

It was a lover and his lass

Thomas Morley

It was a lover and his lass,
Be- tween the A- cres of the rye, With a
This Car- rol they be- gan that hour,
Then pret- ty lo- vers take the time,

hey, with a ho and a hey no- nie no, and a hey

no- nie no- nie no, That o'er the green corn
These pret- ty Coun- try
How that a life was
For love is crown- ed

fields did pass,
fools would lie, In spring- time, in spring- time, in spring- time, the
but a flow'r,
with the prime,

on- ly pret- ty ring time, When birds do sing, hey,

ding a ding a ding, hey, ding a ding a ding, hey,

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ding a ding a ding, Sweet lovers love the spring, In spring-

25

time, In spring- time, the on- ly pret- ty

ring time, When birds do sing, hey, ding a ding a ding, hey,

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ding a ding a ding, hey, ding a ding a ding, Sweet lovers love the spring.