

The man of life upright

Thomas Campion

Cantus

Altus

Tenor

Bassus

The man of life upright, Whose cheerful
The man whose silent days In harmless
That man needs neither tow'rs, Nor armour
He on-ly can behold With un-af-
Thus scorn- ing all the cares, That fate or
Good thoughts his sur- est friends, His wealth 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- fense: Nor vaults his guilt to shroud
fright- ed eyes The hor- rors of the deep,
for- tune brings: His book the heav'ns he makes
well- spent age, The earth his so- ber inn,

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.
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