

Thomas Campion

The First Booke of Ayres

XXI

1 All looks be pale, harts cold as stone,

For *Hally* now is dead, and gone,
 Hally in whose sight,
 Most sweet sight,
 All the earth late tooke delight.
Eu'ry eye weepe with mee,
Ioyes drwn'd in teares must be.

2 His Iu'ry skin, his comely hayre,
His Rosie cheekes so cleare, and faire :
 Eyes that once did grace,
 His bright face,
 Now in I??m 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, loue, 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 flame,
 His hop't fame,
 Now hat blest him nought but name.
For him all weepe with mee,
Since more him none shall see.