

6. When pale famine

Words by Thomas Campion

John Coprario

When pale fa- mine fed on thee, with her in- sa- tiate
 Now the high- est states la- ment a son, and bro- ther

1 . | . | R | | | . | | . |

a b | a b | a b | a a

r r | r r | r a | r a

a a | a r | r a | e e

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jaws, when ci- vil broils set mur- der free, con- tem- ning all the laws,
 loss; thy no- bles mourn in dis- con- tent, and rue this fa- tal cross;

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a r | a r | a a | a a | a a | a a | a a | a a

r b | r a | r a | r a | r a | r a | r a | r a

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when thy heav' n en- rag' d con- sum' d
 com- mons are with pas-

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a b | a r | a b | a r | a r | r a

r a | r a | r a | r a | r a | r a

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thee so with plagues that none thy face could know, Yet
 sion sad to think how brave a prince they had: If

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in thy looks af- flict- ion then show'd less, than
 all thy rocks from white to black should turn, yet

now for ones fate all thy parts ex- presse.
 could'st thou not in show more amp- ly mourn.