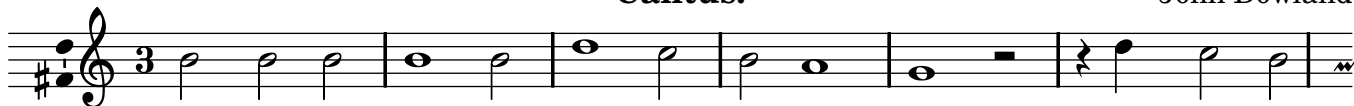




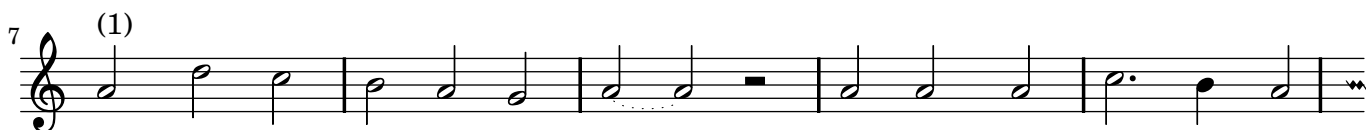
# XVIII. His golden locks time hath to silver turnde

Cantus.

John Dowland



1. His gold- en locks time hath to sil- ver turnde. O time too  
 2. His hel- met now shall make a hive for Bees, And lo- vers  
 3. And when he sad- dest sits in home- ly Cell, Hee'l teach his



swift, O swift- nesse ne- ver ceas- ing! His youth gainst time and age  
 So- nets turne to ho- ly Psalmes: A man at armes must now  
 swaines this Ca- roll for a song, Blest be the hearts that wish



hath e- ver spurnd, But spurnd in vain, youth wa- neth by in-  
 serve on his knees, And feed on Pray- ers which are ag- es  
 my So- veraigne well, Curst be the soule that thinks him an- y

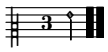


creas- ing. Beau- tie, strength, youth are flowers but fad- ing  
 almes: But though from Court to co- tage he de-  
 wrong. Yee gods al- low this a- ged man his



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

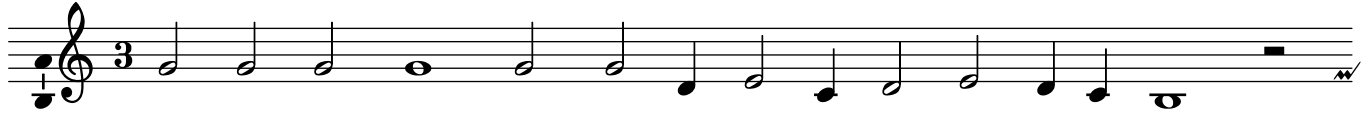
<sup>1</sup>Original is a G



# XVIII. His golden locks time hath to silver turnde

Altus.

John Dowland



1. His gold- en locks time hath to sil- ver, to sil- ver turnde.
2. His hel- met now shall make a hive for, a hive for Bees,
3. And when he sad- dest sits in home- ly, in home- ly Cell,



O time too swift, O swift- nesse ne- ver ceas- ing! His youth gainst  
 And lo- vers So- nets turne to ho- ly Psalmes: A man at  
 Hee'l teach his swaines this Ca- roll for a song, Blest be the



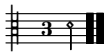
time and age hath e- ver spurnd, But spurnd in vain, youth wa- neth,  
 armes must now serve on his knees, And feed on Pray- ers which are,  
 hearts that wish my So- veraigne well, Curst be the soule that thinks him,



wa- neth by in- creas- ing. Beau- tie, strength, youth are flowers but  
 which are ag- es almes: But though from Court to co- tage  
 thinks him an- y wrong. Yee gods al- low this a- ged



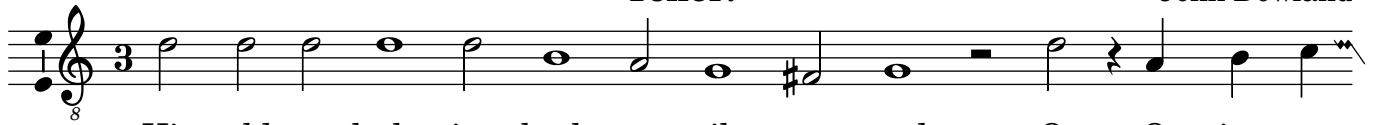
fad- ing seene: Du- tie, Du- tie, Faith, Love are roots and e- ver greene.  
 he de- part, His Saint, his Saint is sure of his un- spot- ted heart.  
 man his right, To be, to be your Beads- man now that was your Knight.



