

Where are all thy beauties now?

Two Bookes of Ayres (1613)

Thomas Campion (1567 - 1620)

Where are all thy beauties now all harts en-chai - ning? Whi-ther are thy flatt'-rers gone with

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2. Thy rich state of twisted gold to Bayes is turned;
Cold as thou art are thy loves that so much burned:
Who dye in flatt'rers armes are seldome mourned.

3. Yet in spite of envie, this be still proclaymed,
That none worthyer then thy selfe thy worth hath blamed:
When their poore names are lost thou shalt live famed.

4. When thy story long time hence shall be perused,
Let the blemish of thy rule be thus excused,
None ever liv'd more iust, none more abused.