

for J.E.  
**Lumpstilskin**

S.W. Black

Arranged by Michael Praetorius (1571–1621)

tune of *Lo, How a Rose E'er Blooming*



1. Lump - y, yes, Lump - y - stils - kin, will you sing and
2. I know you thought those trees were lump - y. That's why
3. Lump - y, yes, Lump - y - stils - kin, I real - ly like
4. I think it is folk - lore keep - ing your lump - y
5. Lump - y, oh, Lump - y - stils - kin, please don't cry a -



dance to - night?\_ Would you like to con - tin - ue to sing about lumps  
he was called.\_ But that tree doct - or he healed them. Yes, he healed  
all of your lumps.\_ Lump - y\_ Lump - y - stils - kin, you have such ve - ry  
lump - y lumps.\_ I would like to tell you some - thing true a - bout  
but your lumps.\_ Dear, sweet Lump - y - stils - kin, we all still love your



in the woods.\_ But the woods, they have none. No lumps that  
all the lumps.\_ Those trees they aren't lump - y. We don't need  
fine lump lumps.\_ Lump - y, lump - y lump lumps. I would like  
your fae lumps.\_ I don't think they ex - ist. They are just  
fae lump lumps.\_ E - ven if they're most - ly, yes, e - ven



I can see now. That tree doc - tor did his job.  
to burn the trees. Birds and bugs live in the trees.  
to see some truth a - bout your magic lump - y lumps.  
your per - cep - tion of how you go a - bout town.  
if they're most - ly or true - ly just in your mind.