

# Her rosie cheekes

Two Bookes of Ayres (1613)

Thomas Campion (1567 - 1620)

Her\_ro - sie cheekes, her\_e - ver\_smi-ling eyes. Are.spheares and beds\_where.love in\_\_ tri-umph

Her\_ro - sie cheekes, her e - ver smi-ling eyes. Are.spheares and beds where love in tri-umph

Her ro - sie cheekes, her e - ver smi-ling eyes. Are spheares and beds where love in tri-umph

lyes: Her\_ru - bine lips when.they their\_pearle.un - lock, Make them seeme.as they did\_ rise All

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out of one smooth Cur - rall Rocke. Oh that of o - ther Crea-tures\_store\_\_ I knew, More wor -

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thy\_and.more rare: For these are old and shee so new, That.her to them\_\_none should com - pare.

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thy and more rare: For these are old, and she so new, That her to them none should com - pare.

2. Oh could she love, would shee but heare a friend;  
Or that shee onely knew what sighs pretend.  
Her lookes inframe, yet cold as Ice is shee,  
Doe, or speake, all's to one end:  
For what shee is, that will shee be.

Yet will I never cease her prayse to sing.  
Though she gives no regard:  
For they that grace a worthlesse thing,  
Are onely greedy of reward.