

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 Amarillis, she gives me fruit and flow'rs; But if we
These ladies must have pillows and beds by strangers wrought. Give me a

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Amarillis, the wanton country maid. Nature art disdaineth; her
love these ladies, we must give golden show'rs. Give them gold that sell love; give
bow'r of willows, of moss and leaves unbought, And fresh Amarillis, with

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beauty is her own. Her me the nut-brown lass, Who when we court and kiss, she cries, "Forsooth, let
milk and honey fed, Who

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go!" But when we come where comfort is, she never will say No.