

Cant. X.

*Her faithfull knight faire Vna brings
to house of Holinesse,
Where he is taught repentance, and
the way to heauenly blesse.*

[1]

VVhat man is he, that boasts of fleshly might,
And vaine assurance of mortality,
Which all so soone, as it doth come to fight
Against spirituall foes, yeelds by and by,
Or from the field most cowardly doth fly?
Ne let the man ascribe it to his skill,
That thorough grace hath gained victory.
If any strength we haue, it is to ill,
But all the good is Gods, both power and eke will.

[2]

By that, which lately hapned, *Vna* saw,
That this her knight was feeble, and too faint;
And all his sinewes woxen weake and raw,
Through long enprisonment, and hard constraint,
Which he endured in his late restraint,
That yet he was vnfit for bloudie fight:
Therefore to cherish him with diets daint,
She cast to bring him, where he chearen might,
Till he recouered had his late decayed plight.

[3]

There was an auntient house not farre away,
Renowmd throughout the world for sacred lore,
And pure vnspotted life: so well they say
It gouerned was, and guided euermore,
Through wisdom of a matrone graue and hore;
Whose onely ioy was to relieue the needs
Of wretched soules, and help the helplesse pore:
All night she spent in bidding of her bedes,
And all the day in dooing good and godly deedes.

[4]

Dame *Caelia* men did her call, as thought
From heauen to come, or thither to arise,

The mother of three daughters, well vpbrought
In goodly thewes, and godly exercise:
The eldest two most sober, chaste, and wise,
Fidelia and *Speranza* virgins were,
Though spoused, yet wanting wedlocks solemnize;
But faire *Charissa* to a lowly fere
Was lincked, and by him had many pledges dere.

[5]

Arrived there, the dore they find fast lockt;
For it was warely watched night and day,
For feare of many foes: but when they knockt,
The Porter opened vnto them streight way:
He was an aged syre, all hory gray,
With lookes full lowly cast, and gate full slow,
Wont on a staffe his feeble steps to stay,
Hight *Humiltá*. They passe in stouping low;
For streight & narrow was the way, which he did show.

[6]

Each goodly thing is hardest to begin:
But entred in, a spacious court they see,
Both plaine, and pleasant to be walked in,
Where them does meete a francklin faire and free,
And entertaines with comely courteous glee,
His name was *Zelee*, that him right well became;
For in his speeches and behaiour hee
Did labour liuely to expresse the same,
And gladly did them guide, till to the Hall they came.

[7]

There fairely them receiues a gentle Squire,
Of milde demeanure, and rare courtesie,
Right cleanly clad in comely sad attire;
In word and deede that shew'd great modestie,
And knew his good to all of each degree,
Hight *Reuerence*. He them with speeches meet
Does faire entreat; no courting nicetie,
But simple true, and eke vnfained sweet,
As might become a Squire so great persons to greet.

[8]

And afterwards them to his Dame he leades,

That aged Dame, the Ladie of the place:
Who all this while was busie at her beades:
Which doen, she vp arose with seemely grace,
And toward them full matronely did pace.
Where, when that fairest *Vna* she beheld,
Whom well she knew to spring from heauenly race,
Her hart with ioy vnwonted inly sweld,
As feeling wondrous comfort in her weaker eld.

[9]

And her embracing said, ô happie earth,
Whereon thy innocent feet doe euer tread,
Most vertuous virgin borne of heauenly berth,
That to redeeme thy woefull parents head,
From tyrans rage, and euer-dying dread,
Hast wandred through the world now long a day;
Yet ceasest not thy wearie soles to lead,
What grace hath thee now hither brought this way?
Or doen thy feeble feet vnweeting hither stray?

[10]

Strange thing it is an errant knight to see
Here in this place, or any other wight,
That hither turnes his steps. So few there bee,
That chose the narrow path, or seeke the right:
All keepe the broad high way, and take delight
With many rather for to go astray,
And be partakers of their euill plight,
Then with a few to walke the rightest way;
O foolish men, why haste ye to your owne decay?

[11]

Thy selfe to see, and tyred limbs to rest,
O matrone sage (quoth she) I hither came,
And this good knight his way with me adrest,
Led with thy prayses and broad-blazed fame,
That vp to heauen is blowne. The auncient Dame,
Him goodly greeted in her modest guise,
And entertaynd them both, as best became,
With all the court'sies, that she could deuise,
Ne wanted ought, to shew her bounteous or wise.

