

It Was a Lover and His Lass

Thomas Morley

voice $\text{♩} = 100$

It was a lo - ver and his lasse, With a haye with a hoe
Be - tweene the Ak - ers of the rie,
And there they sing midst honey - ed houre,
Then pret - tie love - ers take the time,
and a haye no - nie no, and a haye no - nie no - nie no.
That o'er the green corne fields did passe, in spring - time in spring - time
These pret - tie Count - rie folks do lie,
That life's a bud that's just in flower,
For love is crown - ed with the prime,
in spring-time, the on-ly pre-ttie ring time, when birds do sing hay ding a ding a ding,
 $\text{♩} = 110$
hay ding a dng a ding, hay dng a ding a ding, sweete lo-vers love the springe, in spring time,
in spring time, the on-ly pre-ttie ring time, when birds do sing hay ding a ding a ding,
hay ding a dng a ding, hay dng a ding a ding, sweete lo-vers love the springe. springe.