I care not for these Ladies.

Words and Music by
Thomas Campion.

I care not for these Ladies That must be woo'd and pray'd;
Give me kind Amaranth The wanton country maid:

Nature art disdain, Her beauty is her own; Her when we court and kiss, She cries for sooth 'let go!' But when we come where comfort is She never will say "no!"
I care not for these Ladies
That must be wood and pray'd;
Give me kind Amarillis
The wanton country maid:
Nature art disdaineth,
Her beauty is her own;
Her when we court and kiss,
She cries forsooth "let go!"
But when we come where comfort is
She never will say "no!"

If I love Amarillis
She gives me fruit and flowers;
But if we love these Ladies
We must give golden showers.
Give them gold that sell love;
Give me the nutbrown lass
Who when we court and kiss,
She cries forsooth "let go!"
But when we come where comfort is
She never will say "no!"

These Ladies must have pillows
And beds by strangers wrought:
Give me a bower of willows
Of moss and leaves unbought,
And fresh Amarillis
With milk and honey fed
Who when we court and kiss,
She cries forsooth "let go!"
But when we come where comfort is
She never will say "no!"