C . . . | Am . . . | D . . . |  
 The songs of birds seem to fill the wood—, that when— the fidd-ler plays—  
 D . . . | C . . . | Am . . . | D . . . |  
 All their voices— can be heard, long past— their woodland days—

**Chorus:** D<sup>2nd</sup> . . . | C . . . | G . . . | D . . . |  
 We've been ramb-ling all the night—, and some-time of this day-ay—  
 D<sup>2nd</sup> . . . | C . . . | G . . . | D . . . |  
 Now re—turn-ing back a—gain—, we bring— a gar-land gay-ay—  
 C . . . | Bb . C<sup>2nd</sup> . | D . . . | . . . . . | C . . . | Bb . Am . | D . . . | . . . . . |

**Instrumental:** D . . . | F . . . | C . . . | D . . . | Bb . . . | C<sup>2nd</sup> . . . | D . . . | . . . . . |  
 D . . . | F . . . | C . . . | D . . . | Bb . . . | C<sup>2nd</sup> . . . | D . . . | . . . . . |

|D . . . |C . . . |Am . . . |D . . .  
And so they linked their hands and danced, 'round in cir—cles and in rows—

|D . . . |C . . . |Am . . . |D . . .  
And so the journey of the night de—scends, when all the shades are gone—

|D . . . |C . . . |Am . . . |D . . .  
A gar—land gay, we bring you here, and at your door we stand—

|D . . . |C . . . |Am . . . |D . . .  
It is a sprout, well—budd—ed out, the work of na—ture's hand—

**Chorus:** D<sup>2nd</sup> . . . |C . . . |G . . . |D . . . |  
We've been ramb—ling all the night—, and some—time of this day—ay—

D<sup>2nd</sup> . . . |C . . . |G . . . |D . . . |  
Now re—turn—ing back a—gain—, we bring— a gar—land gay—ay—

D<sup>2nd</sup> . . . |C . . . |G . . . |D . . . |  
We've been ramb—ling all the night—, and some—time of this day—ay—

D<sup>2nd</sup> . . . |C . . . |G . . . |D . . . |  
Now re—turn—ing back a—gain—, we bring— a gar—land gay—ay—

C . . . |Bb . Am . |D . . . | . . . |C . . . |Bb . Am . |D . . . | . . . |

**Outro:** D . . . |F . . . |C . . . |D . . . |Bb . . . |C<sup>2nd</sup> . . . |D . . . | . . . |  
Oooooo Oooooo Oooooo Oooooo Oooooo Oooooo Oooooooo

D . . . |F . . . |C . . . |D . . . |Bb . . . |C<sup>2nd</sup> . . . |D . . . | . . . |D\  
Oooooo Oooooo Oooooo Oooooo Oooooo Oooooo Oooooooo