

# - SPRING -

words: Thomas Nashe  
Music: Dorothy Buchanan  
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$\text{♩} = 0.96$

Spring the sweet Spring is the year's pleasant King—, Then

blooms each thing, Then maids dance in a ring; Cold doth not sting—

— The pretty birds do sing: Cuck-oo—, jug, jug, pu— we, pu—

we, to wit a woo! The palm and may make country houses gay, lambs frisk and play, the

Shepherds pipe all day—, aah— do-e-aah lalalala do e aah, Aah— And we hear aye birds tune

— this mer-ry lay: Cuck-oo—, jug, jug, pu— we, pu—