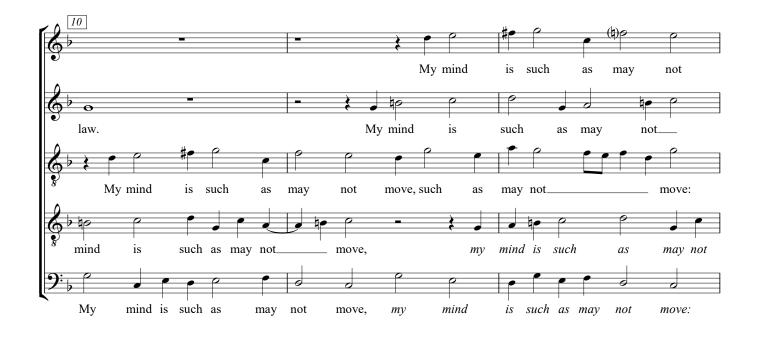
I joy not in no earthly bliss



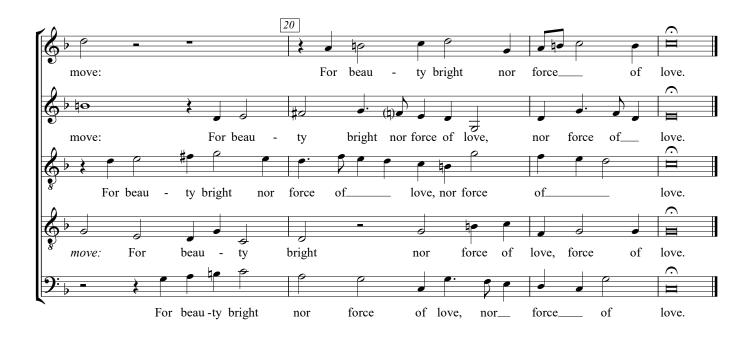












Source: William Byrd, Psalmes, Sonets, & songs of sadnes and pietie (London, 1588), no.11.

- I joy not in no earthly blisse,
 I force not Cressus welth a straw:
 For care I know not what it is,
 I feare not Fortunes fatall law.
 My mind is such as may not move,
 for beautie bright nor force of love.
- 2. I wish but what I have at will,
 I wander not to seeke for more:
 I like the plaine I clime no hill,
 in greatest stormes I sit on shore:
 and laugh at them that toyle in vaine,
 to get what must bee lost againe.
- 3. I kisse not where I wish to kill,
 I faine not love where most I hate:
 I breake no sleepe to winne my will,
 I waite not at the mighties gate:
 I scorne no poore nor feare no rich,
 I feele no want no have to much.
- 4. The Court and cart I like nor loath, extreames are counted worst of all: the golden meane beetweene them both, doth surest sit and feare no fall: this is my choyce, for why I finde, no wealth is like the quiet minde.

Part of my complete edition of the published vocal works of William Byrd made available through the Choral Public Domain Library (http://www.cpdl.org). For general editorial notes, please visit my user page at http://www.cpdl.org/wiki/index.php/User:DaveF.

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