

Far from triumphing court

Poem by Sir Henry Lea

John Dowland

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

a r e a r e a a
 a r r e r d f e d a
 r a r e r a
 a a r e e e e

15

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;

B B B g e g r r a r a d r a r a d
 e e a r r a r e r a r e r
 e a r a r a e r b r

1)

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

r r d a r a r r a e a a r d a d r d r
 e r b d e f d e b d e a b r d e b r r

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

a r e a a a f e r e a
 a b e a r p e r e a
 r r r r a
 a a

1) Dot added by editor.