



When daisies pied

William Shakespeare (1564–1616)

Thomas Arne (1710–1778)

[Allegretto]

5

1. When dai - sies pied and
shep - herds pipe on

10

vio - lets blue, And la - dy-smocks all sil - ver white, and cu-ckoo buds of
oat - en straw, And mer - ry larks are plough-men's clocks, and tur-tles tread, And

14

yel - low hue Do paint the mea - dows with de - light;
rooks and daws, And maid - ens bleach their sum - mer smocks.

18

The cu-ckoo then, on ev' - ry tree Mocks mar-ried men,



The peaceful western wind

Thomas Campion (1567–1620)

Thomas Campion (1567–1620)

1. The _____ peace - ful _____ west - ern wind The _____
 2. See _____ how the _____ morn - ing smiles On _____
 3. What _____ Sat - urn _____ did des - troy, Love's _____
 4. If _____ all things _____ life pre - sent, Why _____

3
 win - ter _____ storms hath tamed; And _____ Na - ture _____ in each
 her bright _____ east - ern hill; And _____ with soft _____ steps be -
 queen re - vives _____ a gain; And _____ now her _____ na - ked
 die my _____ com - forts then? Why _____ suf - fers _____ my con -

6
 kind The _____ kind heat _____ hath _____ in - flamed.
 - guiles Them _____ that lie _____ slum - bering still.
 boy Doth _____ in the _____ fields _____ re - main.
 - tent? Am _____ I the _____ worst _____ of men?



Since first I saw your face

Anonymous

Thomas Ford (1580–1648)

1. Since first I saw your face I re-solv'd To hon - our and re -
 2. If I ad - mire or praise you too much, That fault you may for -
 3. The sun whose beams most glo - ri - ous are Re - ject - eth no be -

4
 - nown ye. If now I be dis - dain - ed I wish My
 - give me. Or if my hands had stray'd but a touch, Then
 - hold er; And your sweet beau - ty past com - pare Made

7
 heart had nev - er known ye. What, I that lov'd and
 just - ly might you leave me. I ask'd you leave, you
 my poor eyes the bold er. Where Beau - ty moves and