Sweet Joan

Sweet Joan

Come listen a while and I'll sing you a song
Of three merry gentlemen riding along,
They met with Sweet Joan and to her did say
I'm afraid this cold morning will do you some harm.

O no, kind sir, the maiden said
This cold morning will do me no harm.
There's one thing I crave lies betwixt your legs
If you give me that it will keep me warm.

He got off his horse --- she mounted it quick
Looking the gentleman hard in the face,
Says, "You knew not my meaning, you wrong understand me"
And away she went galloping down the green lane.

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From The Seeds of Love, Sedley