

Where she her sacred bowre adorne

Two Bookes of Ayres (1613)

Thomas Campion (1567 - 1620)

Where shee her sa - cred bowre a - dorne, the Ri - vers clear - ly flowe:
The groves and mea - dows swell with flowres, the windes all gent - ly blow:

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2. Her grace I sought, her love I wooed;
Her love though I obtaine,
No time, no toyle, no vow, no faith
Her wished grace can gaine.
Yet truth can tell my heart is hers,
And her will I adore:
And from that love when I depart
Let heav'n view me no more.

3. Her roses with my prayes shall spring,
And when her trees I praise,
Their boughs shall blossome, mellow fruit
Shall straw her pleasant wayes.
The words of hearty zeale have powre
High wonders to effect;
O why should then her Princely eare
My words, or zeale neglect?

4. If shee my faith misdeemes, or worth,
Woe-worth my haplesse fate:
For though time can my truth reveale,
That time will come too late.
And who can glory in the worth,
That cannot yeeld him grace?
Content in ev'ry thing is not,
Nor ioy in ev'ry place.

5. But from her bowre of Ioy since I
Must now excluded be:
And shee will not relieve my cares
Which none can helpe but shee:
My comfort in her love shall dwell,
Her love lodge in my brest;
And though not in her bowre, yet I
Shall in her temple rest.