

# Though far from joy

Philip Rosseter

Though far from joy, my sor- rows are as far, And  
The high- er trees, the more storms they en- dure; Shrubs

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I both be- tween. Not too low, nor yet too high A-  
be trod- en down. But the mean, the gold- en mean, Doth

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bove my reach would I be seen. Hap- py is he  
on- ly all our for- tunes crown. Like to a stream

that is so plac- ed, Not to be en- vied,  
that sweet- ly slid- eth Through the flow- r'y banks

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nor to be dis- dain'd or dis- grac- ed.  
and still in the midst his course guid- eth.