

Lovely Joan

Unknown

Vln.  A fine yo-ung man it wa-s i-n-deed moun—ted o-n hi-s

Vln.  milk whi-te steed he rode he rode and he ro-de all a-lone un-ti-l h-e

Vln.  came to lo—ve—l—y Joan

Dm F C Dm
 Good morning to you my pretty maid
 F G Dm
 And twice good mornin' sir she said
 F G
 He tipped her the wink and she rolled a dark eye
 F C Dm
 Says he to himself I'll be there by and by
 Oh don't you think these pooks of hay
 A pretty place for us to play
 So come with me my sweet young thing
 And I'll give to you my golden ring
 So he took off his ring of gold
 Says my pretty fair miss do this behold
 Freely I'll give it for your maiden head
 And her cheeks they blushed like the roses red

INSTRUMENTAL

Come give that ring into my hand
 And I will neither stay nor stand
 For your ring is worth much more to me
 Than twenty golden rings said she
 And as she made for the pooks of hay
 She left on his horse and she tore away
 He called he called but he called in vain
 For Joan she ne'er looked back again
 Nor did she think herself quite safe
 Until she came to her true love's gate
 She'd robbed him of his horse and ring
 And she'd left him to rage in the meadows green

Pook - a heap, 1718; a roughly thrown up heap of hay; a tall stack of corn nine to ten feet high. See also [cock](#), [stack](#).

Examples: pook of barley; of corn; of hay, 1853; of oats, 1718; of turves, 1868; of wheat, 1722.