

Iacke and Ione they thinke no ill

Two Bookes of Ayres (1613)

Thomas Campion (1567 - 1620)

G D G D G G F C D G D A D

Iacke and Ione they thinke no ill, But lo - ving live and mer - ry still,
Doe their week daies worke and pray De - vout - ly on the hol - ly day.

8 Iacke and Ione they thinke no ill, But lo - ving live and mer - ry still,
Doe their weeke daies work and pray De - vout - ly on the hol - ly day,

Iacke and Ione they thinke no ill, But lo - ving live and mer - ry still,
Doe their week dayes worke and pray De - vout - ly on the hol - ly day,

5 G Am G C D Am G G D^{sus4} D G

Skip and trip it on the greene, And helpe to chuse the Sum - mer Queene.
Lash out at a Coun - try Feast Their sil - ver pen - ny with the best.

8 Ski and trip it on the greene, And help to chuse the Sum - mer Queene.
Lash out at a Coun - try Feast Their sil - ver pen - ny with the best.

Skip and trip it on the greene, And help to chuse the Sum - mer Queene.
Lash out at a Coun - try Feast Their sil - ver pen - ny with the best.

2. Well can they iudge of nappy Ale
And tell at large a Winter tale:
Climbe up to the Apple loft,
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 yearely 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 ever thinkes what he doth speake.

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