

# All looks be pale

Thomas Campion

All looks be pale, hearts cold as stone, For Hal-ly now is dead and  
 His iv-'ry skin, his come-ly hair, His ro-sy cheeks so clear and  
 His youth was like an A-pril Flow'r, A-dorn'd with beau-ty, love, and  
 No more may his wish'd sight re-turn, His gold-en lamp no more can

5

gone, Hal-ly in whose sight, Most sweet sight, All the  
 fair, Eyes that once did grace His bright face Now in  
 pow'r, Glo-ry strew'd his way, Whose wreaths gay Now are  
 burn; Quench'd is all his flame, His hop'd fame Now hath

10

earth late took de-light. Ev-'ry eye weep with me, weep with me,  
 him all want their place Eyes and heart weep with me, weep with me,  
 all turn'd to de-cay, Then a-gain weep with me, weep with me,  
 left him nought but name. For him all weep with me, weep with me,

15

weep with me, Joys drown'd in tears must be, joys drown'd in tears must be.  
 weep with me, For who so kind as he, for who so kind as he.  
 weep with me, None feel more cause than we, none feel more cause than we.  
 weep with me, Since more him none shall see, since more him none shall see.