

ALTUS.

God mor-row, faire Ladies of the May, wher is my cru-ell? where

is my sweet cru-ell? God mor-row, faire Ladies, of the May, faire La-dies, say, wher is my

sweet cre - wel? faire Clo - ris my sweet crew - ell? See o where shee comes a

Queene, a Queene, oh a Queene, a Queene, a Queene, all in gau-die greene, a-

ray - ing, in gaudy greene a - ray - ing, all in gau - die greene, O how

gay - ly goes my sweet bonny je - well? Was never such a May, such a May, such a May-

ing, was ne-ver such a May - ing, ne-ver was such a May-ing, since May de-lights first

de - cay - ing. since May de-lights first de-cay - ing. O how

gay - ly goes my sweet bonny je - well? Was never such a May, such a May, such a may-

ing, was ne-ver such a May - ing, ne-ver was such a May - ing, since May de-

lights first de - cay - ing, since May de-lights first de - cay

ing. So was my Clo-ris sheene, brought home for the May Queene.