In the Merry Month of May.

By Breton, Nicholas .

In the merry month of May,

In a morn by break of day,

Forth I walked by the wood side,

Whenas May was in his pride.

There I spied all alone

Phyllida and Corydon.

Much ado there was, God wot,

He would love and she would not.

She said, never man was true;

He said, none was false to you.

He said, he had loved her long;

She said, love should have no wrong.

Corydon would kiss her then;

She said, maids must kiss no men

Till they did for good and all.

Then she made the shepherd call

All the heavens to witness truth,

Never loved a truer youth.

Thus with many a pretty oath,

Yea and nay, and faith and troth,

Such as silly shepherds use

When they will not love abuse,

Love, which had been long deluded,

Was with kisses sweet concluded.

And Phyllida with garlands gay

Was made the Lady of the May.