

# The Dancer

## Fairport Convention

His father was a dancer before him  
And his father before him, and his father before him  
Moving in line with the steps that came down through the years

Like a spell through the streets  
Everyone had their stories and family glories  
Ribbons swayed in the air of a new summer breeze

It's in his very heart, it's in his very bone  
Absorbed in all its glory, absorbed in all its glory  
It was written in the stone  
You can see it in the stone

Fiddles played with such joy  
It's hard to remember, so hard to remember  
When feet felt so light they couldn't keep still  
They said farewell to each spot with a Bonny Green Garter

Joking and laughter  
This age-old round carried on  
In tune with the year

It's in his very heart, it's in his very bone  
Absorbed in all its glory, absorbed in all its glory  
It was written in the stone  
You can see it in the stone

The silver watch carried near his breast would have so impressed  
Many younger men who were dancing then  
Never missing out a day at school, he was no-one's fool  
And every now and then he'd sing a song for friends

Abroad for pleasure as I was a-walking  
Abroad for pleasure as I was a-walking  
Abroad for pleasure as I was a-walking  
Abroad for pleasure as I was a-walking

When the day's end is near the streets start to clear  
At the end of the beer  
His thoughts take him back to the old dancing days  
His father a dancer before him and his father before him  
And his father before him  
Kept alive all those steps  
And the tunes that they played

'Cause its in his very heart, it's in his very bone  
Absorbed in all its glory, absorbed in all its glory  
It was written in the stone  
It was written in the stone  
It was written in the stone  
You can see it in the stone