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973, Carpenter page 110, Gallier 239]
MHT's 2nd issue [Pforzheimer 973]
lacking "The Visions of Petrarch" as called
for in Carpenter and Gallier.
Sympathetically rebacked, new ends.

THE FAERIE QVEEN:

THE

Shepheards Calendar:

Together

WITH THE OTHER

Works of England's Arch-Poët,

EDM. SPENSER:

¶ *Collected into one Volume, and carefully corrected.*

Printed by *H. L.* for *Mathew Lownes.*
Anno Dom. 1611.

TO THE MOST HIGH, MIGHTIE, AND MAGNIFICENT EMPERESSE,

RENOVNED FOR PIETIE, VERTVE, AND ALL GRACIOVS GOVERNMENT:

ELIZABETH,

BY THE GRACE OF GOD,

Queene of *England*, *France*, and *Ireland*, and of *Virginia*: Defender of the Faith, &c.

Her most humble Seruaunt, Edmund Spenser, *doth in all humilitie dedicate, present, and consecrate these his labours, to liue with the eternitie of her*

FAME.

THE FIRST BOOKE
OF THE FAERIE QVEENE:

CONTAINING

THE LEGENDE OF THE KNIGHT OF THE RED CROSSE,

OR

Of Holinesse.

1

LO, I the man, whose Muse whilom did mask,
As time her taught, in lowely Shepheards weeds,
Am now enforc't a far vnfitter task,
For trumpets stern to change mine oaten reeds,
And sing of Knights, & Ladies gentle deeds;
Whose praises hauing slept in silence long,
Mee, all too meane, the sacred Muse areeds
To blazon broad, amongst her learned throng:
Fierce warres, and faithfull loues, shall moralize my song.

2

Helpe then, ô holy Virgin, chiefe of nine,
Thy weaker Novice to performe thy will:
Lay forth out of thine euerlasting scrine
The antique rolles, which there lie hidden still,
Of Faerie Knights, and fairest *Tanaquill*,
Whom that most noble Briton Prince so long
Sought through the world, and suffered so much ill,
That I must rue his vndeserved wrong:
O! help thou my weake wit, and sharpen my dull tongue.

3

And thou most dreaded impe of highest *Iove*,
Faire *Venus* sonne, that with thy cruell dart
At that good Knight so cunningly didst roue,
That glorious fire it kindled in his hart,
Lay now thy deadly Heben bowe apart,
And with thy mother milde come to mine ayde:
Come both, and with you bring triumphant *Mart*,
In loues and gentle iollities arrayd,
After his murdrous spoiles and bloudy rage allayd.

4

And with them eke, ô Goddesse heauenly bright,
Mirrour of grace and Maiestie diuine,
Great Lady of the greatest Isle, whose light
Like *Phœbus* lampe throughout the world doth shine,
Shed thy faire beames into my feeble eyne,
And raise my thoughts, too humble, and too vile,
To thinke of that true glorious type of thine,
The argument of mine afflicted stile:
The which to heare, vouchsafe, ô deerest dread a-while.

Canto I.

The Patron of true Holineſſe,
Foule Errour doth defeate:
Hypocriſie, him to entrap,
Doth to his home entreate.

1

A Gentle Knight was pricking on the Plaine,
Ycladin mightie armes and ſiluer ſhield,
wherin old dints of deep woũds did remain
The cruell marks of many a bloudie field;
Yet armes til that time did he neuer wield:
His angry ſteede did chide his foming bit;
As much diſdaining to the curbe to yield:
Full iolly Knight he ſeem'd, and faire did ſit,
As one for knightly giuſts and fierce encounters fit.

2

But on his breaſt a bloudy Croſſe he bore,
The deare remembrance of his dying Lord,
For whoſe ſweet ſake that glorious badge he wore,
And dead (as liuing) euer him ador'd:
Vpon his ſhield the like was alſo ſcor'd,
For ſoueraigne hope, which in his help he had:
Right faithfull true he was in deed and word;
But of his cheere did ſeeme too ſolemne ſad:
Yet nothing did he dread; but euer was ydrad.

3

Vpon a great aduenture he was bond,
That greateſt *Gloriana* to him gaue,
That greateſt glorious Queene of *Faerie* lond,
To win him worſhip, and her grace to haue,
Which of all earthly things he moſt did craue;
And euer as he rode, his heart did earn
To proue his puiſſance in battell braue
Vpon his foe, and his new force to learn;
Vpon his foe, a Dragon horrible and ſtearn.

4

A louely Lady rode him faire beſide,
Vpon a lowely Aſſe more white then ſnowe;
Yet ſhee much whiter, but the ſame did hide
Vnder a veile, that wimpled was full lowe,
And ouer all a black ſtole ſhee did throwe,
As one that inly mourn'd: ſo was ſhe ſad,
And heauie ſat vpon her palfrey ſlowe:
Seemed in heart ſome hidden care ſhe had,
And by her in a line a milke white lamb ſhe lad.

5

So pure an Innocent, as that ſame lamb,
She was in life and euery vertuous lore,
And by deſcent from Royall lynage came
Of ancient Kings and Queenes, that had of yore
Their ſcepters ſtretcht from Eaſt to Weſtern ſhore,
And all the world in their ſubiection held;
Till that infernall fiend with foule vprore
Forewaſted all their land, and them expeld:
Whom to avenge, ſhe had this Knight from far compeld.

6

Behinde her farre away a Dwarfe did lag,
That lazie ſeem'd in beeing euer laſt,
Or wearied with bearing of her bag
Of needments at his back. Thus as they paſt,
The day with cloudes was ſuddaine overcaſt,
And angry *Ioue* an hideous ſtorme of raine
Did poure into his Lemans lap ſo faſt,
That euery wight to ſhrowd it did conſtraine,
And this faire couple eke to ſhroud themſelues were faine.

7

Enforc't to ſeeke ſome covert nigh at hand,
A ſhadie groue not farre away they ſpide,
That promiſt ayde the tempeſt to withſtand:
Whoſe lofty trees, yclad with ſommers pride,
Did ſpread ſo broad, that heavens light did hide,
Not perceable with power of any ſtarre:
And all within were paths and alleies wide,
With ſcoting worne, and leading inward farre:
Faire harbour, that them ſeemes; ſo in they entred are.

8

And forth they paſſe, with pleaſure forward led,
Ioying to heare the birds ſweet harmony,
Which therein ſhrouded from the tempeſts dred,
Seem'd in their ſong to ſcorne the cruell ſky.
Much can they praiſe the trees ſo ſtraight and hie,
The ſayling Pine, the Cedar proud and tall,
The vine-prop Elme, the Poplar neuer dry,
The builder Oake, ſole king of forreſts all,
The Aſpine, good for ſtaues, the Cypreſſe funerall.

The

9

The Laurell, meed of mightie Conquerours
And Poets ſage, the Firre that weepeth ſtill,
The Willow, worne of forlorne Paramours,
The Eugh, obedient to the benders will,
The Birch for ſhafts, the Sallow for the mill,
The Myrrhe ſweet, bleeding in the bitter wound,
The warlike Beech, the Aſh for nothing ill,
The fruitfull Oliue, and the Platane round,
The carver Holme, the Maple ſildom inward ſound.

10

Led with delight, they thus beguile the way,
Vntill the bluſtring ſtorme is overblowne,
When, weening to returne, whence they did ſtray,
They cannot finde that path which firſt was ſhowne,
But wander to and fro in waies vnknowne,
Furtheſt from end then, when they neareſt ween,
That makes them doubt their wits be not their owne:
So many paths, ſo many turnings ſeen,
That which of them to take, in diverſe doubt they been.

11

At laſt, reſolving forward ſtill to fare,
Till that ſome end they finde or in or out,
That path they take, that beaten ſeem'd moſt bare,
And like to lead the labyrinth about;
Which when by tract they hunted had throughout,
At length it brought them to a hollow Caue
Amid the thickeſt woods. The Champion ſtout
Eftſoones diſmounted from his courſer braue,
And to the Dwarfe awhile his needleſſe ſpeare he gaue.

12

Be well aware, quoth then that Ladie milde,
Leaſt ſuddaine miſchiefe yee too raſh provoke:
The danger hid, the place vnknowne and wilde,
Breeds dreadfull doubts: oft fire is without ſmoke,
And perill without ſhowe: therefore your hardy ſtroke
Sir Knight with-hold, till further triall made.
Ah Lady (ſaid he) ſhame were to revoke
The forward footing for an hidden ſhade:
Vertue giues her ſelfe light, through darknes for to wade.

13

Yea, but (quoth ſhee) the perill of this place
I better wot then you: though now too late
To wiſh you back returne with foule diſgrace;
Yet wiſdom warnes, whilſt foote is in the gate,
To ſtay the ſteppe, ere forced to retrate.
This is the wandring wood, this *Errours den*;
A monſter vile, whom God and man does hate:
Therefore, I reed beware. Fly, fly (quoth then
The fearefull Dwarfe:) this is no place for liuing men.

14

But, full of fire and greedy hardiment,
The youthfull knight could not for ought be ſtaide;
But forth vnto the darkſome hole he went,
And looked in: his gliſtring armour made
A little glooming light, much like a ſhade,
By which he ſaw the vgly monſter plaine,
Halfe like a ſerpent horribly diſplaide,
But th'other halfe did womans ſhape retaine,
Moſt loathſome, filthy, foule, and full of vile diſdaine.

15

And, as ſhee lay vpon the durtie ground,
Her huge long taile her den all ouerſpred,
Yet was in knots and many boughts vpwound,
Pointed with mortall ſting. Of her there bred
A thouſand young ones, which ſhe daily fed,
Sucking vpon her poiſonous dugs, each one
Of ſundry ſhape, yet all ill fauoured:
Soone as that vncouth light vpon them ſhone,
Into her mouth they crept, and ſuddain all were gone.

16

Their dam vpſtart, out of her den effraide,
And ruſhed forth, hurling her hideous taile
About her curſed head, whoſe folds diſplaid
Were ſtretcht now forth at length without entraile.
Shee lookt about, and ſeeing one in maile
Armed to point, ſought back to turne againe;
For, light ſhe hated as the deadly bale,
Ay wont in deſert darkneſſe to remaine,
Where plaine none might her ſee, nor ſhe ſee any plaine.

17

Which when the valiant Elfe perceiu'd, he lept
As Lyon fierce vpon the flying pray,
And with his trenchand blade her boldly kept
From turning back, and forced her to ſtay:
There-with enrag'd ſhee loudly gan to bray,
And turning fierce, her ſpeckled taile advaunſt,
Threatning her angry ſting, him to diſmay:
Who, nought agaſt, his mighty hand enhaunſt:
The ſtroke down from her head vnto her ſhoulder glaunſt.

18

Much daunted with that dint, her ſenſe was daz'd;
Yet kindling rage, her ſelfe ſhe gather'd round,
And all at once her beaſtly body raiz'd
With doubled forces high aboue the ground:
Tho wrapping vp her wreathed ſterne around,
Leapt fierce vpon his ſhield, and her huge traine
All ſuddainly about his body wound,
That hand or foot to ſtirre he ſtroue in vaine:
God help the man ſo wrapt in *Errours* endleſſe traine.

19

His Lady, ſad to ſee his ſore conſtraint,
Cride out, Now, now Sir Knight, ſhew what you bee,
Add faith vnto your force, and be not faint:
Strangle her, elſe ſhe ſure will ſtrangle thee.
That when he heard, in great perplexitie,
His gall did grate for griefe and high diſdaine,
And knitting all his force, got one hand free,
Where-with he gryp't her gorge with ſo great paine,
That ſoone to looſe her wicked bands did her conſtraine.

20

There-with ſhe ſpewd out of her filthy maw
A flood of poyſon horrible and black,
Full of great lumps of fleſh and gobbets raw,
Which ſtunk ſo vilely, that it forc't him slack
His graſping hold, and from her turne him back:
Her vomit full of bookes and papers was,
With loathly frogs and toades, which eyes did lack,
And creeping, ſought way in the weedy graſs:
Her filthy parbreake all the place defiled has.

21

As when old father Nilus gins to swell
With timely pride aboue the *Aegyptian* vale,
His fattie waues doe fertile slime outwell,
And overflowe each Plaine and lowely dale:
But when his later ebbe gins to avale,
Huge heapes of mud he leaues, wherein there breed
Tenne thousand kindes of creatures, partly male,
And partly female of his fruitfull seed;
Such vgly monstrous shapes elswhere may no man reed.

22

The same so sore annoyed has the Knight,
That wel-nigh choaked with the deadly stinke,
His forces faile, ne can no longer fight.
Whose courage when the fiend perceiu'd to shrinke,
Shee poured forth out of her hellish sinke
Her fruitfull cursed spawne of Serpents small,
Deformed monsters, foule, and blacke as inke,
Which swarming all about his legges did crall,
And him encombred sore, but could not hurt at all.

23

As gentle Shepheard in sweet euen-tide,
When ruddy *Phœbus* gins to welke in west,
High on an hill, his flock to viewen wide,
Marks which doe bite their hasty supper best;
A cloude of combrous gnats doe him molest,
All striuing to infix their feeble stings,
That from their noyance he no where can rest,
But with his clownish hands their tender wings
He brusheth oft, and oft doth mar their murmurings.

24

Thus ill bestedd, and fearefull more of shame,
Then of the certaine perill he stood in,
Halfe furious vnto his foe he came,
Resolv'd in mind all suddenly to win,
Or soone to lose, before he once would lin;
And strooke at her with more then manly force,
That from her body full of filthy sin
He reft her hatefull head without remorse;
A streame of coale black bloud forth gushed from her corse.

25

Her scattred broode, soone as their Parent deare
They saw so rudely falling to the ground,
Groning full deadly, all with troublous feare,
Gath'red themselues about her body round,
Weening their wonted entrance to haue found
At her wide mouth: but, beeing there withstood,
They flocked all about her bleeding wound,
And sucked vp their dying mothers blood;
Making her death their life, and eke her hurt their good.

26

That detestable sight him much amaz'd,
To see th'vnkindly Imps of heauen accurst,
Deuour their dam; on whom while so he gaz'd,
Hauing all satisfide their bloudy thurst,
Their bellies swolne he saw with fulnes burst,
And bowels gushing forth: well worthy end
Of such as drunke her life, the which them nurst;
Now needeth him no longer labour spend: (tend.
His foes haue slaine themselues, with whom he should con-

27

His Lady, seeing all that chaunc't from farre,
Approch't in haste to greet his victorie;
And said, Faire Knight, borne vnder happy starre,
Who see your vanquisht foes before you lie:
Well worthy be you of that Armorie,
Wherein you haue great glory wonne this day,
And proou'd your strength on a strong enemie,
Your first adventure: many such I pray,
And henceforth euer wish, that like succeed it may.

28

Then mounted he vpon his Steed againe,
And with the Lady backward sought to wend;
That path he kept, which beaten was most plaine,
Ne euer would to any by-way bend,
But still did follow one vnto the end,
The which at last out of the wood them brought.
So, forward on his way (with God to friend)
He passeth forth, and new adventure sought;
Long way he trauelled before he heard of ought.

29

At length they chaunc't to meet vpon the way
An aged Sire, in long black weeds yclad,
His feet all bare, his beard all hoarie gray,
And by his belt his booke he hanging had;
Sober he seem'd, and very sagely sad,
And to the ground his eyes were lowely bent,
Simple in shewe, and voyd of malice bad,
And all the way he prayed as he went,
And often knockt his breast, as one that did repent.

30

Hee faire the Knight saluted, louting lowe;
Who faire him quited, as that courteous was;
And after asked him, if he did knowe
Of strange adventures, which abroad did pas.
Ah my deare sonne (quoth he) how should, alas,
Silly old man, that liues in hidden Cell,
Bidding his beades all day for his trespas,
Tidings of warre and worldly trouble tell?
With holy father fits not with such things to mell.

31

But, if of danger which heereby doth dwell,
And home-bred euill ye desire to heare,
Of a strange man I can you tidings tell,
That wasteth all this countrey farre and neare.
Of such (said hee) I chiefely doe enquere,
And shall you well reward to shew the place,
In which that wicked wight his dayes doth weare:
For, to all knighthood it is foule disgrace,
That such a cursed creature liues so long a space.

32

Farre hence (quoth he) in wastfull wilderneſſe
His dwelling is, by which no liuing wight
May euer passe, but thorough great distresse.
Now (said the Lady) draweth toward night,
And well I wote, that of your later fight
Ye all forwearied be: for, what so strong,
But wanting rest, will also want of might?
The Sunne, that measures heauen all day long,
At night doth baite his steeds the *Ocean* waues emong.

Then

33

Then with the Sunne, take Sir your timely rest,
And with new day new worke at once begin:
Vntroubled night (they say) giues counsell best.
Right well Sir Knight ye haue adviséd bin
(Quoth then that aged man;) the way to win
Is wisely to advise: now day is spent;
Therefore with me ye may take vp your In
For this same night. The Knight was well content:
So with that godly father to his home they went.

34

A little lowely Hermitage it was,
Downe in a dale, hard by a forrests side,
Farre from resort of people, that did pass
In trauell to and fro: a little wide
There was an holy Chappell edifide,
Wherein the Hermite duly wont to say
His holy things each morne and euentide:
Thereby a Crystall streame did gently play,
Which from a sacred fountaine welled forth alway.

35

Arriued there, the litle house they fill,
Ne looke for entertainement, where none was:
Rest is their feast, and all things at their will;
The noblest mind the best contentment has.
With fare discourse the euening so they pas:
For, that old man of pleasing words had store,
And well could file his tongue as smooth as glass;
He told of Saints and Popes, and euermore
He strow'd an *Aue-Mary* after and before.

36

The drouping Night thus creepeth on them fast,
And the sad humour loading their eye liddes,
As messenger of *Morpheus* on them cast
Sweet slumbring deaw, the which to sleep them biddes.
Vnto their lodgings then his guests he riddes:
Where when all drown'd in deadly sleepe he findes,
Hee to his studie goes, and there amiddes
His Magick bookes and arts of sundry kindes,
Hee seekes out mightie charmes, to trouble sleepy mindes.

37

Then chusing out few words most horrible,
(Let none them read) thereof did verses frame,
With which, and other spells like terrible,
He bad awake blacke *Plutoes* grisly Dame,
And curséd heauen, and spake reprochefull shame
Of highest God, the Lord of life and light;
A bold bad man, that dar'd to call by name
Great *Gorgon*, Prince of darknesse and dead night,
At which *Cocytus* quakes, and *Styx* is put to flight.

38

And forth hee call'd out of deep darknesse dread
Legions of Sprights, the which like little flies
Fluttring about his euer damned head,
Awaite whereto their seruice he applies,
To ayde his friends, or fray his enemies:
Of those he chose out two, the falsest two,
And fittest for to forge true-seeming lyes;
The one of them he gaue a message to,
The other by him selfe staide other worke to do.

39

Hee, making speedy way through spersed ayre,
And through the world of waters wide and deep,
To *Morpheus* house doth hastily repaire:
Amid the bowels of the earth full steep
And low, where dawning day doth neuer peep,
His dwelling is; there *Tethys* his wet bed
Doth euer wash, and *Cynthia* still doth steep
In silver deaw his euer-drouping hed,
Whiles sad Night ouer him her mantle black doth spred.

40

Whose double gates he findeth locked fast,
The one faire fram'd of burnisht Yuory:
The other, all with siluer ouercast;
And wakefull dogges before them farre doe lye,
Watching to banish Care their enemy,
Who oft is wont to trouble gentle sleep.
By them the Spright doth passe in quietly,
And vnto *Morpheus* comes, whom drowned deep
In drowsie fit he findes: of nothing he takes keep.

41

And more, to lull him in his slumber soft,
A trickling streame from high rock tumbling downe,
And euer-drizling raine vpon the loft,
Mixt with a murmuring winde, much like the sown
Of swarming Bees, did cast him in a swowne:
No other noise, nor peoples troublous cryes,
As still are wont t'annoy the walled towne,
Might there be heard: but carelesse Quiet lyes,
Wrapt in eternall silence, farre from enemies.

42

The messenger approching to him spake;
But his waste words return'd to him in vaine:
So sound he slept, that nought mought him awake.
Then rudely he him thrust, and pusht with paine,
Whereat he gan to stretch: but he againe
Shooke him so hard, that forced him to speake.
As one then in a dreame, whose drier braine
Is tost with troubled sights and fancies weake,
He mumbled soft; but would not all his silence breake.

43

The Spright then gan more boldly him to wake,
And threatned vnto him the dreaded name
Of *Hecate*: whereat he gan to quake,
And lifting vp his lumpish head, with blame
Halfe angry, asked him for what he came.
Hither (quoth he) me *Archimago* sent,
He that the stubborne Sprites can wisely tame,
He bids thee to him send for his intent
A fit false dreame, that can delude the sleepers sent.

44

The God obayde, and calling forth straight way
A diverse dreame out of his prison darke,
Deliuered it to him, and downe did lay
His heauie head, devoide of carefull carke,
Whose senses all were straight benumb'd and starke.
He, backe returning by the Yuorie dore,
Remounted vp as light as cheerfull Larke,
And on his little wings the dreame he bore
In haste vnto his Lord, where he him left afore.

45
Who all this while, with charmes and hidden arts,
Had made a Lady of that other Spright,
And fram'd of liquid ayre her tender parts
So liuely, and so like in all mens sight,
That weaker sense it could haue rauisht quight:
The maker selfe, for all his wondrous wit,
Was nigh beguiled with so goodly sight:
Her all in white he clad, and over it
Cast a black stole, most like to seeme for *Una* fit.

46
Now, when that idle dreame was to him brought,
Vnto that Elfin Knight he bad him fly,
Where he slept soundly, voide of euill thought,
And with false shewes abuse his fantasy,
In sort as he him schooled privily:
And that new creature borne without her due,
Full of the makers guile, with visage sly
He taught to imitate that Lady true,
Whose semblance she did carry vnder feigned hew.

47
Thus well instructed, to their worke they haste,
And comming where the Knight in slumber lay,
The one vpon his hardy head him plac't,
And made him dreame of loues and lustfull play,
That nigh his manly hart did melt away,
Bathed in wanton blisse and wicked joy:
Then seemed him his Lady by him lay,
And to him plaind, how that false winged boy
Her chast hart had subdewd, to learne Dame Pleasures toy.

48
And shee her selfe (of beauty soueraigne Queene)
Faire *Venus*, seem'd vnto his bed to bring
Her, whom he waking euermore did weene
To be the chastest flower, that ay did spring
On earthly branch, the daughter of a King:
Now a loose Leman to vile service bound:
And eke the *Graces* seemed all to sing,
Hymen iõ Hymen, dauncing all around,
Whilst freshest *Flora* her Yuie girlond crowned.

49
In this great passion of vnwonted lust,
Or wonted feare of doing ought amiss,
He started vp, as seeming to mistrust
Some secret ill, or hidden foe of his:
Lo, there before his face his Lady is,
Vnder black stole hiding her baited hooke,
And as halfe blushing offred him to kis,
With gentle blandishment, and louely looke,
Most like that virgin true, which for her knight him tooke.

50
All cleane dismaid to see so vncouth sight,
And halfe enraged at her shameless guise,
He thought t'haue slaine her in his fierce despight:
But hastie heat tempring with sufferance wise,
He staid his hand, and gan himselfe aduise
To proue his sense, and tempt her faigned truth.
Wringing her hands in womens pittious wise,
Tho can shee weepe, to stirre vp gentle ruth,
Both for her noble blood, and for her tender youth.

51
And said, Ah Sir, my liege Lord and my loue,
Shall I accuse the hidden cruell Fate,
And mightie causes wrought in heauen aboue,
Or the blind God, that doth me thus amate,
For hoped loue to winne me certaine hate?
Yet thus perforce he bids me doe, or die.
Die is my due: yet rue my wretched state,
You, whom my hard avenging destinie
Hath made iudge of my life or death indifferently.

52
Your owne deere sake forc't mee at first to leaue
My Fathers kingdome; There she stopt with teares:
Her swollen heart her speech seem'd to bereaue,
And then againe begun, My weaker yeares
Captiu'd to fortune and fraile worldly feares,
Fly to your faith for succour and sure ayde:
Let me not die in languor and long teares.
Why Dame (quoth he) what hath ye thus dismaid?
What frayes ye, that were wont to comfort me affraid?

53
Loue of your selfe, shee said, and deere constraint
Lets me not sleepe, but waste the wearie night
In secret anguish and vnpittied plaint,
Whilst you in careless sleepe are drowned quite.
Her doubtfull words made that redoubted Knight
Suspect her truth: yet sith n'vntruth hee knew,
Her fawning loue with foule disdainefull spight
He would not shend, but said, Deare dame, I rew,
That for my sake vnknowne such griefe vnto you grew.

54
Assure your selfe, it fell not all to ground;
For all so deare as life is to my hart,
I deeme your loue, and hold me to you bound;
Ne let vaine feares procure your needless smart,
Where cause is none, but to your rest depart.
Not all content, yet seem'd she to appease
Her mournefull plaints, beguiled of her art,
And fed with words that could not chuse but please;
So sliding softly forth, she turn'd as to her ease.

55
Long after lay he musing at her mood,
Much grieu'd to thinke that gentle Dame so light,
For whose defence he was to shed his blood.
At last, dull wearinesse of former fight
Hauing vrockt a sleepe his irkesome spright,
That troublous dreame gan freshly tosse his braine,
With bowres, and beds, and Ladies deare delight:
But when he saw his labour all was vaine,
With that misformed spright he back return'd againe.

Canto II.

The guilefull great Enchaunter parts
The Redcrosse Knight from Truth:
Into whose stead faire falshood steps,
And workes him wofull ruth.

1
By this, the Northern wagoner had set
His seuenfold teme behind the stedfast starre,
That was in Ocean waues yet neuer wet,
But firme is fixt, and sendeth light from far
To all, that in the wide deep wandring are:
And cheareful Chaunticlere with his note shrill
Had warned once, that *Phœbus* fiery carre
In haste was climbing vp the Easterne hill,
Full enuious that night so long his roome did fill;

2
When those accursed messengers of hell,
That feigning dreame, and that faire-forged Spright
Came to their wicked maister, and gan tell
Their bootelesse paines, and ill succeeding night:
Who, all in rage to see his skilfull might
Deluded so, gan threaten hellish paine
And sad *Proserpines* wrath, them to affright:
But when he sawe his threatning was but vaine,
He cast about, and searcht his balefull bookes againe.

3
Eftsoones he tooke that miscreated faire,
And that false other Spright, on whom he spred
A seeming body of the subtile aire,
Like a young Squire, in loues and lusty-hed
His wanton dayes that euer loosely led,
Without regard of armes and dreaded fight:
Those two he tooke; and in a secret bed,
Couer'd with darknesse and misdeeming night,
Them both together laid, to ioy in vaine delight.

4
Forthwith he runnes with feigned faithfull haste
Vnto his guest, who after troublous sights
And dreames, gan now to take more sound repast,
Whom suddenly he wakes with fearefull frights,
As one agast with fiends or damned sprights,
And to him calls, Rise, rise vnhappy Swaine,
That heere wex old in sleepe, whiles wicked wights
Haue knit themselues in *Venus* shamefull chaine;
Come, see where your false Lady doth her honour staine.

5
All in amaze he suddenly vp start
With sword in hand, and with the old man went;
Who soone him brought into a secret part,
Where that false couple were full closely ment
In wanton lust and lewd embracement:
Which when he saw, he burnt with iealous fire,
The eye of reason was with rage yblent,
And would haue slaine them in his furious ire:
But hardly was restreined of that aged Sire.

6
Returning to his bed in torment great,
And bitter anguish of his guiltie sight,
He could not rest, but did his stout heart eat,
And waste his inward gall with deepe despight,
Yrkesome of life, and too long lingring night.
At last faire *Hesperus* in highest skie
Had spent his lampe, and brought forth dawning light,
Then vp he rose, and clad him hastily;
The Dwarfe him brought his steed: so both away do flie.

7
Now when the rosy-fingred Morning faire,
Weary of aged *Tithons* saffron bed,
Had spred her purple robe through deawy aire,
And the high hils *Titan* discouered,
The royall virgin shooke off drowsy-hed,
And rising forth out of her baser bowre,
Lookt for her knight, who far away was fled,
And for her Dwarfe, that wont to wait each howre;
Then gan she waile and weepe, to see that wofull stowre.

8
And after him she rode with so much speede
As her slowe beast could make; but all in vaine:
For him so far had borne his light-foot steed,
Pricked with wrath and fierie fierce disdaine,
That him to follow was but fruitlesse paine;
Yet she her weary limbes would neuer rest,
But euery hill and dale, each wood and Plaine
Did search, sore grieued in her gentle brest,
He so vngently left her, whom she loued best.

9

But subtile *Archimago*, when his guests
He saw divided into double parts,
And *Una* wandring in woods and forrests,
Th'end of his drift, he praisd his diuelish arts,
That had such might ouer true meaning harts;
Yet rests not so, but other meanes doth make,
How he may worke vnto her further smarts:
For her he hated as the hissing snake,
And in her many troubles did most pleasure take.

10

He then deviśde himselfe how to disguise;
For by his mighty Science he could take
As many formes and shapes in seeming wise,
As euer *Proteus* to himselfe could make:
Sometime a fowle, sometime a fish in lake,
Now like a fox, now like a dragon fell,
That of himselfe he oft for feare would quake,
And oft would flie away. O! who can tell
The hidden power of hearbes, & might of Magick spell?

11

But now seem'd best, the person to put on
Of that good Knight, his late beguiled guest:
In mighty armes he was yclad anon,
And silver shield: vpon his coward brest
A bloudy crosse; and on his craven crest
A bunch of haires discolourd diversly:
Full iolly knight he seemde, and well addrest,
And when he sate vpon his courser free,
Saint George himselfe ye would haue deemed him to be.

12

But he, the knight, whose semblance he did beare,
The true *Saint George*, was wandred far away,
Still flying from his thoughts and iealous feare;
Will was his guide, and griefe led him astray.
At last him chaunc't to meet vpon the way
A faithlesse Sarazin, all arm'd to point,
In whose great shield was writ with letters gay
Sans Foy: Full large of limbe and euery ioint
He was, and cared not for God or man a point.

13

He had a faire companion of his way,
A goodly Lady, clad in scarlot red,
Purfled with gold and pearle of rich assay,
And like a *Persian* mitre on her head
She wore, with crownes and owches garnished,
The which her lavish lovers to her gaue;
Her wanton palfrey all was overspred
With tinsell trappings, woven like a waue,
Whose bridle rung with golden bells, and bosses braue.

14

With faire disport and courting dalliance
Shee entertaind her lover all the way:
But when she saw the knight his speare advance,
She soone left off her mirth and wanton play,
And bad her knight addresse him to the fray:
His foe was nigh at hand. He, prickt with pride
And hope to winne his Ladies heart that day,
Forth spurred fast: adowne his coursers side
The red bloud trickling stained the way as he did ride.

15

The knight of the *Red-crosse* when him he spide,
Spurring so hote with rage dispighteous,
Gan fairely couch his speare, and towards ride:
Soone meete they both, both fell and furious,
That daunted with their forces hideous,
Their steeds doe stagger, and amazed stand,
And eke themselues too rudely rigorous,
Astonied with the stroke of their owne hand,
Doe backe rebut, and each to other yeeldeth land.

16

As when two rammes, stird with ambitious pride,
Fight for the rule of the rich fleeced flock,
Their horned fronts so fierce on either side
Doe meet, that with the terror of the shock
Astonied, both stand senseless as a block,
Forgetfull of the hanging victory:
So stoode these twaine, vnmooued as a rock,
Both staring fierce, and holding idlely
The broken reliques of their former cruelty.

17

The *Sarazin* sore daunted with the buffe,
Snatcheth his sword, and fiercely to him flies;
Who well it wards, and quiteth cuff with cuff:
Each others equall puissaunce envies,
And through their iron sides with cruelties
Does seeke to perce: repining courage yields
No foote to foe. The flashing fier flies
As from a forge out of their burning shields,
And streames of purple bloud new die the verdant fields.

18

Curse on that Crosse (quoth then the *Sarazin*)
That keepes thy body from the bitter fit;
Dead long ygoe I wote thou haddest bin,
Had not that charme from thee forwarned it:
But yet I warne thee now assured sit,
And hide thy head. There-with vpon his crest
With rigour so outragious he smit,
That a large share it hew'd out of the rest,
And glauncing down his shield, frō blame him fairely blest.

19

Who thereat wondrous wroth, the sleeping spark
Of natiue vertue gan eftsoones reviue,
And at his haughtie helmet making mark,
So hugely strooke, that it the steele did riue,
And cleft his head. He, tumbling downe aliue,
With bloudy mouth his mother earth did kis,
Greeting his graue: his grudging ghost did striue
With the fraile flesh; at last it flitted is,
Whither the soules doe flie of men, that liue amis.

20

The Lady, when she saw her champion fall,
Like the old ruines of a broken towre,
Staid not to waile his woefull funerall,
But from him fled away with all her powre;
Who after her as hastily gan scowre,
Bidding the Dwarfe with him to bring away
The *Sarazins* shield, signe of the conquerour.
Her soone he ouertooke, and bad to stay;
For present cause was none of dread, her to dismay.

Shee

21

She turning backe with ruefull countenance,
Cryde, Mercy, mercy Sir vouchsafe to showe
On silly Dame, subiect to hard mischance,
And to your mighty will. Her humblesse lowe,
In so rich weeds and seeming glorious showe,
Did much emmoue his stoutheroicke heart,
And sayd; deare Dame, your suddein ouerthrowe
Much rueth me: but now put feare apart,
And tell, both who ye be, and who that took your part.

22

Melting in teares, then gan she thus lament;
The wretched woman, whom vnhappy howre
Hath now made thrall to your commandement,
Before that angry heauens list to lowre,
And fortune false betraide me to your powre,
Was (O, what now auaileth that I was!)
Borne the sole daughter of an Emperour,
He that the wide West vnder his rule has,
And high hath set his throne, where *Tiberis* doth pas.

23

He in the first flowre of my freshest age,
Betrothed me vnto the onely heire
Of a most mighty King, most rich and sage;
Was neuer Prince so faithfull and so faire;
Was neuer Prince so meek and debonaire:
But ere my hoped day of spousall shone,
My dearest Lord fell from high honours staire,
Into the hands of his accursed fone,
And cruelly was slaine: that shall I euer mone.

24

His blessed body, spoild of liuely breath,
Was afterward, I knowe not how, conuaid
And fro me hid: of whose most innocent death
When tidings came to me vnhappy mayd,
O, how great sorrow my sad soule assayd!
Then forth I went, his woefull corse to finde;
And many yeares throughout the world I strayd,
A virgin widow: whose deep wounded minde
With loue, long time did languish as the striken hinde.

25

At last, it chaunced this proud *Sarazin*
To meet me wandring: who perforce me led
With him away, but yet could neuer win
The Fort, that Ladies hold in soueraigne dread.
There lies he now with foule dishonour dead,
Who whiles he liv'de, was called proud *Sans foy*,
The eldest of three brethren, all three bred
Of one bad sire, whose youngest is *Sans ioy*,
And twixt them both was borne the bloudy bold *Sans loy*.

26

In this sad plight, friendlesse, vnfortunate,
Now miserable I *Fidessa* dwell,
Crauing of you in pitty of my state,
To do none ill, if please ye not do well.
He in great passion all this while did dwell,
More busying his quicke eyes, her face to view,
Then his dull eares, to heare what she did tell;
And sayd; Faire Lady, heart of flint would rew,
The vndeserued woes and sorrowes, which ye shew.

27

Henceforth in safe assurance may ye rest,
Hauing both found a new friend you to ayde,
And lost an old foe, that did you molest:
Better new friend then an old foe is said.
With change of cheare, the seeming simple maid
Let fall her eyen, as shamefast to the earth:
And yielding soft, in that she nought gain-said.
So forth they rode, he faining seemely mirth,
And she coy lookes: so, Dainty they say maketh derth.

28

Long time they thus together traueiled;
Till weary of their way, they came at last,
Where grew two goodly trees, that faire did spred
Their armes abroad, with gray mosse ouer-cast;
And their greene leaues trembling with euery blast,
Made a calme shadowe far in compasse round:
The fearefull Shepheard often there aghast
Vnder them neuer sat, ne wont there sound
His merry oaten pipe, but shund th'vnlucky ground.

29

But this good Knight, soon as he them gan spie,
For the coole shadow thither hast'ly got:
For, golden *Phœbus* now that mounted hie,
From fiery wheeles of his faire chariot,
Hurled his beame so scorching cruell hot,
That liuing creature mote it not abide;
And his new Lady it endured not.
There they alight, in hope themselues to hide
From the fierce heat, and rest their weary limbs a tide.

30

Faire seemely pleasance each to other makes;
With goodly purposes there as they sit:
And in his falsed fancy he her takes
To be the fairest wight, that liued yit;
Which to expresse, he bends his gentle wit:
And thinking of those branches greene to frame
A girlond for her dainty forhead fit,
He pluckt a bough; out of whose rift there came
Small drops of gory bloud, that trickled downe the same.

31

Therewith a pitious yelling voyce was heard,
Crying, ô spare with guilty hands to teare
My tender sides in this rough rynde embard:
But fly, ah fly far hence away, for feare
Least to you hap, that hapned to me here,
And to his wretched Lady, my deare Loue;
O too deare loue! loue bought with death too deare.
Astond he stood, and vp his haire did houe,
And with that suddein horror could no member moue.

32

At last, when-as the dreadfull passion
Was ouer-past, and manhood well awake:
Yet musing at the strange occasion,
And doubting much his sense, he thus bespake;
What voice of damned ghost from *Limbo* lake,
Or guilefull spright wandring in empty ayre
(Both which fraile men doe oftentimes mistake)
Sends to my doubtfull eares these speeches rare,
And ruefull plaints, me bidding guiltlesse bloud to spare?

Then

33
Then groning deep, Nor damned ghoſt, quoth he,
Nor guilefull ſprite to thee theſe words doth ſpeake;
But once a man, *Fradubio*, now a tree:
Wretched man, wretched tree; whoſe nature weake,
A cruell witch her curſed will to wreake,
Hath thus transformd, and plac't in open Plaines,
Where *Boreas* doth blowe full bitter bleake,
And ſcorching Sunne does dry my ſecret vaines:
For, though a tree I ſeeme, yet cold and heat me paines.

34
Say on *Fradubio* then, or man, or tree,
Quoth then the Knight, by whoſe miſchieuous arts
Art thou miſshaped thus, as now I ſee?
He oft finds med'cine, who his griefe imparts;
But double griefs afflict concealing hearts,
As raging flames who ſtriueth to ſuppreſſe.
The author then, ſayd he, of all my ſmarts,
Is one *Dueſſa* a falſe ſorcereſſe,
That many errant knights hath brought to wretchedneſſe.

35
In prime of youthly yeares, when courage hot
The fire of loue and ioy of cheualree
First kindled in my breſt, it was my lot
To loue this gentle Lady whom ye ſee,
Now not a Lady, but a ſeeming tree;
With whom as once I rode accompanide,
Me chaunced of a knight encountred bee,
That had a like faire Lady by his ſide;
Like a faire Lady, but did fowle *Dueſſa* hide.

36
Whoſe forged beauty he did take in hand,
All other Dames to haue exceeded farre:
I in defence of mine did likewiſe ſtand;
Mine, that did then ſhine as the Morning ſtarre:
So, both to batttell fierce arraunged arre;
In which his harder fortune was to fall
Vnder my ſpeare: ſuch is the dy of warre:
His Lady, left as a priſe martiall,
Did yield her comely perſon, to be at my call.

37
So doubly lov'd of Ladies vnlike faire,
Th'one ſeeming ſuch, the other ſuch indeed,
One day in doubt I caſt for to compare,
Whether in beauties glory did exceede;
A Roſy girlond was the Victors meede:
Both ſeemde to win, and both ſeemde won to bee,
So hard the diſcord was to be agreede.
Fraliſſa was as faire, as faire mote bee:
And euer falſe *Dueſſa* ſeemd as faire as ſhee.

38
The wicked witch now ſeeing all this while
The doubtfull ballance equally to ſway,
What not by right, ſhe caſt to win by guile,
And by her helliſh ſcience raiſd ſtreight way
A foggy miſt, that ouer-caſt the day,
And a dull blaſt, that breathing on her face,
Dimmed her former beauties ſhining ray,
And with foule vgly forme did her diſgrace:
Then was ſhe faire alone, when none was faire in place.

39
Then cride ſhe out, Phy, phy, deformed wight,
Whoſe borrowed beauty now appeareth plaine
To haue before bewitched all mens ſight;
O leaue her ſoone, or let her ſoone be ſlaine.
Her loathly viſage viewing with diſdaine,
Eftſoones I thought her ſuch, as ſhe me told,
And would haue kild her; but, with fained paine,
The falſe witch did my wrathfull hand with-hold:
So left her, where ſhe now is turnd to treen mould.

40
Thenceforth I took *Dueſſa* for my Dame,
And in the witch vnweening ioyd long time:
Ne euer wiſt, but that ſhe was the ſame;
Till on a day (that day is euery Prime,
When witches wont do penance for their crime)
I chaunc't to ſee her in her proper hew,
Bathing her ſelfe in origane and thyme:
A filthy foule old woman I did view,
That euer to haue toucht her, I did deadly rew.

41
Her neather parts miſſhapen, monſtruous,
Were hid in water, that I could not ſee:
But they did ſeeme more foule and hideous,
Then womans ſhape man would beleeue to be.
Thenceforth from her moſt beaſtly companie
I gan refraine, in minde to ſlip away,
Soone as appeard ſafe opportunity:
For, danger great, if not aſſur'd decay,
I ſawe before mine eyes, if I were knowne to ſtray.

42
The diueliſh hag by changes of my cheare
Perceiv'd my thought; and drownd in ſleepy night,
With wicked herbes and ointments did beſmeare
My body all, through charmes and magicke might;
That all my ſenſes were bereaued quight:
Then brought ſhe me into this deſert waſte,
And by my wretched Louers ſide me pight;
Where now incloſde in wooden wals full faſt,
Baniſht from liuing wights, our weary dayes we waſte.

43
But how long time, ſayd then the Elfin Knight,
Are you in this miſformed houſe to dwell?
We may not change, quoth he, this euill plight,
Till we be bathed in a liuing Well;
That is the terme preſcribed by the ſpell.
O! how, ſayd he, mote I that well out-finde,
That may reſtore you to your wonted well?
Time and ſuffiſed fates to former kind
Shall vs reſtore: none elſe from hence may vs vnbinde.

44
The falſe *Dueſſa*, now *Fideſſa* hight,
Heard how in vaine *Fradubio* did lament,
And knew well all was true. But the good knight
Full of ſad feare and ghaſtly dreriment,
When all this ſpeech the liuing tree had ſpent,
The bleeding bough did thruſt into the ground,
That from the bloud he might be innocent,
And with freſh clay did cloſe the wooden wound:
Then turning to his Lady, dead with feare her found.

Her

45
Her ſeeming dead he found with feigned feare,
As all vnweeting of that well ſhe knew,
And paind himſelfe with buſie care to reare
Her out of careleſſe ſwoune. Her eylids blew
And dimmed ſight, with pale and deadly hew,
At laſt ſhe gan vp-lift: with trembling cheare
Her vp he tooke, too ſimple and too true,
And oft her kiſt. At length, all paſſed feare,
He ſet her on her ſteede, and forward forth did beare.

Canto III.

Forſaken Truth long ſeekes her loue,
and makes the Lyon mylde,
Marres blind Devotions mart, & fall's
in hand of leachour vilde.

1
Nought is there vnder heau'ns wide holownes
That moues more deare cõpaſſion of mind,
Thẽ beuty brought t'vnworthy wretchednes
By Envies ſnares, or Fortunes freaks vnkind:
I, whether lately throgh her brightnes blind,
Or through alleageance and faſt fealtie,
Which I doe owe vnto all womankind,
Feele my heart peare't with ſo great agony,
When ſuch I ſee, that all for pittie I could die.

2
And now it is empaſſioned ſo deepe,
For faireſt *Vnaes* ſake, of whom I ſing,
That my fraile eyes theſe lines with teares doe ſteepe,
To thinke how ſhee through guilefull handeling,
Though true as touch, though daughter of a King,
Though faire as euer liuing wight was faire,
Though nor in word nor deed ill meriting,
Is from her knight divorced in deſpaire
And her due loues deriu'd to that vile witches ſhare.

3
Yet ſhee moſt faithfull Lady all this while
Forſaken, wofull, ſolitary maid
Farre from all peoples preaſe, as in exile,
In wilderneſſe and waſtfull deſerts ſtraid,
To ſeeke her knight; who, ſubtilly betraid
Through that late viſion, which th'Enchaũter wrought,
Had her abandond. Shee of nought affraid,
Through woods and waſtneſſe wide him daily ſought;
Yet wiſhed tydings none of him vnto her brought.

4
One day, nigh weary of the irkeſome way,
From her vnhaſtie beaſt ſhe did alight,
And on the graſſe her dainty limbs did lay
In ſecret ſhadow, farre from all mens ſight:
From her faire head her fillet ſhe vndight,
And laid her ſtole aſide. Her angels face
As the great eye of heauen ſhined bright,
And made a ſunſhine in the ſhadie place;
Did neuer mortall eye behold ſuch heauenly grace.

5
It fortuned, out of the thickeſt wood
A ramping Lyon ruſhed ſuddainly,
Hunting full greedy after ſalvage blood;
Soone as the royall virgin he did ſpy,
With gaping mouth at her ran greedily,
To haue attonce deuour'd her tender corſe:
But to the pray when as he drew more nie,
His bloody rage aſſwaged with remorſe,
And with the ſight amaz'd, forgat his furious force.

6
In ſtead thereof he kiſt her wearie feet,
And lickt her lilly hands with fawning tongue,
As hee her wronged innocence did weet.
O! how can beauty maſter the moſt ſtrong,
And ſimple truth ſubdue avenging wrong?
Whoſe yeelded pride, and proude ſubmiſſion,
Still dreading death, when ſhe had marked long,
Her heart gan melt in great compaſſion,
And drizling teares did ſhed for pure affection.

7
The Lyon Lord of euery beaſt in field,
Quoth ſhe, his princely puiſſance doth abate,
And mighty proud to humble weake does yield,
Forgetfull of the hungry rage, which late
Him prickt, in pitty of my ſad eſtate:
But he my Lyon, and my noble Lord,
How does he find in cruell heart to hate
Her that him lov'd, and euer moſt ador'd,
As the God of my life? why hath he me abhord?

8

Redounding teares did choke th'end of her plaint,
Which softly ecchoed from the neighbour wood;
And sad to see her sorrowfull constraint,
The kingly beast vpon her gazing stood;
With pitty calmd, downe fell his angry mood.
At last, in close heart shutting vp her paine,
Arose the virgin borne of heauenly brood,
And to her snowy Palfrey got againe,
To seeke her straied Champion, if she might attaine.

9

The Lyon would not leaue her desolate,
But with her went along, as a strong gard
Of her chast person, and a faithfull mate
Of her sad troubles and misfortunes hard:
Still when she slept, he kept both watch and ward;
And when she wak't, he waited diligent,
With humble seruice to her will prepar'd:
From her faire eyes he tooke commaundement,
And euer by her lookes conceiued her intent.

10

Long she thus trauciled through deserts wide,
By which she thought her wandring knight should pass,
Yet neuer shew of liuing wight espide;
Till that at length she found the troden grass,
In which the tract of peoples footing was,
Vnder the steepe foot of a mountaine hore;
The same she followes, till at last she has
A damzell spide, slowe footing her before,
That on her shoulders sad a pot of water bore.

11

To vvhom approching, she to her gan call,
To weet, if dwelling place were nigh at hand;
But the rude wench her answer'd nought at all,
She could not heare, nor speake, nor vnderstand;
Till seeing by her side the Lyon stand,
With suddaine feare her pitcher downe she threw,
And fled away: for neuer in that land
Face of faire Lady she before did view,
And that dread Lyons looke her cast in deadly hew.

12

Full fast she fled, ne euer lookt behind,
As if her life vpon the wager lay;
And home she came, where as her mother blind
Sate in eternall night: nought could she say;
But suddaine catching hold, did her dismay
With quaking hands, and other signes of feare:
Who full of gastly fright and cold affray,
Gan shut the dore. By this arriued there
Dame *Vna*, weary Dame, and entrance did requere.

13

Which when none yeelded, her vnruly Page
With his rude clawes the wicket open rent,
And let her in; where of his cruell rage
Nigh dead with feare, and faint astonishment,
She found them both in darksome corner pent;
Where that old woman day and night did pray
Vpon her beades deuoutly penitent;
Nine hundred *Pater nosters* euery day,
And thrice nine hundred *Aues* she was wont to say.

14

And to augment her painefull penance more,
Thrice euery weeke in ashes she did sit,
And next her wrinkled skin rough sackcloth wore,
And thrice three times did fast from any bit:
But now for feare her beades she did forget.
Whose needlesse dread for to remoue away,
Faire *Vna* framed words and count'nance fit:
Which hardly doen, at length she gan them pray,
That in their cotage small, that night she rest her may.

15

The day is spent, and commeth drowsie night,
When euery creature shrowded is in sleepe;
Sad *Vna* downe her layes in wearie plight,
And at her feet the Lyon watch doth keepe:
In stead of rest, she does lament, and weepe
For the late losse of her deare loued knight,
And sighes, and grones, and euermore does steepe
Her tender breast in bitter teares all night,
All night she thinks too long, and often lookes for light.

16

Now when *Aldeboran* was mounted hie
Aboue the shinie *Cassiopeias* chaire,
And all in deadly sleep did drowned lie,
One knocked at the dore, and in would fare;
He knocked fast, and often curst, and sware,
That readie entrance was not at his call:
For on his back a heauie load he bare
Of nightly stelths, and pillage seuerall,
Which hee had got abroad by purchase criminall.

17

Hee was to weet a stout and sturdie theefe,
Wont to rob Churches of their ornaments,
And poore mens boxes of their due reliefe,
Which giuen was to them for good intents;
The holy Saints of their rich vestiments
He did disrobe, when all men careless slept,
And spoild the Priests of their habiliments,
Whiles none the holy things in safety kept;
Then he by cunning sleights in at the window crept.

18

And all that he by right or wrong could find,
Vnto this house he brought, and did bestowe
Vpon the daughter of this woman blind,
Abessa, daughter of *Coreca* slowe,
With whom he whoredome vs'd, that few did knowe,
And fed her fat with feast of offerings,
And plenty, which in all the land did growe:
Ne spared he to giue her gold and rings,
And now he to her brought part of his stollen things.

19

Thus, long the dore with rage and threats he bet,
Yet of those fearefull women none durst rise,
The Lyon frayed them, him in to let:
He would no longer stay him to aduise,
But open breakes the dore in furious wise,
And entring is; when that disdainfull beast
Encountring fierce, him suddaine doth surprize,
And seizing cruell clawes on trembling breast,
Vnder his Lordly foot him proudly hath suppreſt.

Him

20

Him booteth not resist, nor succour call,
His bleeding heart is in the vengers hand,
Who straight him rent in thousand peeces small,
And quite dismembred hath: the thirstie land
Drunke vp his life; his corse left on the strand.
His fearefull friends weare out the wofull night,
Ne dare to weepe, nor seeme to vnderstand
The heauie hap which on them is alight,
Affraid, least to themselues the like mishappen might.

21

Now when broad day the world discouered has,
Vp *Vna* rose, vp rose the Lyon eke,
And on their former iourney forward pass,
In waies vnknowne, her wandring knight to seeke,
With paines farre passing that long wandring *Greeke*,
That for his loue refused deitie;
Such were the labours of this Lady meeke,
Still seeking him, that from her still did flie,
Then furthest from her hope, when most shee weened nie.

22

Soone as shee parted thence, the fearefull twaine,
That blind old woman and her daughter deare
Came forth, and finding *Kirkrapine* there slaine,
For anguish great they gan to rend their haire,
And beat their breasts, and naked flesh to teare.
And when they both had wept and waild their fill,
Then forth they ranne like two amazed Deere,
Halfe mad through malice, and revenging will,
To follow her, that was the causer of their ill.

23

Whom ouertaking, they gan loudly bray,
With hollow howling, and lamenting cry,
Shamefully at her railing all the way,
And her accusing of dishonestie,
That was the flowre of faith and chastitie;
And still amidst her rayling, she did pray,
That plagues, and mischiefs, and long misery
Might fall on her, and follow all the way,
And that in endlesse errour she might euer stray.

24

But when shee saw her prayers nought preuaile,
She back returned with some labour lost;
And in the way, as shee did weepe and waile,
A knight her met in mighty armes embost,
Yet knight was not for all his bragging bost,
But subtill *Archimag*, that *Vna* sought
By traines into new troubles to haue tost:
Of that old woman tydings he besought,
If that of such a Lady she could tellen ought.

25

There-with she gan her passion to renew,
And cry, and curse, and raile, and rend her haire,
Saying, that harlot shee too lately knew,
That caused her shed so many a bitter teare,
And so forth told the story of her feare:
Much seemed he to mone her hapless chaunce,
And after, for that Lady did inquere;
Which beeing taught, he forward gan aduaunce
His faire enchaunted steed, and eke his charmed launce.

26

Ere long he came where *Vna* trauail'd slowe,
And that wilde Champion wayting her beside:
Whom seeing such, for dread he durst not showe
Himselfe too nigh at hand, but turned wide
Vnto an hill; from whence when she him spide,
By his like seeming shield, her knight by name
Shee weend it was, and towards him gan ride:
Approching nigh, she wist it was the same,
And with faire fearefull humblesse towards him she came.

27

And weeping said, Ah my long lacked Lord,
Where haue yee been thus long out of my sight?
Much feared I to haue been quite abhord,
Or ought haue done, that yee displeasen might,
That should as death vnto my deare heart light:
For since mine eye your ioyous sight did mis,
My cheerfull day is turn'd to cheerlesse night,
And eke my night of death the shadow is;
But welcome now my light, and shining lamp of bliss.

28

Hee thereto meeting, said, My dearest Dame,
Farre be it from your thought, and fro my will,
To thunk that knighthood I so much should shame,
As you to leaue, that haue mee loued still,
And chose in Faery Court of meere good will,
Where noblest knights were to be found on earth:
The earth shall sooner leaue her kindely skill
To bring forth fruit, and make eternall dearth,
Then I leaue you, my life, yborne of heauenly birth.

29

And sooth to say, why I left you so long,
Was for to seeke adventure in strange place,
Where *Archimago* said a felon strong
To many Knights did daily worke disgrace;
But knight he now shall neuer more deface:
Good cause of mine excuse; that mote ye please
Well to accept, and euermore embrace
My faithfull seruice, that by land and seas
Haue vow'd you to defend, now then your plaint appease.

30

His louely words her seem'd due recompence
Of all her passed paines: one louing howre
For many yeeres of sorrow can dispence:
A dram of sweet is worth a pound of sowre:
She had forgot, how many a wofull stowre
For him she late endur'd; she speakes no more
Of past: true is, that true loue hath no powre
To looken back; his eyes be fixt before.
Before her stands her knight, for whom she toyld so sore.

31

Much like, as when the beaten Marinere,
That long hath wandred in the Ocean wide,
Oft souſt in swelling *Tethys* salt'ish teare,
And long time hauing tand his tawney hide
With blustring breath of heauen, that none can bide,
And scorching flames of fierce *Orions* hound,
Soone as the port from farre he has espide,
His cheerfull whistle merrily doth sound. (rounds
And *Nereus* crownes with cups; his mates him pledge a-

32
Such ioy made *Vna*, when her Knight she found;
And eke th'enchaunter ioyous seemd no lesse
Then the glad Marchant, that does view from ground
His ship farre come from watrie wildernesse;
He hurles out vowes, and *Neptune* oft doth blesse:
So forth they past, and all the way they spent
Discoursing of her dreadfull late distresse,
In which he askt her, what the Lyon ment:
Who told, her all that fell in iourney as she went.

33
They had not ridden farre, when they might see
One pricking towards them with hasty heat,
Full strongly arm'd, and on a courser free
That through his fiercenesse fomed all with sweat,
And the sharp iron did for anger eat,
When his hot rider spurr'd his chaufféd side;
His looke was sterne, and seemed still to threat
Cruell revenge, which he in hart did hide,
And on his shield *Sans loy* in bloudie lines was dide.

34
When nigh he drew vnto this gentle paire,
And saw the Red-crosse, which the Knight did beare,
He burnt in fire, and gan eftsoones prepare
Himselfe to battell with his couched speare.
Loth was that other, and did faint through feare
To taste th'vntryed dint of deadly steele;
But yet his Lady did so well him cheare,
That hope of new good hap he gan to feele;
So bent his speare, and spurnd his horse with iron heele.

35
But that proude Paynim forward came so fierce,
And full of wrath, that with his sharp-head speare
Through vainely crossed shield he quite did pierce;
And,had his staggering steed not shrunke for feare,
Through shield and body eke he should him beare:
Yet so great was the puissance of his push,
That from his saddle quite he did him beare:
He tumbling rudely downe to ground did rush,
And from his gored wound a well of bloud did gush.

36
Dismounting lightly from his loftie steed,
He to him lept, in mind to reaue his life,
And proudly said, Lo, there the worthy meed
Of him, that slew *Sans foy* with bloudy knife;
Henceforth his ghost, freed from repining strife,
In peace may passen ouer *Lethe* lake,
When mourning altars, purg'd with enemies life,
The blacke infernall *Furies* doen aslake:
Life from *Sans foy* thou tookst, *Sans loy* shall frō thee take.

37
There-with in haste his helmet gan vnlace,
Till *Vna* cride, ô hold that heauie hand,
Deare Sir, what euer that thou be in place:
Enough is, that thy foe doth vanquisht stand
Now at thy mercy: Mercy not withstand:
For he is one the truest Knight aliue,
Though conquered now he lie on lowely land,
And whil'st him fortune fauourd, faire did thriue
In bloudy field: therefore of life him not depriue.

38
Her pittious words might not abate his rage;
But rudely rending vp his helmet, would
Haue slaine him straight: but when he sees his age,
And hoarie head of *Archimago* old,
His hastie hand he doth amazed hold,
And halfe ashamed, wondred at the sight:
For, the old man well knew he, though vntold,
In charmes and magick to haue wondrous might,
Ne euer wont in field, ne in round lists to fight.

39
And said, Why *Archimago*, luckless sire,
What doe I see? what hard mishap is this,
That hath thee hither brought to taste mine ire?
Or thine the fault, or mine the error is,
In stead of foe, to wound my friend amis?
He answered nought, but in a traunce still lay,
And on those guilefull dazed eyes of his
The cloude of death did sit. Which doen away,
He left him lying so, ne would no longer stay;

40
But to the Virgin comes, who all this while
Amazed stands, her selfe so mockt to see
By him, who has the guerdon of his guile,
For so misfeigning her true Knight to bee:
Yet is she now in more perplexitie,
Left in the hand of that same Paynim bold,
From whom her booteth not at all to flie;
Who, by her cleanly garment catching hold,
Her from her Palfrey pluckt, her visage to behold.

41
But her fierce seruaunt, full of kingly awe
And high disdaine, when as his soueraigne Dame
So rudely handled by her foe he sawe,
With gaping iawes full greedy at him came,
And ramping on his shield, did weene the same
Haue reft away with his sharp rending clawes:
But he was stout, and lust did now inflame
His courage more, that from his griping pawes
He hath his shield redeem'd, & forth his sword he drawes.