[12]

Thus as they gan of sundry things deuise,
Loe two most goodly virgins came in place,
Ylinked arme in arme in louely wise,
With countenance demure, and modest grace,
They numbred euen steps and equall pace:
Of which the eldest, that *Fidelia* hight,
Like sunny beames threw from her Christall face,
That could haue dazd the rash beholders sight,
And round about her head did shine like heauens light.

[13]

She was araied all in lilly white,
And in her right hand bore a cup of gold,
With wine and water fild vp to the hight,
In which a Serpent did himselfe enfold,
That horroure made to all, that did behold;
But she no whit did chaunge her constant mood:
And in her other hand she fast did hold
A booke, that was both signd and seald with blood,
Wherein darke things were writ, hard to be vnderstood.

[14]

Her younger sister, that *Speranza* hight,
Was clad in blew, that her beseemed well;
Not all so chearefull seemed she of sight,
As was her sister; whether dread did dwell,
Or anguish in her hart, is hard to tell:
Vpon her arme a siluer anchor lay,
Whereon she leaned euer, as befell:
And euer vp to heauen, as she did pray,
Her stedfast eyes were bent, ne swarved other way.

[15]

They seeing *Vna*, towards her gan wend,
Who them encounters with like courtesie;
Many kind speeches they betwene them spend,
And greatly ioy each other well to see:
Then to the knight with shamefast modestie
They turne themselues, at *Vnaes* meeke request,
And him salute with well beseeming glee;
Who faire them quites, as him beseemed best,
And goodly gan discourse of many a noble gest.

[16]

Then *Vna* thus; But she your sister deare,
The deare *Charissa* where is she become?
Or wants she health, or busie is elsewhere?
Ah no, said they, but forth she may not come:
For she of late is lightned of her wombe,
And hath encreast the world with one sonne more,
That her to see should be but troublesome.
Indeed (quoth she) that should be trouble sore,
But thank be God, and her encrease so euermore.

[17]

Then said the aged *Cælia*, Deare dame,
And you good Sir, I wote that of your toyle,
And labours long, through which ye hither came,
Ye both forwearied be: therefore a whyle
I read you rest, and to your bowres recoyle.
Then called she a Groome, that forth him led
Into a goodly lodge, and gan despoile
Of puissant armes, and laid in easie bed;
His name was meeke *Obedience* rightfully ared.

[18]

Now when their wearie limbes with kindly rest,
And bodies were refresht with due repast,
Faire *Vna* gan *Fidelia* faire request,
To haue her knight into her schoolehouse plast,
That of her heauenly learning he might taste,
And heare the wisdom of her words diuine.
She graunted, and that knight so much agraste,
That she him taught celestiall discipline,
And opened his dull eyes, that light mote in them shine.

[19]

And that her sacred Booke, with bloody ywrit,
That none could read, except she did them teach,
She vnto him disclosed euery whit,
And heauenly documents thereout did preach,
That weaker wit of man could neuer reach,
Of God, of grace, of iustice, of free will,
That wonder was to heare her goodly speach:
For she was able, with her words to kill,
And raise againe to life the hart, that she did thrill.

[20]

And when she list poure out her larger spright,
She would commaund the hastie Sunne to stay,
Or backward turne his course from heuens hight;
Sometimes great hostes of men she could dismay,
[Dry-shod to passe, she parts the floods in tway;]
And eke huge mountaines from their natiue seat
She would commaund, themselues to beare away,
And throw in raging sea with roaring threat.
Almightie God her gaue such powre, and puissance great.

[21]

The faithfull knight now grew in litle space,
By hearing her, and by her sisters lore,
To such perfection of all heauenly grace,
That wretched world he gan for to abhore,
And mortall life gan loath, as thing forelore,
Greeu'd with remembrance of his wicked wayes,
And prickt with angu sh of his sinnes so sore,
That he desirde, to end his wretched dayes:
So much the dart of sinfull guilt the soule dismayes.

[22]

But wise *Speranza* gaue him comfort sweet,
And taught him how to take assured hold
Vpon her siluer anchor, as was meet;
Else had his sinnes so great, and manifold
Made him forget all that *Fidelia* told.
In this distressed doubtfull agonie,
When him his dearest *Vna* did behold,
Disdeining life, desiring leaue to die,
She found her selfe assayld with great perplexitie.

