

**A  
BOOKE OF  
AYRES**

**Thomas Campion / Philip Rosseter**

**1601**

**The second Booke**

**XI. Though far from ioy.**

Though far from ioy, my sorrowes are as far,  
And I both betweene,  
Not too low, nor yet too high  
Aboue my reach would I bee seene,  
Happy is he that so is placed,  
Not to be enui'd, nor to be disdain'd or disgraced.

The higher trees, the more stormes they endure,  
Shrubs be troden downe,  
But the meane, the golden meane,  
Doth onely all our fortunes crowne,  
Like to a streame that sweetely slideth,  
Through the flourie banks, and still in the midst his course guideth.