

# Where are all thy beauties now? Thomas Campion

Where are all the beauties now all hearts enchain-  
 Thy rich state of twist-ed gold to bays is turn-  
 Yet in spite of en-vy, this be still pro-claim-  
 When thy sto-ry long time hence shall be thus ex-

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ing? Whi-ther are thy flatt'-rers gone with all their feign- ing?  
 ed; Cold as thou art are thy loves that so much burn- ed:  
 ed, That none worth-ier than thy self thy worth hath blam- ed:  
 cus'd, Let the blem-ish of thy rule be thus ex- cus- ed,

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All fled, and thou a-lone still here re-main- ing.  
 Who die in flatt- 'rers arms are sel- dom mourn- ed.  
 When their poor names are lost thou shalt live fam- ed.  
 None ev-er liv'd more just, none more a- bus- ed.