

## His Golden Locks

*First Book of Ayres 1597*Transcription for Guitar  
by Richard PICKJohn DOWLAND  
1562-1626

Moderately

His gold - en locks time hath to sil - ver  
turned O time too swift! O swift - ness ne - ver  
ceas - ing His youth 'gainst time and age hath ev - er  
spurned But spurned in vain: Youth wan - eth by in - creas - ing  
Beau - ty strength youth are flowers but fad - ing

15

seen Du - ty Faith love are an ev - er green.

19

Beau - ty strength youth are flowers but fad - ing

22

seen Du - ty Faith love are and ev - er green.

2. His helmet now shall make a hive for bees,  
And lover's sonnets turn to holy psalms.  
A man-at-arms must now serve on his knees,  
And feed on prayers which are Age's alms.  
But though from Court to cottage he depart,  
His Saint is sure of his unspotted heart.
3. And when he saddest sits in homely cell,  
He'll teach his swains this carol for a song:  
Blest be the hearts that wish my Sovereign well.  
Curst be the soul that thinks her any wrong.  
Goddess allow this aged man his right  
To be your bedesman now that was your knight.

