

# The Morris Hopping Song

(for Chapel-en-le-Frith Morris Men,  
to the tune of “Bonny Green Garters”)

by Matt Black

Here’s to the dances, the bells on our shins,  
The flourish of hankies and capers,  
Here’s to the side-step, and here’s to the skip,  
The hop and the half-gip that made us

Fine chaps of Chapel, in yellow and green,  
We’ve twirled since the world was beginning,  
But when we hear music, we feel young again  
And our hips and our hearts start a-spinning

Round t’ others, like brothers, like earth around sun,  
In circles we weave to the rhythm,  
Knees flying through space, a big grin on his face,  
Pete turns through his own solar system

We dance outside pubs and we dance in your dreams,  
Wherever there’s beer and good ladies,  
But watch out, ye lads, for since Morris began,  
If she puts on your hat there’ll be babies

For ladies, so lovely, you light up our toes,  
It’s parading for you keeps us frisky,  
The sparks from your eyes, quick thoughts of your thighs  
Keeping our squeezeboxes busy

We dance to be us, we dance to be free,  
We’re happiest when we are twirling,  
We dance to ask why, the dance never stops,  
And we dance to keep the flame burning

Some say that we’re rude and bawdy and broad,  
Our old country ways, and fandango,  
With our calling-out Fool, we’re Lords of Misrule  
And we do like a big innuendo

We laugh as we try to remember the steps,  
Hover ‘twixt sky and the pavement,  
Clapping and stamping and clashing our sticks  
While you watch us in blinking amazement

So here’s to the plough, and here’s to the stag,  
To May-Day and all summer spinning,  
In straw hats and flowers, we leap and we skip  
And we’ve danced since the world was beginning