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Lovely Joan

Lovely Joan

A fine young man he was indeed,
He was mounted on his milk-white steed;
He rode, he rode himself all alone,
Until he came to lovely Joan.

"Good morning to you, pretty maid"
And "Twice good morning, sir", she said.
He gave her a wink, she rolled her eye
Says he to himself, "I'll be there by and by."

"Oh don't you think those pooks of hay
A pretty place for us to play?
So come with me like a sweet young thing
And I'll give you my golden ring."

Then he pulled off his ring of gold
"My pretty little miss, do this behold.
I'd freely give it for your maidenhead
And her cheeks they blushed like the roses red."

"Give me that ring into my hand
And I will neither stay nor stand,
For this would do more good to me
Than twwenty maidenheads," said she.

And as he made for the pooks of hay
She leaped on his horse and tore away
He called, he called, but it was all in vain
Young Joan she never looked back again.

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From the English Country Songbook, Palmer
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