Heigh ho! I'll go to plough no more
(c. 1555-1630)

more,
Sit down and take thy rest; Of gol-den groats
I


fin - est lass that e'er you knew,
that e'er you
knew, Which

makes me sing when I should
cry. Heigh ho! for love I die,

heigh ho! for love, for love I die, heigh ho! for love I

die, heigh ho! for love I die, heigh ho! for love I die.

