

# Now is the month of Maying

Cantus

Thomas Morley



Now is the month of May- ing, When mer- ry  
The Spring clad all in glad- ness, Doth laugh at  
Fie then why sit we mus- ing, Youth's sweet de-



lads are play- ing. Fa la la la la la la la la, fa la la la  
win- ter's sad- ness. Fa la la la la la la la la, fa la la la  
light re- fus- ing? Fa la la la la la la la la, fa la la la



la la la. Each with his bon- ny lass, up- on the  
la la la. And to the Bag- pipes sound, the Nymphs tread  
la la la. Say dain- ty Nymphs and speak, shall we play

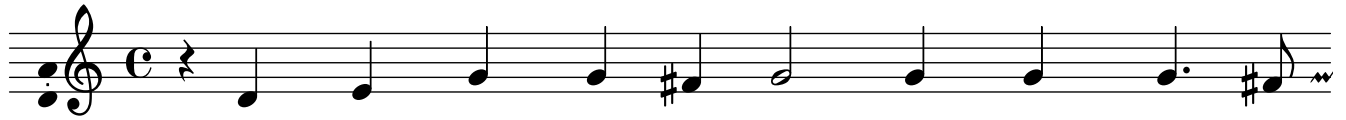


green- y grass. Fa la la la la, fa la la la la la la la, fa la la la.  
out their ground.  
bar- ley break?

# Now is the month of Maying

Altus

Thomas Morley



Now is the month of May- ing, When mer- ry  
The Spring clad all in glad- ness, Doth laugh at  
Fie then why sit we mus- ing, Youth's sweet de-



lads are play- ing. Fa la la la la la la, fa la la, fa la la la  
win- ter's sad- ness. Fa la la la la la la, fa la la, fa la la la  
light re- fus- ing. Fa la la la la la la, fa la la, fa la la la



la la la. Each with his bon- ny lass, up- on the  
la la la. And to the Bag- pipes sound, the Nymphs tread  
la la la. Say dain- ty Nymphs and speak, shall we play



green- y grass. Fa la la la la, fa la la la la, fa la la la la la la.  
out their ground.  
bar- ley break?

# Now is the month of Maying

Tenor

Thomas Morley



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 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,



up- on the green- y grass. Fa la la la la, fa la la la la la la la.  
the Nymphs tread out their ground.  
shall we play bar- ley break?

# Now is the month of Maying

Quintus

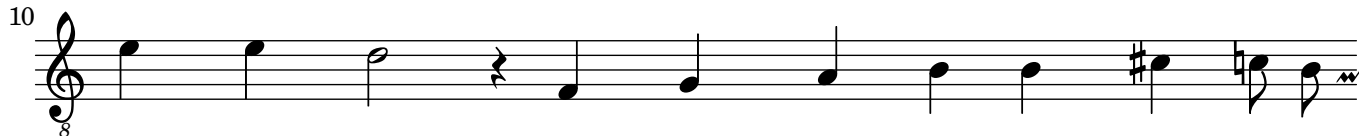
Thomas Morley



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 la la la la. Each with his  
ness. Fa la la la la la la, fa la la la la la la. And to the  
ing. Fa la la la la la la, fa la la la la la la. Say dain- ty



bon- ny lass, up- on the green- y grass. Fa la  
Bag- pipes sound, the Nymphs tread out their ground.  
Nymphs and speak, shall we play bar- ley break?



la la la, fa la la la, fa la la la la, fa la la la.

# Now is the month of Maying

Bassus

Thomas Morley



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 la la la la. Each with his  
ness. Fa la la la la la la, fa la la la la la la. And to the  
ing. Fa la la la la la la, fa la la la la la la. Say dain- ty



bon- ny lass, up- on the green- y grass. Fa la  
Bag- pipes sound, the Nymphs tread out their ground.  
Nymphs and speak, shall we play bar- ley break?



la la la, fa la la la la la, fa la la la la la.

# Springtime mantleth every bough

Cantus

Thomas Morley (1557 – 1603)

Spring-time mant-leth eve-ry bough, and bowers make for shep-herd's sport,  
5 birds and beasts are of con-sort: Fa la la la la la la, fa la la la la la la la  
9 la la la la la la la. la. Our hearts in true love we do vow, un-to that fai-ry  
15 shepherds' maid, we with true love are repaid. Fa la la la la la la la la, fa la la  
21 la, fa la la la la la la la la la la. fa la la la la la la. Our la.

