

Thomas Campion

The Second Booke of Ayres

[1613]

XII

1 **The peacefull westernne winde**

The winter stormes hath tam'd,
And nature in each kinde
The kinde heat hath inflam'd.
The forward buds so sweetly breathe
Out of their earthy bowers,
That heau'n which viewes their pompe beneath,
Would faine be deckt with flowers.

2 See how the morning smiles
On her bright easterne hill,
And with soft steps beguiles
Them that lie slumbring still.
The musicke-louing birds are come
From cliffes and rockes vnknowne ;
To see the trees and briers blome,
That late were ouer-flowne.

3 What Saturne did destroy,
Loues Queene reuiues againe ;
And now her naked boy
Doth in the fields remaine:
Where he such pleasing change doth view
In eu'ry liuing thing,
As if the world were borne anew,
To gratifie the Spring.

4 If all things life present,
Why die my comforts then ?
Why suffers my content ?
Am I the worst of men ?
O beautie, be not thou accus'd
Too iustly in this case :
Vnkindly if true loue be vs'd.
'Twill yeeld thee little grace.