

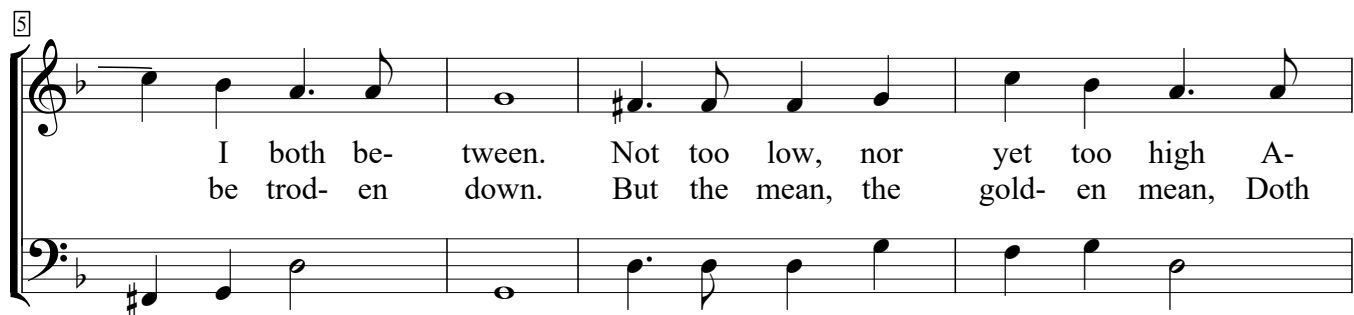
Though far from joy

Philip Rosseter



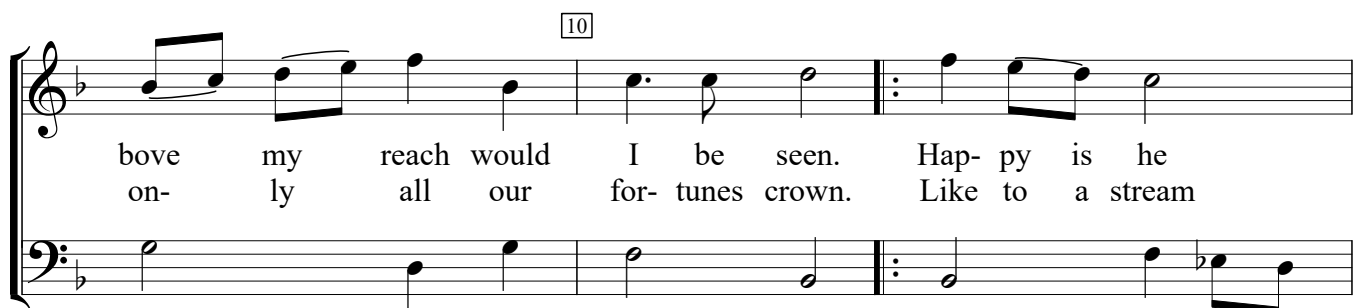
Though far from joy, my sor- rows are as far, And
The high- er trees, the more storms they en- dure; Shrubs

5



I both be- tween. Not too low, nor yet too high A-
be trod- en down. But the mean, the gold- en mean, Doth

10

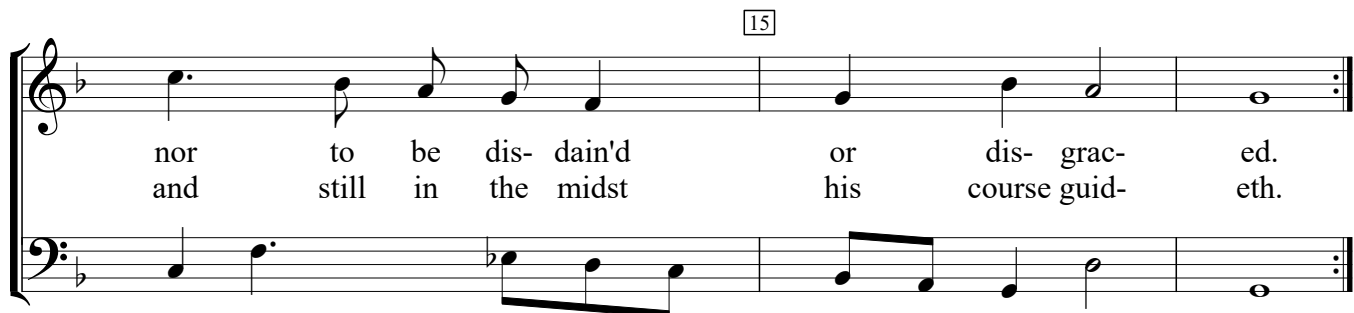


bove my reach would I be seen. Hap- py is he
on- ly all our for- tunes crown. Like to a stream



that is so plac- ed, Not to be en- vied,
that sweet- ly slid- eth Through the flow- r'y banks

15



nor to be dis- dain'd or dis- grac- ed.
and still in the midst his course guid- eth.