# Springtime mantleth every bough

Tenor

Thomas Morley (1557 – 1603)

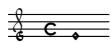
Spring-time mant-leth eve-ry bough, and bowers make for shep-herd's sport,  
5 birds and beasts are of consort: Fa la la la la la la, fa la la la la la la la la la la  
10 la la. Our hearts in true love we do vow, un-to that fai-ry shepherds' maid,  
16 we with true love are repaid. Fa la la la la la la. fa la la la la la la la. fa  
21 la la la la la, fa la la la la la la. fa la la la la la la la la la la la la. Our la.

# Springtime mantleth every bough

Bassus

Thomas Morley (1557 – 1603)

8 Spring - time mant-leth eve-ry bough, and bowers make for  
4 shep-herd's sport, birds and beasts are of con-sort: Fa la la  
8 la la la la la la la la. la. Our hearts in true love  
13 we do vow, un-to that fai-ry shep-herds' maid, we with true love  
17 are re-paid. Fa la la la la la la la la la, fa la la  
22 la, fa la la la la la la la, fa la la la la la. Our la.



# VI. God morrow, Fayre Ladies,

## CANTVS

Thomas Morley

God morrow, faire Ladies of the May, wher is my cru - ell? where is  
7 my sweet cru - ell? God mor-row, faire Ladies, of the May, wher  
13 is my sweet cre-wel? faire Clo - ris my sweet crew - ell? O  
20 see where shee comes a Queene, a Queene, a Queene, shee comes, a  
26 Queene, all in greene, all in gau-die greene a - ray - ing, all in  
32 gau-dy greene a-ray-ing, all in greene, a - ray - ing. O how  
38 gay - ly goes my sweet je - well? was never such a May - ing, ne-  
46 ver was such a May - ing, such a May-ing, since May de-  
53 lights de - cay - ing, since May delights first decay - ing. O how  
62 gay - ly goes my sweet jew - ell? was never such a May - ing, was



70  
ne-ver such a May - ing, such a May-ing, since May de-

77  
lights de - cay - ing, since May de-lights first de-cay-

84  
ing. So was my Clo-ris sheene, brought home and made May Queene.




## VI. God morrow, Fayre Ladies,

ALTUS.

Thomas Morley


God mor-row, faire La-dies of the May, wher is my  
6 cru - ell? where is my sweet cru - ell? God mor - row, faire  
10 La-dies, of the May, faire La-dies, say, wher is my sweet cre -  
14 wel? faire Clo-ris my sweet crew - ell? See o where shee comes a  
22 (1)  
28 Queene, a Queene, oh a Queene, a Queene, a Queene, all in  
34 B gau-die greene, a - ray - ing, in gau-dy greene a - ray -  
42 ing, all in gau - die greene, O how gay - ly goes my sweet bonny je -  
47 well? Was ne-ver 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

53 C




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

61



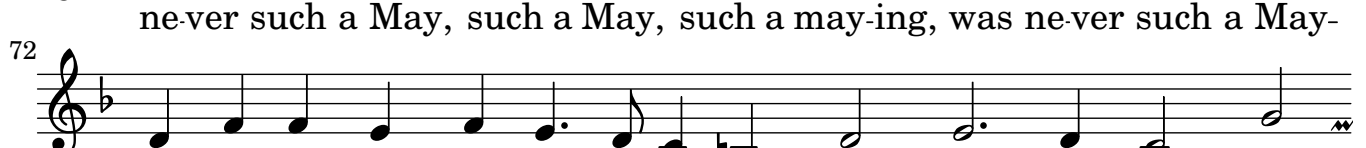
O how gay - ly goes my sweet bon-ny je - well? Was

