

# Andrew Lloyd Webber, Lammastide

("Suddenly villagers arrive. They are processing to the church with the fruits of the harvest. There is

"All:"

Ripe golden fields and the  
bounty they bring  
Reason enough for to dance and to sing  
Dance for who knows if we'll live till its spring  
Sing  
For it's Lammastide

("A young girl goes up to Laura and gives her a corn dolly")

"All:"

Winds of the winter  
As sharp as a thorn  
Soon will assault us  
As sure as we're born

"Girl:"

Who will protect us?  
A doll made of corn

"All"

Dance!  
For it's Lammastide

"Men:"

Please spend the season  
Pressed in my arms  
Rest in my arms

"Women:"

Merrily, merrily

We'll end the season  
Wrapped in your arms

"Men:"

Trapped in your arms

"Women:"

Verily, verily

"All:"

Ripe golden fields and the  
bounty they bring  
Reason enough for to dance and to sing  
Dance for who knows if we'll live till it's spring  
Sing  
For it's Lammastide

"Men:"

Please end the season  
Pressed in my arms

Blessed in my arms

""Women:""

Verily, verily  
Although we may protest in your arms  
We'll nest in your arms

""All:""

Merrily, merrily

After we harvest the fruits of the earth  
Time for the home and a moment of mirth

""Men:""

Time for a dance

""Women:""

And the chance of rebirth

""All:""

Sing  
For it's Lammastide

Ripe golden fields and the bounty they bring  
Reason enough for to dance and to sing  
Dance for who knows if we'll live till it's spring  
Sing  
For it's Lammastide!  
Dance  
For it's Lammastide!  
Sing  
For it's Lammastide!

("At the end of the song, we see the same young girl being excluded from the festivities. Her mother

""Mother:""

("to little girl") You'll wait outside till you see sense my girl