

Where are all thy beauties now? Thomas Campion

Where are all the beauties now all hearts enchain-
 Thy rich state of twisted gold to bays is turn-
 Yet in spite of envy, this be still pro-claim-
 When thy story long time hence shall be thus ex-

Where are all the beauties now, all hearts enchain-

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ing? Whither are thy flatterers gone with all their feign-
 ed; Cold as thou art are thy loves that so much burn-
 ed, That none worthier than thyself thy worth hath blam-
 cus'd, Let the blemish of thy rule be thus excus-

ing? Whither are thy flatterers gone with all their feign-

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ing? All fled, and thou a-lone still
 ed: Who die in flatterers arms are
 ed: When their poor names are lost thou
 ed, None ever liv'd more just, none

ing? All fled, and thou a-lone still here

here re-main-ing.
 sel-dom mourn-ed.
 shalt live fam-bus-ed.
 more a-bus-ed.

re-main-ing.