XVIII. His golden locks time hath to silver turnde

Cantus.  

John Dowland

1. His golden locks time hath to silver turnde. O time too swift,
   His youth against time and age swaineth this Carol for a song,
   Blest be the hearts that wish creas-ing.

2. His helmet now shall make a hive for Bees, And lovers swift, O swiftness ne-ver ceasing!
   So-nets turne to ho-ly Psalms: A man at armes must now serve on his knees,
   My So-veraigne well, Curst be the soule that thinks him an-y almes:

3. And when he sad-dest sits in home-ly Cell, Hee'l teach his ever spurnd, But spurnd in vain, youth wa-neth by in-
   So-vernors which are a-ges seene: Beauf-tie, strength, youth are flowers but fad-
   And feed on Pray-ers which are ages wrong. But though from Court to cot-age he de-
   My So-veraigne well, Curst be the soule that thinks him an-y almes:
   Blest be the hearts that wish creas-ing.

(1)

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   But though from Court to cot-age he de-

4. And when he sad-dest sits in home-ly Cell, Hee'l teach his ever spurnd, But spurnd in vain, youth wa-neth by in-
   So-vernors which are a-ges seene: Beauf-tie, strength, youth are flowers but fad-
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5. And when he sad-dest sits in home-ly Cell, Hee'l teach his ever spurnd, But spurnd in vain, youth wa-neth by in-
   So-vernors which are a-ges seene: Beauf-tie, strength, youth are flowers but fad-
   But though from Court to cot-age he de-

6. And when he sad-dest sits in home-ly Cell, Hee'l teach his ever spurnd, But spurnd in vain, youth wa-neth by in-
   So-vernors which are a-ges seene: Beauf-tie, strength, youth are flowers but fad-
   But though from Court to cot-age he de-

7. And when he sad-dest sits in home-ly Cell, Hee'l teach his ever spurnd, But spurnd in vain, youth wa-neth by in-
   So-vernors which are a-ges seene: Beauf-tie, strength, youth are flowers but fad-
   But though from Court to cot-age he de-

8. And when he sad-dest sits in home-ly Cell, Hee'l teach his ever spurnd, But spurnd in vain, youth wa-neth by in-
   So-vernors which are a-ges seene: Beauf-tie, strength, youth are flowers but fad-
   But though from Court to cot-age he de-

9. And when he sad-dest sits in home-ly Cell, Hee'l teach his ever spurnd, But spurnd in vain, youth wa-neth by in-
   So-vernors which are a-ges seene: Beauf-tie, strength, youth are flowers but fad-
   But though from Court to cot-age he de-

10. And when he sad-dest sits in home-ly Cell, Hee'l teach his ever spurnd, But spurnd in vain, youth wa-neth by in-
   So-vernors which are a-ges seene: Beauf-tie, strength, youth are flowers but fad-
   But though from Court to cot-age he de-

11. And when he sad-dest sits in home-ly Cell, Hee'l teach his ever spurnd, But spurnd in vain, youth wa-neth by in-
   So-vernors which are a-ges seene: Beauf-tie, strength, youth are flowers but fad-
   But though from Court to cot-age he de-

12. And when he sad-dest sits in home-ly Cell, Hee'l teach his ever spurnd, But spurnd in vain, youth wa-neth by in-
   So-vernors which are a-ges seene: Beauf-tie, strength, youth are flowers but fad-
   But though from Court to cot-age he de-

13. And when he sad-dest sits in home-ly Cell, Hee'l teach his ever spurnd, But spurnd in vain, youth wa-neth by in-
   So-vernors which are a-ges seene: Beauf-tie, strength, youth are flowers but fad-
   But though from Court to cot-age he de-

14. And when he sad-dest sits in home-ly Cell, Hee'l teach his ever spurnd, But spurnd in vain, youth wa-neth by in-
   So-vernors which are a-ges seene: Beauf-tie, strength, youth are flowers but fad-
   But though from Court to cot-age he de-

15. And when he sad-dest sits in home-ly Cell, Hee'l teach his ever spurnd, But spurnd in vain, youth wa-neth by in-
   So-vernors which are a-ges seene: Beauf-tie, strength, youth are flowers but fad-
   But though from Court to cot-age he de-

16. And when he sad-dest sits in home-ly Cell, Hee'l teach his ever spurnd, But spurnd in vain, youth wa-neth by in-
   So-vernors which are a-ges seene: Beauf-tie, strength, youth are flowers but fad-
   But though from Court to cot-age he de-

17. And when he sad-dest sits in home-ly Cell, Hee'l teach his ever spurnd, But spurnd in vain, youth wa-neth by in-
   So-vernors which are a-ges seene: Beauf-tie, strength, youth are flowers but fad-
   But though from Court to cot-age he de-

