

THE FIRST BOOKE OF SONGS OR AYRES

JOHN DOWLAND

1597 [1613]

XVIII. His golden locks time hath to siluer turnd.

His golden locks time hath to silver turnde,
O time too swift, O swiftnesse neuer ceasing !
His youth gainst time and age hath euer spurnd,
But spurnd in vain, youth waneth by increasing.
Beautie, strength, youth are flowers but fading seene :
Dutie, Faith, Loue are roots and euer greene.

His helmet now shall make a hiue for Bees,
And louers Sonets turne to holy Psalmes :
A man at armes must now serue on his knees,
And feed on prayers which are ages almes :
But though from Court to cotage he depart,
His Saint is sure of his vnspotted heart.

And when he saddest sits in homely Cell,
Hee'l teach his swaines this Caroll for a song,
Blest be the hearts that wish my Soueraigne well,
Curst be the soule that thinks her any wrong.
Yee gods allow this aged man his right,
To be your Beadsman now that was your Knight.

words by:
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