

## It was a lover and his lass

Shakespeare

It Was a Lover And His Lass

With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino,  
with a hey, noni nonino

That o'er the green cornfield did pass

In springtime, in springtime, in springtime  
the only pretty ring time

When the birds do sing, hey ding a ding, ding;

hey ding a ding, ding; hey ding a ding, ding;

Sweet lovers love the spring.

Between the acres of the rye

With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino,  
with a hey, noni nonino

These pretty country folks would lie

In springtime, in springtime, in springtime  
the only pretty ring time

When birds do sing, hey ding a ding, ding;

hey ding a ding, ding; hey ding a ding, ding;

Sweet lovers love the spring

This carol they began to sing (that hour)

With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino,  
with a hey, noni nonino

How that a life was but a flower

In springtime, in springtime,  
in springtime the only pretty ring time

When birds do sing, hey ding a ding, ding;

hey ding a ding, ding; hey ding a ding, ding;

Sweet lovers love the spring

And therefore, take the present time  
With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino,  
with a hey, noni nonino  
For love is crowned with the prime  
In springtime, in springtime, in springtime  
the only pretty ring time  
When birds do sing, hey ding a ding, ding;  
hey ding a ding, ding;  
hey ding a ding, ding;  
Sweet lovers love the spring