

NOW IS THE MONTH OF MAYING

Thomas Morley

1. Now is the month of maying,
when merry lads are playing,
fa, la, . . .
Each with his bonny lass
upon the greeny grass.
Fa, la, . . .
2. The Spring, clad all in gladness,
doth laugh at Winter's sadness
fa, la, . . .
And to the bagpipe's sound
the nymphs tread out their ground.
Fa, la, . . .
3. Fie then! why sit we musing,
youth's sweet delight refusing?
fa, la, . . .
Say, dainty nymphs, and speak,
shall we play barley-break?
Fa, la . . .