

Her rosy cheeks

Thomas Campion

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

a	a	a	a	a	e	a	e
r	r	r	r	r	r	r	r
					e	r	r

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

a	r	a	a	a	a	a	a
a	a	a	a	a	a	a	a
r	b	r	r	r	r	r	r
				e	a	r	a

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

a	a	a	a	a	a	a	a
r	a	r	r	r	r	r	a
r	b	r	r	r	r	r	a
			r	e	a	r	r

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

a	a	a	a	a	e	f	a
a	a	a	a	a	e	f	a
b		b	r	b	g	e	b
r	e	a	r	b	e	e	r

