

His golden locks

John Dowland

His gold- en locks Time hath to sil- ver
His hel- met now shall make a hive for
And when he sad- dest sits in home- ly

turn'd.
bees,
cell,
O Time too swift, O swift-
And lov- er's son- nets turn
He'll teach his swains this car-

ness nev- er ceas- ing! His youth 'gainst
to ho- ly psalms: - A man- at-
ol for a song, - Blest be the

Time and Age hath ev- er spurn'd,
arms must now serve on his knees,
hearts that wish my Sov'- reign well,

But spurn'd in vain; youth wan- eth by in-
 And feed on prayers soul that thinks are A- ge's
 Curst be the soul that thinks her an- y

creas- ing. Beau- ty, strength, youth are
 alms: - But though from Court to
 wrong. - God- dess, al- low this

flow'rs but fad- ing seen: Du- ty, faith,
 cot- tage he de- part, His - Saint is
 a- ged man the right, To - be your

love are roots and ev- er green.
 sure of his and un- spot- er green.
 bedes- man now that was your knight.

First sung by Robert Hales in 1590 at the tilt in honor of Sir Henry Lee, retiring champion of the queen.