8. Far from triumphing court

Poem by Sir Henry Lea

John Dowland

Far from tri- um- phing court and
But lo a glor- rious so light and from
Ra- vish'd with joy, grac'd from
But ah! poor knight, though thus in

won- - ted glo- ry, He dwelt in shad- dy
his- - dark- rest Shone from the place where
such- a- saint, He quite for- gat his
dream- - he rang- ed, Hop- ing to serve this

un- fre- quent- ed pla- ces; Time's pris'- ner
erst this god- dess dwelt, A light whose
cell and self de- ni- ed. He thought it
saint in sort most meet, Time, with his

now he made his - pas- time sto- ry; Glad- ly for-
beams the world with - fruit hath bless'd Bless'd was the
shame in thank- ful- - ness to faint; Debts due to
gold- den locks to - sil- ver chang- ed, Hath with age-

gets court's erst af- | ford- ed gra- ces. | That god- dess
knight while he that | light be- held: - | Since then a
prin- ces must be du- | ly paid. - | Noth- ing so
fet- ters bound him | hands and feet. - | "Ay me!" he

whom he served | to heav'n is | gone,
star fix'd on | his head hath | shin'd,
hate- ful to | a no- ble | mind
cries, "God- dess, | my limbs grow | faint;

And he on earth, - | | And he on earth -
And a saint's im- age, | | And a saint's im- age
As find- ing kind- ness, | | As find- ing kind- ness
Though I time's pris'- ner, | | Though I time's pris'- ner

in dark- ness left | - to - moan.
in - his heart | - is - shrin'd.
for - to prove | - un- - kind.
be, - be you | - my - saint."

1) Dot added by editor.