67



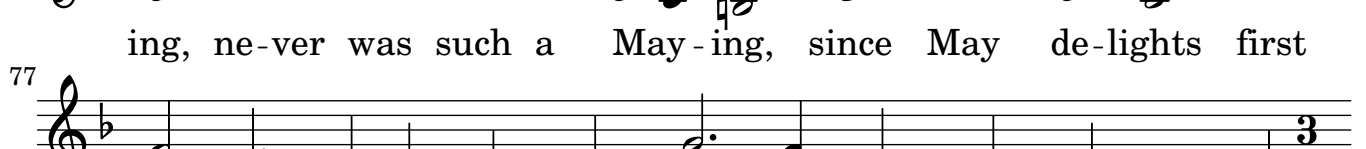
ne-ver such a May, such a May, such a may-ing, was ne-ver such a May-

72



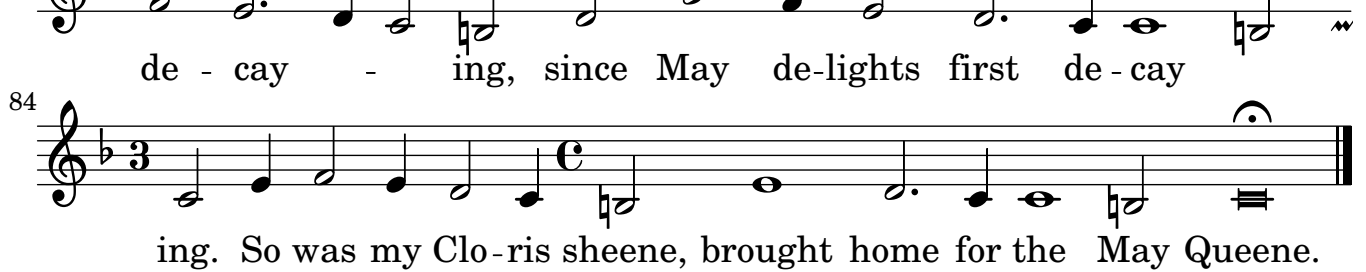
ing, ne-ver was such a May-ing, since May de-lights first

77



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

84



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

<sup>1</sup> facsimile has a dotted whole.



## VI. God morrow, Fayre Ladies,

BASSVS.

Thomas Morley

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

9  
God morrow, fayre Ladies, of the May, say, wher is my sweet sweet cru-el, faire

15  
A  
Clo - ris my sweet cru - ell? See lo wher shee comes a Queene, a Queene,

26  
she comes, all in greene, all in greene a - ray - ing, in gaudie greene a-

35  
B  
ray - ing. How gay - ly goes my je - well? Was ne ver such a

45  
May - ing, was never such a May, such a Maying, since May delights first

53  
C  
de - cay - ing, since Mayes first de - cay - ing; How gay - ly goes my

65  
je - ell? was ne-ver such a May - ing, was ne-ver such a May,

73  
such a May-ing, since May de-lights first de - cay - ing, since May first de-

82  
cay - ing. So was my Clo - ris sheene, brought home for the May Queene.

# It was a lover and his lass, (down a fifth)

Cantus

Thomas Morley

1. It was a lov - er and his lass, With a hey, with a ho,  
2. Be - tween the a - cres of the Rye, With a hey, with a ho,  
3. This Ca - rol they be - gan that hour, With a hey, with a ho,  
4. And there - fore take the pre - sent time, With a hey, with a ho,

4  
and a hey non-ny no, and a hey non-ny non - ny no,  
and a hey non-ny no, and a hey non-ny non - ny no,  
and a hey non-ny no, and a hey non-ny non - ny no,  
and a hey non-ny no, and a hey non-ny non - ny no,

9  
That o'er the green corn-fields did pass, In spring-time, in spring-time,  
These pret - ty Coun - try folks would lie,  
How that a life was but a Flower,  
For love is crown - ed with the prime,

13  
in spring - time, the on - ly pret - ty ring - time, When birds do sing

17  
Hey ding, a-ding-a-ding, hey ding-a-ding-a-ding, hey ding-a-ding-a-ding,

20  
Sweet lov - ers love the spring, in springtime, in springtime, the on - ly pret -

26  
ty ring-time, when birds do sing hey ding-a-ding-a-ding, hey ding-a-ding-a ding,

30  
hey ding-a-ding-a-ding, Sweet lov - ers love - the spring.

