Now is the month of Maying

The spring, clad all in gladness, doth laugh at winter's sadness. Fa la la la la la la la la fa la.

Now is the month of Maying, when merry lads are playing. Fa la la la la la la la la fa la.

Each with his bonny lass upon the green

And to the bagpipe's sound

The nymph tread out their grass. Fa la la la la fa la la la la la la la la.

Ground Fa la la la la fa la la la la la la la la.