

# Where she her sacred bow'r

Thomas Campion

Where she her sa- cred bow'r a- dorns, The ri- vers clear- ly  
 Her grace I sought, her love I woo'd; Her love though I ob-  
 Her ro- ses with my pray'rs shall spring, And when her trees I  
 If she my faith mis- deems, or worth, Woe- worth my hap- less  
 But from her bow'r of joy since I Must now ex- clud- ed

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flow: The groves and mea- dows swell with flow'rs, The winds all gent- ly blow. Her  
 tain, No time, no toil, no vow, no faith Her wish- ed grace can gain. Yet  
 praise, Their boughs shall blos- som; mel- low fruit Shall strew her plea- sant ways. The  
 fate: For though time can my truth re- veal, That time will come too late. And  
 be: And she will not re- lieve my cares Which none can help but she: My

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sun- like beau- ty shines so fair Her Spring can ne- ver fade: Who  
 truth can tell my heart is hers, And her will I a- dore: And  
 words of heart- y zeal have pow'r High won- ders to ef- fect; O  
 who can glo- ry in the womb, That can- not yield him grace? Con-  
 com- fort in her love shall dwell, Her love lodge in my breast; And

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