Now is the month of maying

Thomas Morley

1. Now is the month of maying, When merry lads are playing,
2. The Spring, clad all in gladness Doth laugh at Winter's sadness,
3. Fie then! why sit we mus-sing Youth's sweet delight refusing?

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with his bony lass Up on the green grass.
to the bag-pipe's sound The nymphs tread out their ground.  Fa la
dainty nymphs, and speak, Shall we play barley-break?  

1. Each
And
Say
Fa
la
la
la
la,
fa
la
la
la
la
la

2. Each
And
Say
Fa
la
la
la
la,
fa
la
la
la
la,
fa
la

Now is the month of maying - Page 2 of 2