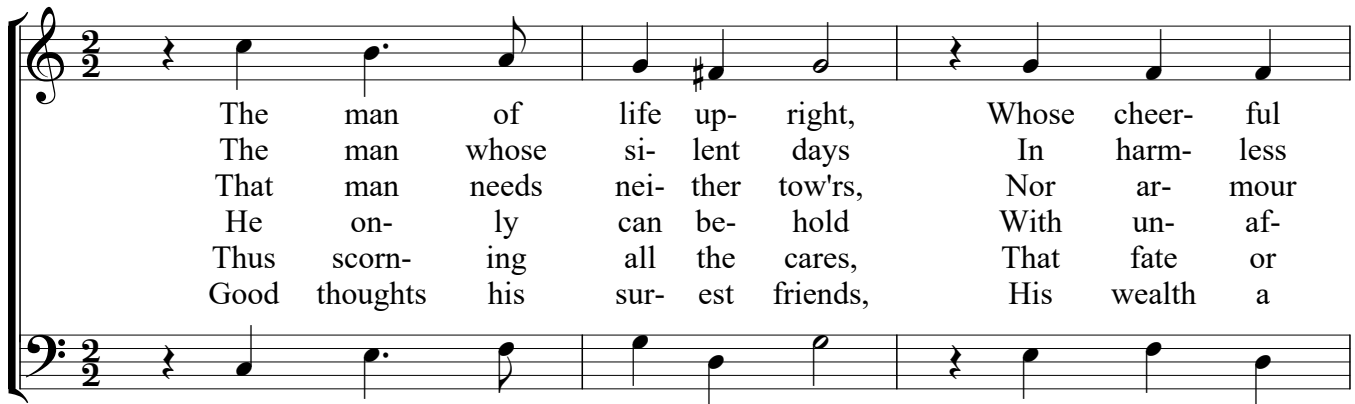


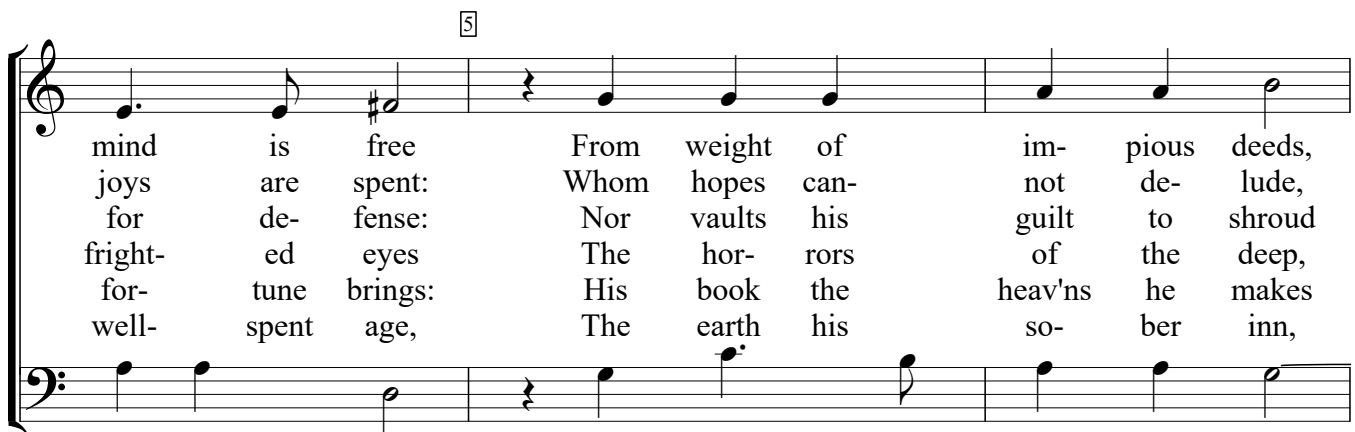
# The man of life upright

Thomas Campion

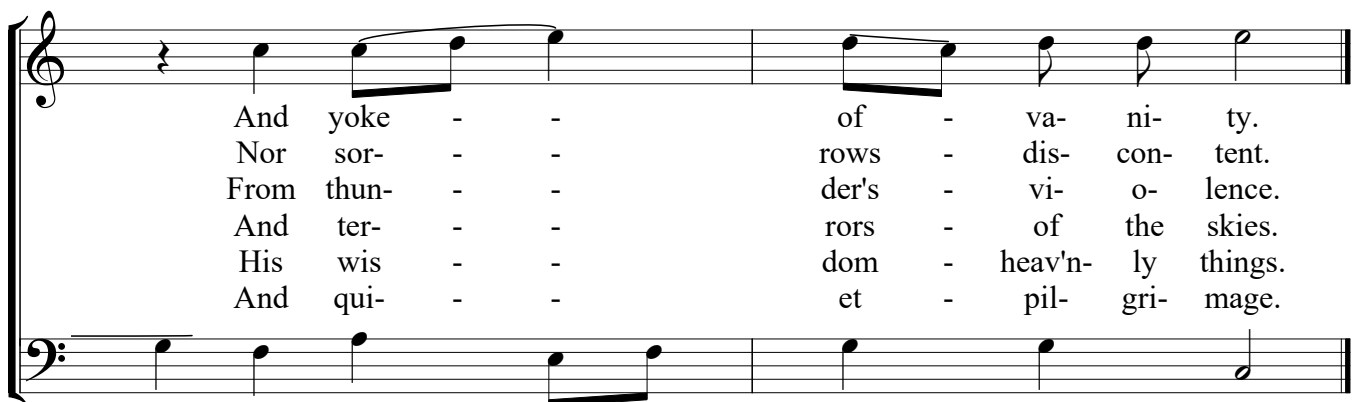


The man of life upright, Whose cheerful  
The man whose silent days In harm- less  
That man needs nei- ther tow'rs, Nor ar- mour  
He on- ly can be- hold With un- af-  
Thus scorn- ing all the cares, That fate or  
Good thoughts his sur- est friends, His wealth a

5



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'n's 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.  
And qui- - - et - pil- gri- mage.