

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

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

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-

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

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

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

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

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

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