



1

Jack and Joan they think no ill,  
but loving live and merry still.  
Do their weekday's work and pray,  
Devoutly on the holy day.  
Skip and trip it on the green,  
And help to choose the summer queen.  
Lash out at a country feast,  
Their silver penny with the best.

2

Well can they judge of nappy ale  
And tell at large a winter tale  
Climb up to the apple loft  
And turn the crabs till they be soft.  
Tib is all the father's joy,  
And little Tom the mother's boy:  
And their pleasure is content,  
And care to pay their yearly rent.

3

Joan can call by name her cows,  
And deck her windows with green boughs;  
She can wreaths and tutties make,  
And trim with plums and bridal cake.  
Jack knows what brings gain or loss,  
And his long flail can stoutly toss,  
Make the hedge which others break,  
And ever thinks what he doth speak.

4

Now you courtly dames and knights,  
That study only strange delights,  
Though you scorn the home-spun grey,  
And revel in your rich array,  
Though your tongues dissemble deep,  
And can your heads from danger keep;  
Yet for all your pomp and train,  
Securer lives the silly swain.

Book: 'First Book of Ayres' (c. 1613)

Transcription: abc transcription Taco Walstra (walstra@wins.uva.nl)