42
O then too weake and feeble was the force
Of saluage beast, his puissance to withstand:
For, he was strong, and of so mighty corse,
As euer wielded speare in warlike hand,
And feates of armes did wisely vnderstand.
Eftsoones he pierced through his chaufféd chest
With thrilling point of deadly iron brand,
And launc't his Lordly hart: with death oppresst
He roar'd aloud, whiles life forsooke his stubborne brest.

43
Who now is left to keepe the forlorne maid
From raging spoile of lawlesse victors will?
Her faithfull gard remoou'd, her hope dismaid,
Her selfe a yeelded prey to saue or spill.
He now Lord of the field, his pride to fill,
With foule reproches, and disdainfull spight
Her vilely entertaines, and (will or nill)
Beares her away vpon his courser light:
Her prayers nought preuaile, his rage is more of might.
And

44
And all the way, with great lamenting paine,
And pittious plaints she filleth his dull eares,
That stony heart could riven haue in twaine,
And all the way she wets with flowing teares:
But hee, enrag'd with rancor, nothing heares.
Her servile beast yet would not leaue her so,
But followes her farre off, ne ought he feares
To be partaker of her wandring woe;
More milde in beastly kind, then that her beastly foe.

Canto IIII.

To sinfull house of Pride, Duessa guides the faithfull knight: Where,brothers death to wreak,Sansioy doth chalenge him to fight.

1
YOung knight,what euer that dost arms profess
And through long labors hunteſt after fame,
Beware of fraude,beware of fickleness,
In choice,& change of thy dear loued Dame,
Least thou of her belieue too lightly blame,
And rash misweening do thy hart remoue:
For, vnto Knight there is no greater shame,
Then lightnesse and inconstancie in loue;
That doth this *Redcrosse* knights ensample plainly proue.

2
Who after that he had faire *Vna* lorne,
Through light misdeeming of her loialtie,
And false *Duessa* in her stead had borne,
Called *Fidess'*, and so suppos'd to be;
Long with her trauaild, till at last they see
A goodly building, brauely garnished,
The house of mighty Prince it seem'd to bee:
And towards it a broad high way that led,
All bare through peoples feet, which thither travailed.

3
Great troupes of people travail'd thitherward
Both day and night, of each degree and place;
But few returned, hauing scaped hard,
With balefull beggerie, or foule disgrace;
Which euer after in most wretched case,
Like loathsome lazars, by the hedges lay.
Thither *Duessa* bade him bend his pase:
For she is weary of the toilesome way,
And also nigh consumed is the lingring day.

4
A stately Palace built of squared brick,
Which cunningly was without morter laid,
Whose walls were high, but nothing strong,nor thick,
And golden foile all ouer them displaid,
That purest skie with brightnesse they dismaid:
High lifted vp were many loftie towres,
And goodly galleries farre over-laid,
Full of faire windowes, and delightfull bowres;
And on the top a Diall told the timely howres.

5
It was a goodly heape for to behold,
And spake the praises of the workmans wit;
But full great pittie, that so faire a mold
Did on so weake foundation euer sit:
For on a sandie hill, that still did flit,
And fall away, it mounted was full hie,
That euery breath of heauen shaked it:
And all the hinder parts, that few could spie,
Were ruinous and old, but painted cunningly.

6
Arrived there, they passed in forth right;
For still, to all, the gates stood open wide;
Yet charge of them was to a Porter hight
Call'd *Malueno*, who entrance none denide:
Thence to the hall, which was on euery side
With rich array and costly Arras dight:
Infinite sorts of people did abide
There waiting long, to win the wished sight
Of her, that was the Lady of that Palace bright.

7
By them they passe, all gazing on them round,
And to the Presence mount; whose glorious view
Their fraile amazed senses did confound:
In liuing Princes Court none euer knew
Such endlesse riches, and so sumptuous shew;
Ne *Persia* selfe, the nurse of pompous pride,
Like euer saw. And there a noble crew
Of Lords and Ladies stood on euery side,
Which with their presence faire, the place much beautifide.

8

High aboue all, a cloth of State was spred,
And a rich throne, as bright as sunny day,
On which there sate most braue embellished
With royall robes and gorgeous array,
A maiden Queene, that shone as *Titans* ray,
In glistring gold, and peereless pretious stone:
Yet her bright blazing beauty did assay
To dim the brightnesse of her glorious throne,
As envying her selfe, that too exceeding shone;

9

Exceeding shone, like *Phœbus* fairest childe,
That did presume his fathers firie waine,
And flaming mouthes of steedes vnwonted wilde,
Through highest heaven with weaker hand to raine;
Proude of such glory and advauncement vaine,
While flashing beames doe daze his feeble eyen,
He leaues the welkin way most beaten plaine,
And rapt with whirling wheeles, enflames the skyen,
With fire not made to burne, but fairely for to shyne.

10

So proude shee shined in her Princely state,
Looking to heaven; for earth she did disdaine,
And sitting high; for lowely shee did hate:
Lo, vnderneath her scornefull feete, was layne
A dreadfull Dragon with an hideous traine,
And in her hand she held a mirrour bright,
Wherein her face shee often viewed faine,
And in her selfe-lov'd semblance tooke delight;
For shee was wondrous faire, as any liuing wight.

11

Of griesly *Pluto* shee the daughter was,
And sad *Proserpina* the Queene of hell;
Yet did she thinke her peereless worth to pass
That parentage, with pride so did shee swell:
And thundring *Ioue*, that high in heauen doth dwell,
And wield the world, she claimed for her Sire,
Or if that any else did *Ioue* excell:
For, to the highest shee did still aspire,
Or, if ought higher were then that, did it desire.

12

And proude *Lucifera* men did her call,
That made her selfe a Queene, and crown'd to be:
Yet rightfull kingdome she had none at all,
Ne heritage of natiue soueraintie,
But did vsurpe with wrong and tyrannie
Vpon the sceepter, which she now did hold:
Ne rul'd her Realmes with lawes, but policie,
And strong advizement of six wisards old,
That with their counsels bad, her kingdom did vphold.

13

Soone as the Elfin knight in presence came,
And false *Duessa*, seeming Lady faire,
A gentle Husher, *Vanitie* by name,
Made roome, and passage for them did prepare:
So goodly brought them to the lowest staire
Of her high throne; where they, on humblst knee
Making obeisance, did the cause declare,
Why they were come, her royall state to see,
To proue the wide report of her great Maiestie.

14

With lofty eyes, halfe loth to looke so lowe,
She thanked them in her disdainefull wise,
Ne other grace vouchsafed them to showe
Of Princesse worthy, scarse them bad arise.
Her Lords and Ladies all this while deuise
Themselues to setten forth to strangers sight:
Some frounce their curled haire in courtly guise,
Some pranke their ruffes, and others trimly dight
Their gay attire: each others greater pride does spight.

15

Goodly they all that knight doe entertaine,
Right glad with him to haue increast their crew:
But to *Dues's* each one himselfe did paine
All kindnesse and faire curtesie to shew;
For in that Court whilome her well they knew:
Yet the stout Faerie mongst the middest crowd,
Thought all their glory vaine in knightly view,
And that great Princesse too exceeding prowd,
That to strange knight no better countenance allowd.

16

Suddaine vprise th from her stately place
The royall Dame, and for her coche doth call:
All hurlen forth, and shee with Princely pace,
As faire *Aurora* in her purple pall,
Out of the East the dawning day doth call:
So forth she comes: her brightnesse broad doth blaze:
The heapes of people, thronging in the hall,
Doe ride each other, vpon her to gaze:
Her glorious glitter and light doth all mens eyes amaze.

17

So forth shee comes, and to her coche does clime,
Adorned all with gold, and girlonds gay,
That seem'd as fesh as *Flora* in her prime,
And stroue to match, in royall rich array,
Great *Iunoes* golden chaire, the which they say
The Gods stand gazing on, when she does ride
To *Ioues* high house through heauens brasse-paued way
Drawne of faire Peacocks, that excell in pride,
And full of *Argus* eyes their tailes dispredden wide.

18

But this was drawne of six vnequall beasts,
On which her six sage Counsellours did ride,
Taught to obey their bestiall beheasts,
With like conditions to their kinds applide:
Of which the first, that all the rest did guide,
Was sluggish *Idlenesse*, the nurse of sin;
Vpon a slothfull Asse he chose to ride,
Arraid in habit black, and amis thin,
Like to an holy Monk, the seruice to begin.

19

And in his hand his Portesse still he bare,
That much was worne, but therein little red:
For, of deuotion hee had little care,
Still drown'd in sleepe, and most of his dayes ded;
Scarse could he once vphold his heauie hed,
To looken whether it were night or day.
May seeme the waine was very euill led,
When such an one had guiding of the way,
That knew not, whether right he went, or else astray.

From

20

From worldly cares himselfe hee did esloine,
And greatly shunned manly exercise:
For euery worke hee chalenged essoine,
For contemplation sake: yet otherwise,
His life he led in lawlesse riotise;
By which he grew to grieuous maladie;
For, in his lustlesse limbs through euill guise
A shaking feaver raign'd continually:
Such one was *Idlenesse*, first of this company.

21

And by his side rode loathsome *Gluttony*,
Deformed creature, on a filthy swine,
His belly was vp-blowne with luxury,
And eke with fatnesse swollen were his eyne:
And like a Crane his necke was long and fine,
With which he swallowed vp excessiue feast,
For want whereof poore people oft did pine;
And all the way, most like a brutish beast,
Hee spewed vp his gorge, that all did him deteast.

22

In greene vine leaues he was right fitly clad;
For, other clothes he could not weare for heat,
And on his head an Ivie girland had,
From vnder which fast trickled downe the sweat:
Still as he rode, he some-what still did eate,
And in his hand did beare a bouzing can,
Of which he supt so oft, that on his seat
His drunken corse he scarse vpholden can;
In shape and life, more like a monster, then a man.

23

Vnfit he was for any worldly thing,
And eke vnable once to stirre or go,
Not meet to be of counsell to a king,
Whose mind in meate and drinke was drowned so,
That from his friend he seldom knew his fo:
Full of diseases was his careasse blew,
And a dry dropsie through his flesh did flow;
Which by misdiet daily greater grew:
Such one was *Gluttony*, the second of that crew.

24

And next to him rode lustfull *Lechery*,
Vpon a bearded Goat, whose rugged haire,
And whally eyes (the signe of iealousie)
Was like the person selfe, whom he did beare:
Who rough, and black, and filthy did appeare,
Vnseemely man to please faire Ladies eye;
Yet he, of Ladies oft was loued deare,
When fairer faces were bid standen by:
O! who does know the bent of womens fantasie?

25

In a greene gowne he clothed was full faire,
Which vnderneath did hide his filthinesse,
And in his hand a burning hart he bare,
Full of vaine follies, and new-fangleness:
For, he was false, and fraught with fickleness,
And learned had to loue with secret lookes,
And well could daunce and sing with ruefulnesse,
And fortunes-tell, and read in louing bookes,
And thousand other waies, to bait his fleshly hookes.

26

Inconstant man, that loued all he saw,
And lusted after all that he did loue,
Ne would his looser life be tide to law,
But ioy'd weake wemens hearts to tempt and proue
If from their loyall loues he might them moue;
Which lewdnesse fild him with reprochefull paine
Of that foule euill, which all men reproue,
That rots the marrowe, and consumes the braine:
Such one was *Lecherie*, the third of all this traine.

27

And greedy *Auarice* by him did ride,
Vpon a Camell loaden all with gold;
Two iron coffers hung on either side,
With precious metall, full as they might hold,
And in his lap an heape of coine he told;
For of his wicked pelfe his God he made,
And vnto hell himselfe for money sold;
Accursed vsury was all his trade,
And right and wrong ylike in equall ballance waide.

28

His life was nigh vnto deaths dore yplac't,
And thred-bare cote, and cobled shooes he ware,
Ne scarse good morsell all his life did taste,
But both from backe and belly still did spare,
To fill his bags, and riches to compare;
Yet chylde ne kinsman liuing had he none
To leaue them to; but thorough daily care
To get, and nightly feare to lose his owne,
He led a wretched life vnto him selfe vnknowne.

29

Most wretched wight, whom nothing might suffise,
Whose greedy lust did lack in greatest store,
Whose need had end, but no end couetise,
Whose wealth was want, whose plenty made him pore,
Who had enough, yet wished euermore;
A vile disease, and eke in foote and hand
A grieuous gout tormented him full sore,
That well he could not touch, nor go, nor stand:
Such one was *Auarice*, the fourth of this faire band.

30

And next to him malicious *Enuie* rode,
Vpon a rauenous Wolfe, and still did chaw
Betweene his cankred teeth a venemous tode,
That all the poison ran about his jaw;
But inwardly he chawed his owne maw
At neighbours wealth, that made him euer sad;
For death it was, when any good he saw,
And wept, that cause of weeping none he had:
But when he heard of harme, he wexed wondrous glad.

31

All in a kirtle of discolour'd Say
He clothed was, ypainted full of eyes;
And in his bosome secretly their lay
An hatefull Snake, the which his taile vpties
In many folds, and mortall sting implies.
Still as he rode, he gnasht his teeth, to see
Those heapes of gold with griple Couetise,
And grudged at the great felicitie
Of proude *Lucifera*, and his owne companie.

32
He hated all good works and vertuous deeds,
And him no leſſe, that any like did vſe:
And who with gracious bread the hungry feeds,
His almes for want of faith he doth accuſe;
So euery good to bad he doth abuſe:
And eke the verſe of famous Poets wit
He does backbite, and ſpightfull poyſon ſpues
From leprous mouth, on all that euer writ:
Such one vile *Enuie* was, that firſt in rowe did ſit.

33
And him beſide rides fierce revenging *Wrath*,
Vpon a Lion, loth for to be led;
And in his hand a burning brond he hath,
The which he brandiſheth about his head;
His eyes did hurle forth ſparkles fiery red,
And ſtared ſterne on all that him beheld,
As aſhes pale of hew and ſeeming dead;
And on his dagger ſtill his hand he held,
Trembling through haſty rage, when choler in him ſweld.

34
His ruffin raiment all was ſtaind with blood
Which he had ſpilt, and all to rags yrent,
Through vnadviſed raſhneſſe woxen wood;
For, of his hands he had no gouernment,
Ne car'd for bloud in his avengement:
But, when the furious fit was overpaſt,
His cruell facts he often would repent;
Yet wilfull man he neuer would forecaſt,
How many miſchieues ſhould enſue his heedleſſe haſt.

35
Full many miſchiefes follow cruell *Wrath*;
Abhorred bloudſhed, and tumultuous ſtrife,
Vnmanly murder, and vnthrifty ſcath,
Bitter deſpight, with rancours ruſty knife,
And fretting griefe the enemy of life;
All theſe, and many euills moe haunt ire,
The ſwelling Splene, and Phrenzy raging rife,
The ſhaking Palſey, and Saint *Fraunces* fire:
Such one was *Wrath*, the laſt of this vngodly tire.

36
And after all, vpon the wagon beame
Rode *Satan*, with a ſmarting whip in hand,
With which he forward laſht the lazie teame,
So oft as *Sloth* ſtill in the mire did ſtand.
Huge routs of people did about them band,
Showting for ioy, and ſtill before their way
A foggy miſt had couered all the land;
And vnderneath their feet, all ſcattered lay
Dead ſculs & bones of men, whoſe life had gone aſtray.

37
So forth they marchen in this goodly ſort,
To take the ſolace of the open aire,
And in freſh flowring fields themſelues to ſport;
Emongſt the reſt rode that falſe Lady faire,
The foule *Dueſſa*, next vnto the chaire
Of proud *Lucifera*, as one of the traine:
But that good Knight would not ſo nigh repaire,
Him ſelfe eſtranging from their ioyaunce vaine,
Whoſe fellowſhip ſeem'd far vnfit for warlike ſwaine.

38
So hauing ſolaced themſelues a ſpace,
With pleaſaunce of the breathing fields yfed,
They backe returned to the Princely Place;
Whereas an errant Knight in armes yeled,
And heathniſh ſhield, wherein with letters red,
Was writ *Sans ioy*, they new arriued find:
Enflam'd with fury and fierce hardy-head,
He ſeem'd in hart to harbour thoughts vnkind,
And nouriſh bloudy vengeance in his bitter mind.

39
Who when the ſhamed ſhield of ſlaine *Sansfoy*
He eſpide with that ſame Faery champions Page,
Bewraying him, that did of late deſtroy
His eldeſt brother, burning all with rage
He to him leapt, and that ſame envious gage
Of Victors glory from him ſnatcht away:
But th'Elfin Knight, which ought that warlike wage,
Diſdaind to loſe the meed hee wonne in fray,
And him re'ncountring fierce, reskewd the noble pray.

40
There-with they gan to hurlen greedily,
Redoubted battaile ready to darraine,
And claſh their ſhields, and ſhake their ſwords on hie,
That with their ſturre they troubled all the traine;
Till that great Queene vpon eternall paine
Of high diſpleaſure, that enſewen might,
Commaunded them their furie to refraine,
And if that either to that ſhield had right,
In equall liſts they ſhould the morrow next it fight.

41
Ah deareſt Dame (quoth then the Paynim bold)
Pardon the errour of enraged wight,
Whom great griefe made forget the raines to hold
Of reaſons rule, to ſee this recreant Knight,
No knight, but treachour full of falſe deſpight
And ſhamefull treaſon, who through guile hath ſlaine
The proweſt knight that euer field did fight,
Euen ſtout *Sansfoy* (O! who can then refraine?)
Whoſe ſhield he bears re'nverſt, the more to heap diſdaine.

42
And, to augment the glorie of his guile,
His deareſt loue the faire *Fideſſa* loe
Is there poſſeſſed of the traytour vile,
Who reapes the harueſt ſowen by his foe,
Sowen in bloudy field, and bought with woe:
That brothers hand ſhall dearly well requight,
So be, ô Queene, you equall fauour ſhowe.
Him little anſwerd th'angry Elfin knight;
He neuer meant with words, but ſwords, to plead his right.

43
But threw his gauntlet, as a ſacred pledge
His cauſe in combat the next day to try:
So been they parted both, with hearts on edge,
To be aveng'd each on his enemy.
That night they paſſe in ioy and iollity,
Feaſting and courting both in bowre and hall;
For Steward was exceſſiue *Gluttony*,
That of his plenty poured forth to all;
Which doen, the Chamberlain *Sloth* did to reſt them call.
Now

44
Now, when as darkſome night had all diſplaid
Her coale black curtaine ouer brighteſt ſky,
The warlike youths on daintie couches laid,
Did chace away ſweet ſleep from ſluggiſh eye,
To muſe on meanes of hoped victory.
But when as *Morpheus* had with leaden maſe
Arreſted all that courtly company,
Vp-roſe *Dueſſa* from her reſting place,
And to the Paynims lodging comes with ſilent paſe.

45
Whom broade awake ſhe finds, in troublous fit,
Forecaſting how his foe he might annoy,
And him amoues with ſpeeches ſeeming fit:
Ah deare *Sans ioy*, next deareſt to *Sansfoy*,
Cauſe of my new griefe, cauſe of my new ioy,
Ioyous, to ſee his image in mine eye,
And griev'd, to think how foe did him deſtroy,
That was the flowre of grace and chevalrie;
Lo, his *Fideſſa*, to thy ſecret faith I flie.

46
With gentle words he can her fairely greet,
And bad ſay on the ſecret of her hart.
Then ſighing ſoft, I learne that little ſweet
Oft tempred is (quoth ſhe) with muchell ſmart:
For, ſince my breſt was launc't with louely dart
Of deare *Sansfoy*, I neuer ioyed howre,
But in eternall woes my weaker hart
Haue waſted, louing him with all my powre,
And for his ſake haue felt full many an heauie ſtowre.

47
At laſt, when perils all I weened paſt,
And hop't to reape the crop of all my care,
Into new woes vnweeting I was caſt,
By this falſe faytor, who vnworthy ware
His worthy ſhield, whom he with guilefull ſnare
Entrapped ſlew, and brought to ſhamefull graue.
Me ſilly maid away with him he bare,
And euer ſince hath kept in darkſome caue,
For that I would not yeeld, that to *Sansfoy* I gaue.

48
But ſince faire ſunne hath ſperſt that lowring clowde,
And to my loathed life now ſhewes ſome light,
Vnder your beames I will me ſafely ſhrowde,
From dreaded ſtorme of his diſdainfull ſpight:
To you th'inheritance belongs by right
Of brothers praiſe, to you eke longs his loue.
Let not his loue, let not his reſtleſſe ſpright
Be vnreueng'd, that calls to you aboue
Frõ wandring *Stygian* ſhores, where it doth endleſſe moue.

49
Thereto ſaid he, faire Dame be nought diſmaid
For ſorrowes paſt; their griefe is with them gone:
Ne yet of preſent perill be affraid;
For, needleſſe feare did neuer vantage none,
And helpleſſe hap it booteth not to mone.
Dead is *Sansfoy*, his vitall paines are paſt,
Though grieued ghoſt for vengeance deep doe grone:
He liues, that ſhall him pay his duties laſt,
And guilty Elfin bloud ſhall ſacrifice in haſt.

50
O! but I feare the fickle freakes (quoth ſhe)
Of Fortune falſe, and oddes of armes in field.
Why Dame (quoth he) what oddes can euer be,
Where both doe fight alike, to win, or yield?
Yea, but (quoth ſhe) he beares a charmed ſhield,
And eke enchaunted armes, that none can pierce,
Ne none can wound the man that does them wield.
Charmd or enchaunted (anſwerd he then fierce)
I no whit reck, ne you the like need to reherſe.

51
But faire *Fideſſa*, ſithence Fortunes guile,
Or enemies powre hath now captiued you,
Returne from whence ye came, and reſt awhile
Till morrow next, that I the Elfe ſubdue,
And with *Sansfoyes* dead dowry you endue.
Ay me, that is a double death (ſhe ſaid)
With proude foes ſight my ſorrow to renue:
Where euer yet I be, my ſecret aide
Shall followe you. So paſſing forth, ſhee him obaide.

Canto

Canto V.

The faithfull knight in equall field
subdues his faithlesse foe:
Whom false Duessa saues, and for
his cure to hell does goe.

1

THe noble hart, that harbours vertuous thought,
And is with child of glorious great intent,
Can neuer rest, vntill it forth haue brought
Th'eternall broode of glory excellent:
Such restlesse passion did all night torment
The flaming courage of that Faery Knight,
Deuising, how that doughty turnament
With greatest honour he atchieuen might;
Still did he wake, and still did watch for dawning light.

2

At last, the golden Orientall gate
Of greatest heauen gan to open faire,
And *Phœbus* fresh, as bridegrome to his mate,
Came dauncing forth, shaking his deawie haire:
And hurles his glistring beames through gloomy aire.
Which when the wakefull Elfe perceiu'd, straight way
He started vp, and did himselfe prepare,
In sun-bright armes, and battailous array:
For with that Pagan proude he combat will that day.

3

And forth he comes into the common hall,
Where earely waite him many a gazing eye,
To weet what end to stranger Knights may fall.
There many Minstrales maken melody,
To driue away the dull melancholy,
And many Bardes, that to the trembling chord
Can tune their timely voices cunningly,
And many Chronielers, that can record
Old loues, and warres for Ladies doen by many a Lord.

4

Soone after comes the cruell Sarazin,
In wouen maile all armed warily,
And sternly lookes at him, who not a pin
Does care for looke of liuing creatures eye.
They bring them wines of *Greece*, and *Araby*,
And dainty spices fetcht from furthest *Ind*,
To kindle heate of courage privily:
And in the wine a solemne oath they bind
T'obserue the sacred lawes of armes that are assign'd.

5

At last, forth comes that farre renowmed Queene,
With royall pomp and Princely maiestie;
Shee is ybrought vnto a paled Greene,
And placed vnder stately Canapee,
The warlike feates of both those knights to see.
On th'other side, in all mens open view
Duessa placed is, and on a tree
Sans foy his shield is hangd with bloody hew:
Both those the lawrell girlonds to the victor dew.

6

A shrilling trumpet sounded from on hie,
And vnto battaile bad themselues addresse:
Their shining shields about their wrists they tie,
And burning blades about their heads doe blesse,
The instruments of wrath and heauinesse:
With greedy force each other doth assaile,
And strike so fiercely, that they doe impresse
Deepe dinted furrowes in the battred maile;
The iron walls to ward their blowes are weake and fraile.

7

The Sarazin was stout, and wondrous strong,
And heaped blowes like iron hammers great:
For, after bloud and vengeance he did long.
The knight was fierce, and full of youthly heat:
And doubled strokes, like dreaded thunders threat:
For, all for praise and honour he did fight.
Both striken strike, and beaten both doe beat,
That from their shields forth flieth firie light,
And helmets hewen deepe, shew marks of eithers might.

8

So th'one for wrong, the other striues for right:
As when a Griffon, seized of his pray,
A Dragon fierce encountreth in his flight,
Through widest ayre making his ydle way,
That would his rightfull raine rend away:
With hideous horrour both together smight,
And souce so sore, that they the heauens affray.
The wise Soothsayer, seeing so sad sight,
Th'amazed vulgar tells of warres and mortall fight.

9

So th'one for wrong, the other striues for right,
And each to deadly shame would driue his foe:
The cruell steele so greedily doth bite
In tender flesh, that streames of bloud downe flowe,
With which the armes, that earst so bright did showe
Into a pure vermillion now are dide:
Great ruth in all the gazers harts did growe,
Seeing the gored wounds to gape so wide,
That victory they dare not wish to either side.

10

At last, the Paynim chaunst to cast his eye,
His suddaine eye, flaming with wrathfull fire,
Vpon his brothers shield, which hung thereby:
Therewith redoubled was his raging ire,
And said, Ah wretched sonne of wofull sire,
Doost thou sit wayling by blacke *Stygian* lake,
Whil'st heere thy shield is hangd for victors hire,
And sluggish german doost thy foes forces slake,
To after-send his foe, that him may ouertake?

11

Goe caitiue Elfe, him quickly ouertake,
And soone redeeme from his long wandring woe;
Goe guilty ghost, to him my message make,
That I his shield haue quit from dying foe.
There-with vpon his crest he strooke him so,
That twice hee reeled, ready twice to fall;
End of the doubtfull battell deemed tho
The lookers on, and lowd to him gan call
The false *Duessa*, Thine the shield, and I, and all.

12

Soone as the Faerie heard his Ladie speake,
Out of his swowning dreame he gan awake,
And quickning faith, that earst was woxen weake,
The creeping deadly cold away did shake:
Tho mov'd with wrath, and shame, and Ladies sake,
Of all attonce he cast aveng'd to be,
And with so'exceeding furie at him strake,
That forced him to stoope vpon his knee;
Had he not stooped so, he should haue clouen bee.

13

And to him said, Goe now proude Miscreant,
Thy selfe thy message doe to german deare;
Alone he wandring thee too long doth want:
Goe, say his foe thy shield with his doth beare.
There-with his heauie hand he high gan reare,
Him to haue slaine; when loe, a darksome clowde
Vpon him fell: he no where doth appeare,
But vanisht is. The Elfe him calls alowde,
But answer none receiues: the darknes him does shrowde.

14

In haste *Duessa* from her place arose,
And to him running said, ô proweſt knight,
That euer Lady to her loue did chose,
Let now abate the terror of your might,
And quench the flame of furious despight,
And bloody vengeance; lo, th'infernall powres
Couering your foe with cloude of deadly night,
Haue borne him hence to *Plutoes* balefull bowres.
The conquest yours, I yours, the shield, and glory yours.

15

Not all so satisfide, with greedie eye
He sought all round about, his thirstie blade
To bathe in bloud of faithlesse enemy;
Who all that while lay hid in secret shade:
He stands amazed, how he thence should fade.
At last the trumpets, Triumph sound on hie,
And running Heralds humble homage made,
Greeting him goodly with new victory,
And to him brought the shield, the cause of enmitie.

16

Where-with he goeth to that soveraigne Queene;
And falling her before on lowely knee,
To her makes present of his service seene:
Which shee accepts, with thanks, and goodly gree,
Greatly aduauncing his gay cheualree.
So marcheth home, and by her takes the Knight,
Whom all the people follow with great glee,
Shouting, and clapping all their hands on hight,
That all the aire it fills, and flies to heauen bright.

17

Home is he brought, and laid in sumptuous bed:
Where many skilfull leaches him abide,
To salue his hurts, that yet still freshly bled.
In wine and oyle they washen his wounds wide,
And softly can embalme on euery side.
And all the while, most heauenly melody
About the bed sweet musicke did divide,
Him to beguile of griefe and agony:
And all the while *Duessa* wept full bitterly.

18

As when a wearie traueller that straies
By muddy shore of broad seuen-mouthed *Nile*,
Vnweeting of the perillous wandring waies,
Doth meet a cruell craftie Crocodile,
Which in false griefe hiding his harmefull guile,
Doth weepe full sore, and sheddeth tender teares:
The foolish man, that pitties all this while
His mournefull plight, is swallowd vp vnwares,
Forgetfull of his owne, that mindes anothers cares.

19

So wept *Duessa* vntill eventide,
That shining lamps in *Ioues* high house were light:
Then forth she rose, ne lenger would abide,
But comes vnto the place, where th'Heathen knight
In slumbring swoune nigh voyd of vitall spright,
Lay couer'd with inchaunted cloude all day:
Whom when she found, as she him left in plight,
To waile his woefull case she would not stay,
But to the Easterne coast of heauen makes speedy way.

23

Where griesly *Night*, with visage deadly sad,
That *Phœbus* cheerefull face durst neuer view,
And in a foule black pitchie mantle clad,
She findes forth comming from her darkesome mew,
Where she all day did hide her hated hew.
Before the dore her iron charet stood,
Already harnessed for iourney new;
And coleblack steeds yborne of hellish brood,
That on their rustie bits did champ, as they were wood.

21
Who when she saw *Duessa* sunny bright,
Adornd with gold and iewels shining cleare,
Shee greatly grew amazed at the sight,
And th'vnacquainted light began to feare:
(For neuer did such brightnesse there appeare)
And would haue back retired to her Caue,
Vntill the witches speech she gan to heare,
Saying, yet ô thou dreaded Dame, I craue
Abide, till I haue told the message which I haue.

22
Shee staid, and foorth *Duessa* gan proceed,
O thou most ancient Grandmother of all,
More old then *Ioue*, whom thou at first didst breed,
Or that great house of Gods cælestiall,
Which wast begot in *Dæmogorgons* hall,
And saw'st the secrets of the world vnmade,
Why suffredst thou thy Nephewes deare to fall
With Elfin sword, most shamefully betraide?
Lo, where the stout *Sans ioy* doth sleepe in deadly shade.

23
And, him before, I saw with bitter eyes
The bold *Sans foy* shrinke vnderneath his speare;
And now the prey of fowles in field he lyes,
Nor waild of friends, nor laid on groning beare,
That whilome was to mee too dearely deare.
O! what of Gods then boots it to be borne,
If old *Aveugles* sonnes so euill heare?
Or who shall not great *Nights* drad children scorne,
When two of three her Nephews are so foule forlorne?

24
Vp then, vp dreary Dame, of darknesse Queene,
Goe gather vp the reliques of thy race,
Or else goe them avenge, and let be seene
That dreaded *Night* in brightest day hath place,
And can the children of faire *Light* deface.
Her feeling speeches some compassion moued
In heart, and change in that great mothers face:
Yet pittie in her heart was neuer proued
Till then: and euermore she hated, neuer loued.

25
And said, Deare daughter rightly may I rew
The fall of famous children borne of mee,
And good successes, which their foes ensue:
But who can turne the streame of destinie,
Or breake the chaine of strong necessitie,
Which fast is tide to *Ioues* eternall seate?
The sonnes of *Day* he fauoureth, I see,
And by my ruines thinks to make them great:
To make one great by others losse, is bad excheat.

26
Yet shall they not escape so freely all;
For some shall pay the price of others guilt:
And he the man that made *Sans foy* to fall,
Shall with his owne blood price that he hath spilt.
But what art thou, that tell'st of Nephewes kilt?
I that doe seeme not I, *Duessa* am,
(Quoth shee) how euer now in garments gilt,
And gorgeous gold arraid I to thee came;
Duessa I, the daughter of Deceit and Shame.

27
Then bowing downe her aged backe, she kist
The wicked witch, saying; In that faire face,
The false resemblance of Deceit, I wist,
Did closely lurke; yet so true-seeming grace
It carried, that I scarce in darksome place
Could it discerne, though I the mother be
Of Falshood, and root of *Duessaes* race.
O welcome child, whom I haue long'd to see,
And now haue seene vnwares. Lo, now I go with thee.

28
Then to her iron wagon she betakes,
And with her beares the foule welfauourd witch:
Through mirksome aire her ready way she makes.
Her twyfold Teme (of which, two blacke as pitch,
And two were browne, yet each to each vnlich)
Did softly swim away, ne euer stampe,
Vnlesse she chaunc't their stubborne mouths to twitch
Then, foming tarre, their bridles they would champe,
And trampling the fine element, would fiercely rampe.

29
So well they sped, that they be come at length
Vnto the place whereas the Paynim lay,
Deuoid of outward sense, and natiue strength,
Couerd with charmed cloude from view of day,
And sight of men, since his late luckelesse fray.
His cruell wounds with cruddy bloud congealed,
They binden vp so wisely as they may,
And handle softly, till they can be healed:
So lay him in her charet, close in night concealed.

30
And all the while shee stood vpon the ground,
The wakefull dogs did neuer cease to bay,
As giuing warning of th'vnwonted sound,
With which her iron wheeles did them affray,
And her darke griesly looke them much dismay;
The messenger of death, the ghastly Owle,
With drearie shriekes did also her bewray;
And hungry Wolues continually did howle,
At her abhorred face, so filthy and so foule.

31
Thence turning backe in silence soft they stole,
And brought the heauie corse with easie pase
To yawning gulfe of deepe *Avernus hole*.
By that same hole, an entrance, darke and base
With smoake and sulphure hiding all the place,
Descends to hell: there creature neuer past,
That backe returned without heauenly grace;
But dreadfull *Furies*, which their chaines haue brast,
And damned sprights sent forth to make ill men agast.

32
By that same way the direfull dames doe driue
Their mournefull charet, fild with rusty blood,
And downe to *Plutoes* house are come biliue:
Which passing through, on euery side them stood
The trembling ghosts with sad amazed mood,
Chattring their iron teeth, and staring wide
With stonie eyes; and all the hellish brood
Of fiends infernall flockt on euery side,
To gaze on earthly wight, that with the Night durst ride.

33
They passe the bitter waues of *Acheron*,
Where many soules sit wailing woefully,
And come to fiery flood of *Phlegeton*,
Whereas the damned ghosts in torments fry,
And with sharpe shrilling shrieks doe bootlesse cry,
Cursing high *Ioue*, the which them thither sent.
The house of endlesse paine is built thereby,
In which, ten thousand sorts of punishment
The cursed creatures doe eternally torment.

34
Before the threshold, dreadfull *Cerberus*
His three deformed heads did lay along,
Curled with thousand Adders venemous,
And lilled forth his bloudie flaming tong:
At them he gan to reare his bristles strong,
And felly gnarre, vntill daies enemy
Did him appease; then downe his taile he hong,
And suffered them to passen quietly:
For, shee in hell and heauen had power equally.

35
There was *Ixion* turned on a wheele,
For daring tempt the Queene of heauen to sin;
And *Sisyphus* an huge round stone did reele
Against an hill, ne might from labour lin;
There thirstie *Tantalus* hung by the chin;
And *Tityus* fed a vulture on his maw;
Typhœus ioynts were stretched on a gin,
Theseus condemn'd to endlesse sloth by law,
And fiftie sisters water in leake vessels draw.

36
They all, beholding worldly wights in place,
Leaue off their worke, vnmindfull of their smart,
To gaze on them; who forth by them doe pase,
Till they be come vnto the furthest part:
Where was a Caue ywrought by wondrous art,
Deepe, darke, vneasie, dolefull, comfortlesse,
In which sad *Aesculapius* farre apart
Emprisond was in chaines remediless,
For that *Hippolytus* rent corse hee did redresse.

37
Hippolytus a iolly huntsman was,
That wont in charet chace the foaming Bore;
He all his Peeres in beauty did surpass,
But Ladies loue, as losse of time forbore:
His wanton stepdame loued him the more,
But when she saw her offred sweets refused,
Her loue shee turn'd to hate, and him before
His father fierce, of treason false accused,
And with her iealous termes, his open eares abused.

38
Who, all in rage, his Sea-god syre besought
Some cursed vengeance on his sonne to cast:
From surging gulf two monsters straight were brought,
With dread whereof his chasing steedes agast,
Both charet swift and huntsman ouercast.
His goodly corps on ragged clifts yrent,
Was quite dismembred, and his members chaste
Scattred on euery mountaine, as he went,
That of *Hippolitus* was left no moniment.

39
His cruell stepdame seeing what was done,
Her wicked dayes with wretched knife did end,
In death avowing th'innocence of her sonne.
Which hearing his rash Sire, began to rend
His haire, and hastie tongue, that did offend:
Tho gathering vp the reliques of his smart
By *Dianes* meanes, who was *Hippolyts* friend,
Them brought to *Aesculape*, that by his art
Did heale them all againe, and ioyned euery part.

40
Such wondrous science in mans wit to raigne
When *Ioue* aviz'd, that could the dead reviue,
And fates expired could renue againe,
Of endlesse life he might him not depriue,
But vnto hell did thrust him downe alriue,
With flashing thunderbolt ywounded sore:
Where long remaining, he did alwaies striue
Himselfe with salues to health for to restore,
And slake the heauenly fire, that raged euermore.

41
There auncient *Night* arriving, did alight
From her high wearie waine, and in her armes
To *Aesculapius* brought the wounded knight:
Whom hauing softly disarraid of armes,
Tho gan to him discouer all his harmes,
Beseeching him with prayer, and with praise,
If either salues, or oyles, or herbes, or charmes
A fordone wight from dore of death mote raise,
Hee would at her request prolong her nephewes daies.

42
Ah Dame (quoth hee) thou temptest mee in vaine,
To dare the thing which daily yet I rue,
And the old cause of my continued paine
With like attempt to like end to renue.
Is not enough, that thrust from heauen due
Heere endlesse penance for one fault I pay,
But that redoubled crime with vengeance new
Thou biddest mee to eeke? Can *Night* defray
The wrath of thundring *Ioue*, that rules both night & day?

43
Not so (quoth shee) but sith that heauens king
From hope of heauen hath thee excluded quight,
Why fearest thou, that canst not hope for thing,
And fearest not, that more thee hurten might,
Now in the powre of euerlasting *Night*?
Goe to then, ô thou farre renowmed sonne
Of great *Apollo*, shew thy famous might
In medicine, that else hath to thee wonne
Great paines, & greater praise, both neuer to be donne.

44
Her words prevaild: And then the learned leach
His cunning hand gan to his wounds to lay,
And all things else, the which his art did teach:
Which hauing seene, from thence arose away
The mother of dread darknesse, and let stay
Aveugles sonne there in the Leaches cure,
And backe returning tooke her wonted way,
To runne her timely race, whilst *Phœbus* pure
In westerne waues his wearie wagon did recure,

45
The false *Duessa* leauing noyous Night,
Returnd to stately Palace of dame Pride;
Where when she came, she found the Faerie knight
Departed thence, albe his woundez wide,
Not throughly heald, vnreadie were to ride.
Good cause he had to hasten thence away;
For on a day his wary Dwarfe had spide,
Where in a dungeon deepe huge numbers lay
Of caytiue wretched thrals, that wailed night and day.

46
A ruefull sight, as could be seene with eye;
Of whom he learned had in secret wise
The hidden cause of their captiuitie,
How mortgaging their liues to *Couetise*,
Through wastefull Pride, and wanton Riotise,
They were by law of that proude Tyrannesse
Provokt with *Wrath*, and *Enuies* false surmise,
Condemned to that Dungeon mercilesse,
Where they should liue in woe, and die in wretchednesse.

47
There was that great proude king of *Babylon*,
That would compell all nations to adore
And him as onely God to call vpon,
Till through celestiall doome throwne out of dore,
Into an Oxe he was transform'd of yore:
There also was king *Cræsus*, that enhaunst
His heart too high through his great riches store;
And proude *Antiochus*, the which aduaunc't
His cursed hand gainst God, and on his altars daunc't.

48
And them long time before, great *Nimrod* was,
That first the world with sword and fire warraid;
And after him, old *Ninus* farre did pas
In princely pomp, of all the world obaid;
There also was that mightie Monarch laid
Lowe vnder all, yet aboue all in pride,
That name of natiue sire did foule vpbraid,
And would as *Ammons* sonne be magnifide,
Till scornd of God and man a shamefull death he dide.

49
All these together in one heape were throwne,
Like carkases of beasts in butchers stall.
And in another corner wide were strowne
The antique ruines of the *Romaines* fall:
Great *Romulus* the Grandsire of them all,
Proude *Tarquin*, and too lordly *Lentulus*,
Stout *Scipio*, and stubborne *Hanniball*,
Ambitious *Sylla*, and sterne *Marius*,
High *Cæsar*, great *Pompey*, and fierce *Antonius*.

50
Amongst these mighty men, were wemen mixt,
Proud wemen, vaine, forgetfull of their yoke:
The bold *Semiramis*, whose sides transfixt
With sonnes owne blade, her foule reproches spoke;
Faire *Sthenobœa*, that her selfe did choke
With wilfull cord, for wanting of her will;
High minded *Cleopatra*, that with stroke
Of Aspes sting her selfe did stoutly kill:
And thousands moe the like, that did that dungeon fill.

51
Besides the endlesse routs of wretched thralles,
Which thither were assembled day by day,
From all the world after their wofull falls,
Through wicked pride, and wasted wealthes decay.
But most of all, which in the Dungeon lay,
Fell from high Princes courts, or Ladies bowres,
Where they in idle pomp, or wanton play,
Consumed had their goods, and thriftlesse howres,
And lastly throwne themselues into these heauy stowres.

52
Whose case when as the carefull Dwarfe had told,
And made ensample of their mournefull sight
Vnto his Maister, he no lenger would
There dwell in perill of like painefull plight,
But early rose, and ere that dawning light
Discouered had the world to heauen wide,
He by a priuie Posterne tooke his flight,
That of no enuious eyes he mote be spide:
For, doubtlesse death ensewd, if any him descride.

53
Scarce could he footing find in that foule way,
For many corses, like a great Lay-stall
Of murdred men which therein strowed lay,
Without remorse, or decent funerall:
Which all through that great Princesse pride did fall
And came to shamefull end. And them beside
Forth riding vnderneath the castell wall,
A dunghill of dead carkases he spide,
The dreadfull spectacle of that sad house of *Pride*.

Canto VI.

From lawlesse lust by wondrous grace
faire Vna is releast:
Whom saluage nation does adore,
and learnes her wise beheast.

1
As when a ship, that flies faire vnder saile,
An hidden rocke escaped hath vnwares,
That lay in waite her wrack for to bewaile,
The Mariner yet halfe amazed stares
At perill past, and yet it dout ne dares
To ioy at his foole-happy ouersight:
So doubly is distrest twixt ioy and cares
The dreadlesse courage of this Elfin knight,
Hauing escap't so sad ensamples in his sight.

2
Yet sad hee was that his too hasty speed,
The faire *Duessa* had forc't him leaue behind;
And yet more sad, that *Vna* his deare dreed
Her truth had staind with treason so vnkind;
Yet crime in her could neuer creature find,
But for his loue, and for her owne selfe sake,
She wandred had from one to other *Ind*,
Him for to seeke, ne euer would forsake,
Till her vnwares the fierce *Sansloy* did ouertake.

3
Who, after *Archimagoes* foule defeat,
Led her away into a forrest wilde,
And turning wrathfull fire to lustfull heat,
With beastly sin thought her to haue defilde,
And made the vassall of his pleasures vild.
Yet first hee cast by treatie, and by traines,
Her to perswade, that stubborne fort to yield:
For, greater conquest of hard loue he gaines,
That works it to his will, then he that it constraines.

4
With fawning words hee courted her awhile,
And looking louely, and oft sighing sore,
Her constant hart did tempt with diuers guile:
But words, and lookes, and sighes shee did abhore,
As rock of Diamond, stedfast euermore.
Yet for to feed his firie lustfull eye,
He snatcht the veile, that hung her face before;
Then gan her beauty shine, as brightest sky,
And burnt his beastly hart t'efforce her chastitie.

5
So when hee saw his flatt'ring arts to faile,
And subtile engines bet from batterie,
With greedy force he gan the fort assaile,
Whereof hee weend possessed soone to bee,
And with rich spoile of ransackt chastitie.
Ah heauens! that doe this hideous act behold,
And heauenly virgin thus outraged see,
How can ye vengeance iust so long with-hold,
And hurle not flashing flames vpon that Paynim bold?

6
The pittious maiden, carefull, comfortlesse,
Does throw out thrilling shriekes, & shrieking cryes,
The last vaine help of womens great distresse,
And with loud plaints importuneth the skyes,
That molten starres doe drop like weeping eyes;
And *Phœbus* flying so most shamefull sight,
His blushing face in foggy cloud implyes,
And hides for shame. What wit of mortall wight
Can now deuise to quit a thrall from such a plight?

7
Eternall providence, exceeding thought,
Where none appeares can make her selfe a way:
A wondrous way it for this Lady wrought,
From Lyons clawes to pluck the griped pray.
Her shrill out-cryes and shriekes so loud did bray,
That all the woods and forrests did resound;
A troupe of *Faunes* and *Satyres* far away
Within the wood were dauncing in a round,
Whiles old *Sylvanus* slept in shady arbour sound:

8
Who, when they heard that pittious strained voice,
In haste forsooke their rurall merriment,
And ran towards the far rebounded noise,
To weet what wight so loudly did lament.
Vnto the place they come incontinent:
Whom when the raging Sarazin espide,
A rude, misshapen, monstrous rablement,
Whose like he neuer saw, he durst not bide,
But got his ready steed, and fast away gan ride.

9
The wilde Wood-gods, arriued in the place,
There find the virgin dolefull desolate,
With ruffled rayments, and faire blubbred face,
As her outragious foe had left her late,
And trembling yet through feare of former hate;
All stand amazed at so vncouth sight,
And gin to pitty her vnhappy state,
All stand astonied at her beauty bright,
In their rude eyes vnworthy of so wofull plight.

10
She more amaz'd in double dread doth dwell;
And euery tender part for feare does shake:
As when a greedy Wolfe through hunger fell
A silly Lamb farre from the flock does take,
Of whom hee meanes his bloudie feast to make,
A Lyon spyes fast running towards him,
The innocent prey in haste hee does forsake,
Which quit from death, yet quakes in euery lim
With change of feare, to see the Lyon looke so grim:

11
Such fearefull fit assaid her trembling hart,
Ne word to speake, ne ioynt to moue she had:
The salvage nation feele her secret smart,
And read her sorrow in her count'nance sad;
Their frowning forheads with rough hornes yclad,
And rustick horrour all aside doe lay,
And gently grenning, shew a semblance glad
To comfort her, and feare to put away,
Their backward bent knees teach, her humbly to obay.

12
The doubtfull Damzell dare not yet commit
Her single person to their barbarous truth;
But still through feare and hope amaz'd does sit,
Late learnd what harme to hastie trust ensu'th:
They, in compassion of her tender youth,
And wonder of her beautie soueraine,
Are wonne with pitty and vnwonted ruth,
And all prostrate vpon the lowely Plaine,
Do kisse her feet, & fawne on her with count'nance faine.

13
Their hearts shee gheseth by their humble guise,
And yields her to extremitie of time;
So, from the ground shee feareless doth arise,
And walketh forth without suspect of crime:
They all, as glad as birds of ioyous Prime,
Thence lead her forth, about her dauncing round,
Shouting, and singing all a Shepheards rime,
And with greene branches strowing all the ground,
Doe worship her, as Queene, with Oliue girlond crownd.

14
And all the way their merry pipes they sound,
That all the woods with double Eccho ring,
And with their horned feet doe weare the ground,
Leaping like wanton kids in pleasant Spring.
So towards old *Syluanus* they her bring;
Who, with the noise awaked, commeth out,
To weet the cause, his weake steps gouerning,
And aged limbs on Cypresse stadle stout,
And with an Ivie twine his waste is girt about.

15
Farre off hee wonders, what them makes so glad,
Of *Bacchus* merry fruit they did invent,
Or *Cybels* frantick rites haue made them mad;
They drawing nigh, vnto their God present
That flowre of faith and beautie excellent.
The God himselfe, viewing that mirrour rare,
Stood long amaz'd, and burnt in his intent;
His owne faire *Driope* now he thinks not faire,
And *Pholoe* foule, when her to this he doth compare.

16
The wood-borne people fall before her flat,
And worship her as Goddesse of the wood;
And old *Syluanus* selfe bethinks not, what
To thinke of wight so faire, but gazing stood,
In doubt to deeme her borne of earthly brood;
Sometimes Dame *Venus* selfe he seemes to see:
But *Venus* neuer had so sober mood;
Sometimes *Diana* he her takes to bee,
But misseth bowe, and shafts, and buskins to her knee.

17
By view of her hee ginneth to reuiue
His ancient loue, and dearest *Cyparisse*,
And calls to mind his pourtraiture aliue,
How faire he was, and yet not faire to this,
And how hee slew with glauncing dart amiss
A gentle Hind, the which the louely boy
Did loue as life, aboue all worldly bliss;
For griefe whereof the lad n'ould after ioy,
But pynd away in anguish and self-will'd annoy.

18
The vvooddy Nymphes, faire *Hamadryades*,
Her to behold doe thither runne apace,
And all the troupe of light-foote *Naiades*
Flock all about to see her louely face:
But when they viewed haue her heauenly grace,
They envie her in their malicious mind,
And flie away for feare of foule disgrace:
But all the *Satyres* scorne their wooddy kind,
And henceforth nothing faire, but her on earth they find.

19
Glad of such luck, the luckelesse lucky maid,
Did her content to please their feeble eyes,
And long time with that salvage people staid,
To gather breath in many miseries.
During which time, her gentle wit she plies
To teach them truth, which worshipt her in vaine,
And made her th'Image of Idolatries;
But when their bootlesse zeale she did restraine
From her owne worship, they her Asse wold worship faine.

20.
It fortuned a noble warlike Knight
By iust occasion to that forrest came,
To seeke his kindred, and the linage right,
From whence he tooke his well deserued name:
He had in armes abroad wonne muchell fame,
And fild farre lands with glorie of his might,
Plaine, faithfull, true, and enemy of shame,
And euer lov'd to fight for Ladies right,
But in vaine glorious frayes he little did delight.

A Sa-

21
A Satyres sonne, yborne in forrest wilde,
By strange adventure as it did betide,
And there begotten of a Lady milde,
Faire *Thyamis*, the daughter of *Labryde*,
That was in sacred bands of wedlock tide
To *Therion*, a loose vnruly swaine;
Who had more ioy to range the forrest wide,
And chase the salvage beast with busie paine,
Then serue his Ladies loue, and waste in pleasures vaine.

22
The forlorne maid did with loues longing burne,
And could not lacke her louers company;
But to the wood she goes, to serue her turne,
And seeke her spouse, that from her still does flie,
And followes other game and venery:
A Satyre chaunc't her wandring for to finde,
And kindling coales of lust in brutish eye,
The loyall links of wedlock did vnbinde,
And made her person thrall vnto his beastly kinde.

23
So long in secret cabin there he held
Her captiue to his sensuall desire,
Till that with timely fruite her belly sweld,
And bore a boy vnto that saluage sire:
Then home he suffred her for to retire,
For raunsome leauing him the late borne childe;
VVhom till to riper yeeres he gan aspire,
He nourtled vp in life and manners wilde,
Emongst wilde beasts & woods, from lawes of men exilde.

24
For, all he taught the tender Imp, was but
To banish cowardize and bastard feare;
His trembling hand he would him force to put
Vpon the Lyon, and the rugged Beare,
And from the she Beares teats her whelps to teare;
And eke wilde roring Bulls hee would him make
To tame, and ride their backs not made to beare;
And the Robucks in flight to ouertake,
That euery beast for feare of him did flie and quake.

25
Thereby so feareless, and so fell he grew,
That his owne sire and maister of his guise,
Did often tremble at his horrid view,
And oft for dread of hurt would him aduise,
The angry beasts not rashly to despise,
Nor too much to prouoke; for he would learne
The Lyon stoupe to him in lowely wise,
(A lesson hard) and make the Libbard stearne
Leaue roaring, when in rage he for reuenge did yearne.

26
And for to make his powre approued more,
VVilde beasts in iron yokes he would compell;
The spotted Panther, and the tusked Bore,
The Pardale swift, and the Tigre cruell;
The Antelope, and Wolfe, both fierce and fell;
And them constraine in equall teame to draw.
Such ioy he had, their stubborne harts to quell,
And sturdie courage tame with dreadfull awe,
That his beheast they feared, as proud tyrants lawe.

27
His louing mother came vpon a day
Vnto the woods, to see her little sonne;
And chaunc't vnwares to meet him in the way,
After his sports, and cruell pastime done,
When after him a Lyoneesse did runne,
That roaring all with rage, did loude requere
Her children deare, whom he away had vvonne:
The Lyon vvhelps she saw how he did beare,
And lull in rugged armes, withouten childish feare.

28
The fearefull Dame all quaked at the sight,
And turning back, gan fast to flie away,
Vntill with loue revok't from vaine affright,
She hardly yet perswaded was to stay,
And then to him these womanish words gan say;
Ah *Satyrane*, my dearling, and my ioy,
For loue of mee leaue off this dreadfull play;
To dally thus vvith death, is no fit toy,
Goe find some other play-fellowes, mine own sweet boy.

29
In these, and like delights of bloudy game
He trained was, till riper yeeres he raught;
And there abode, whilst any beast of name
Walkt in that forest, whom he had not taught
To feare his force: and then his courage haught
Desir'd of forraine foemen to be knowne,
And farre abroad for strange adventures sought:
In which his might was neuer overthrowne,
But through all Faery lond his famous worth was blowne.

30
Yet euermore it was his manner faire,
After long labours and adventures spent,
Vnto those natiue vvoods for to repaire,
To see his Sire and ofspring auncient.
And now he thither came for like intent;
Where he vnwares the fairest *Vna* found,
Strange Lady, in so strange habiliment,
Teaching the Satyres, which her sat around,
True sacred lore, which from her sweet lips did redound.

31
He wondred at her wisedome heauenly rare,
VVhose like in womens wit he neuer knew;
And when her curteous deeds he did compare,
Gan her admire, and her sad sorrowes rew,
Blaming of Fortune, which such troubles threw,
And ioyd to make proofe of her crueltie
On gentle Dame, so hurtlesse, and so true:
Thenceforth he kept her goodly company,
And learnd her discipline of faith and veritie.

32
But shee, all vow'd vnto the *Redcrosse* Knight,
His wandring peril closely did lament,
Ne in this new acquaintance could delight,
But her deare heart with anguish did torment,
And all her wit in secret counsels spent,
How to escape. At last, in priuie wise
To *Satyrane* shee shewed her intent;
VVho glad to gaine such fauour, gan deuise,
How with that pensiue Maid he best might thence arise.

33
So, on a day, when Satyres all were gone
To doe their ſeruice to *Syluanus* old,
The gentle virgin (left behind alone)
He led away with courage ſtout and bold.
Too late it was to Satyres to be told,
Or euer hope recouer her againe:
In vaine he ſeekes, that hauing cannot hold.
So faſt he carried her with careſull paine,
That they the woods are paſt, and come now to the Plaine.

34
The better part now of the lingring day,
They trauaild had, when as they far eſpide
A weary wight forwandring by the way,
And towards him they gan in haſte to ride,
To weet of newes, that did abroad betide,
Or tydings of her knight of the *Redcroſſe*.
But hee them ſpying, gan to turne aſide,
For feare, as ſeem'd, or for ſome feigned loſſe;
More greedy they of newes, faſt towards him do croſſe.

35
A ſilly man, in ſimple weedes forworne,
And ſoild with duſt of the long dried way;
His ſandales were with toileſome trauell torne,
And face all tand with ſcorching ſunny ray,
As he had trauiled many a ſommers day,
Through boyling ſands of *Araby* and *Ind*;
And in his hand a *Iacobs* ſtaffe, to ſtay
His wearie limbes vpon: and eke behind,
His ſcrip did hang, in which his needments he did bind.

36
The Knight approching nigh, of him inquerd
Tydings of warre, and of adventures new;
But warres, nor new adventures none he herd.
Then *Vna* gan to aske, if ought he knew,
Or heard abroad of that her champion true,
That in his armour bare a croſſet red.
Aye mee, deare Dame (quoth hee) well may I rue
To tell the ſad ſight, which mine eyes haue read:
Theſe eyes did ſee that Knight both liuing and eke dead.

37
That cruell word her tender hart ſo thrild,
That ſuddaine cold did runne through euery vaine,
And ſtony horrour all her ſenſes fild
With dying fit, that downe ſhe fell for paine.
The knight her lightly reared vp againe,
And comforted with curteous kind reliefe:
Then wonne from death, ſhee bade him tellen plaine
The further proceſſe of her hidden griefe;
The leſſer pangs can beare, who hath endur'd the chiefe.

38
Then gan the Pilgrim thus, I chaunc't this day,
This fatall day, that ſhall I euer rew,
To ſee two Knights in trauell on my way
(A ſory ſight) arrang'd in battell new,
Both breathing vengeance, both of wrathfull hew:
My feareſull fleſh did tremble at their ſtrife,
To ſee their blades ſo greedily imbrew,
That drunk with bloud, yet thirſted after life: (knife.
What more? the *Redcroſſe* knight was ſlaine with Paynim

39
Ah deareſt Lord (quoth ſhee) how might that bee,
And he the ſtouteſt Knight that euer wonne?
Ah deareſt Dame (quoth he) how might I ſee
The thing that might not be, and yet was donne?
Where is (ſaid *Satyrane*) that Paynims ſonne,
That him of life, and vs of ioy hath reft?
Not farre away (quoth hee) hee hence doth wonne
Foreby a fountaine, where I late him left (cleft.
Waſhing his bloudy wounds, that through the ſteele were

40
There-with the Knight thence marched forth in haſt,
Whiles *Vna* with huge heauineſſe oppreſt,
Could not for ſorrow follow him ſo faſt;
And ſoone he came, as he the place had gheſt,
Whereas that Pagan proude himſelfe did reſt,
In ſecret ſhadow by a fountaine ſide:
Euen hee it was, that earſt would haue ſuppreſt
Faire *Vna*: whom when *Satyrane* eſpide,
With foule reprochefull words he boldly him deſide.

41
And ſaid, Ariſe thou curſed Miſcreant,
That haſt with knightleſſe guile and trecherous traine,
Faire knighthood fouly ſhamed, and dooſt vaunt
That good Knight of the *Redcroſſe* to haue ſlaine:
Ariſe, and with like treaſon now maintaine
Thy guilty wrong, or elſe thee guilty yield.
The Sarazin this hearing, roſe amaine,
And catching vp in haſte his three ſquare ſhield,
And ſhining helmet, ſoone him buckled to the field.

