

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

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I both be- tween. Not too low, nor yet too high A- bove my reach would
be trod- en down. But the mean, the gold- en mean, Doth on- ly all our

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I be seen. Hap- py is he that is so plac- ed,
for- tunes crown. Like to a stream that sweet- ly slid- eth

15

Not to be en- vied, nor to be dis- dain'd or dis- grac- ed.
Through the flow- r'y banks and still in the midst his course guid- eth.