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Spring

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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  
Cuckoo, jug-jug, puwe, towittawoo.

The palm and may make country houses gay,  
Lambs frisk and play, the shepherds pipe all day,  
And we hear aye birds tune this merry lay.  
Cuckoo, jug-jug, puwe, towittawoo.

The fields breathe sweet, the daisies kiss our feet,  
Young lovers meet,  
Young lovers meet, old wives a-sunning sit.  
In ev'ry street these tunes our ears do greet  
Cuckoo, jug-jug, puwe, towittawoo!  
Towittawoo!

Spring,  
Spring the sweet Spring!