

# A MVSICALL BANQVET

Robert Douland

*1610*

## 8. Farre from triumphing Court

1 Farre from triumphing Court and wonted glory,  
He dwelt in shadie vnfrequented places,  
Times prisoner now he made his pastime story,  
Gladly forgets Courts erst afforded graces,  
That Goddesse whom hee serude to heau'n is gone,  
And hee on 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 Rauisht with ioy 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 duly paid :  
Nothing so hatefull to a noble minde,  
As finding kindnesse for to proue vnkinde.

4 But ah poore Knight though thus in dreame he ranged,  
Hoping to serue this Saint in sore most meete,  
Tyme with his golden locks to siluer changed  
Hath with age fetters bound him hands and feete,  
Aye mee, hee cries, Goddesse my limbs grow faint,  
Though I times prisoner be, be you my Saint.

words by:  
Sir Henry Lea