His golden locks time hath to silver turn'd

John Dowland

And when he saddest sits in homely Cell,
His helmet now shall make a hive for Bees,
His golden locks time hath to silver turn'd.

O time too swift, O swiftness never
And lovers Sonnets turn to holy
He'll teach his swains this Carol for a

O, O time too swift, O time too swift, O swiftness never
And, and lovers Sonnets, lovers Sonnets turn to holy
He'll teach his swains, teach his swains, his swains this Carol for a
Psalms: A man at arms must now serve on his knees,
song, Bless'd be the hearts that wish my So-v'reign well,

But spurn'd in vain, youth waneth by increasing. Beau-
And feed on Prayers which are a-ges alms: But
Curs'd be the soul that thinks him any wrong. Ye

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And feed on Prayers which are a-ges alms: But
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Duty, strength, youth are flow'rs but fad-ing seen: Du-
gods al-low this a-ged man his right, To

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gods al-low this a-ged man his right, To

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gods al-low this a-ged man his right, To

duty, duty,圣 is sure of his un-spot-ed heart.
be your Beads-man now that was your Knight.

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