

## The Mummers' Dance

Loreena Mckennitt

When in the springtime 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 breathless moon  
In the blue veil of the night  
The shadows of the trees appear  
Amidst the lantern light

We've been rambling all the night  
And some time of this day  
Now returning back again  
We bring a garland gay

Who will go down to those shady groves  
And summon the shadows there  
And tie a ribbon on those sheltering arms  
In the springtime of the year  
The songs of birds seem to fill the wood  
That when the fiddler plays  
All their voices can be heard  
Long past their woodland days

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 our lord's hand"