18. And when he sad-dest sits in home-ly Cell, Hee'l teach his ever spurnd, But spurnd in vain, youth wa-neth by in-
   So-vernors which are a-ges seene: Beauf-tie, strength, youth are flowers but fad-
   But though from Court to cot-age he de-

19. And when he sad-dest sits in home-ly Cell, Hee'l teach his ever spurnd, But spurnd in vain, youth wa-neth by in-
   So-vernors which are a-ges seene: Beauf-tie, strength, youth are flowers but fad-
   But though from Court to cot-age he de-

20. And when he sad-dest sits in home-ly Cell, Hee'l teach his ever spurnd, But spurnd in vain, youth wa-neth by in-
   So-vernors which are a-ges seene: Beauf-tie, strength, youth are flowers but fad-
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21. And when he sad-dest sits in home-ly Cell, Hee'l teach his ever spurnd, But spurnd in vain, youth wa-neth by in-
   So-vernors which are a-ges seene: Beauf-tie, strength, youth are flowers but fad-
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22. And when he sad-dest sits in home-ly Cell, Hee'l teach his ever spurnd, But spurnd in vain, youth wa-neth by in-
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23. And when he sad-dest sits in home-ly Cell, Hee'l teach his ever spurnd, But spurnd in vain, youth wa-neth by in-
   So-vernors which are a-ges seene: Beauf-tie, strength, youth are flowers but fad-
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24. And when he sad-dest sits in home-ly Cell, Hee'l teach his ever spurnd, But spurnd in vain, youth wa-neth by in-
   So-vernors which are a-ges seene: Beauf-tie, strength, youth are flowers but fad-
   But though from Court to cot-age he de-

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XVIII. His golden locks time hath to silver turnde

1. His golden locks time hath to silver, to silver turnde.
2. His helmet now shall make a hive for, a hive for Bees,
3. And when he saddest sits in homely, in homely Cell,

O time too swift, O swiftness never ceasing! His youth against
And lovers Sonnets turne to holy Psalms: A man at
Heel teach his swaines this Carol for a song, Blest be the
time and age hath ever spurnd, But spurnd in vain, youth wane,
armes must now serve on his knees, And feed on Prayers which are,
hearts that wish my Sovereaigne well, Curst be the soule that thinks him,

wa-neth by increasing. Beau-tie, strength, youth are flowers but
which are ages almes: But though from Court to co-tage
thinks him any wrong. Yee gods al-low this aged

fading seene: Dute, Dute, Faith, Love are roots and ever Greene.
he depart, His Saint, his Saint is sure of his un-spotted heart.
man his right, To be, to be your Beads-man now that was your Knight.
XVIII. His golden locks time hath to silver turnde

Tenor.

1. His gold-en locks time hath to sil-ver turnde. O, O time too
   swift, O time too swift, O swift-nesse ne-ver ceas-ing! His youth gainst
   So-net, lo-vers So-net, turne to ho-ly Psalms: A man at
   swaines, Hee'l teach his swaines this Car-roll for a song, Blest be the
   time and age hath e-ver spurnd, But spurnd in vain, youth wa-
   neth
   armes must now serve on his knees, And feed on Pray-
   ers which are
   hearts that wish my So-veraigne well, Curst be the soule that thinks him
   by in-
   creas-ing. Beau-
   tie, strength, youth are flowers but fad-
   ag-
   es almes: But though from Court to co-
   tage he de-
   an-
   y wrong. Yee gods al-
   low this a-
   ged man his
   seene: Du-
   tie, Faith, Love are roots and e-
   ver greene.
   part, His Saint is sure of his un-
   spot-ten heart.
   right, To be your Beads-man now that was your Knight.
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John Dowland

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2. His helmet now shall make a hive for Bees, And lovers
3. And when he saddest sits in home-ly Cell, Hee’l teach his

swift, O swiftnesse never ceasing! His youth against time and age
Sonnets turne to holy Psalms: A man at armes must now
swaines this Carol for a song, Blest be the hearts that wish

hath ever spurnd, But spurnd in vain, youth wa-neth by in-
serve on his knees, And feed on Prayers which are ages
my So-veraigne well, Curst be the soule that thinks him an-

creasing. Beau-tie, strength, youth are flowers but fading
almes: But though from Court to co-tage he de-
wrong. Yee gods al-low this aged man his

seen: Du-tie, Faith, Love are roots and ever greene.
part, His Saint is sure of his un-spot-ted heart.
right, To be your Beads-man now that was your Knight.

¹Original is half note