

6 Though Far from Joy

Philip Rosseter
(A Booke of Ayres — 1601)

1. Though far from joy, my sor - rows arc
as far, And I both be - tween,
Not too low, nor yet too high A - bove my reach would I be seen,
Hap - py is he that so is plac - ed, Nor to be en - vied,
nor to be dis - dain'd or dis - grac - ed.

2. The higher trees, the more storms they endure,
Shrubs be trodden down,
But the mean, the golden mean,
Doth only all our fortunes crown,
Like to a stream that sweetly slideth,
Through the flowery banks, and still in the midst
his course guideth.