Now Is The Mont Of Maying

Now is the month of Maying,
when merry lads are playing!
Fa la la la la!
Each with his bonny lass,
a-dancing on the grass,
fa la la la la!

The Spring, clad all in gladness,
doth laugh at Winter's sadness!
Fa la la la la!
And to the bagpipes' sound,
the nymphs tread out their ground!
Fa la la la la!

Fie! Then why sit we musing,
youth's sweet delight refusing?
Fa la la la la!
Say, dainty nymphs and speak!
Shall we play barley break?
Fa la la la la!