

Lover and his Lass

It was a lover and his lass,
With a hey, and a ho, and a hey-nonny-no,
That o'er the green cornfield did pass
In spring time, the only pretty ring-time,
When birds do sing, 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-nonny-no,
These pretty country folks would lie,
In spring time, the only pretty ring-time,
When birds do sing, hey ding-a-ding ding,
Sweet lovers love the spring.

This carol they began that hour,
With a hey, and a ho, and a hey-nonny-no,
How that a life was but a flower,
In spring-time, the only pretty ring-time,
When birds do sing, etc.

And therefore, take the present time,
With a hey, and a ho, and a hey-nonny-no,
For love is crown'd with the prime
In springtime, the only pretty ring-time,
When birds do sing, etc.

Here's a Health

Here's a health to all them that we love.
Here's a health to all them that love us.

Here's a health to all them

that ~~we~~ love those

that love them.

Love those that love them that love us.

○, How lovely

○, how lovely is the evening
is the evening

When the bells are sweetly ringing,
sweetly ringing,

Ding dong Ding dong Ding Dong