42
And drawing nigh him, ſaid, Ah misborne Elfe,
In euill houre thy foes thee hither ſent,
Anothers wrongs to wreake vpon thy ſelfe:
Yet ill thou blameſt mee, for hauing blent
My name with guile and traiterous intent;
That *Redcroſſe* Knight, perdie, I neuer ſlew:
But had he beene, where earſt his armes were lent,
Th'enchaunter vaine his errour ſhould not rue:
But thou his errour ſhalt, I hope, now prouen true.

43
There-with they gan, both furious and fell,
To thunder blowes, and fiercely to aſſaile
Each other bent his enemy to quell,
That with their force they pearc't both plate and maile,
And made wide furrowes in their fleſhes fraile,
That it would pitty any liuing eye.
Large floods of bloud adowne their ſides did raile;
But floods of bloud could not them ſatisfie:
Both hungred after death: both choſe to win, or die.

44
So long they fight, and fell revenge purſue,
That fainting each, themſelues to breathen let,
And oft refreſhed, battell oft renue:
As when two Bores with rankling malice met,
Their gory ſides freſh bleeding fiercely fret,
Till breathleſſe both themſelues aſide retire,
Where foaming wrath, their cruell tusks they whet,
And trample th'earth, the whiles they may reſpire;
Then back to fight againe, new breathed and entire.

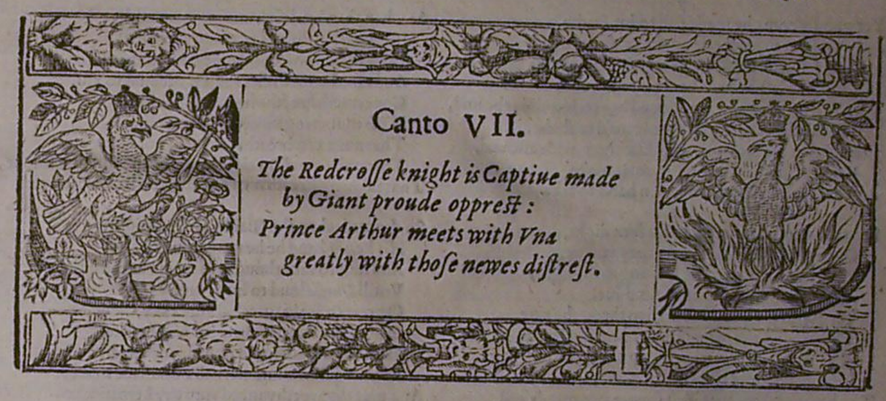
So

45
So fiercely, when theſe Knights had breathed once,
They gan to fight returne, increaſing more
Their puiſſant force, and cruell rage attonce,
With heaped ſtrokes, more hugely then before,
That with their drerie wounds and bloudy gore
They both deformed, ſcarcely could be knowne.
By this, ſad *Vna* fraught with anguiſh ſore,
Led with their noiſe, which throgh the aire was throwne,
Arriu'd, wher they in earth their fruitleſſe bloud had ſowne.

46
Whom all ſo ſoone as that proude Sarazin
Eſpide, he gan reuiue the memory
Of his lewd luſts, and late attempted ſin,
And left the doubtfull battell haſtily,
To catch her, newly offred to his eye:
But *Satyrane* with ſtrokes him turning, ſtaid,
And ſternely bade him other buſines ply,
Then hunt the ſteps of pure vnſpotted Maid:
Where-with he all enrag'd, theſe bitter ſpeeches ſaid.

47
O fooliſh faeries ſonne, what furie mad
Hath thee incenſt, to haſte thy doleſull fate?
Were it not better I that Lady had,
Then that thou hadſt repented it too late?
Moſt ſenſeleſſe man he, that himſelfe doth hate,
To loue another. Lo then, for thine aid,
Heere take thy louers token on thy pate.
So they two fight; the whiles the royall Maid
Fled farre away, of that proude Paynim ſore affraid.

48
But that falſe Pilgrim, which that leaſing told,
Beeing indeed old *Archimage*, did ſtay
In ſecret ſhadow, all this to behold,
And much reioyced in their bloudy fray:
But when he ſaw the Damſell paſſe away,
He left his ſtond, and her purſewd apace,
In hope to bring her to her laſt decay.
But, for to tell her lamentable caſe,
And eke this battels end, will need another place.



Canto VII.

The Redcroſſe knight is Captiue made by Giant proude oppreſt:
Prince Arthur meets with Vna greatly with thoſe newes diſtreſt.

1
What man ſo wiſe, what earthly wit ſo ware,
As to deſery the crafty cunning traine,
By which Deceit doth maſk in vizour faire,
And caſt her colours dyed deep in graine,
To ſeeme like Truth, whoſe ſhape ſhe well can faine,
And fitting geſtures to her purpoſe frame,
The guiltleſſe man with guile to entertaine?
Great maiſtreſſe of her art was that falſe Dame,
The falſe *Dueſſa*, cloked with *Fideſſaes* name.

2
Who, when returning from the drery *Night*,
She found not in that perilous houſe of Pride,
Where ſhe had left the noble *Redcroſſe* knight,
Her hoped pray; ſhe would no lenger bide,
But forth ſhee went, to ſeeke him far and wide.
Ere long ſhe found whereas he wearie ſate,
To reſt himſelfe, foreby a fountaine ſide,
Diſarmed all of iron-coated Plate,
And by his ſide his ſteed the graſſie forage ate.

3
Hee feedes vpon the cooling ſhade, and bayes
His ſweatie forehead in the breathing wind,
Which through the trembling leaues full gently playes,
Wherein the cheerfull birds of ſundry kind
Do chaunt ſweet muſick, to delight his mind:
The VVitch approching gan him fairely greet,
And with reproche of careleſneſſe vnkind
Vpbrayd, for leauing her in place vnmeet, (ſweet.
With foule words tempring faire, ſowre gall with honie

4
Vnkindneſſe paſt, they gan of ſolace treat,
And bathe in pleaſaunce of the ioyous ſhade,
Which ſhielded them againſt the boyling heat,
And with greene boughes decking a gloomy glade,
About the fountaine like a girlond made;
Whoſe bubbling waue did euer freſhly well,
Ne euer would through feruent ſommer fade:
The ſacred Nymph, which therein wont to dwell,
Was out of *Dianes* fauour, as it then befell.

5

The cauſe was this: One day when *Phœbe* faire
With all her band was following the chace,
This Nymph, quite tyr'd with heate of ſcorching aire,
Sat downe to reſt in middeſt of the race:
The Goddeſſe, wroth, gan foulie her diſgrace,
And bade the waters, which from her did flowe,
Be ſuch as ſhee herſelfe was then in place.
Thenceforth her waters waxed dull and ſlowe,
And all that drunk thereof, did faint and feeble growe.

6

Heereof this gentle Knight vnweeting was,
And lying downe vpon the ſandie graile,
Drunke of the ſtreame, as cleare as cryſtall glaſs:
Eftſoones his manly forces gan to faile,
And mighty ſtrong was turn'd to feeble fraile.
His chanced powres at firſt themſelues not felt,
Till crudled cold his courage gan aſſaile,
And chearefull bloud in faintneſſe chill did melt,
Which like a Feaver-fit through all his body ſwelt.

7

Yet goodly court he made ſtill to his Dame,
Pour'd out in looſeneſſe on the graſſie ground,
Both careleſſe of his health, and of his fame:
Till at the laſt he heard a dreadfull ſound,
Which through the wood loud bellowing did rebound,
That all the earth for terrour ſeem'd to ſhake,
And trees did tremble. Th'Elfe there-with aſtound,
Vpſtarted lightly from his looſer make,
And his vnready weapons gan in hand to take.

8

But ere he could his armour on him dight,
Or get his ſhield, his monſtrous enemy
With ſturdie ſteps came ſtalking in his ſight,
An hideous Giant, horrible and hie,
That with his talneſſe ſeem'd to threat the skie,
The ground eke groned vnder him for dreed;
His liuing like ſaw neuer liuing eye,
Ne durſt behold: his ſtature did exceed
The hight of three the talleſt ſonnes of mortall ſeed.

9

The greateſt Earth his vncouth mother was,
And bluſtring *Aeolus* his boaſted ſire,
Who with his breath, which through the world doth paſs,
Her hollow womb did ſecretly inſpire,
And fild her hidden caues with ſtormie ire,
That ſhee conceiu'd; and trebbling the due time,
In which the wombes of women doe expire,
Brought forth this monſtrous maſſe of earthly ſlime,
Puft vp with emptie wind, and fild with ſinfull crime.

10

So, growen great through arrogant delight
Of th' high deſcent, whereof he was yborne,
And through preſumption of his matchleſſe might,
All other powres and knighthood he did ſcorne.
Such now he marcheth to this man forlorne,
And left to loſſe: his ſtalking ſteps are ſtaide
Vpon a ſnaggy Oake, which he had torne
Out of his mothers bowels, and it made
His mortall mace, where-with his foemen he diſmaide.

11

That, when the Knight he ſpide, he gan aduaunce
With huge force and inſupportable maine,
And towards him with dreadfull fury praunce;
Who hapleſſe, and eke hopeleſſe, all in vaine
Did to him paſſe, ſad battaile to darraine,
Diſarm'd, diſgrac't, and inwardly diſmaide,
And eke ſo faint in euery ioynt and vaine,
Through that fraile fountaine, which him feeble made,
That ſcarcely could he weeld his bootleſſe ſingle blade.

12

The Giant ſtrooke ſo mainly mercileſſe,
That could haue overthrowne a ſtony towre;
And were not heauenly grace, that him did bleſſe,
He had been pouldred all, as thin as flowre:
But hee was wary of that deadly ſtowre,
And lightly leapt from vnderneath the blowe:
Yet ſo exceeding was the villaines powre,
That with the wind it did him overthrowe,
And all his ſenſes ſtound, that ſtill he lay full lowe.

13

As when that diueliſh iron Engin wrought
In deepeſt Hell, and fram'd by *Furies* skill,
With windy Nitre and quick Sulphur fraught,
And ramd with bullet round, ordaind to kill,
Conceiueth fire, the heauens it doth fill
With thundring noiſe, and all the aire doth choke,
That none can breathe, nor ſee, nor heare at will,
Through ſmouldry cloude of duskiſh ſtinking ſmoke,
That th'onely breath him daunts, who hath eſcap't the (ſtroke.

14

So daunted when the Giant ſaw the Knight,
His heauy hand he heaued vp on hie,
And him to duſt thought to haue battred quite,
Vntill *Dueſſa* loud to him gan cry;
O great *Orgoglio*, greateſt vnder sky,
O hold thy mortall hand for Ladies ſake;
Hold for my ſake, and doe him not to die;
But, vanquiſht, thine eternall bondſlaue make,
And mee thy worthy meed vnto thy Leman take.

15

He harkned, and did ſtay from further harmes,
To gaine ſo goodly guerdon, as ſhee ſpake:
So, willingly ſhe came into his armes,
Who her as willingly to grace did take,
And was poſſeſſed of his new found make.
Then vp he tooke the ſlumbred ſenſeleſſe corſe,
And ere he could out of his ſwoune awake,
Him to his Caſtle brought with haſtie force,
And in a Dungeon deepe him threw without remorſe.

16

From that day foorth *Dueſſa* was his deare,
And highly honour'd in his haughty eye:
He gaue her gold, and purple pall to weare,
And triple crowne ſet on her head full hie,
And her endow'd with royall maieſtie:
Then, for to make her dreaded more of men,
And peoples harts with awfull terrour tie,
A monſtrous beaſt ybred in filthy fen
He choſe, which he had kept long time in darkſome den.

Such

17

Such one it was, as that renowmed Snake
Which great *Alcides* in *Stremona* ſlew,
Long foſtred in the filth of *Lerna* lake,
Whoſe many heads out budding euer new,
Did breed him endleſſe labour to ſubdew:
But this ſame Monſter much more vgly was;
For, ſeauen great heads out of his body grew,
An Iron breaſt, and back of ſcaly braſs,
And all embrewd in bloud, his eyes did ſhine as glaſs.

18

His tayle was ſtretched out in wondrous length,
That to the houſe of heauenly Gods it raught,
And with extorted powre, and borrow'd ſtrength,
The euer-burning lamps from thence it brought,
And proudly threw to ground, as things of nought;
And vnderneath his filthy feet did tread
The ſacred things, and holy heaſts foretaught.
Vpon this dreadfull Beaſt with ſeauenfold head
He ſet the falſe *Dueſſa*, for more awe and dread.

19

The wofull Dwarfe, which ſaw his maiſters fall,
Whiles he had keeping of his graſing ſteed,
And valiant knight become a caytiue thrall,
When all was paſt, tooke vp his forlorne weed,
His mighty armour, miſſing moſt at need;
His ſiluer ſhield, now idle maiſterleſſe;
His poynant ſpeare, that many made to bleed,
The ruefull moniments of heauineſſe,
And with them all departs, to tell his great diſtreſſe.

20

He had not trauaild long, when on the way
He wofull Lady (wofull *Vna*) met,
Faſt flying from the Paynims greedy pray,
Whil'ſt *Satyrane* him from purſuit did let:
Who when her eyes ſhe on the Dwarfe had ſet,
And ſaw the ſignes that deadly tydings ſpake,
Shee fell to ground for ſorrowfull regret,
And liuely breath her ſad breaſt did forſake,
Yet might her pittious hart be ſeene to pant and quake.

21

The meſſenger of ſo vnhappy newes,
Would faine haue dide: dead was his hart within,
Yet outwardly ſome little comfort ſhewes:
At laſt recouering hart, he does begin
To rub her temples, and to chauſe her chin,
And euery tender part does toſſe and turne:
So hardly he the ſlitted life does win,
Vnto her natiue priſon to retourne:
Then gins her grieued ghoſt thus to lament and mourne.

22

Yee dreary inſtruments of dolefull ſight,
That doe this deadly ſpectacle behold,
Why doe ye lenger feed on loathed light,
Or liking find to gaze on earthly mold,
Sith cruell Fates the carefull threeds vnfold,
The which my life and lone together tide?
Now let the ſtony dart of ſenſeleſſe cold
Pearce to my hart, and paſſe through euery ſide,
And let eternall night ſo ſad ſight fro mee hide.

23

O lightſome day, the lamp of higheſt *Ioue*,
Firſt made by him, mens wandring waies to guide,
When darkneſſe he in deepeſt dungeon droue,
Henceforth thy hated face for euer hide,
And ſhut vp heauens windowes ſhining wide:
For earthly ſight can nought but ſorrow breed,
And late repentance, which ſhall long abide.
Mine eyes no more on vanitie ſhall feede,
But ſeeled vp with death, ſhall haue their deadly meed.

24

Then downe againe ſhee fell vnto the ground;
But hee her quickly reared vp againe:
Thrice did ſhee ſink adowne in deadly ſwound,
And thrice hee her reviv'd with buſie paine:
At laſt, when life recouer'd had the raine,
And over-wreſtled his ſtrong enemie,
With foltring tongue, and trembling euery vaine,
Tell on (quoth ſhee) the wofull Tragedie,
The which theſe reliques ſad preſent vnto mine eye.

25

Tempeſtuous Fortune hath ſpent all her ſpight,
And thrilling ſorrow throwne his vtmoſt dart;
Thy ſad tongue cannot tell more heauy plight,
Then that I feele, and harbour in mine hart:
Who hath endur'd the whole, can beare each part.
If death it be, it is not the firſt wound,
That launced hath my breaſt with bleeding ſmart.
Begin, and end the bitter balefull ſtound;
If leſſe then that I feare, more fauour I haue found.

26

Then gan the Dwarfe the whole diſcourſe declare,
The ſubtile traines of *Archimago* old;
The wanton loues of falſe *Fideſſa* faire,
Bought with the bloud of vanquiſht Paynim bold:
The wretched payre transformed to treen mold;
The houſe of Pride, and perils round about;
The combat, which he with *Sanſioy* did hold;
The luckleſſe conflict with the Giant ſtout,
Wherein captiu'd, of life or death he ſtood in doubt.

27

Shee heard with patience all vnto the end,
And ſtroue to maiſter ſorrowfull aſſay:
Which greater grew, the more ſhe did contend,
And almoſt rent her tender hart in tway;
And loue freſh coales vnto her fire did lay:
For, greater loue, the greater is the loſſe.
Was neuer Lady loued dearer day,
Then ſhe did loue the Knight of the *Redcroſſe*;
For whoſe deare ſake ſo many troubles her did toſſe.

28

At laſt, when feruent ſorrow ſlaked was,
She vp aroſe, reſoluing him to find
Aliue or dead: and forward forth doth paſs,
All as the Dwarfe the way to her aſſign'd:
And euermore in conſtant carefull mind
She fed her wound with freſh renewed bale;
Long toſt with ſtormes, and bet with bitter wind,
High over hills, and lowe adowne the dale,
Shee wandred many a wood, and meaſur'd many a vale.

At laſt,

29

At laſt, ſhe chanced by good hap to meet
A goodly knight, faire marching by the way
Together with his Squire, arrayed meet:
His glitter and armour ſhined farre away,
Like glauncing light of *Phœbus* brighteſt ray;
From top to toe no place appeared bare,
That deadly dint of ſteele endanger may:
A[illegible]wart his breaſt a bauldrick braue he ware, (rare.
T[illegible]t ſhin'd like twinkling ſtars, with ſtones moſt precious

30

And in the midſt thereof, one precious ſtone
Of wondrous worth, and eke of wondrous mights,
Shap't like a Ladies head, exceeding ſhone,
Like *Heſperus* emongſt the leſſer lights,
And ſtroue for to amaze the weaker ſights;
Thereby, his mortall blade full comely hong
In Iuorie ſheath, y-carv'd with curious ſlights;
Whoſe hilts were burniſht gold, and handle ſtrong
Of mother pearle, and buckled with a golden tong.

31

His haughtie helmet, horrid all with gold,
Both glorious brightnes, and great terrour bred;
For, all the creſt a Dragon did enfold
With greedy pawes, and ouer all did ſpred
His golden wings: his dreadfull hideous hed
Cloſe couched on the beuer, ſeem'd to throwe
From flaming mouth bright ſparkles fierie red,
That ſuddaine horror to faint harts did ſhowe;
And ſcaly taile was ſtretcht adowne his back full lowe.

32

Vpon the top of all his lofty creſt,
A bunch of haires diſcolourd diuerſly,
With ſprinkled pearle, and gold full richly dreſt,
Did ſhake, and ſeem'd to daunce for iollity,
Like to an Almond tree ymounted hie
On top of greene *Selinus* all alone,
With bloſſoms braue bedecked daintily;
Whoſe tender locks do tremble euery one
At euery little breath, that vnder heauen is blowne.

33

His warlike ſhield all cloſely couer'd was,
Ne might of mortall eye be euer ſeene;
Not made of ſteele, nor of enduring braſs,
Such earthly mettals ſoone conſumed beene:
But all of Diamond perfect pure and cleene
It framed was, one maſſie entire mould,
Hewen out of Adamant rock with engines keene,
That point of ſpeare it neuer pearced could,
Ne dint of direfull ſword divide the ſubſtance would.

34

The ſame to wight hee neuer wont diſcloſe,
But when as monſters huge he would diſmay,
Or daunt vnequall armies of his foes,
Or when the flying heauens he would affray;
For, ſo exceeding ſhone his gliſtring ray,
That *Phœbus* golden face it did attaint,
As when a cloud his beames doth ouer-lay;
And filuer *Cynthia* wexed pale and faint,
As when her face is ſtaind with magick arts conſtraint.

35

No magick arts hereof had any might,
Nor bloudy words of bold Enchaunters call,
But all that was not ſuch, as ſeem'd in ſight,
Before that ſhield did fade, and ſuddaine fall:
And when him liſt the raſcall routes appall,
Men into ſtones there-with he could transmew,
And ſtones to duſt, and duſt to nought at all;
And, when him liſt the prouder lookes ſubdew,
He would them gazing blind, or turne to other hew.

36

Ne let it ſeeme, that credence this exceeds:
For, he that made the ſame, was knowne right well
To haue done much more admirable deeds.
It *Merlin* was, which whilome did excell
All liuing wightes in might of magick ſpell:
Both ſhield, and ſword, and armour all he wrought
For this young Prince, when firſt to armes he fell;
But when he dide, the Faerie Queene it brought
To Faerie lond, where yet it may be ſeene, if ſought.

37

A gentle youth, his dearely loued Squire,
His ſpeare of Heben wood behind him bare,
Whoſe harmefull head, thrice heated in the fire,
Had riven many a breaſt with pikehead square;
A goodly perſon, and could menage faire
His ſtubborne ſteed with curbed canon bit,
Who vnder him did trample as the aire,
And chauſt, that any on his backe ſhould ſit:
The iron rowels into frothy ſome he bit.

38

When as this Knight nigh to the Lady drew,
With louely court he gan her entertaine;
But when he heard her anſwers loth, he knew
Some ſecret ſorrow did her heart diſtraine:
Which to allay, and calme her ſtorming paine,
Faire feeling words he wiſely gan diſplay,
And for her humour fitting purpoſe faine,
To tempt the cauſe it ſelfe for to bewray;
Wherwith emmov'd, theſe bleeding words ſhe gan to ſay:

39

What worlds delight, or ioy of liuing ſpeach
Can heart, ſo plung'd in ſea of ſorrowes deep,
And heaped with ſo huge misfortunes, reach?
The carefull cold beginneth for to creep,
And in my heart his iron arrow ſteep,
Soone as I thinke vpon my bitter bale:
Such helpleſſe harmes it's better hidden keepe,
Then rip vp griefe, where it may not auaile,
My laſt left comfort is, my woes to weep and waile.

40

Ah Lady deare, quoth then the gentle Knight,
Well may I weene, your griefe is wondrous great;
For wondrous great griefe groneth in my ſpright,
Whiles thus I heare you of your ſorrowes treat.
But wofull Lady, let me you intreat,
For to vnfold the anguiſh of your hart:
Mishaps are maiſtred by adviſe diſcreet,
And counſell mitigates the greateſt ſmart;
Found neuer help, who neuer would his hurts impart.

O! but

41

O! but (quoth ſhee) great griefe will not be told,
And can more eaſily be thought, then ſaid.
Right ſo (quoth he) but he, that neuer would,
Could neuer: will to might giues greateſt aide.
But griefe (quoth ſhee) does greater growe diſplaid,
If then it find not help, and breeds deſpaire.
Deſpaire breeds not (quoth he) where faith is ſtaid.
No faith ſo faſt (quoth ſhe) but fleſh does paire.
Fleſh may empaire (quoth he) but reaſon can repaire.

42

His goodly reaſon, and well guided ſpeach,
So deep did ſettle in her gratious thought,
That her perſwaded to diſcloſe the breach,
Which loue and fortune in her hart had wrought,
And ſaid; Faire Sir, I hope good hap hath brought
You to inquire the ſecrets of my griefe,
Or that your wiſedome will direct my thought,
Or that your proweſſe can me yield reliefe:
Then heare the ſtorie ſad, which I ſhall tell you briefe.

43

The forlorne Maiden, whom your eyes haue ſeene
The laughing ſtock of Fortunes mockeries,
Am th'only daughter of a King and Queene,
Whoſe Parents deare, whil'ſt equall Deſtinies
Did runne about, and their felicities
The fauourable heauens did not envie,
Did ſpread their rule through all the territories
Which *Phiſon* and *Euphrates* floweth by,
And *Gebons* golden waues doe waſh continually;

44

Till that their cruell curſed enemy,
An huge great Dragon horrible in ſight,
Bred in the loathly lakes of *Tartary*,
With murdrous ravine, and deuouring might
Their kingdome ſpoild, and country waſted quight:
Themſelues, for feare into his iawes to fall,
Hee forc't to caſtle ſtrong to take their flight,
Where faſt embard in mighty brazen wall,
He has them now foure yeeres beſieg'd to make the thrall.

45

Full many knights adventurous and ſtout,
Haue enterpriz'd that Monſter to ſubdew;
From euery coaſt that heauen walks about,
Haue thither come the noble Martiall crew,
That famous hard atchieuements ſtill purſew,
Yet neuer any could that girlond win,
But all ſtill ſhrunk, and ſtill he greater grew:
All they for want of faith, or guilt of ſin,
The pittious pray of his fierce crueltie haue bin.

46

At laſt, yled with farre reported praiſe,
Which flying Fame throughout the world had ſpred,
Of doughty knights, whom Faery land did raiſe,
That noble order hight of Maidenhed,
Forth-with to court of *Gloriane* I ſped,
Of *Gloriane*, great Queene of glory bright,
Whoſe kingdoms ſeat *Cleopolis* is red,
There to obtaine ſome ſuch redoubted knight,
That Parents deare from Tyrants powre deliuer might.

47

It was my chance (my chance was faire and good)
There for to find a freſh vnproued knight,
Whoſe manly hands imbrew'd in guilty bloud
Had neuer been, ne euer by his might
Had throwne to ground the vnregarded right:
Yet of his proweſſe proofe he ſince hath made
(I witneſſe am) in many a cruell fight;
The groning ghoſts of many one diſmaide
Haue felt the bitter dint of his auenging blade.

48

And yee the forlorne reliques of his powre,
His byting ſword, and his deuouring ſpeare,
Which haue endured many a dreadfull ſtowre,
Can ſpeake his proweſſe, that did earſt you beare,
And well could rule: now he hath left you heere,
To be the record of his ruefull loſſe,
And of my doleſull diſaventurous deare:
O! heauie record of the good *Redcroſſe*,
Where haue you left your Lord, that could ſo wel you toſs?

49

Well hoped I, and faire beginnings had,
That he my captiue langour ſhould redeeme,
Till all vnweeting, an Enchaunter bad
His ſenſe abus'd, and made him to miſdeeme
My loyaltie, not ſuch as it did ſeeme;
That rather death deſire, then ſuch deſpight.
Be iudge ye heauens, that all things right eſteeme,
How I him lov'd, and loue with all my might,
So thought I eke of him, and think I thought aright.

50

Thenceforth, mee deſolate he quite forſooke,
To wander where wilde fortune would me lead,
And other bywaies he himſelfe betooke,
Where neuer foot of liuing wight did tread,
That brought not back the balefull body dead;
In which him chanced falſe *Dueſſa* meet,
Mine onely foe, mine onely deadly dread,
Who with her witcheraft and miſſeeming ſweet,
Inveigled him to followe her deſires vnmeet.

51

At laſt, by ſubtill ſleights ſhee him betraid
Vnto his foe, a Giant huge and tall,
Who him diſarmed, diſſolute, diſmaid,
Vnwares ſurpriſed, and with mighty mall
The monſter mercileſſe him made to fall,
Whoſe fall did neuer foe before behold;
And now in darkſome dungeon, wretched thrall,
Remedileſſe, for aye he doth him hold;
This is my cauſe of griefe, more great then may be told.

52

Ere ſhee had ended all, ſhee gan to faint:
But hee her comforted and faire beſpake,
Certes, Madame, ye haue great cauſe of plaint,
That ſtoureſt heart, I weene, could cauſe to quake.
But be of cheere, and comfort to you take:
For, till I haue acquit your captiue Knight,
Aſſure your ſelfe, I will you not forſake.
His cheerfull words reviv'd her cheerleſſe ſpright:
So forth they went, the Dwarfe them guiding euer right.

Cant.

Canto VIII.

Faire virgin to redeeme her deare
brings Arthur to the fight:
Who slayes that Giant, wounds the beast,
and strips Duessa quight.

1

AY mee! how many perils doe enfold
The righteous man, to make him daily fall?
Were not, that heauenly grace doth him vphold,
And stedfast truth acquite him out of all.
Her loue is firme, her care continuall,
So oft as hee, through his owne foolish pride,
Or weakenesse, is to sinfull bands made thrall:
Else should this *Redcrosse* knight in bands haue dide;
For whose deliuerance she this Prince doth thither guide.

2

They sadly trauild thus, vntill they came
Nigh to a Castle builded strong and hie:
Then cride the Dwarfe, Lo, yonder is the same,
In which my Lord my liege doth luckelesse lie,
Thrall to that Giants hatefull tyrannie:
Therefore, deare Sir, your mightie powres assay.
The noble knight alighted by and by
From loftie steed, and bade the Lady stay,
To see what end of fight should him befall that day.

3

So with the Squire, th'admirer of his might,
He marched forth towards that castle wall;
Whose gates he found fast shut, ne liuing wight
To ward the same, nor answere commers call.
Then tooke that Squire an horne of bugle small,
Which hung adowne his side in twisted gold,
And tassels gay. Wide wonders ouer all
Of that same hornes great vertues weren told,
Which had approoued been in vses manifold.

4

Was neuer wight that heard that shrilling sound,
But trembling feare did feele in euery vaine;
Three miles it might be easie heard around,
And Ecchoes three answerd it selfe againe:
No false enchauntment, nor deceitfull traine
Might once abide the terror of that blast,
But presently was voide and wholly vaine:
No gate so strong, no lock so firme and fast,
But with that pearcing noise flew open quite, or brast.

5

The same before the Giants gate he blew,
That all the Castle quaked from the ground,
And euery dore of free-will open flew.
The Giant selfe dismaied with that sound
(Where he with his *Duessa* dalliance found)
In haste came rushing forth from inner bowre,
With staring counte'nance sterne, as one astound,
And staggering steps, to weet what suddaine stowre
Had wrought that horror strange, and dar'd his dreaded (powre

6

And after him the proude *Duessa* came,
High mounted on her many-headed beast,
And euery head with firie tongue did flame,
And euery head was crowned on his creast,
And bloudie mouthed with late cruell feast.
That when the knight beheld, his mighty shield
Vpon his manly arme he soone addrest,
And at him fiercely flew, with courage fild,
And eager greedinesse through euery member thrild.

7

There-with the Giant buckled him to fight,
Inflam'd with scornefull wrath and high disdaine:
And lifting vp his dreadfull club on hight,
All arm'd with ragged snubbes and knottie graine,
Him thought at first encounter to haue slaine.
But wise and warie was that noble Pere,
And lightly leaping from so monstrous maine,
Did faire auoide the violence him nere;
It booted nought, to think, such thunderbolts to beare.

8

Ne shame hee thought to shunne so hideous might:
The idle stroke, enforcing furious way,
Missing the marke of his misaymed sight
Did fall to ground, and with his heauy sway,
So deepely dinted in the driuen clay,
That three yards deep a furrow vp did throwe:
The sad earth wounded with so sore assay,
Did grone full grieuous vnderneath the blowe, (throwe:
And trembling with strange feare, did like an earthquake

9

As when almighty *Ioue*, in wrathfull mood,
To wreake the guilt of mortall sinnes is bent,
Hurles forth his thundring dart with deadly food,
Enrold in flames, and smouldring dreriment,
Through riuen clowdes and molten firmament;
The fierce threeforked engin making way,
Both lofty towres and highest trees hath rent,
And all that might his angry passage stay,
And shooting in the earth, casts vp a mount of clay.

10

His boystrous club, so buried in the ground,
He could not rearen vp againe so light,
But that the Knight him at avantage found,
And whiles he stroue his combred club to quight
Out of the earth, with blade all burning bright
He smote off his left arme, which like a block
Did fall to ground, depriv'd of natiue might;
Large streames of bloud out of the trunked stock
Forth gushed, like fresh water streame from riuen rock.

11

Dismaied with so desperate deadly wound,
And eke impatient of vnwonted paine,
He loudly bray'd with beastly yelling sound,
That all the fields rebellowed againe;
As great a noyse, as when in Cymbrian Plaine
An heard of Bulles, whom kindly rage doth sting,
Doe for the milkie mothers want complaine,
And fill the fields with troublous bellowing,
The neighbour woods around with hollow murmuring.

12

That when his deare *Duessa* heard, and saw
The euill stound that dangerd her estate,
Vnto his ayde she hastily did draw
Her dreadfull beast; who swolne with bloud of late,
Came ramping forth with proud presumptuous gate,
And threatned all his heads like flaming brands.
But him the Squire made quickly to retrate,
Encountring fierce with single sword in hand,
And twixt him and his Lord did like a bulwarke stand.

13

The proud *Duessa* full of wrathfull spight,
And fierce disdaine to be affronted so,
Enforc't her purple beast with all her might
That stop out of the way to overthroe,
Scorning the let of so vnequall foe:
But nathemore would that couragious swaine
To her yield passage, gainst his Lord to goe,
But with outrageous stroakes did him restraine,
And with his body bard the way atwixt them twaine.

14

Then tooke the angry Witch her golden cup,
Which still she bore, replete with magick artes;
Death and despaire did many thereof sup,
And secret poyson through their inward parts;
Th'eternall bale of heauie wounded harts;
Which, after charmes and some enchauntments said,
She lightly sprinkled on his weaker parts;
Therewith his sturdie courage soone was quaid,
And all his senses were with suddaine dread dismaid.

15

So downe he fell before the cruell beast,
Who on his neck his bloudy clawes did seize,
That life nigh crusht out of his panting breast:
No powre he had to stirre, nor will to rise.
That, when the carefull knight gan well auise,
He lightly left the foe with whom he fought,
And to the beast gan turne his enterprise;
For, wondrous anguish in his hart it wrought,
To see his loued Squire into such thraldome brought.

16

And high aduauncing his bloud-thirstie blade,
Strooke one of those deformed heads so sore,
That of his puissance proud ensample made;
His monstrous scalpe downe to his teeth it tore,
And that misformed shape misshaped more:
A sea of bloud gusht from the gaping wound,
That her gay garments staind with filthy gore,
And ouerflowed all the field around;
That ouer shooes in bloud he waded on the ground.

17

Thereat he roared for exceeding paine,
That to haue heard, great horror would haue bred,
And scourging th'emptie ayre with his long traine,
Through great impatience of his grieued hed,
His gorgeous rider from her loftie sted
Would haue cast downe, and trode in durty mire,
Had not the Giant soone her succoured;
Who, all enrag'd with smart and frantick ire,
Came hurtling in full fierce, and forc't the knight retire.

18

The force, which wont in two to be disperst,
In one alone left hand he now vnites, (erst;
Which is through rage more strong then both were
With which his hideous club aloft he dites,
And at his foe with furious rigour smites,
That strongest Oake might seeme to overthrowe:
The stroke vpon his shield so heauie lites,
That to the ground it doubleth him full lowe,
What mortall wight could euer beare so monstrous blowe?

19

And in his fall, his shield that couer'd was,
Did loose his veile by chance, and open flew:
The light whereof, that heauens light did pas,
Such blazing brightnesse through the ayer threw,
That eye mote not the same endure to view.
Which when the Giant spide with staring eye,
He downe let fall his arme, and soft withdrew
His weapon huge, that heaued was on hie
For to haue slaine the man, that on the ground did lye.

20

And eke the fruitfull-headed beast, amaz'd
At flashing beames of that sunshiny shield,
Became starke blind, and all his senses daz'd,
That downe he tumbled on the durtie field,
And seem'd himselfe as conquered to yield.
Whom when his maistresse proud perceiu'd to fall,
Whiles yet his feeble feet for faintnesse reeld,
Vnto the Giant loudly she gan call,
O helpe *Orgoglio*, helpe, or else we perish all.

21

At her ſo pittious cry was much amoou'd
Her Champion ſtout, and for to ayde his friend,
Againe his wonted angry weapon proou'd;
But all in vaine: for, he has read his end
In that bright ſhield, and all their forces ſpend
Themſelues in vaine: for, ſince that glauncing ſight,
He hath no powre to hurt, nor to defend;
As, where th'Almighties lightning brond does light,
It dimmes the dazed eyen, and daunts the ſenſes quight.

22

Whom when the Prince to battell new addreſt,
And threatning high his dreadfull ſtroke did ſee,
His ſparkling blade about his head he bleſt,
And ſmote off quite his right legge by the knee,
That downe he tumbled; as an aged tree,
High growing on the top of rocky clift,
Whoſe hartſtrings with keene ſteele nigh hewen be,
The mighty trunk halfe rent, with ragged rift
Doth roll adowne the rocks, and fall with fearefull drift.

23

Or as a Caſtle reared high and round,
By ſubtile engins and malicious ſlight
Is vnderminded from the loweſt ground,
And her foundation fore't, and feebled quight,
At laſt, downe falls, and with her heaped hight
Her haſtie ruine does more heauie make,
And yields it ſelfe vnto the Victors might;
Such was this Giants fall, that ſeemd to ſhake
The ſtedfaſt globe of earth, as it for feare did quake.

24

The Knight, then lightly leaping to the pray,
With mortall ſteele him ſmote againe ſo ſore,
That headleſſe his vnweldy body lay,
All wallow'd in his owne foule bloudy gore,
Which flowed from his wounds in wondrous ſtore:
But ſoone as breath out of his breaſt did paſs,
That huge great body which the Giant bore,
Was vaniſht quite, and of that monſtrous maſs
Was nothing left, but like an empty bladder was.

25

Whoſe grieuous fall, when falſe *Dueſſa* ſpide,
Her golden cup ſhe caſt vnto the ground,
And crowned Mitre rudely threw aſide;
Such pearcing griefe her ſtubborne hart did wound,
That ſhe could not endure that dolefull ſtound,
But leauing all behind her, fled away:
The light-foot Squire her quickly turnd around,
And by hard meanes enforcing her to ſtay,
So brought vnto his Lord, as his deſerued pray.

26

The royall Virgin, which beheld from farre,
In penſiue plight, and ſad perplexitie,
The whole atchieuement of this doubtfull warre,
Came running faſt to greet his victorie,
With ſober gladneſſe, and mild modeſtie,
And with ſweet ioyous cheare him thus beſpake;
Faire branch of nobleſſe, flowre of chiualrie,
That with your worth the world amazed make,
How ſhall I quite the paines ye ſuffer for my ſake?

27

And you freſh bud of vertue ſpringing faſt,
Whom theſe ſad eyes ſaw nigh vnto deaths dore,
What hath poore Virgin for ſuch perill paſt,
Where-with you to reward? Accept therefore
My ſimple ſelfe, and ſeruice euermore;
And he that high does ſit, and all things ſee
With equall eyes, their merites to reſtore,
Behold what ye this day haue done for mee,
And what I cannot quite, requite with vſuree.

28

But ſith the heauens, and your faire handling,
Haue made you maiſter of the field this day,
Your fortune maiſter eke with gouerning,
And well begun, end all ſo well, I pray,
Ne let that wicked woman ſcape away;
For, ſhee it is that did my Lord bethrall,
My deareſt Lord, and deep in dungeon lay,
Where he his better dares hath waſted all.
O heare, how pittious he to you for ayde does call.

29

Forth-with he gaue in charge vnto his Squire,
That ſcarlot whore to keepen carefully;
Whiles he himſelfe with greedy great deſire
Into the Caſtle entred forcibly,
Where liuing creature none he did eſpy.
Then gan he loudly through the houſe to call:
But no man car'd to anſwere to his cry.
There raigned a ſolemne ſilence ouer all,
Nor voice was heard, nor wight was ſeen in bowre or hall.

30

At laſt, with creeping crooked paſe forth came
An old old man, with beard as white as ſnowe,
That on a ſtaffe his feeble ſteps did frame,
And guide his wearie gate both too and fro;
For, his eye ſight him failed long ygo:
And on his arme a bounch of keyes he bore,
The which vnuſed ruſt did ouergrowe:
Thoſe were the keyes of euery inner dore,
But he could not them vſe, but kept them ſtill in ſtore.

31

But very vncouth ſight was to behold
How he did faſhion his vntoward paſe:
For, as he forward moov'd his footing old,
So backward ſtill was turnd his wrinkled face;
Vnlike to men, who euer as they trace,
Both feet and face one way are wont to lead.
This was the ancient keeper of that place,
And foſter-father of the Giant dead;
His name *Ignaro* did his nature right aread.

32

His reuerend haires and holy grauitie
The knight much honourd, as beſeemed well,
And gently askt, where all the people bee,
Which in that ſtately building wont to dwell.
Who anſwerd him full ſoft, he could not tell.
Againe he askt, where that ſame Knight was laid,
Whom great *Orgoglio* with his puiſſaunce fell
Had made his caytiue thrall; againe he ſaid,
He could not tell: ne euer other anſwere made.

Then

33

Then asked he, which way hee in might paſs:
He could not tell, againe he anſwered.
Thereat the curteous Knight diſpleaſed was,
And ſaid, Old ſire, it ſeemes thou haſt not red
How ill it fits with that ſame ſilver hed
In vaine to mock, or mockt in vaine to bee:
But if thou be, as thou art pourtrahed
With natures pen, in ages graue degree,
Aread in grauer wiſe, what I demaund of thee.

34

His anſwere likewiſe was, he could not tell.
Whoſe ſenſeleſſe ſpeech, and doted ignorance
When as the noble Prince had marked well,
He gheſt his nature by his countenaunce,
And calmd his wrath with goodly temperance.
Then to him ſtepping, from his arme did reach
Thoſe keyes, and made himſelfe free enterance.
Each dore he opened without any breach;
There was no barre to ſtop, nor foe him to impeach.

35

There all within full rich arrayd he found,
With royall arras and reſplendent gold.
And did with ſtore of euery thing abound,
That greateſt Princes preſence might behold.
But all the floore (too filthy to be told)
With bloud of guiltleſſe babes, and innocents true,
Which there were ſlaine, as ſheepe out of the fold,
Defiled was, that dreadfull was to view,
And ſacred aſhes ouer it was ſtrowed new.

36

And there beſide of marble ſtone was built
An Altar, carv'd with cunning imagery,
On which true Chriſtians bloud was often ſpilt,
And holy Martyrs often doen to die,
With cruell malice and ſtrong tyrannie:
Whoſe bleſſed ſprites from vnderneath the ſtone
To God for vengeance cride continually,
And with great griefe were often heard to grone,
That hardeſt hart wold bleed, to heare their pittious mone.

37

Through euery roome he ſought, and euery bowre,
But no where could he find that wofull thrall:
At laſt he came vnto an iron dore,
That faſt was lockt, but key found not at all
Emongſt that bunch, to open it withall;
But in the ſame a little grate was pight,
Through which he ſent his voice, and loud did call
With all his powre, to weet if liuing wight
Were houſed there within, whom he enlargen might.

38

There-with, an hollow, dreary, murmuring voyce
Theſe pittious plaints and dolours did reſound;
O who is that, which brings me happy choice
Of death, that heere lie dying euery ſtound,
Yet liue perforce in balefull darkneſſe bound?
For, now three Moones haue changed thrice their hew,
And haue been thrice hid vnderneath the ground,
Since I the heauens cheerfull face did view:
O welcome thou, that dooſt of death bring tydings true.

39

Which when that Champion heard, with pearcing point
Of pittie deare his hart was thrilled ſore,
And trembling horrour ranne through euery ioynt,
For ruth of gentle knight ſo foule forlore:
Which ſhaking off, he rent that iron dore,
With furious force, and indignation fell;
Where entred in, his foot could find no flore,
But all a deepe deſcent, as darke as hell,
That breathed euer forth a filthy banefull ſmell.

40

But neither darkneſſe foule, nor filthy bands,
Nor noyous ſmell his purpoſe could with-hold,
(Entire affection hateth nicer hands)
But that with conſtant zeale, and courage bold,
After long paines and labours manifold,
He found the meanes that Priſoner vp to reare;
Whoſe feeble thighes, vnable to vphold
His pined corſe, him ſcarce to light could beare.
A ruefull ſpectacle of death and ghaſtly dreare.

41

His ſad dull eyes deep ſunk in hollow pits,
Could not endure th'vnwonted ſunne to view;
His bare thin cheekes for want of better bits,
And emptie ſides deceiued of their due,
Could make a ſtony hart his hap to rue;
His rawbone armes, whoſe mighty brawned bowres
Were wont to riue ſteele plates, & helmets hewe,
Were cleane conſum'd, and all his vitall powres
Decay'd, and all his fleſh ſhrunk vp like withered flowres.

42

Whom when his Lady ſaw, to him ſhee ran
With haſtie ioy: to ſee him made her glad,
And ſad to view his viſage pale and wan,
Who earſt in flowres of freſheſt youth was clad.
Tho when her well of teares ſhee waſted had,
Shee ſaid, Ah deareſt Lord! what euill ſtarre
On you hath fround, and pourd his influence bad,
That of your ſelfe ye thus berobbed arre,
And this miſſeeming hew your manly lookes doth marre?

43

But welcome now my Lord, in wele or woe,
Whoſe preſence I haue lackt too long a day;
And fie on Fortune mine avowed foe,
Whoſe wrathfull wreakes themſelues doe now alay,
And for theſe wrongs ſhall treble pennance pay
Of treble good: good growes of euils prieſe.
The cheereleſſe man, whom ſorrow did diſmay,
Had no delight to treaten of his grieſe;
His long endured famine needed more reliefe.

44

Faire Lady, then ſaid that victorious knight,
The things that grieuous were to doe, or beare,
Them to renew, I wote, breeds no delight;
Beſt muſick breeds delight in loathing eare:
But th'onely good, that growes of paſſed feare,
Is to be wiſe, and ware of like againe.
This dayes enſample hath this leſſon deare
Deepe written in my heart with iron pen,
That bliſſe may not abide in ſtate of mortall men.

45
Hence-forth sir Knight, take to you wonted strength,
And maister these mishaps with patient might;
Lo, where your foe lyes stretcht in monstrous length:
And lo, that wicked woman in your sight,
The roote of all your care, and wretched plight,
Now in your powre, to let her liue, or die.
To doe her die (quoth *Una*) were despight,
And shame t'avenge so weake an enemy;
But spoile her of her scarlot robe, and let her fly.

46
So, as she bade, that Witch they disarraid,
And robd of royall robes, and purple pall,
And ornaments that richly were displaid;
Ne spared they to strip her naked all.
Then when they had despoild her tire and Call,
Such as she was, their eyes might her behold,
That her misshaped parts did them appall,
A loathly, wrinkled hag, ill fauour'd, old,
Whose secret filth, good manners biddeth not be told.

47
Her crafty head was altogether bald,
And (as in hate of honourable eld)
Was ouer-growne with scurfe and filthy scald;
Her teeth out of her rotten gummes were feld,
And her sowre breath abhominably smeld;
Her dried dugs, like bladders lacking wind,
Hung downe, and filthy matter from them weld;
Her wrizled skin, as rough as Maple rind,
So scabby was, that would haue loath'd all womankind.

48
Her neather parts, the shame of all her kind,
My chaster Muse for shame doth blush to write:
But at her rompe she growing had behind
A Foxes taile, with dung all fouly dight;
And eke her feet most monstrous were in sight;
For, one of them was like an Eagles claw,
With griping talants armd to greedy fight,
The other like a Beares vneuen paw:
More vgly shape yet neuer liuing creature saw.

49
Which when the knights beheld, amaz'd they were,
And wondred at so foule deformed wight.
Such then (said *Una*) as she seemeth here,
Such is the face of falshood, such the sight
Of foule *Duessa*, when her borrowed light
Is layd away, and counterfesaunce knowne.
Thus when they had the Witch disrobed quight,
And all her filthy feature open showne,
They let her goe at will, and wander wayes vnknowne.

50
She flying fast from heauens hated face,
And from the world that her discouer'd wide,
Fled to the wastfull wilderneſſe apace,
From liuing eyes her open shame to hide,
And lurkt in rocks and Caues long vnespide.
But that faire crew of knights, and *Una* faire,
Did in that Castle afterwards abide,
To rest themselues, and wearie powres repaire,
Where store they found of all, that dainty was and rare.

Canto IX.

His loues and linage Arthur tells,
The knights knit friendly bands:
Sir Treuisan flies from Despaire,
Whom Redcrosse knight withstands.

1
Goodly golden chaine, wherewith yfere
The vertues linked are in louely wise:
And noble minds of yore allied were,
In braue pursuit of chevalrous empriſe,
That none did others safetie despise,
Nor aide envie to him, in need that stands,
But friendly each did others praise deuise
How to aduaunce with fauourable hands,
As this good Prince redeemd the *Redcrosse* knight from bands.

2
Who when their powres, empaird through labour long,
With due repast they had recured well,
And that weake captiue wight now wexed strong,
Them list no lenger there at leysure dwell,
But forward fare, as their adventures fell:
But ere they parted, *Una* faire besought
That stranger knight his name and nation tell;
Least so great good, as he for her had wrought,
Should die vnknowne, and buried be in thankleſſe thought.

Faire

3
Faire virgin (said the Prince) ye me require
A thing without the compaſſe of my wit:
For, both the linage and the certaine Sire
From which I sprung, from me are hidden yet.
For, all so soone as life did me admit
Into this world, and shewed heauens light,
From mothers pap I taken was vnfit:
And straight deliuer'd to a Faery knight,
To be vpbrought in gentle thewes and Martiall might.

4
Vnto old *Timon* he me brought byliue,
Old *Timon*, who in youthly yeeres hath been
In warlike feates th'experteſt man aliue,
And is the wiſeſt now on earth I ween;
His dwelling is lowe in a valley green,
Vnder the foote of *Rauran* mossie hore,
From whence the riuer *Dee* as siluer cleen
His tumbling billowes rolls with gentle rore:
There all my dayes he traind me vp in vertuous lore.

5
Thither the great Magician *Merlin* came,
As was his vse, oft-times to visit mee:
For he had charge my discipline to frame,
And Tutours nouriture to overſee.
Him oft and oft I askt in priuitie,
Of what loines and what linage I did spring:
Whose aunswere bade me still assured be,
That I was sonne and heire vnto a king,
As time in her iust terme the truth to light should bring.

6
Well worthy impe, said then the Lady gent,
And Pupill fit for such a Tutours hand.
But what adventure, or what high intent
Hath brought you hither into Faery land,
Aread Prince *Arthur*, crowne of Martiall band?
Full hard it is (quoth hee) to reade aright
The course of heauenly cause, or vnderstand
The secret meaning of th'eternall might, (wight.
That rules mens wayes, and rules the thoughts of liuing

7
For, whether he through fatall deepe foresight
Mee hither sent, for cause to me vnghesst,
Or that fresh bleeding wound, which day and night
Whilome doth rankle in my riven breſt,
With forced fury following his behest,
Me hither brought by wayes yet neuer found,
You to haue helpt I hold my selfe yet blest.
Ah curteous knight (quoth shee) what secret wound
Could euer find, to grieue the gentleſt hart on ground?

8
Deare Dame (quoth hee) you sleeping sparks awake,
Which troubled once, into huge flames will growe,
Ne euer will their feruent furie slake,
Till liuing moisture into smoake doe flowe,
And wasted life doe lie in ashes lowe.
Yet sithence silence leſſeneth not my fire
(But told, it flames; and hidden, it does glowe)
I will reueale what ye so much desire:
Ah Loue, lay downe thy bowe, the whiles I may respire.

9
It was in freſheſt flowre of youthly yeares,
When courage first does creepe in manly chest,
Then first the coale of kindly heate appeares
To kindle loue in euery liuing breſt;
But me had warn'd old *Timons* wise beheſt,
Those creeping flames by reason to subdue,
Before their rage grewe to so great vnreſt,
As miserable louers vse to rue,
Which still wex old in woe, whiles woe still wexeth new.

10
That idle name of loue, and louers life,
As loſſe of time, and vertues enemy
I euer scornd, and ioy'd to stirre vp ſtrife,
In middeſt of their mournfull Tragedy,
Ay wont to laugh, when them I heard to cry,
And blowe the fire, which them to Aſhes brent:
Their God himselfe, griev'd at my libertie,
Shot many a dart at mee with fierce intent,
But I them warded all with warie gouernment.

11
But all in vaine: no fort can be so strong,
Ne fleshly breast can armed be so sound,
But will at laſt be wonne with battry long,
Or vnawares at disavantage found;
Nothing is sure, that growes on earthly ground:
And who most truſtes in arme of fleshly might,
And boasts, in beauties chaine not to be bound,
Doth sooneſt fall in disauentrous sight,
And yeelds his caitiue neck to victors most despight.

12
Enſample make of him your hapleſſe ioy,
And of my selfe now mated, as ye see;
Whose prouder vaunt, that proude avenging boy
Did soone pluck downe, and curb'd my liberty.
For, on a day, prickt forth with iollity
Of looſer life, and heate of hardiment,
Ranging the foreſt wide on courser free,
The fields, the floods, the heauens with one consent
Did seeme to laugh on me, and fauour mine intent.

13
Fore-wearied with my sports, I did alight
From lofty steed, and downe to sleepe me laid;
The verdant graſſe my couch did goodly dight,
And pillow was my helmet faire displaid:
Whiles euery sense the humour sweet embayd,
And slumbring soft my hart did steale away,
Me seemed by my side a royall Maid
Her dainty limbs full softly downe did lay:
So faire a creature yet saw neuer sunny day.

14
Most goodly glee and louely blandiſhment
She to me made, and bade me loue her deare;
For, dearely sure her loue was to me bent,
As when iust time expired should appeare.
But, whether dreames delude, or true it were,
Was neuer hart so raviſht with delight,
Ne liuing man like words did euer heare,
As she to me deliuer'd all that night;
And at her parting said, She Queene of Faeries hight.

15

VVhen I awoke, and found her place devoid,
And nought but preſſed graſs where ſhe had lyen,
I ſorrowed all ſo much, as earſt I ioy'd,
And waſhed all her place with watry eyen.
From that day forth I lov'd that face divine;
From that day forth I caſt in carefull mind,
To ſeeke her out with labour and long tine,
And neuer vow to reſt, till her I find,
Nine moneths I ſeeke in vaine, yet ni'll that vow vnbind.

16

Thus as he ſpake, his viſage wexed pale,
And change of hew great paſſion did bewray;
Yet ſtill he ſtroue to cloake his inward bale,
And hide the ſmoake that did his fire diſplay,
Till gentle *Una* thus to him gan ſay;
O happy Queene of Faeries, that haſt found
Mongſt many, one that with his proweſſe may
Defend thine honour, and thy foes confound:
True loues are often ſowne, but ſildom grow on ground.

17

Thine, ô then, ſaid the gentle *Redcroſſe* knight,
Next to that Ladies loue ſhall be the place,
O faireſt virgin, full of heauenly light,
Whoſe wondrous faith, exceeding earthly race,
Was firmeſt fixt in mine extreameſt caſe.
And you my Lord, the Patrone of my life,
Of that great Queene may well gaine worthy grace:
For, onely worthy you, through proweſſe priefe
Iſ liuing man mote worthy be, to be her liefe.

18

So, diuerſly diſcourſing of their loues,
The golden Sunne his gliſtring head gan ſhew,
And lad remembrance now the Prince amoues,
With freſh deſire his voyage to purſew:
Als *Una* earnd her trauaile to renew.
Then thoſe two Knights, faſt friendſhip for to bind,
And loue eſtabliſh each to other true,
Gaue goodly gifts, the ſignes of gratefull mind,
And eke the pledges firme, right hands together ioynd.

19

Prince *Arthur* gaue a box of Diamond ſure,
Embowd with gold and gorgeous ornament,
Wherein were clos'd few drops of liquor pure,
Of wondrous worth, and vertue excellent,
That any wound could heale incontinent:
Which to requite, the *Redcroſſe* knight him gaue
A booke, wherein his Sauiours teſtament
Was writ with golden letters rich and braue;
A worke of wondrous grace, and able ſoules to ſaue.

20

Thus been they parted, *Arthur* on his way
To ſeeke his loue, and th'other for to fight
With *Vnaes* foe, that all her realme did prey.
But ſhe now weighing the decayed plight,
And ſhrunken ſinewes of her choſen knight,
Would not a while her forward courſe purſew,
Ne bring him forth in face of dreadfull fight,
Till he recouer'd had his former hew:
For, him to be yet weake and wearie, well ſhe knew.

21

So as they trauaild, lo, they gan eſpy
An armed knight towards them gallop faſt,
That ſeemed from ſome feared foe to fly,
Or other grieſly thing, that him agaſt.
Still as he fled, his eye was backward caſt,
As if his feare ſtill followed him behind;
Als flew his ſteed, as he his bands had braſt,
And with his winged heeles did tread the wind,
As hee had been a foale of *Pegaſus* his kind.

22

Nigh as he drew, they might perceiue his head
To be vnarm'd, and curld vncombed haires
Vpſtaring ſtiffe, diſmaid with vncouth dread;
Nor drop of bloud in all his face appeares,
Nor life in limbe: and to increaſe his feares,
In foule reproche of knighthoods faire degree,
About his neck an hempen rope he weares,
That with his gliſtring armes does ill agree;
But he of rope or armes has now no memorie.

23

The *Redcroſſe* knight toward him croſſed faſt,
To weet what miſter wight was ſo diſmaid:
There him he finds all ſenſeleſſe and agaſt,
That of him ſelfe he ſeemd to be afraid;
Whom hardly he from flying forward ſtaid,
Till he theſe wordes to him deliuer might;
Sir knight, aread who hath ye thus arraid,
And eke from whom make ye this haſty flight:
For, neuer knight I ſaw in ſuch miſſeeming plight.

24

He anſwerd nought at all; but adding new
Feare to his firſt amazement, ſtaring wide
With ſtony eyes, and hartleſſe hollow hew,
Aſtoniſht ſtood, as one that had eſpide
Infernall furies, with their chaines vntide.
Him yet againe, and yet againe beſpake
The gentle knight; who nought to him replide,
But trembling euery ioynt did inly quake, (ſhake.
And foltring tongue at laſt theſe words ſeem'd foorth to

25

For Gods deare loue, Sir Knight, do me not ſtay;
For loe, he comes, he comes faſt after mee.
Eft looking back, would faine haue runne away;
But he him forc't to ſtay, and tellen free
The ſecret cauſe of his perplexitie:
Yet nathemore by his bold hartie ſpeech,
Could his bloud-frozen hart emboldned bee;
But through his boldneſſe rather feare did reach:
Yet forc't, at laſt he made through ſilence ſuddaine breach.

26

And am I now in ſafetie ſure (quoth he)
From him, that would haue forced me to die?
And is the point of death now turnd fro me,
That I may tell this hapleſſe hiſtory?
Feare nought (quoth he) no danger now is nie?
Then ſhall I you recount a ruefull caſe
(Said he) the which with this vnluckie eye
I late beheld, and had not greater grace
Me reft from it, had been partaker of the place.

I late-

27

I lately chaunc't (would I had neuer chaunc't)
With a faire Knight to keepen companee,
Sir *Terwin* hight, that well himſelfe advaunc't
In all affaires, and was both bold and free,
But not ſo happy as mote happy bee:
He lov'd, as was his lot, a Ladie gent,
That him againe lov'd in the leaſt degree:
For, ſhee was proud, and of too high intent,
And ioyd to ſee her louer languiſh and lament.

28

From whom returning ſad and comfortleſſe,
As on the way together we did fare,
We met that villaine (God from him me bleſſe)
That curſed wight, from whom I ſcap't whyleare,
A man of hell, that cals himſelfe *Deſpaire:*
Who firſt vs greets, and after faire areedes
Of tydings ſtrange, and of adventures rare:
So creeping cloſe, as Snake in hidden weedes,
Inquireth of our ſtates, and of our knightly deedes.

29

Which when he knew, and felt our feeble harts
Emboſt with bale, and bitter byting griefe,
Which loue had launced with his deadly darts,
With wounding words and termes of foule repriefe,
He pluckt from vs all hope of due reliefe,
That earſt vs held in loue of lingring life;
Then hopeleſſe, hartleſſe, gan the cunning thiefe
Perſwade vs die, to ſtint all further ſtrife:
To me he lent this rope, to him a ruſtie knife.