[23]

And came to *Caelia* to declare her smart:
Who well acquainted with that commune plight,
Which sinfull horror workes in wounded hart,
Her wisely comforted all that she might,
With goodly counsell and aduisement right;
And streightway sent with carefull diligence,
To fetch a Leach, the which had great insight
In that disease of griued conscience,
And well could cure the same; His name was *Patience*.

[24]

Who comming to that soule-diseased knight,
Could hardly him intreat to tell his grieffe:
Which knowne, and all that noyd his heauie spright,
Well searcht, eftsoones he gan apply reliefe.
Of salues and med'cines, which had passing priefe,
And thereto added words of wondrous might:
By which to ease he him recured briefe,
And much asswag'd the passion of his plight,
That he his paine endur'd, as seeming now more light.

[25]

But yet the cause and root of all his ill,
Inward corruption, and infected sin,
Not purg'd nor heald, behind remained still,
And festring sore did rankle yet within,
Close creeping twixt the marrow and the skin.
Which to extirpe, he laid him priuily
Downe in a darkesome lowly place farre in,
Whereas he meant his corrosiues to apply,
And with streight diet tame his stubborne malady.

[26]

In ashes and sackcloth he did array
His daintie corse, proud humors to abate,
And dieted with fasting euey day,
The swelling of his wounds to mitigate,
And made him pray both earely and eke late:
And euer as superfluous flesh did rot
Amendment readie still at hand did wayt,
To pluck it out with pincers firie whot,
That soone in him was left no one corrupted iot.

[27]

And bitter *Penance* with an yron whip,
Was wont him once to disple euey day:
And sharpe *Remorse* his hart did pricke and nip,
That drops of bloud thence like a well did play;
And sad *Repentance* vsed to embay,
His bodie in salt water smarting sore,
The filthy blots of sinne to wash away.
So in short space they did to health restore
The man that would not liue, but earst lay at deathes dore.

[28]

In which, his torment often was so great,
That like a Lyon he would cry and rore,
And rend his flesh, and his owne synewes eat.
His owne deare *Vna* hearing euermore
His ruefull shriekes and gronings, often tore
Her guiltlesse garments, and her golden heare,
For pittie of his paine and anguish sore;
Yet all with patience wisely she did beare;
or well she wist, his crime could else be neuer cleare.

[29]

Whom thus recouer'd by wise Patience,
And trew *Repentance* they to *Vna* brought:
Who ioyous of his cured conscience,
Him dearely kist, and fairely eke besought
Himselfe to chearish, and consuming thought
To put away out of his carefull brest.
By this *Charissa*, late in child-bed brought,
Was woxen strong, and left her fruitfull nest;
To her faire *Vna* brought this vnacquainted guest.

[30]

She was a woman in her freshest age,
Of wondrous beauty, and of bountie rare,
With goodly grace and comely personage,
That was on earth not easie to compare;
Full of great loue, but *Cupids* wanton snare
As hell she hated, chaste in work and will;
Her necke and breasts were euer open bare,
That ay thereof her babes might sucke their fill;
The rest was all in yellow robes arayed still.

[31]

A multitude of babes about her hong,
Playing their sports, that ioyd her to behold,
Whom still she fed, whiles they were weake & young,
But thrust them forth still, as they wexed old:
And on her head she wore a tyre of gold,
Adornd with gemmes and owches wondrous faire,
Whose passing price vneath was to be told;
And by her side there sate a gentle paire
Of turtle doues, she sitting in an yuorie chaire.

[32]

The knight and *Vna* entring, faire her greet,
And bid her ioy of that her happie brood;
Who them requites with court'sies seeming meet,
And entertaines with friendly chearefull mood.
Then *Vna* her besought, to be so good,
As in her vertuous rules to schoole her knight,
Now after all his torment well withstood,
In that sad house of *Penaunce*, where his spright
Had past the paines of hell, and long enduring night.

[33]

She was right ioyous of her iust request,
And taking by the hand that Faeries some,
Gan him instruct in euery good behest,
Of loue, and righteousnesse, and well to donne,
And wrath, and hatred warely to shonne,
That drew on men Gods hatred and his wrath,
And many soules in dolours had fordonne:
In which when him she well instructed hath,
From thence to heauen she teacheth him the ready path.

[34]

Wherein his weaker wandring steps to guide,
An auncient matrone she to her does call,
Whose sober lookes her wisdome well describe:
Her name was *Mercie*, well knowne ouer all,
To be both gracious, and eke liberall:
To whom the carefull charge of him she gaue,
To lead aright, that he should neuer fall
In all his waies through this wide worlds waue,
That Mercy in the end his righteous soule might saue.

