

All looks be pale

Thomas Campion

All looks be pale, hearts cold as stone, For
 His iv-'ry skin, his come-ly hair, His
 His youth was like an A-pril 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,

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.

