

Where are all thy beauties now

Thomas Campion
(1567-1620)

Cantus

1. Where are all thy beau - ties now, all hearts en - chain - ing?
 2. Thy rich state of twist - ed gold to baize is turn - ed;
 3. Yet in spite of en - vy, this be still pro - claim - ed,
 4. When thy sto - ry long time hence shall be per - us - ed,

Altus

1. Where are all thy beau - ties now, all hearts en - chain - ing?
 2. Thy rich state of twist - ed gold to baize is turn - ed;
 3. Yet in spite of en - vy, this be still pro - claim - ed,
 4. When thy sto - ry long time hence shall be per - us - ed,

Tenor

1. Where are all thy beau - ties now, all hearts en - chain - ing?
 2. Thy rich state of twist - ed gold to baize is turn - ed;
 3. Yet in spite of en - vy, this be still pro - claim - ed,
 4. When thy sto - ry long time hence shall be per - us - ed,

Bassus

Lute

Lute tuning: (D,) F, G, c, f, a, d', g'

5

Whi - ther are thy flatt - rers gone with all their feign - ing?
 Cold as thou art are thy loves that so much burn - ed:
 That none worth - ier than thy - self thy worth hath blam - ed:
 Let the blem - ish of thy rule be thus ex - cus - ed,

Whi - ther are thy flatt - rers gone with all their feign - ing?
 Cold as thou art are thy loves that so much burn - ed:
 That none worth - ier than thy - self thy worth hath blam - ed:
 Let the blem - ish of thy rule thus be ex - cus - ed,

Whi - ther are thy flatt - rers gone with all their feign - ing?
 Cold as thou art are thy loves that so much burn - ed:
 That none worth - ier than thy - self thy worth hath blam - ed:
 Let the blem - ish of thy rule thus be ex - cus - ed,

8

All fled, and thou a - lone still here re - main - ing. - ing.
 Who die in flatt-'rers' arms are sel - dom mourn - ed. - ed.
 When their poor names are lost thou shalt live fam - ed. - ed.
 None ev - er lived more just, none more ab - us - ed. - ed.

All fled, and thou a - lone still here re - main - ing. - ing.
 Who die in flatt-'rers' arms are sel - dom mourn - ed. - ed.
 When their poor names are lost thou shalt live fam - ed. - ed.
 None ev - er lived more just, none more ab - us - ed. - ed.

All fled, and thou a - lone still here re - main - ing. - ing.
 Who die in flatt-'rers' arms are sel - dom mourn - ed. - ed.
 When their poor names are lost thou shalt live fam - ed. - ed.
 None ev - er lived more just, none more ab - us - ed. - ed.

All fled, and thou a - lone still here re - main - ing. - ing.
 Who die in flatt-'rers' arms are sel - dom mourn - ed. - ed.
 When their poor names are dust thou shalt live fam - ed. - ed.
 None ev - er lived more just, none more ab - us - ed. - ed.

Lute tablature:
 c d a a d a a a a c a
 a d a b d b a c c b c c
 c e a c c a a c a a

a

Source: Thomas Campian [sic.]: *The First Booke of Ayres* (London, n.d. [1613]), no.3.

Barring is as in original Cantus part, plus the editorial addition of a 2-beat 1st time bar.
 Underlay of verses 2-4 is editorial.

Lute.11.1: Note is F, requiring a diapason string tuned accordingly.