

# IT WAS A LOVER AND HIS LASS

Thomas Morley

(1557-1603)

From his 'First Book of Ayres or little short songs,  
to sing and play to the lute with the base viole' (1600).

Song from *As You Like It*  
by William Shakespeare  
(text modernised).

Arranged as a Madrigal  
for 4 voices SATB  
by Robin Doveton

(Allegro scherzando)

**S**  
*f* 1. It was a lo - ver and his lass,  
*mf* 2. Be - tween the a - cres of the rye,  
*p* 3. This ca - rol they be - gan that hour,  
*f* 4. Then pret - ty lo - vers take the time } With a hey, and a ho, and a

**A**  
*f* 1. It was a lo - ver and his lass,  
*mf* 2. Be - tween the a - cres of the rye,  
*p* 3. This ca - - - rol they be - gan that hour,  
*f* 4. Then pret - - - ty lo - vers take the time } With a hey, —

**T**  
*f* 1. It was a lo - ver — and — his lass,  
*mf* 2. Be - tween the a - cres — of — the rye,  
*p* 3. This ca - rol they be - - - gan — that hour,  
*f* 4. Then pret - ty lo - vers take — the time } With a hey, —

**B**  
*f* 1. It was a — lo - ver and his lass,  
*mf* 2. Be - tween the — a - cres of the rye,  
*p* 3. This ca - - - rol — they be - gan that hour,  
*f* 4. Then pret - - - ty — lo - vers take the time } With a hey, and a

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hey no - ni - no, and a hey — no - ni no - ni - no,  
— and a ho, and a hey no - ni no - ni, hey no - ni - no, hey  
— and a ho, and a hey no - ni no - ni no - ni - no, hey  
ho, and a hey — no - ni - no, hey no - ni no - ni - no, hey

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That o'er the green corn - field did pass.  
 These pret - ty coun - try fools would lie,  
 How that a life was but a flow'r  
 For love is crow - néd with the prime

*In spring time, in*

*no - ni, no - ni - no,*

That o'er the green corn - field did pass.  
 These pret - ty coun - try fools would lie,  
 How that a life was but a flow'r  
 For love is crow - néd with the prime

*no - ni no - ni - no,*

That o'er the green corn - field did pass.  
 These pret - ty coun - try fools would lie,  
 How that a life was but a flow'r  
 For love is crow - néd with the prime

*no - ni no - ni - no*

That o'er the green corn - field did pass.  
 These pret - ty coun - try fools would lie,  
 How that a life was but a flow'r  
 For love is crow - néd with the prime

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*vv. 1, 2, 3 f*  
*v. 4 p*

*spring time, in spring time, the on - ly pret - ty ring time, When birds do sing, hey*

*vv. 1, 2, 3 f*  
*v. 4 p*

*In spring, in spring, the on - ly pret - ty ring time, When birds do*

*vv. 1, 2, 3 f*  
*v. 4 p*

*In spring, in spring, the on - ly pret - ty ring time, When birds do sing,*

*vv. 1, 2, 3 f*  
*v. 4 p*

*In spring, in spring, the on - ly pret - ty ring time, When birds do*

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vv. 1, 2, 3 *p*  
v. 4 *f*

ding a ding a ding, hey ding a ding a ding, hey ding a ding a ding, Sweet lo - vers love the spring. In spring  
sing, hey ding a ding a ding, hey ding a ding a ding, Sweet lovers love the spring.  
hey ding a ding a ding, hey ding a ding a ding ding, Sweet lo - vers love the spring. In spring  
sing, hey ding a ding a ding, hey ding a ding a ding, Sweet lo - vers love the spring. In spring

vv. 1, 2, 3 *p*  
v. 4 *f*

vv. 1, 2, 3 *p*  
v. 4 *f*

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time, in spring time, the on - ly pret - ty ring time, When birds do sing, hey  
vv. 1, 2, 3 *p*  
v. 4 *f*

In spring time, in spring, the on - ly pret - ty ring time, When birds do  
time, spring time, in spring, the on - ly pret - ty ring time, When birds do sing,  
time, in spring time, in spring time, the on - ly pret - ty, pret - ty ring time, When birds do

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ding a ding a ding, hey ding a ding a ding, hey ding a ding a ding, Sweet lo - vers love the spring.  
sing, hey ding a ding a ding, hey ding a ding a ding, Sweet lo - vers love the spring.  
hey ding a ding a ding, hey ding a ding a ding ding, Sweet lo - vers love the spring.  
sing, hey ding a ding a ding, hey ding a ding a ding, Sweet lo - vers love the spring.