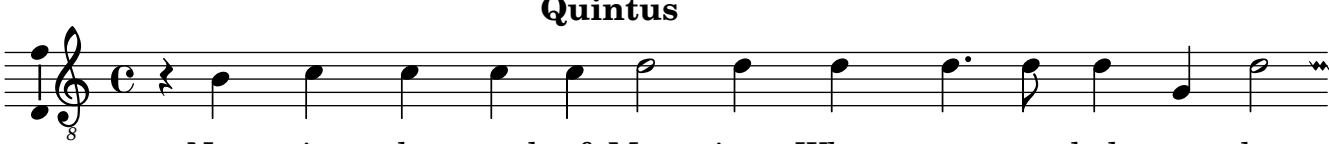
Quintus


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-