Maids are simple

Thomas Campion

Maids are simple, some men say. Truth a rare flow'r now is grown, Safer may we cred it give.

Love they make a poor blind child,

They forsooth will trust no men. But should they men's

Few men wear it in their hearts. Lovers are more

To a faithless wandering Jew, Than a young man's

But let none trust such as he. Rather than to

wills obey, Maids were very simple then.

eas'ly known By their follies than deserts.

evows believe, When he swears his love is true.

be beguil'd Ev er let me simple be.