

## Lovely Joan

Internet notes – lyrics

A fine young man it 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 twenty 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.

She didn't think herself quite safe,  
No, not till she came to her true love's gate.  
She's robbed him of his horse and ring,  
And left him to rage in the meadows green.