

Lovers Love the Spring

Don McLean

I saw a lover and his lass,
With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino!
That o'er the green corn-field did pass

With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino!

In the Spring time, 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,

This carol they began that hour,
With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino!
How that life was but a flower
With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino!

And therefore take the present time,
With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino!
For love is crownèd with the prime,
With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino!

In Spring time, the only pretty ring time;
When birds do sing, hey ding a ding, ding;
Sweet lovers love the Spring.