

# VLTIMVM VALE

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1605

## *15. Happy he who to sweete home retirde.*

- 1           Happy he  
          Who to sweet home retirde,  
          Shuns glory so admirde,  
          And to him selfe liues free,  
Whilst he who strius with pride to clim the skies  
Fals down with foule disgrace before he rise.
- 2           Let who will,  
          The Actiue life commend,  
          And all his trauels bend,  
          Earth with his fame to fill.  
Such fame so forst, at last dyes with his death,  
Which life maintaine by others idle breath.
- 3           My delightes  
          To dearest home confinde,  
          Shall there make good my mind:  
          Not Awde with fortunes spights.  
High trees heauen blastes, windes shake, and honors fel,  
When lowly plantes, long time in safetie dwell.
- 4           All I can  
          My worldly strife shall be  
          They one day, say of me,  
          He dyde a good old man:  
On his sad soule, a heauy burden lies,  
Who knowne to all, vnknowne to himselfe dyes.