All lookes be pale



- 2. His Iv'ry skin, his comely hayre, His Rosie cheekes so cleare, and faire: Eyes that once did grace His bright face, Now in him all want their place. Eyes and hearts weepe with mee, For who so kinde as hee?
- 3. His youth was like an Aprill flowre, Adorn'd with beauty, love, and powre, Glory strow'd his way, Whose wreaths gay
 Now are all turn'd to decay.
 Then againe weepe with mee,
 None feele more cause then wee.

4. No more may his wisht sight returne, His golden Lampe no more can burne; Quencht is all his frame, His hop't same
Now hath left him nought but name.
For him all weepe with mee,
Since more him none shall see.