[35]

The godly Matrone by the hand him beares
Forth from her presence, by a narrow way,
Scattered with bushy thornes, and ragged breares,
Which still before him she remou'd away,
That nothing might his ready passage stay:
And euer when his feet encombred were,
Or gan to shrink, or from the right to stray,
She held him fast, and firmly did vpbeare,
As carefull Nourse her child from falling off does reare.

[36]

Eftsoones vnto an holy Hospitall,
That was fore by the way, she did him bring,
In which seauen Bead-men that had vowed all
Their life to seruice of high heauens king
Did spend their dayes in doing godly thing:
There gates to all were open euermore,
That by the wearie way were traueiling,
And one sate wayting euer them before,
To call in-commers by, that needy were and pore.

[37]

The first of them that eldest was, and best,
Of all the house had charge and gouernement,
As Guardian and Steward of the rest:
His office was to giue entertainment
And lodging, vnto all that came, and went:
Not vnto such, as could him feast againe,
And double quite, for that he on them spent,
But such, as want of harbour did constraîne:
Those for Gods sake his dutie was to entertaine.

[38]

The second was as Almner of the place:
His office was, the hungry for to feed,
And thristy giue to drinke, a worke of grace:
He feard not once him selfe to be in need,
Ne car'd to hoord for those, whom he did breede:
The grace of God he layd vp still in store,
Which as a stocke he left vnto his seede;
He had enough, what need him care for more?
And had he lesse, yet some he would giue to the pore.

[39]

The third had of their wardrobe custodie,
In which were not rich tyres, nor garments gay,
The plumes of pride, and wings of vanitie,
But clothes meet to keepe keene cold away,
And naked nature seemely to aray;
With which bare wretched wights he dayly clad,
The images of God in earthly clay;
And if that no spare cloths to giue he had,
His owne coate he would cut, and it distribute glad.

[40]

The fourth appointed by his office was,
Poore prisoners to relieue with gracious ayd,
And captiues to redeeme with price of bras,
From Turkes and Sarazins, which them had stayd;
And though they faultie were, yet well he wayd,
That God to vs forgiueth euery howre
Much more then that, why they in bands were layd,
And he that harrowd hell with heauie stowre,
The faultie soules from thence brought to his heauenly bowre.

[41]

The fift had charge sick persons to attend,
And comfort those, in point of death which lay;
For them most needeth comfort in the end,
When sin, and hell, and death doe most dismay
The feeble soule departing hence away.
All is but lost, that liuing we bestow,
If not well ended at our dying day.
O man haue mind of that last bitter throw;
For as the tree does fall, so lyes it euer low.

[42]

The sixt had charge of them now being dead,
In seemely sort their corses to engraue,
And deck with dainty flowres their bridall bed,
That to their heauenly spouse both sweet and braue
They might appeare, when he their soules shall saue.
The wondrous workemanship of Gods owne mould,
Whose face he made, all beasts to feare, and gaue
All in his hand, euen dead we honour should.
Ah dearest God me graunt, I dead be not defould.

[43]

The seuenth now after death and buriall done,
Had charge the tender Orphans of the dead
And widowes ayd, least they should be vndone:
In face of iudgement he their right would plead,
Ne ought the powre of mighty men did dread
In their defence, nor would for gold or fee
Be wonne their rightfull causes downe to tread:
And when they stood in most necessitee,
He did supply their want, and gaue them euer free.

[44]

There when the Elfin knight arriued was,
The first and chiefest of the seuen, whose care
Was guests to welcome, towards him did pas:
Where seeing *Mercie*, that his steps vp bare,
And alwayes led, to her with reuerence rare
He humbly louted in meeke lowlinesse,
And seemely welcome for her did prepare:
For of their order she was Patronesse,
Albe *Charissa* were their chiefest founderesse.

[45]

There she awhile him stayes, him selfe to rest,
That to the rest more able he might bee:
During which time, in euery good behest,
And godly worke of Almes and charitee
She him instructed with great industree;
Shortly therein so perfect he became,
That from the first vnto the last degree,
His mortall life he learned had to frame
In holy righteousnesse, without rebuke or blame.

[46]

Thence forward, by that painfull way they pas,
Forth to an hill, that was both steepe and hy;
On top whereof a sacred chappell was,
And eke a litle Hermitage thereby,
Wherein an aged holy man did lye,
That day and night said his deuotion,
Ne other worldly busines did apply;
His name was heauenly *Contemplation*;
Of God and goodnesse was his meditation.

