It was a lover and his lass,

Cantus

Thomas Morley

1. It was a lover and his lass, With a hey, with a ho,
2. Between the acres of the Rye, With a hey, with a ho,
3. This Carol they began that hour, With a hey, with a ho,
4. And therefore take the present time, With a hey, with a ho,

and a hey non-ny no, and a hey non-ny non-ny no,
and a hey non-ny no, and a hey non-ny non-ny no,
and a hey non-ny no, and a hey non-ny non-ny no,
and a hey non-ny no, and a hey non-ny non-ny no,

That o'er the green cornfields did pass, In spring-time, in spring-time,
These pretty Country folks would lie,
How that a life was but a Flower,
For love is crowned with the prime,

in spring-time, the only pretty ring-time, When birds do sing
Hey ding, a-ding-a-ding, hey ding-a-ding-a-ding, hey ding-a-ding-a-ding,
Sweet lovers love the spring, in springtime, in springtime, the only pretty ring-time, when birds do sing hey ding-a-ding-a-ding,
hey dingadinga ding, hey dingadingading, Sweet lovers love the spring.
It was a lover and his lass,

Altus

Thomas Morley

1. It was a lover and his lass, with a hey ho non-ny no,
2. Between the acres of the Rye, with a hey ho non-ny no,
3. This Carol they began that hour, with a hey ho non-ny no,
4. And therefore take the present time, with a hey ho non-ny no,

non-ny non-ny no, with a hey non-ny no, That o'er the green
non-ny non-ny no, with a hey non-ny no, These pretty Country folks would lie,
non-ny non-ny no, with a hey non-ny no, How that a life
non-ny non-ny no, with a hey non-ny no, For love is crown-
cornfields did pass, that o'er the green fields did pass, in springtime,
try folks would lie, These pretty Country folks would lie,
was but a Flower, How that a life was but a Flower,
ed with the prime, For love is crowned with the prime,

Hey ding, a ding-a-ding, hey ding-a-ding, Lovers love the spring, sweet lovers love the spring,
Hey ding, a ding-a-ding, hey ding-a-ding, Lovers love the spring,
It was a lover and his lass,
Bassus

Thomas Morley

1. It was a lover and his lass, with a hey
2. Between the acres of the Rye, with a hey
3. This Carol they began that hour, with a hey
4. And therefore take the present time, with a hey

non-ny non-ny no, with a hey ho non-ny non-ny no,
non-ny non-ny no, with a hey ho non-ny non-ny no,
non-ny non-ny no, with a hey ho non-ny non-ny no,
non-ny non-ny no, with a hey ho non-ny non-ny no,

That o'er the green fields, the green corn-fields did pass,
These pretty Country, these country folks would lie,
How that a life was, a life was but a Flower,
For love is crowned, is crowned with the prime,

In spring-time, in spring-time, in spring-time, the only ring-time,
When birds do sing hey ding-a-ding-a-ding, hey ding-a-ding-a-ding,
Sweet lovers love the spring, in spring-time,

in springtime, the only pretty ringtime, when birds do sing Hey dinga-
ding-a-ding, hey ding-a-ding Sweet lovers love-the spring.
It was a lover and his lass,

Thomas Morley

1. It was a lover and his lass, With a hey, with a ho, and a hey nonny no, and a hey

2. It was a lover and his lass, with a hey ho nonny no, nonny nonny no,

3. It was a lover and his lass, with a hey nonny nonny no, with a hey

That o'er the green cornfields did pass,

with a hey nonny no, That o'er the green cornfields did pass, that o'er the green

In spring-time, in spring-time, in spring-time, the only pretty ring-time,

fields did pass, in spring-time, the only pretty ring-time,

In spring-time, in spring-time, in spring-time, the only ring-time,

When birds do sing Hey ding, a-ding-a-ding, hey ding-a-ding-a-ding, hey ding-a-ding-a-ding,

When birds do sing Hey ding, a-ding-a-ding, hey ding-a-ding-a-ding,

When birds do sing hey ding-a-ding-a-ding, hey ding-a-ding-
Sweet lovers love the spring, in spring-time,
Lovers love the spring, sweet lovers love the spring,
ad- ding, Sweet lovers love the spring, in spring-time,

-the spring, the only pretty ring-time, when birds do sing hey ding-a- ding-a- ding,

Hey in spring-time, the only pretty ring-time, when birds do sing Hey ding-a- ding-a- ding, hey ding-a- ding-a- ding, Sweet lovers love the spring.
ding-a- ding-a- ding, hey ding-a- ding-a- ding, Lovers love the spring.
ding-a- ding, hey ding-a- ding Sweet lovers love the spring.