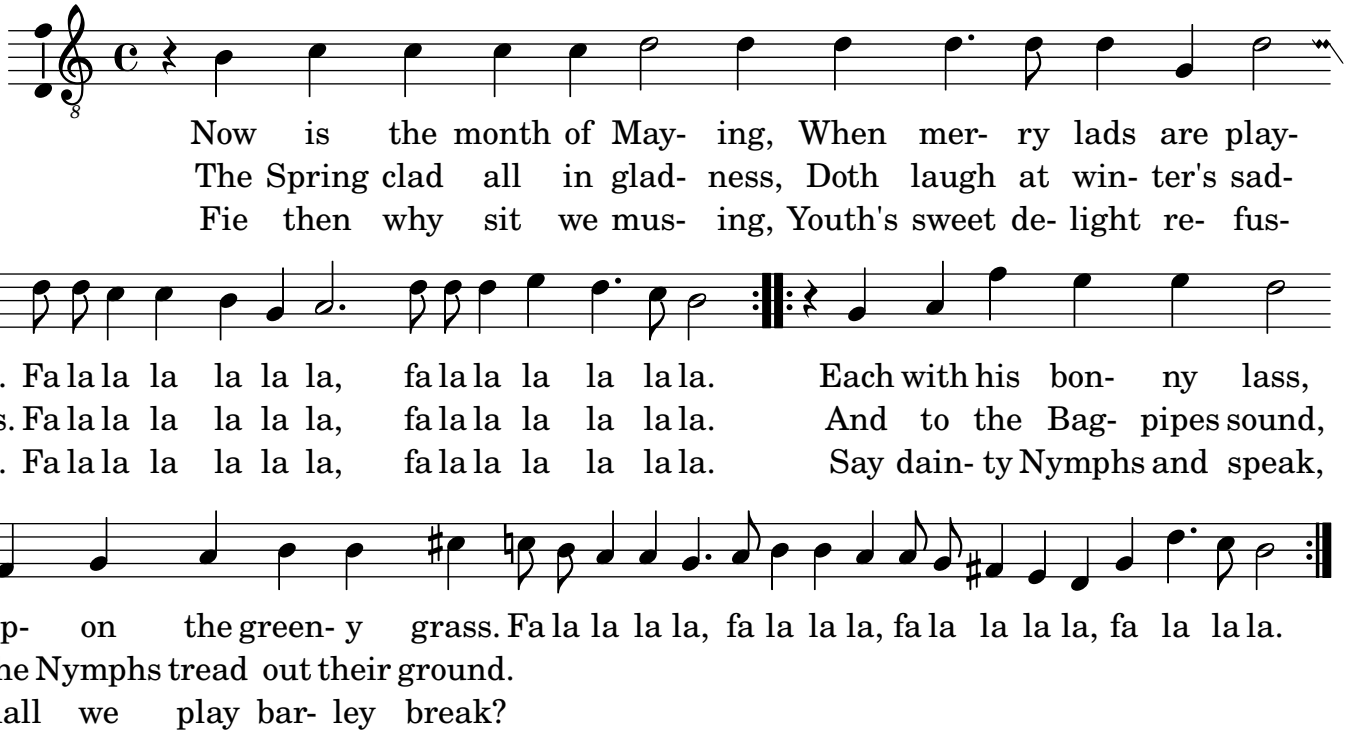
Quintus


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-
5
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,
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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?