The peacefull Westerne winde

Thomas Campian

1. The peace-ful wes-terne winde
   The
   And na-ture in each kind the

2. See how the morn-ing smiles
   On
   And with soft steps be-guiles Them

3. What Sa-turn did des-troy,
   Love's
   And now her na-ked boy Doth

4. If all things life pre-sent,
   Why
   Why suf-fers my con-tent? Am

   win-ter stormes hath tam'd.
   The for-ward buds so
   kind heat hath in-flam'd.
   The mu-sic-loving
   her bright east-ern hill.
   Where he such pleas-ing
   that lie slum-bring still.
   I the worst of men?

   sweet-ly breathe Out of their earth-ly bow'rs,
   That
   birds are come From cliffs and rocks un-known;
   To
   change doth view In ev'-ry liv-ing thing,
   As
   thou ac-cus'd Too just-ly in this case;

   heav'n which views their pomp be-neath, would fain be deck'd with flow'rs.
   see the trees and bri-ar'sbloom, That late were ov-er-flow'n.
   if the world were born a-new, To gra-ti-fy the Spring.
   kind-ly if true love be us'd, T'will yield thee lit-tle grace.
The peacefull Westerne winde

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And na - ture in each kind the
2. See how the morn - ing smiles
   On
And with soft steps be - guiles
3. What Sa - turn did des - troy,
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   Why
Why suf - fers my con - tent?

(1)

win - ter stormes hath tam'd.
   The for - ward buds so
kind heat hath in - flam'd.
   The mu - sic- lov - ing
her bright east - ern hill.
   That lie slum - bring still.
that lie slum - bring still.
queen re - vives a - gain;
   Where he such pleas - ing
in the fields re - main.
   Die my com - forts then?
I the worst of men?
   O beau - ty, be not

sweet - ly breathe
   Out of their earth - ly bow'rs,
Kind birds are come
   From cliffs and rocks un - known;
change doth view
   In ev - 'ry liv - ing thing,
As thou ac - cus'd
   Too just - ly in this case;
heav'n which views their pomp be - neath, would fain
   See the trees and bri - ars bloom,
be deck'd with flow'rs.
   That late were ov - er - flown.
kind - ly if true love be us'd,
   If the world were born a - new,
T'will yield thee lit - tle grace.

Footnote:
1Facsimile has an e, but the lute tab shows a G chord.
The peacefull Westerne winde

Bassus

Thomas Campian

1. The peaceful westerne winde
   The winter stormes hath
   And nature in each kind
   The kind heat hath in-

2. See how the morning smiles
   On her bright east-ern
   And with soft steps be guiles
   Them that lie slum-bring

3. What Sa-turnd did des- troy,
   Love's queen re-vives a-
   And now her na- ked boy
   Doth in the fields re-

4. If all things life pre-sent,
   Why die my com-forts
   Why suf-fers my con-tent?
   Am I the worst of

5. tam'd.
   The for-ward buds so sweet-ly breathe
   Out flam'd.
   The mu-sic-lov-ing birds are come
   From hill.
   Where he such pleas-ing change doth view
   In still.
   O beau-ty, be not thou ac-cus'd
   Too gain;
   main.
   then?
   men?

6. of their earth-ly bow'rs,
   That heav'n which views their
   cliffs and rocks un-known;
   To see the trees and
   ev'ry liv-ing thing,
   As if the world were
   just-ly in this case;
   Un-kind-ly if true

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

Thomas Campian

1. The peacefull west-erne winde The win-ter stormes hath tam'd.
   And na-ture in each kind the kind heat hath in-flam'd.
2. See how the morn-ing smiles On her bright east-ern hill.
   And with soft steps be-guiles Them that lie slum-bring still.
3. What Sa-turn did des-troy, Love's queen re-vives a-gain;
   And now her na-ked boy Doth in the fields re-main.
4. If all things life pre-sent, Why die my com-forts then?
   Why suf-fers my con-tent? Am I the worst of men?

The for-ward buds so sweet-ly breathe Out of their earth-ly bow'rs, That
The mu-sic-lov-ing birds are come From cliffs and rocks un-known;
   To Where he such pleas-ing change doth view In ev-ry liv-ing thing, As
O beau-ty, be not thou ac-cus'd Too just-ly in this case; Un-

The for-ward buds so sweet-ly breathe Out of their earth-ly bow'rs, That
The mu-sic-lov-ing birds are come From cliffs and rocks un-known;
   To Where he such pleas-ing change doth view In ev-ry liv-ing thing, As
O beau-ty, be not thou ac-cus'd Too just-ly in this case; Un-
heav'n which views their pomp beneath, would fain be deck'd with flow'rs.
see the trees and bri-ars bloom, That late were over flown.
if the world were born a-new, To gratify the Spring.
kind-ly if true love be us'd, T'will yield thee lit-tle grace.

heav'n which views their pomp beneath, would fain be deck'd with flow'rs.
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