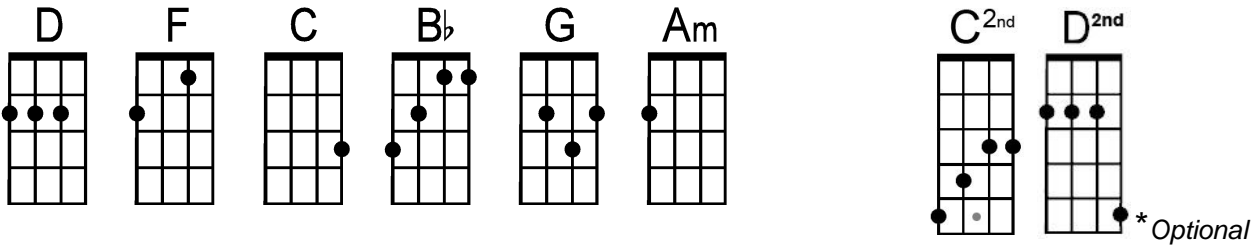


Mummers' Dance

by Loreena McKennitt (1997)



Intro:

D . . . | F . . . | C . . . | D . . . | Bb . . . | C^{2nd} . . . | D . . . | |
 D . . . | F . . . | C . . . | D . . . | Bb . . . | C^{2nd} . . . | D . . . | |
 Oooooo Oooooo Oooooo Oooooo Oooooo Oooooo Oooooo Oooooooo

| 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— a-appear— a-midst— the lantern— light—

Chorus:

D . . . D^{2nd} . . | C | G | D |
 We've been ramb-ling all the night— and some-time of this day-ay—
 D . . . D^{2nd} . . | C | G | D |
 Now re—turn-ing back a—gain— we bring— a gar—land gay-ay—
 C . . . | Bb . C^{2nd} . | D . . . | | C . . . | Bb . Am . | D . . . | |
 D | C | Am | D |
 Who'll— go down to the shady— groves— and summon the shadows— 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 . . . D^{2nd} . . | C | G | D |
 We've been ramb-ling all the night— and some-time of this day-ay—
 D . . . D^{2nd} . . | C | G | D |
 Now re—turn-ing back a—gain— we bring— a gar—land gay-ay—
 C . . . | Bb . C^{2nd} . | D . . . | | C . . . | Bb . Am . | D . . . | |

Instrumental:

D . . . | F . . . | C . . . | D . . . | Bb . . . | C^{2nd} . . . | D . . . | |

D . . . | F . . . | C . . . | D . . . | Bb . . . | C^{2nd} . . . | 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 . . . D^{2nd} . . | C | G | D |
We've been ramb—ling all the night— and some—time of this day—ay—

D . . . D^{2nd} . . | C | G | D |
Now re—turn—ing back a—gain— we bring— a gar—land gay—ay—

D . . . D^{2nd} . . | C | G | D |
We've been ramb—ling all the night— and some—time of this day—ay—

D . . . D^{2nd} . . | C | G | D |
Now re—turn—ing back a—gain— we bring— a gar—land gay—ay—

C . . . | Bb . C^{2nd} . | D . . . | | C . . . | Bb . Am . | D . . . | |

Outro:

D . . . | F . . . | C . . . | D . . . | Bb . . . | C^{2nd} . . . | D . . . | |
Oooooo Oooooo Oooooo Oooooo Oooooo Oooooo Oooooooo

D . . . | F . . . | C . . . | D . . . | Bb . . . | C^{2nd} . . . | D . . . | | D\
Oooooo Oooooo Oooooo Oooooo Oooooo Oooooo Oooooooo