

The Ladies go dancing at Whitsun

(Notated in 'F' for simplicity, but we usually sing this a semitone higher)

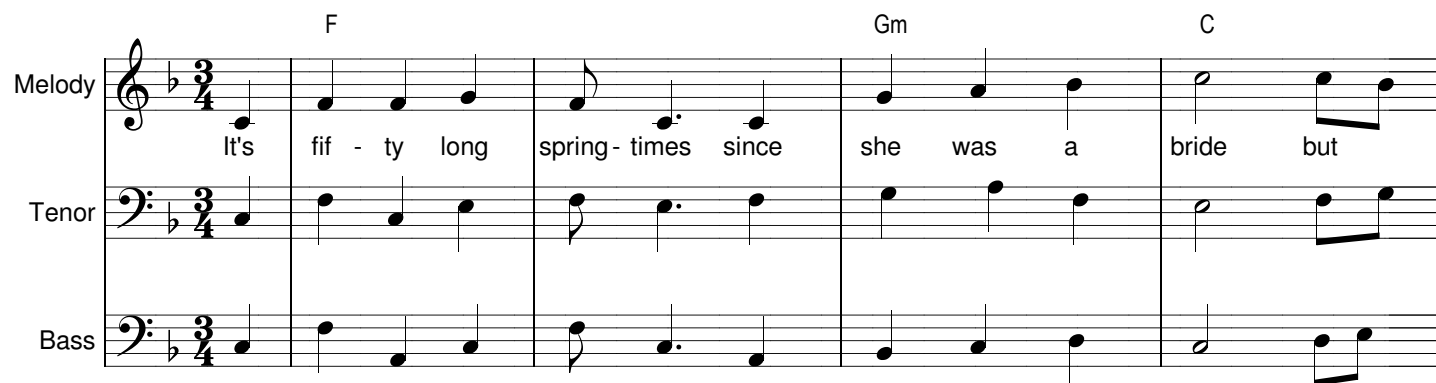
Melody

Tenor

Bass

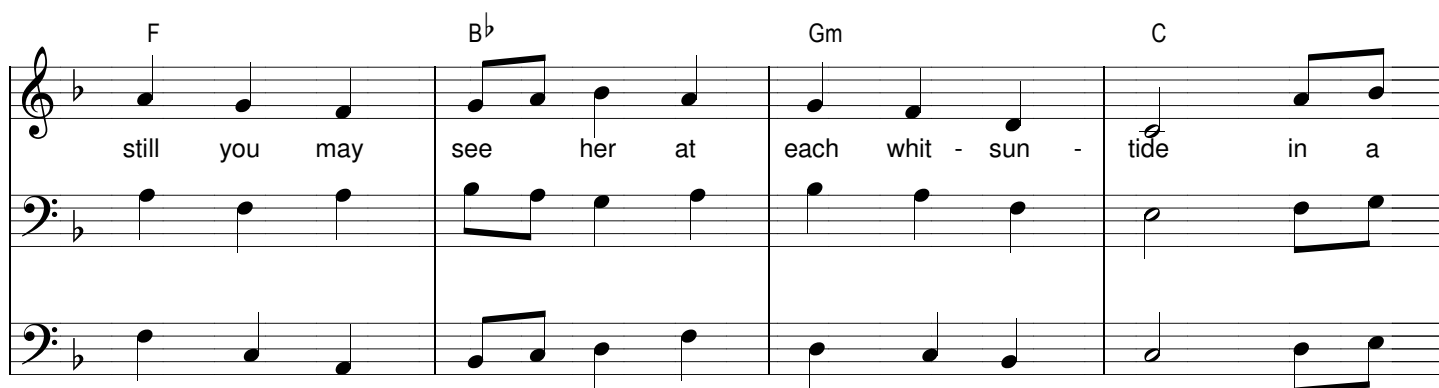
F Gm C

It's fif - ty long spring - times since she was a bride but



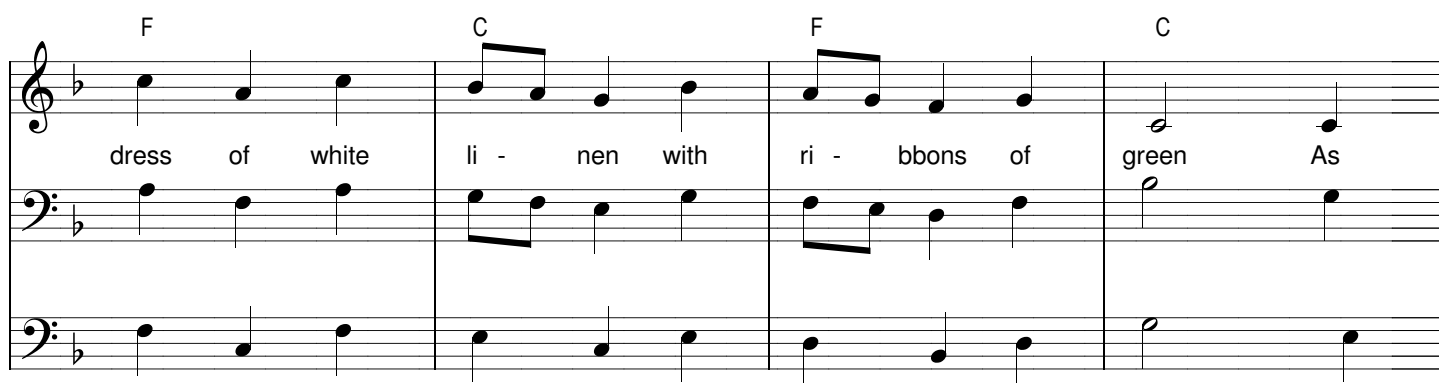
F Bb Gm C

still you may see her at each whit - sun - tide in a



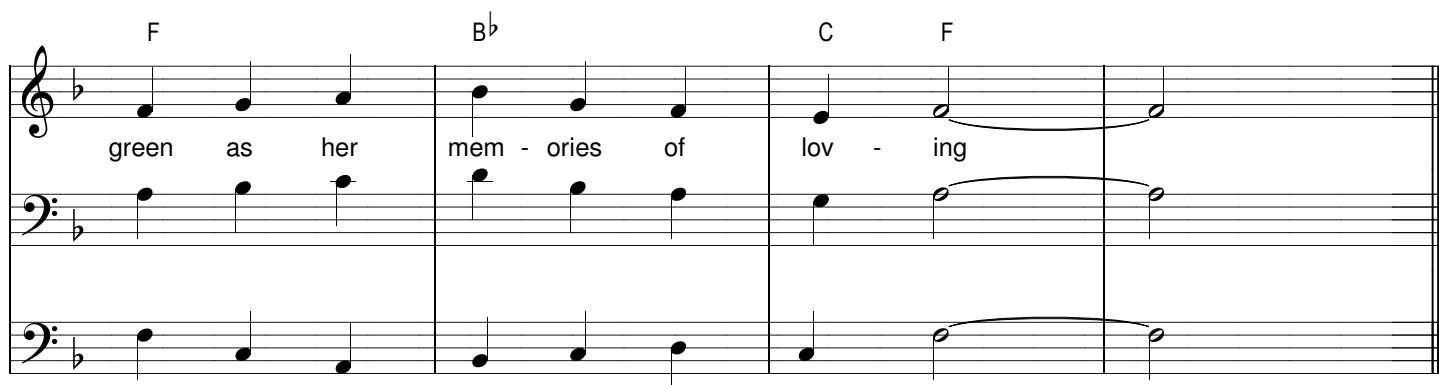
F C F C

dress of white li - nen with ri - bbons of green As



F Bb C F

green as her mem - ories of lov - ing



DANCING AT WHITSUN (Austin John Marshall)

It's fifty long springtimes since she was a bride,
But still you may see her at each Whitsuntide
In a dress of white linen with ribbons of green,
As green as her memories of loving.

The feet that were nimble tread carefully now,
As gentle a measure as age will allow,
Through groves of white blossoms, by fields of young corn,
Where once she was pledged to her truelove.

The fields they stand empty, the hedges grow free
No young men to tend them nor pastures to see
They have gone like the forests of oak trees before
Have gone, to be wasted in battle.

Down from their green farmlands and from their loved ones
Marched husbands and brothers and fathers and sons.
There's a fine roll of honour where the Maypole once stood
And the ladies go dancing at Whitsun.

There's a straight row of houses in these latter days
All covering the Downs where the sheep used to graze.
There's a field of red poppies, a wreath from the Queen
But the ladies remember at Whitsun.
And the ladies go dancing at Whitsun.