

The man of life upright

Thomas Campion

Cantus

The man of life upright, Whose cheerful mind is free
 The man whose silent days In harmless joys are spent:
 That man needs neither tow'rs, Nor armour for defense:
 He only can behold With unafrighted eyes
 Thus scorn-ing all the cares, That fate or fortune brings:
 Good thoughts his sur-est friends, His wealth a well-spent age,

Altus

Tenor

Bassus

Lute

5

From weight of im-pious deeds, And yoke - - of - va-ni-ty.
 Whom hopes can-not de-lude, Nor sor- - - rows - dis-con-tent.
 Nor vaults his guilt to shroud From thun- - - der's - vi-o-lence.
 The hor-rors of the deep, And ter- - - rors - of the skies.
 His book the heav'ns he makes His wis - - dom - heav'n-ly things.
 The earth his so-ber inn, And qui - - et - pil-gri-mage.