

The peaceful western wind Thomas Campion

Cantus

Tenor

Bassus

Lute

The peace- ful west- ern wind The win- ter storms hath tam'd, And
 See how the morn- ing smiles On her bright east- ern hill, And
 What Sa- turn did des- troy, Love's queen re- vives a- gain; And
 If all things life pre- sent, Why die my com- forts then? Why

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na- ture in each kind the kind heat hath in flam'd. The for- ward buds so
 with soft steps be- guiles Them that lie slum- bring still The mu- sic- lov- ing
 now her na- ked boy Doth in the fields re- main Where he such pleas- ing
 suf- fers my con- tent? Am I the worst of men? O beau- ty, be not

sweet- ly breathe Out of their earth- ly bow'rs, That heav'n which views their
 birds are come From cliffs and rocks un- known; To see the trees and
 change doth view In ev- 'ry liv- ing thing, As if the world were
 thou ac- cus'd Too just- ly in this case: Un- kind- ly if true

pomp be- neath, Would fain be deck'd with flow'rs. The flow'rs.
 bri- ars bloom, That late were ov- er- flown. The flown.
 born a- new, To gra- ti- fy the Spring. Where Spring.
 love be us'd, T'will yield thee lit- tle grace. O grace.