

VIII. Far From the Triumphant Court

John Dowland

Lutesong

For one Voice only to sing

A Musical Banquet, 1610

[1] Far from tri-umph-ing court, and wont - ed glo -

- ry, He dwelt in sha - dy un - fre - quent - ed plac - es,

Time's pris - 'ner now he made his pas - time sto - ry,

Glad - ly for - gets court's erst af - ford - ed grac - es,

[1] 1: Cantus and Bassus have **C** time signature in original.

[2] 7: Original Bassus has a minim here.

[3] 26: Original Lute rhythm in this bar: ♪♪♪♪

25

That god - dess whom he serv'd to heav'n is

31

gone, And he on earth, and he

37

on earth in dark - ness left to moan.

The musical score is written for a single voice and a three-part keyboard accompaniment (treble, middle, and bass staves). The key signature has one sharp (F#), and the time signature is common time (C). The score is divided into three systems, each starting with a measure number (25, 31, 37). The lyrics are written below the vocal line. The keyboard accompaniment features various musical notations including dynamics (f, c), articulation (accents), and fingerings. The piece concludes with a double bar line and repeat dots at the end of the third system.

1. Far from triumphing court, and wonted glory,
He dwelt in shady unfrequented places,
Time's pris'ner now he made his pastime story,
Gladly forgets court's erst afforded graces,
That goddess whom he serv'd to heav'n is gone,
And he on earth in darkness left to moan.

2. But lo a glorious light from his dark rest
Shone from the place where erst this goddess dwelt
A light whose beams the world with fruit hath bless'd
Bless'd was the knight while he that light beheld:
Since then a star fix'd on his head hath shin'd,
And a saint's image in his heart is shrin'd.

3. Ravish'd with joy so grac'd by such a saint,
He quite forgot his cell and self denaid,
He thought it shame in thankfulness to faint,
Debts due to princes must be duly paid:
Nothing so hateful to a noble mind,
As finding kindness for to prove unkind.

4. But Ah! poor knight though thus in dream he ranged,
Hoping to serve this saint in form most meet,
Time with his golden locks to silver changed,
Hath with age-fetters bound him hands and feet,
Aye me! he cries, goddess my limbs grow faint,
Though I time's prisoner be, be you my saint.

--Sir Henry Lee