30

With which ſad inſtrument of haſtie death,
That woefull louer, loathing lenger light,
A wide way made to let forth liuing breath.
But I more fearefull, or more luckie wight,
Diſmayd with that deformed diſmall ſight,
Fled faſt away, halfe dead with dying feare:
Ne yet aſſur'd of life by you, Sir Knight,
Whoſe like infirmitie like chaunce may beare:
But God you neuer let his charmed ſpeeches heare.

31

How may a man (ſaid hee) with idle ſpeach
Be wonne, to ſpoile the Caſtle of his health?
I wote (quoth he) whom triall late did teach,
That like would not for all this worldes wealth:
His ſubtill tongue, like dropping honny, meal't h
Into the hart, and ſearcheth euery vaine,
That ere one be aware, by ſecret ſtealth
His powre is reft, and weakneſſe doth remaine.
O! neuer Sir deſire to try his guilefull traine.

32

Certes (ſaid he) hence ſhall I neuer reſt,
Till I that treachours art haue heard and tride:
And you Sir Knight, whoſe name mote I requeſt,
Of grace doe me vnto his cabin guide.
I that hight *Treuiſan* (quoth he) will ride
(Againſt my liking) back, to doe you grace:
But not for gold nor glee will I abide
By you, when ye arriue in that ſame place;
For leuer had I die, then ſee his deadly face.

33

Ere long they come, where that ſame wicked wight
His dwelling has, low in an hollow Caue,
Farre vnderneath a craggy clift ypight,
Dark, dolefull, drearie, like a greedy Graue,
That ſtill for carrion carcaſes doth craue:
On top whereof aye dwelt the gaſtly Owle,
Shrieking his balefull note, which euer draue
Farre from that haunt all other chearfull fowle;
And all about it wandring ghoſts did waile and howle.

34

And all about, old ſtocks and ſtubs of trees,
Whereon nor fruit, nor leafe was euer ſeene,
Did hang vpon the ragged rockie knees;
On which had many wretches hanged beene,
Whoſe carcaſes were ſcattered on the Greene,
And throwne about the clifts. Arriued there,
That bare-head knight, for dread and dolefull teene,
Would faine haue fled, ne durſt approchen neare:
But th'other forc't him ſtay, and comforted in feare.

35

That darkſome Caue they enter, where they find
That curſed man, lowe ſitting on the ground,
Muſing full ſadly in his ſullen mind;
His grieſie locks, long growen, and vnbound,
Diſordred hung about his ſhoulders round,
And hid his face; through which his hollow eyne
Lookt deadly dull, and ſtared as aſtound;
His raw-bone cheeks, through penurie and pine,
Were ſhrunke into his iawes, as he did neuer dine.

36

His garment, nought but many ragged clouts,
With thornes together pind and patched was,
The which his naked ſides he wrapt abouts;
And him beſide there lay vpon the graſs
A drearie corſe, whoſe life away did paſs,
All wallowd in his owne yet luke-warme bloud,
That from his wound yet welled freſh alas;
In which a ruſtie knife faſt fixed ſtood,
And made an open paſſage for the guſhing flood.

37

Which pittious ſpectacle, approuing true
The wofull tale that *Treuiſan* had told,
When as the gentle *Redcroſſe* knight did view,
With fiers zeale he burnt in courage bold,
Him to avenge, before his bloud were cold,
And to the villaine ſaid, Thou damned wight,
The author of this fact, we heere behold,
What iuſtice can but iudge againſt thee right, (ſight.
With thine owne bloud to price his bloud, heere ſhed in

38

What frantick fit (quoth he) hath thus diſtraught
Thee, fooliſh man, ſo raſh a doome to giue?
What iuſtice euer other iudgement taught,
But he ſhould die, who merits not to liue?
None elſe to death this man deſpayring driue,
But his owne guiltie mind deſeruing death.
Is then vniuſt to each his due to giue?
Or let him die, that loatheth liuing breath?
Or let him die at eaſe, that liueth heere vneath?

39
Who trauels by the weary wandring way,
To come vnto his wished home in haste,
And meets a flood, that doth his passage stay,
Is not great grace to help him over past,
Or free his feet, that in the mire sticke fast?
Most enuious man, that grieues at neighbours good,
And fond, that ioyest in the woe thou hast,
Why wilt not let him passe, that long hath stood
Vpon the banke, yet wilt thy selfe not passe the flood?

40
Hee there does now enioy eternall rest
And happy ease, which thou doost want and craue,
And further from it daily wanderest:
What if some little paine the passage haue,
That makes fraile flesh to feare the bitter waue?
Is not short paine well borne, that brings long ease,
And layes the soule to sleepe in quiet graue?
Sleepe after toile, port after stormie seas,
Ease after warre, death after life does greatly please.

41
The Knight much wondred at his suddaine wit,
And said, The terme of life is limited,
Ne may a man prolong, nor shorten it;
The souldier may not moue from watchfull sted,
Nor leaue his stand, vntill his Captaine bed.
Who life did limit by almighty doome
(Quoth hee) knowes best the termes established;
And hee, that points the Centonell his roome,
Doth license him depart at sound of morning droome.

42
Is not his deed, what euer thing is donne,
In heauen and earth? did not hee all create
To die againe? all ends that was begunne.
Their times in his eternall booke of fate
Are written sure, and haue their certaine date.
Who then can striue with strong necessitie,
That holds the world in his still changing state,
Or shun the death ordaind by destinie? (why.
When houre of death is come, let none aske whence, nor

43
The lenger life, I wote the greater sin,
The greater sin, the greater punishment:
All those great battels, which thou boasts to win,
Through strife, and bloudshed, and auengement,
Now praisd, hereafter deare thou shalt repent:
For, life must life, and blood must blood repay.
Is not enough thy euill life forespent?
For hee, that once hath missed the right way,
The further he doth goe, the further he doth stray.

44
Then doe no further goe, no further stray,
But heere lie downe, and to thy rest betake,
Th'ill to preuent, that life ensewen may.
For, what hath life, that may it loued make,
And giues not rather cause it to forsake?
Feare, sickenesse, age, losse, labour, sorrow, strife,
Paine, hunger, cold, that makes the hart to quake;
And euer fickle fortune rageth rife,
All which, and thousands mo, do make a loathsome life.

45
Thou, wretched man, of death hast greatest need,
If in true ballance thou wilt weigh thy state:
For, neuer knight that dared warlike deed,
More luckelesse disaventures did amate:
Witnesse the dungeon deepe, wherein of late
Thy life shut vp, for death so oft did call;
And though good lucke prolonged hath thy date,
Yet death then would the like mishaps forestall,
Into the which hereafter thou maiest happen fall.

46
Why then doost thou, ô man of sin, desire
To draw thy dayes forth to their last degree?
Is not the measure of thy sinfull hire
High heaped vp with huge iniquitie,
Against the day of wrath, to burden thee?
Is not enough, that to this Ladie milde
Thou falsed hast thy faith with periurie,
And sold thy selfe to serue *Duessa* vilde,
With whom in all abuse thou hast thy selfe defilde?

47
Is not he iust, that all this doth behold
From highest heauen, and beares an equall eye?
Shall he thy sinnes vp in his knowledge fold,
And guiltie be of thine impietie?
Is not his Law, Let euery sinner die:
Die shall all flesh? what then must needs be donne,
Is it not better to doe willingly,
Then linger, till the glasse be all out runne?
Death is the end of woes: die soone, ô Faeries sonne.

48
The knight was much enmoued with his speach,
That as a sword point through his hart did pearce,
And in his conscience made a secret breach,
Well knowing true all, that hee did reherse,
And to his fresh remembrance did reuerse
The vgly view of his deformed crimes,
That all his manly powres it did disperse,
As hee were charmed with inchaunted rimes,
That oftentimes he quakt, and fainted oftentimes.

49
In which amazement, when the Miscreant
Perceiued him to wauer weake and fraile,
Whiles trembling horror did his conscience dant,
And hellish anguish did his soule assaile;
To driue him to despaire, and quite to quaile,
He shew'd him painted in a table plaine,
The damned ghosts, that doe in torments waile,
And thousand fiends that doe them endlesse paine
With fire and brimstone, which for euer shall remaine.

50
The sight wherof so throughly him dismaid,
That nought but death before his eyes he saw,
And euer burning wrath before him laid,
By righteous sentence of th'Almighties law:
Then gan the villaine him to ouercraw,
And brought vnto him swords, ropes, poyson, fire,
And all that might him to perdition draw;
And bade him chuse, what death he would desire:
For death was due to him, that had prouokt Gods ire.

But

51
But when as none of them he saw him take,
He to him raught a dagger sharpe and keene,
And gaue it him in hand: his hand did quake,
And tremble like a leafe of Aspin greene,
And troubled bloud through his pale face was seene
To come and goe; with tydings from the hart,
As it a running messenger had beene.
At last, resolv'd to worke his finall smart,
He lifted vp his hand, that backe againe did start.

52
Which when as *Vna* saw, through euery vaine
The crudled cold ran to her well of life,
As in a swoune: but soone relieu'd againe,
Out of his hand she snatcht the cursed knife,
And threw it to the ground, enraged rife,
And to him said, Fie, fie, faint harted knight,
What meanest thou by this reprochefull strife?
Is this the battell, which thou vaunt'st to fight
With that fire-mouthed Dragon, horrible and bright?

53
Come, come away, fraile, silly, fleshly wight,
Ne let vaine words bewitch thy manly hart,
Ne deuilish thoughts dismay thy constant spright.
In heauenly mercies hast thou not a part?
Why should'st thou then despaire, that chosen art?
Where iustice growes, there growes eke greater grace,
The which doth quench the brond of hellish smart,
And that accurst hand-writing doth deface:
Arise, Sir Knight, arise, and leaue this cursed place.

54
So vp he rose, and thence amounted streight.
Which when the Carle beheld, and saw his guest
Would safe depart, for all his subtile sleight,
He chose an halter from among the rest,
And with it hung himselfe, vnbid, vnblest.
But death he could not worke himselfe thereby;
For thousand times he so himselfe had drest,
Yet natheless it could not doe him die,
Till he should die his last, that is eternally.

Canto X.

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

1
What 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 imprisonment, 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 decaied plight.

3
There was an ancient house not farre away,
Renowm'd throughout the world for sacred lore,
And pure vnspotted life: so well they say
It gouernd was, and guided euermore
Through wisedome 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 *Celia* 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, chast, and wise,
Fidelia and *Speranza* virgins were,
Though spous'd, yet wanting wedlocks solemnize;
But faire *Charissa* to a louely feere
Was linked, and by him had many pledges deere.

Arriued

5

Arriued 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 straight way:
He was an aged Sire, all hory gray,
With lookes full lowely cast, and gate full slowe,
Wont on a staffe his feeble steps to stay,
Hight *Humilta*. They passe in stouping lowe;
For straight and narrow was the way, which he did showe.

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 Franklin faire and free,
And entertaines with comely courteous glee,
His name was *Zele*, that him right well became;
For, in his speeches and behauiour 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 deed that shew'd great modestie,
And knew his good to all of each degree,
Hight *Reverence*. Hee 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 Lady of the place:
Who all this while was busie at her beades:
Which doen, she vp arose with seemly grace,
And toward them full matronely did pase.
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, o happy earth,
Whereon thy innocent feet doe euer tread,
Most vertuous virgin, borne of heauenly birth,
That to redeeme thy woefull Parents head,
From Tyrants 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
Heere in this place, or any other wight,
That hither turnes his steps. So few there bee
That chuse the narrow path, or seeke the right:
All keepe the broade high way, and take delight
With many rather for to goe astray,
And be partakers of their euill plight,
Then with a fewe 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 addrest,
Led with thy praises and broad-blazed fame,
That vp to heauen is blowne. The ancient Dame,
Him goodly greeted in her modest guise,
And entertaind them both, as best became,
VVith all the court'sies that she could deuise,
Ne wanted ought, to shew her bountious or wise.

12

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

13

Shee was arraied all in lilly white,
And in her right hand bore a cup of gold,
VVith wine and water fild vp to the hight,
In which a Serpent did himselfe enfold,
That horrour made to all that did behold;
But she no whit did change 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,
VVas clad in blewe, 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 silver anchor lay,
VVhereon 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,
VVho them encounters with like courtesie;
Many kind speeches they between 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;
VVho faire them quites, as him beseemed best,
And goodly can 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 thankt be God, and her encrease so euermore.

Then

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 while,
I read you rest, and to your bowres recoyle.
Then called shee 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 Schoole-house plac't,
That of her heauenly learning he might taste,
And heare the wisedome of her words diuine.
She granted, and that Knight so much agrac't,
That she him taught celestiall discipline,
And opened his dull eyes, that light mote in them shine.

19

And that her sacred Booke, with bloud 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, shee 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 heauens hight;
Some-times great hostes of men she could dismay:
Dry-shod to passe, she parts the flouds in tway;
And eke huge Mountaines from their natiue seat
She would commaund, themselues to beare away,
And throwe in raging sea with roaring threat.
Almighty God her gaue such powre, & puissance great.

21

The faithfull knight now grew in little 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 forlore,
Greeu'd with remembrance of his wicked waies,
And prickt with anguish of his sinnes so sore,
That he desir'd to end his wretched daies:
So much the dart of sinfull guilt the soule dismaies.

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 deerest *Vna* did behold,
Disdaining life, desiring leaue to die,
She found her selfe assaild with great perplexitie.

23

And came to *Cælia* to declare her smart:
Who, well acquainted with that commune plight,
Which sinfull horror works in wounded hart,
Her wisely comforted all that she might,
With goodly counsell and aduisement right;
And straightway sent with carefull diligence
To fetch a Leach, the which had great insight
In that disease of grieued 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 griefe:
Which knowne, and all that noyd his heauie spright,
Well searcht, eftsoones he gan apply reliefe
Of salues and med'cines, which had passing prieфe,
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 roote 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 darksome lowely place farre in,
Whereas he meant his corrosiues to apply,
And with streict diet tame his stubborne malady.

26

In ashes and sackcloth he did array
His dainty corse, proud humours to abate,
And dieted with fasting euery day,
The swelling of his wounds to mitigate,
And made him pray both early and eke late:
And euer as superfluous flesh did rot,
Amendement ready still at hand did wait,
To pluck it out with pincers firie hot,
That soone in him was left no one corrupted iot.

27

And bitter *Penance*, with an iron whip,
Was wont him once to disple euery day:
And sharpe *Remorse* his hart did prick and nip,
That drops of bloud thence like a well did play;
And sad *Repentance* vsed to embay,
His body 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 deaths 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 sinewes eat.
His owne deare *Vna* hearing euermore
His ruefull shriekes and gronings, often tore
Her guiltlesse garments, and her golden haire,
For pitty of his paine and anguish sore;
Yet all with patience wisely she did beare;
For well she wist, his crime could else be neuer cleare.

Whom

29
Whom thus recouer'd by wise *Patience*,
And true *Repentance*, they to *Vna* brought:
Who ioyous of his cured conscience,
Him dearely kist, and fairely eke besought
Himselfe to cherish, 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
Shee 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 neck and breasts were euer open bare,
That aye thereof her babes might suck their fill;
The rest was all in yellow robes arraied still.

31
A multitude of babes about her hong,
Playing their sports, that ioyd her to behold,
Whom still shee fed, whiles they were weake and young,
But thrust them forth still, as they wexed old:
And on her head shee 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, shee sitting in an Ivorie chaire.

32
The Knight and *Vna* entring, faire her greet,
And bid her ioy of that her happy 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 sonne,
Gan him instruct in euery good behest,
Of loue, and righteousnesse, and well to donne,
And wrath and hatred warily to shunne,
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 ancient Matrone she to her does call,
Whose sober lookes her wisedome well descride:
Her name was *Mercy*, 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,
Scattred with bushy thornes, and ragged breares,
VVhich still before him she remoou'd away,
That nothing might his ready passage stay:
And euer when his feet encombred were,
Or gan to shrinke, or from the right to stray,
She held him fast, and firmly did vpbeare,
As carefull Nurse her child from falling oft does reare.

36
Eftsoones vnto an holy Hospitall,
That was fore by the way, shee 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 dooing godly thing:
Their gates to all were open euermore,
That by the wearie way were trauailing,
And one sate waiting 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 entertainement
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 constraine:
Those for Gods sake his dutie was to entertaine.

38
The second was an 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 himselfe to be in need,
Ne car'd to hoord for those, whom he did breed:
The grace of God he laid vp still in store,
Which as a stocke he left vnto his seed;
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 tires, nor garments gay,
The plumes of pride, and wings of vanitie,
But clothes meet to keepe keene cold away,
And naked nature seemely to array;
With which, bare wretched wights he daily clad,
The images of God in earthly clay;
And if that no spare clothes 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 staid;
And though they faultie were, yet well he waid,
That God to vs forgiueth euery howre
Much more then that why they in bands were layd,
And he that harrow'd hell with heauie stowre, (bowre.
The faultie soules from thence brought to his heauenlie

The

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 bestowe,
If not well ended at our dying day.
O man! haue mind of that last bitter throwe;
For, as the tree does fall, so lyes it euer lowe.

42
The sixt had charge of them now beeing 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 workmanship 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 grant, I dead be not defould.

43
The seauenth, now after death and buriall done,
Had charge the tender Orphans of the dead
And widowes ayde, 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 seauen, whose care
Was guests to welcome, towards him did pass:
Where, seeing *Mercy*, that his steps vp bare,
And alwaies led, to her with reuerence rare
He humbly louted in meeke lowelinesse,
And seemly welcome for her did prepare:
For, of their Order shee was Patroness,
Albe *Charissa* were their chiefest Foundaresse.

45
There she awhile him staies, himselfe to rest,
That to the rest more able he might be:
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 holie righteousnesse, without rebuke or blame.

46
Thence forward, by that painefull way they pass,
Forth to an hill that was both steepe and hie;
On top whereof a sacred Chappell was,
And eke a little Hermitage thereby,
Wherein an aged holy man did lie,
That day and night said his deuotion,
Ne other worldly business 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 perceant was his spright,
As Eagles eye, that can behold the sunne:
That hill they scale with all their powre and might,
That his fraile thighes nigh wearie and fordonne
Gan faile; but by her help the top at last he wonne.

48
There they doe find that godly aged Sire,
With snowy locks adowne his shoulders shed,
As hoarie frost with spangles doth attire
The mossy branches of an Oake halfe dead.
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 lowe and chast.

49
Who, when these two approching he espide,
At their first presence grew agrieued sore,
That forc't 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 farre 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 euer-liuing fire,
Whereof the keyes are to thy hand behight
By wise *Fidelia*? shee doth thee require,
To shew it to this Knight, according his desire.

51
Thrice 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 doost the prayers of the righteous seed
Present before the Maiestie diuine,
And his auenging wrath to clemencie incline.

52
Yet sith thou bidst, thy pleasure shall be donne.
Then come thou man of earth, and see the way
That neuer yet was seene of Faeries sonne,
That neuer leads the trauailer astray;
But, after labours long, and sad delay,
Brings them to ioyous rest and endlesse bliss.
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 blond-red billowes like a walled front
On either ſide diſparted with his rod,
Till that his army dry-foot through them yod,
Dwelt fortie daies vpon; where, writ in ſtone
With bloudy 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,
Adornd with fruitfull Oliues all around,
Is, as it were for endleſſe memory
Of that deare Lord, who oft thereon was found,
For euer with a flowring girlond crownd:
Or like that pleaſant Mount, that is for ay
Through famous Poets verſe each where renownd,
On which the thrice three learned Ladies play
Their heauenly notes, and make full many a louely lay.

55
From thence, farre off he vnto him did ſhew
A little path, that was both ſteep and long,
Which to a goodly Citie led his view;
Whoſe wals and towres were builded high and ſtrong
Of pearle 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 enquere,
What ſtately building durſt ſo high extend
Her loftie towres vnto the ſtarry Sphere,
And what vnknowne 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 pittious 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 been,
In which that faireſt *Faerie Queene* doth dwell
The faireſt Citie was, that might be ſeene;
And that bright towre all built of cryſtall cleene,
Panthea, ſeem'd the brighteſt thing that was:
But now by proofe all otherwiſe I weene;
For, this great Citie, that does farre ſurpaſs, (glaſs.
And this bright Angels towre, quite dims that towre of

59
Moſt true, then ſaid the holy aged man;
Yet is *Cleopolis*, for earthly ſame,
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 ſouereigne Dame,
That glorie does to them for guerdon graunt:
For, ſhee is heauenly borne, and heauen may iuſtly vaunt.

60
And thou faire imp, ſprung out from Engliſh race,
How euer now accounted Elfins ſonne,
Well worthy doeſt thy ſeruice for her grace,
To ayde a virgin deſolate foredonne.
But, when thou famous victorie haſt wonne,
And high emongſt all Knights haſt hung thy ſhield,
Thence-forth the ſuit of earthly conqueſt ſhonne,
And waſh thy hands from guilt of bloudy field:
For, bloud can nought but ſin, & warres but ſorowes yield.

61
Then ſeeke this path, that I to thee preſage,
Which after all to heauen ſhall thee ſend;
Then peaceably thy painefull pilgrimage
To yonder ſame *Hieruſalem* doe bend,
Where is for thee ordaind a bleſſed end:
For, thou emongſt thoſe Saints, whom thou dooſt ſee,
Shalt be a Saint, and thine owne nations friend
And Patrone: thou Saint *George* ſhalt called bee,
Saint *George* of mery England, the ſigne of victory.

62
Vnworthy wretch (quoth he) of ſo great grace,
How dare I thinke ſuch glory to attaine?
Theſe that haue it attaind, were in like caſe
(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) returne againe
Back to the world, whoſe ioyes ſo fruitleſſe are;
But let me heere for aye in peace remaine,
Or ſtraight 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 back 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 nominate?
That word ſhall I (ſaid he) avouchen good,
Sith to thee is vnknowne the cradle of thy brood.

For

65
For well I wote, thou ſpringſt from ancient race
Of *Saxon* Kings, that haue with mighty hand
And many bloudy battailes fought in place,
High rear'd their royall throne in *Britane* land,
And vanquiſht them, vnable to withſtand:
From thence a Faery 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 chang'd by Faeries theft.

66
Thence ſhee thee brought into this Faerie lond,
And in an heaped furrow did thee hide;
Where, thee a Ploughman all vnweeting fond,
As he his toileſome teame that way did guide,
And brought thee vp in ploughmans ſtate to bide,
Whereof *Georgos* he thee gaue to name;
Till prickt with courage, and thy forces pride,
To Faery Court thou cam'ſt to ſeek for fame,
And proue thy puiſſant armes, as ſeemes thee beſt became.

67
O holy Sire (quoth he) how ſhall I quight
The many fauours 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 return'd, but dazed were his eyne
Through paſſing brightneſſe, which did quite confound
His feeble ſenſe, and too exceeding ſhine.
So darke are earthly things compar'd to things divine.

68
At laſt, when as himſelfe he gan to find,
To *Vna* back he caſt him to retire;
Who him awaited ſtill with penſiue mind.
Great thanks and goodly meed, to that good ſire,
He thence departing gaue for his paines hire.
So came to *Vna*, who him ioy'd to ſee,
And after little reſt, gan him deſire,
Of her adventure mindfull for to bee.
So leaue they take of *Cœlia*, and her daughters three.

Canto XI.

The knight with that old Dragon fights two daies inceſſantly: The third, him overthrowes, & gaines moſt glorious victory.

1
HIgh time now gan it wex for *Vna* faire,
To thinke of thoſe her captiue Parents deare,
And their forwaſted kingdome to repaire:
Whereto when as they now approched neare,
With harty words her Knight ſhe gan to cheare,
And in her modeſt manner thus beſpake;
Deare knight, as deare as euer Knight was deare,
That all theſe ſorrowes ſuffer for my ſake,
High heauen behold the tedious toyle ye for me take.

2
Now are we come vnto my natiue ſoyle,
And to the place where all our perils dwell;
Heere haunts that fiend, and does his daily ſpoyle,
Therefore henceforth be at your keeping well,
And euer ready for your foeman fell.
The ſparke of noble courage now awake,
And ſtriue your excellent ſelfe to excell;
That ſhall ye euermore renowmed make
Aboue all knights on earth, that battaile vndertake.

3
And pointing forth, lo, yonder is (ſaid ſhe)
The braſen towre, in which my parents deare
For dread of that huge fiend impriſond be,
Whom I from far, ſee on the walls appeare,
Whoſe ſight my feeble ſoule doth greatly cheare:
And on the top of all, I doe eſpy
The watchman waiting, tydings glad to heare,
That (ô my parents) might I happily
Vnto you bring, to eaſe you of your miſery.

4
With that, they heard a roaring hideous ſound,
That all the ayre with terrour filled wide,
And ſeem'd vneath to ſhake the ſtedfaſt ground.
Eftſoones that dreadfull Dragon they eſpide,
Where ſtretcht he lay vpon the ſunny ſide
Of a great hill, himſelfe like a great hill.
But all ſo ſoone, as he from farre deſcride
Thoſe gliſtring armes, that heauen with light did fill,
He rous'd himſelfe full blithe, and haſtned them vntill.

5

Then bade the Knight this Lady yede aloofe,
And to an hill her ſelfe with-drawe aſide,
From whence ſhe might behold that battailes proofe,
And eke be ſafe from danger far deſcride:
She him obayd, and turnd a little wide.
Now, ô thou ſacred Muſe, moſt learned Dame,
Faire Impe of *Phœbus*, and his aged bride,
The Nurſe of time, and euerlaſting fame,
That warlike hands ennobleſt with immortall name;

6

O gently come into my feeble breſt,
Come gently, but not with that mighty rage,
Where-with the Martiall troupes thou doeſt infeſt,
And harts of great Hero ës doeſt enrage,
That nought their kindled courage may aſſwage;
Soone as thy dreadfull trumpe begins to ſound,
The God of warre with his fierce equipage
Thou dooſt awake, ſleepe neuer he ſo ſound,
And feared Nations dooſt with horrour ſterne aſtound.

7

Faire Goddeſſe lay that furious fit aſide,
Till I of warres and bloudy *Mars* doe ſing,
And Briton fields with Sarazin bloud bedide,
Twixt that great Faery Queene and Paynim King,
That with their horrour heauen and earth did ring,
A worke of labour long, and endleſſe praiſe:
But, now awhile let downe that haughty ſtring,
And to my tunes thy ſecond tenor raiſe,
That I this man of God his godly armes may blaze.

8

By this, the dreadfull Beaſt drew nigh to hand,
Halfe flying, and halfe footing in his haſte,
That with his largeneſſe meaſured much land,
And made wide ſhadowe vnder his huge waſte;
As mountaine doth the valley ouercaſt.
Approching nigh, he reared high afore
His body monſtrous, horrible, and vaſt,
Which (to increaſe his wondrous greatneſſe more)
Was ſwolne with wrath, and poyſon, and with bloody gore.

9

And ouer, all with brazen ſcales was arm'd,
Like plated coate of ſteele, ſo couched neare,
That nought mote pearce, ne might his corſe be harm'd
With dint of ſword, nor puſh of pointed ſpeare;
Which as an Eagle, ſeeing prey appeare,
His aery plumes doth rouze, full rudely dight,
So ſhaked he, that horrour was to heare:
For, as the claſhing of an Armour bright,
Such noyſe his rouzed ſcales did ſend vnto the Knight.

10

His flaggy wings when forth he did diſplay,
Were like two ſayles, in which the hollow wind
Is gathered full, and worketh ſpeedy way:
And eke the pennes that did his pineons bind,
Were like maine-yards, with flying canvas lin'd;
With which, when as him liſt the ayre to beat,
And there by force vnwonted paſſage find,
The cloudes before him fled for terrour great,
And all the heauens ſtood ſtill amazed with his threat.

11

His huge long taile, wound vp in hundred folds,
Does ouerſpred his long braſs-ſcaly back:
VVhoſe wreathed boughts when euer he vnfolds,
And thick entangled knots adowne does ſlack;
Beſpotted all with ſhields of red and black,
It ſweepeth all the Land behind him farre,
And of three furlongs does but little lack;
And at the point two ſtings in-fixed arre,
Both deadly ſharp, that ſharpeſt ſteele exceeden farre.

12

But ſtings and ſharpeſt ſteele did far exceed
The ſharpneſſe of his cruell rending clawes;
Dead was it ſure, as ſure as death in deed,
What euer thing does touch his rauenous pawes,
Or what within his reach he euer drawes.
But, his moſt hideous head, my tongue to tell
Does tremble: for, his deepe deuouring iawes
Wide gaped, like the grieſly mouth of hell,
Through which into his darke abyſſe all ruin fell.

13

And that more wondrous was, in either iawe
Three ranks of iron teeth enranged were,
In which, yet trickling bloud and gobbets rawe
Of late deuoured bodies did appeare,
That ſight thereof bred cold congealed feare:
Which to increaſe, and all attonce to kill,
A cloude of ſmoothering ſmoake and ſulphur ſeare
Out of his ſtinking gorge forth ſteemed ſtill,
That all the ayre about with ſmoake and ſtench did fill.

14

His blazing eyes, like two bright ſhining ſhields,
Did burne with wrath, and ſparkled liuing fire:
As two broad Beacons, ſet in open fields,
Send forth their flames farre off to euery Shire,
And warning giue, that enemies conſpire,
With fire and ſword the region to invade;
So flam'd his eyne with rage and rancorous ire:
But farre within, as in a hollowe glade,
Thoſe glaring lamps were ſet, that made a dreadfull ſhade.

15

So dreadfully he towards him did paſs,
Forelifting vp aloft his ſpeckled breſt,
And often bounding on the bruſed graſs,
As for great ioyance of his new-come gueſt.
Eftſoones he gan advance his haughty creſt,
As chauffed Bore his briſtles doth vpreare,
And ſhooke his ſcales to battell ready dreſt;
That made the *Redcroſſe* Knight nigh quake for feare,
As bidding bold defiance to his foeman neare.

16

The Knight gan fairely couch his ſteady ſpeare,
And fiercely ranne at him with rigorous might:
The pointed ſteele arriuing rudely theare,
His harder hide would neither pearce nor bight,
But glauncing by forth paſſed forward right;
Yet ſore amooued with ſo puiſſant puſh,
The wrathfull beaſt about him turned light,
And him ſo rudely paſſing by, did bruſh
With his long taile, that horſe & man to ground did ruſh.

Both

41

Much was the man encombred with his hold,
In feare to loſe his weapon in his paw,
Ne wiſt yet how his talants to vnfold;
Nor harder was from *Cerberus* greedie iaw
To pluck a bone, then from his cruell claw
To reaue by ſtrength the griped gage away:
Thrice he aſſaid it from his foot to draw,
And thrice in vaine to draw it did aſſay,
It booted nought to thinke, to robbe him of his pray.

42

Tho when he ſaw no power might preuaile,
His truſty ſword he cald to his laſt aid,
Where-with he fiercely did his foe aſſaile,
And double blowes about him ſtoutly laid,
That glauncing fire out of the iron plaid;
As ſparkles from the andvile vſe to fly,
When heauie hammers on the wedge are ſwaid;
There-with at laſt he forc't him to vntie
One of his graſping feet, him to defend thereby.

43

The other foot faſt fixed on his ſhield,
When as no ſtrength nor ſtrokes mote him conſtraine
To looſe, ne yet the warlike pledge to yield,
He ſmote thereat with all his might and maine,
That nought ſo wondrous puiſſance might ſuſtaine;
Vpon the ioynt the lucky ſteele did light,
And made ſuch way, that hew'd it quite in twaine;
The paw yet mſſed not his miniſht might,
But hung ſtill on the ſhield, as it at firſt was pight.

44

For griefe thereof, and diueliſh deſpight,
From his infernall fournace forth he threw
Huge flames, that dimmed all the heauens light,
Enrold in duskiſh ſmoake and brimſtone blew;
As burning *Aetna* from his boyling ſtew
Doth belch out flames, and rocks in peeces broke,
And ragged ribs of mountaines molten new,
Enwrapt in coleblack clouds and filthy ſmoke,
That all the Land with ſtench, & heauen with horror choke.

45

The heate whereof, and harmefull peſtilence,
So ſore him noyd, that forc't him to retire
A little backward for his beſt defence,
To ſaue his body from the ſcorching fire,
Which he from helliſh entrailes did expire.
It chaunc't (eternall God that chaunce did guide)
As he recoyled backward, in the mire
His nigh forwearied feeble feet did ſlide,
And downe he fell, with dread of ſhame ſore terrifide.

46

There grew a goodly tree him faire beſide,
Loaden with fruit and apples roſie red,
As they in pure Vermilion had been dide,
Whereof great vertues ouer all were red:
For, happy life to all which thereon fed,
And life eke euerlaſting did befall:
Great God it planted in that bleſſed ſted
With his almighty hand, and did it call
The Tree of Life, the crime of our firſt fathers fall.

47

In all the world like was not to be found,
Saue in that ſoile, where all good things did growe,
And freely ſprong out of the fruitfull ground,
As incorrupted Nature did them ſowe,
Till that dread Dragon all did overthrowe.
Another like faire tree eke grew thereby,
Whereof whoſo did eat, eftſoones did knowe
Both good and ill: O mournefull memory!
That tree through one mans fault hath done vs all to die.

48

From that firſt tree forth flow'd, as from a Well,
A trickling ſtreame of Balme, moſt ſoueraine
And dayntie deare, which on the ground ſtill fell,
And ouerflowed all the fertill Plaine,
As it had deawed been with timely raine:
Life and long health that gracious oyntment gaue,
And deadly wounds could heale, and reare againe
The ſenſeleſſe corſe appointed for the Graue.
Into that ſame he fell: which did from death him ſaue.

49

For nigh thereto the euer damned beaſt
Durſt not approche, for he was deadly made,
And all that life preſerued, did deteſt:
Yet he it oft adventur'd to invade.
By this, the drouping day-light gan to fade,
And yeeld his roome to ſad ſucceeding night,
Who with her ſable mantle gan to ſhade
The face of earth, and waies of liuing wight,
And high her burning torch ſet vp in heauen bright.

50

When gentle *Vna* ſaw the ſecond fall
Of her deare knight, who weary of long fight,
And faint through loſſe of bloud, moov'd not at all,
But lay as in a dreame of deepe delight,
Beſmeard with precious Balme, whoſe vertuous might
Did heale his wounds, and ſcorching heate alay,
Againe ſhee ſtriken was with ſore affright,
And for his ſafetie gan deuoutly pray;
And watch the noyous night, and wait for ioyous day.

51

The ioyous day gan early to appeare,
And faire *Aurora* from her deawy bed
Of aged *Tithone* gan her ſelfe to reare,
With roſie cheekes, for ſhame as bluſhing red;
Her golden locks for haſte were looſely ſhed
About her eares, when *Vna* her did mark
Climbe to her charet, all with flowers ſpred;
From heauen high to chaſe the chearleſſe dark,
With merry note her loud ſalutes the mounting *Lark*.

52

Then freſhly vp aroſe the doughty knight,
All healed of his hurts and woundez wide,
And did himſelfe to battell ready dight;
Whoſe early foe awaiting him beſide
To haue deuour'd, ſo ſoone as day he eſpide,
When now he ſaw himſelfe ſo freſhly reare,
As if late fight had nought him damnifide,
He woxe diſmaid, and gan his fate to feare;
Nathleſſe, with wonted rage he him advaunced neare.

53
And in his first encounter, gaping wide,
Hee thought attonce him to haue swallowd quight,
An rusht vpon him with outrageous pride;
Who him r'encountring fierce, as hauke in flight,
Perforce rebutted back. The weapon bright,
Taking aduantage of his open iaw,
Ran through his mouth with so importune might,
That deepe empeare't his darksome hollow maw,
And backe reryr'd, his life bloud forth withall did drawe.

54
So downe he fell, and forth his life did breath,
That vanisht into smoake and cloudes swift;
So downe he fell, that th'earth him vnderneath
Did groane, as feeble so great loade to lift;
So downe he fell, as an huge rockie clift,
Whose false foundation waues haue washt away,
With dreadfull poyse is from the maine land rift,
And rolling downe, great *Neptune* doth dismay;
So downe he fell, and like an heaped mountaine lay.

55
The Knight himselfe euen trembled at his fall,
So huge and horrible a masse it seem'd;
And his deare Ladie, that beheld it all,
Durst not approche for dread, which she misdeem'd:
But yet at last, when as the direfull feend
She saw not stirre, off-shaking vaine affright,
She nigher drew, and saw that ioyous end:
Then God she prayst, and thankt her faithfull knight,
That had atchieu'd so great a conquest by his might.

Canto XII.

Faire Vna to the Redcrosse knight betrothed is with ioy: Though false Duessa it to barre her false sleights doe imploy.

1
Behold, I see the Hauen nigh at hand,
To which I meane my wearie course to bend;
Vere the maine shete, & beare vp with the land,
The which afore is fairely to be kend,
And seemeth safe from stormes, that may offend;
There this faire Virgin wearie of her way
Must landed be, now at her iourneyes end:
There eke my feeble Barke a while may stay,
Till merry wind and weather call her thence away.

2
Scarcely had *Phœbus* in the glooming East
Yet harnessed his firie-footed teeme,
Ne reard aboue the earth his flaming creast,
When the last deadly smoake aloft did steeme,
That signe of last outbreathed life did seeme,
Vnto the watchman on the Castle wall;
Who thereby dead that balefull Beast did deeme,
And to his Lord and Lady loud gan call,
To tell how he had seene the Dragons fatall fall.

3
Vprose with hastie ioy, and feeble speed
That aged Sire, the Lord of all that land,
And looked forth, to weet if true indeed
Those tydings were, as he did vnderstand:
Which when as true by tryall he out found,
He bade to open wide his brazen gate,
Which long time had been shut, and out of hond
Proclaimed ioy and peace through all his State;
For dead now was their foe, which them forraied late.

4
Then gan triumphant Trumpets sound on hie,
That sent to heauen the ecchoed report
Of their new ioy, and happy victory
Gainst him, that had them long oppresst with tort,
And fast imprisoned in sieged fort.
Then all the people, as in solemne feast,
To him assembled with one full consort,
Reioycing at the fall of that great beast,
From whose eternall bondage now they were releast.

5
Forth came that ancient Lord and aged Queene,
Arraid in antique robes downe to the ground,
And sad habiliments right well beseene;
A noble crew about them waited round
Of sage and sober Peeres, all grauely gownd;
Whom farre before did march a goodly band
Of tall young men, all able armes to sound,
But now they Laurell branches bore in hand;
Glad signe of victorie and peace in all their land.

Vnto

17
Both horse and man vp lightly rose againe,
And fresh encounter towards him addrest:
But th'idle stroke yet backe recoild in vaine,
And found no place his deadly point to rest.
Exceeding rage enflam'd the furious beast,
To be auenged of so great despight;
For, neuer felt his imperceable brest
So wondrous force from hand of liuing wight;
Yet had he prov'd the powre of many a puissant knight.

18
Then with his wauing wings displayed wide,
Himselfe vp high he lifted from the ground,
And with strong flight did forcibly diuide
The yielding aire, which nigh too feeble found
Her flitting parts, and element vnsound,
To beare so great a weight: he cutting way
With his broad sailes, about him soared round:
At last, lowe stouping with vnweldie sway,
Snatcht vp both horse and man, to beare them quite away.

19
Long he them bore aboue the subiect Plaine,
So farre as Ewghen bowe a shaft may send,
Till strugling strong did him at last constraine,
To let them downe before his flightes end:
As hagard Hauke, presuming to contend
With hardie fowle, aboue his able might,
His wearie pounces all in vaine doth spend,
To trusse the prey too heauie for his flight; (fight.
Which comming downe to ground, does free it selfe by

20
Hee so disseized of his gryping grosse,
The Knight his thrillant speare againe assaid
In his brass-plated body to emboss,
And three mens strength vnto the stroke he laid;
Wherewith the stiffe beame quaked, as affraid,
And glauncing from his scaly neck, did glide
Closerender his left wing, then broad displaid.
The pearcing steele there wrought a wound full wide,
That with the vncouth smart the Monster loudly cride.

21
Hee cryde, as raging seas are wont to rore,
When wintry storme his wrathfull wreck does threat,
The rolling billowes beat the ragged shore,
As they the earth would shoulder from her seate,
And greedy gulfe does gape, as he would eat
His neighbour element in his reuenge:
Then gin the blustring brethren boldly threat,
To moue the world from off his stedfast henge,
And boystrous battell make, each other to auenge.

22
The steely head stuck fast still in his flesh,
Till with his cruell clawes he snatcht the wood,
And quite asunder broke. Forth flowed fresh
A gushing riuer of black goarie blood,
That drowned all the land whereon he stood;
The streame thereof would driue a water-mill.
Trebly augmented was his furious mood
With bitter sense of his deepe rooted ill,
That flames of fire he threw forth from his large nosethrill.

23
His hideous taile then hurled he about,
And there-with all enwrapt the nimble thyes
Of his froth-fomie steed, whose courage stout
Striuing to loose the knot, that fast him tyes,
Himselfe in straighter bands too rash implyes,
That to the ground he is perforce constraind
To throwe his rider: who can quickly rise
From off the earth, with durty bloud distaind;
For, that reprochefull fall right fouly he disdaind:

24
And fiercely tooke his trenchand blade in hand,
With which he stroke so furious and so fell,
That nothing seemd the puissance could withstand:
Vpon his crest the hardned iron fell,
But his more hardned crest was armd so well,
That deeper dint therein it would not make;
Yet so extreamely did the buffe him quell,
That from thenceforth he shund the like to take,
But when he saw them come, he did them still forsake.

25
The knight was wroth to see his stroke beguil'd,
And smote againe with more outrageous might;
But backe againe the sparkling steele recoild,
And left not any marke where it did light;
As if in Adamant rock it had been pight.
The beast impatient of his smarting wound,
And of so fierce and forcible despight,
Thought with his wings to stye aboue the ground;
But his late wounded wing vnserviceable found.

26
Then full of griefe and anguish vehement,
He loudly brayd, that like was neuer heard,
And from his wide deuouring oven sent
A flake of fire, that flashing in his beard,
Him all amaz'd, and almost made affeard:
The scorching flame sore singed all his face,
And through his armour all his body seard,
That he could not endure so cruell case,
But thought his armes to leaue, and helmet to vnlace.

27
Not that great Champion of the antique world,
Whom famous Poets verse so much doth daunt,
And hath for twelue huge labours high extold,
So many furies and sharp fits did haunt,
When him the poysoned garment did enchaunt
With *Centaures* bloud, and bloudie verses charm'd,
As did this knight twelue thousand dolours daunt,
Whom firie steele now burnt, that earst him arm'd,
That erst him goodly arm'd, now most of all him harm'd.

28
Faint, weary, sore, emboyled, grieued, brent
With heate, toyle, wounds, armes, smart, & inward fire
That neuer man such mischiefes did torment;
Death better were, death did he oft desire:
But death will neuer come when needs require.
Whom so dismaid when that his foe beheld,
He cast to suffer him no more respire,
But gan his sturdie sterne about to weld,
And him so strongly strooke, that to the ground him feld.

29
It fortuned (as faire it then befell)
Behind his back (vnweeting) where he ſtood,
Of auncient time there was a ſpringing Well,
From which faſt trickled forth a ſilver flood,
Full of great vertues, and for med'cine good.
Whylome, before that curſed Dragon got
That happy Land, and all with innocent blood
Defil'd thoſe ſacred waues, it rightly hot
The Well of Life: ne yet his vertues had forgot.

30
For, vnto life the dead it could reſtore,
And guilt of ſinfull crimes cleane waſh away;
Thoſe that with ſickneſſe were infected ſore,
It could recure, and aged long decay
Renew, as it were borne that very day.
Both *Silo* this, and *Iordan* did excell,
And th'Engliſh *Bath*, and eke the german *Spaw*,
Ne can *Cephiſe*, nor *Hebrus* match this Well:
Into the ſame, the knight (back overthrowen) fell.

31
Now gan the golden *Phœbus* for to ſteepe
His fierie face in billowes of the Weſt,
And his faint ſteeds watred in Ocean deep,
Whiles from their iournall labours they did reſt,
When that infernall Monſter, hauing keſt
His weary ſoe into that liuing Well,
Can high aduaunce his broad diſcoloured breſt
Aboue his wonted pitch, with countenance fell,
And clapt his iron wings, as Victor he did dwell.

32
Which when his penſiue Ladie ſaw from farre,
Great woe and ſorrow did her ſoule aſſay,
As weening that the ſad end of the warre,
And gan to higheſt God entirely pray,
That feared chance from her to turne away;
With folded hands and knees full lowely bent
All night ſhe watcht, ne once adowne would lay
Her dainty limbs in her ſad dreriment,
But prayed ſtill did wake, and waking did lament.

33
The morrow next gan early to appeare,
That *Titan* roſe to runne his daily race;
But early ere the morrow next gan reare
Out of the ſea faire *Titans* deawy face,
Vp roſe the gentle virgin from her place,
And looked all about, if ſhee might ſpy
Her loued knight to moue his manly paſe:
For, ſhee had great doubt of his ſafety,
Since late ſhe ſaw him fall before his enemy.

34
At laſt ſhe ſaw, where he vpſtarted braue
Out of the Well, wherein he drenched lay;
As Eagle freſh out of the Ocean waue,
Where he hath left his plumes all hoary gray,
And deckt himſelfe with feathers youthly gay,
Like Eyas hauke vp mounts vnto the skies,
His newly budded pineons to aſſay,
And maruailes at himſelfe, ſtill as he flies:
So new, this new-borne knight to battell new did riſe.

35
Whom, when the damned fiend ſo freſh did ſpy,
No wonder if he wondred at the ſight,
And doubted, whether his late enemy
It were, or other new ſupplied knight.
He, now to proue his late renewed might,
High brandiſhing his bright deaw-burning blade,
Vpon his creſted ſcalpe ſo ſore did ſmite,
That to the skull a yawning wound it made:
The deadly dint his dulled ſenſes all diſmaid.

36
I wote not, whether the reuenging ſteele
Were hardned with that holy water dew
Wherein he fell, or ſharper edge did feele,
Or his baptized hands now greater grew;
Or other ſecret vertue did enſew;
Elſe, neuer could the force of fleſhly arme,
Ne molten metall in his blood embrew:
For, till that ſtound could neuer wight him harme,
By ſubtilties, nor ſlights, nor might, nor mighty charme.

37
The cruell wound enraged him ſo ſore,
That loud he yelled for exceeding paine;
As hundred ramping Lyons ſeem'd to rore,
Whom rauenous hunger did thereto conſtraine:
Then gan he toſſe aloft his ſtretched traine,
And there-with ſcourge the buxome ayre ſo ſore,
That to his force to yeelden it was faine;
Ne ought his ſturdie ſtrokes might ſtand afore,
That high trees ouerthrew, and rocks in peeces tore.

38
The ſame aduaunced high aboue his head,
With ſharp intended ſting ſo rude him ſmot,
That to the earth him droue, as ſtricken dead;
Ne liuing wight would haue him liue behot:
The mortall ſting his angry needle ſhot
Quite through his ſhield, and in his ſhoulder ſeaſd,
Where faſt it ſtuck, ne would there out be got:
The griefe thereof him wondrous ſore diſeaſd,
Ne might his rankling paine with patience be appeaſd.

39
But yet more mindfull of his honour deare,
Then of the grieuous ſmart which him did wring,
From loathed ſoile he can him lightly reare,
And ſtroue to looſe the farre infixed ſting:
Which when in vaine he tride with ſtruggeling,
Inflam'd with wrath, his raging blade he heft,
And ſtrooke ſo ſtrongly, that the knotty ſting
Of his huge taile he quite in ſunder cleft,
Fiue ioynts thereof he hew'd, and but the ſtump him left.

40
Hart cannot think, what outrage, and what cryes,
With foule enfouldred ſmoake and flaſhing fire,
The hell-bred beaſt threw forth vnto the skyes,
That all was couered with darkneſſe dire:
Then fraught with rancour, and engorged ire,
He caſt at once him to auenge for all,
And gathering vp himſelfe out of the mire,
With his vneuen wings did fiercely fall
Vpon his ſunne-bright ſhield, and gript it faſt withall.

Much

6
Vnto that doughty Conquerour they came,
And him before, themſelues proſtrating lowe,
Their Lord and Patrone loud did him proclame,
And at his feet their Laurell boughes did throwe.
Soone after them, all dauncing on a rowe
The comely virgins came, with girlands dight,
As freſh as flowres in medow greene doe growe,
When morning deaw vpon their leaues doth light:
And in their hands ſweet Tymbrels all vpheld on hight.

7
And them before, the fry of children young
Their wanton ſports and childiſh mirth did play,
And to the Maidens ſounding Tymbrels ſung
In well attuned notes, a ioyous lay,
And made delightfull muſick all the way,
Vntill they came where that faire virgin ſtood;
As faire *Diana* in freſh ſommers day
Beholds her Nymphes, enrang'd in ſhadie wood,
Some wreſtle, ſome doe run, ſome bathe in cryſtall flood:

8
So ſhe beheld thoſe maidens meriment
With cheerefull view; who, when to her they came,
Themſelues to ground with gracious humbleſſe bent,
And her ador'd by honourable name,
Lifting to heauen her euerlaſting fame:
Then on her head they ſet a girland greene,
And crowned her twixt earneſt and twixt game;
Who, in her ſelfe-reſemblance well beſeene,
Did ſeeme ſuch as ſhe was, a goodly maiden Queene.

9
And after, all the raſcall many ran,
Heaped together in rude rablement,
To ſee the face of that victorious man:
Whom all admired, as from heauen ſent,
And gaz'd vpon with gaping wonderment.
But, when they came where that dead Dragon lay,
Stretcht on the ground in monſtrous large extent,
The ſight with idle feare did them diſmay,
Ne durſt approche him nigh, to touch, or once aſſay.

10
Some feard, and fled; ſome feard and well it faind;
One that would wiſer ſeeme then all the reſt,
Warnd him not touch; for, yet perhaps remaind
Some lingring life within his hollowe breſt,
Or in his wombe might lurke ſome hidden neſt
Of many Dragonets, his fruitfull ſeed;
Another ſaid, that in his eyes did reſt
Yet ſparkling fire, and bade thereof take heed;
Another ſaid, he ſaw him moue his eyes indeed.

11
One mother, when as her foole-hardy child
Did come too neere, and with his talants play,
Halfe dead through feare, her little babe reuild,
And to her goſſips gan in counſell ſay;
How can I tell, but that his talents may
Yet ſcratch my ſonne, or rend his tender hand?
So, diuerſly themſelues in vaine they fray;
Whiles ſome more bold, to meaſure him nigh ſtand,
To proue how many acres he did ſpread of land.

12
Thus flocked all the folke him round about,
The whiles that hoarie King, with all his traine,
Beeing arriued, where that Champion ſtout
After his foes defeaſance did remaine,
Him goodly greets, and faire does entertaine,
With princely gifts of Ivorie and Gold,
And thouſand thanks him yeelds for all his paine.
Then, when his daughter deare he does behold,
Her dearely doth imbrace, and kiſſeth manifold.

13
And after, to his Palace he them brings,
With Shaumes, and Trumpets, and with Clarions ſweet;
And all the way the ioyous people ſings,
And with their garments ſtrowes the paued ſtreet:
Whence mounting vp, they find purueyance meet
Of all, that royall Princes Court became,
And all the floore was vnderneath their feet
Beſpred with coſtly ſcarlot of great name,
On which they lowly ſit, and fitting purpoſe frame.

14
What needs me tell their feaſt and goodly guiſe,
In which was nothing riotous nor vaine?
What needs of dainty diſhes to deuiſe,
Of comely ſeruices, or courtly traine?
My narrowe leaues cannot in them containe
The large diſcourſe of royall Princes ſtate.
Yet was their manner then but bare and plaine:
For, th'antique world exceſſe and pride did hate;
Such proude luxurious pompe is ſwollen vp but late.

15
Then, when with meats and drinks of euery kind
Their feruent appetites they quenched had,
That ancient Lord gan fit occaſion find,
Of ſtrange adventures, and of perils ſad,
Which in his trauaile him befallen had,
For to demaund of his renowmed gueſt:
Who then with vtt'rance graue, and count'nance ſad,
From point to point, as is before expreſt,
Diſcourſt his voyage long, according his requeſt.

16
Great pleaſures mixt with pittifull regard,
That godly King and Queene did paſſionate,
Whiles they his pittifull aduentures heard,
That oft they did lament his luckleſſe ſtate,
And often blame the too importune fate,
That heapt on him ſo many wrathfull wreakes:
For, neuer gentle Knight, as he of late,
So toſſed was in Fortunes cruell freakes;
And all the while ſalt teares bedeaw'd the hearers cheaks.

17
Then ſaid the royall Peere in ſober wiſe;
Deare ſonne, great been the euils, which ye bore
From firſt to laſt, in your late enterpriſe,
That I no'te, whether praiſe, or pitty more:
For, neuer liuing man (I weene) ſo ſore
In ſea of deadly dangers was diſtreſt;
But ſith now ſafe ye ſeiſed haue the ſhore,
And well arriued are, (high God be bleſt)
Let vs deuiſe of eaſe, and euerlaſting reſt.

Ah

18

Ah, deareſt Lord, ſaid then that doughty Knight,
Of eaſe or reſt I may not yet deuiſe
For, by the faith which I to armes haue plight,
I bounden am, ſtraight after this emprize
(As that your daughter can ye well adviſe)
Back to returne to that great Faery Queene,
And her to ſerue ſixe yeeres in warlike wiſe,
Gainſt that proude Paynim king that works her teene:
Therefore I ought craue pardon, till I there haue beene.

19

Vnhappy falles that hard neceſſitie
(Quoth he) the troubler of my happy peace,
And vowed foe of my felicitie;
Ne I againſt the ſame can iuſtly preace:
But ſith that band ye cannot now releaſe,
Nor doen vndoe; (for vowes may not be vaine)
Soone as the terme of thoſe ſix yeares ſhall ceaſe,
Ye then ſhall hither back returne againe,
The marriage to accompliſh vow'd betwixt you twaine.

20

Which, for my part, I couet to performe,
In ſort as through the world I did proclame,
That who ſo kild that Monſter (moſt deforme)
And him in hardy battaile overcame,
Should haue mine onely daughter to his Dame,
And of my kingdome heire apparant bee:
Therefore, ſith now to thee pertaines the ſame,
By due deſert of noble cheualree,
Both daughter and eke kingdome, lo, I yield to thee.

21

Then forth he called that his daughter faire,
The faireſt *Vn*' his onely daughter deare,
His onely daughter, and his onely heire;
Who forth proceeding with ſad ſober cheare,
As bright as doth the morning ſtarre appeare
Out of the Eaſt, with flaming locks bedight,
To tell the dawning day is dawning neare,
And to the world does bring long wiſhed light;
So faire and freſh that Lady ſhew'd her ſelfe in ſight.

22

So faire and freſh, as freſheſt flowre in May;
For, ſhe had laid her mournefull ſtole aſide,
And widow-like ſad wimple throwne away,
Where-with her heauenly beauty ſhe did hide,
Whiles on her wearie iourney ſhe did ride;
And on her now a garment ſhe did weare,
All lilly white, withouten ſpot, or pride,
That ſeem'd like ſilke and ſilver wouen neare;
But neither ſilke nor ſilver therein did appeare.

23

The blazing brightneſſe of her beauties beame,
And glorious light of her ſunſhiny face
To tell, were as to ſtriue againſt the ſtreame.
My ragged rimes are all too rude and baſe,
Her heauenly lineaments for to enchace.
Ne wonder: for, her owne deare loued knight,
All were ſhe daily with himſelfe in place,
Did wonder much at her celeſtiall ſight:
Oft had he ſeene her faire, but neuer ſo faire dight.

24

So fairely dight, when ſhe in preſence came,
She to her Sire made humble reverence,
And bowed lowe, that her right well became,
And added grace vnto her excellence:
Who with great wiſdome, and graue eloquence,
Thus gan to ſay. But ere he thus had ſaid,
With flying ſpeed, and ſeeming great pretence,
Came running in, much like a man diſmaid,
A Meſſenger with Letters, which his meſſage ſaid.

25

All in the open hall amazed ſtood
At ſuddaineneſſe of that vnwarie ſight,
And wondred at his breathleſſe haſtie mood.
But he for nought would ſtay his paſſage right,
Till faſt before the King he did alight,
Where falling flat, great humbleſſe he did make,
And kiſt the ground, whereon his foote was pight;
Then to his hands that writ he did betake,
Which he diſcloſing, read thus, as the paper ſpake.

26

To thee, moſt mightie King of *Eden* faire,
Her greeting ſends in theſe ſad lines addreſt,
The wofull daughter, and forſaken heire
Of that great Emperour of all the Weſt;
And bids thee be adviſed for the beſt,
Ere thou thy daughter linke in holy band
Of wedlock, to that new vnknowen gueſt:
For, he already plighted his right hand
Vnto another Loue, and to another Land.

27

To me, ſad maid, or rather widow ſad,
He was affianced long time before,
And ſacred pledges he both gaue, and had,
Falſe erraunt knight, infamous, and forſwore:
Witneſſe the burning Altars, which he ſwore,
And guiltie heauens of his bold periurie;
Which though he hath polluted oft and yore,
Yet I to them for iudgement iuſt doe fly,
And them conjure t'avenge this ſhamefull iniury.

28

Therefore, ſith mine he is, or free or bond,
Or falſe or true, or liuing or elſe dead,
With-hold, ô ſoueraigne Prince, your haſty hond
From knitting league with him, I you aread;
Ne weene my right with ſtrength adowne to tread,
Through weakeneſſe of my widowhed, or woe:
For, truth is ſtrong, his rightfull cauſe to plead,
And ſhall find friends, if need requireth ſo:
So bids thee well to fare, Thy neither friend, nor foe,

29 *Fideſſa.*

When he theſe bitter byting words had red,
The tydings ſtrange did him abaſhed make,
That ſtill he ſate long time aſtoniſhed
As in great muſe, ne word to creature ſpake.
At laſt, his ſolemne ſilence thus he brake,
With doubtfull eyes faſt fixed on his gueſt;
Redoubted knight, that for mine onely ſake
Thy life and honour late adventureſt,
Let nought be hid from me, that ought to be expreſt.

What

30

What meane theſe bloudy vowes, and idle threats,
Throwne out from womaniſh impatient mind?
What heauens? what altars? what enraged heates
Here heaped vp with tearmes of loue vnkind,
My conſcience cleare with guilty bands would bind?
High God be witneſſe, that I guiltleſſe ame.
But, if your ſelfe, Sir Knight, ye faultie find,
Or wrapped be in loues of former Dame,
With crime doe not it couer, but diſcloſe the ſame.

31

To whom the *Redcroſſe* knight this anſwere ſent,
My Lord, my King, be nought hereat diſmaid,
Till well ye wote by graue intendiment,
What woman, and wherefore doth me vpbraid
VVith breach of loue, and loyaltie betrayd.
It was in my mishaps, as hitherward
I lately trauaild, that vnwares I ſtraid
Out of my way, through perils ſtrange and hard;
That day ſhould faile me, ere I had them all declar'd.

32

There did I find, or rather I was found
Of this falſe woman, that *Fideſſa* hight,
Fideſſa hight the falſeſt Dame on ground,
Moſt falſe *Dueſſa*, royall richly dight,
That eaſie was to inveagle weaker ſight:
Who, by her wicked arts, and wilie ſkill,
Too falſe and ſtrong for earthly ſkill or might,
Vnwares me wrought vnto her wicked will,
And to my foe betraid, when leaſt I feared ill.

