

Far from triumphing Court

Sir Henry Lea (d.1610)

John Dowland (c.1563-1626)

Cantus

Bassus [Bass viol]

Lute

Far from tri-umph-ing Court and won - ted glo - -

Lute tuning: D, G, c, f, a, d', g'

-ry, He dwelt in sha - dy un - fre - quen - ted pla - ces, Time's pris-'ner

now he made his pas - time sto - ry, Glad - ly for - gets Court's erst af -

10

-for - ded gra - ces, That God - dess whom he served to heav'n is

gone, And he on earth, and he

20

on earth, In dark - - ness left to moan.

a *d* *c* *d* *c* *a* *c* | *e* *a* *a* *f* *f* *e* *c* *e* | *a*
b | *e* | *c* | *e* | *a*
c | *c* | *c* | *c* | *a*

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

II.4.1: minim

Lute.14.6: minim

II.21: B

1. 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 Goddesses 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 Goddesses 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 thankfulnessse 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, Goddesses my limbs grow faint,
 Though I times prisoner be, be you my Saint.