The musical score is written in treble clef with a common time signature (C). It features four systems of music, each with a corresponding line of lyrics. The score includes various musical notations such as notes, rests, and bar lines. There are section markers 'A', 'B', and 'C' placed above the music. The lyrics are written in a simple, clear font below the notes.

# It was a lover and his lass, (down a fifth)

Altus

Thomas Morley

1. It was a lov - er and his lass, with a hey ho non-ny no,  
2. Be - tween the a - cres of the Rye, with a hey ho non-ny no,  
3. This Ca - rol they be - gan that hour, with a hey ho non-ny no,  
4. And there - fore take the pre - sent time, with a hey ho non-ny no,

5 non-ny non-ny no, with a hey non - ny no, That o'er the green  
non-ny non-ny no, with a hey non - ny no, These pret-ty Coun -  
non-ny non-ny no, with a hey non - ny no, How that a life  
non-ny non-ny no, with a hey non - ny no, For love is crown -

9 corn-fields did pass, that o'er the green fields did pass, in springtime,  
try folks would lie, These pret-ty Country folks would lie,  
was but a Flower, How that a life was but a Flower,  
ed with the prime, For love is crowned with the prime,

14 the on - ly pretty ring - time, When birds do sing Hey ding, a-ding-a-ding,

19 hey ding-a-ding-a-ding, Lov-ers love the spring, sweet lov - ers love the spring,

24 the spring, the on - ly pret - ty ring-time, when birds do sing Hey

29 ding-a-ding-a-ding, hey ding-a-ding-a-ding, Lov - ers love - the spring.

# It was a lover and his lass, (down a fifth)

Bassus

Thomas Morley

1. It was a lov - er and his lass, with a hey  
2. Be - tween the a - cres of the Rye, with a hey  
3. This Ca - rol they be - gan that hour, with a hey  
4. And there - fore take the pre - sent time, with a hey

non-ny non - ny no, with a hey ho non - ny non - ny no,  
non-ny non - ny no, with a hey ho non - ny non - ny no,  
non-ny non - ny no, with a hey ho non - ny non - ny no,  
non-ny non - ny no, with a hey ho non - ny non - ny no,

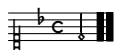
That o'er the green fields, the green corn - fields did pass,  
These pret - ty Coun - try, these coun - try folks would lie,  
How that a life was, a life was but a Flower,  
For love is crown - ed, is crown - ed with the prime,

In spring - time, in spring - time, in spring - time, the on - ly ring - time,

When birds do sing hey ding-a-ding-a-ding, hey ding-a-ding-a-ding, Sweet lov - ers love

the spring, in spring - time, in spring - time, the on - ly pret - ty ring - time,

when birds do sing Hey ding-a-ding-a-ding, hey ding-a-ding-a-ding Sweet lovers love the spring.



## XVII. A shepherd in a shade

Cantus

John Dowland



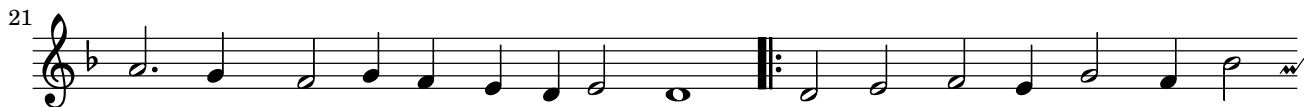
1. A Shep- heard in a shade, his plain- ing made, Of love and  
Since love and For- tune will, I hon- our still, your faire and  
2. My hart where have you laid O cru- ell maide, To kill when



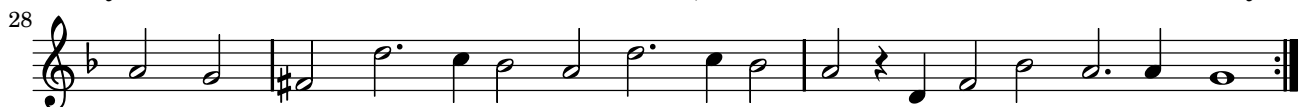
lo- vers wrong, Un- to the fair- est lasse, that trode on grasse, and  
love- ly eye, What con- quest will it bee, Sweet Nymph for thee, If  
you might save, Why have yee cast it forth as no- thing worth, with-



thus bee- gan his song, Re- store, re- store my hart a- gaine, Which  
I for sor- row dye.  
out a tombe or grave. O let it bee in- tombed and lye, In

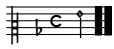


love by thy sweet looks hath slaine, least that in- forst by your dis-  
your sweet minde and me- mo- rie, least I re- sound on e- very



daine, I sing, Fye fye on love Fye fye on love, it is a fool- ish thing.  
war- bling string, Fye fye on love, Fye fye on love, that is a fool- ish thing.





