

3. I care not for these ladies Thomas Campion

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I care not for these ladies that must be woo'd and pray'd; Give me kind
If I love A-ma-ril-lis, she gives me fruit and flow'rs; But if we
These ladies must have pil-lows and beds by stran-gers wrought. Give me a

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A-ma-ril-lis, the wan-ton coun-try maid. Na-ture art dis-dain-eth; her
love these ladies, we must give gold-en show'rs. Give them gold that sell love; give
bow'r of wil-lows, of moss and leaves un-bought, And fresh A-ma-ril-lis, with

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beau-ty is her own. Her me the nut-brown lass, Who when we court and kiss, she cries, "For-sooth, let
milk and ho-ney fed, Who

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go!" But when we come where com-fort is, she ne-ver will say No.