

Thomas Campion

The First Booke of Ayres

XX

1 ***Iacke and Ione*** they thinke no ill,

But louing liue, and merry still :
Doe their weeke dayes worke and pray
Deuoutly on the holy day :
Skip and trip it on the greene,
And helpe to chuse the Summer Queene :
Lash out at a Country Feast
Their siluer penny with the best.

2 Well can they iudge of nappy Ale

And teil at large a Winter tale :
Climbe vp to the Apple lost,
And turne the Crabs till they be soft.
Tib is all the fathers ioy,
And little *Tom* the mothers boy :
All their pleasure is content,
And care to pay their yearly rent.

3 *Ione* can call by name her Cowes,

And decke her windowes with greene boughs,
Shee can wreathes and tuttyes make,
And trimme with plums a Bridall Cake.
Iacke knowes what brings gaine or losse,
And his long Flaile can stoutly tosse,
Make the hedge which others breake,
And euer thinkes what ha doth speake.

4 Now you Courtly Dames and Knights,

That study onely strange delights,
Though you scorne the home-spun gray,
And reuell in your rich array,
Though your tongues dissemble deepe,
And can your heads from danger keepe ;
Yet for all your pompe and traine,
Securer liues the silly Swaine.