

# 8. Far from triumphing court

Poem by Sir Henry Lea

John Dowland

Far from tri- um- phing court and won- - - ted glo- ry,  
 But lo a glor- rious light from his - - dark - rest  
 Ra- vish'd with joy, so grac'd by such - - a - saint,  
 But ah! poor knight, though thus in dream - - he rang- ed,

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He dwelt in shad- dy un- fre- quent- ed pla- ces; Time's pris'- ner  
 Shone from the place whereerst this god- dess dwelt, - A light whose  
 He quite for- gat his cell and self de- ni- ed. He thought it  
 Hop- ing to serve this saint in sort most meet, - Time, with his

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now he made his - pas- time sto- ry; Glad- ly for- gets court's erst af-  
 beams the world with - fruit hath bless'd - Bless'd was the knight while he that  
 shame in thank- ful- ness to faint; - Debts due to prin- ces must be  
 gold- den locks to - sil- ver chang- ed, Hath with age- fet- ters bound him

1) 1/2 note in original.

ford- ed gra- ces. That god- dess whom he served to heav'n is  
 light be- held: - Since then a star fix'd on his head hath  
 du- ly paid. - Noth- ing so hate- ful to a no- ble  
 hands and feet. - "Ay me!" he cries, "God- dess, my limbs grow

1)

gone, And he on earth, -  
 shin'd, And a saint's im- age,  
 mind As find- ing kind- ness,  
 faint; Though I time's pris'- ner,

And he on earth - in dark- ness left - to - moan.  
 And a saint's im- age in - his heart - is - shrin'd.  
 As find- ing kind- ness for - to prove - un- - kind.  
 Though I time's pris'- ner be, - be you - my - saint."

1) undotted half note flag in original