

# 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. Though your tongues dis-

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on the green, And help to choose the Sum- mer Queen;  
fa- ther's joy, And lit- tle Tom the mo- ther's boy,  
gain or loss, And his long flail can stout- ly toss;  
sem- ble deep, And can your heads from dan- ger keep;

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Lash out at a coun- try feast Their sil- ver pen- ny with the best.  
All their plea- sure is con- tent, And care to pay their year- ly rent.  
Mends the hedge which oth- ers break, And ev- er thinks what he doth speak.  
Yet for all your pomp and train, Se- cu- rer lives- the sil- ly swain.