

20. Her rosy cheeks

Thomas Campion

Cantus

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

Altus

Bassus

Lute

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-

Altus

Bassus

Lute

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

Altus

Bassus

Lute

[20]

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

[25]

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

[30]

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