His golden locks time hath to silver turn'd

John Dowland

And when he sad dest sits in homely Cell,
His helmet now shall make a hive for Bees,
His golden locks time hath to silver turn'd.

O time too swift, O swiftness never
And lovers Sonnets turn to holy
He'll teach his swains this Carol for a

O time too swift, O time too swift, O swiftness never
And, and lovers Sonnets, lovers Sonnets turn to holy
He'll teach his swains, teach his swains, his swains this Carol for a

O time too swift, O swiftness never
And lovers Sonnets turn to holy
He'll teach his swains this Carol for a
Bless'd be the hearts that wish my Sovereign well.

A man at arms must now serve on his knees,

Ceasing! His youth 'gainst time and age hath ever spurn'd,

But spurn'd in vain, youth wanes by increasing. Beau-

And feed on Prayers which are ages alms: But

Curs'd be the soul that thinks him any wrong. Ye

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And feed on Prayers which are ages alms: But

Curs'd be the soul that thinks him any wrong. Ye
god's al low - this a ged - man his right, To be
though from Court to cot tage - he de part, - His Saint
ty, strength, youth are flow'rs but fad ing seen: Du ty,
gods al low this a ged man his right, To be

Faith, Love are roots and e - ver green.
your Beads-man now that was your Knight.

Faith, Love are roots and e - ver green.
is sure of his un - spot - ted heart.
your Beads-man now that was your Knight.