

Jack and Joan

Thomas Campion

Jack and Joan they think no ill, But lov- ing live, and
Well can they judge of nap- py ale, And tell at large a
Joan can call by name her cows, And deck her win- dows
Now you court- ly dames and knights, That stu- dy on- ly

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mer- ry still; Do their week- days' work, and pray De-
win- ter tale, Climb up to the ap- ple loft, And
with green boughs. She can wreaths and tut- ties make, And
strange de- lights, Though you scorn the home- spun grey, And

vout- ly on the hol- ly day; Skip and trip it
turn the crabs till they be soft. Tib is all the
trim with plums a bri- dal cake. Jack knows what brings
rev- el- in your rich ar- ray. Tough your tongues dis-

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on the green, And help to choose the Sum- mer Queen; Lash out at a
fa- ther's joy, And lit- tle Tom the mo- ther's boy, All their plea- sure
gain or loss, And his long flail can stout- ly toss; Make the hedge which
sem- ble deep, And can your heads from dan- ger keep; Yet for all your

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coun- try feast Their sil- ver pen- ny with the best.
is con- tent, And care to pay their year- ly rent.
oth- ers break, And ev- er thinks what he doth speak.
pomp and train, Se- cu- rer lives- the sil- ly swain.