

22. Thus I resolve

Thomas Campion

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Thus I re- solve, and time hath taught me so, Since she is
Palm- tree the more you press, the more it grows; Leave it a-

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fair and ev- er kind to me. Though she be wild and wan- ton- like in show,
lone, it will not much ex- ceed. Free beau- ty if you strive to yoke, you lose,

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Those lit- tle stains in youth I will not see. That she be con- stant, heav'n I
And for af- fec- tions strange dis- taste you breed. What Na- ture hath not taught, no

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oft im- plo- re. If prayers pre- vail not, I can do no more.
art can frame. Wild- born, be wild still, though by force made tame.