

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,

He dwelt in shad- dy un- fre-quent- ed pla- ces; Time's pris'- ner
 Shone from the place where erst 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

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