Mummers’ Dance
by Loreena McKennitt

D F C Bp G Am C2nd D2nd


When in— the spring-time of the year, when the trees— are crowned— with leaves—

When the ash and oak and the birch and yew—, are dressed— in ribbons— fair—

When owls— call— the breath-less moon, in the blue veil of the night—

The shadows of— the trees— a-appear—, a-midst— the lantern— light—

We’ve been ramb-ling all the night—, and some-time of this day—ay—

Now re—turn-ing back a—gain—, we bring— a gar-land gay—ay—


Who’ll— go down to the shady— groves—, and summon the sha-dows there—?

And tie a ribbon on those shelter-ing arms, in the spring-time of the year—?

The songs of birds seem to fill the wood—, that when— the fidd-ler plays—

All their voices— can be heard, long past— their woodland days—

We’ve been ramb-ling all the night—, and some-time of this day—ay—

Now re—turn-ing back a—gain—, we bring— a gar-land gay—ay—


And so they linked their hands and danced, 'round in circles and in rows—

And so the journey of the night descends, when all the shades are gone—

A garland gay, we bring you here, and at your door we stand—

It is a sprout, well budded out, the work of nature's hand—

We've been rambling all the night—, and some-time of this day-ay—

Now returning back again, we bring a garland gay-ay—

We've been rambling all the night—, and some-time of this day-ay—

Now returning back again, we bring a garland gay-ay—


Oooooo Oooooo Oooooo Oooooo Oooooo Ooooooo Ooooooo0

Oooooo Oooooo Oooooo Oooooo Oooooo Ooooooo Ooooooo0

San Jose Ukulele Club
(v3- 3/15/16)