

The man of life upright

Thomas Campion

The man of life upright, Whose cheerful
 The man whose silent days In harm- less
 That man needs nei- ther tow'rs, Nor ar- mour
 He on- ly can be- hold With un- af-
 Thus scorn- ing all the cares, That fate or
 Good thoughts his sur- est friends, His wealth a

a r a a r r a a a
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mind is free From weight of im- pious deeds,
 joys are spent: Whom hopes can- not de- lude,
 for de- fence: Nor vaults his guilt to shroud
 fright- ed eyes The hor- rors of the deep,
 for- tune brings: His book the heav'n's he makes
 well- spent age, The earth his so- ber inn,

p e a a r r e a
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And yoke - - of - va- ni- ty.
 Nor sor- - - rows - dis- con- tent.
 From thun- - - der's - vi- o- lence.
 And ter- - - rors - of the skies.
 His wis- - - dom - heav'n- ly things.
 And qui- - - et - pil- gri- mage.

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