

The man of life upright

Thomas Campion

The man of life up- right, Whose guilt- less
 The man whose si- lent 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 on- ly friends, His wealth a

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heart is free From all dis- hon- est
 joys are spent, Whom hopes can- not de-
 for de- fense, Nor se- cret vaults to
 fright- ed eyes The hor- rors of the
 for- tune brings, He makes the heav'n his
 well- spent age, The earth his so- ber

deeds Or thought of va- ni- ty.
 lude, Nor sor- row dis- con- tent:
 fly From thun- der's vi- o- lence.
 deep And ter- rors of the skies.
 book, His wis- dom heav'n- ly things.
 inn And qui- et pil- gri- mage.