

20. 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 Sum-mer Queen;
 Tib is all the fa-ther's joy, And lit-tle Tom the mo-ther's boy,
 Jack knows what brings gain or loss, And his long flail can stout-ly toss;
 Though your tongues dis-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.