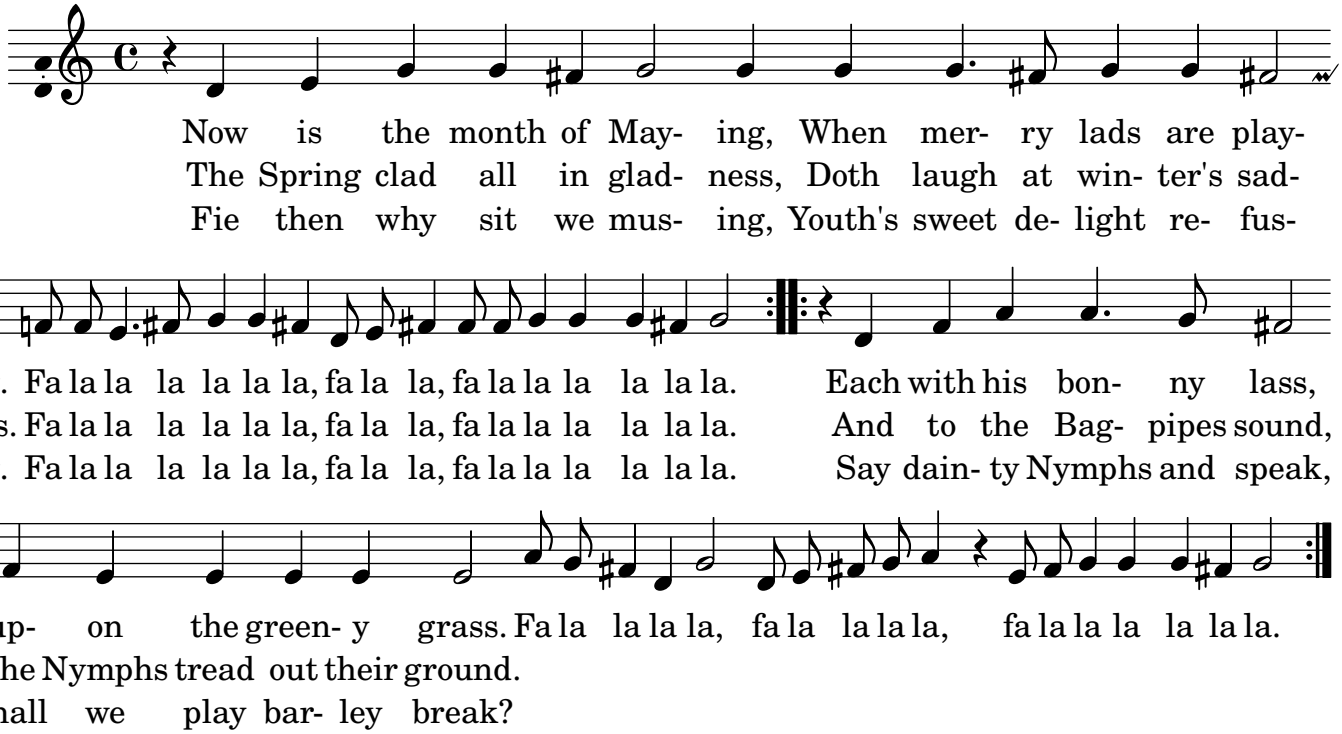
Altus


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, fa la la la la la la.
ness. Fa la la la la la la, fa la la, fa la la la la la la.
ing. Fa la la la la la la, fa la la, fa la la la la la la.
Each with his bon- ny lass,
And to the Bag- pipes sound,
Say dain- ty Nymphs and speak,
up- on the green- y grass. Fa la la la la, fa la la la la, fa la la la la la la.
the Nymphs tread out their ground.
shall we play bar- ley break?