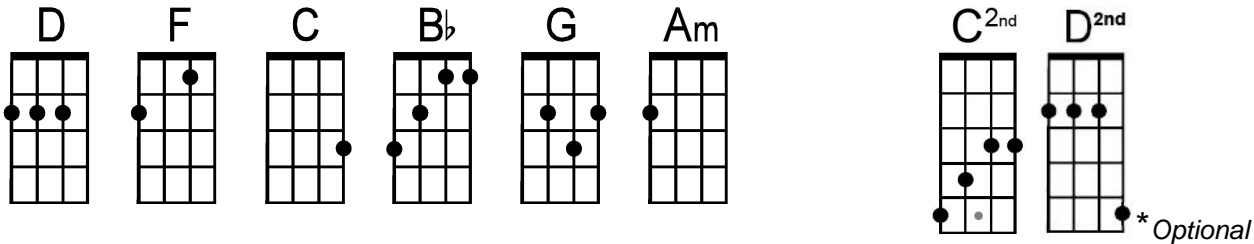


# The Mummers' Dance

by Loreena McKennitt (1997)



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

**Chorus:** D . . . 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 shadows— there—?  
 . . . | . . . | C . . . | Am . . . | D . . .  
 And tie a ribbon on those shelter-ing arms in the spring-time of the year—?  
 . . . | . . . | C . . . | Am . . . | D . . .  
 The songs of birds seem to fill the wood— that when— the fidd-ler plays—  
 . . . | C . . . | Am . . . | D . . .  
 All their voices— can be heard long past— their woodland— days—

**Chorus:** D . . . 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 . . . | . . . . . |

**Instr:** 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—

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

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

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

D . . . D<sup>2nd</sup> . . . | C . . . | G . . . | D . . . |  
**Chorus:** 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 . C<sup>2nd</sup> . | D . . . | . . . . | C . . . | Bb . Am . | D . . . | . . . . |

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

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

**San Jose Ukulele Club**

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