

6. When pale famine

Words by Thomas Campion

John Coprario

When pale fa- mine fed on thee, with
Now the high- est states la- ment a

1 . | . | . | . | . | .

a b r a a r a a

her son, in- and sa- bro- tiate ther jaws, loss; when thy ci- no- vil broils set in

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a a a a a a a

e e a a

mur- der free, con- and tem- ning all the laws, when thy
dis- con- tent, and rue this fa- tal cross;

. | . | . | . | . | . | . | .

a a r a a a a a a a a a a

r b e r b a a r a a a

heav' n en- mons rag' d con- with sum' d pas-

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a a r a a a a a a a

r b r a r a a a

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

15
 Yet If in all thy thy looks af- flict- rocks from white

20
 ion then show'd less, than now for ones fate
 to black should turn, yet could'st thou not in

all thy parts ex- presse.
 show more amp- ly mourn.