

Song Composed in August (Now Westlin Winds)



Now west- lin winds and slaugh- t'ring guns Bring au- tumn's plea- sant wea- ther; The



moor- cock springs on whir- ring wings, A- mang the bloo- ming hea- ther. Now



wa- ving grain wide o'er the plain De- kights the wea- ry Far- mer; The



moon shines bright as I rove at night, To muse u- pon my char- mer.