

12. The peaceful western wind Thomas Campion

The peaceful western wind The
 See how the morn- ing smiles On
 What Sa- turn did des- troy, Love's
 If all things life pre- sent, Why

win- ter storms hath tam'd, And na- ture in each
 her bright east- ern hill, And with soft steps be-
 queen re- vives a- gain; And now her na- ked
 die my com- forts then? Why suf- fers my con-

kind the kind heat hath in flam'd. The
 guiles Them that lie slum- bring still The
 boy Doth in the fields re- main Where
 tent? Am I the worst of men? O

10

for- ward buds so sweet- ly breathe Out of their earth- ly
 mu- sic- lov- ing sweet- birds are come From cliffs and rocks un-
 he- such- pleas- ing change doth are view In ev- 'ry liv- ing
 beau- ty, be not thou ac- cus'd Too just- ly in this

.
 a a r a .
 r r r r r
 e e a r e
 r a r e e

bow'rs, That heav'n which views their pomp be- neath, Would
 known; To see the trees and bri- ars bloom, That
 thing, As if the world were born a- new, To
 case: Un- kind- ly if true love be us'd, T'will

.
 a a r a
 r r r r r
 e e b r
 r a r a

15

fain be deck'd with flow'rs. The flow'rs.
 late were ov- er- flown. The flown.
 gra- ti- fy er- the Spring. Where Spring.
 yield thee lit- tle grace. O grace.

.
 a a a .
 r r r b
 e a r a
 a a a

1 2