33

Then ſtepped forth the goodly royall Maid,
And on the ground her ſelfe proſtrating lowe,
With ſober countenaunce thus to him ſaid;
O pardon me, my ſoueraigne Lord, to ſhowe
The ſecret treaſons, which of late I knowe
To haue been wrought by that falſe Sorcereſſe.
She onely ſhee it is, that earſt did throwe
This gentle knight into ſo great diſtreſſe,
That death him did await in daily wretchedneſſe.

34

And now it ſeemes, that ſhe ſuborned hath
This craftie meſſenger with letters vaine,
To worke new woe and improuided ſcath,
By breaking of the band betwixt vs twaine;
Wherein ſhe vſed hath the practick paine
Of this falſe footman, cloakt with ſimpleneſſe:
Whom if ye pleaſe for to diſcouer plaine,
Ye ſhall him *Archimago* find, I gheſſe,
The falſeſt man aliue, who tries ſhall find no leſſe.

35

The King was greatly moued at her ſpeach,
And all with ſuddaine indignation fraight,
Bade on that meſſenger rude hands to reach.
Eftſoones the Gard, which on his State did wait,
Attach't that faitor falſe, and bound him ſtrait:
Who, ſeeming ſorely chauffed at his band,
As chained Beare, whom cruell dogs doe bait,
With idle force did faine them to withſtand,
And often ſemblance made to ſcape out of their hand.

36

But they him laid full lowe in dungeon deepe,
And bound him hand and foot with iron chaines.
And with continuall watch did warely keepe;
Who then would thinke, that by his ſubtile traines
He could eſcape foule death or deadly paines?
Thus when that Princes wrath was pacifide,
He gan renew the late forbidden baines,
And to the Knight his Daughter deare he tyde,
With ſacred rites and vowes for euer to abide.

37

His owne two hands the holy knots did knit,
That none but death for euer can diuide;
His owne two hands, for ſuch a turne moſt fit,
The houſling fire did kindle and prouide,
And holy water thereon ſprinkled wide;
At which, a buſhy Teade a groome did light,
And ſacred lampe in ſecret chamber hide,
Where it ſhould not be quenched day nor night,
For feare of euill fates, but burnen euer bright.

38

Then gan they ſprinkle all the poſts with wine,
And made great feaſt, to ſolemnize that day;
They all perfumde with Frankencenſe divine,
And precious odours fetcht from farre away,
That all the houſe did ſweat with great array:
And all the while ſweet Muſick did apply
Her curious skill, the warbling notes to play,
To driue away the dull Melancholy;
The whiles one ſung a ſong of loue and iollity.

39

During the which, there was an heauenly noiſe
Heard ſound through all the Palace pleaſantly,
Like as it had been many an Angels voice,
Singing before th'eternall Maieſtie,
In their trinall triplicities on hie;
Yet wiſt no creature, whence that heauenly ſweet
Proceeded: yet each one felt ſecretly
Himſelfe thereby reft of his ſenſes meet,
And raviſhed with rare impreſſion in his ſprite.

40

Great ioy was made that day of young and old,
And ſolemne feaſt proclaimd throughout the Land,
That their exceeding mirth may not be told:
Suffice it, here by ſignes to vnderſtand
The vſuall ioyes at knitting of loues band.
Thriſe happy man the Knight himſelfe did hold,
Poſſeſſed of his Ladies hart and hand;
And euer, when his eye did her behold,
Her hart did ſeeme to melt in pleaſures manifold.

41

Her ioyous preſence and ſweet company
In full content he there did long enioy,
Ne wicked envie, nor vile iealouſie
His deare delights were able to annoy:
Yet ſwimming in that ſea of blisfull ioy,
He nought forgot, how he whilome had ſworne,
In caſe he could that monſtrous beaſt deſtroy,
Vnto his Faery Queene back to returne:
The which he ſhortly did, and *Vna* left to mourne.

Now

42

Now ſtrike your ſailes yee iolly Mariners:
For we be come vnto a quiet rode,
Where we muſt land ſome of our paſſengers,
And light this wearie veſſell of her lode.

Heere ſhe awhile may make her ſafe aboade,
Till ſhe repaired haue her tackles ſpent,
And wants ſupplide. And then againe abroad
On the long voyage whereto ſhe is bent:
Well may ſhee ſpeed, and fairely finiſh her intent.

The end of the firſt Booke.

THE

THE SECOND BOOKE OF THE FAERIE QVEENE:

CONTAINING

THE LEGENDE OF SIR GVYON.

OR

Of Temperaunce.

1

RIght well I wote, moſt mighty Soueraigne,
That all this famous antique hiſtory,
Of ſome, th'aboundance of an idle braine
Will iudged be, and painted forgery,
Rather then matter of iuſt memory;
Sith none that breatheth liuing aire, does knowe,
Where is that happy Land of Faery,
Which I ſo much doe vaunt, yet no where ſhowe,
But vouch antiquities, which no body can knowe.

2

But let that man with better ſenſe adviſe,
That of the world leaſt part to vs is read:
And daily how through hardy enterpriſe,
Many great Regions are diſcouered,
Which to late age were neuer mentioned.
Who euer heard of th'Indian *Peru*?
Or who in venturous veſſell meaſured
The *Amazons* huge riuer now found true?
Or fruitfulleſt *Virginia* who did euer view?

3

Yet all theſe were, when no man did them knowe;
Yet haue from wiſeſt ages hidden beene:
And later times things more vnknowne ſhall ſhowe.
Why then ſhould witleſſe man ſo much miſweene
That nothing is, but that which he hath ſeene?
What if within the Moones faire ſhining ſpheare,
What if in euery other ſtarre vnſeene
Of other worlds he happily ſhould heare?
He wonder would much more: yet ſuch to ſome appeare.

4

Of Faery lond yet if he more inquire,
By certaine ſignes heere ſet in ſundry place
He may it find; ne let him then admire,
But yield his ſenſe to be too blunt and baſe,
That no'te without an hound fine footing trace.
And thou, ô faireſt Princeſſe vnder sky,
In this faire Mirror maiſt behold thy face,
And thine owne realmes in lond of Faery,
And in this antique Image thy great auncеſtry.

5

The which, ô pardon me thus to enfold
In couert veile, and wrap in ſhadowes light,
That feeble eyes your glory may behold,
Which elſe could not endure thoſe beamez bright,
But would be dazled with exceeding light.
O pardon, and vouchſafe with patient eare
The braue adventures of this Faery Knight,
The good Sir *Guyon*, graciouſly to heare,
In whom great rule of Temp'raunce goodly doth appeare.

Canto I.

Guyon, by Archimage abus'd,
The Redcrosse knight awaites,
Findes Mordant and Amauia slaine
With pleasures poisoned baites.

1

THat cunning Architect of cankred guile,
Whom Princes late displeasure left in bands,
For falsed Letters and suborned wile,
Soone as the *Redcrosse* knight he vnderstands,
To beene departed out of *Eden* lands,
To serue againe his soueraigne Elfin Queene,
His artes he moues, and out of caytiue hands
Himselfe he frees by secret meanes vnseene;
His shackles emptie left, himselfe escaped cleene.

2

And forth he fares, full of malicious mind,
To worken mischiefe and auenging woe,
Where euer he that godly knight may find,
His onely hart sore, and his onely foe,
Sith *Una* now he algates must forgoe,
Whom his victorious hands did earst restore
To natiues crowne and kingdome late ygoe:
Where she enioyes sure peace for euermore,
As weather-beaten ship arriu'd on happy shore.

3

Him therefore now the obiect of his spight
And deadly feude he makes: him to offend
By forged treason, or by open fight
He seeks, of all his drift the aymed end:
Thereto his subtile engins he does bend,
His practick wit, and his faire filed tong,
With thousand other sleights: for, well he kend,
His credit now in doubtfull ballance hong;
For, hardly could he hurt, who was already stong.

4

Still as he went, he craftie stales did lay,
With cunning traines him to entrap vnwares,
And priuie spials plac't in all his way,
To weet what course he takes, and how he fares;
To ketch him at avantage in his snares.
By triall of his former harmes and cares,
But now so wise and warie was the knight,
That he descride, and shunned still his slight:
The fish, that once was caught, new bait will hardly bite.

5

Nath'lesse, th'Enchaunter would not spare his paine,
In hope to win occasion to his will;
Which when he long awaited had in vaine,
He chang'd his mind from one to other ill:
For, to all good he enemy was still.
Vpon the way him fortuned to meet
(Faire marching vnderneath a shady hill)
A goodly knight, all arm'd in harnesse meet,
That from his head no place appeared to his feet.

6

His carriage was full comely and vpright,
His countenaunce demure and temperate;
But yet so sterne and terrible in sight,
That cheard his friends, and did his foes amate:
He was an Elfin borne of noble state,
And mickle worship in his natiue land;
Well could he tourney, and in lists debate,
And knighthood tooke of good Sir *Huons* hand,
When with king *Oberon* he came to Faerie Land.

7

Him als accompanid vpon the way
A comely Palmer, clad in black attire,
Of ripest yeeres, and haires all hoarie gray,
That with a staffe his feeble steps did stire,
Least his long way his aged limbes should tire:
And, if by lookes one may the mind aread,
He seem'd to be a sage and sober sire,
And euer with slowe pase the knight did lead,
Who taught his trampling steed with equall steps to tread.

8

Such when as *Archimago* them did view,
He weened well to worke some vncouth wile;
Eftsoones vntwisting his deceitfull clew,
He gan to weaue a web of wicked guile,
And with faire countenaunce and flattring stile
To them approaching, thus the Knight bespake:
Faire sonne of *Mars*, that seeke with warlike spoile,
And great atchieu'ments, great your selfe to make,
Vouchsafe to stay your steed for humble misers sake.

He

9

He staid his steed for humble misers sake,
And bade tell on the tenor of his plaint;
Who, feigning then in euery limbe to quake,
Through inward feare, and seeming pale and faint,
With pittious mone his pearcing speech gan paint;
Deare Lady, how shall I declare thy case,
Whom late I left in langourous constraint!
Would God thy selfe now present were in place,
To tell this ruefull tale; thy sight could win thee grace.

10

Or rather would, ô would it so had chaunc't,
That you, most noble Sir, had present beene,
When that lewd ribauld (with vile lust aduaunc't)
Laid first his filthy hands on virgin cleene,
To spoile her daintie corse so faire and sheene,
As on the earth (great mother of vs all)
With liuing eye more faire was neuer seene,
Of chastitie and honour virginall:
Witnesse ye heauens, whom she in vaine to helpe did call.

11

How may it be (said then the knight halfe wroth)
That knight should knight-hood euer so haue shent?
None but that saw (quoth he) would weene for troth,
How shamefully that Maid he did torment.
Her looser golden locks he rudely rent,
And drew her on the ground, and his sharp sword,
Against her snowy breast he fiercely bent,
And threatned death with many a bloudy word;
Tongue hates to tell the rest, that eye to see abhord.

12

There-with, amooued from his sober mood,
And liues he yet (said he) that wrought this act,
And doen the heauens afford him vitall food?
He liues (quoth he) and boasteth of the fact,
Ne yet hath any Knight his courage crackt.
Where may that treachour then (said he) be found,
Or by what meanes may I his footing tract?
That shall I shew (said he) as sure, as hound
The striken Deare doth chalenge by the bleeding wound.

13

He staid not lenger talke, but with fierce ire,
And zealous haste, away is quickly gone
To seeke that Knight, where him that crafty Squire
Suppos'd to be. They doe arriue anone,
Where sate a gentle Lady all alone,
With garments rent, and haire discheueled,
Wringing her hands, and making pittious mone;
Her swollen eyes were much disfigured,
And her faire face, with teares was foully blubbered.

14

The Knight, approching nigh, thus to her said,
Faire Ladie, through foule sorrow ill bedight,
Great pitty is to see you thus dismaid,
And marre the blossome of your beauty bright:
For thy, appease your griefe and heauy plight,
And tell the cause of your conceiued paine.
For, if he liue that hath you doen despight;
He shall you doe due recompence againe,
Or else his wrong with greater puissance maintaine.

15

Which when shee heard, as in despightfull wise,
She wilfully her sorrow did augment,
And offred hope of comfort did despise:
Her golden locks most cruelly she rent,
And scratcht her face with gastly dreriment;
Ne would she speake, ne see, ne yet be seene,
But hid her visage, and her head downe bent,
Either for grieuous shame, or for great teene,
As if her hart with sorrow had transfixed beene;

16

Till her that Squire bespake, Madame, my liege,
For Gods deare loue be not so wilfull bent,
But doe vouchsafe now to receiue reliefe,
The which good fortune doth to you present.
For, what boots it to weepe and to wayment
When ill is chaunc't, but doth the ill increase,
And the weake mind with double woe torment?
When she her Squire heard speake, she gan appease
Her voluntarie paine, and feele some secret ease.

17

Eftsoone she said, Ah gentle trustie Squire,
What comfort can I wofull wretch conceaue,
Or why should euer I henceforth desire
To see faire heauens face, and life not leaue,
Sith that false Traytor did my honour reaue?
False Traytour certes (said the Faerie knight)
I read the man, that euer would deceaue
A gentle Ladie, or her wrong through might:
Death were too little paine for such a foule despight.

18

But now, faire Lady, comfort to you make,
And read who hath ye wrought this shamefull plight;
That short reuenge the man may ouertake,
Where so he be, and soone vpon him light.
Certes (said she) I wote not how he hight;
But vnder him a gray steed did he wield,
Whose sides with dapled circles weren dight;
Vpright he rode, and in his siluer shield
He bore a bloudy Crosse, that quartred all the field.

19

Now by my head (said *Guyon*) much I muse
How that same Knight should doe so foule amiss,
Or euer gentle Damzell so abuse:
For, may I boldly say, hee surely is
A right good Knight, and true of word ywis:
I present was, and can it witnesse well,
When armes he swore, and straight did enterpris
Th'adventure of the *Errant damozell*,
In which he hath great glorie wonne, as I heare tell.

20

Nathlesse, he shortly shall againe be tryde,
And fairely quite him of th'imputed blame:
Else be ye sure, he dearely shall abide,
Or make you good amendment for the same:
All wrongs haue mends, but no amends of shame.
Now therefore Ladie, rise out of your paine,
And see the saluing of your blotted name.
Full loath shee seemd thereto, but yet did faine;
For, she was inly glad her purpose so to gaine.

21
Her purpose was not such, as she did faine,
Ne yet her person such, as it was seene;
But vnder simple shewe, and semblant plaine
Lurkt false *Duessa*, secretly vnseene,
As a chaste virgin that had wronged beene:
So had false *Archimago* her disguis'd,
To cloake her guile with sorrow and sad teene;
And eke himselfe had craftily deuis'd
To be her Squire, and doe her seruice well aguis'd.

22
Her, late forlorne and naked, he had found,
Where she did wander in waste Wilderneſſe,
Lurking in Rocks and Caues farre vnder ground,
And with greene mosse cov'ring her nakednesse,
To hide her shame and loathly filthinesse;
Sith her Prince *Arthur* of proud ornaments
And borrow'd beauty spoyld. Her natheleſſe
Th'enchaunter finding fit for his intents,
Did thus reveſt, and deckt with due habiliments.

23
For, all he did, was to deceiue good Knights,
And drawe them from pursuit of praise and fame,
To slug in sloth and sensuall delights,
And end their daies with irrenowmed shame.
And now exceeding griefe him overcame
To see the *Redcrosse* thus advaunced hie;
Therefore this craftie engine he did frame,
Against his praise to stirre vp enmitie
Of such, as vertues like mote vnto him allie.

24
So now he *Guyon* guides an vncouth way,
Through woods & mountaines, till they came at last
Into a pleasant dale, that lowely lay
Betwixt two hils, whose high heads overplac't,
The valley did with coole shade overcast;
Through midst thereof a little riuer rold,
By which there sate a knight with helme vnlac't,
Himselfe refreshing with the liquid cold,
After his trauaile long, and labours manifold.

25
Loe, yonder hee (cryde *Archimage* alowd)
That wrought the shamefull fact, which I did shew;
And now he doth himselfe in secret shrowd,
To flie the vengeance for his outrage dew;
But vaine: for, ye shall dearely doe him rew,
So God yee speed, and send you good successe;
Which we farre off will here abide to view.
So they him left, inflam'd with wrathfulnesse,
That straight against that knight his speare he did addresse.

26
Who, seeing him from farre so fierce to prick,
His warlike armes about him gan embrace,
And in the rest his ready speare did stick;
Tho when as stil he saw him towards pase,
He gan r'encounter him in equall race.
They beene ymet, both ready to affrap,
When suddainly that warriour gan abase
His threatned speare, as if some new mishap
Had him betidde, or hidden danger did entrap;

27
And cryde, Mercie Sir Knight, and mercy Lord,
For mine offence and heedlesse hardiment,
That had almost committed crime abhord,
And with reprochefull shame mine honour shent,
Whiles curled steele against that badge I bent,
The sacred badge of my Redeemers death,
Which on your shield is set for ornament:
But his fierce foe his steed could stay vneath,
Who (prickt with courage keene) did cruell battell breath.

28
But, when he heard him speake, straight way he knew
His error, and (himselfe inclyning) said;
Ah! deare Sir *Guyon*, well becommeth you;
But me behoueth rather to vpbrayd,
Whose hastie hand so farre from reason straid,
That almost it did haynous violence
On that faire Image of that heauenly Maid,
That decks and armes your shield with faire defence:
Your court'sie takes on you anothers due offence.

29
So been they both attone, and doen ypreare
Their beuers bright, each other for to greet;
Goodly comportance each to other beare,
And entertaine themselues with court'sies meet.
Then said the *Redcrosse* Knight, Now mote I weet,
Sir *Guyon*, why with so fierce saliance,
And fell intent ye did at earst me meet;
For, sith I know your goodly gouernaunce,
Great cause (I ween) you guided, or some vncouth chaunce.

30
Certes (said he) well mote I shame to tell
The fond encheason that me hither led.
A false infamous faitour late befell
Me for to meet, that seemed ill bested,
And plaind of grieuous outrage, which he red
A Knight had wrought against a Ladie gent:
Which to avenge, he to this place me led,
Where you he made the marke of his intent,
And now is fled; foule shame him follow, where hee went.

31
So can he turne his earnest vnto game,
Through goodly handling and wise temperaunce.
By this, his aged guide in presence came;
Who, soone as on that knight his eye did glaunce,
Efsoones of him had perfect cognizaunce,
Sith him in Faerie Court he late auiz'd;
And said, Faire sonne, God giue you happy chaunce,
And that deare Crosse vpon your shield deuiz'd,
Where-with aboue all knights ye goodly seeme aguized.

32
Ioy may you haue, and euerlasting fame,
Of late most hard atchieu'ment by you donne,
For which enrolled is your glorious name
In heauenly Registers aboue the Sunne,
Where you a Saint, with Saints your seat haue wonne:
But, wretched we, where ye haue left your marke,
Must now anew begin, like race to runne,
God guide thee, *Guyon*, well to end thy warke,
And to the wished haven bring thy wearie barke.

Palmer,

33
Palmer, (him answered the *Redcrosse* Knight)
His be the praise, that this atchieu'ment wrought,
Who made my hand the organ of his might;
More then good-will to me attribute nought:
For, all I did, I did but as I ought.
But you, faire Sir, whose pageant next ensewes,
Well mote yee thee, as well can wish your thought.
That home ye may report these happy newes;
For, well yee worthy beene for worth and gentle thewes.

34
So, courteous conge both did giue and take,
With right hands plighted, pledges of good will.
Then *Guyon* forward gan his voyage make,
With his black Palmer, that him guided still.
Still he him guided ouer dale and hill,
And with his steadie staffe did point his way:
His race with reason, and with words his will,
From foule intemperance he oft did stay,
And suffred not in wrath his hastie steps to stray.

35
In this faire wize they traueild long yfere,
Through many hard assaies, which did betide;
Of which he honour still away did beare,
And spred his glory through all Countries wide.
At last, as chaunc't them by a Forest side
To passe (for succour from the scorching ray)
They heard a ruefull voice, that dearnly cride
With peareing shriekes, and many a dolefull lay;
Which to attend, awhile their forward steps they stay.

36
But, if that careleſſe heauens (quoth she) despise
The doome of iust reuenge, and take delight
To see sad pageants of mens miseries,
As bound by them to liue in lifes despight;
Yet can they not warne death from wretched wight.
Come then, come soone, come sweetest death to mee.
And take away this long lent loathed light:
Sharpe be thy wounds, but sweet the medicines bee,
That long captiued soules from wearie thraldome free.

37
But thou, sweet Babe, whom frowning froward fate
Hath made sad witnesse of thy fathers fall,
Sith heauen thee deignes to hold in liuing state,
Long maist thou liue, and better thriue withall,
Then to thy luckleſſe Parents did befall:
Liue thou, and to thy mother dead attest,
That cleare she dide from blemish criminall;
Thy little hands embrewd in bleeding brest,
Loe, I for pledges leaue. So giue me leaue to rest.

38
With that, a deadly shrieke she forth did throwe,
That through the wood reecchoed againe:
And after, gaue a groane so deepe and lowe,
That seem'd her tender hart was rent in twaine,
Or thrild with point of thorough-pearcing paine;
As gentle Hind, whose sides with cruell steele
Through launced, forth her bleeding life does raine,
Whiles the sad pang approching she does feele,
Brayes out her lateſt breath, and vp her eyes doth seele.

39
Which when that warriour heard, dismounting straict
From his tall steed, he rusht into the thick,
And soone arriued, where that sad pourtraict
Of death and labour lay, halfe dead, halfe quick,
In whose white alabaster breast did stick
A cruell knife, that made a griesly wound,
From which forth gusht a streame of gore-bloud thick,
That all her goodly garments staind around,
And into a deepe sanguine dide the grassie ground.

40
Pittifull spectacle of deadly smart,
Beside a bubbling fountaine lowe she lay,
Which she increased with her bleeding hart,
And the cleane waues with purple gold did ray;
Als in her lap a little babe did play
His cruell sport, in stead of sorrow dew;
For, in her streaming bloud he did embay
His little hands, and tender ioynts embrew;
Pittifull spectacle, as euer eye did view.

41
Besides them both, vpon the soiled gras
The dead corse of an armed knight was spred,
Whose armour all with bloud besprinkled was;
His ruddie lips did smile, and rose red
Did paint his chearefull cheekes, yet beeing ded:
Seem'd to haue beene a goodly personage,
Now in his freshest flowre of lustyhed,
Fit to inflame faire Lady with loues rage,
But that fierce fate did crop the blossome of his age.

42
Whom, when the good Sir *Guyon* did behold,
His hart gan wex as starke as Marble stone,
And his fresh bloud did frieze with fearefull cold,
That all his senses seem'd bereft attone:
At last, his mightie ghost gan deepe to grone,
As Lyon grudging in his great disdaine,
Mournes inwardly, and makes to himselfe mone;
Till ruth and fraile affection did constraine
His courage stout to stoupe, and shew his inward paine.

43
Out of her gored wound the cruell steele
He lightly snatcht, and did the floud-gate stop
With his faire garment: then gan softly feele
Her feeble pulse, to proue if any drop
Of liuing bloud yet in her veines did hop;
Which when he felt to moue, he hoped faire
To call back life to her forsaken shop;
So well he did her deadly wounds repaire,
That at the last she gan to breathe out liuing aire.

44
Which he perceiuing, greatly gan reioyce,
And goodly counsell (that for wounded hart
Is meeteſt med'cine) tempred with sweet voice;
Ay me! deare Lady, which the Image art
Of ruefull pitty, and impatient smart,
What direfull chance, arm'd with reuenging fate,
Or curſed hand hath plaid this cruell part,
Thus foule to haſten your vntimely date?
Speake, ô deare Lady speake: help neuer comes too late.

45

There-with her dim eye-lids she vp gan reare,
On which the dreary death did sit, as sad
As lump of lead, and made darke cloudes appeare;
But when as him (all in bright armour clad)
Before her standing shee espied had,
As one out of a deadly dreame affright,
She weakely started, yet she nothing drad:
Straight downe againe her selfe in great despight,
She groueling threw to ground, as hating life and light.

46

The gentle knight, her soone with carefull paine
Vplifted light, and softly did vphold:
Thrice he her reard, and thrice she sunke againe,
Till he his armes about her sides gan fold,
And to her said; Yet if the stony cold
Haue not all seized on your frozen hart,
Let one word fall that may your griefe vnfold,
And tell the secret of your mortall smart;
He oft findes present help, who does his griefe impart.

47

Then casting vp a deadly looke, full lowe
She sigh't, from bottom of her wounded breast,
And after, many bitter throbs did throwe,
With lips full pale, and foltring tongue oppreast,
These words she breathed forth from riuen chest;
Leaue, ah leaue off, what euer wight thou bee,
To let a weary wretch from her due rest,
And trouble dying soules tranquillitee.
Take not away now got, which none would giue to mee.

48

Ah! farre be it (said he) Deare dame fro mee,
To hinder soule from her desired rest,
Or hold sad life in long captiuitee:
For, all I seeke, is but to haue redrest
The bitter pangs, that doth your hart infest.
Tell then (ô Lady) tell what fatall priefe
Hath with so huge misfortune you oppreast?
That I may cast to compasse your reliefe,
Or die with you in sorrow, and partake your griefe.

49

With feeble hands then stretched forth on hie,
As heauen accusing guiltie of her death,
And with dry drops congealed in her eye,
In these sad words she spent her vtmost breath:
Heare then (ô man) the sorrowes that vneath
My tongue can tell, so farre all sense they pass:
Lo, this dead corpse, that lyes here vnderneath,
The gentlest knight, that euer on greene grass
Gay steed with spurs did prick, the good Sir *Mordant* was:

50

Was (ay the while, that he is not so now!)
My Lord, my loue; my deare Lord, my deare loue,
So long as heauens iust with equall brow
Vouchsafed to behold vs from aboue,
One day when him high courage did emmoue,
(As wont ye knights to seeke adventures wild)
Hee pricked forth, his puissaunt force to proue,
Me then he left enwombed of this child,
This luckelesse child, whom thus yee see with bloud defil'd.

51

Him fortuned (hard fortune ye may ghesse)
To come where vile *Acrasia* does wonne,
Acrasia, a false Enchaunteresse,
That many errant knights hath foule fordonne:
Within a wandring Island, that doth ronne
And stray in perilous gulfe, her dwelling is;
Faire Sir, if euer there ye trauell, shonne
The cursed land where many wend amiss,
And knowe it by the name; it hight the *Bowre of bliss*.

52

Her blisse is all in pleasure and delight,
Where-with shee makes her louers drunken mad;
And then, with words and weeds of wondrous might,
On them she works her will to vses bad:
My liefest Lord she thus beguiled had;
For, he was flesh: (all flesh doth frailetie breed.)
Whom, when I heard to been so ill bestad,
(Weake wretch) I wrapt my selfe in Palmers weed,
And cast to seek him forth through danger & great dreed.

53

Now had faire *Cynthia* by euen tournes
Full measured three quarters of her yeare,
And thrice three times had fild her crooked hornes,
When as my wombe her burdein would forbeare,
And bade me call *Lucina* to me neare.
Lucina came: a man-child forth I brought: (yeare
The woods, the Nymphes, my bowres, my Midwives
Hard help at need. So deare thee babe I bought;
Yet nought too deare I deem'd, while so my dear I sought.

54

Him so I sought, and so at last I found,
Where him that Witch had thralled to her will,
In chaines of lust and lewd desires ybound,
And so transformed from his former skill,
That me he knew not, neither his owne ill;
Till through wise handling and faire gouernance,
I him recured to a better will,
Purged from drugs of foule intemperance:
Then meanes I gan deuise for his deliuerance.

55

Which when the vile Enchaunteresse perceiu'd,
How that my Lord from her I would repriue,
With cup thus charm'd, him parting she deceiu'd;
Sad verse, giue death to him that death does giue,
And losse of loue, to her that loues to liue,
So soone as Bacchus with the Nymphe does linke:
So parted we, and on our iourney driue,
Till comming to this Well, he stoupt to drinke:
The charme fulfild, dead suddenly he downe did sinke.

56

Which, when I wretch. Not one word more she said,
But breaking off the end for want of breath,
And sliding soft, as downe to sleepe her laid,
And ended all her woe in quiet death.
That seeing good Sir *Guyon*, could vneath
From teares abstaine; for griefe his hart did grate,
And from so heauie sight his head did wreath,
Accusing Fortune, and too cruell fate,
Which plunged had faire Lady in so wretched state.

57

Then turning to the Palmer, said, Old sire,
Behold the Image of mortalitie,
And feeble nature cloth'd with fleshly tire,
When raging passion with fierce tyrannie
Robs reason of her due regalitie,
And makes it seruaunt to her basest part:
The strong, it weakens with infirmitie,
And with bold furie armes the weakest hart;
The strong, through pleasure soonest falls, the weake
(through smart.

58

But temperance (said he) with golden squire
Betwixt them both can measure out a meane,
Neither to melt in pleasures hot desire,
Nor fry in hartlesse griefe and dolefull teene.
Thrice happy man, who fares them both atweene:
But, sith this wretched woman ouercome
Of anguish, rather then of crime hath beene,
Reserue her cause to her eternall doome;
And in the meane, vouchsafe her honorable toombe.

59

Palmer (quoth he) death is an euill doome
To good and bad, the common Inne of rest;
But, after death, the tryall is to come,
When best shall be to them that liued best:
But, both alike, when death hath both suppreast,
Religious reuerence doth buriall teene,
Which whoso wants, wants so much of his rest:
For, all so great shame after death I weene,
As selfe to dyen bad, vnburied bad to beene.

60

So, both agree their bodies to engraue;
The great earths wombe they open to the sky,
And with sad Cypresse seemely it embraue;
Then couering with a clod their closed eye,
They lay therein those corses tenderly,
And bid them sleepe in euerlasting peace.
But, ere they did their vtmost obsequy,
Sir *Guyon*, more affection to increase,
Bynempt a sacred vow, which none should aye release.

61

The dead Knights sword out of his sheath he drew,
With which he cut a lock of all their haire,
Which medling with their bloud and earth, he threw
Into the Graue, and gan deuoutly sweare;
Such and such euill God on *Guyon* reare,
And worse and worse young Orphane be thy paine,
If I, or thou, due vengeance doe forbeare,
Till guiltie bloud her guerdon doe obtaine:
So, shedding many teares, they clos'd the earth againe.

Canto II.

Babes bloudy hands may not be clens'd,
the face of golden Meane.
Her sisters two Extremities:
striue her to banish cleane.

1

Thus when Sir *Guyon* with his faithfull guide
Had with due rites and dolorous lament
The end of their sad Tragedie vptide,
The litle babe vp in his armes he hent;
Who with sweet pleasance & bold blandish-
Gan smile on them, that rather ought to weep, (ment
As careless of his woe, or innocent
Of that was doen, that ruth emperced deep
In that Knights hart, & words with bitter teares did steep.

2

Ah! luckelesse babe, borne vnder cruell star,
And in dead Parents balefull ashes bred,
Full litle weenest thou, what sorrowes are
Left thee for portion of thy liuelihed,
Poore Orphane, in the wide world scattered,
As budding branch rent from the native tree,
And throwen forth, till it be withered:
Such is the state of men: thus enter wee
Into this life with woe, and end with miseree.

3

Then soft himselfe inclining on his knee
Downe to that Well, did in the water weene
(So loue does loath disdainefull nicitee)
His guilty hands from bloudie gore to cleene.
He washt them oft and oft, yet nought they beene
(For all his washing) cleaner. Still he stroue,
Yet still the little hands were bloudie seene;
The which him into great amaz'ment droue,
And into diuers doubt his wauering wonder cloue.

4

He wist not whether blot of foule offence
Might not be purg'd with water nor with bath;
Or that high God, in lieu of innocence,
Imprinted had that token of his wrath,
To shew how sore bloud-guiltinesse he hat'th;
Or that the charme and venim, which they drunk,
Their bloud with secret filth infected hath,
Beeing diffused through the senseless trunk,
That through the great contagion direfull deadly stunk.

5

Whom thus at gaze, the Palmer gan to bord
With goodly reason, and thus faire bespake;
Ye been right hard amated, gracious Lord,
And of your ignorance great maruell make,
Whiles cause not well conceiued ye mistake.
But knowe, that secret vertues are infus'd
In euery Fountaine, and in euery Lake,
Which who hath skill them rightly to haue chus'd,
To proofe of passing wonders hath full often vs'd.

6

Of those, some were so from their sourse indewd
By great Dame Nature, from whose fruitfull pap
Their Well-heads spring, and are with moisture deawd;
Which feedes each liuing plant with liquid sap,
And filles with flowres faire *Floraes* painted lap:
But other some, by gift of later grace,
Or by good prayers, or by other hap,
Had vertue pourd into their waters base, (place.
And thence-forth were renowm'd, & sought from place to

7

Such is this Well, wrought by occasion strange,
Which to her Nymph befell. Vpon a day,
As shee the woods with bowe and shafts did raunge,
The hartlesse Hind and Robucke to dismay,
Dan Faunus chaunc't to meet her by the way,
And kindling fire at her faire burning eye,
Inflamed was to follow beauties chace,
And chaced her, that fast from him did fly;
As Hind from her, so she fled from her enemy.

8

At last, when failing breath began to faint,
And saw no meanes to scape, of shame affraid,
She sate her downe to weepe for sore constraint,
And to *Diana* calling loud for aide,
Her deare besought, to let her die a maid.
The Goddesse heard, and suddaine where she sate,
The Goddesse heard, and suddaine where she sate,
Welling out streames of teares, and quite dismaid
With stonie feare of that rude rustick mate,
Transform'd her to a stone from stedfast virgins state.

9

Lo, now she is that stone; from those two heads
(As from two weeping eyes) fresh streames doe flowe,
Yet cold through feare, and old conceiued dreads;
And yet the stone her semblance seemes to showe,
Shap't like a maid, that such ye may her knowe;
And yet her vertues in her water bide:
For, it is chaste and pure, as purest snowe,
Ne lets her waues with any filth be dide,
But euer (like her selfe) vnstained hath been tride.

10

From thence it comes, that this babes bloudy hand
May not be cleansd with water of this Well:
Ne certes Sir striue you it to withstand,
But let them still be bloudy, as befell,
That they his mothers innocence may tell,
As she bequeath'd in her last testament;
That as a sacred Symbole it may dwell
In her sonnes flesh, to minde reuengement,
And be for all chaste Dames an endlesse moniment.

11

Hee harkned to his reason, and the child
Vptaking, to the Palmer gaue to beare;
But his sad fathers armes with bloud defild,
An heauie load himselfe did lightly reare,
And turning to that place, in which whyleare
He left his lofty steed with golden sell,
And goodly gorgeous barbes, him found not theare,
By other accident that earst befell,
He is conuaide; but how, or where, here fits not tell.

12

Which when Sir *Guyon* saw, all were he wroth,
Yet algates mote he soft himselfe appease,
And fairely fare on foote, how euer loth;
His double burden did him sore disease.
So long they trauailed with little ease,
Till that at last they to a Castle came,
Built on a rock adioyning to the seas;
It was an auncient worke of antique fame,
And wondrous strong by nature, and by skilfull frame.

13

Therein three sisters dwelt of sundry sort,
The children of one sire by mothers three;
Who dying whylome did diuide this Fort
To them by equall shares in equall fee:
But strifefull mind, and diuers qualitee
Drew them in parts, and each made others foe:
Still did they striue, and daily disagree;
The eldest did against the youngest goe,
And both against the middest meant to worken woe.

14

Where, when the Knight arriu'd, he was right well
Receiu'd, as knight of so much worth became,
Of second sister, who did far excell
The other two; *Medina* was her name,
A sober sad, and comely curteous Dame;
Who rich arrayd, and yet in modest guize,
In goodly garments, that her well became,
Faire marching forth in honourable wize,
Him at the threshold met, and well did enterprize.

15

She led him vp into a goodly bowre,
And comely courted with meet modestie;
Ne in her speech, ne in her hauiour,
Was lightnesse seene, or looser vanitie,
But gracious womanhood, and grauitie,
Aboue the reason of her youthly yeares:
Her golden locks she roundly did vptie
In brayded tramels, that no looser heares
Did out of order stray about her dainty eares.

Whil'st

16

Whil'st she her selfe thus busily did frame,
Seemely to entertaine her new-come guest,
Newes hereof to her other sisters came,
Who all this while were at their wanton rest,
Accourting each her friend with lauish feast:
They were two knights of peerlesse puissaunce,
And famous farre abroad for warlike gest,
Which to these Ladies loue did countenaunce,
And to his Mistresse each himselfe stroue to aduaunce.

17

He that made loue vnto the eldest Dame,
Was hight Sir *Huddibras*, an hardy man;
Yet not so good of deeds, as great of name,
Which he by many rash adventures wan,
Since errant armes to sew he first began;
More huge in strength, then wise in workes he was;
And reason with foole-hardize over-ran;
Sterne melancholy did his courage pas,
And was (for terrour more) all arm'd in shining bras.

18

But he that lov'd the youngest, was *Sans-loy*,
He that faire *Vna* late foule outraged,
The most vnruly and the boldest boy
That euer warlike weapons menaged,
And to all lawlesse lust encouraged,
Through strong opinion of his matchlesse might:
Ne ought he car'd, whom he endamaged
By tortious wrong, or whom bereau'd of right.
He now this Ladies champion chose for loue to fight.

19

These two gay knights, vow'd to so diuers louss,
Each other does envie with deadly hate,
And daily warre against his foeman moues,
In hope to win more fauour with his mate,
And th'others pleasing seruice to abate,
To magnifie his owne. But when they heard,
How in that place strange knight arriued late,
Both knights and Ladies forth right angry far'd,
And fiercely vnto battell sterne themselues prepar'd.

20

But ere they could proceed vnto the place
Where he abode, themselues at discord fell,
And cruell combat ioynd in middle space:
With horrible assault, and furie fell,
They heapt huge stroakes, the scorned life to quell,
That all on vprore from her setled seat,
The house was raisd, and all that in did dwell;
Seem'd that loud thunder with amazement great,
Did rend the ratling skies with flames of fouldring heat.

21

The noyse thereof calth forth that stranger Knight,
To weet what dreadfull thing was there in hond;
Where, when as two braue knights in bloudy fight
With deadly rancour he enraunged fond,
His sunbroad shield about his wrest he bond,
And shyning blade vnsheath'd, with which he ran
Vnto that stead, their strife to vnderstond;
And, at his first arriuall, them began
With goodly meanes to pacifie, well as he can.

22

But they him spying, both with greedy force
Attonce vpon him ran, and him assaid
With stroakes of mortall steele without remorse,
And on his shield like iron sledges bet:
As when a Beare and Tigre, being met
In cruell fight on lybicke Ocean wide,
Espy a trauailer with feet surbet,
Whom they in equall prey hope to diuide,
They stint their strife, and him assaile on euery side.

23

But he, not like a wearie trauailere,
Their sharp assault right boldy did rebut,
And suffred not their blowes to bite him nere,
But with redoubled buffes them back did put:
Whose grieued mindes, which choler did englut,
Against themselues turning their wrathfull spight,
Gan with new rage their shields to hew and cut;
But still when *Guyon* came to part their fight,
With heauie load on him they freshly gan to smight.

24

As a tall ship tossed in troublous seas,
Whom raging winds threatning to make the pray
Of the rough rocks, do diuersly disease,
Meets two contrary billowes by the way,
That her on either side do sore assay,
And boast to swallow her in greedy Graue:
She, scorning both their spights, does make wide way,
And with her breast breaking the fomy waue,
Does ride on both their backs, and faire her selfe doth saue:

25

So boldly he him beares, and rusheth forth
Betweene them both, by conduct of his blade.
Wondrous great prowesse and heroïck worth
He shew'd that day, and rare ensample made,
When two so mighty warriours he dismade:
Attonce he wards and strikes, he takes and payes,
Now forc't to yield, now forcing to invade,
Before, behind, and round about him layes:
So double was his paines, so double be his praise.

26

Strange sort of fight, three valiant knights to see
Three combats ioyne in one, and to darraine
A triple warre with triple enmitee,
All for their Ladies froward loue to gaine,
Which gotten was but hate. So loue does raine
In stoutest mindes, and maketh monstrous warre;
He maketh warre, he maketh peace againe,
And yet his peace is but continuall iarre:
O miserable men, that to him subiect arre!

27

While thus they mingled were in furious armes,
The faire *Medina* with her tresses torne,
And naked breast (in pitty of their harmes)
Emongst them ran, and falling them beforne,
Besought them by the wombe which them had borne,
And by the loues, which were to them most deare,
And by the knighthood, which they sure had sworne,
Their deadly cruell discord to forbeare,
And to her iust conditions of faire peace to heare.

But

28

But her two other sisters, standing by,
Her loud gainsaid, and both their Champion bad
Pursue the end of their strong enmity,
As euer of their loues they would be glad.
Yet she, with pithy words and counsell sad,
Still stroue their stubborne rages to revoke;
That, at the last, suppressing fury mad,
They gan abstaine from dint of direfull stroke,
And harken to the sober speeches which she spoke.

29

Ah! puissaunt Lords, what cursed euill Spright,
Or fell *Erinnys*, in your noble harts
Her hellish brond hath kindled with despight,
And sturd you vp to worke your wilfull smarts?
Is this the ioy of armes? be these the parts
Of glorious knight-hood, after bloud to thurst,
And not regard due right and iust desarts?
Vaine is the vaunt, and victory vniust,
That more to mighty hands, then rightful cause doth trust.

30

And, were there rightfull cause of difference,
Yet were not better, faire it to accord,
Then with bloud-guiltines to heape offence,
And mortall vengeance ioyne to crime abhord?
O! fly from wrath: fly, ô my liefest Lord.
Sad be the sights, and bitter fruites of warre,
And thousand Furies wait on wrathfull sword;
Ne ought the praise of prowesse more doth marre,
Then foule revenging rage, and base contentious iarre.

31

But louely concord, and most sacred peace,
Doth nourish vertue, and fast friendship breedes;
Weake she makes strong, & strong thing does increase,
Till it the pitch of highest praise exceeds:
Braue be her warres, and honourable deeds,
By which she triumphs ouer ire and pride,
And winnes an Oliue girlond for her meeds:
Be therefore, ô my deare Lords, pacifide,
And this misseeming discord meekly lay aside.

32

Her gracious words their rancour did appall,
And sunke so deepe into their boyling brests,
That downe they let their cruell weapons fall,
And lowely did abase their loftie crests
To her faire presence, and discrete behests.
Then she began a treatie to procure,
And stablish termes betwixt both their requests,
That as a lawe for euer should endure;
Which to obserue, in word of knights they did assure.

33

Which to confirme, and fast to bind their league,
After their wearie sweat and bloudy toile,
She them besought, during their quiet treague,
Into her lodging to repaire awhile,
To rest themselues, and grace to reconcile.
They soone consent: so forth with her they fare,
Where they are well receiu'd, and made to spoile
Themselues of soiled armes, and to prepare
Their minds to pleasure, and their mouthes to dainty fare.

34

And those two froward sisters (their faire loues)
Came with them eke (all were they wondrous loth)
And fained cheare, as for the time behoues;
But could not colour yet so well the troth,
But that their natures bad appeard in both:
For, both did at their second sister grutch,
And inly grieue, as doth an hidden moth
The inner garment fret, not th'vtter touch; (much.
One thought their chear too little, th'other thought too

35

Elissa (so the eldest hight) did deeme
Such entertainement base, ne ought would eat,
Ne ought would speake, but euermore did seeme
As discontent for want of mirth or meat;
No solace could her Paramour intreat
Her once to showe, ne court, nor dalliance:
But with bent lowring browes, as she would threat,
She scould, and frownd with froward countenaunce,
Vnworthy of faire Ladies comely gouernaunce.

36

But young *Perissa* was of other mind,
Full of disport, still laughing, loosely light,
And quite contrary to her sisters kind;
No measure in her mood, no rule of right,
But poured out in pleasure and delight;
In wine and meats she flow'd aboue the bank,
And in excesse exceeded her owne might;
In sumptuous fire she ioy'd her selfe to prank;
But of her loue too lauish (little haue she thank.)

37

First, by her side did sit the bold *Sans loy*,
Fit mate for such a mincing mineon,
Who in her looseneſſe tooke exceeding ioy;
Might not be found a franker franion,
Of her lewd parts to make companion;
But *Huddibras*, more like a Malecontent,
Did see and grieue at his bold fashion;
Hardly could he endure his hardiment,
Yet still he sat, and inly did himselfe torment.

38

Betwixt them both, the faire *Medina* sate,
With sober grace, and goodly cariage:
With equall measure she did moderate
The strong extremities of their outrage;
That forward paire she euer would asswage,
When they would striue due reason to exceed;
But that same froward twaine would accourage,
And of her plenty adde vnto their need:
So kept she them in order, and herselfe in heed.

39

Thus fairely shee attempered her feast,
And pleasd them all with meet satietie:
At last, when lust of meat and drinke was ceast,
She *Guyon* deare besought of curtesie,
To tell from whence he came through ieopardie,
And whither now on new adventure bound.
Who, with bold grace, and comely grauity,
Drawing to him the eyes of all around,
From lofty siege began these words aloud to sound.

This

40

This thy demaund, ô Lady, doth reniue
Fresh memory in me of that great Queene,
Great and most glorious virgin Queene aliue,
That with her soueraigne powre, and sceptre sheene,
All Faerie Lond does peaceable susteene.
In widest Ocean she her throne does reare,
That ouer all the earth it may be seene;
As morning sunne her beames dispredden cleare:
And in her face, faire peace and mercy doth appeare.

41

In her, the riches of all heauenly grace
In chiefe degree are heaped vp on hie:
And all, that else this worlds enclosure base
Hath great or glorious in mortall eye,
Adornes the person of her Maiestie;
That men beholding so great excellence,
And rare perfection in mortalitie,
Doe her adore with sacred reuerence,
As th'Idole of her Makers great magnificence.

42

To her, I homage and my seruice owe,
In number of the noblest knights on ground,
Mongst whom, on me she deigned to bestowe
Order of *Maydenhead*, the most renownd,
That may this day in all the world be found:
An yearely solemne feast she wonts to make
The day that first doth lead the yeare around;
To which all Knights of worth and courage bold
Resort, to heare of strange adventures to be told.

43

There this old Palmer shewed himselfe that day,
And to that mighty Princesse did complaine
Of grieuous mischiefes, which a wicked Fay
Had wrought, and many whelmd in deadly paine,
Whereof he crav'd redresse. My Soueraigne,
Whose glory is in gracious deeds, and ioyes
Throughout the world her mercy to maintaine,
Eftsoones deuis'd redresse for such annoyes;
Mee (all vnfit for so great purpose) she employes.

44

Now hath faire *Phœbe* with her silver face
Thrice seene the shadowes of the neather world,
Sith last I left that honourable place,
In which her royall presence is introld;
Ne euer shall I rest in house nor hold,
Till I that false *Acrasia* haue wonne;
Of whose foule deeds (too hideous to be told)
I witnesse am, and this their wretched sonne,
Whose wofull Parents she hath wickedly fordonne.

45

Tell on, faire Sir, said she, that dolefull tale,
From which sad ruth does seeme you to restraine,
That we may pitty such vnhappy bale,
And learne from pleasures poyson to abstaine:
Ill, by ensample, good doth often gaine.
Then forward he his purpose gan pursew,
And told the storie of the mortall paine,
Which *Mordant* and *Amavia* did rew;
As with lamenting eyes himselfe did lately view.

46

Night was farre spent, and now in *Ocean* deepe
Orion, flying fast from hissing Snake,
His flaming head did hasten for to steepe,
When of his piteous tale he end did make;
Whilst with delight of that he wisely spake,
Those guests beguiled, did beguile their eyes
Of kindly sleepe, that did them ouertake.
At last, when they had markt the changed skyes,
They wist their houre was spent; then each to rest him hies.

Canto III.

Vaine Braggadocchio, getting Guyons horse, is made the scorne Of knighthood true, and is of faire Belphœbe foule forlorne.

1

SOone as the morrowe faire with purple beames
Disperst the shadowes of the mistie night,
And *Titan* playing on the Eastern streames,
Gan cleare the deawy aire with springing light,
Sir *Guyon*, mindfull of his vow yplight,
Vprose from drowsie couch, and him addrest
Vnto the iourney which he had behight:
His puissant armes about his noble brest,
And many-folded shield he bound about his wrest.

Then

2

Then, taking *Congé* of that virgin pure,
The bloudy-handed babe vnto her truth
Did earnestly commit, and her coniure,
In vertuous lore to traine his tender youth,
And all that gentle nouriture ensu'th:
And, that so soone as riper yeares he raught,
He might for memory of that daies ruth,
Be called *Ruddymane*, and thereby taught,
T avenge his Parents death, on them that had it wrought.

3

So forth he far'd, as now befell, on foot,
Sith his good steed is lately from him gone:
Patience perforce; helpelesse what may it boot
To fret for anger, or for griefe to mone?
His Palmer now shall foot no more alone:
So fortune wrought, as vnder greene woods side
He lately heard that dying Lady grone,
He left his steed without, and speare beside,
And rushed in on foote, to ayde her ere she dide.

4

The whiles, a losell wandring by the way,
One that to bounty neuer cast his mind,
Ne thought of honour euer did assay
His baser brest, but in his kestrell kind
A pleasing veine of glory vaine did find,
To which his flowing tongue, and troublous spright
Gaue him great ayde, and made him more inclin'd:
He, that braue steed there finding ready dight,
Purloynd both steed and speare, and ran away full light.

5

Now gan his hart all swell in iollitie,
And of himselfe great hope and helpe conceiu'd,
That puffed vp with smoake of vanitie,
And with selfe-loued personage deceiu'd,
He gan to hope, of men to be receiu'd
For such, as he him thought, or faine would bee:
But, for in court gay portaunce he perceiu'd,
And gallant shew to be in greatest gree,
Eftsoones to Court he cast t'auaunce his first degree.

6

And by the way he chaunced to espy
One sitting idle on a sunny banke,
To whom auaunting in great brauery,
As Peacock, that his painted plumes doth pranke,
He smote his courser in the trembling flanke,
And to him threatned his hart-thrilling speare:
The seely man, seeing him ride so rank,
And ayme at him, fell flat to ground for feare,
And crying Mercy loud, his pittious hands gan reare.

7

Thereat the Scarcrow wexed wondrous proud,
Through fortune of his first adventure faire,
And with big thundring voyce revil'd him loud;
Vile Caytiue, vassall of dread and despaire,
Vnworthy of the common breathed aire,
Why liuest thou, dead dog, a lenger day,
And doost not vnto death thy selfe prepare?
Die, or thy selfe my captiue yield for ay;
Great fauour I thee grant, for aunswere thus to stay.

8

Hold, ô deare Lord, hold your dead-dooing hand,
Then loud he cride, I am your humble thrall.
Ah wretch (quoth he) thy destinies withstand
My wrathfull will, and doe for mercy call.
I giue thee life: therefore prostrated fall
And kisse my stirrup; that thy homage bee.
The Miser threwe himselfe as an Offall,
Straight at his foote in base humilitee,
And cleaped him his Liege, to hold of him in Fee.

9

So, happy peace they made and faire accord:
Eftsoones this liege-man gan to wex more bold,
And when he felt the folly of his Lord,
In his owne kind he gan himselfe vnfold:
For, he was wylie witted, and growne old
In cunning sleights and practick knauery.
From that day forth he cast for to vphold
His idle humour with fine flattery,
And blowe the bellowes to his swelling vanitie.

10

Trompart, fit man for *Braggadochio*,
To serue at Court in view of vaunting eye;
Vaine-glorious man, when fluttring wind does blow
In his light wings, is lifted vp to sky:
The scorne of knight-hood and true cheualrie,
To thinke without desert of gentle deed,
And noble worth, to be advaunced hie:
Such prayse is shame; but honour, vertues meed,
Doth beare the fairest flowre in honourable seed.

11

So, forth they passe (a well consorted paire)
Till that at length with *Archimage* they meet:
Who seeing one that shone in armour faire,
On goodly courser, thundring with his feet,
Eftsoones supposed him a person meet,
Of his revenge to make the instrument:
For, since the *Redcrosse* knight he earst did weet,
To been with *Guyon* knit in one consent,
The ill, which earst to him, he now to *Guyon* meant.

12

And comming close to *Trompart*, gan inquere
Of him, what mighty warriour that mote bee,
That rode in golden sell with single speare,
But wanted sword to wreake his enmitee.
He is a great adventurer (said hee)
That hath his sword through hard assay forgone,
And now hath vowd, till he avenged bee
Of that despight, neuer to wearen none;
That speare is him enough to doen a thousand grone.

13

Th'enchaunter greatly ioyed in the vaunt.
And weened well ere long his will to win,
And both his foen with equall foyle to daunt.
Tho, to him louting lowely, did begin
To plaine of wrongs, which had committed bin
By *Guyon*, and by that false *Redcrosse* knight;
Which two, through treason and deceitfull gin,
Had slaine Sir *Mordant*, and his Lady bright:
That mote him honour win, to wreake so foule despight.

14

There-with all suddainely he seem'd enraged,
And threatned death with dreadfull countenaunce,
As if their liues had in his hand been gaged;
And with stiffe force shaking his mortall launce,
To let him weet his doughtie valiaunce,
Thus said; Old man, great sure shall be thy meed,
If where those knights for feare of dew vengeance
Doe lurke, thou certainely to me areed,
That I may wreake on them their hainous hatefull deed.

15

Certes, my Lord (said he) that shall I soone,
And giue you eke good help to their decay:
But mote I wisely you aduise to doon;
Giue no ods to your foes, but doe purvay
Your selfe of sword before that bloudy day:
For, they be twyo the prowest knights on ground,
And oft approu'd in many hard assay;
And eke of surest steele, that may be found,
Do arme your selfe against that day, them to confound.

16

Dotard (said he) let be thy deepe advise;
Seemes that through many yeares thy wits thee faile,
And that weake eld hath left thee nothing wise;
Else neuer should thy iudgement be so fraile,
To measure manhood by the sword or maile.
Is not enough foure quarters of a man,
Withouten sword or shield, an hoste to quaile?
Thou little wotest, what this right hand can:
Speake they, which haue beheld the battailes which it wan.

17

The man was much abashed at his boast;
Yet well he wist, that whoso would contend
With either of those Knights on euen coast,
Should need of all his armes, him to defend;
Yet feared least his boldnesse should offend,
When *Braggadocchio* said, Once I did sweare,
When with one sword seuen knights I brought to end,
Thence-forth in battaile neuer sword to beare,
But it were that, which noblest knight on earth doth weare.

18

Perdie, Sir Knight, said then th'enchaunter bliue,
That shall I shortly purchase to your hond:
For, now the best and noblest knight aliue
Prince *Arthur* is, that vvonnes in Faerie lond;
He hath a sword that flames like burning brond.
The same (by my advise) I vndertake
Shall by to morrow by thy side be fond.
At which bold word that boaster gan to quake,
And wondred in his mind, what mote that monster make.

19

He staid not for more bidding, but away
Was suddaine vanished out of his sight:
The Northerne wind his wings did broad display
At his commaund, and reared him vp light
From off the earth to take his aerie flight.
They lookt about, but no where could espy
Tract of his foote: then dead through great affright
They both nigh were, and each bad other flie:
Both fled attonce, ne euer backe returned eye:

20

Till that they come vnto a Forest greene,
In which they shrowd themselues from causelesse feare;
Yet feare them followes still, where so they beene.
Each trembling leafe, and whistling wind they heare,
As gastly bug their haire on end does reare:
Yet both doe striue their fearefulnesse to faine.
At last, they heard a horne, that shrilled cleare
Throughout the wood, that ecchoed againe,
And made the forest ring, as it would riue in twaine.

21

Eft through the thick they heard one rudely rush;
With noyse whereof he from his lofty steed
Downe fell to ground, and crept into a bush,
To hide his coward head from dying dreed.
But *Trompart* stoutly staid to taken heed
Of what might hap. Eftsoone there stepped forth
A goodly Lady, clad in hunters weed,
That seem'd to be a woman of great vvorth,
And by her stately portance, borne of heauenly birth.

22

Her face so faire as flesh it seemed not,
But heauenly pourtraict of bright Angels hew,
Cleare as the skie, withouten blame or blot,
Through goodly mixture of complexions dew;
And in her cheeks the vermeill red did shew
Like roses in a bed of lillies shed,
The which ambrosiall odours from them threw,
And gazers sense with double pleasure fed,
Able to heale the sicke, and to reuiue the ded.

23

In her faire eyes two liuing lamps did flame,
Kindled aboue at th'heauenly makers light,
And darted firie beames out of the same,
So passing pearceant, and so wondrous bright,
That quite bereau'd the rash beholders sight:
In them the blinded god his lustfull fire
To kindle oft assayd, but had no might;
For, with dread Maiestie, and awfull ire,
She broke his wanton darts, and quenched base desire.

24

Her Ivorie forhead, full of bountie braue,
Like a broad table did it selfe dispred,
For Loue his softie triumphs to engraue,
And write the battels of his great godhed:
All good and honour might therein be red:
For there their dwelling was. And when shee spake,
Sweet words, like dropping honny she did shed,
And twixt the pearles and rubins softly brake
A silver sound, that heauenly musicke seem'd to make.

25

Vpon her eye-lids many Graces sate,
Vnder the shadow of her euen browes,
Working belgards, and amorous retrate,
And euery one her with a grace endowes:
And euery one with meekenesse to her bowes.
So glorious mirrour of celestiall grace,
And soueraine moniment of mortall vowes,
How shall fraile pen describe her heauenly face,
For feare through want of skill her beautie to disgrace?

26

So faire, and thousand thousand times more faire
She seem'd, when she presented was to sight,
And was yclad (for heat of scorching aire)
All in a silken Camus, lilly white,
Purfled vpon with many a folded plight,
Which all aboue besprinkled was throughout,
With golden aygulets, that glistred bright,
Like twinkling starres, and all the skirt about
Was hemd with golden fringe

27

Below her ham her weede did some-what traine,
And her streight legs most brauely were embayld
In gilden buskins of costly Cordwaine,
All bard with golden bendes, which were entaild
With curious anticks, and full faire aumaild:
Before, they fastned were vnder her knee
In a rich Iewell, and therein entraild
The end of all their knots, that none might see,
How they within their fouldings close enwrapped bee.

28

Like two faire Marble pillours they were seene,
Which doe the temple of the Gods support,
Whom all the people decke with girlands greene,
And honour in their festiuall resort;
Those same with stately grace, and princely port
She taught to tread, when she her selfe would grace:
But with the wooddy Nymphes when she did play,
Or when the flying Libbard she did chace,
She could them nimbly moue, and after flie apace.

29

And in her hand a sharp bore-speare she held,
And at her backe a bowe and quiuer gay,
Stuft with steele-headed darts, wherewith she queld
The saluage beasts in her victorious play,
Knit with a golden bauldrick, which forelay
Athwart her snowy breast, and did diuide
Her dainty paps; which like young fruit in May
Now little gan to swell, and beeing tide,
Through her thin weed their places onely signifide.

30

Her yellowe locks crisped, like golden wire,
About her shoulders weren loosely shed,
And when the wind emongst them did inspire,
They waved like a penon wide dispred,
And lowe behinde her backe were scattered:
And whether art it were, or heedlesse hap,
As through the flowring forrest rash she fled,
In her rude haires sweet flowres themselues did lap,
And flourishing fresh leaues and blossoms did enwrap.

