


Jack and Joan


Thomas Campion

Cantus

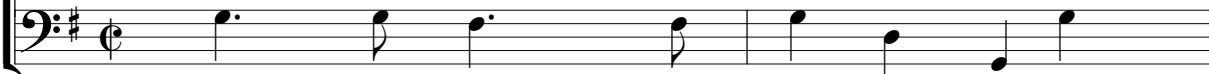


Jack and Joan they think no ill, But
Well can they judge of nap-py ale, And
Joan can call by name her cows, And
Now you court-ly dames and knights, That


Altus






Bassus





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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.



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

Sum-mer Queen; Lash out at a coun-try feast Their
 mo-ther's boy, All their plea-sure is con-ers tent, And
 stout-ly toss; Mends 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.