

## Dancing at Whitsun

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

The feet that were nimble tread carefully now  
As gentle a measure as age do allow  
Through groves of white blossom by fields of young corn  
Where once she was pledged to her true love

The fields they stand empty, the hedges grow free **this verse**  
No young men to tend them or pastures go see **altos and sops only**  
They have gone where the forests of oak trees before  
Gone to be wasted in battle

Down from the green farmlands and from their loved ones **this verse**  
Marched husbands and brothers and fathers and sons **alto and bass**  
There's a fine roll of honour where the maypole once stood **only**  
And the ladies go dancing at Whitsun

There's a straight row of houses in these latter days  
All covering the do – o - owns where the sheep used to graze  
There's a field of red poppies, and a wreath from the Queen  
But the ladies remember at Whitsun

And the ladies go dancing at Whitsun **all in unison**