

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

ness nev- er ceas- ing! His youth 'gainst
to ol- 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,

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

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

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flow'rs but fad- ing seen: Du- ty, faith,
cot- tage he de- the part, right, 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.