

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

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 father's joy, And little Tom the
Jack knows what brings gain or loss, And his long flail can
Tough your tongues dis-sem-ble deep, And can your heads from

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