

It was a lover and his lass, With a hey, with a ho, with a hey non ne

no, And a hey . . . non ne no ni no. That o'er the green corn-

-field, did pass, In Spring time, in Spring time, in Spring time; The on - ly pret - ty

ring time, When birds do sing, Hey ding a ding a ding, Hey ding a ding a ding, Hey

ding a ding a ding, Sweet lov - ers love the Spring.