

# ALTUS



Now is the month of maying

ow is the month of May-ing, When mer-ly lads are play-ing, Fa la

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mer-ly lads are play-ing, Fa la la la la la la Fa la la la la la la Each

with his bon-ny lass A dan-cing on the grass. Fa la la la la la la la

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dan-cing on the grass. Fa la la la la la la la la Fa la la la la la la la la

2. The spring clad all in gladness  
Doth laugh at Winter's sadness, Fa la  
And to the Bagpipe's sound,  
The nymphs tread out their ground. Fa la

3. Fie then, why sit we musing,  
Youth's sweet delight refusing? Fa la  
Say, dainty nymphs, and speak,  
Shall we play barley - break? Fa la