

# All looks be pale

Thomas Campion

All looks be pale, hearts cold as stone, For  
 His iv-'ry skin, his comely hair, His  
 His youth was like an April Flow'r, A-  
 No more may his wish'd sight re- turn, His

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Hal- ly now is dead and gone, Hal- ly in whose sight,  
 ro- sy cheeks so clear and fair, Eyes that once did grace  
 dorn'd with beau- ty, love, and pow'r, Glo- ry strew'd his way,  
 gold- en lamp no more can burn; Quench'd is all his flame,

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a b b a b a  
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Most sweet sight, All the earth late took de- light.  
 His bright face Now in him all want their place  
 Whose wreaths gay Now are all turn'd to de- cay,  
 His hop'd fame Now hath left him nought but name.

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a o o a a  
 a r f e a f e a  
 a a r a r a b r

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Ev- 'ry eye weep with me, weep with me,  
 Eyes and heart weep with me, weep with me,  
 Then a- gain weep with me, weep with me,  
 For him all weep with me, weep with me,

weep with me, Joys drown'd in tears must  
 weep with me, For who so kind as  
 weep with me, None feel more cause than  
 weep with me, Since more him none shall

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be, joys drown'd in tears must be.  
 he, for who so kind as he.  
 we, none feel more cause than we.  
 see, since more him none shall see.