

**A
BOOKE OF
AYRES**

Thomas Campion / Philip Rosseter

1601

The first Booke

XIII. Blame not my cheekes.

Blame not my cheeks though pale with loue they be,
The kindly heate vnto my heart is flowne,
To cherish it that is dismaid by thee,
Who art so cruell and vnstedfast growne,
For nature cald for by distressed harts,
Neglects and quite forsakes the outward partes.

But they whose cheekes with careles blood are stain'd
Nurse not one sparke of loue within their harts,
And when they woe they speake with passion fain'd,
For their fat loue lyes in their outward parts,
But their brests where loue hie court should hold,
Poore Cupid sits, and blowes his nailes for cold.