

2. His helmet now shall make a hive for bees,

And lovers sonets turn to holy psalms:
A man at arms must now serve on his knees,
And feed on prayers which are ages 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,
Bless'd be the hearts that wish my sovereign well,
Curs'd be the soul that think her any wrong:
Goddess allow this aged man his right,
To be your beadsman now that was your knight.

