

# Dancing at Whitsun

John Austin Marshall, Tune Traditional

Key C

Time 3/4

Intro: [C] [Dm] [G] [C] [C]

It's [C] fifty long spring-times since [Dm] she was a [G] bride  
But [C] still you may [Dm] see her at [C] each Whitsun [G] tide  
In a [C] dress of white [G] linen and [C] ribbons of [G] green  
As [C] green as her [Dm] memories of [G] lov-[C]ing. [C]

The [C] feet that were nimble tread [Dm] carefully [G] now  
As [C] gentle a [Dm] measure as [C] age do a [G] llow  
Though [C] groves of white [G] blossom, by [C] fields of young [G] corn  
Where [C] once she was [Dm] pledged to her [G] true [C] love [C]

The [C] fields they stand empty, the [Dm] hedges grow [G] free  
No [C] young men to [Dm] tend them nor [C] pastures go [G] see  
They have [C] gone where the [G] forest of [C] oak trees be [G] fore  
Have [C] gone to be [Dm] wasted in [G] ba [C] ttle [C]

Down [C] from the green farmland and [Dm] from their loved [G] ones  
Marched [C] husbands and [Dm] brothers and [C] fathers and [G] sons  
There's a [C] fine roll of [G] honour where the [C] maypole once [G] stood  
And the [C] ladies go [Dm] dancing at [G] Whit [C] sun [C]

There's a [C] straight row of houses in [Dm] these latter [G] days  
All [C] covering the [Dm] downs where the [C] sheep used to [G] graze  
There's [C] field of red [G] poppies, a [C] gift from the [G] Queen  
And the [C] ladies re [Dm] member at [G] Whit [C] sun  
Yes the [C] ladies go [Dm] dancing at [G] Whit [C] sun