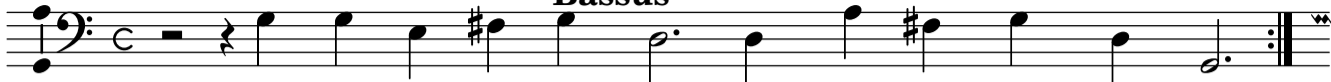


Bassus



1. The peace-ful westerne 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?