

Jack and Joan

Thomas Campion

Cantus

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

Altus

Bassus

Lute

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mer- ry still; Do their week- days' work, and pray De- vout- ly on the hol- ly day;
 win- ter tale, Climb up to the ap- ple loft, And turn the crabs till they be soft.
 with greenboughs. She can wreaths and tut- ties make, And trim with plums a bri- dalcake.
 strange de- lights Though you scorn the 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 Summer Queen;
 Tib is all the father's joy, And little Tom the mother's boy,
 Jack knows what brings gain or loss, And his long flail can stoutly toss;
 Though your tongues dissemble deep, And can your heads from danger keep;

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Lash out at a country feast Their silver penny with the best.
 All their pleasure is content, And care to pay their yearly rent.
 Mends the hedge which others break, And ever thinks what he doth speak.
 Yet for all your pomp and train, Securer lives the silly swain.