## XVII. A shepherd in a shade

Altus

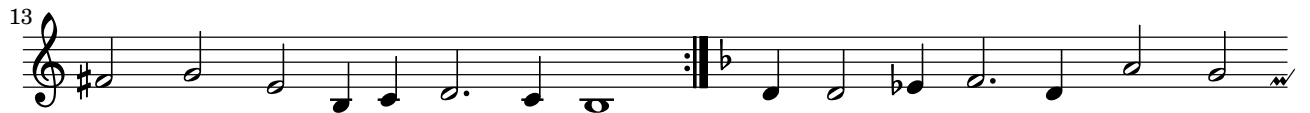
John Dowland



1. A shep-herd in a shade, his play-ning made of love and lov-ers  
Since love and for-tune wil, I ho-nour still, your faier and love-ly
2. My hart where have you laid O cru-ell maide, To kill when you might



wrong, un- to the fai-rest lasse, un- to the fai-rest lasse, that trode on  
eye, what con-quest will it be, what con-quest will it be, sweet Nimphe for  
save, Why have yee cast it forth, why have ye cast it forth, as no-thing



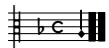
grasse, and thus be-gan his song. Re-store re-store my heart a-  
thee, if I for sor-row dye.  
worth, with- out a tombe or grave. O let it bee in-tombd and



gaine, which love by thy sweet lookes hath slaine, by your  
lye, In your sweet minde and me-mo-rie, least I



dis-dain I sing, fie fie on love, fie fie on love, fie, it is a fo-lish thing.  
re-sound, re-sound, Fie fie on love, fie fie on love, fie, it is a fo-lish thing.



## XVII. A shepherd in a shade

Tenor

John Dowland



1. A shep-herd in a shade, his play-ning made of love and lo- vers  
Since love and for- tune wil, I ho- nour still, your faier and love- ly

2. My hart where have you laid O cru- ell maide, To kill when you might



worng, un- to the fai- rest lasse, un- to the fair - est lasse that  
eye, what con- quest will it be, what con- quest will it be, sweet  
save, Why have yee cast it forth, why have ye cast it forth, as no- thing



trode on grasse, and thus be gan his song. Re- store re- store my  
Nimphe for thee, if I for sor- row dye.  
worth, with- out a tombe or grave. O let it bee in-



heart a- gaine, which love by thy sweet sweet lookes hath slaine,  
tombd and lye, In your sweet minde and and me- mo- rie,

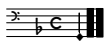


least that in- forst, in- forst by your dis- daine, by your dis- daine I  
least I re- sound, re- sound, on e- very war- string, on e- very



sing fie fie on love, fie fie fie on love it is a fo- lish thing.  
string, Fie fie on love, fie fie fie on love it is a fo- lish thing.

<sup>2</sup> original is d quarter note



## XVII. A shepherd in a shade

Bassus

John Dowland



1. A Shep- heard in a shade, his plain- ing made, Of love and lo- vers  
Since love and For- tune will, I hon- our still, your faire and love- ly
2. My hart where have you laid O cru- ell maide, To kill where you might



wrong, Un- to the fair- est lasse, that trode on grasse, and thus be-  
eye, What con- quest will it bee, Sweet Nymph for thee, if I for  
save, Why have yee cast it forth as no- thing worth, With- out a



gan his song. Re- store, re- store my heart a- gaine, Which love by  
sor- row dye,  
tombe or grave. O let it bee in- tombed and lye, In your sweet



thy sweet looks hath slaine, least that in- forst by your dis- daine I sing,  
minde and me- mo- rie, Least I re- sound on e- very war- bling string,



fye fye on love fye fye on love, fie it is a fo- lish thing.  
Fye fye on love, fye fye on love, fie it is a foo- lish thing.

<sup>1</sup> Original has d quarter note.