

Lovely Joan (1)

♩ = 100

"Good morn - ing to you, my pret - - ty maid" "Twice good _ morn - ing, kind
 sir" _ she said. "Are _ you go - - ing a - - milk - - ing _
 all _ a - - - lone? _ "Oh _
 yes", _ re - - - plied sweet love - - - ly Joan

"Good morning to you, my pretty maid".
 "Twice good morning, kind sir", she said.
 "Are you going a-milking all alone?"
 "Oh yes", replied sweet lovely Joan.

Then he pulled out a purse of gold,
 And said "pretty maid all this behold.
 All this I'll give with me to wed."
 Her cheeks they blushed like roses red.

"Now, noble knight, I pray you forbear,
 But don't you make remarks on me.
 Tomorrow night I'm going to be wed,
 And my love shall enjoy my maidenhead."

'Twas then he made a solemn vow,
 That he would wed, whether or no;
 This he said to frighten Joan,
 As she sat milking all alone.

"Give me the gold, sir, in my hand,
 And I will be at your command;
 For that will be more good to me
 Than twenty husband, sir", said she.

Whilst he was looking for a bed,
 She mounted on her milk-white steed.
 He called, he called, 'twas all in vain;
 She never looked back [at him] again.

She did not think herself quite safe
 Until she reached her true love's gate;
 She robbed him of his steed and gold
 And left him the empty purse to hold.

Now it pleased her lover to the heart
To see how well she played her part.
"Tomorrow morning we'll be wed,
And I will be the knight instead."