I. 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
When shadows of the trees appear
amidst the lantern('s) light.

Chorus

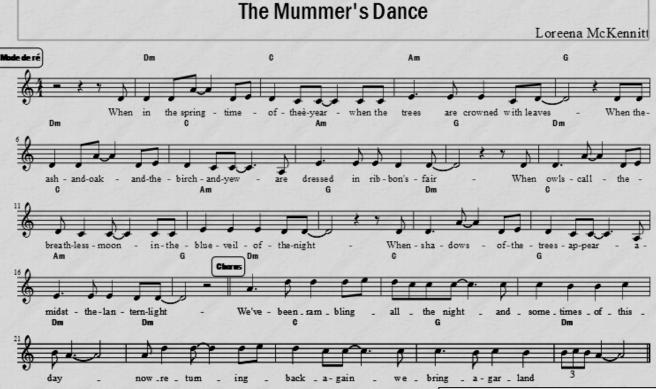
We've been rambling all the night and sometime of this day Now returning back again we bring a garland gay.

II. 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 sounds of birds seem to fill the wood and when the fiddler plays All their voices can be heard long past their woodland days.

Chorus

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 Here's a sprout, well budded out The work of our Lord's hand.

Chorus



THE MUMMER'S DANCE
Album The book of secrets
(1997) style celtique
LOREENA MCKENNITT
Artiste canadienne, 1957