31

Such as *Diana* by the sandy shore
Of swift *Eurotas*, or on *Cynthus* greene,
Where all the Nymphes haue her vnwares forlore,
Wandreth alone with bowe and arrowes keene,
To seeke her game: Or as that famous Queene
Of *Amazons*, whom *Pyrrhus* did destroy,
The day that first of *Priame* she was seene,
Did shew her selfe in great triumphant ioy,
To succour the weake state of sad afflicted *Troy*.

32

Such when as hartlesse *Trompart* her did view,
He was dismayed in his coward mind,
And doubted, whether he himselfe should shew,
Or fly away, or bide alone behind:
Both feare and hope he in her face did find,
When she at last him spying, thus bespake;
Haile Groome; didst not thou see a bleeding Hind,
Whose right haunch earst my stedfast arrowe strake?
If thou didst, tell mee, that I may her overtake.

33

Where-with reviu'd, this answere forth he threw;
O Goddesse (for such I thee take to bee)
For, neither doth thy face terrestiall shew,
Nor voyce found mortall; I avow to thee,
Such wounded beast, as that, I did not see,
Sith earst into this forrest wild I came.
But mote thy goodlyhed forgiue it mee,
To weet which of the Gods I shall thee name,
That vnto thee due worship I may rightly frame.

34

To whom she thus; but ere her words ensewed,
Vnto the bush her eye did suddaine glaunce,
In which vaine *Braggadocchio* was mewed,
And saw it stirre: she left her pearcing launce,
And towards gan a deadly shaft advaunce,
In mind to marke the beast. At which sad stowre,
Trompart forth stept, to stay the mortall chaunce,
Out-crying, ô what euer heauenly powre,
Or earthly wight thou be, with-hold this deadly howre.

35

O stay thy hand: for, yonder is no game
For thy fierce arrowes, them to exercise;
Lut lo, my Lord, my liege, whose warlike name,
Is farre renowm'd through many bold emprise;
And now in shade he shrowded yonder lies.
She staid: with that, he crauld out of his nest,
Forth creeping on his caitiue hands and thies,
And standing stoutly vp, his loftie crest
Did fiercely shake, and rowze, as comming late from rest.

36

As fearefull fowle, that long in secret Caue
For dread of soaring hauke her selfe hath hid,
Not caring how, her silly life to saue,
She her gay painted plumes disorderid,
Seeing at last her selfe from danger rid,
Peepes foorth, and soone renewes her natiue pride;
She gins her feathers foule disfigured
Proudly to prune, and set on euery side,
So shakes off shame, ne thinks how erst she did her hide:

37

So when her goodly visage he beheld,
He gan himselfe to vaunt: but when he viewed
Those deadly tooles, which in her hand she held,
Soone into other fits he was transmewed,
Till shee to him her gracious speech renewed;
All haile, Sir knight, and well may thee befall,
As all the like, which honour haue pursewed
Through deeds of armes and prowesse Martiall;
All vertue merits praise: but such the most of all.

To

38

To whom he thus; ô faireſt vnder skie,
True be thy words, and worthy of thy praise,
That warlike feates dooſt higheſt glorifie.
Therein haue I spent all my youthly daies,
And many battailes fought, and many fraies
Throughout the world, whereſo they might bee found,
Endeuouring my dreaded name to raiſe
Aboue the Moone, that fame may it reſound
In her eternall trompe, with laurell girland cround.

39

But, what art thou (ô Lady) which dooſt range
In this wilde foreſt, where no pleaſure is,
And dooſt not it for ioyous Court exchange,
Emongſt thine equall Peeres, where happy bliſs
And all delight does raigne, much more then this?
There thou maiſt loue, and dearely loued bee,
And ſwim in pleaſure, which thou heere dooſt miſs;
There maiſt thou beſt be ſeene, and beſt maiſt ſee:
The wood is fit for beaſts; the Court is fit for thee.

40

Whoſo in pompe of proud eſtate (quoth ſhee)
Does ſwim, and bathes himſelfe in courtly bliſs,
Does waſte his daies in darke obſcuritee,
And in obliuion euer buried is:
Where eaſe abounds, yt's eath to doe amiſs;
But who his limbs with labours, and his mind
Behaues with cares, cannot ſo eaſie miſs.
Abroad in armes, at home in ſtudious kind
Who ſeekes with painefull toile, ſhall honour ſooneſt find.

41

In woods, in waues, in warres ſhe wonts to dwell,
And will be found with perill and with paine;
Ne can the man that moulds in idle Cell,
Vnto her happy manſion attaine:
Before her gate high God did Sweat ordaine,
And wakefull Watches euer to abide:
But eaſie is the way, and paſſage plaine
To Pleaſures palace; it may ſoone be ſpide,
And day and night her dores to all ſtand open wide.

42

In Princes Court, The reſt ſhe would haue ſaid,
But that the fooliſh man (fild with delight
Of her ſweet words, that all his ſenſe diſmaid,
And with her wondrous beauty rauiſht quight)
Gan burne in filthy luſt, and leaping light,
Thought in his baſtard armes her to embrace.
With that, ſhe ſwaruing backe, her Iauelin bright
Againſt him bent, and fiercely did menace:
So, turned her about, and fled away apace.

43

Which when the Peaſant ſaw, amaz'd hee ſtood,
And grieued at her flight; yet durſt he not
Purſew her ſteps, through wild vnknowen wood;
Beſides, he feard her wrath, and threatned ſhot
Whiles in the buſh he lay, not yet forgot:
Ne car'd he greatly for her preſence vaine;
But turning, ſaid to *Trompart*, What foule blot
Is this to knight, that Lady ſhould againe
Depart to woods vntoucht, and leaue ſo proud diſdaine?

44

Perdie (ſaid *Trompart*) let her paſſe at will,
Leaſt by her preſence danger mote befall.
For, who can tell (and ſure I feare it ill)
But that ſhe is ſome powre celeſtiall?
For, whiles ſhe ſpake, her great words did appall
My feeble courage, and my hart oppreſſe,
That yet I quake and tremble ouer all.
And I (ſaid *Braggadocchio*) thought no leſſe,
When firſt I heard her horne ſound with ſuch gaſtlineſſe.

45

For, from my mothers wombe this grace I haue
Me giuen by eternall deſtinie,
That earthly thing may not my courage braue
Diſmay with feare, or cauſe one foot to flie,
But either helliſh fiends, or powres on hie:
Which was the cauſe, when earſt that horne I heard,
Weening it had beene thunder in the sky,
I hid my ſelfe from it, as one affeard;
But when I other knew, my ſelfe I boldly reard.

46

But now, for feare of worſe that may betide,
Let vs ſoone hence depart. They ſoone agree;
So to his ſteed he got, and gan to ride
As one vnfit therefore, that all might ſee
He had not trained been in cheualree.
Which well that valiant courſer did diſcerne;
For, he deſpis'd to tread in dew degree,
But chauſt and fom'd, with courage fierce and ſterne,
And to be eas'd of that baſe burden ſtill did yerne.

Canto IIII.

Guyon does Furor bind in chaines,
and stops Occasion:
Deliuers Phedon, and therefore
by Strife is rayld vpon.

1

IN braue pursuit of honourable deed,
There is I knowe not what great difference
Betweene the vulgar and the noble seed,
Which vnto things of valorous pretence
Seemes to be borne by natiue influence;
As, feates of armes, and loue to entertaine:
But chiefly skill to ride, seemes a science
Proper to gentle bloud; some others faine
To menage steeds, as did this vaunter; but in vaine.

2

But he (the rightfull owner of that steed)
Who well could menage and subdue his pride,
The whiles on foot was forced for to yeed,
With that black Palmer, his most trustie guide;
Who suffred not his wandring feet to slide.
But when strong passion, or weake fleshlinesse
Would from the right way seeke to draw him wide,
He would through temperaunce and stedfastnesse,
Teach him the weak to strengthen, & the strong suppresse.

3

It fortuned forth faring on his way,
He saw from farre, or seemed for to see
Some troublous vprore or contentious fray,
Whereto he drew in haste it to agree.
A mad man, or that fained mad to bee,
Drew by the haire along vpon the ground,
A handsome stripling with great crueltee,
Whom sore he bet, and gor'd with many a wound,
That cheeks with teares, & sides with bloud did all abound.

4

And him behind, a wicked Hag did stalke,
In ragged robes, and filthy disarray,
Her other leg was lame, that she no'te walke,
But on a staffe her feeble steps did stay;
Her locks, that loathly were and hoarie gray,
Grew all afore, and loosely hung vnrold,
But all behind was bald, and worne away,
That none thereof could euer taken hold,
And eke her face ill fauourd, full of wrinkles old.

5

And euer as shee went, her tongue did walke
In foule reproche, and tearmes of vile despight,
Prouoking him by her outragious talke,
To heape more vengeance on that wretched wight;
Sometimes she raught him stones, where-with to smite
Sometimes her staffe, though it her one leg were,
Withouten which she could not goe vpright;
Ne any euill meanes she did forbeare,
That might him moue to wrath, and indignation reare.

6

The noble *Guyon* moou'd with great remorse,
Approching, first the Hag did thrust away;
And after, adding more impetuous force,
His mightie hands did on the mad man lay,
And pluckt him back; who, all on fire straight way,
Against him turning all his fell intent,
With beastly brutish rage gan him assay,
And smot, and bit, and kickt, and scratcht, and rent,
And did he wist not what in his auengement.

7

And sure he was a man of mickle might,
Had he had gouernance, it well to guide:
But when the frantick fit inflam'd his spright,
His force was vaine, and strooke more often wide,
Then at the aymed marke, which he had eyde:
And oft himselfe he chaunc't to hurt vnwares,
Whilst reason blent through passion, nought descride,
But as a blindfold Bull at randon fares, (nought cares
And where he hits, nought knowes, and whom hee hurts,

8

His rude assault and rugged handeling,
Strange seemed to the Knight, that aye with fo
In faire defence and goodly menaging
Of armes was wont to fight: yet nathemoe
Was he abashed now not fighting so;
But more enfierced through his currish play,
Him sternely gryp't, and haling to and fro,
To overthrowe him strongly did assay,
But overthrew himselfe vnwares, and lower lay.

And

9

And beeing downe the villaine sore did beate,
And bruze with clownish fists his manly face:
And eke the Hag with many a bitter threat,
Still cald vpon to kill him in the place.
With whose reproche and odious menace
The Knight emboyling in his haughty hart,
Knit all his forces, and gan soone vnbrace
His grasping hold: so lightly did vpstart,
And drew his deadly weapon, to maintaine his part.

10

Which when the Palmer saw, he loudly cryde,
Not so, ô *Guyon*, neuer thinke that so
That Monster can be maistred or destroyd:
He is no, ah, he is not such a foe,
As steele can wound, or strength can ouerthroe.
That same is *Furor*, curst cruell wight,
That vnto knighthood works much shame and woe;
And that same Hag, his aged mother, hight
Occasion, the root of all wrath and despight.

11

With her, whoso will raging *Furor* tame,
Must first begin, and well her amenage:
First her restraine from her reprochefull blame,
And euill meanes, with which she doth enrage
Her frantick sonne, and kindles his courage:
Then when she is withdrawen, or strong withstood,
It's eath his idle furie to asswage,
And calme the tempest of his passion wood;
The bankes are ouerflowen, when stopped is the flood.

12

There-with Sir *Guyon* left his first emprise,
And turning to that woman, fast her hent
By the hoare locks, that hung before her eyes,
And to the ground her threw: yet n'ould she stent
Her bitter rayling and foule reuilement,
But still prouok't her sonne to wreake her wrong:
But nathelesse he did her still torment,
And catching hold of her vngratious tongue,
Thereon an iron lock did fasten firme and strong.

13

Then when as vse of speech was from her reft,
With her two crooked hands she signes did make,
And beckned him, the last help she had left:
But he, that last left help away did take,
And both her hands fast bound vnto a stake,
That she no'te stirre. Then gan her sonne to flie
Full fast away, and did her quite forsake;
But *Guyon* after him in haste did hie,
And soone him overtooke in sad perplexitie.

14

In his strong armes he stiffely him embrac't,
Who him gainestriuing, nought at all preuaild:
For, all his powre was vtterly defac't,
And furious fits at earst quite weren quaild:
Oft he r'enforc't, and oft his forces faild,
Yet yield he would not, nor his rancour slack.
Then him to ground he cast, and rudely haild,
And both his hands fast bound behind his back,
And both his feet in fetters to an iron rack.

15

With hundred iron chaines he did him bind,
And hundred knots that did him sore constraine:
Yet his great iron teeth he still did grind,
And grimly gnash, threatning reuenge in vaine:
His burning eyen, whom bloudie strakes did staine,
Stared full wide, and threw forth sparks of fire,
And more for ranke despight, then for great paine,
Shak't his long locks, colourd like copper-wire,
And bit his tawny beard to shew his raging ire.

16

Thus when as *Guyon*, *Furor* had captiu'd,
Turning about, he saw that wretched Squire,
Whom that mad man of life nigh late depriu'd,
Lying on ground, all soyld with bloud and mire:
Whom, when as he perceiued to respire,
He gan to comfort, and his wounds to dresse.
Beeing at last recur'd, he gan inquire,
What hard mishap him brought to such distresse,
And made that caitiues thrall, the thrall of wretchednesse.

17

With hart then throbbing, and with watry eyes,
Faire Sir, quoth he, what man can shun the hap,
That hidden lyes vnwares him to surprise?
Misfortune waites advantage to entrap
The man most warie, in her whelming lap.
So me weake wretch, of many weakest one,
Vnweeting, and vnware of such mishap,
She brought to mischiefe through occasion,
Where this same wicked villaine did me light vpon.

18

It was a faithlesse Squire, that was the sourse
Of all my sorrow, and of these sad teares,
With whom from tender dug of common nourse,
Attonce I was vpbrought; and eft when yeeres
More ripe vs reason lent to chuse our Peares,
Our selues in league of vowed loue we knit:
In which we long time, without iealous feares,
Our faultie thoughts continewd, as was fit;
And for my part (I vow) dissembled not a whit.

19

It was my fortune common to that age,
To loue a Ladie faire of great degree,
The which was borne of noble parentage,
And set in highest seat of dignitee,
Yet seem'd no lesse to loue, then lov'd to bee:
Long I her seru'd, and found her faithfull still,
Ne euer thing could cause vs disagree:
Loue that two harts makes one, makes eke one will:
Each stroue to please, and others pleasure to fulfill.

20

My friend, hight *Philemon*, I did partake
Of all my loue and all my priuitie;
Who greatly ioyous seemed for my sake,
And gracious to that Ladie, as to mee,
Ne euer wight that mote so welcome bee,
As he to her, withouten blot or blame,
Ne euer thing, that shee could thinke or see,
But vnto him she would impart the same:
O wretched man! that would abuse so gentle Dame.

21

At laſt, ſuch grace I found, and meanes I wrought,
That I that Lady to my ſpouſe had wonne;
Accord of friends, conſent of parents ſought,
Affiance made, my happineſſe begonne,
There wanted nought but few rites to be donne,
Which mariage make; that day too farre did ſeeme:
Moſt ioyous man, on whom the ſhining Sunne
Did ſhew his face, my ſelfe I did eſteeme,
And that my falſer friend did no leſſe ioyous deeme.

22

But ere that wiſhed day his beame diſcloſd,
He, either envying my toward good,
Or of himſelfe to treaſon ill diſpoſd,
One day vnto me came in friendly mood,
And told (for ſecret) how he vnderſtood,
That Lady whom I had to me aſſin'd,
Had both diſtaind her honourable blood,
And eke the faith, which ſhe to me did bind;
And therefore wiſht me ſtay, till I more truth ſhould find.

23

The gnawing anguiſh and ſharpe iealouſie,
Which his ſad ſpeech infixed in my breſt,
Rankled ſo ſore, and feſtred inwardly,
That my engrieued mind could find no reſt,
Till that the truth thereof I did outwreſt,
And him beſought by that ſame ſacred band
Betwixt vs both, to counſell me the beſt.
He then with ſolemne oath and plighted hand
Aſſur'd, ere long the truth to let me vnderſtand.

24

Ere long, with like againe he boorded mee,
Saying, he now had boulted all the floure,
And that it was a groome of baſe degree,
Which of my loue was partner Paramour:
Who vſed in a darkeſome inner bowre
Her oft to meet: which better to approue,
He promiſed to bring me at that howre,
When I ſhould ſee that would me neerer moue,
And driue me to with-draw my blind abuſed loue.

25

This graceleſſe man, for furtherance of his guile,
Did court the handmaid of my Lady deare,
Who glad t'emboſome his affection vile,
Did all ſhe might, more pleaſing to appeare.
One day to worke her to his will more neare,
He woo'd her thus: *Pryene* (ſo ſhee hight)
What great deſpight doth fortune to thee beare,
Thus lowely to abaſe thy beauty bright,
That it ſhould not deface all others leſſer light?

26

But if ſhe had her leaſt help to thee lent,
T'adorne thy forme according thy deſart,
Their blazing pride thou wouldeſt ſoone haue blent,
And ſtaind their praiſes with thy leaſt good part;
Ne ſhould faire *Claribell* with all her art
(Though ſhe thy Lady be) approche thee neare:
For proofe thereof, this euening, as thou art,
Array thy ſelfe in her moſt gorgeous geare,
That I may more delight in thy embracement deare.

27

The Maiden, proud through praiſe, & mad through loue,
Him harkned to, and ſoone her ſelfe arraid,
The whiles to me the treachour did remoue
His craftie engin, and as he had ſaid,
Me leading, in a ſecret corner laid,
The ſad ſpectator of my Tragedie;
Where left, he went, and his owne falſe part plaid,
Diſguiſed like that groome of baſe degree,
Whom he had fein'd th'abuſer of my loue to bee.

28

Eftſoones he came vnto th'appointed place,
And with him brought *Pryene*, rich arrayd,
In *Claribellaes* clothes. Her proper face
I not diſcerned in that darkſome ſhade,
But weend it was my loue, with whom he plaid.
Ah God! what horrour and tormenting griefe,
My hart, my hands, mine eyes, and all affaid!
Me liefer were ten thouſand deathez priefe,
Then wound of iealous worme, & ſhame of ſuch repriefe.

29

I home returning, fraught with foule deſpight,
And chawing vengeance all the way I went,
Soone as my loathed loue appeard in ſight,
With wrathfull hand I ſlew her innocent;
That after ſoone I dearely did lament:
For, when the cauſe of that outragious deed
Demaunded, I made plaine and euident,
Her faultie Handmaid, which that bale did breed,
Confeſt, how *Philemon* her wrought to change her weed.

30

Which when I heard, with horrible affright
And helliſh fury all enrag'd, I ſought
Vpon my ſelfe that vengeable deſpight
To puniſh: yet it better firſt I thought,
To wreake my wrath on him, that firſt it wrought.
To *Philemon*, falſe faytour *Philemon*,
I caſt to pay that I ſo dearely bought;
Of deadly drugs I gaue him drinke anon,
And waſht away his guilt with guiltie potion.

31

Thus heaping crime on crime, and griefe on griefe,
To loſſe of loue adioyning loſſe of friend,
I meant to purge both, with a third miſchiefe,
And in my woes beginner it to end:
That was *Pryene*; ſhe did firſt offend,
She laſt ſhould ſmart: with which cruell intent,
When I at her my murdrous blade did bend,
She fled away with gaſtly dreriment,
And I purſewing my fell purpoſe, after went.

32

Feare gaue her wings, and rage enforc't my flight;
Through Woods and Plaines, ſo long I did her chace,
Till this mad man (whom your victorious might
Hath now faſt bound) me met in middle ſpace;
As I her, ſo he me purſewd apace,
And ſhortly overtooke: I, breathing ire,
Sore chauffed at my ſtay in ſuch a caſe,
And with my heate, kindled his cruell fire;
Which kindled once, his mother did more rage inſpire.

Betwixt

33

Betwixt them both, they haue me doen to die,
Through wounds, and ſtroakes, & ſtubborne handeling,
That death were better then ſuch agony,
As griefe and furie vnto me did bring;
Of which in me yet ſticks the mortall ſting,
That during life will neuer be appeaſd.
When he thus ended had his ſorrowing,
Said *Guyon*, Squire, ſore haue ye beene diſeaſd;
But all your hurts may ſoone through temperance be eaſd.

34

Then gan the Palmer thus, Moſt wretched man,
That to affections does the bridle lend;
In their beginning they are weake and wan,
But ſoone through ſuffrance growe to fearefull end;
Whiles they are weake, betimes with them contend:
For, when they once to perfect ſtrength doe growe,
Strong warres they make, and cruell battry bend
Gainſt fort of Reaſon, it to overthrowe:
Wrath, iealouſy, griefe, loue, this Squire haue laid thus lowe.

35

Wrath, iealouſie, griefe, loue, doe thus expell:
Wrath is a fire, and iealouſie a weede,
Greefe is a flood, and loue a monſter fell;
The fire of ſparks, the weed of little ſeede,
The flood of drops, the Monſter filth did breed:
But ſparks, ſeed, drops, and filth doe thus delay;
The ſparks ſoone quench, the ſpringing ſeed outweed,
The drops dry vp, and filth wipe cleane away:
So ſhall wrath, iealouſie, griefe, loue, die and decay.

36

Vnlucky Squire (ſaid *Guyon*) ſith thou haſt
Falne into miſchiefe through intemperaunce,
Henceforth take heede of that thou now haſt paſt,
And guide thy waies with warie gouernaunce,
Leaſt worſe betide thee by ſome later chaunce.
But read how art thou nam'd, and of what kin.
Phedon I hight (quoth he) and doe advaunce
Mine aunceſtry from famous *Coradin*,
Who firſt to raiſe our houſe to honour did begin.

37

Thus as he ſpake, lo, farre away they ſpide
A varlet running towards haſtily,
Whoſe flying feet ſo faſt their way applide,
That round about a cloud of duſt did flie,
Which mingled all with ſweat, did dim his eye.
He ſoone approched, panting, breathleſſe, hot,
And all ſo ſoyld, that none could him deſcry;
His countenaunce was bold, and baſhed not
For *Guyons* lookes, but ſcornefull eyglaunce at him ſhot.

38

Behind his backe he bore a brazen ſhield,
On which was drawen faire, in colours fit,
A flaming fire in midſt of bloudie field,
And round about the wreath this word was writ,
Burnt I doe burne. Right well beſeemed it,
To be the ſhield of ſome redoubted knight:
And in his hand two darts exceeding flit,
And deadly ſharpe he held, whoſe heads were dight
In poyſon and in bloud of malice and deſpight.

39

When hee in preſence came, to *Guyon* firſt
He boldly ſpake, Sir knight, if knight thou bee,
Abandon this foreſtalled place at erſt,
For feare of further harme, I counſell thee,
Or bide the chaunce at thine owne ieoperdie.
The Knight at his great boldneſſe wondered,
And though he ſcornd his idle vanitie,
Yet mildly him to purpoſe anſwered;
For, not to growe of nought he it coniectured.

40

Varlet, this place moſt due to me I deeme,
Yielded by him that held it forcibly. (ſeeme
But, whence ſhould come that harme, which thou dooſt
To threat to him, that minds his chaunce t'aby?
Perdy (ſaid he) here comes, and is hard by
A knight of wondrous powre, and great aſſay,
That neuer yet encountred enemy,
But did him deadly daunt, or foule diſmay;
Ne thou for better hope, if thou his preſence ſtay.

41

How hight he then (ſaid *Guyon*) and from whence?
Pyrrhochles is his name, renowmed farre
For his bold feates and hardy confidence,
Full oft approu'd in many a cruell warre,
The brother of *Cymochles*, both which arre
The ſonnes of old *Acrates* and *Deſpight*;
Acrates, ſonne of *Phlegeton* and *Iarre*:
But *Phlegeton* is ſonne of *Herebus* and *Night*:
But *Herebus* ſonne of *Aeternitie* is hight.

42

So from immortall race he does proceed,
That mortall hands may not withſtand his might;
Drad for his derring doe, and bloudy deed;
For, all in bloud and ſpoile is his delight.
His am I *Atin*, his in wrong and right,
That matter make for him to worke vpon,
And ſtirre him vp to ſtrife and cruell fight.
Fly therefore, flie this fearefull ſtead anon,
Leaſt thy foole-hardize worke thy ſad confuſion.

43

His be that care, whom moſt it doth concerne
(Said he): but whither with ſuch haſtie flight
Art thou now bound? for, well mote I diſcerne
Great cauſe, that carries thee ſo ſwift and light.
My Lord (quoth he) me ſent, and ſtraight behight
To ſeeke *Occaſion*, whereſo ſhe bee:
For, he is all diſpoſd to bloudy fight,
And breathes out wrath and hainous crueltie;
Hard is his hap, that firſt fals in his ieopardie.

44

Mad man (ſaid then the Palmer) that does ſeeke
Occaſion to wrath, and cauſe of ſtrife;
She comes vnſought: and ſhunned, followes eke.
Happy, who can abſtaine, when Rancour rife
Kindles Reuenge, and threats his ruſtie knife;
Woe neuer wants, where euery cauſe is caught,
And raſh *Occaſion* makes vnquiet life.
Then lo, where bound ſhe ſits, whom thou haſt ſought,
(Said *Guyon*) let that meſſage to thy Lord be brought.

45
That, when the varlet heard and saw, straight way
He wexed wondrous wroth, and said, Vile knight,
That knights & knighthood doost with shame vpbray,
And shew'st th'ensample of thy childish might,
With silly weake old woman thus to fight;
Great glory and gay spoile sure hast thou got,
And stoutly prov'd thy puissaunce here in sight;
That shall *Pyrrhochles* well requite, I wot,
And with thy bloud abolish so reprochefull blot.

46
With that, one of his thrillant darts he threw,
Headed with ire and vengeable despight;
The quiuering steele his aymed end well knew,
And to his breast it selfe intended right:
But he was warie, and ere it empight
In the meant marke, advaunc't his shield atweene;
On which it seizing, no way enter might,
But backe rebounding, left the fork-head keene;
Eftsoones he fled away, and might no where be seene.

Canto V.

Pyrrhochles does with Guyon fight,
And Furors chaine vnbinds:
Of whom sore hurt, for his reuenge
Atin Cymochles finds.

1
WHo-euer doth to temperaunce apply
His stedfast life, and all his actions frame,
Trust me, shall find no greater enemy,
Then stubborne perturbation, to the same;
To which right well the wise doe giue that name,
For, it the goodly peace of stayed mindes
Does overthrowe, and troublous warre proclame:
His owne woes authour, whoso bound it findes,
As did *Pyrrhochles*, and it wilfully vnbindes.

2
After that varlets flight, it was not long,
Ere on the Plaine fast pricking *Guyon* spide
One in bright armes embattailed full strong,
That as the Sunny beames doe glaunce and glide
Vpon the trembling waue, so shined bright,
And round about him threw forth sparkling fire,
That seem'd him to enflame on euery side:
His steed was bloudy red, and fomed ire,
When with the maistring spur he did him roughly stire.

3
Approching nigh, he neuer stayd to greet,
Ne chaffer words, proud courage to prouoke,
But prickt so fierce, that vnderneath his feet
The smouldring dust did round about him smoke,
Both horse and man nigh able for to choke;
And fairely couching his steele-headed speare,
Him first saluted with a sturdy stroke;
It booted nought Sir *Guyon* comming neare
To thinke, such hideous puissaunce on foot to beare.

4
But lightly shunned it, and passing by
With his bright blade did smite at him so fell,
That the sharpe steele arriuing forcibly
On his broad shield, bit not, but glauncing fell
On his horse neck before the quilted sell,
And from the head the body sundred quight:
So him dismounted lowe, he did compell
On foot with him to matchen equall fight;
The trunked beast fast bleeding, did him fouly dight.

5
Sore bruzed with the fall, he stowe vprose,
And all enraged, thus him loudly shent;
Disleall knight, whose coward courage chose
To wreake it selfe on beast all innocent,
And shund the marke, at which it should be ment,
Thereby thine armes seeme strong, but manhood frayle:
So hast thou oft with guile thine honour blent;
But little may such guile thee now availe,
If wonted force and fortune doe not much me faile.

6
With that he drew his flaming sword, and strooke
At him so fiercely, that the vpper marge
Of his seuenfolded shield away it tooke,
And glauncing on his helmet, made a large
And open gash therein: were not his targe,
That broke the violence of his intent,
The weary soule from thence it would discharge;
Natheless, so sore a buffe to him it lent,
That made him reele, and to his breast his beuer bent.

Exceeding

7
Exceeding wroth was *Guyon* at that blowe,
And much asham'd, that stroake of liuing arme
Should him dismay, and make him stoupe so lowe,
Though otherwise it did him little harme:
Tho hurling high his iron braced arme,
He smote so manly on his shoulder plate,
That all his left side it did quite disarme;
Yet there the steele staid not, but inly bate
Deepe in his flesh, and opened wide a red flood-gate.

8
Deadly dismaid, with horror of that dint,
Pyrrhochles was, and grieued eke entire;
Yet nathemore did it his furie stint,
But added flame vnto his former fire,
That wel-nigh molt his hart in raging ire:
Ne thence-forth his approued skill, to ward,
Or strike, or hurlen round in warlike gyre,
Remembred he, ne car'd for his saufegard,
But rudely rag'd, and like a cruell Tigre far'd.

9
He hewd, and lasht, and foynd, and thundred blowes,
And euery way did seeke into his life:
Ne plate, ne male could ward so mighty throwes,
But yielded passage to his cruell knife.
But *Guyon*, in the heate of all his strife,
Was warie wise, and closely did await
Avantage, whil'st his foe did rage most rife;
Sometimes athwart, sometimes he strooke him strait,
And falsed oft his blowes, t'illude him with such bait.

10
Like as a Lion, whose imperiall powre
A proud rebellious Vnicorne defies,
T'avoyd the rash assault and wrathfull stowre
Of his fierce foe, him to a tree applies,
And when him running in full course he spies,
He slips aside; the whiles that furious beast
His precious horne, sought of his enemies,
Strikes in the stock, ne thence can be releast,
But to the mighty Victor yields a bountious feast:

11
With such faire slight him *Guyon* often faild,
Till at the last, all breathlesse, wearie, faint
Him spying, with fresh onset he assaild,
And kindling new his courage (seeming queint)
Strooke him so hugely, that through great constraint
He made him stoupe perforce vnto his knee,
And doe vnwilling worship to the Saint,
That on his shield depainted he did see;
Such homage til that instant neuer learned hee.

12
Whom *Guyon* seeing stoupe, pursewed fast
The present offer of faire victory,
And soone his dreadfull blade about he cast,
Where-with he smote his haughty creast so hie,
That straight on ground made him full lowe to lie;
Then on his breast his victour foot he thrust:
With that he cride, Mercy, doe me not die,
Ne deeme thy force by Fortunes doome vniust,
That hath (maugre her spight) thus lowe me laid in dust.

13
Eftsoones his cruell hand Sir *Guyon* staid,
Tempring the passion with advisement slowe,
And maistring might on enemy dismaid:
For, th'equall dye of warre he well did knowe;
Then to him said, Liue, and allegaunce owe
To him that giues thee life and liberty:
And henceforth, by this daies ensample trowe,
That hastie wroth, and heedlesse hazardry,
Doe breede repentance late, and lasting infamy.

14
So, vp he let him rise: who with grim looke
And count'naunce sterne vpstanding, gan to grind
His grated teeth for great disdaine, and shooke
His sandie locks, long hanging downe behind,
Knotted in blood and dust, for griefe of mind,
That he in ods of armes was conquered;
Yet in himselfe some comfort he did find,
That him so noble Knight had maistered,
Whose bounty more then might, yet both he wondered.

15
Which *Guyon* marking said, Be nought agrieu'd,
Sir Knight, that thus ye now subdued arre:
Was neuer man, who most conquests atchieu'd
But sometimes had the worse, and lost by warre,
Yet shortly gaind, that losse exceeded farre:
Losse is no shame, nor to be lesse then foe;
But to be lesser, then himselfe, doth marre
Both loosers lot, and victors praise also.
Vaine others overthrowes, whose selfe doth overthrowe.

16
Fly, ô *Pyrrhochles*, flie the dreadfull warre,
That in thy selfe thy lesser parts doe moue:
Outragious anger, and woe-working iarre,
Direfull impatience, and hart-murdring loue;
Those, those thy foes, those warriours farre remoue,
Which thee to endlesse bale captiued lead.
But sith in might thou didst my mercy proue,
Of curtesie to me the cause aread,
That thee against me drew with so impetuous dread.

17
Dreadlesse, said he, that shall I soone declare:
It was complaind, that thou hadst done great tort
Vnto an aged woman, poore and bare,
And thralled her in chaines with strong effort,
Void of all succour and needfull comfort:
That ill beseemes thee, such as I thee see,
To worke such shame. Therefore I thee exhort
To change thy will, and set *Occasion* free,
And to her captiue sonne yield his first libertee.

18
Thereat Sir *Guyon* smil'd: And is that all
Said he, that thee so sore displeased hath?
Great mercy sure, for to enlarge a thrall,
Whose freedome shall thee turne to greatest scath.
Nath'lesse, now quench thy hot emboyling wrath:
Loe, there they be; to thee I yield them free.
Thereat he wondrous glad, out of the path
Did lightly leape, where he them bound did see,
And gan to breake the bands of their captiuitee.

Soone

19

Soone as *Occasion* felt her selfe vntide,
Before her sonne could well assoiled bee,
She to her vse returnd, and straight deside
Both *Guyon* and *Pyrrhochles*: th'one (said she)
Because he wonne; the other, because hee
Was wonne: so matter did she make of nought,
To stirre vp strife, and doe them disagree:
But soone as *Furor* was enlarg'd, she sought
To kindle his quencht fire, and thousand causes wrought.

20

It was not long, ere she inflam'd him so,
That he would algates with *Pyrrhochles* fight,
And his redeemer chaleng'd for his foe,
Because he had not well maintaind his right,
But yielded had to that same stranger knight:
Now gan *Pyrrhochles* wex as wood as hee,
And him affronted with impatient might:
So both together fierce engrasped bee,
Whiles *Guyon* standing by, their vncouth strife does see.

21

Him all that while *Occasion* did prouoke
Against *Pyrrhochles*, and new matter fram'd
Vpon the old, him stirring to be wroke
Of his late wrongs, in which she oft him blam'd
For suffering such abuse, as knighthood sham'd,
And him disabled quite. But he was wise,
Ne would with vaine occasion be inflam'd;
Yet others she more vrgent did deuise:
Yet nothing could him to impatience entise.

22

Their fell contention still increased more,
And more thereby increased *Furors* might,
That he his foe has hurt, and wounded sore,
And him in bloud and durt deformed quight.
His mother eke (more to augment his spright)
Now brought to him a flaming fier brond,
Which she in *Stygian* lake (ay burning bright)
Had kindled: that she gaue into his hond,
That arm'd with fire, more hardly he mote him withstond.

23

Tho gan the villaine wex so fierce and strong,
That nothing might sustaine his furious force;
He cast him downe to ground, and all along
Drew him through durt and myre without remorse,
And fouly battered his comely corse,
That *Guyon* much disdeign'd so loathly sight.
At last, he was compeld to cry perforce,
Helpe (ô Sir *Guyon*) help most noble knight,
To rid a wretched man from hands of hellish wight.

24

The knight was greatly moued at his plaint,
And gan him dight to succour his distresse,
Till that the Palmer, by his graue restraint,
Him staid from yielding pittifull redresse;
And said, Deare sonne, thy causelesse ruth represse,
Ne let thy stout hart melt in pitty vaine:
He that his sorrow sought through wilfulnesse,
And his foe fettred would release againe,
Deserues to taste his follies fruit, repented paine.

25

Guyon obaid; So him away he drew
From needlesse trouble of renewing fight
Already fought, his voyage to pursew.
But rash *Pyrrhochles* varlet, *Atin* hight,
When late he saw his Lord in heauie plight,
Vnder Sir *Guyons* puissaunt stroke to fall,
Him deeming dead, as then he seem'd in sight,
Fled fast away, to tell his funerall
Vnto his brother, whom *Cymochles* men did call.

26

He was a man of rare redoubted might,
Famous throughout the world for warlike praise,
And glorious spoiles, purchast in perilous fight:
Full many doughty knights he in his daies
Had doen to death, subdewd in equall frayes;
VVhose carcases, for terrour of his name,
Of fowles and beasts he made the pittious prayes,
And hung their conquered armes for more defame
On gallow trees, in honour of his deerest Dame.

27

His deerest Dame is that Enchaunteresse,
The vile *Acrasia*, that with vaine delights,
And idle pleasures in her *Bowre of Blisse*,
Does charme her louers, and the feeble sprights
Can call out of the bodies of fraile wights:
Whom then she does transforme to monstrous hewes,
And horribly misshapes with vgly sights,
Captiv'd eternally in iron mewes;
And darksome dens, where *Titan* his face neuer shewes.

28

There *Atin* found *Cymochles* soiourning,
To serue his Lemans loue: for he, by kind,
Was giuen all to lust and loose liuing,
When euer his fierce hands he free mote find:
And now he has pourd out his idle mind
In daintie delices, and lauish ioyes,
Hauing his warlike weapons cast behind,
And flowes in pleasures, and vaine pleasing toyes,
Mingled emongst loose Ladies and lasciuious boyes.

29

And ouer him, Art striuing to compaire
With Nature, did an Arbour greene dispred,
Framed of wanton Ivie, flowring faire,
Through which the fragrant Eglantine did spred
His pricking armes, entrayld with roses red,
Which dainty odours round about them threw,
And all within with flowres was garnished,
That when mild *Zephyrus* emongst them blew,
Did breathe out bountious smels, & painted colours shew.

30

And fast beside, there trickled softly downe
A gentle streame, whose murmuring waue did play
Emongst the pumy stones, and made a sowne,
To lull him soft asleepe, that by it lay;
The wearie Traueiler, wandring that way,
Therein did often quench his thirstie heat,
And then by it his wearie limbes display,
Whiles creeping slumber made him to forget
His former paine, and wip't away his toylsome sweat.

And

31

And on the other side a pleasant Groue
Was shot vp high, full of the stately tree,
That dedicated is t'*Olympick Ioue*,
And to his sonne *Alcides*, when as hee
Gain'd in *Nemæa* goodly victoree;
Therein the mery birds, of euery sort,
Chaunted aloud their chearefull harmonie:
And made emongst themselues a sweet consort,
That quickned the dull spright with musicall comfort.

32

There he him found all carelesly displaid,
In secret shadowe from the sunny ray,
On a sweet bed of Lillies softly laid,
Amidst a flock of Damzels fresh and gay,
That round about him dissolute did play
Their wanton follies, and light meriment;
Euery of which did loosely disaray
Her vpper parts of meet habiliments,
And shewd them naked, deckt with many ornaments.

33

And euery of them stroue, with most delights,
Him to aggrate, and greatest pleasures shew;
Some fram'd faire lookes, glancing like euening lights;
Others, sweet words, dropping like honny dew;
Some, bathed kisses, and did soft embrew
The sugred liquor through his melting lips:
One boasts her beauty, and does yeeld to view
Her dainty limbes aboue her tender hips;
Another, her out-boasts, and all for tryall strips.

34

Hee, like an Adder, lurking in the weeds,
His wandring thought in deepe desire does steepe,
And his fraile eye with spoile of beautie feedes;
Sometimes, he falsely faines himselfe to sleepe,
Whiles through their lids his wanton eyes doe peepe,
To steale a snatch of amorous conceit,
Whereby close fire into his hart does creepe:
So, them deceiues, deceiv'd in his deceit,
Made drunke with drugs of deare voluptuous receit.

35

Atin arriuing there, when him he spide,
Thus in still waues of deepe delight to wade,
Fiercely approching, to him loudly cride,
Cymochles, oh no, but *Cymochles* shade,
In which that manly person late did fade,
What is become of great *Acrates* sonne?
Or where hath he hung vp his mortall blade,
That hath so many haughty conquests wonne?
Is all his force forlorne, and all his glory donne?

36

Then pricking him with his sharpe-pointed dart,
He said; Vp, vp, thou womanish weake knight,
That here in Ladies lap entombed art,
Vnmindfull of thy praise and prowest might,
And weetlesse eke of lately wrought despight,
Whiles sad *Pyrrochles* lyes on senseless ground,
And groneth out his vtmost grudging spright,
Through many a stroake, & many a streaming wound,
Calling thy helpe in vaine, that heere in ioyes art drownd.

37

Suddainely out of his delightfull dreame
The man awoke, and would haue questiond more;
But he would not endure that wofull theame
For to dilate at large, but vrged sore
With pearcing words, and pittifull implore,
Him hastie to arise. As one affright
With hellish fiends, or *Furies* mad vprore,
He then vprose, inflam'd with fell despight,
And called for his armes; for he would algates fight.

38

They been ybrought; he quickly does him dight,
And lightly mounted, passeth on his way:
Ne Ladies loues, ne sweet entreaties might
Appease his heate, or hastie passage stay;
For, he has vow'd to been aveng'd that day
(That day it selfe him seemed all too long:)
On him, that did *Pyrrhochles* deare dismay:
So, proudly pricketh on his courser strong,
And *Atin* aye him pricks with spurs of shame and wrong.

Canto

Canto VI.

Guyon is of immodest Mirth led into loose desire, Fights with Cymochles, whiles his brother burnes in furious fire.

1

A Harder lesson, to learne Continence
In ioyous pleasure, then in grieuous paine:
For, sweetnes doth allure the weaker sense
So strongly, that vneathes it can refraine
Frō that, which feeble nature couets faine;
But griefe and wrath, that be her enemies,
And foes of life, she better can restraine;
Yet vertue vaunts in both their victories,
And *Guyon* in them all shewes goodly maisteries.

2

Whom bold *Cymochles* trauailing to find,
With cruell purpose bent to wreake on him
The wrath, which *Atin* kindled in his mind,
Came to a riuer, by whose vtmost brim
Wayting to passe, he saw whereas did swim
Along the shore, as swift as glaunce of eye,
A little Gondelay, bedecked trim
With boughes and arbours wouen cunningly,
That like a little forest seemed outwardly.

3

And therein sate a Lady fresh and faire,
Making sweet solace to herselfe alone;
Sometimes she sung, as loud as Larke in aire,
Sometimes she laught, that nigh her breath was gone,
Yet was there not with her else any one,
That might to her moue cause of merriment:
Matter of mirth enough, though there were none
She could deuise, and thousand waies invent
To feed her foolish humour, and vaine iolliment.

4

Which when farre off *Chymochles* heard, and saw,
He loudly cald to such as were abord,
The little barke vnto the shore to draw,
And him to ferry ouer that deepe ford:
The merry Marriner vnto his word
Soone harkned, and her painted boat straight way
Turnd to the shore, where that same warlike Lord
She in receiu'd: but *Atin* by no way
Shee would admit, albe the Knight her much did pray.

5

Eftsoones her shallow ship away did slide,
More swift then Swallow sheres the liquid skie,
Withouten oare or Pilot it to guide,
Or winged canuas with the wind to flie;
Onely she turn'd a pin, and by and by
It cut away vpon the yeelding waue,
Ne cared she her course for to applie:
For, it was taught the way, which she would haue,
And both from rocks and flats it selfe could wisely saue.

6

And all the way, the wanton Damzell found
New mirth, her passenger to entertaine:
For, she in pleasant purpose did abound,
And greatly ioyed merry tales to faine,
Of which a store-house did with her remaine:
Yet seemed, nothing well they her became;
For, all her words she drownd with laughter vaine,
And wanted grace in vtt'ring of the same,
That turned all her pleasance to a scoffing game.

7

And other whiles vaine toyes she would deuise,
As her fantastick wit did most delight:
Sometimes her head she fondly would aguise
With gaudie girlonds, or fresh flowrets dight
About her neck, or rings of rushes plight;
Sometimes to doe him laugh, she would assay
To laugh at shaking of the leaues light,
Or to behold the water worke, and play
About her little frigot, therein making way.

8

Her light behauiour, and loose dalliaunce
Gaue wondrous great contentment to the Knight,
That of his way he had no souenaunce,
Nor care of vow'd reuenge, and cruell fight,
But to weake wench did yeeld his Martiall might.
So easie was to quench his flamed mind
With one sweet drop of sensuall delight:
So easie is, t'appease the stormie wind
Of malice in the calme of pleasant womankind.

Diuerse

9

Diuerse discourses in their way they spent,
Mongst which *Cymochles* of her questioned,
Both what she was, and what that vsage ment,
Which in her cot she daily practised.
Vaine man, sayd she, that would'st be reckoned
A stranger in thy home, and ignorant
Of *Phædria* (for so my name is red)
Of *Phædria*, thine owne fellow seruaunt;
For, thou to serue *Acrasia* thy selfe doost vaunt.

10

In this wide Inland sea, that hight by name
The *Ydle lake*, my wandring ship I rowe,
That knowes her Port, and thither sailes by ayme,
Ne care, ne feare I, how the wind doe blowe,
Or whether swift I wend, or whether slowe:
Both slowe and swift alike doe serue my tourne,
Ne swelling *Neptune*, ne loud thundring *Ioue*
Can change my cheare, or make me euer mourne;
My little boat can safely passe this perilous bourne.

11

Whiles thus she talked, and whiles thus she toyd,
They were farre past the passage which he spake,
And come vnto an Island waste and voyd,
That floted in the midst of that great lake,
There her small Gondelay her Port did make,
And that gay payre issuing on the shore
Disburdned her. Their way they forward take
Into the Land that lay them faire before,
Whose pleasaunce she him shew'd, and plentiful great store.

12

It was a chosen plot of fertile land,
Emongst wide waues set like a little nest,
As if it had by Natures cunning hand,
Beene choicely picked out from all the rest,
And layd forth for ensample of the best:
No daintie flowre or herbe that growes on ground,
No arboret with painted blossoms drest,
And smelling sweet, but there it might be found
To bud out fayre, and her sweet smels throwe all around.

13

No tree, whose branches did not brauely spring;
No branch, whereon a fine bird did not sit:
No bird, but did her shrill notes sweetly sing;
No song but did containe a louely dit:
Trees, branches, birds, and songs were framed fit
For to allure frayle mind to careless ease.
Careless the man soone wox, and his weake wit
Was ouercome of thing, that did him please;
So pleased, did his wrathfull purpose faire appease.

14

Thus when shee had his eyes and senses fed
With false delights, and fild with pleasures vaine,
Into a shady dale she soft him led,
And layd him downe vpon a grassie Plaine;
And her sweet selfe, without dread or disdaine
She set beside, laying his head disarm'd
In her loose lap, it softly to sustaine,
Where soone he slumbred, fearing not be harm'd,
The whiles with a loud lay she thus him sweetly charm'd.

15

Behold, ô man, that toyle-some paines doost take,
The flowres, the fields, and all that pleasant growes,
How they themselues doe thine ensample make,
Whiles nothing envious Nature them forth throwes
Out of her fruitfull lap; how, no man knowes,
They spring, they bud, they blossome fresh & faire,
And deck the world with their rich pompous showes;
Yet no man for them taketh paines or care,
Yet no man to them can his carefull paines compare.

16

The Lilly, Lady of the flowring field,
The Flowre-deluce, her louely Paramoure,
Bid thee to them thy fruitlesse labours yield,
And soone leaue off this toylesome wearie stoure;
Lo, lo, how braue she decks her bountious boure,
With silken curtens and gold couerlets,
Therein to shrowd her sumptuous Belamoure,
Yet neither spinnes nor cardes, ne cares nor frets,
But to her mother Nature all her care she lets.

17

Why then doost thou, ô man, that of them all
Art Lord, and eke of nature Soueraigne,
Wilfully make thy selfe a wretched thrall,
And waste thy ioyous houres in needlesse paine,
Seeking for danger and adventures vaine?
What bootes it all to haue, and nothing vse?
Who shall him rew, that swimming in the maine,
Will die for thirst, and water doth refuse?
Refuse such fruitlesse toyle, and present pleasures chuse.

18

By this, she had him lulled fast asleepe,
That of no worldly thing he care did take;
Then she with liquors strong his eyes did steepe,
That nothing should him hastily awake:
So she him left, and did herselfe betake
Vnto her boat againe, with which she cleft
The slothfull waues of that great griesly lake;
Soone she that Island farre behind her left,
And now is come to that same place, where first she weft.

19

By this time, was the worthy *Guyon* brought
Vnto the other side of that wide strond,
Where she was rowing, and for passage sought:
Him needed not long call, she soone to hond
Her ferry brought, where him she byding fond,
With his sad guide; himselfe she tooke aboord,
But the *Blacke Palmer* suffred still to stond,
Ne would for price, or prayers once affoord,
To ferry that old man ouer the perlous foord.

20

Guyon was loath to leaue his guide behind,
Yet beeing entred, might not back retire;
For, the flit barke, obaying to her mind,
Forth launched quickly, as she did desire,
Ne gaue him leaue to bid that aged Sire
Adieu, but nimbly ran her wonted course
Through the dull billowes thick as troubled mire,
Whom neither wind out of their seat could force,
Nor timely tides did driue out of their sluggish sourse.

21

And by the way, as was her wonted guise,
Her merry fit she freshly gan to reare,
And did of ioy and iollitie deuise,
Her selfe to cherish, and her guest to cheare:
The Knight was courteous, and did not forbeare
Her honest mirth and pleasance to partake;
But when he saw her toy, and gibe, and geare,
And passe the bounds of modest merimake,
Her dalliance he despis'd, and follies did forsake.

22

Yet she still followed her former stile,
And sayd and did all that mote him delight,
Till they arriued in that pleasant Ile,
Where sleeping late she left her other knight.
But, when as *Guyon* of that land had sight,
He wist himselfe amiss, and angry sayd;
Ah Dame, perdy ye haue not doen me right,
Thus to mislead me, whiles I you obayd:
Me little needed from my right way to haue strayd.

23

Fayre Sir, quoth she, be not displeas'd at all;
Who fares on sea, may not commaund his way,
Ne wind and weather at his pleasure call:
The sea is wide, and easie for to stray;
The wind vnstable, and doth neuer stay.
But heere awhile ye may in safetie rest,
Till season serue new passage to assay;
Better safe Port, then be in seas distrest.
There-with she laught, and did her earnest end in iest.

24

But he, halfe discontent, mote natheless
Himselfe appease, and issued forth on shore:
The ioyes whereof, and happy fruitfulnesse,
Such as he saw she gan him lay before,
And all though pleasant, yet she made much more:
The fields did laugh, the flowres did freshly spring,
The trees did bud, and earely blossoms bore,
And all the quire of birds did sweetly sing,
And told that gardins pleasures in their caroling.

25

And shee, more sweet then any bird on bough,
Would oftentimes emongst them beare a part,
And striue to passe (as shee could well enough)
Their natiue musick by her skilfull art:
So did she all, that might his constant hart
With-draw from thought of warlike enterprise,
And drowne in dissolute delights apart,
Where noyse of armes, or view of Martiall guise
Might not reuiue desire of knightly exercise.

26

But hee was wise, and wary of her will,
And euer held his hand vpon his hart:
Yet would not seeme so rude, and thewed ill,
As to despise so courteous seeming part,
That gentle Lady did to him impart;
But fayrely tempring, fond desire subdewd,
And euer her desired to depart.
She list not heare, but her disports pursewd,
And euer bade him stay, till time the tide renewd.

27

And now by this, *Cymochles* howre was spent,
That he awoke out of his idle dreame,
And shaking off his drowsie drериment,
Gan him auize, how ill did him beseeme,
In slothfull sleepe his molten hart to steme,
And quench the brond of his conceiued ire.
Tho vp he started, stird with shame extreme,
Ne stayed for his Damsell to inquire,
But marched to the strond, there passage to require.

28

And in the way, he with Sir *Guyon* met,
Accompanyde with *Phædria* the faire:
Eftsoones he gan to rage, and inly fret,
Crying, Let be that Lady debonaire,
Thou recreant knight, and soone thy selfe prepaire
To battaile, if thou meane her loue to gaine:
Lo, lo already, how the fowles in aire
Doe flock, awayting shortly to obtaine
Thy carcasse for their prey, the guerdon of thy paine.

29

And there-withall he fiercely at him flew,
And with important outrage him assayld;
Who, soone prepar'd to field, his sword forth drew,
And him with equall value countervayld:
Their mighty stroakes their haberieons dismayld,
And naked made each others manly spalles;
The mortall steele despiteously entayld
Deepe in their flesh, quite through the iron walles,
That a large purple streame adowne their giambeux falles.

30

Cymochles, that had neuer met before
So puissant foe, with enuious despight
His proud presumed force increased more,
Disdeigning to be held so long in fight;
Sir *Guyon* grudging not so much his might,
As those vnknightly raylings, which he spoke,
With wrathfull fire his courage kindled bright,
Thereof deuising shortly to be wroke,
And doubling all his powres, redoubled euery stroke.

31

Both of them high attonce their hands enhaunst,
And both attonce their huge blowes downe did sway;
Cymochles sword on *Guyons* shield yglaunc't,
And thereof nigh one quarter sheard away;
But *Guyons* angry blade so fierce did play
On th'others helmet, which as *Titan* shone,
That quite it cloue his plumed crest in tway,
And bared all his head vnto the bone;
Where-with astonisht, still he stood as senseless stone.

32

Still as he stood, faire *Phædria*, that beheld
That deadly danger, soone atweene them ran;
And at their feet her selfe most humbly feld,
Crying with pittious voyce, and count'nance wan;
Ah, weal-away! most noble Lords, how can
Your cruell eyes endure so pittious sight,
To shed your liues on ground? wo worth the man,
That first did teach the cursed steele to bight
In his owne flesh, and make way to the liuing spright.

33

If euer loue of Ladie did empierce
Your yron breastes, or pittie could finde place,
Withhold your bloudie hands from battell fierce,
And sith for me ye fight, to me this grace
Both yeeld, to stay your deadly strife a space.
They stayd a while: and forth she gan proceed:
Most wretched woman, and of wicked race,
That am the author of this hainous deed, (breed.
And cause of death betweene two doughtie knights doe

34

But if for me ye fight, or me will serue,
Not this rude kind of battell, nor these armes
Are meet, the which doe men in bale to sterue,
And dolefull sorrow heape with deadly harmes:
Such cruell game my scarmoges disarmes:
Another warre, and other weapons I
Doe loue, where loue does giue his sweet alarmes,
Without bloudshed, and where the enemie
Does yeeld vnto his foe a pleasant victorie.

35

Debatefull strife, and cruell enmitie
The famous name of knighthood fowly shend;
But louely peace, and gentle amitie,
And in Amours the passing houres to spend,
The mightie Martiall hands doe most commend;
Of loue they euer greater glorie bore,
Then of their armes: *Mars* is *Cupidoes* frend,
And is for *Venus* loues renowmed more
Then all his wars and spoyles, the which he did of yore.

36

Therewith she sweetly smyl'd. They, though full bent
To proue extremities of bloudie fight,
Yet at her speach their rages gan relent,
And calme the sea of their tempestuous spight;
Such powre haue pleasing words: such is the might
Of courteous clemencie in gentle hart.
Now after all was ceast, the Faerie knight
Besought that Damzell suffer him depart,
And yeeld him readie passage to that other part.

37

She no lesse glad, then he desirous was
Of his departure thence; for of her ioy
And vaine delight she saw he light did pas,
A foe of folly and immodest toy,
Still solemne sad, or still disdainefull coy,
Delighting all in armes and cruell warre,
That her sweet peace and pleasures did annoy,
Troubled with terrour and vnquiet iarre,
That she well pleased was thence to amoue him farre.

38

Tho, him she brought abord, and her swift bote
Forthwith directed to that further strand:
The which on the dull waues did lightly flote,
And soone arriued on the shallow sand,
Where gladsome *Guyon* sailed forth to land,
And to that Damzell thankes gaue for reward.
Vpon that shore he spied *Atin* stand,
There by his maister left, when late he far'd
In *Phædrias* fleet barke ouer that perlous shard.

39

Well could he him remember, sith of late
He with *Pyrrhochles* sharpe debatement made;
Streight gan he him reuile, and bitter rate,
As shepheards curre, that in darke euenings shade
Hath tracted forth some saluage beastes trade;
Vile Miscreant (said he) whither doest thou flie
The shame and death, which will thee soone inuade?
What coward hand shall doe thee next to die,
That art thus foully fled from famous enemie?

40

With that, he stiffely shooke his steel-head dart:
But sober *Guyon*, hearing him so raile,
Though somewhat moued in his mightie hart,
Yet with strong reason maistred passion fraile,
And passed fairely forth. He turning taile,
Backe to the strond retyr'd, and there still stayd,
Awaiting passage, which him late did faile;
The whiles *Cymochles* with that wanton mayd
The hastie heat of his auow'd reuenge delayd.

41

Whiles there the varlet stood, he saw from farre
An armed knight, that towards him fast ran:
He ran on foot, as if in luckelesse warre
His forlorne steed from him the victour wan;
Hee seemed breathlesse, hartlesse, faint, and wan,
And all his armour sprinkled was with bloud,
And soyld with durtie gore, that no man can
Discerne the hew thereof. He neuer stood,
But bent his hastie course towards the idle flood.

42

The varlet saw, when to the flood he came,
How without stop or stay he fiercely lept,
And deepe himselfe beducked in the same,
That in the lake his loftie crest was steept,
Ne of his safetie seemed care he kept;
But with his raging armes hee rudely flasht,
The waues about, and all his armour swept,
That all the bloud and filth away was washt,
Yet still he bet the water, and the billowes dasht.

43

Atin drew nigh, to weet what it mote bee;
For much he wondred at that vncouth sight;
Whom should hee, but his owne deare Lord, there see?
His owne deare Lord *Pyrrhochles*, in sad plight,
Readie to drowne himselfe for fell despight.
Harrow now out, and weal-away, he cryde,
What dismall day hath lent this cursed light,
To see my Lord so deadly damnifyde?
Pyrrhochles, ô *Pyrrhochles*, what is thee betyde?

44

I burne, I burne, I burne, then loud he cryde,
O how I burne with implacable fire!
Yet nought can quench mine inly flaming syde
Nor sea of licour cold, nor lake of mire,
Nothing but death can doe me to respire.
Ah be it (said he) from *Pyrrhochles* farre
After pursewing death once to require,
Or thinke, that ought those puissant hands may marre
Death is for wretches borne vnder vnhappie starre.

45

Perdie, then it is fit for me (said he)
That am, I weene, most wretched man aliue:
Burning in flames, yet no flames can I see,
And dying daily, daily yet reuiue:
O *Atin*, helpe to me last death to giue.
The varlet at his plaint was grieu'd so sore,
That his deepe wounded hart in two did riue,
And his owne health remembring now no more,
Did follow that ensample which he blam'd afore.

46

Into the lake he lept, his Lord to ayd,
(So loue the dread of daunger doth despise)
And of him catching hold, him strongly stayd
From drowning. But more happie he, then wise
Of that seas nature did him not auise.
The waues thereof so slowe and sluggish were,
Engrost with mud, which did them foule agrise,
That euerie weightie thing they did vpbeare,
Ne ought more euer sinke downe to the bottome there.

47

Whiles thus they struggled in that idle waue,
And stroue in vaine, the one himselfe to drowne,
The other both from drowning for to saue;
Lo, to that shore one in an auncient gowne,
Whose hoarie locks great grauitie did crowne,
Holding in hand a goodly arming sword,
By fortune came, led with the troublous sowne:
Where drenched deepe he found in that dull ford
The carefull seruant, striuing with his raging Lord.

