His golden locks time hath to silver turn'd

John Dowland (1563-1626)

1. His golden locks time hath to silver turn'd.
2. His helmet now shall make a hive for bees,
3. And when he saddest sits in homely cell,

O time too swift! O swift-ness never
And lovers' sonnets turn to holy
He'll teach his swains this carol for a

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And, and lovers' sonnets, lovers' sonnets turn to holy
He'll teach his swains, teach his swains, his swains this carol for a

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And lovers' sonnets turn to holy
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His golden locks - Dowland

caes - ing! His youth 'gainst time and age hath e - ver spurn'd,
psalms. A man - at - arms must now serve on his knees,
song: Bless'd be the hearts that wish my Sov' - reign well,

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psalms. A man - at - arms must now serve on his knees,
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But spurn'd in vain; youth wa - neth by in - creas - ing.
And feed on pray - ers, which are a - ge's alms,___
Curs'd be the soul that thinks her a - ny wrong,___

But spurn'd in vain; youth wa - neth, wa - neth by in - creas - ing.
And feed on pray - ers, which are, which are a - ge's alms,___
Curs'd be the soul that thinks her, thinks her a - ny wrong,___

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And feed on pray - ers, which are a - ge's alms,___
Curs'd be the soul that thinks her a - ny wrong,___
Beauty, strength, youth are flow'rs but fading seen;
But though from court to cottage he depart,
Ye gods, allow this aged man his right,

Beauty, strength, youth are flow'rs but fading seen;
But though from court to cottage he depart,
Ye gods, allow this aged man his right,

Duty, faith, love are roots, and ever green.
His saint is sure of his unspotted heart.
To be your beads-man now, that was your knight.

Duty, duty, faith, love are roots, and ever green.
His saint, his saint is sure of his unspotted heart.
To be, to be your beads-man now, that was your knight.

Duty, faith, love are roots, and ever green.
His saint is sure of his unspotted heart.
To be your beads-man now, that was your knight.