

# Where she her sacred bow'r

Thomas Campion

Cantus

Tenor

Bassus

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

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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-

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

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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

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

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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.