# Simon Porter Vertue 

SATB (divisi)

Sweet day, so cool, so calm, so bright, The bridall of the earth and skie:
The dew shall weep thy fall to night; For thou must die.

Sweet rose, whose hue angrie and brave Bids the rash gazer wipe his eye:
Thy root is ever in its grave And thou must die.

Sweet spring, full of sweet dayes and roses, A box where sweets compacted lie; My musick shows ye have your closes, And all must die.

Onely a sweet and vertuous soul, Like season'd timber, never gives; But though the whole world turn to coal, Then chiefly lives.

## George Herbert

## Vertue

GEORGE HERBERT
SIMON PORTER











