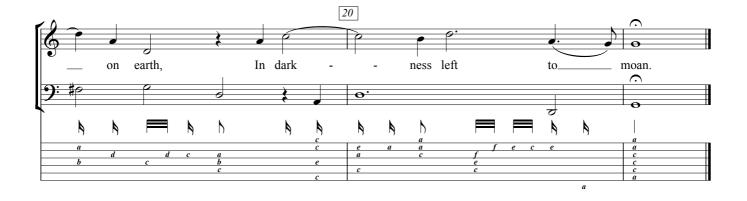
Far from triumphing Court





Source: Robert Dowland, A Musicall Banquet (London, 1610), no.8

II.4.1: minim Lute.14.6: minim

II.21: B

- Farre from triumphing Court and wonted glory,
 He dwelt in shadie unfrequented places,
 Times prisoner now he made his pastime story,
 Gladly forgets Courts erst afforded graces,
 That Goddesse whom hee servde to heav'n is gone,
 And hee one earth, In darknesse left to moane.
- 2. But loe a glorious light from his darke rest Shone from the place where erst this Goddesse dwelt A light whose beames the world with fruit hath blest Blest was the Knight while hee that light beheld: Since then a starre fixed on his head hath shinde, And a Saints Image in his hart is shrinde.
- 3. Ravisht with joy so grac't by such a Saint, He quite forgat his Cell and selfe denaid, He thought it shame in thankfulnesse to faint, Debts due to Princes must be duely paid: Nothing so hatefull to a noble minde, As finding kindnesse for to prove unkinde.
- 4. But ah poore Knight though thus in dreame he ranged, Hoping to serve this Saint in sort most meete, Tyme with his golden locks to silver changed Hath with age-fetters bound him hands and feete, Aye mee, hee cryes, Goddesse my limbs grow faint, Though I times prisoner be, be you my Saint.