48

Him *Atin* spying, knewe right well of yore,
And loudly cald, Helpe helpe, ô *Archimage*;
To saue my Lord, in wretched plight for lore;
Helpe with thy hand, or with thy counsaile sage:
Weake hands, but counsell is most strong in age.
Him when the old man saw, he wondred sore,
To see *Pyrrhochles* there so rudely rage:
Yet sithens helpe, he saw, he needed more
Then pittie, he in haste approached to the shore,

49

And cald; *Pyrrhochles*, what is this, I see?
What hellish Furie hath at earst thee hent?
Furious euer I thee knew to bee,
Yet neuer in this straunge astonishment.
These flames, these flames (he cryde) do me torment.
What flames (quoth he) when I thee present see,
In danger rather to be drent, then brent?
Harrow, the flames, which me consume (said hee)
Ne can be quencht, within my secret bowels bee.

50

That cursed man, that cruell feend of hell,
Furor, oh *Furor*, hath me thus bedight:
His deadly wounds within my liuer swell,
And his hot fire burnes in mine entrails bright,
Kindled through his infernall brond of spight,
Sith late with him I batteil vain would boste;
That now I weene *Ioues* dreaded thunder light
Does scorch not halfe so sore, nor damned ghoste
In flaming *Phlegeton* does not so felly roste.

51

Which when as *Archimago* heard, his griefe
He knew right well, and him attonce disarmd:
Then searcht his secret wounds, and made a prieue
Of euerie place, that was with brusing harmd,
Or with the hidden fire too inly warmd.
Which done, he balmes and herbes thereto applyde,
And euermore with mightie spels them charmd,
That in short space he has them qualifyde,
And him restor'd to health, that would haue algates dyde.

Canto VII.

Guyon findes Mammon in a delue,
Sunning his threasure hore:
Is by him tempted, & led downe
To see his secret store.

1

AS Pilot well expert in perilous waue,
That to a stedfast starre his course hath bent,
When foggy mistes, or cloudie tempests haue
The faithfull light of that faire lampe yblent,
And couer'd heauen with hideous dreriment,
Vpon his card and compass firmes his eye,
The maisters of his long experiment,
And to them does the steady helme apply,
Bidding his winged vessell fairely forward fly:

2

So *Guyon* hauing lost his trustie guide,
Late left beyond that *Ydle lake*, proceedes
Yet on his way, of none accompanide;
And euermore himselfe with comfort feedes,
Of his owne vertues, and prayse-worthy deedes.
So long he yode, yet no aduenture found,
Which Fame of her shrill trumpet worthy reedes:
For, still he trauaild through wide wastefull ground,
That nought but desert wilderneſſe shew'd all around.

3

At last, he came vnto a gloomie glade,
Couer'd with boughes & shrubs from heauens light,
VVhere-as he sitting found, in secret shade,
An vncouth, salvage, and vnciuill wight,
Of griesly hew, and foule ill fauour'd sight;
His face with smoake was tand, and eyes were bleard,
His head and beard with sout were ill bedight,
His coale-black hands did seeme to haue been seard
In Smithes fire-spetting forge, & nailes like clawes appeard.

4

His iron coate all overgrowne with rust,
Was vnderneath enveloped with gold,
Whose glistring glosse darkned with filthy dust,
Well it appeared to haue been of old
A worke of rich entaile, and curious mold,
VVouen with anticks and wild Imagery:
And in his lap a mass of coyne he told,
And turned vpsidowne, to feed his eye
And couetous desire with his huge threasury.

5

And round about him lay on euery side
Great heapes of gold that neuer could be spent:
Of which, some were rude ower, not purside
Of *Mulcibers* deuouring element;
Some others were new driuen, and distent
Into great Ingoes, and to wedges square;
Some in round plates withouten moniment;
But most were stampt, and in their metall bare
The antique shapes of Kings and Kesars strange & rare.

6

Soone as he *Guyon* saw, in great affright
And haste he rose, for to remoue aside
Those pretious hils from strangers envious sight,
And downe them poured through an hole full wide,
Into the hollow earth, them there to hide.
But *Guyon* lightly to him leaping, stayd
His hand, that trembled, as one terrifide;
And, though himselfe were at the sight dismaid,
Yet him perforce restrain'd, and to him doubtfull said.

7

What art thou man (if man at all thou art)
That heere in desert hast thine habitaunce,
And these rich heapes of wealth dooſt hide apart
From the worlds eye, and from her right vsaunce?
Thereat, with staring eyes fixed ascaunce,
In great disdaine, hee answerd; Hardy Elfe,
That dareſt view my direfull countenaunce,
I read thee rash, and heedleſſe of thy selfe,
To trouble my still seate, and heapes of pretious pelfe.

8

God of the world and worldlings I me call,
Great *Mammon*, greatest god belowe the sky,
That of my plentie poure out vnto all,
And vnto none my graces doe envie:
Riches, renowme, and principalitie,
Honour, estate, and all this worldes good,
For which men swink and sweat incessantly,
Fro me doe flowe into an ample flood,
And in the hollow earth haue their eternall brood.

9

Wherefore if me thou deigne to serue and sew,
At thy commaund loe all these mountaines bee;
Or if to thy great mind, or greedy view,
All these may not suffice, there shall to thee
Tenne times so much be numbred franke and free.
Mammon, said hee, thy godheads vaunt is vaine,
And idle offers of thy golden fee;
To them that covet such eye-glutting gaine,
Proffer thy gifts, and fitter seruaunts entertaine.

10

Me ill befits, that in der-doing armes,
And honours suit my vowed dayes doe spend,
Vnto thy bountious baytes, and pleasing charmes,
With which weake men thou witchest, to attend:
Regard of worldly muck doth foully blend
And lowe abaſe the high heroick spright,
That ioyes for crownes and kingdomes to contend;
Faire shields, gay steedes, bright armes bee my delight;
Those be the riches fit for an advent'rous knight.

11

Vaine-glorious Elfe, said he, dooſt not thou weet,
That money can thy wants at will supply?
Shields, steeds, and armes, and all things for thee meet
It can puruay in twinkling of an eye;
And crownes and kingdomes to thee multiply.
Doe not I Kings create, & throwe the crowne
Sometimes to him, that lowe in dust doth ly?
And him that raignd, into his roome thrust downe,
And whom I luſt, doe heape with glory and renowne?

12

All otherwise, said he, I riches read,
And deeme them roote of all disquietneſſe;
First got with guile, and then preserv'd with dread,
And after spent with pride and lauishneſſe,
Leauing behind them griefe and heauineſſe.
Infinite miſchiefes of them doe arise;
Strife, and debate, bloudshed, and bitterneſſe,
Outragious wrong, and hellish couetise,
That noble hart (as great dishonour) doth despise.

13

Ne thine be kingdomes, ne the scepters thine;
But realmes and rulers thou dooſt both confound,
And loyall truth to treason dooſt incline;
Witneſſe the guiltleſſe bloud pour'd oft on ground,
The crowned often slaine, the slayer crownd,
The sacred Diademe in peeces rent,
And purple robe gored with many a wound;
Caſtles surpriz'd, great Cities sackt and brent:
So mak'ſt thou kings, & gaineſt wrongfull gouernment.

14
Long were to tell the troublous stormes, that tosse
The priuate state, and make the life vnsweet:
Who swelling sayles in Caspian sea doth crosse,
And in fraile wood on *Adrian* gulfe doth fleet,
Doth not (*I* weene) so many euils meet.
Then *Mammon* wexing wroth, And why then, said,
Are mortall men so fond and vndiscreet,
So euill thing to seeke vnto their ayd,
And hauing not complaine, and hauing it vpbrayd?

15
Indeed, quoth he, through foule intemperance,
Frale men are oft captiu'd to couetise:
But would they thinke, with how small allowance
Vntroubled Nature doth her selfe suffice,
Such superfluities they would despise,
Which with sad cares empeach our natiue ioyes:
At the Well head the purest streames arise:
But mucky filth his branching armes annoyes,
And with vncomely weeds the gentle waue accloyes.

16
The antique world, in his first flowring youth,
Found no defect in his Creators grace;
But with glad thanks, and vnreproued truth,
The gifts of soueraigne bountie did embrace:
Like Angels life was then mens happy case;
But later ages pride (like corne-fed steed)
Abus'd her plenty, and fat swolne encrease
To all licentious lust, and gan exceed
The measure of her meane, and naturall first need.

17
Then gan a cursed hand the quiet wombe
Of his great Grandmother with steele to wound,
And the hid threasures in her sacred tombe,
With Sacriledge to dig. Therein he found
Fountaines of gold and silver to abound,
Of which the matter of his huge desire
And pompous pride eftsoones he did compound;
Then auarice gan through his veines inspire
His greedy flames, and kindled life-deuouring fire.

18
Sonne, said he then, let be thy bitter scorne,
And leaue the rudenesse of that antique age
To them, that liu'd therein in state forlorne;
Thou that doost liue in later times, must wage
Thy works for wealth, and life for gold engage.
If then thee list my offred grace to vse,
Take what thou please of all this surplusage;
If thee list not, leaue haue thou to refuse:
But thing refused, doe not afterward accuse.

19
Me list not, said the Elfin knight, receaue
Thing offred, till I knowe it well be got:
Ne wote I, but thou didst these goods bereaue
From rightfull owner by vnrighteous lot,
Or that bloud-guiltinesse or guile them blot.
Perdy, quoth he, yet neuer eye did view
Ne tongue did tell, ne hand these handled not,
But safe I haue them kept in secret mew,
From heauens sight, and powre of all which them pursew.

20
What secret place, quoth he, can safely hold
So huge a mass, and hide from heauens eye?
Or where hast thou thy wonne, that so much gold
Thou canst preserue from wrong and robbery?
Come thou, quoth he, and see. So, by and by
Through that thick covert he him led, and found
A darkesome way, which no man could descry,
That deepe descended through the hollow ground,
And was with dread and horrour compassed around.

21
At length they came into a larger space,
That stretcht it selfe into an ample Plaine,
Through which a beaten broad high way did trace,
That straight did lead to *Plutoes* griesly raigne:
By that wayes side, there sate infernall Paine,
And fast beside him sate tumultuous strife:
The one, in hand an iron whip did straine;
The other brandished a bloudy knife,
And both did gnash their teeth, and both did threaten life.

22
On th'other side, in one consort there sate
Cruell Revenge, and rancorous Despight,
Disloyall Treason, and hart-burning Hate:
But gnawing Iealousie, out of their sight
Sitting alone, his bitter lips did bight,
And trembling Feare still to and fro did fly,
And found no place, where safe he shroud him might,
Lamenting Sorrow did in darknesse lye,
And Shame his vgly face did hide from liuing eye.

23
And over them sad Horrour with grim hew,
Did alwaies sore, beating his iron wings;
And after him, Owles and Night-ravens flew,
The hatefull messengers of heauie things,
Of death and dolour telling sad tydings;
Whiles sad *Celeno*, sitting on a clift,
A song of bale and bitter sorrow sings,
That hart of flint asunder could haue rift:
Which hauing ended, after him she flyeth swift.

24
All these before the gates of *Pluto* lay,
By whom they passing, spake vnto them nought.
But th'Elfin knight with wonder all the way
Did feede his eyes, and fild his inner thought.
At last, him to a little dore he brought,
That to the gate of Hell, which gaped wide,
Was next adioyning, ne them parted ought:
Betwixt them both was but a little stride,
That did the house of Riches from hell-mouth diuide.

25
Before the dore sate selfe-consuming Care,
Day and night keeping wary watch and ward,
For feare least Force or Fraud should vnaware
Breake in, and spoyle the threasure there in gard:
Ne would he suffer Sleepe once thither-ward
Approche, albe his drowsie den were next;
For, next to death is Sleepe to be compar'd:
Therefore his house is vnto his annext;
Here Sleep, there Riches, & Hel-gate them both betwixt. So

26
So soone as *Mammon* there arriu'd, the dore
To him did open, and affoorded way;
Him followed eke Sir *Guyon* euermore,
Ne darkenesse him, ne danger might dismay.
Soone as he entred was, the dore straight way
Did shut, and from behind it forth there lept
An vgly fiend, more foule then dismall day,
The which with monstrous stalke behind him stept,
And euer as he went, due watch vpon him kept.

27
Well hoped he, ere long that hardie guest,
If euer couetous hand, or lustfull eye,
Or lips he layd on thing, that lik't him best,
Or euer sleepe his eye-strings did vntie,
Should be his prey. And therefore still on hie
He ouer him did hold his cruell clawes,
Threatning with greedy gripe to doe him die,
And rend in peeces with his rauenous pawes,
If euer he transgrest the fatall *Stygian* lawes.

28
That houses forme within was rude and strong,
Like an huge Caue, hewne out of rocky clift,
From whose rough vault the ragged breaches hong,
Embost with massy gold of glorious gift,
And with rich metall loaded euery rift,
That heauy ruine they did seeme to threat;
And ouer them *Arachne* high did lift
Her cunning web, and spred her subtile net,
Enwrapped in soule smoak & clowdes more black then Iet.

29
Both roofe, and floore, and wals were all of gold,
But ouergrowne with dust and old decay,
And hid in darkenesse, that none could behold
The hew thereof: for, view of cheerefull day
Did neuer in that house it selfe display,
But a faint shadow of vncertaine light;
Such as a lamp, whose life does fade away:
Or as the Moone clothed with clowdy night,
Does shew to him, that walkes in feare and sad affright.

30
In all that roome was nothing to be seene,
But huge great iron chests and coffers strong,
All bard with double bends, that none could weene
Them to efforce by violence or wrong;
On euery side they placed were along.
But all the ground with sculs was scattered,
And dead mens bones, which round about were slong,
Whose liues (it seemed) whilome there were shed,
And their vile carcases now left vnburied.

31
They forward passe, ne *Guyon* yet spake word,
Till that they came vnto an iron dore,
Which to them opened of it owne accord,
And shew'd of riches such exceeding store,
As eye of man did neuer see before;
Ne euer could within one place be found,
Though all the wealth, which is, or was of yore,
Could gathered be through all the world around,
And that aboue were added to that vnder ground.

32
The charge thereof vnto a couetous Spright
Commaunded was, who thereby did attend,
And warily awaited day and night,
From other couetous fiends it to defend,
Who it to rob and ransack did intend.
Then *Mammon*, turning to that warriour, said;
Loe, heere the worldes blisse: loe, heere the end,
To which all men doe ayme, rich to be made:
Such grace now to be happy, is before thee laid.

33
Certes, said he, I n'ill thine offred grace,
Ne to be made so happy do intend:
Another blisse before mine eyes I place,
Another happinesse, another end.
To them, that list, these base regards I lend:
But I in armes, and in atchieuements braue,
Doe rather choose my flitting houres to spend,
And to be Lord of those, that riches haue,
Then them to haue my selfe, and be their seruile slaue.

34
Thereat the fiend his gnashing teeth did grate,
And grieu'd, so long to lacke his greedy prey;
For, well he weened, that so glorious bayt
Would tempt his guest, to take thereof assay:
Had he so doen, he had him snatcht away,
More light then Culver in the Faulcons fist.
(Eternall God thee saue from such decay.)
But when-as *Mammon* saw his purpose mist,
Him to entrap vnwares another way he wist.

35
Thence, forward he him led, and shortly brought
Vnto another roome, whose dore forthright
To him did open, as it had been taught:
Therein an hundred raunges weren pight,
And hundred fornaces all burning bright;
By euery fornace many fiends did bide,
Deformed creatures, horrible in sight,
And euery fiend his busie paines applide,
To melt the golden metall, ready to be tride.

36
One with great bellowes gathered filling aire,
And with forc't wind the fuell did inflame;
Another did the dying bronds repaire
With iron tongs, and sprinkled oft the same
With liquid waues, fierce *Vulcans* rage to tame,
Who maistring them, renewd his former heat;
Some scumd the drosse that from the metall came;
Some stird the molten owre with ladles great;
And euery one did swink, and euery one did sweat.

37
But when as earthly wight they present saw,
Glistring in armes and battailous array,
From their hot worke they did themselues withdraw
To wonder at the sight: for, till that day,
They neuer creature saw, that came that way.
Their staring eyes sparkling with feruent fire,
And vgly shapes did nigh the man dismay,
That were it not for shame, he would retire,
Till that him thus bespake their soueraigne Lord and sire:

38
Behold, thou Faeries ſonne, with mortall eye,
That liuing eye before did neuer ſee:
The thing that thou didſt craue ſo earneſtly
(To weet, whence all the wealth late ſhewd by mee,
Proceeded) lo, now is reveald to thee.
Heere is the fountaine of the worldez good:
Now therefore, if thou wilt enriched be,
Aviſe thee well, and change thy wilfull mood,
Leaſt thou perhaps heereafter wiſh, and be withſtood.

39
Suffice it then, thou Money-God, quoth hee,
That all thine idle offers I refuſe.
All that I need I haue; what needeth mee
To covet more then I haue cauſe to vſe?
With ſuch vaine ſhewes thy worldlings vile abuſe:
But giue me leaue to followe mine empriſe.
Mammon was much diſpleaſd, yet no'te he chuſe
But beare the rigour of his bold meſpiſe,
And thence him forward led, him further to entiſe.

40
He brought him through a darkſome narrow ſtrait,
To a broad gate, all built of beaten gold:
The gate was open, but therein did wait
A ſturdy villaine, ſtriding ſtiffe and bold,
As if the higheſt God defie he would;
In his right hand an iron club he held,
But he himſelfe was all of golden mold,
Yet had both life and ſenſe, and well could weld
That curſed weapon, when his cruell foes he queld.

41
Diſdaine he called was, and did diſdaine
To be ſo cald, and who ſo did him call:
Sterne was to looke, and full of ſtomack vaine,
His portance terrible, and ſtature tall,
Far paſſing th'height of men terreſtiall;
Like an huge Giant of the *Titans* race,
That made him ſcorne all creatures great and ſmall,
And with his pride all others powre deface:
More fit amongſt black fiends, then men to haue his place.

42
Soone as thoſe glitterand armes he did eſpy,
That with their brightneſſe made that darkneſſe light,
His harmefull club he gan to hurtle hie,
And threaten battell to the Faerie knight;
Who likewiſe gan himſelfe to battaile dight,
Till *Mammon* did his haſtie hand with-hold,
And counſeld him abſtaine from perilous fight:
For, nothing might abaſh the villaine bold,
Ne mortall ſteele emperce his miſcreated mold.

43
So, hauing him with reaſon pacifide,
And the fierce Carle commaunding to forbeare,
He brought him in. The roome was large and wide,
As it ſome Gyeld or ſolemne Temple were:
Many great golden pillours did vpbeare
The maſſy roofe, and riches huge ſuſtaine:
And euery pillour decked was full deare
With crownes and Diadems, & titles vaine, (raigne.
VVhich mortall Princes wore, whiles they on earth did

44
A rout of people there aſſembled were,
Of euery ſort and nation vnder aky,
Which with great vprore preaced to draw neare
To th'vpper part, where was advaunced hie
A ſtately ſiege of ſoueraigne maieſtie;
And thereon ſate a woman gorgeous gay,
And richly clad in robes of royaltie,
That neuer earthly Prince in ſuch array
His glory did enhaunce, and pompous pride diſplay.

45
Her face right wondrous faire did ſeeme to bee,
That her broad beauties beame great brightnes threw
Through the dim ſhade, that all men might it ſee:
Yet was not that ſame her owne natiue hew,
But wrought by art and counterfetted ſhew,
Thereby more louers vnto her to call;
Nath'leſſe, moſt heauenly faire in deed and view
She by creation was, till ſhe did fall;
Thenceforth ſhe ſought for helps to cloke her crime with.

46
There, as in gliſtring glory ſhe did ſit,
She held a great gold chaine ylinked well,
Whoſe vpper end to higheſt heauen was knit,
And lower part did reach to loweſt hell;
And all that preace did round about her ſwell,
To catchen hold of that long chaine, thereby
To climbe aloft, and others to excell:
That was *Ambition*, raſh deſire to ſtie,
And euery linke thereof a ſtep of dignitie.

47
Some thought to raiſe themſelues to high degree,
By riches and vnrighteous reward,
Some by cloſe ſhouldring, ſome by flatteree;
Others through friends, others for baſe regard;
And all, by wrong wayes, for themſelues prepar'd.
Thoſe that were vp themſelues, kept others lowe,
Thoſe that were lowe themſelues, held others hard,
Ne ſuffred them to riſe or greater growe,
But euery one did ſtriue his fellow downe to throwe.

48
Which, when as *Guyon* ſaw, he gan enquire,
What meant that preace about that Ladies throne,
And what ſhe was that did ſo high aſpire.
Him *Mammon* anſwered; That goodly one,
Whom all that folke with ſuch contention
Doe flock about, my deare, my daughter is;
Honour and dignitie from her alone,
Deriued are, and all this worldez bliſs
For which ye men doe ſtriue: few get, but many miſs.

49
And faire *Philotimé* ſhee rightly hight,
The faireſt wight that wonneth vnder ſky,
But that this darkſome neather world her light
Doth dim with horrour and deformitie,
VVorthy of heauen and high felicitie,
From whence the gods haue her for envie thruſt:
But ſith thou haſt found fauour in mine eye,
Thy ſpouſe I will her make, if that thou luſt,
That ſhe may thee advaunce for works and merites iuſt.

Gramercy

50
Gramercy *Mammon*, ſaid the gentle knight,
For ſo great grace and offred high eſtate;
But I, that am fraile fleſh and earthly wight,
Vnworthy match for ſuch immortall mate
My ſelfe well wote, and mine vnequall fate;
And were I not, yet is my trouth yplight,
And loue auowd to other Lady late,
That to remoue the ſame I haue no might:
To chaunge loue cauſeleſſe, is reproche to warlike knight.

51
Mammon emmoued was with inward wrath;
Yet forcing it to faine, him forth thence led
Through grieſly ſhadowes by a beaten path,
Into a gardin goodly garniſhed
With hearbs and fruits, whoſe kinds mote not be red:
Not ſuch, as earth out of her fruitfull woomb
Throwes foorth to men, ſweet and well ſauoured,
But direfull deadly blacke both leafe and bloom,
Fit to adorne the dead, and decke the drery toombe.

52
There mournfull *Cypreſſe* grew in greateſt ſtore,
And trees of bitter *Gall*, and *Heben* ſad,
Dead ſleeping *Poppie*, and blacke *Hellebore*,
Cold *Coloquintida*, and *Tetra* mad,
Mortall *Samnitis*, and *Cicuta* bad,
Which with th'vniuſt *Athenians* made to dy
Wiſe *Socrates*, who thereof quaffing glad
Pourd out his life, and laſt Philoſophy
To the faire *Critias* his deareſt Belamie.

53
The *Gardin* of *Proſerpina* this hight;
And in the midſt thereof a ſiluer ſeat,
With a thicke Arbour goodly ouerdight,
In which ſhe often vs'd from open heat
Her ſelfe to ſhroud, and pleaſures to entreat.
Next thereunto did growe a goodly tree,
With braunches broad diſpred, and body great,
Clothed with leaues, that none the wood mote ſee
And loaden all with fruit as thicke as it might bee.

54
Their fruit were golden apples gliſtring bright,
That goodly was their glorie to behold,
On earth like neuer grew, ne liuing wight
Like euer ſaw, but they from hence were ſold;
For thoſe, which *Hercules* with conqueſt bold
Got from great *Atlas* daughters, hence began,
And planted there, did bring forth fruit of gold;
And thoſe with which th' *Eubœan* young man wan,
Swift *Atalanta*, when through craft he her out-ran.

55
Here alſo ſprong that goodly golden fruit,
With which *Acontius* got his louer trew,
Whom he had long time ſought with fruitleſſe ſuit:
Here eke that famous golden Apple grew,
The which emongſt the gods falſe *Até* threw;
For which th' *Idæan* Ladies diſagreed,
Till partiall *Paris* dempt it *Venus* dew,
And had (of her) faire *Helen* for his meed,
That many noble *Greekes* and *Troians* made to bleed.

56
The warlike Elfe much wondred at this tree,
So faire and great, that ſhadowed all the ground,
And his broad braunches, laden with rich fee,
Did ſtretch themſelues without the vtmoſt bound
Of this great gardin, compaſt with a mound,
Which ouer-hanging, they themſelues did ſteepe,
In a blacke flood which flow'd about it round;
That is the riuer of *Cocytus* deepe,
In which full many ſoules do endleſſe waile and weepe.

57
Which to behold, he clomb vp to the banke,
And looking downe, ſaw many damned wights,
In thoſe ſad waues; which direfull deadly ſtanke,
Plonged continually of cruell Sprights,
That with their pittious cryes, and yelling ſhrights,
They made the further ſhore reſounden wide:
Emongſt the reſt of thoſe ſame ruefull ſights,
One curſed creature he by chaunce eſpide,
That drenched lay full deepe, vnder the Garden ſide.

58
Deepe was he drenched to the vpmoſt chin,
Yet gaped ſtill, as coueting to drinke
Of the cold liquor, which he waded in,
And ſtretching forth his hand, did often thinke
To reach the fruit, which grew vpon the brinke:
But both the fruit from hand, and floud from mouth
Did flie abacke, and made him vainely ſwinke:
The whiles he ſteru'd with hunger and with drouth
He daily dyde, yet neuer throughly dyen couth.

59
The knight, him ſeeing labour ſo in vaine,
Aſkt who he was, and what he meant thereby:
Who, groning deepe, thus anſwered him againe;
Moſt curſed of all creatures vnder skye,
Lo, *Tantalus*, I here tormented lye:
Of whom high *Ioue* wont whylome feaſted bee,
Lo here I now for want of food doe dye:
But if that thou be ſuch, as I thee ſee,
Of grace I pray thee, giue to eate and drinke to mee.

60
Nay, nay, thou greedie *Tantalus* (quoth he)
Abide the fortune of thy preſent fate;
And vnto all that liue in high degree,
Enſample be of mind intemperate,
To teach them how to vſe their preſent ſtate.
Then gan the curſed wretch aloud to cry,
Accuſing higheſt *Ioue* and gods ingrate,
And eke blaſpheming heauen bitterly,
As authour of vniuſtice, there to let him dye.

61
Hee lookt a little further, and eſpyde
Another wretch, whoſe carcaſſe deepe was drent
Within the riuer, which the ſame did hyde:
But both his hands, moſt filthie feculent,
Aboue the water were on high extent,
And faynd to waſh themſelues inceſſantly;
Yet nothing cleaner were for ſuch intent,
But rather fowler ſeemed to the eye:
So loſt his labour vaine and idle induſtrie.

The

62
The knight him calling, asked who he was,
Who lifting vp his head, him answered thus:
I *Pilate* am, the falsest Iudge, alas,
And most vniust, that by vnrighteous
And wicked doome, to Iewes despiteous
Deliuered vp the Lord of life to die,
And did acquite a murdrer felonous:
The whiles my hands I washt in puritie,
The whiles my soule was soyld with foule iniquitie.

63
Infinite moe, tormented in like paine
He there beheld, too long here to be told:
Ne *Mammon* would there let him long remaine,
For terrour of the tortures manifold,
In which the damned soules he did behold,
But roughly him bespake, Thou fearefull foole,
Why takest not of that same fruit of gold,
Ne sittest downe on that same siluer stoole,
To rest thy wearie person, in the shadow coole?

64
All which he did, to doe him deadly fall
In frayle intemperance through sinfull bayt;
To which if he inclined had at all,
That dreadfull feend, which did behind him wayt,
Would him haue rent in thousand peeces strayt:
But he was warie wise in all his way,
And well perceiued his deceiptfull sleight,
Ne suffered lust his safetie to betray;
So goodly did beguile the Guyler of the pray.

65
And now he has so long remained there,
That vitall powres gan wexe both weake and wan,
For want of food, and sleepe; which two vpbeare,
Like mightie pillours, this fraile life of man,
That none without the same endure can.
For, now three dayes of men were full outwrought,
Since he this hardy enterprize began:
For-thy great *Mammon* fairely he besought,
Into the world to guide him backe, as he him brought.

66
The God, though loth, yet was constraind t'obay:
For lenger time, then that, no liuing wight,
Below the earth, might suffred be to stay:
So backe againe, him brought to liuing light.
But all so soone as his enfeebled spright
Gan sucke this vitall aire into his brest,
As ouercome with too exceeding might,
The life did flit away out of her nest,
And all his senses were with deadly fit oppresst.

Canto VIII.

Sir Guyon, laid in swowne, is by
Acrates sonnes despoyld,
Whom Arthur soone hath reskewed
And Paynim brethren foyld.

1
AND is there care in heauen? and is there loue
In heauenly spirits to these creatures base,
That may compassion of their euils moue?
Ther is: else much more wretched were the case
Of men, then beasts. But ô th' exceeding grace
Of highest God! that loues his creatures so,
And all his workes with mercie doth embrace,
That blessed Angels, he sends to and fro,
To serue to wicked man, to serue his wicked foe.

2
How oft do they, their siluer bowers leaue,
To come to succour vs, that succour want?
How oft do they, with golden pineons, cleaue
The flitting skyes, like flying Pursuiuant,
Against foule feends to aide vs militant?
They for vs fight, they watch and dewly ward,
And their bright Squadrons round about vs plant,
And all for loue, and nothing for reward:
O why should heauenly God to men haue such regard?

3
During the while that *Guyon* did abide
In *Mammons* house, the Palmer, whom whylere
That wanton Mayd of passage had deride,
By further search had passage found elsewhere:
And being on his way, approched neare,
Where *Guyon* lay in traunce, when suddenly
He heard a voice, that called loud and cleare,
Come hither, hither, ô come hastily;
That all the fields resounded with the ruefull cry,

4
The Palmer lent his eare vnto the noyse,
To weet who called so importunely:
Againe, he heard a more efforced voyce,
That bade him come in haste. He by and by
His feeble feet directed to the cry;
Which to that shady delue him brought at last,
Where *Mammon* earst did sunne his threasury:
There the good *Guyon* he found slumbring fast
In senseless dreame; which sight at first him sore agast.

5
Beside his head there sate a faire young man,
Of wondrous beautie, and of freshest yeares,
VVhose tender bud to blossome new began,
And flourish faire aboue his equall peares;
His snowy front curled with golden haires,
Like *Phœbus* face adorn'd with sunny rayes,
Diuinely shone, and two sharp winged sheares,
Decked with diuerse plumes, like painted Iayes,
Were fixed at his backe, to cut his ayerie wayes.

6
Like as *Cupido* on *Idæan* hill,
VVhen hauing laid his cruell bowe away,
And mortall arrowes, where-with he doth fill
The world with murdrous spoyles and bloudie pray,
With his faire mother he him dights to play,
And with his goodly sisters, *Graces* three;
The Goddesse pleased with his wanton play,
Suffers her selfe through sleepe beguil'd to bee,
The whiles the other Ladies mind their merry glee.

7
Whom when the Palmer saw, abasht he was
Through feare and wonder, that he nought could say,
Till him the child bespake, Long lackt, alas,
Hath been thy faithfull ayde in hard assay,
Whiles deadly fit thy pupill doth dismay;
Behold this heauy sight, thou reuerend Sire,
But dread of death and dolour doe away;
For, life ere long shall to her home retire,
And hee that breathlesse seemes, shall courage bold respire.

8
The charge which God doth vnto me arret,
Of his deare safety, I to thee commend;
Yet will I not forgoe, ne yet forget
The care thereof (my selfe) vnto the end,
But euermore him succour, and defend
Against his foe and mine: watch thou I pray;
For, euill is at hand him to offend.
So hauing said, eftsoones he gan display
His painted nimble wings, and vanisht quite away.

9
The Palmer seeing his left empty place,
And his slowe eyes beguiled of their sight,
Woxe sore affraid, and standing still a space,
Gaz'd after him, as fowle escap't by slight;
At last, him turning to his charge behight,
With trembling hand his troubled pulse gan try;
VVhere finding life not yet dislodged quight,
He much reioyc't, and courd it tenderly,
As chicken newly hatcht, from dreaded destiny.

10
At last, he spyde where towards him did pase
Two Paynim knights, all arm'd as bright as sky,
And them beside an aged Sire did trace,
And farre before a light-foot Page did fly,
That breathed strife and troublous enmitie;
Those were the two sonnes of *Acrates* old,
Who meeting earst with *Archimago* sly,
Foreby that idle strond, of him were told,
That he, which earst them combatted, was *Guyon* bold.

11
Which to auenge on him they dearely vow'd,
Where-euer that on ground they mote him find;
False *Archimage* prouokt their courage proud,
And strife-full *Atin* in their stubborne mind
Coales of contention and hot vengeance tind.
Now been they come whereas the Palmer sate,
Keeping that slumbred corse to him assignd;
Well knew they both his person, sith of late
With him in bloudy armes they rashly did debate.

12
Whom when *Pyrrhochles* saw, inflam'd with rage,
That fire he foule bespake, Thou dotard vile,
That with thy bruteneſse shendst thy comely age,
Abandone soone, I read, the caitiue spoile
Of that same outcast carcasse, that erewhile
Made it selfe famous through false trechery,
And crownd his coward crest with knightly stile;
Loe where he now inglorious doth lye,
To proue hee liued ill, that did thus foully dye.

13
To whom the Palmer fearelesse answered;
Certes, Sir Knight, ye been too much to blame,
Thus for to blot the honour of the dead,
And with foule cowardize his carcasse shame,
Whose liuing hands immortaliz'd his name.
Vile is the vengeance on the ashes cold,
And enuy base, to barke at sleeping fame:
Was neuer wight, that treason of him tolde;
Your selfe his prowes prov'd & found him fierce & bold.

14
Then sayd *Cymochles*; Palmer thou doest dote,
Ne canst of prowesse, ne of knighthood deeme,
Saue as thou seest or hear'st: But, well I wote,
That of his puissance tryall made extreeme;
Yet gold all is not, that doth golden seeme,
Ne all good knights, that shake well speare and shield:
The worth of all men by their end esteeme,
And then due praise, or due reproche them yield;
Bad therefore I him deem, that thus lies dead on field.

15
Good or bad (gan his brother fierce reply)
What doe I recke, sith that he dyde entire?
Or what doth his bad death now satisfie
The greedy hunger of reuenging ire,
Sith wrathfull hand wrought nother owne desire?
Yet sith no way is left to wreake my spight,
I will him reaue of armes, the victors hire,
And of that shield, more worthy of good knight;
For why should a dead dog be deckt in armour bright?

16

Faire Sir, said then the Palmer suppliaunt,
For knighthoods loue doe not so foule a deed,
Ne blame your honour with so shamefull vaunt
Of vile revenge. To spoyle the dead of weed
Is sacrilege, and doth all sinnes exceed;
But leaue these reliques of his liuing might,
To decke his herce, and trap his tomb-black steed.
What herce or steed (said he) should he haue dight,
But be entombed in the rauen or the kight?

17

With that, rude hand vpon his shield he laid,
And th'other brother gan his helme vnlace,
Both fiercely bent to haue him disarraid;
Till that they spyde, where towards them did pace
An armed knight, of bold and bountious grace,
Whose Squire bore after him an heben launce,
And couerd shield. VVell kend him so farre space
Th'enchaunter by his armes and amenaunce,
When vnder him he saw his Lybian steed to praunce;

18

And to those brethren said, Rise, rise by liue,
And vnto battaile doe your selues addresse;
For, yonder comes the proweſt knight aliue,
Prince *Arthur*, flowre of grace and nobilesse,
That hath to Paynim knights wrought great distresse,
And thousand Sar'zins foully donne to dye.
That word so deepe did in their harts impresse,
That both eftsoones vpstarted furiously,
And gan themselues prepare to battell greedily.

19

But fierce *Pyrrhochles*, lacking his owne sword,
The want thereof now greatly gan to plaine,
And *Archimage* besought, him that afford,
Which he had brought for *Braggadocchio* vaine.
So would I, sayd th'enchaunter, glad and faine
Beteeme to you his sword, you to defend,
Or ought that elſe your honour might maintaine,
But that this weapons powre I well haue kend,
To be contrary to the worke which yee intend.

20

For, that same knights owne sword this is of yore,
Which *Merlin* made by his almighty art
For that his nourſling, when he knighthood swore,
There-with to doen his foes eternall smart.
The metall first he mixt with *Medæwart*,
That no enchauntment from his dint might saue;
Then it in flames of *Aetna* wrought apart,
And seauen times dipped in the bitter waue
Of hellish Styx, which hidden vertue to it gaue.

21

The vertue is, that neither steele nor stone,
The stroake thereof from entrance may defend;
Ne euer may be vsed by his fone,
Ne forc't his rightfull owner to offend,
Ne euer will it breake, ne euer bend.
Wherefore *Morddure* it rightfully is hight.
In vaine therefore, *Pyrrhochles*, should I lend
The same to thee, against his Lord to fight.
For, sure it would deceiue thy labour, and thy might.

22

Fooliſh old man, sayd then the Pagan wroth,
That weeneſt words or charmes may force withstond:
Soone shalt thou see, and then belieue for troth,
That I can carue with this enchaunted brond
His Lords owne flesh. There-with out of his hond
That vertuous steele he rudely snatcht away,
And *Guyons* shield about his wrist he bond;
So, ready dight fierce battaile to assay,
And match his brother proud in battailous array.

23

By this, that stranger knight in presence came,
And goodly salued them: who nought againe
Him aunswered, as courtesie became;
But with sterne lookes, and stomachous disdaine,
Gaue signes of grudge and diſcontentment vaine.
Then, turning to the Palmer, hee gan spy
Where, at his feet, with sorrowfull demaine
And deadly hew, an armed corse did lye,
In whose dead face he read great magnanimity.

24

Said he then to the Palmer, Reuerend syre,
What great misfortune hath betid this knight?
Or did his life her fatall date expyre,
Or did he fall by treason, or by fight?
How-euer, sure I rew his pittious plight.
Not one, nor other, sayd the Palmer graue,
Hath him befalne, but clowdes of deadly night
Awhile his heauy eylids couer'd haue,
And all his senses drowned in deepe senseleſſe waue.

25

Which, those same foes that doen awaite hereby,
Making advantage, to revenge their spight,
VVould him disarme, and treaten shamefully;
(Vnworthy vsage of redoubted knight.)
But you, fayre Sir, whose honourable sight
Doth promise hope of help, and timely grace,
Mote I beseech to succour his sad plight,
And by your powre protect his feeble case.
First prayse of knighthood is, foule outrage to deface.

26

Palmer, sayd he, no knight so rude (I weene)
As to doen outrage to a sleeping ghost:
Ne was there euer noble courage seene,
That in advantage would his puissance boast:
Honour is least, where oddes appeareth most.
May be, that better reason will asswage
The rash revengers heat. VVords well dispost
Haue secret powre, t'appease inflamed rage:
If not, leaue vnto me thy knights last patronage.

27

Tho, turning to those brethren, thus bespoke;
Yee warlike payre, whose valorous great might,
It seemes, iust wrongs to vengeance doth prouoke,
To wreake your wrath on this dead-seeming knight,
Mote ought allay the storme of your despight,
And settle patience in so furious heat?
Not to debate the challenge of your right,
But for this carcasse pardon I entreat,
Whom fortune hath already layd in loweſt seat.

To

28

To whom *Cymochles* said; For what art thou,
That mak'st thy selfe his dayes-man, to prolong
The vengeance prest? Or who shall let me now
On this vile body from to wreake my wrong,
And make his carcasse as the outcast dong?
Why should not that dead carrion satisfie
The guilt, which if he liued had thus long,
His life for due reuenge should deare abie?
The treſpasse still doth liue, albe the person die.

29

Indeed, then said the Prince, the euill donne
Dies not, when breath the body first doth leaue;
But from the grandsire to the Nephewes sonne,
And all his seed the curse doth often cleaue,
Till vengeance vtterly the guilt bereaue:
So straightly God doth iudge. But gentle knight,
That doth against the dead his hand vpreare,
His honour staines with rancour and despight,
And great disparagement makes to his former might.

30

Pyrrhochles gan reply the second time,
And to him said, Now felon sure I read,
How that thou art partaker of his crime:
Therefore by *Termagaunt* thou shalt be dead.
With that, his hand (more sad then lump of lead)
Vplifting high, he weened with *Morddure*,
His owne good sword *Morddure*, to cleaue his head.
The faithfull steele such treason no'uld endure,
But swaruing from the marke, his Lords life did assure.

31

Yet was the force so furious and so fell,
That horse and man it made to reele aside:
Nath'leſſe the Prince would not forsake his sell
(For, well of yore he learned had to ride)
But full of anger fiercely to him cride;
False traytour, miscreant, thou broken hast
The law of armes, to strike foe vndefide:
But thou thy treasons fruit (I hope) shalt taste
Right sowre, and feele the law, the which thou hast defac't.

32

With that, his balefull speare he fiercely bent
Against the Pagans breast, and there-with thought
His curſed life out of her lodge haue rent:
But ere the point arriued where it ought,
That seauen-fold shield, which he from *Guyon* brought
He cast-betweene, to ward the bitter stound:
Through all those folds the steel-head passage wrought,
And through his shoulder pearc't; wher-with to ground
He groueling fell, all gored in his gushing wound.

33

Which when his brother saw, fraught with great griefe
And wrath, he to him leaped furiously,
And fouly said, By *Mahoune*, curſed thiefe,
That direfull stroake thou dearely shalt aby.
Then hurling vp his harmefull blade on hie,
Smote him so hugely on his haughtie creſt,
That from his saddle forced him to fly:
Elſe mote it needs downe to his manly breſt
Haue cleft his head in twaine, and life thence diſpoſſeſt.

34

Now was the Prince in dangerous distreſſe,
Wanting his sword, when he on foot should fight:
His single speare could doe him small redreſſe,
Against two foes of so exceeding might,
The leaſt of which was match for any knight.
And now the other, whom he earſt did daunt,
Had reard himselfe againe to cruell fight,
Three times more furious, and more puiſſaunt,
Vnmindfull of his wound, of his fate ignoraunt.

35

So, both attonce him charge on either side,
With hideous stroakes, and importable powre,
That forced him his ground to trauerſe wide,
And wiſely watch to ward that deadly stowre.
For, on his shield, as thicke as stormie showre
Their stroakes did raine: yet did he neuer quaile,
Ne backward shrinke; but as a stedfaſt towre,
Whom foe with double battry doth aſſaile,
Them on her bulwarke beares, & bids them nought availe:

36

So stoutly he withstood their strong aſſay,
Till that at laſt, when he advantage spide,
His poynant speare he thruſt with puiſſant sway
At proud *Cymochles*, whiles his shield was wide,
That through his thigh the mortall steele did gride:
He, swaruing with the force, within his fleſh
Did breake the launce, and let the head abide:
Out of the wound the red bloud flowed freſh,
That vnderneath his feet soone made a purple pleſh.

37

Horribly then he gan to rage, and raile,
Curſing his gods, and himselfe damning deepe:
Als when his brother saw the red bloud traile
Adowne so faſt, and all his armour steepe,
For very felneſſe loud he gan to weepe,
And said, Caytiue, curſe on thy cruell hond,
That twice hath sped; yet shall it not thee keepe
From the third brunt of this my fatall brond:
Lo, where the dreadfull Death behind thy back doth stond.

38

With that hee strooke, and th'other strooke withall,
That nothing seem'd mote beare so monſtrous might:
The one vpon his couer'd shield did fall,
And glauncing downe, would not his owner bite:
But th'other did vpon his troncheon smite;
Which hewing quite asunder, further way
It made, and on his hacqueton did lite,
The which diuiding with importune sway,
It seiz'd in his right side, and there the dint did stay.

39

Wide was the wound, and a large lukewarme flood,
Red as the Roſe, thence guſhed grieuously;
That when the Paynim spide the streaming blood,
Gaue him great hart, and hope of victorie.
On th'other side, in huge perplexitie,
The Prince now stood, hauing his weapon broke:
Nought could he hurt, but still at ward did lie:
Yet with his troncheon he so rudely stroke
Cymochles twice, that twice him forc't his foote revoke.

40

Whom when the Palmer saw in such distresse,
Sir *Guyons* sword he lightly to him raught,
And said; Faire sonne, great God thy right hand blesse,
To vse that sword so wisely as it aught.
Glad was the knight, and with fresh courage fraught,
When as againe he armed felt his hond;
Then like a Lion, which hath long time saught
His robbed whelpes, and at the last them fond
Emongst the Shepheard swaines, thē wexeth wood & yond:

41

So fierce he laid about him, and dealt blowes
On either side, that neither maile could hold,
Ne shield defend the thunder of his throwes:
Now to *Pyrrhochles* many strokes he told;
Eft to *Cymochles* twice so many fold:
Then backe againe turning his busie hond,
Them both attonce compeld with courage bold,
To yield wide way to his hart-thrilling brond;
And though they both stood stiffe, yet could not both (withstond.

42

As salvage Bull, whom two fierce mastiues bayt,
VVhen rancour doth with rage him once engore,
Forgets with warie ward them to await,
But with his dreadfull hornes them driues afore,
Or flings aloft, or treads downe in the flore,
Breathing out wrath, and bellowing disdaine,
That all the forest quakes to heare him rore:
So rag'd Prince *Arthur* twixt his foemen twaine,
That neither could his mighty puissance sustaine.

43

But euer at *Pyrrhochles* when he smit
(Who *Guyons* shield cast euer him before,
Whereon the Faery Queenes pourtract was writ)
His han relented, and the stroke forbore,
And his deare hart the picture gan adore:
VVhich oft the Paynim sau'd from deadly stowre.
But him hence-forth the same can saue no more;
For, now arriued is his fatall howre,
That no'te avoyded be by earthly skill or powre.

44

For, when *Cymochles* saw the foule reproche,
Which them appeached: prickt with guilty shame,
And inward griefe, he fiercely gan approche,
Resolv'd to put-away that loathly blame,
Or die with honour and desert of fame;
And on the hauberk strooke the Prince so sore,
That quite disparted all the linked frame,
And pearced to the skin, but bit no more,
Yet made him twice to reele, that neuer moou'd afore.

45

Whereat renfierc't with wrath and sharp regret,
Hee strooke so hugely with his borrow'd blade,
That it empeare't the Pagans burganet,
And cleauing the hard steele, did deepe invade
Into his head, and cruell passage made (ground,
Quite through his braine. Hee tumbling downe on
Breath'd out his ghost; which to th'infernall shade
Fast flying, there eternall torment found,
For all the sinnes, where-with his lewd life did abound.

46

Which when his german saw, the stony feare
Ran to his hart, and all his sense dismayd,
Ne thenceforth life ne courage did appeare;
But, as a man whom hellish fiends haue frayd,
Long trembling still he stood: at last thus said;
Traytour what hast thou doen? how euer may
Thy cursed hand so cruelly haue swayd
Against that knight: Harrow and weal-away!
After so wicked deed why liv'st thou lenger day!

47

VVith that all desperate, as loathing light,
And with revenge desiring soone to die,
Assembling all his force and vtmost might,
With his owne sword he fierce at him did fly,
And strooke, and foynd, and lasht outragiously,
Withouten reason or regard. Well knew
The Prince, with patience and sufferance sly
So hastie heat soone cooled to subdue:
Tho, when this breathlesse woxe, that battaile gan renue.

48

As when a windie tempest bloweth hie,
That nothing may withstand his stormy stowre,
The clowdes (as things afraid) before him fly;
But all so soone as his outrageous powre
Is layd, they fiercely then begin to shoure,
And as in scorne of his spent stormy spight,
Now all attonce their malice forth doe poure;
So did Prince *Arthur* beare himselfe in fight,
And suffred rash *Pyrrhochles* waste his idle might.

49

At last, when as the Sarazin perceiu'd,
How that strange sword refus'd to serue his need,
But when he strooke most strong, the dint deceiu'd,
He flong it from him, and devoyd of dreed,
Vpon him lightly leaping without heed,
Twixt his two mighty armes engrasped fast,
Thinking to overthrowe, and downe him tred:
But him in strength and skill the Prince surpast,
And through his nimble sleight did vnder him downe cast.

50

Nought booted it the Paynim then to striue;
For, as a Bittur in the Eagles claw,
That may not hope by flight to scape aliue,
Still waites for death with dread and trembling awe;
So he, now subiect to the Victors law,
Did not once moue, nor vpward cast his eye,
For vile disdaine and rancour, which did gnaw
His hart in twaine with sad melancholy,
As one that loathed life, and yet despis'd to die.

51

But full of Princely bountie and great mind,
The Conquerour nought cared him to slay,
But casting wrongs and all reuenge behind,
More glory thought to giue life, then decay,
And said, Paynim, this is thy dismall day;
Yet if thou wilt renounce thy miscreance,
And my true liegeman yield thy selfe for ay,
Life will I graunt thee for thy valiance,
And all thy wrongs will wipe out of my souenaunce.

Foole

52

Foole, said the Pagan, I thy gift defie:
But vse thy fortune, as it doth befall,
And say, that I not overcome doe die,
But in despight of life, for death doe call.
Wroth was the Prince, and sory yet withall
That he so wilfully refused grace;
Yet sith his fate so cruelly did fall,
His shining helmet he gan soone vnlace,
And left his headlesse body bleeding all the place.

53

By this, Sir *Guyon* from his traunce awak't,
Life hauing maistered her senseless foe;
And looking vp, when as his shield he lackt,
And sword saw not, he wexed wondrous woe:
But when the Palmer, whom he long ygoe
Had lost, he by him spide, right glad he grew,
And said, Deare sir, whom wandring to and fro
I long haue lackt, I ioy thy face to view;
Firme is thy faith, whom danger neuer fro me drew.

54

But read what wicked hand hath robbed mee
Of my good sword and shield? The Palmer glad,
With so fresh hew vprising him to see,
Him answered; Faire sonne, be no whit sad
For want of weapons: they shall soone be had.
So gan he to discourse the whole debate,
Which that strange knight for him sustained had,
And those two Sarazins confounded late,
Whose careasses on ground were horribly prostrate.

55

Which when he heard, and saw the tokens true,
His hart with great affection was embayd,
And to the Prince with bowing reuerence due,
As to the Patrone of his life, thus said;
My Lord, my liege, by whose most gracious ayd
I liue this day, and see my foes subdewd,
What may suffice, to be for meede repayd
Of so great graces, as ye haue me shewd,
But to be euer bound

56

To whom the Infant thus; Faire Sir, what need
Good turnes be counted, as a seruile bond,
To bind their doers to receiue their meed?
Are not all Knights by oath bound, to withstond
Oppressours powre by armes and puissant hond?
Suffice, that I haue done my due in place.
So, goodly purpose they together fond,
Of kindnesse and of curteous aggrace;
The whiles false *Archimage* and *Atin* fled apace.

Canto IX.

The house of Temperance, in which doth sober Alma dwell,
Besieg'd of many foes, whom stranger knights to fight compell.

1

Of all Gods works, which do this world adorn,
There is no one more faire and excellent,
Then is mans body both for powre & form,
Whiles it is kept in sober gouernment;
But none then it more foule and indecent,
Distempred through misrule and passions base:
It growes a Monster, and incontinent
Doth lose his dignitie and natiue grace.
Behold (who list) both one and other in this place.

2

After the Paynim brethren conquer'd were,
The *Briton* Prince recov'ring his stolne sword,
And *Guyon* his lost shield, they both yfere
Forth passed on their way in faire accord,
Till him the Prince with gentle court did bord;
Sir Knight, mote I of you this curt'sie read,
To weet why on your shield (so goodly scord)
Beare ye the picture of that Ladies head?
Full liuely is the semblaunt, though the substance dead.

3

Faire Sir, said he, if in that picture dead
Such life ye read, and vertue in vaine shew,
What mote ye weene, if the true liuely-head
Of that most glorious visage ye did view?
But if the beautie of her mind ye knew,
That is, her bountie, and imperiall powre,
Thousand times fairer then her mortall hew,
O how great wonder would your thoughts deuoure,
And infinite desire into your spirit poure!

4

Shee is the mighty Queene of *Faerie*,
Whose faire retrait I in my shield doe beare;
She is the flowre of grace and chastitie,
Throughout the world renowmed farre and neare,
My liefe, my liege, my Soueraigne, my deare,
Whose glory shineth as the morning starre,
And with her light the earth enlumines cleare;
Farre reach her mercies, and her praises farre,
As well in state of peace, as puissaunce in warre.

5

Thrice happy man, said then the *Briton* knight,
Whom gracious lot, and thy great valiaunce
Haue made a souldier of that Princesse bright,
Which with her bounty and glad countenaunce
Doth blesse her seruaunts, and them high aduaunce.
How may strange knight hope euer to aspire,
By faithfull seruice, and meet amenaunce
Vnto such blisse? sufficient were that hire
For losse of thousand liues, to die at her desire.

6

Said *Guyon*, Noble Lord, what meed so great,
Or grace of earthly Prince so soueraine,
But by your wondrous worth and warlike feat
Ye well may hope, and easily attaine?
But were your will, her sold to entertaine,
And numbred be mongst knights of *Maydenhead*,
Great guerdon (well I wote) should you remaine,
And in her fauour high be reckoned,
As *Arthegall*, and *Sophy* now beene honoured.

7

Certes, then said the Prince, I God avow,
That since I armes and knighthood first did plight,
My whole desire hath beene, and yet is now,
To serue that Queene with all my powre and might.
Now hath the Sunne with his lamp-burning light,
Walkt round about the world, and I no lesse,
Since of that Goddesse I haue sought the sight,
Yet no where can her find: such happinesse
Heauen doth to me envy, and fortune fauourlesse.

8

Fortune (the foe of famous cheuisaunce)
Seldome (said *Guyon*) yields to vertue ayde,
But in her way throwes mischiefe and mischaunce,
Whereby her course is stopt, and passage staid.
But you, faire Sir, be not here-with dismaid,
But constant keepe the way in which ye stand;
Which were it not, that I am else delaid
With hard adventure, which I haue in hand,
I labour would to guide you through all Faerie land.

9

Gramercie Sir, said he; but mote I wote,
What strange adventure doe ye nowe pursue?
Perhaps my succour, or advizement meet,
Mote stead you much your purpose to subdue.
Then gan Sir *Guyon* all the story shew
Of false *Acrasia*, and her wicked wiles,
Which to avenge, the Palmer him forth drew
From Faerie court. So talked they, the whiles
They wasted had much way, and measurd many miles.

10

And now faire *Phœbus* gan decline in haste
His wearie wagon to the Westerne vale,
When-as they spide a goodly Castle, plac't
Foreby a riuer in a pleasant dale;
Which choosing for that euenings hospitale,
They thither marcht: but when they came in sight,
And from their sweaty coursers did avale,
They found the gates fast barred long ere night,
And euery loup fast lockt, as fearing foes despight.

11

Which when they saw, they weened foule reproche
Was to them doen, their entrance to forstall,
Till that the Squire gan nigher to approche;
And wind his horne vnder the castle wall,
That with the noise it shooke, as it would fall:
Eftsoones foorth looked from the highest spire
The watch, and loud vnto the knights did call,
To weet what they so rudely did require.
Who gently answered, They entraunce did desire.

12

Fly fly, good knights, said he, fly fast away
If that your liues ye loue, as meet ye should;
Fly fast, and saue your selues from neere decay,
Here may ye not haue entrance, though we would:
We would and would againe, if that we could;
But thousand enemies about vs raue,
And with long siege vs in this castle hould:
Seauen yeares this wize they vs besieged haue,
And many good knights slaine, that haue vs sought to saue.

13

Thus as he spake, loe, with outragious cry
A thousand villaines round about them swarm'd
Out of the rocks and caues adioyning nie,
Vile caitiue wretches, ragged, rude, deform'd,
All threatning death, all in strange maner arm'd,
Some with vnweldy clubs, some with long speares,
Some rustie kniues, some staues in fier warm'd.
Sterne was their looke, like wild amazed Steares,
Staring with hollow eyes, and stiffe vpstanding heares.

14

Fiercely at first those knights they did assaile,
And droue them to recoile: but when againe
They gaue fresh charge, their forces gan to faile,
Vnable their encounter to sustaine;
For, with such puissaunce and impetuous maine
Those Champions broke on them, that forc't them fly,
Like scattered Sheepe, when as the Shepheards swaine
A Lyon and a Tigre doth espy,
With greedy pace forth rushing from the forest nie.

15

Awhile they fled, but soone returnd againe
With greater fury then before was found;
And euermore their cruell Capitaine
Sought with his rascall routs t'enclose them round,
And (ouer-runne) to tread them to the ground.
But soone the Knights with their bright-burning blades
Broke their rude troupes, and orders did confound,
Hewing and slashing at their idle shades; (fades.
For, though they bodies seeme, yet substance from them

16

As when a swarme of Gnats at euentide
Out of the fennes of Allan doe arise,
Their murmuring small trumpets sounden wide,
Whiles in the ayre their clustring armie flies,
That as a cloud doth seeme to dim the skies;
Ne man nor beast may rest, or take repast,
For their sharpe wounds, and noyous iniuries,
Till the fierce Northerne wind with blustring blast
Doth blowe them quite away, and in the *Ocean* cast.

17

Thus when they had that troublous rout disperst,
Vnto the Castle gate they come againe,
And entraunce crav'd, which was denied erst.
Now, when report of that their perilous paine,
And combrous conflict which they did sustaine,
Came to the Ladies eare which there did dwell,
She forth issued with a goodly traine
Of Squires and Ladies equipaged well,
And entertained them right fairely, as befell.

18

Alma she called was, a virgin bright;
That had not yet felt *Cupids* wanton rage,
Yet was she woo'd of many a gentle Knight,
And many a Lord of noble parentage,
That sought with her to linke in marriage:
For, she was faire, as faire mote euer bee,
And in the flowre now of her freshest age;
Yet full of grace and goodly modestee,
That euen heauen reioyced her sweet face to see.

19

In robe of lilly white she was arrayd,
That from her shoulder to her heele downe raught,
The traine whereof loose far behind her strayd,
Branched with gold and pearle, most richly wrought,
And borne of two faire Damsels, which were taught
That seruice well. Her yellow golden haire
Was trimly wouen, and in tresses wrought,
Ne other tyre she on her head did weare,
But crowned with a garland of sweet Rosiere.

20

Goodly she entertaind those noble knights,
And brought them vp into her castle hall;
Where, gentle court and gracious delight
She to them made, with mildnesse virginall,
Shewing herselfe both wise and liberall:
There when they rested had a season dew,
They her besought of fauour speciall,
Of that faire Castle to affoord them view;
She graunted, and them leading forth, the same did shew.

21

First, she them led vp to the Castle wall,
That was so high, as foe might not it clime,
And all so faire, and sensible withall,
Not built of brick, ne yet of stone and lime,
But of thing like to that *Egyptian* slime,
Whereof king *Nine* whilome built *Babell* towre:
But ô great pitty, that no lenger time
So goodly workmanship should not endure:
Soone it must turne to earth; no earthly thing is sure.

22

The frame thereof seem'd partly circulare,
And part triangulare: ô worke divine!
Those two the first and last proportions are,
The one imperfect, mortall, feminine;
Th'other immortall, perfect, masculine;
And twixt them both a quadrate was the base,
Proportioned equally by seuen and nine;
Nine was the circle set in heauens place,
All which compacted, made a goodly *Dyapase*.

23

Therein two gates were placed seemely well:
The one before, by which all in did passe,
Did th'other far in workmanship excell;
For, not of wood, nor of enduring brasse,
But of more worthy substance fram'd it was;
Doubly disparted, it did lock and close,
That when it locked, none might thorough passe,
And when it opened, no man might it close,
Still open to their friends, and closed to their foes.