[47]

Great grace that old man to him giuen had;
For God he often saw from heauens hight.
All were his earthly eyen both blunt and bad,
And through great age had lost their kindly sight,
Yet wondrous quick and percant was his spright,
As Eagles eye, that can behold the Sunne:
That hill they scale with all their powre and might,
That his frayle thighes nigh wearie and fordonne
Gan faile; but by her helpe the top at last he wonne.

[48]

There they do finde that godly aged Sire,
With snowy lockes adowne his shoulders shed,
As hoarie frost with spangles doth attire
The mossy braunches of an Oke halfe ded.
Each bone might through his body well be red,
And euery sinew seene through his long fast:
For nought he car'd his carcas long vnfed;
His mind was full of spirituall repast,
And pyn'd his flesh, to keepe his body low and chast.

[49]

Who when these two approching he aspide,
At their first presence grew agrieued sore,
That forst him lay his heauenly thoughts aside;
And had he not that Dame respected more,
Whom highly he did reuerence and adore,
He would not once haue moued for the knight.
They him saluted standing far afore;
Who well them greeting, humbly did requight,
And asked, to what end they clomb that tedious height.

[50]

What end (quoth she) should cause vs take such paine,
But that same end, which euery liuing wight
Should make his marke, high heauen to attaine?
Is not from hence the way, that leadeth right
To that most glorious house, that glistreth bright
With burning starres, and euerliuing fire,
Whereof the keyes are to thy hand behight
By wise *Fidelia*? she doth thee require,
To shew it to this knight, according his desire.

[51]

Thrise happy man, said then the father graue,
Whose staggering steps thy steady hand doth lead,
And shewes the way, his sinfull soule to saue.
Who better can the way to heauen aread,
Then thou thy selfe, that was both borne and bred
In heauenly throne, where thousand Angels shine?
Thou doest the prayers of the righteous sead
Present before the maiestie diuine,
And his auenging wrath to clemencie incline.

[52]

Yet since thou bidst, thy pleasure shalbe donne.
Then come thou man of earth, and see the way,
That neuer yet was seene of Faeries some,
That neuer leads the traueiler astray,
But after labours long, and sad delay,
Bring them to ioyous rest and endlesse blis.
But first thou must a season fast and pray,
Till from her bands the spright assoiled is,
And haue her strength recur'd from fraile infirmitis.

[53]

That done, he leads him to the highest Mount;
Such one, as that same mighty man of God,
That bloud-red billowes like a walled front
On either side disparted with his rod,
Till that his army dry-foot through them yod,
Dwelt fortie dayes vpon; where writ in stone
With bloody letters by the hand of God,
The bitter doome of death and balefull mone
He did receiue, whiles flashing fire about him shone.

[54]

Or like that sacred hill, whose head full hie,
Adorn'd with fruitfull Oliues all arownd,
Is, as it were for endlesse memory
Of that deare Lord, who oft thereon was fownd,
For euer with a flowring girlond crownd:
Or like that pleasaunt Mount, that is for ay
Through famous Poets verse each where renownd,
On which the thrise three learned Ladies play
Their heauenly notes, and make full many a louely lay.

[55]

From thence, far off he vnto him did shew
A litle path, that was both steepe and long,
Which to a goodly Citie led his vew;
Whose wals and towres were builded high and strong
Of perle and precious stone, that earthly tong
Cannot describe, nor wit of man can tell;
Too high a ditty for my simple song;
The Citie of the great king hight it well,
Wherein eternall peace and happinesse doth dwell.

[56]

As he thereon stood gazing, he might see
The blessed Angels to and fro descend
From highest heauen, in gladsome companee,
And with great ioy into that Citie wend,
As commonly as friend does with his friend.
Whereat he wondred much, and gan enquire,
What stately building durst so high extend
Her loftie towres vnto the starry sphere,
And what vnknown nation there empeopled were.

[57]

Faire knight (quoth he) *Hierusalem* that is,
The new *Hierusalem*, that God has built
For those to dwell in, that are chosen his,
His chosen people purg'd from sinfull guilt,
With piteous bloud, which cruelly was spilt
On cursed tree, of that vnspotted lam,
That for the sinnes of all the world was kilt:
Now are they Saints all in that Citie sam,
More deare vnto their God, then younglings to their dam.

