

It was a lover and his lass
With a hey and a ho
And a hey nonino
That o'er the green cornfield did pass
In the springtime
In the springtime
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 nonino
These pretty country folks would lie
In the springtime
In the springtime
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 nonino
How that life was but a flower
In the springtime
In the springtime
The only pretty ring time
When birds do sing
Hey ding a ding ding
Sweet lovers love the spring

And therefore take the present time
With a hey and a ho
And hey nonino
For love is crowned with the prime
In the springtime
In the springtime
The only pretty ring time
When birds do sing
Hey ding a ding ding
Sweet lovers love the spring