

Her rosy cheeks

Thomas Campion 5

Cantus

Her ro- sy cheeks, her ev- er smil- ing eyes,
O, could she love, would she but hear a friend;

Altus

Bassus

Lute

10

Are spheres and beds where love in tri- umph lies: Her ru- bine
Or that she on- ly knew what sighs pre- tend! Her looks in-

15

lips when they their pearl un- lock, Make them seem as they did
flame, yet cold as ice is she, Do, or speak, all's to one

rise All out of one smooth cor- al rock. O, that of o- ther crea- tures'
 end: For what she is, that will she be. Yet will I ne- ver cease her

store I knew, More wor- thy and more rare, For these are old
 praise to sing, Though she gives no re- gard: For they that grace

and she so new, That her to them none should com- pare.
 a worth- less thing, Are on- ly greed- y of re- ward.