

Where she her sacred bow'r

Thomas Campion

Where she her sa- cred bow'r a- dorns, The
 Her grace I sought, her love I woo'd; Her
 Her ro- ses with my pray'rs shall spring, And
 If she my faith mis- deems, or worth, Woe-
 But from her bow'r of joy since I Must

a	a	r	a	a	a	a	a	r
r	r	a	r	a	r	r	r	b
a		b	r	b	r			b

ri- vers clear- ly flow: The groves and mea- dows
 love though I ob- tain, No time, no toil, no
 when her trees I praise, Their boughs shall blos- som;
 worth my hap- less fate: For though time can my
 now ex- clud- ed be: And she will not re-

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

swell with flow'rs, The winds all gent- ly blow. Her
 vow, no faith Her wish- ed grace can gain. Yet
 mel- low fruit Shall strew her plea- sant ways. The
 truth re- veal, That time will come too late. And
 lieve my cares Which none can help but she: My

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

10

sun- like beau- ty shines so fair Her
 truth can tell my heart is hers, And
 words of heart- y zeal have pow'r High
 who can glo- ry in the womb, That
 com- fort in her love shall dwell, Her

Figured Bass: a a r e a a a a

Spring can ne- ver fade: Who then can blame the
 her will I a- dore: And from that love when
 won- ders to ef- fect; O why should then her
 can- not yield him grace? Con- tent in ev- 'ry-
 love lodge in my breast; And though not in her

Figured Bass: a a b a a a e

15

life that strives To har- bour in her shade?
 I de- part Let heav'n view me no more.
 prince- ly- ear My words, or zeal ne- glect?
 thing is not, Nor joy in ev- 'ry place.
 bow'r, yet I Shall in her tem- ple rest.

Figured Bass: a a a a a a b a