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for- ded graces, That God- - dess whom he servde to heav'n is

$f$   $f$   $e$   $a$   $a$   $f$  |  $f$   $h$   $e$   $f$   $e$   $h$  |  $h$   $h$   $g$   $e$   $g$  |  $c$   $c$   $a$   $a$   $b$   
 $e$   $c$   $a$   $e$  |  $e$   $e$   $e$  |  $e$  |  $e$   $a$   $c$

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gone. And he one earth and he -

$c$   $a$   $c$   $a$  |  $c$   $a$   $c$   $a$  |  $c$   $c$   $a$   $e$   $a$  |  $c$   $c$   $a$   $e$   $a$   
 $b$   $c$   $b$   $c$  |  $e$   $c$   $b$   $c$  |  $e$   $c$   $b$   $c$  |  $e$   $c$   $b$   $c$

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- on earth In dark- ness left to - moane

$a$   $b$   $c$   $c$   $a$  |  $c$  |  $e$   $a$   $a$  |  $f$   $f$   $e$   $c$   $e$  |  $a$   
 $b$   $c$   $b$  |  $e$  |  $c$  |  $c$  |  $a$   
 $c$  |  $c$  |  $c$  |  $c$

a

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 fixcd on his head hath shinde,  
And a Saints Image in his bart 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 dueely paid:  
Nothing so hatefull to a noble minde,  
As finding kindnessse for to prove unkinde.*

4.

*But ah poore Knight though thus in dreame be 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 cries, Goddesses my limbs grow faint,  
Though I times prisoner be, be you my Saint.*