

20. Her rosy cheeks

Thomas Campion

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Her rosy cheeks, her ev- er smil- ing eyes, Are spheres and beds where love
O, could she love, would she but hear a friend; Or that she on- ly knew

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in tri- umph lies: Her ru- bine lips when they their pearl un- lock, Make them seem
what sighs pre- tend! Her looks in- flame, yet cold as ice is she, Do, or speak,

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as they did rise All out of one smooth cor- al rock. O, that of o-
all's to one end: For what she is, that will she be. Yet will I ne-

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

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