

# 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 swift-  
 cell, He'll teach his swains this turn  
 car-

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

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

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

flow'rs but fad- ing seen: Du- ty, faith,  
 cot- tage he de- part, His - Saint is  
 a- ged man the right, To - be your

love are roots and ev- er green.  
 sure of his un- spot- ed heart.  
 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.