

## Terry Wogan

### "Foral Dance"

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I thought I could hear the curious tone  
Of the cornet, clarinet and big trombone  
Fiddle, 'cello, big bass drum  
Bassoon, flute and euphonium  
Far away, as in a trance  
I heard the sound of the Floral Dance

As I walked home on a Summer night  
When stars in Heav'n were shining bright  
Far away from the footlight's glare  
Into the sweet and scented air  
Of a quaint old Cornish town

Borne from afar on the gentle breeze  
Joining the murmur of the summer seas  
Distant tones of an old world dance  
Played by the village band perchance  
On the calm air came floating down

I thought I could hear the curious tone  
Of the cornet, clarinet and big trombone  
Fiddle, 'cello, big bass drum  
Bassoon, flute and euphonium  
Far away, as in a trance  
I heard the sound of the Floral Dance  
I heard the sound of the Floral Dance

And soon I heard such a bustling and prancing  
And then I saw the whole village was dancing  
In and out of the houses they came  
Old folk, young folk, all the same  
In that quaint old Cornish town

Every boy took a girl 'round the waist  
And hurried her off in tremendous haste  
Whether they knew one another I care not  
Whether they cared at all, I know not  
But they kissed as they danced along

And there was the band with that curious tone  
Of the cornet, clarinet and big trombone

Fiddle, 'cello, big bass drum  
Bassoon, flute and euphonium  
Each one making the most of his chance  
All together in the Floral Dance  
All together in the Floral Dance

Dancing here, prancing there  
Jigging, jogging ev'rywhere  
Up and down, and round the town  
Hurrah! For the Cornish Floral Dance

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