

# Jack and Joan

Thomas Campion

Jack and Joan they think no ill, But  
 Well can they judge of nap-py ale, And  
 Joan can call by name her cows, And  
 Now you court-ly dames and knights, That

lov- ing live, and mer- ry still; Do their week- days'  
 tell at large a win- ter tale, Climb up to the  
 deck her win- dows with green boughs. She can wreaths and  
 stu- dy on- ly strange de- lights, Though you scorn the

work, and pray De- vout- ly on the hol- ly day;  
 ap- ple loft, And turn the crabs till they be soft.  
 tut- ties make, And trim with plums a bri- dal cake.  
 home- spun grey, And rev- el- in your rich ar- ray.

Skip and trip it on the green, And help to choose the  
 Tib is all the father's joy, And lit tle Tom the  
 Jack knows what brings gain or loss, And his long flail can  
 Tough your tongues dis- sem- ble deep, And can your heads from

Sum- mer Queen; Lash out at a coun- try feast Their  
 sum- ther's boy, All their plea- sure is con- tent, And  
 stout- ly toss; Make the hedge which oth- ers break, And  
 dan- ger keep; Yet for all your pomp and train, Se-

sil- ver pen- ny with the best.  
 care to pay their year- ly rent.  
 ev- er thinks what he doth speak.  
 cu- rer lives- the sil- ly swain.