

Her rosy cheeks

Thomas Campion

Cantus

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

Altus

Bassus

5

eyes, Are spheres and beds where love in tri- umph lies:
friend; 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
Do, or speak, all's to one end: For

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

ther crease 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- pare.
 thing, Are on- ly greed- y of re- ward.