It was a Lover and His Lass

Thomas Morley

Vocal

It was a lover and his lass, with a hey and a ho, and a

Be\-\textsc{tween} the a\-\textsc{cres} of the rye,

This ca\-\textsc{rol} they be\-\textsc{gan} that hour,

Then, pret\-\textsc{ty} lo\-\textsc{vers} take the time,


Treble Lute


Bass Lute

hey non-ny no, and a hey non-ny non-ny no,
These pret-ty coun-try
How that life was
For love is crown-ed
field did pass, in spring-time, in spring-time, in spring-time, the on-ly pret-ty
fools did lie,
but a flow'r,
with the prime,
ring-time when birds do sing, Hey ding-a-ding-a-ling, hey ding-a-ding-a-ling, hey

ding-a-ding-a-ling, Sweet lo\-\textsc{vers} love the spring. In spring\-\textsc{time}. In spring-

#6 in Morley's First Book of Ayres
- the only pretty ring-time when birds do sing, Hey ding-a-ding-a-ding, hey ding-a-ding-a-ding, hey ding-a-ding-a-ding, Sweet lovers love the spring.