[58]

Till now, said then the knight, I weened well,
That great *Cleopolis*, where I haue beene,
In which that fairest *Faerie Queene* doth dwell
The fairest Citie was, that might be seene;
And that bright towre all built of christall cleene,
Panthea, seemd the brightest thing, that was:
But now by prooffe all otherwise I weene;
For this great Citie, that does far surpas,
And this bright Angels towre quite dims that towre of glas.

[59]

Most trew, then said the holy aged man;
Yet is *Cleopolis* for earthly fame,
The fairest peece, that eye beholden can:
And well beseemes all knights of noble name,
That couet in th'immortall booke of fame
To be eternized, that same to haunt,
And doen their seruice to that soueraigne Dame,
That glorie does to them for guerdon graunt:
For she is heauenly borne, and heauen may iustly vaunt.

[60]

And thou faire ymp, sprong out from English race,
How euer now accompted Elfins sonne,
Well worthy doest thy seruice for her grace,
To aide a virgin desolate foredonne.
But when thou famous victorie hast wonne,
And high emongst all knights hast hong thy shield,
Thenceforth the suit of earthly conquest shonne,
And wash thy hands from guilt of bloody field:
For bloud can nought but sin, & wars but sorrowes yield.

[61]

Then seeke this path, that I to thee presage,
Which after all to heauen shall thee send;
Then peaceably to thy painefull pilgrimage
To yonder same *Hierusalem* do bend,
Where is for thee ordaind a blessed end:
For, thou emongst those Saints, whom thou doest see,
Shalt be a Saint, and thine owne nations frend
And Patrone: thou Saint *George* shalt called bee,
Saint *George* of mery England, the signe of victoree.

[62]

Vnworthy wretch (quoth he) of so great grace,
How dare I thinke such glory to attaine?
These that haue it attained, were in like cace
(Quoth he) as wretched, and liu'd in like paine.
But deeds of armes must I at last be faine,
And Ladies loue to leaue so dearely bought?
What need of armes, where peace doth ay remaine,
(Said he) and battailes none are to be fought?
As for loose loues are vaine, and vanish into nought.

[63]

O let me not (quoth he) then turne againe
Back to the world, whose ioyes so fruitlesse are;
But let me heere for aye in peace remaine,
Or streight way on that last long voyage fare,
That nothing may my present hope empare.
That may not be (said he) ne maist thou yit
Forgoe that royall maides bequeathed care,
Who did her cause into thy hand commit,
Till from her cursed foe thou haue her freely quit.

[64]

Then shall I soone, (quoth he) so God me grace,
Abet that virgins cause disconsolate,
And shortly backe returne vnto this place,
To walke this way in Pilgrims poore estate.
But now aread, old father, why of late
Didst thou behight me borne of English blood,
Whom all a Faeries sonne doen then nominate?
That word shall I (said he) auouchen good,
Sith to thee is vnknowne the cradle of thy brood.

[65]

For well I wote, thou springst from ancient race
Of *Saxon* kings, that haue with mightie hand
And many bloudie battailes fought in place
High reard their royall throne in *Britane* land,
And vanquisht them, vnable to withstand:
From thence a Faerie thee vnweeting reft,
There as thou sleptst in tender swadling band,
And her base Elfin brood there for thee left.
Such men do Changelings call, so chaungd by Faeries theft.

[66]

Thence she thee brought into this Faerie lond,
And in an heaped furrow did thee hyde;
Where thee a Ploughman all vnweeting fond,
As he his toylesome teme that way did guyde,
And brought thee vp in ploughmans state to byde,
Whereof *Georgos* he thee gaue to name;
Till prickt with courage, and thy forces pryde,
To Faery court thou cam'st to seeke for fame,
And proue thy puissaunt armes, as seemes thee best became.

[67]

O holy Sire (quoth he) how shall I quight
The many faouours I with thee haue found,
That hast my name and nation red aright,
And taught the way that does to heauen bound?
This said, adowne he looked to the ground,
To haue returnd, but dazed were his eyne,
Through passing brightnesse, which did quite confound
His feeble sence, and too exceeding shyne.
So darke are earthly things compar'd to things diuine.

[68]

At last when as himselfe he gan to find,
To *Vna* back he cast him to retire;
Who him awaited still with pensiuē mind.
Great thankes and goodly meed to that good syre,
He thence departing gaue for his paines hyre.
So came to *Vna*, who him ioyd to see,
And after litle rest, gan him desire,
Of her aduenture mindfull for to bee.
So leaue they take of *Caelia*, and her daughters three.

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