

VLTIMVM VALE

Robert Iones

1605

9. *Blame not my cheekes.*

1

Blame not my cheekes, though pale with loue they be,
The kindly heate into my heart is flowne,
To cherish it that is dismaide by thee,
Who art so cruell and vnsted fast growne:
For nature cald for by distressed hearts,
Neglects and quite for fahes the outward partes.

2

But they whose cheekes with carelesse bloud are staine,
Nurse not one sparke of loue within their hearts,
And when they wooe, they speake with passions faine.
For their fat loue lies in their outward parts :
But in their brest, where loue his Court should holde,
Poore *Cupid* sits, and blowes his nayles for colde.

words by:
Thomas Campion