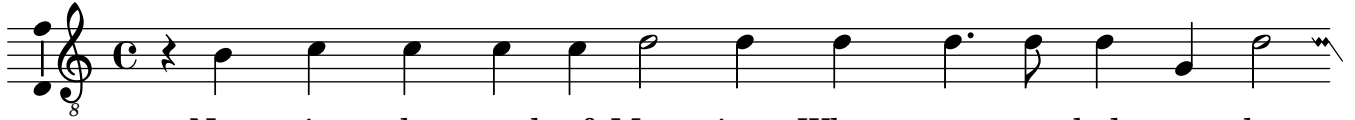


## Quintus



Now is the month of May- ing, When mer- ry lads are play-  
The Spring clad all in glad- ness, Doth laugh at win- ter's sad-  
Fie then why sit we mus- ing, Youth's sweet de- light re- fus-



ing. Fa la la la la la la, fa la la la la la la. Each with his bon- ny lass,  
ness. Fa la la la la la la, fa la la la la la la. And to the Bag- pipes sound,  
ing. Fa la la la la la la, fa la la la la la la. Say dain- ty Nymphs and speak,



up- on the green- y grass. Fa la la la la, fa la la la, fa la la la la, fa la la la.  
the Nymphs tread out their ground.  
shall we play bar- ley break?