

20. Her rosy cheeks

Thomas Campion

5

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

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

10

Her ru- bine lips when they cold their pearl un- lock,
Her looks in- flame, yet cold as ice is she,

15

Make them seem as they did rise All out of one
Do, or speak, all's to one end: For what she is,

20

smooth cor- al rock. O, that of o- ther crea- tures'
that will she be. Yet will I ne- ver cease her

25

store praise I to knew, More wor- thy and no more rare, For
praise to sing, Though she gives no re- gard: For

these are old and she so new, That her to
they that grace a worth- less thing, Are on- ly

30

them greed- none should com- pare.
ward.