

20. Her rosy cheeks

Thomas Campion

Cantus

Altus

Bassus

5

10

15

Her rosy cheeks, her ev-er smil-ing
O, could she love, would she but
hear a

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

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

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

[20]

out of one smooth cor-al rock. O, that of o-
what she is, that will she be. Yet will I ne-

ther crea-tures' store I knew, More wor-
ver cease her praise to sing, Though she

thy and more rare, For these are old and she so
gives no re-gard: For they that grace a worth-less

new, That her to them none should com- compare.
thing, Are on- ly greed- y of re- ward.