

Thomas Morley, *It was lover and his lass*
 (The First Booke of Ayres, 1600, no. 6)

Song sung in Wm Shakespeare,
As you like it, Act 5, scene 3

Voice

It was a lov - er and his lass, with a

For the Bass Viol

Lute

a	a	a	a	c a
a	a	a	d c e	a c d e d
c	c	c	c	b c d f
c	c	c	c e	c c
a	a			

Editorial transcription of tablature

hey, with a ho, and a hey ^{5.} no-nie no, and a hey no-nie, no-nie

c c a f	e c a c e f	h f e	c a a	e
a c d f	c a	f a	f a c e	d
c c e a a c	e a	h a c e a	c c a c	

Thomas Morley, *It was lover and his lass, 2*

10

no. That o're the green corn - fields did pass, in

<i>a</i>	<i>e</i>	<i>c</i>	<i>a</i>	<i>a</i>	<i>a</i>	<i>a</i>	<i>e</i>	<i>a</i>	<i>e</i>	<i>f</i>	<i>e</i>	<i>c</i>	<i>b</i>	<i>c</i>	<i>c</i>
<i>a</i>	<i>a</i>	<i>a</i>	<i>a</i>	<i>a</i>	<i>e</i>	<i>d</i>		<i>a</i>	<i>f</i>	<i>f</i>	<i>f</i>	<i>c</i>	<i>a</i>	<i>c</i>	<i>c</i>
<i>c</i>	<i>c</i>	<i>b</i>	<i>c</i>	<i>a</i>				<i>c</i>	<i>c</i>	<i>c</i>		<i>a</i>	<i>e</i>	<i>e</i>	<i>d</i>
<i>c</i>				<i>c</i>				<i>c</i>	<i>a</i>	<i>c</i>			<i>e</i>	<i>e</i>	<i>e</i>
<i>a</i>								<i>a</i>						<i>e</i>	<i>c</i>

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

<i>c</i>	<i>b</i>	<i>c</i>	<i>e</i>	<i>a</i>	<i>e</i>	<i>f</i>	<i>f</i>	<i>a</i>	<i>f</i>	<i>e</i>	<i>c</i>	<i>a</i>
<i>c</i>	<i>c</i>	<i>a</i>	<i>f</i>	<i>a</i>		<i>f</i>	<i>f</i>		<i>f</i>	<i>d</i>	<i>d</i>	<i>a</i>
<i>c</i>			<i>c</i>	<i>c</i>		<i>f</i>	<i>h</i>		<i>f</i>	<i>d</i>	<i>a</i>	<i>c</i>
<i>e</i>			<i>c</i>	<i>c</i>		<i>a</i>	<i>a</i>		<i>a</i>	<i>c</i>	<i>e</i>	<i>c</i>
	<i>c</i>					<i>a</i>			<i>a</i>	<i>c</i>	<i>e</i>	

2. Between the acres of the rye,
With a hey, with a ho, and a hey nonie no,
These pretty country fools would lie,
In spring-time, the only pretty ring-time,
When birds do sing, hey ding a ding a ding,
Sweet lovers love the spring.

3. This carol they began that hour,
With a hey, with a ho, and a hey nonie no,
How that a life was but a flower,
In spring-time, the only pretty ring-time,
When birds do sing, hey ding a ding a ding,
Sweet lovers love the spring.

4. Then pretty lovers take the time,
With a hey, with a ho, and a hey nonie no,
For love is crowned with the prime,
In spring-time, the only pretty ring-time,
When birds do sing, hey ding a ding a ding,
Sweet lovers love the spring.

[Concordance of the music: Edinburgh, National Library of Scotland, Advocate's Library MS 5.2.14, fol. 18–18v, treble voice part only. The music and lyrics are essentially identical to those in *The First Booke of Ayres*, 1600.]



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