# XVIII. His golden locks time hath to silver turnde

Tenor.

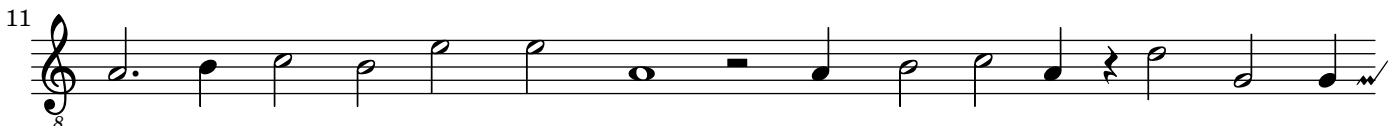
John Dowland



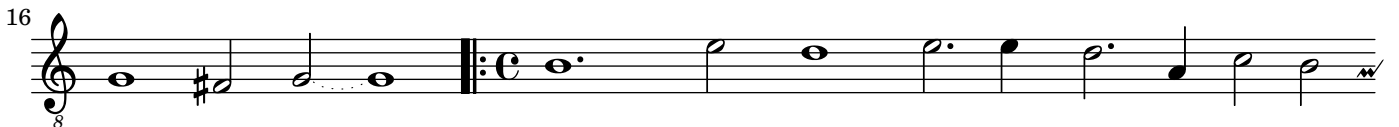
1. His gold- en locks time hath to sil- ver turnde. O, O time too  
 2. His hel- met now shall make a hive for Bees, And, And lo- vers  
 3. And when he sad- dest sits in home- ly Cell, Hee'l, Hee'l teach his



swift, O time too swift, O swift- nesse ne- ver ceas- ing! His youth gainst  
 So- nets, lo- vers So- nets, turne to ho- ly Psalmes: A man at  
 swaines, Hee'l teach his swaines this Ca- roll for a song, Blest be the



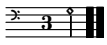
time and age hath e- ver spurnd, But spurnd in vain, youth wa- neth  
 armes must now serve on his knees, And feed on Pray- ers which are  
 hearts that wish my So- veraigne well, Curst be the soule that thinks him



by in- creas- ing. Beau- tie, strength, youth are flowers but fad- ing  
 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- ted heart.  
 right, To be your Beads- man now that was your Knight.



## XVIII. His golden locks time hath to silver turnde

Bassus.

John Dowland



1. His gold- en locks time hath to sil- ver turnde. O time too  
 2. His hel- met now shall make a hive for Bees, And lo- vers  
 3. And when he sad- dest sits in home- ly Cell, Hee'l teach his

7 (1)



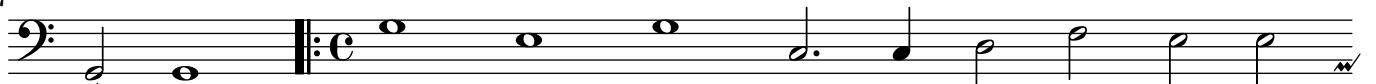
swift, O swift- nesse ne- ver ceas- ing! His youth gainst time and age  
 So- nets turnde to ho- ly Psalmes: A man at armes must now  
 swaines this Ca- roll for a song, Blest be the hearts that wish

12



hath e- ver spurnd, But spurnd in vain, youth wa- neth by in-  
 serve on his knees, And feed on Pray- ers which are ag- es  
 my So- veraigne well, Curst be the soule that thinks him an- y

17



creas- ing. Beau- tie, strength, youth are flowers but fad- ing  
 almes: But though from Court to co- tage he de-  
 wrong. Yee gods al- low this a- ged man his

24



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

<sup>1</sup>Original is half note