24

Of hewen stone the porch was fairely wrought,
Stone more of valew, and more smooth and fine,
Then Iet or Marble farre from Ireland brought;
Over the which was cast a wandring Vine,
Enchaced with a wanton Iuie twine.
And over it a faire Portcullis hung,
Which to the gate directly did incline,
With comely compasse, and compacture strong,
Neither vnseemely short, nor yet exceeding long.

25

Within the Barbican a Porter sate,
Day and night dulie keeping watch and ward,
Nor wight, nor word mote passe out of the gate,
But in good order, and with due regard;
Vtterers of secrets he from thence debard,
Babblers of folly, and blazers of crime.
His larum-bell might loud and wide be heard
When cause requir'd, but neuer out of time;
Rarely and late it rong, at euening and at prime.

26

And round about the porch on euery side
Twice sixteene warders sate, all armed bright
In glistring steele, and strongly fortifide:
Tall yeomen seemed they, and of great might,
And were enranged ready still for fight.
By them as *Alma* passed with her guests,
They did obeysaunce, as beseemed right,
And then againe returned to their rests:
The Porter eke to her did lout with humble gests.

27

Thence she them brought into a stately Hall,
Wherein were many tables faire dispred,
And ready dight with drapets feastiuall,
Against the viands should be ministred.
At th'vpper end there sate, yclad in red
Downe to the ground, a comely personage,
That in his hand a white rod menaged:
He Steward was, hight *Diet*; ripe of age,
And in demeanure sober, and in counsell sage.

28
And through the Hall there walked to and fro
A iolly yeoman, Marshall of the same,
Whose name was *Appetite*; he did bestowe
Both guests and meat, when euer in they came,
And knew them how to order without blame,
As him the Steward bade. They both attone
Did dutie to their Lady, as became;
Who passing by, forth led her guestes anone
Into the kitchin roome, ne spar'd for nicenesse none.

29
It was a vaut ybuilt for great dispence,
With many raunges reard along the wall;
And one great chimney, whose long tonnell thence,
The smoke forth threw. And in the midst of all
There placed was a caudron wide and tall,
Vpon a mighty furnace, burning hot,
More hot, then *Aetn*' or flaming *Mongiball*:
For, day and night it brent, ne ceassed not,
So long as any thing it in the caudron got.

30
But to delay the heat, least by mischaunce
It might breake out, and set the whole on fire,
There added was by goodly ordinaunce,
An huge great paire of bellowes, which did stire
Continually, and cooling breath inspire.
About the caudron many Cookes accoyld,
With hookes and ladles, as need did require;
The whiles the viands in the vessell boyld
They did about their businesse sweat, and sorely toyld.

31
The maister Cooke was cald *Concoction*,
A carefull man, and full of comely guise:
The kitchin Clerke, that hight *Digestion*,
Did order all the cates in seemely wise,
And set them forth, as well he could deuise.
The rest had seuerall offices assign'd:
Some to remoue the scum as it did rise;
Others to beare the same away did mind;
And others it to vse according to his kind.

32
But all the liquour, which was fottle and waste,
Not good nor seruiceable else for ought,
They in another great round vessell plac't,
Till by a conduit pipe it thence were brought:
And all the rest, that no yous was and nought,
By secret wayes that none might it espy,
Was close conuaid, and to the back-gate brought,
That cleped was *Port Esquiline*, whereby
It was avoided quite, and throwne out priuily.

33
Which goodly order, and great workmans skill
When as those Knights beheld, with rare delight
And gazing wonder they their minds did fill;
For, neuer had they seene so strange a sight.
Thence backe againe faire *Alma* led them right,
And soone into a goodly Parlour brought,
That was with royall Arras richly dight,
In which was nothing pourtrahed, nor wrought,
Not wrought, nor pourtrahed, but easie to be thought.

34
And in the midst thereof vpon the floure,
A louely bevy of faire Ladies sate,
Courted of many a iolly Paramoure,
The which them did in modest wise amate,
And each one sought his Lady to aggrate:
And eke emongst them little *Cupid* plaid
His wanton sports, beeing returned late
From his fierce warres, and hauing from him layd
His cruell bowe, where-with he thousands hath dismayd.

35
Diuerse delights they found themselues to please;
Some sung in sweet consort, some laught for ioy,
Some plaid with strawes, some idle sate at ease;
But other some could not abide to toy,
All pleasance was to them griefe and annoy:
This fround, that faund, the third for shame did blush,
Another seemed envious, or coy,
Another in her teeth did gnaw a rush:
But at these strangers presence euery one did hush.

36
Soone as the gracious *Alma* came in place,
They all attonce out of their seates arose,
And to her homage made, with humble grace:
Whom, when the Knights beheld, they gan dispose
Themselues to court, and each a Damsell chose:
The Prince (by chance) did on a Lady light,
That was right faire and fresh as morning rose,
But some-what sad, and solemne eke in sight,
As if some pensiue thought constraind her gentle spright.

37
In a long purple pall, whose skirt with gold
Was fretted all about, she was arrayd;
And in her hand a Poplar branch did hold:
To whom the Prince in curteous manner said;
Gentle Madame, why been ye thus dismaid,
And your faire beautie doe with sadnesse spill?
Liues any, that you hath thus ill apaid?
Or doen you loue, or doen you lacke your will?
What-euer be the cause, it sure beseemes you ill.

38
Faire Sir, said she (halfe in disdainefull wise)
How is it that this word in me ye blame,
And in your selfe doe not the same aduise?
Him ill beseemes, anothers fault to name,
That may vnwares be blotted with the same:
Pensiue I yield I am, and sad in mind,
Through great desire of glory and of fame;
Ne ought (I weene) are ye therein behind, (find.
That haue twelue months sought one, yet no where can her

39
The Prince was inly moued at her speach,
Well weeting true, what she had rashly told;
Yet with faire semblaunt sought to hide the breach,
Which change of colour did perforce vnfold,
Now seeming flaming hot, now stony cold.
Tho, turning soft aside, he did inquire,
What wight she was, that Poplar branch did hold:
It answered was, her name was *Praise-desire*,
That by well doing sought to honour to aspire.

The

40
The whiles, the *Faerie* knight did entertaine
Another Damsell of that gentle crew,
That was right faire, and modest of demaine,
But that too oft she chang'd her natiue hew:
Strange was her tire, and all her garment blew,
Close round about her tuckt with many a plight:
Vpon her fist, the bird which shunneth view,
And keepes in couerts close from liuing wight,
Did sit, as yet affrayed, how rude *Pan* did her dight.

41
So long as *Guyon* with her communed,
Vnto the ground she cast her modest eye,
And euer and anone with rosie red
The bashfull bloud her snowy cheekes did die,
That her became, as polisht Ivory,
Which cunning Craftesmans hand hath overlaid
With faire Vermilion or pure lastery.
Great wonder had the knight to see the maid
So strangely passioned, and to her gently said,

42
Faire Damsell, seemeth by your troubled cheare,
That either me too bold yee weene, this wise
You to molest, or other ill to feare
That in the secret of your hart close lyes,
From whence it doth, as cloud from sea arise.
If it be I, of pardon I you pray;
But if ought else that I mote not deuise,
I will (if please you it discure) assay
To ease you of that ill, so wisely as I may.

43
She answered nought, but more abasht for shame,
Held downe her head, the whiles her louely face
The flashing bloud with blushing did inflame,
And the strong passion mard her modest grace,
That *Guyon* meruaild at her vncouth case:
Till *Alma* him bespake, Why wonder yee
Faire Sir at that, which ye so much embrace?
She is the fountaine of your modestee;
You shamefac't are, but *Shamefastnesse* it selfe is shee.

44
Thereat the Elfe did blush in priuitee,
And turnd his face away; but she the same
Dissembled faire, and faind to ouersee.
Thus they awhile with court and goodly game,
Themselues did solace each one with his Dame,
Till that great Ladie thence away them sought,
To view her Castles other wondrous frame.
Vp to a stately Turret she them brought,
Ascending by ten steps of Alablaster wrought.

45
That Turrets frame most admirable was,
Like highest heauen compassed around,
And lifted high aboue this earthly mass,
Which it surview'd, as hils doen lower ground;
But not on ground mote like to this be found,
Not that which antique *Cadmus* whilome built
In *Thebes*, which *Alexander* did confound:
Nor that proud towre of *Troy*, though richly gilt,
Frō which young *Hectors* bloud by cruell *Greeks* was spilt.

46
The roofe hereof was arched ouer head,
And deckt with flowers and herbars daintily;
Two goodly Beacons, set in watches stead,
Therein gaue light, and flam'd continually:
For, they of liuing fire most subtilly
Were made, and set in silver sockets bright,
Couer'd with lids deviz'd of substance sly,
That readily they shut and open might.
O, who can tell the prayses of that makers might!

47
Ne can I tell, ne can I stay to tell
This parts great workmanship, and wondrous powre,
That all this other worlds worke doth excell,
And likest is vnto that heauenly towre,
That God hath built for his owne blessed bowre.
Therein were diuerse roomes, and diuerse stages,
But three the chiefest, and of greatest powre,
In which there dwelt three honourable sages,
The wisest men (I weene) that liued in their ages.

48
Not he, whom *Greece* (the Nurse of all good Arts)
By *Phœbus* doome, the wisest thought aliue,
Might be compar'd to these by many parts:
Nor that sage *Pylian* sire, which did suruiue
Three ages, such as mortall men contiue,
By whose aduise old *Priams* cittie fell,
With these in praise of policies mote striue.
These three in these three roomes did sundry dwell,
And counselled faire *Alma*, how to gouerne well.

49
The first of them could things to come fore-see:
The next, could of things present best aduise;
The third, things past could keepe in memoree:
So that no time, nor reason could arise,
But that the same could one of these comprize.
For thy, the first did in the fore-part sit,
That nought mote hinder his quicke preiudize:
He had a sharpe fore-sight, and working wit,
That neuer idle was, ne once could rest a whit.

50
His chamber was dispainted all within,
With sundry colours, in the which were writ
Infinite shapes of things dissparsed thin;
Some such as in the world were neuer yit,
Ne can deuised be of mortall wit;
Some daily seene, and knowen by their names,
Such as in idle fantasies doe flit:
Infernall Hags, *Centaures*, feends, *Hippodames*,
Apes, Lyons, Eagles, Owles, fooles, louers, children,

51 (Dames.
And all the chamber filled was with flyes,
Which buzzed all about, and made such sound,
That they encombred all mens eares and eyes,
Like many swarmes of Bees assembled round,
After their hiues with honny doe abound:
All those were idle thoughts and fantasies,
Deuices, dreames, opinions vnsound,
Shewes, visions, sooth-sayes, and prophecies;
And all that fained is, as leasings, tales, and lies.

52
Emongst them all sate he which wonned there,
That hight *Phantastes* by his nature trew;
A man of yeares yet fresh, as mote appere,
Of swarth complexion, and of crabbed hew,
That him full of melancholy did shew;
Bent hollow beetle browes, sharp staring eyes,
That mad or foolish seem'd: one by his view
Mote deeme him borne with ill disposed skyes,
When oblique *Saturne* sate in th'house of agonies.

53
Whom *Alma* hauing shewed to her guestes,
Thence brought them to the second roome, whose wals
Were painted faire with memorable gestes
Of famous Wisards, and with picturals
Of Magistrates, of courts, of tribunals,
Of common wealthes, of states, of policie,
Of lawes, of iudgements, and of decretals;
All Artes, all Science, all Philosophy,
And all that in the world was aye thought wittily.

54
Of those that roome was full: and them among
There sate a man of ripe and perfect age,
Who did them meditate all his life long,
That through continuall practise and vsage,
He now was growne right wise, and wondrous sage.
Great pleasure had those stranger Knights, to see
His goodly reason, and graue personage,
That his disciples both desir'd to bee;
But *Alma* thence them led to th'hindmost roome of three.

55
That chamber seemed ruinous and old,
And therefore was remoued farre behind,
Yet were the wals, that did the same vphold,
Right firme and strong, though somwhat they declin'd;
And therein sate an old old man, halfe blind,
And all decrepit in his feeble corse,
Yet liuely vigour rested in his mind,
And recompenc't him with a better scorce:
Weake body well is chang'd for minds redoubled force.

56
This man of infinite remembrance was,
And things foregone through many ages held,
Which he recorded still as they did pas,
Ne suffred them to perish through long eld,
As all things else, the which this world doth weld,
But laid them vp in his immortall scrine,
Where they for euer incorrupted dweld;
The warres he well remembred of king *Nine*,
Of old *Assaracus*, and *Inachus* diuine.

57
The yeares of *Nestor* nothing were to his,
Ne yet *Mathusalem*, though longest lyu'd;
For, he remembred both their infancies:
Ne wonder then, if that he were depriu'd
Of natiue strength now, that he them surviu'd.
His chamber all was hangd about with rolles,
And old records from auncient times deriu'd,
Some made in bookes, some in long parchment scrolles,
That were all worme-eaten, and full of canker holes.

58
Amidst them all he in a chaire was set,
Tossing and turning them withouten end;
But for he was vnable them to fet,
A little boy did on him still attend
To reach, when euer he for ought did send;
And oft when things were lost, or laid amiss,
That boy them sought, and vnto him did lend.
Therefore he *Anamnestes* cleped is,
And that old man *Eumnestes*, by their propertis.

59
The Knights, there entring, did him reuerence dew,
And wondred at his endlesse exercise.
Then as they gan his Librarie to view,
And antique Regesters for to avise,
There chaunced to the Princes hand to rise
An auncient booke, hight *Briton moniments*,
That of this lands first conquest did deuise,
And old diuision into Regiments,
Till it reduced was to one mans gouernments.

60
Sir *Guyon* chaunc't eke on another booke,
That hight *Antiquitie* of *Faerie* lond.
In which when as he greedily did looke;
Th'off-spring of Elves and Faries there he fond,
As it deliuer'd was from hond to hond:
Whereat they burning both with feruent fire
Their countries auncestry to vnderstond,
Crav'd leaue of *Alma*, and that aged sire,
To read those bookes; who gladly graunted their desire.

Canto X.

A chronicle of Briton Kings
from Brute to Vthers raigne:
And rolles of Elfin Emperours,
till time of Gloriane.

1
WHo now shall giue vnto me words and sound,
Equall vnto this haughtie enterprise?
Or who shall lend me wings, with which from ground
My lowely verse may loftily arise,
And lift it selfe vnto the highest skies?
More ample spirit then hitherto was wount,
Heere needes me, whiles the famous auncestries
Of my most dreaded Soueraigne I recount,
By which all earthly Princes she doth farre surmount.

2
Ne vnder Sunne, that shines so wide and faire,
Whence all that liues, does borrow life and light,
Liues ought, that to her linage may compaire,
Which though from earth it be deriued right,
Yet doth it selfe stretch forth to heauens hight,
And all the world with wonder ouerspred;
A labour huge, exceeding farre my might:
How shall fraile pen, with feare disparaged,
Conceiue such soueraigne glory, and great bountihed?

3
Argument worthy of *Maeonian* quill,
Or rather worthy of great *Phœbus* rote,
VVhereon the ruines of great *Ossa* hill,
And triumphes of *Phlegræan Ioue* he wrote,
That all the Gods admir'd his loftie note.
But if some relish of that heauenly lay
His learned daughters would to me report,
To decke my song withall, I would assay,
Thy name, ô soueraine Queene, to blazon farre away.

4
Thy name, ô soueraine Queene, thy realme and race,
From this renowmed Prince deriued arre,
Who mightily vpheld that royall mace,
Which now thou bear'st, to thee descended farre
From mighty Kings, and Conquerours in warre,
Thy Fathers and great Grand-fathers of old,
Whose noble deeds aboue the Northerne starre
Immortall fame for euer hath enrold;
As in that old mans booke they were in order told.

5
The land, which warlike Britons now possesse;
And therein haue their mightie Empire raysd,
In antique times was salvage wilderneſſe,
Vnpeopled, vnmanur'd, vnprov'd, vnprayſd;
Ne was it Island then, ne was it payſd
Amid the *Ocean* waues, ne was it sought
Of Marchants farre, for profits therein prayſd,
But was all desolate, and of some thought
By sea to haue been from the *Celticke* main-land brought.

6
Ne did it then deserue a name to haue,
Till that the venturous Mariner that way
Learning his ship from those white rocks to saue,
VVhich all along the Southerne sea-coast lay,
Threatning vnheedie wreck and rash decay,
For saferies sake that same his sea-marke made,
And nam'd it *Albion*. But later day
Finding in it fit ports for fishers trade,
Gan more the same frequent, and further to invade.

7
But farre in land a salvage nation dwelt,
Of hideous Giants, and halfe beastly men,
That neuer tasted grace, nor goodnesse felt,
But like wild beasts lurking in loathsome den,
And flying fast as Roebuck through the fen,
All naked without shame, or care of cold,
By hunting and by spoyling liued then;
Of stature huge, and eke of courage bold,
That sonnes of men amaz'd their sternnesse to behold.

8
But whence they sprong, or how they were begot,
Vneath is to assure; vneath to weene
That monstrous error which doth some assot,
That *Dioclesians* fiftie daughters sheene
Into this land by chaunce haue driuen beene,
Where, companing with fiends and filthy Sprights,
Through vaine illusion of their lust vncleene,
They brought forth Giants and such dreadfull wights,
As farre exceeded men in their immeasur'd mights.

9
They held this Land, and with their filthineſſe
Polluted this ſame gentle ſoyle long time:
That their owne mother loath'd their beaſtlineſſe,
And gan abhorre her broods vnkindly crime,
All were they borne of her owne natiue ſlime;
Vntill that *Brutus* anciently deriu'd
From royall ſtock of old *Aſſaracs* line,
Driuen by fatall errour, heere arriu'd,
And them of their vniuſt poſſeſſion depriu'd.

10
But ere he had eſtabliſhed his throne,
And ſpred his Empire to the vtmoſt ſhore,
He fought great battailes with his ſaluage fone;
In which he them defeated euermore,
And many Giants left on groning flore;
That well can witneſſe yet vnto this day
The weſterne Hogh, beſprinkled with the gore
Of mighty *Goëmot*, whom in ſtout fray
Corineus conquered, and cruelly did ſlay.

11
And eke that ample Pit, yet farre renownd,
For the large leape, which *Debon* did compell
Coulin to make, beeing eight lugs of ground;
Into the which returning back, he fell:
But thoſe three monſtrous ſtones doe moſt excell,
Which that huge ſonne of hideous *Albion*,
Whoſe father, *Hercules* in Fraunce did quell,
Great *Godmer* threw, in fierce contention,
At bold *Canutus*; but of him was ſlaine anon.

12
In meed of theſe great conqueſts by them got,
Corineus had the Prouince vtmoſt weſt,
To him aſſigned for his worthy lot,
Which of his name and memorable geſt
He called *Cornewaile*, yet ſo called beſt:
And *Debons* ſhaire was, that is *Deuonſhire*:
But *Canute* had his portion from the reſt,
The which he cald *Canutium*, for his hire;
Now *Cantium*, which Kent we commonly inquire.

13
Thus *Brute* this Realme vnto his rule ſubdewd,
And raigned long in great felicitie,
Lov'd of his friends, and of his foes eſchewd,
He left three ſonnes (his famous progeny)
Borne of faire *Inogene* of *Italy*;
Mongſt whom he parted his imperiall ſtate,
And *Locrine* left chiefe Lord of *Britany*.
At laſt, ripe age bad him ſurrender late
His life, and long good fortune, vnto finall fate.

14
Locrine was left the ſoueraigne Lord of all;
But *Albanact* had all the Northrene part,
Which of himſelfe *Albania* he did call;
And *Camber* did poſſeſſe the Weſterne quart,
Which *Seuerne* now from *Logris* doth depart:
And each his portion peaceably enioyd,
Ne was there outward breach, nor grudge in hart,
That once their quiet gouernment annoyd,
But each his paines to others profit ſtill employd.

15
Vntill a Nation ſtrange, with viſage ſwart,
And courage fierce, that all men did affray,
Which through the world then ſwarmd in euery part,
And ouerflow'd all countries farre away,
Like *Noyes* great floud, with their importune ſway,
This Land invaded with like violence,
And did themſelues through all the North diſplay:
Vntill that *Locrine* for his Realmes defence,
Did head againſt them make, and ſtrong munificence.

16
Hee them encountred (a confuſed rout)
Foreby the Riuer, that whilome was hight
The auncient *Abus*, where with courage ſtout
He them defeated in victorious fight,
And chac't ſo fiercely after fearefull flight,
That forc't their Chiefetaine, for his ſafeties ſake
(Their Chiefetaine *Humber* named was aright)
Vnto the mightie ſtreame him to betake,
Where he an end of battell, and of life did make.

17
The King returned proud of victorie,
And inſolent wox through vnwonted eaſe,
That ſhortly he forgot the ieopardie,
Which in his land he lately did appeaſe,
And fell to vaine voluptuous diſeaſe:
He lov'd faire Ladie *Eſtrild*, lewdly lov'd,
Whoſe wanton pleaſures him too much did pleaſe,
That quite his hart from *Guendolene* remov'd,
From *Guendolene* his wife, though alwaies faithful prov'd.

18
The noble daughter of *Corineus*,
Would not endure to be ſo vile diſdaind;
But gathering force, and courage valorous,
Encountred him in battaile well ordaind,
In which him vanquiſht ſhe to fly conſtraind:
But ſhe ſo faſt purſewd, that him ſhe tooke,
And threw in bands, where he till death remaind;
Als his faire Leman, flying through a brooke,
She overhent, nought moued with her pitious looke.

19
But both her ſelfe, and eke her daughter deare,
Begotten by her kingly Paramoure,
The faire *Sabrina* almoſt dead with feare,
She there attached, farre from all ſuccoure;
The one ſhe ſlew in that impatient ſtoure:
But the ſad virgin innocent of all,
Adowne the rolling riuer ſhe did poure,
Which of her name now *Severne* men do call:
Such was the end that to diſloyall loue did fall.

20
Then for her ſonne, which ſhe to *Locrine* bore
(*Madan* was young, vnmeet the rule of ſway)
In her owne hand the crowne ſhe kept in ſtore,
Till riper yeeres he raught, and ſtronger ſtay:
During which time, her powre ſhe did diſplay
Through all this Realme (the glory of her ſex)
And firſt taught men a woman to obay:
But when her ſonne to mans eſtate did wex,
Shee it ſurrendred, ne herſelfe would lenger vex.

Tho

21
Tho *Madan* raign'd, vnworthy of his race:
For, with all ſhame that ſacred throne he fild:
Next, *Mempriſe*, as vnworthy of that place,
In which beeing conſorted with *Manild*,
For thirſt of ſingle kingdome him he kild.
But *Ebranck* ſaued both their infamies
With noble deedes, and warreyd on *Brunchild*
In *Henault*, where yet of his victories
Braue moniments remaine, which yet that land envies.

22
An happy man in his firſt dayes he was,
And happy father of faire progeny:
For, all ſo many weekes as the yeere has,
So many children he did multiply;
Of which were twentie ſonnes, which did apply
Their minds to praiſe, and chevalrous deſire:
Thoſe germans did ſubdew all Germany,
Of whom it hight: but in the end their Sire,
With foule repulſe, from Fraunce was forced to retire.

23
Which blot, his ſonne ſucceeding in his ſeat,
The ſecond *Brute* (the ſecond both in name
And eke in ſemblance of his puiſſance great)
Right well recur'd, and did away that blame
With recompence of euerlaſting fame.
Hee with his victour ſword firſt opened
The bowels of wide Fraunce, a forlorne Dame,
And taught her firſt how to be conquered;
Since which, with ſundry ſpoiles ſhe hath been ranſacked.

24
Let *Scaldis* tell, and let tell *Hania*,
And let the marſh of *Eſtham bruges* tell,
What colour were their waters that ſame day,
And all the moore twixt *Elverſham* and *Dell*,
With bloud of *Henalois*, which therein fell.
How oft that day did ſad *Brunchildis* ſee
The greene ſhield dyde in dolorous vermill?
That not *Scuith guiridh* it mote ſeeme to bee;
But rather *y Scuith gogh*, ſigne of ſad crueltee.

25
His ſonne king *Leill*, by fathers labour long,
Enioyd an heritage of laſting peace,
And built *Cairleill*, and built *Cairleon* ſtrong.
Next, *Huddibras* his realme did not eſtreaſe,
But taught the land from wearie warres to ceaſe.
Whoſe footſteps *Bladud* following, in arts
Exceld at *Athens* all the learned preace,
From whence he brought them to theſe ſalvage parts,
And with ſweet ſcience mollifide their ſtubborne harts.

26
Enſample of his wondrous faculty,
Behold the boyling Bathes at *Cairbadon*,
Which ſeeth with ſecret fire eternally,
And in their entrailes, full of quick Brimſton,
Nouriſh the flames, which they are warm'd vpon,
That to her people wealth they forth doe well,
And health to euery forraine nation:
Yet he at laſt, contending to excell
The reach of men, through flight into fond miſchiefe fell.

27
Next him, king *Leyr* in happy peace long raigned,
But had no iſſue male him to ſucceed,
But three faire daughters, which were well vptraind,
In all that ſeemed fit for kingly ſeed:
Mongſt whom his realme he equally decreed
To haue diuided. Tho, when feeble age
Nigh to his vtmoſt date he ſaw proceed,
Hee cald his daughters; and with ſpeeches ſage
Inquir'd, which of them moſt did loue her parentage.

28
The eldeſt, *Gonorill*, gan to proteſt,
That ſhe much more then her owne life him lov'd:
And *Regan* greater loue to him profeſt,
Then all the world, when euer it were proou'd;
But *Cordeill* ſaid ſhe lov'd him, as behoou'd:
Whoſe ſimple anſwere, wanting colours faire
To paint it forth, him to diſpleaſance moou'd,
That in his crowne he counted her no heire,
But twixt the other twaine his kingdome whole did ſhaire.

29
So, wedded th'one to *Maglan* king of Scots,
And th'other to the king of *Cambria*,
And twixt them ſhaird his realme by equall lots:
But without dowre the wiſe *Cordelia*
Was ſent to *Aganip* of *Celtica*.
Their aged Syre, thus eaſed of his crowne,
A private life led in *Albania*,
With *Gonorill*, long had in great renowne,
That nought him grieu'd to been frō rule depoſed downe.

30
But true it is, that when the oyle is ſpent,
The light goes out, and wike is throwne away;
So, when he had reſign'd his regiment,
His daughter gan deſpiſe his drouping day,
And wearie wox of his continuall ſtay.
Tho to his daughter *Regan* he repaird,
VVho him at firſt well vſed euery way:
But when of his departure ſhe deſpair'd,
Her bounty ſhe abated, and his cheare empair'd.

31
The wretched man gan then aviſe too late,
That loue is not, where moſt it is profeſt;
Too truly tryde in his extreameſt ſtate:
At laſt, reſolv'd likewiſe to proue the reſt,
He to *Cordelia* himſelfe addreſt,
Who with entire affection him receau'd,
As for her Syre and king her ſeemed beſt;
And after all, an army ſtrong ſhee leau'd,
To war on thoſe, which him had of his realme bereau'd.

32
So to his crowne ſhe him reſtor'd againe,
In which he dyde, made ripe for death by eld,
And after will'd it ſhould to her remaine:
Who peaceably the ſame long time did weld:
And all mens harts in dew obedience held:
Till that her ſiſters children, woxen ſtrong,
Through proud ambition againſt her rebeld,
And ouercommen kept in priſon long,
Till wearie of that wretched life, her ſelfe ſhe hong.

Then

33
Then gan the bloudie brethren both to raigne:
But fierce *Cundah* gan shortly to envie
His brother *Morgan*, prickt with proud disdaine
To haue a Peere in part of soueraintie,
And kindling coales of cruell enmitie,
Rais'd warre, and him in battaile overthrew:
Whence as he to those wooddie hils did flie,
Which hight of him *Glamorgan*, there him slew:
Then did he raigne alone, when he none equall knew.

34
His sonne *Rivall'* his dead roome did supply,
In whose sad time bloud did from heauen raine:
Next, great *Gurgustius*, then faire *Cæcily*
In constant peace their kingdomes did containe;
After whom, *Lago*, and *Kinmarke* did raigne,
And *Gorbogud*, till farre in yeeres he grew;
When his ambitious sonnes vnto them twaine,
Arraught the rule, and from their father drew;
Stout *Ferrex* and sterne *Porrex* him in prison threw.

35
But ô! the greedy thirst of royall crowne,
That knowes no kinred, nor regards no right,
Stird *Porrex* vp to put his brother downe;
Who, vnto him assembling forraine might,
Made warre on him, and fell himselfe in fight:
Whose death t'avenge, his mother mercilesse
(Most mercilesse of women, *Wyden* hight)
Her other sonne fast sleeping did oppresse,
And with most cruell hand him murdred pittilesse.

36
Here ended *Brutus* sacred progenie,
Which had seauen hundred yeeres this scepter borne,
With high renowme, and great felicitie.
The noble branch from th'antique stock was torne
Through discord, and the royall throne forlorne:
Thence-forth this Realme was into factions rent,
Whil'st each of *Brutus* boasted to be borne,
That in the end was left no moniment
Of *Brutus*, nor of Britons glory auncient.

37
Then vp arose a man of matchlesse might,
And wondrous wit to menage high affaires,
Who stird with pitty of the stressed plight
Of this sad Realme, cut into sundry shaires
By such, as claimd themselues *Brutes* rightfull heires,
Gathered the Princes of the people loose,
To taken counsell of their common cares;
Who, with his wisedome won, him straight did choose
Their King, and swore him fealty to win or loose.

38
Then made he head against his enemies,
And *Ymner* slew, or *Logris* miscreate;
Then *Ruddoc* and proud *Stater*, both allyes,
This of *Albanie* newly nominate,
And that of *Cambry* king confirmed late,
He overthrew through his owne valiaunce;
Whose countries he reduc't to quiet state,
And shortly brought to ciuill gouernaunce,
Now one, which earst were many made through variaunce.

39
Then made he sacred lawes, which some men say
Were vnto him reveal'd in vision,
By which he freed the Trauailers high way,
The Churches part, and Ploughmans portion,
Restraining stealth, and strong extortion;
The gracious *Numa* of great *Britannie*;
For, till his dayes, the chiefe dominion
By strength was wielded without policie;
Therefore he first wore crowne of gold for dignitie.

40
Donwallo dide (for, what may liue for ay?)
And left two sonnes, of peereless prowesse both;
That sacked *Rome* too dearely did assay,
The recompence of their periured oth,
And ransackt *Greece* well tryde, when they were wroth;
Besides subiected *Fraunce*, and *Germany*,
Which yet their prayses speake, all be they loth,
And inly tremble at the memory
Of *Brennus* and *Bellinus*, Kings of Britanny.

41
Next them, did *Gurgunt*, great *Bellinus* sonne,
In rule succeed, and eke in fathers praise;
He Easterland subdewd, and Danmarke wonne,
And of them both did foy and tribute raise,
The which was due in his dead fathers dayes:
He also gaue to fugitiues of *Spayne*
(Whom he at sea found wandring from their wayes,
A seate in *Ireland* safely to remaine,
Which they should hold of him, as subiect to *Britaine*.

42
After him raigned *Guithiline* his heyre
(The iustest man and truest in his dayes)
Who had to wife Dame *Mertia* the fayre,
A woman worthy of immortall prayse,
Which for this Realme found many goodly layes,
And wholesome Statutes to her husband brought;
Her many deem'd to haue beene of the *Fayes*,
As was *Aegerié*, that *Numa* tought;
Those yet of her be *Mertian* lawes both nam'd & thought

43
Her sonnes *Sisillus* after her did raigne,
And then *Kimarus*, and then *Danius*;
Next whom *Morindus* did the crowne sustaine:
Who, had he not with wrath outragious,
And cruell rancour dimm'd his valorous
And mighty deeds, should matched haue the best:
As well in that same field victorious
Against the forraine *Morands* he exprest;
Yet liues his memory, though carcasse sleepe in rest.

44
Fiue sonnes he left begotten of one wife,
All which successiuely by turnes did raigne;
First, *Gorboman*, a man of vertuous life;
Next, *Archigald*, who for his proud disdaine,
Deposed was from Princedome soueraine,
And pittious *Elidure* put in his sted;
Who shortly it to him restor'd againe,
Till by his death he it recouered;
But *Peridure* and *Vigent* him disthronized.

45
In wretched prison long he did remaine,
Till they outraigned had their vtmost date,
And then therein reseized was againe,
And ruled long with honorable state,
Till he surrendred realme and life to fate.
Then all the sonnes of these fiue brethren raignd
By due succesſe, and all their Nephewes late,
Euen thrise eleuen descents the crowne retaynd,
Till aged *Hely* by dew heritage it gaynd.

46
He had two sonnes, whose eldest called *Lud*
Left of his life most famous memory,
And endlesse moniments of his great good:
The ruin'd wals he did reædifie
Of *Troynouant*, gainst force of enemy,
And built that gate, which of his name is hight,
By which he lyes entombed solemnly.
He left two sonnes, too young to rule aright,
Androgeus and *Tenantius*, pictures of his might.

47
Whilst they were young, *Cassibalane* their Eme
Was by the people chosen in their sted,
Who on him tooke the royall Diademe,
And goodly well long time it gouerned,
Till the proude *Romanes* him disquieted,
And warlike *Cæsar*, tempted with the name
Of this sweet Island, neuer conquered,
And enuying the Britons blazed fame,
(O hideous hunger of dominion!) hither came.

48
Yet twise they were repulsed backe againe,
And twise r'enforc't, backe to their ships to fly,
The whiles with bloud they all the shore did staine.
And the gray *Ocean* into purple dy:
Ne had they footing found at last perdie,
Had not *Androgeus*, false to natiue soyle,
And enuious of Vncles soueraintie,
Betraid his countrey vnto forreine spoile:
Nought else, but treason, from the first this land did foile.

49
So by him *Cæsar* got the victory,
Through great bloushed, and many a sad assay,
In which himselfe was charged heauily
Of hardy *Nennius*, whom he yet did slay,
But lost his sword, yet to be seene this day.
Thenceforth this land was tributarie made
T'ambitious *Rome*, and did their rule obay,
Till *Arthur* all that reckoning did defray;
Yet oft the Briton kings against them strongly swayd.

50
Next him *Tenantius* raignd, then *Kimbeline*,
What time th'eternall Lord in fleshly slime
Enwombed was, from wretched *Adams* line
To purge away the guilt of sinfull crime:
O ioyous memory of happy time,
That heauenly grace so plentiously displaid!
O too high ditty for my simple rime!
Soone after this, the *Romanes* him warrayd;
For that their tribute he refus'd to let be payd.

51
Good *Claudius*, that next was Emperour,
An army brought, and with him battell fought,
In which the king was by a Treachetour
Disguised slaine, ere any thereof thought:
Yet ceased not the bloudie fight for ought;
For *Aruirage* his brothers place supplide,
In armes, and eke in crowne; and by that draught
Did driue the *Romanes* to the weaker side,
That they to peace agreed. So all was pacifide.

52
Was neuer king more highly magnifide,
Nor drad of *Romanes*, then was *Auirage*;
For which the Emperour to him allide
His daughter *Genuiss'* in marriage:
Yet shortly he renounc't the vassallage
Of *Rome* againe, who hither hast'ly sent
Vespasian, that with great spoyle and rage
Forwasted all, till *Genuissa* gent
Perswaded him to ceasse, and her Lord to relent.

53
He dyde: and him succeeded *Marius*,
Who ioy'd his dayes with great tranquillity:
Then *Coyll*, and after him good *Lucius*,
That first receiued Christianitie,
The sacred pledge of Christs Euangely:
Yet true it is, that long before that daie
Hither came *Ioseph* of *Arimathy*,
Who brought with him the holy grayle (they say)
And preacht the truth; but since it greatly did decay.

54
This good king shortly without issew dide,
Whereof great trouble in the kingdome grew,
That did her selfe in sundry parts diuide,
And with her powre her owne selfe ouerthrew,
Whil'st *Romanes* daily did the weake subdew:
Which seeing stout *Bunduca*. vp arose,
And taking armes, the *Britons* to her drew;
With whom she marched straight against her foes,
And them vnwares besides the *Seuerne* did enclose.

55
There she with them a cruell battell tride,
Not with so good succesſe, as she deseru'd;
By reason that the Captaines, on her side,
Corrupted by *Paulinus*, from her sweru'd;
Yet such, as were through former flight preseru'd,
Gathering againe, her Host she did renew,
And with fresh courage on the victour seru'd:
But being all defeated saue a few,
Rather then fly, or be captiu'd, her selfe she slew.

56
O famous moniment of womens praise,
Matchable either to *Semiramis*,
Whom antique history so high doth raise,
Or to *Hypsipyl'* or to *Thomiris*:
Her Host two hundred thousand numbred is;
Who, whiles good fortune fauoured her might,
Triumphed oft against her enimis;
And yet though ouercome in hapless fight,
She triumphed on death, in enemies despight.

57

Her reliques *Fulgent* hauing gathered,
Fought with *Seuerus* and him ouerthrew;
Yet in the chace was slaine of them, that fled;
So made them victours, whom he did subdew.
Then gan *Carausius* tyrannize anew,
And gainst the *Romanes* bent their proper powre,
But him *Allectus* treacherously slew,
And tooke on him the robe of Emperoure:
Nath'lesse the same enioyed but short happy howre:

58

For *Asclepiodate* him ouercame,
And left inglorious on the vanquisht Playne,
Without or robe, or rag, to hide his shame.
Then afterwards he in his stead did raigne;
But shortly was by *Coyll* in battell slaine:
Who after long debate, since *Lucies* time,
Was of the *Britons* first crownd Soueraigne:
Then gan this Realme renew her passed prime:
He of his name *Coylchester* built of stone and lime.

59

Which when the *Romanes* heard, they hither sent
Constantius, a man of mickle might,
With whom king *Coyll* made an agreement,
And to him gaue for wife his daughter bright,
Faire *Helena*, the faireſt liuing wight;
Who in all godly thewes, and goodly praise
Did far excell, but was most famous hight
For skill in Musicke of all in her dayes,
Aswell in curious instruments, as cunning layes.

60

Of whom he did great *Constantine* beget,
Who afterward was Emperour of *Rome*;
To which whiles absent he his mind did set,
Octauius here lept into his roome,
And it vsurped by vnrighteous doome:
But he his title iustifide by might,
Slaying *Traherne*, and hauing ouercome
The *Romane* legion in dreadfull fight:
So settled he his kingdome, and confirm'd his right.

61

But wanting issew male, his daughter deare
He gaue in wedlocke to *Maximian*,
And him with her made of his kingdome heyre,
Who soone by meanes thereof the Empire wan,
Till murdred by the friends of *Gratian*;
Then gan the Hunnes and Picts inuade this land,
During the raigne of *Maximinian*;
Who dying left none heire them to withstand,
But that they ouerran all parts with easie hand.

62

The weary *Britons*, whose war-hable youth
Was by *Maximian* lately led away,
With wretched miseries, and woefull ruth,
Were to those Pagans made an open pray,
And dayly spectacle of sad decay: (yeares,
Whom *Romane* warres, which now foure hundred
And more had wasted, could no whit dismay;
Till by consent of Commons and of Peares,
They crownd the second *Constantine* with ioyous teares:

63

Who hauing oft in battell vanquished
Those spoylefull Picts, and swarming Easterlings,
Long time in peace his Realme established,
Yet oft annoyd with sundry bordragings
Of neighbour Scots, and forrein Scatterlings,
With which the world did in those dayes abound:
Which to outbarre, with painefull pyonings
From sea to sea he heapt a mightie mound,
Which from *Alcluid* to *Panwelt* did that border bound.

64

Three sonnes he dying left, all vnder age;
By meanes whereof, their vncle *Vortigere*
Vsurpt the crowne, during their pupillage;
Which th'Infants tutors gathering to feare,
Them closely into *Armorick* did beare:
For dread of whom, and for those Picts annoyes,
He sent to *Germanie*, strange aide to reare,
From whence eftsoones arriued here three hoyes
Of *Saxons*, whom he for his safetie imployes.

65

Two brethren were their Capitaines, which hight
Hengist and *Horsus*, well approov'd in warre,
And both of them men of renowmed might;
Who making vantage of their ciuill iarre,
And of those forreiners, which came from farre,
Grew great, and got large portions of land,
That in the Realme ere long they stronger arre,
Then they which sought at first their helping hand,
And *Vortiger* enforc't the kingdome to aband.

66

But by the helpe of *Vortimere* his sonne,
He is againe vnto his rule restor'd,
And *Hengist* seeming sad, for that was donne,
Receiued is to grace and new accord,
Through his faire daughters face, & flattring word;
Soone after which, three hundred Lords he slew
Of British bloud, all sitting at his bord;
Whose dolefull moniments who list to rew,
Th'eternall marks of treason may at *Stonheng* view.

67

By this, the sonnes of *Constantine*, which fled,
Ambrise and *Vther* did ripe yeares attaine,
And here arriuing, strongly challenged
The crowne, which *Vortiger* did long detaine:
Who, flying from his guilt, by them was slaine,
And *Hengist* eke soone brought to shamefull death.
Thenceforth *Aurelius* peaceably did raigne,
Till that through poyson stopped was his breath;
So now entombed lyes at *Stoneheng* by the heath.

68

After him *Vther*, which *Pendragon* hight,
Succeeding There abruptly it did end,
Without full point, or other Cesure right,
As if the rest some wicked hand did rend,
Or th'Authour selfe could not at least attend
To finish it: that so vntimely breach
The Prince himselfe halfe seemeth to offend,
Yet secret pleasure did offence impeach,
And wonder of antiquitie long stopt his speach.

69

At last, quite rauisht with delight, to heare
The royall Offspring of his natiue land,
Cride out, Deare countrey, ô how dearely deare
Ought thy remembrance, and perpetuall band
Be to thy foster Childe, that from thy hand
Did common breath and nouriture receaue!
How brutish is it, not to vnderstand
How much to her we owe, that all vs gaue,
That gaue vnto vs all, what euer good we haue!

70

But *Guyon* all this while his booke did read,
Ne yet has ended: for it was a great
And ample volume, that doth far exceed
My leasure, so long leaues here to repeat:
It told, how first *Prometheus* did create
A man, of many parts from beasts deriued,
And then stole fire from heauen, to animate
His worke, for which he was by *Ioue* depriued
Of life himselfe, and hart-strings of an Ægle riued.

71

That man so made, he called *Elfe*, to weet,
Quick, the first authour of all Elfin kind:
Who, wandring through the world with wearie feet,
Did in the gardins of *Adonis* find
A goodly creature, whom he deem'd in mind
To be no earthly wight, but either Spright,
Or Angell, th'authour of all woman-kind;
Therefore a *Fay* he her according hight,
Of whom all *Fayeries* spring, and fetch their lignage right.

72

Of these a mighty people shortly grew,
And puissant kings, which all the world warrayd,
And to themselues all Nations did subdew:
The first and eldest, which that scepter swayd,
Was *Elfin*; him all *India* obayd,
And all that now *America* men call:
Next him was noble *Elfinan*, who layd
Cleopolis foundation first of all:
But *Elfiline* enclos'd it with a golden wall.

73

His sonne was *Elfinel*, who ouercame
The wicked *Gobbelines* in bloudy field:
But *Elfant* was of most renowmed fame,
Who all of Crystall did *Panthea* build:
Then *Elfar*, who two brethren gyants kild,
The one of which had two heads, th'other three:
Then *Elfinor*, who was in Magick skild;
He built by art vpon the glassy See (bee.
A bridge of brass, whose sound heauens thunder seem'd to

74

He left three sonnes, the which in order raignd,
And all their Offspring, in their dew descents,
Euen seuen hundred Princes, which maintaynd
With mightie deeds their sundry gouernments;
That were too long their infinite contents
Here to record, ne much materiall:
Yet should they be most famous moniments,
And braue ensample, both of Martiall
And ciuill rule to Kings and States imperiall.

75

After all these *Elficleos* did raigne,
The wise *Elficleos* in great Maiestie,
Who mightily that scepter did sustaine,
And with rich spoiles and famous victory,
Did high aduance the crowne of *Faery*:
He left two sonnes, of which faire *Elferon*
The eldest brother did vntimely die;
Whose empty place the mightie *Oberon*
Doubly supplide, in spousall and dominion.

76

Great was his power and glorie, ouer all
Which him before that sacred seate did fill,
That yet remaines his wide memoriall:
He dying left the faireſt *Tanaquill*,
Him to succeed therein, by his last will:
Fairer and nobler liueth none this howre.
Ne like in grace, ne like in learned skill;
Therefore they *Glorian* call that glorious flowre.
Long maist thou *Glorian* liue, in glory and great powre.

77

Beguil'd thus with delight of nouelties,
And naturall desire of countries state,
So long they read in those antiquities,
That how the time was fled, they quite forgate,
Till gentle *Alma* seeing it so late,
Perforce their studies broke, and them besought
To thinke, how supper did them long awaite:
So, halfe vnwilling from their bookes them brought,
And fairely feasted, as so noble knights she ought.

Canto XI.

The enemies of Temperance beſiege her dwelling place: Prince Arthur them repells, and fowle Maleger doth deface.

1

WHat warre ſo cruell, or what ſiege ſo ſore,
As that, which ſtrong affections do apply,
Againſt the fort of reaſon euermore
To bring the ſoule into captiuitie!
Their force is fiercer through infirmitie
Of the fraile fleſh, relenting to their rage,
And exerciſe moſt bitter tyranny
Vpon the parts, brought into their bondage:
No wretchednesſe is like to ſinfull villenage.

2

But in a body, which doth freely yeeld
His parts to reaſons rule obedient,
And letteth her that ought the ſcepter weeld,
All happy peace and goodly gouernment
Is ſetled there in ſure eſtabliſhment;
There *Alma*, like a virgin Queen moſt bright,
Doth floriſh in all beautie excellent;
And to her gueſtes doth bountious banket dight,
Attempred goodly well for health and for delight.

3

Early before the Morne with cremoſin ray,
The windowes of bright heauen opened had,
Through which into the world the dawning day
Might look, that maketh euery creature glad,
Vproſe Sir *Guyon*, in bright armour clad,
And to his purpoſd iourney him prepar'd:
With him the Palmer eke in habite ſad,
Himſelfe addreſt to that aduenture hard:
So to the ruers ſide they both together far'd;

4

Where them awaited readie at the ford
The *Ferriman*, as *Alma* had behight,
With his well rigged boate: They goe abord,
And he eftſoones gan launch his barke forthright.
Ere long they rowed were quite out of ſight,
And faſt the land behind them fled away.
But let them paſs, whiles wind and weather right
Do ſerue their turnes: here I awhile muſt ſtay,
To ſee a cruell fight doen by the Prince this day.

5

For, all ſo ſoone as *Guyon* thence was gon
Vpon his voyage with his truſtie guide,
That wicked band of villeins freſh begon
That caſtle to aſſayle on euery ſide,
And lay ſtrong ſiege about it far and wide.
So huge and infinite their numbers were,
That all the land they vnder them did hide;
So fowle and vgly, that exceeding feare
Their viſages impreſt, when they approched neare.

6

Them in twelue troupes their Captain did diſpart
And round about in fitteſt ſteads did place,
Where each might beſt offend his proper part,
And his contrary obiect moſt deface,
As euery one ſeem'd meeteſt in that caſe.
Seuen of the ſame againſt the Caſtle gate,
In ſtrong entrenchments he did cloſely place,
Which with inceſſant force and endleſſe hate,
They battered day and night, and entrance did awate.

7

The other fiue, fiue ſundry wayes he ſet,
Againſt the fiue great Bulwarkes of that pile.
And vnto each a Bulwarke did arret,
T'aſſayle with open force or hidden guile,
In hope therof to win victorious ſpoyle.
They all that charge did feruently apply,
With greedy malice and importune toyle,
And planted there their huge artillery,
With which they daily made moſt dreadfull battery.

8

The firſt troupe was a monſtrous rabblement
Of fowle miſshapen wights, of which ſome were
Headed like Owles, with beakes vncomely bent,
Others like Dogs, others like Gryphons dreare,
And ſome had wings, and ſome had clawes to teare,
And euery one of them had Lynces eyes,
And every one did boawe and arrowes beare
All thoſe were laweleſſe luſts, corrupt enuies,
And couetous aſpectes, all cruell enemies.

Thoſe

9

Thoſe ſame againſt the Bulwarke of the *Sight*
Did lay ſtrong ſiege, and battailous aſſault,
Ne once did yield it reſpit day nor night,
But ſoone as *Titan* gan his head exault.
And ſoone againe as he his light withhault,
Their wicked engins they againſt it bent:
That is, each thing, by which the eyes may fault;
But two then all more huge and violent,
Beautie, and money, they that Bulwarke ſorely rent.

10

The ſecond Bulwarke was the *Hearing* ſenſe,
Gainſt which the ſecond troupe deſſignment makes:
Deformed creatures, in ſtrange difference,
Some hauing heads like Harts, ſome like to Snakes,
Some like wild Bores late rous'd out of the brakes;
Slaunderous reproches, and foule infamies,
Leaſings, backbitings, and vaine-glorious crakes,
Bad counſels, prayſes, and falſe flatteries,
All thoſe againſt that Fort did bend their batteries.

11

Likewiſe that ſame third Fort, that is the *Smell*,
Of that third troupe was cruelly aſſayd:
Whoſe hideous ſhapes were like to feends of hell,
Some like to Hounds, ſome like to Apes diſmayd,
Some like to Puttockes, all in plumes arrayd:
All ſhap't according their conditions,
For, by thoſe vgly formes weren pourtraid
Fooliſh delights and fond abuſions,
Which do that ſenſe beſiege with light illuſions.

12

And that fourth band, which cruell battery bent,
Againſt the fourth Bulwarke, that is the *Taſt*,
Was as the reſt, a gryſie rabblement,
Some mouth'd like greedy Oyſtriges, ſome fac't
Like loathly Toades, ſome faſhioned in the waſte
Like ſwine; for, ſo deformd is luxury,
Surfait, miſdiet, and vnthriftie waſte,
Vaine feaſts, and idle ſuperfluitie:
All thoſe this ſenſes Fort aſſaile inceſſantly.

13

But the fift troupe moſt horrible of hew,
And fierce of force, was dreadfull to report:
For, ſome like ſnayles, ſome did like ſpiders ſhew,
And ſome like vgly Vrchins thicke and ſhort:
They cruelly aſſayled that fift Fort,
Armed with darts of ſenſuall delight,
With ſtings of carnall luſt, and ſtrong effort
Of feeling pleaſures, with which day and night
Againſt that ſame fift Bulwarke they continued fight.

14

Thus theſe twelue troupes with dreadfull puiſſance
Againſt that Caſtle reſtleſſe ſiege did lay,
And euermore their hideous Ordinance
Vpon the Bulwarks cruelly did play,
That now it gan to threaten neere decay:
And euermore their wicked Capitaine
Prouoked them the breaches to aſſay,
Somtimes with threats, ſomtimes with hope of gaine,
Which by the ranſack of that peece they ſhould attaine.

15

On th'other ſide, th'aſſieged Caſtles ward
Their ſtedfaſt ſtonds did mightily maintaine,
And many bold repulſe, and manie hard
Atchivement wrought with perill and with paine,
That goodly frame from ruine to ſuſtaine:
And thoſe two brethren Giants did defend
The walles ſo ſtoutly with their ſturdy maine,
That neuer entrance any durſt pretend,
But they to direfull death their groning ghoſts did ſend.

16

The noble Virgin, Lady of that place,
Was much diſmayed with that dreadfull ſight
(For, neuer was ſhe in ſo euill caſe)
Till that the Prince ſeeing her wofull plight,
Gan her recomfort from ſo ſad affright,
Offring his ſeruice, and his deareſt life
For her defence, againſt that Carle to fight,
Which was their chiefe and th'author of that ſtrife:
She him remercied as the Patrone of her life.

17

Eftſoones himſelfe in glitter and arms he dight,
And his well proued weapons to him hent;
So taking courteous conge he behight,
Thoſe gates to be vnbard, and forth he went.
Faire mote he thee, the proweſt and moſt gent,
That euer brandiſhed bright ſteele on hie:
Whom ſoone as that vnruly rabblement,
With his gay Squire iſſuing did eſpy,
They reard a moſt outragious dreadfull yelling cry.

18

And therewith all attonce at him let fly
Their fluttring arrowes, thicke as flakes of ſnowe,
And round about him flocke impetuouſly,
Like a great water flood, that tombling lowe
From the high mountains, threats to ouerflowe
With ſuddein fury all the fertile Plaine,
And the ſad husbandmans long hope doth throwe
Adowne the ſtreame, and all his vowes make vaine,
Nor bounds nor banks his headlong ruine may ſuſtaine.

19

Vpon his ſhield their heaped haile he bore,
And with his ſword diſperſt the raſcall flockes,
Which fled aſunder, and him fell before,
As withered leaues drop from their dried ſtockes,
When the wroth Weſtern wind does reaue their locks;
And vnderneath him his courageous ſteed,
The fierce *Spumador* trode them downe like docks,
The fierce *Spumador* borne of heauenly ſeed:
Such as *Laömedon* of *Phœbus* race did breed.

20

Which ſuddeine horrour and confuſed cry,
When as their Captaine heard, in haſte he yode
The cauſe to weet, and fault to remedy;
Vpon a Tigre ſwift and fierce he rode,
That as the winde ran vnderneath his lode,
While his long legs nigh raught vnto the ground;
Full large he was of limbe, and ſhoulders brode,
But of ſuch ſubtile ſubſtance and vnſound, (bound.
That like a ghoſt he ſeem'd, whoſe Graue-clothes were vn-

21
And in his hand a bended boaw was seene,
And many arrowes vnder his right side,
All deadly dangerous, all cruell keene,
Headed with flint, and feathers bloudy dide,
Such as the *Indians* in their quyuers hide;
Those could he well direct and streight as line,
And bid them strike the marke, which he had eyde;
Ne was there slue, ne was there medicine,
That mote recure their wounds: so inly they did tine.

22
As pale and wan as ashes was his looke,
His body leane and meagre as a rake,
And skin all withered like a dryed rooke,
Thereto as cold and drery as a Snake,
That seem'd to tremble euermore, and quake:
All in a canuas thin he was bedight,
And girded with a belt of twisted brake,
Vpon his head he wore an Helmet light,
Made of a dead mans scull, that seem'd a gastly sight.

23
Maleger was his name, and after him
There follow'd fast at hand two wicked Hags,
With hoarie lockes all loose, and visage grim;
Their feet vnshod, their bodies wrapt in rags,
And both as swift on foot, as chased Stags;
And yet the one her other leg had lame,
Which with a staffe, all full of little snags
She did disport, and *Impotence* her name:
But th'other was *Impatience*, arm'd with raging flame.

24
Soone as the Carle from farre the Prince espide,
Glistering in armes and warlike ornament,
His beast he felly prickt on either side,
And his mischieuous boaw full readie bent,
With which at him a cruell shaft he sent:
But he was warie, and it warded well
Vpon his shield, that it no further went,
But to the ground the idle quarrell fell:
Then he another and another did expell.

25
Which to preuent, the Prince his mortall speare
Soone to him raught, and fierce at him did ride,
To be auenged of that shot whyleare:
But he was not so hardy to abide
That bitter stownd, but turning quicke aside
His light-foot beast, fled fast away for feare:
Whom to pursue, the Infant after hide,
So fast as his good Courser could him beare,
But labour lost it was, to weene approche him neare.

26
For, as the winged wind his Tigre fled,
That view of eye could scarse him ouertake,
Ne scarce his feet on ground were seene to tred;
Through hils and dales he speedie way did make,
Ne hedge ne ditch his readie passage brake,
And in his slight the villein turn'd his face
(As wonts the *Tartar* by the *Caspian* lake,
When as the *Russian* him in fight does chace)
Vnto his Tygres taile, and shot at him apace.

27
Apace he shot, and yet he fled apace,
Still as the greedie knight nigh to him drew,
And oftentimes he would relent his pase,
That him his foe more fiercely should pursew:
Who when his vncouth manner he did vew
He gan auize to follow him no more,
But keepe his standing, and his shaftes eschew,
Vntill he quite had spent his perlous store,
And then assayle him fresh, ere he could shuft for more.

28
But that lame Hag, still as abroad he strew
His wicked arrowes gathered them againe,
And to him brought, fresh battell to renew:
Which he espying, cast her to restraine
From yielding succour to that curssed Swaine,
And her attaching thought her hands to tie;
But soone as him dismounted on the Plaine,
That other Hag did far away espy
Binding her sister, she to him ran hastily.

29
And catching hold of him, as downe he lent,
Him backward ouerthrew, and downe him stayd
With their rude hands and griesly grapplement,
Till that the villein comming to their ayd,
Vpon him fell, and lode vpon him layd;
Full little wanted, but he had him slaine,
And of the battell balefull end had made,
Had not his gentle Squire beheld his paine,
And commen to his reskew, ere his bitter bane.

30
So, greatest and most glorious thing on ground
May often need the help of weaker hand;
So feeble is mans state, and life vnsound,
That in assurance it may neuer stand,
Till it dissolued be from earthly band.
Proofe be thou Prince, the prowest man aliue,
And noblest borne of all in *Briton* land;
Yet thee fierce Fortune did so neerely driue,
That had not grace thee blest, thou shouldest not reuiue.

31
The Squire arriuing, fiercely in his armes
Snatcht first the one, and then the other Iade,
His chiefest lets and authors of his harmes,
And them perforce withheld with threatned blade,
Least that his Lord they should behind inuade;
The whiles the Prince prickt with reprochefull shame,
As one awak't out of long slombring shade,
Reuiuing thought of glorie and of fame,
Vnited all his powres to purge himselfselfe from blame.

32
Like as a fire, the which in hollow caue
Hath long been vnder-kept, and downe suppresst,
With murmurours disdaine doth inly raue,
And grudge, in so streight prison to be prest,
At last breakes forth with furious vnrest,
And striues to mount vnto his natiue seat;
All that did earst it hinder and molest,
It now deuoures with flames and scorching heat,
And carries into smoake with rage and horror great:

33
So mightily the *Briton* Prince him rous'd
Out of his hold, and broke his cattiue bands,
And as a Beare whom angry curres haue touz'd,
Hauing off-shak't them, and escap't their hands,
Becomes more fell, and all that him withstands
Treads downe and ouerthrowes. Now had the Carle
Alighted from his Tigre, and his hands
Discharged of his boaw and deadly quar'le,
To seize vpon his foe flat lying on the marle.

34
Which now him turnd to disauantage deare;
For, neither can he fly, nor other harme,
But trust vnto his strength and manhood meare,
Sith now he is farre from his monstrous swarme,
And of his weapons did himselfe disarme.
The knight yet wrothfull for his late disgrace,
Fiercely aduaunst his valorous right arme,
And him so sore smote with his iron mace,
That groueling to the ground he fell, and fild his place.

35
Well weened he, that field was then his owne,
And all his labour brought to happy end,
When suddein vp the villein ouerthrowne,
Out of his swowne arose, fresh to contend,
And gan himselfe to second battell bend,
As hurt he had not been. Thereby there lay
An huge great stone, which stood vpon one end,
And had not been remooued many a day;
Some land-marke seem'd to be, or signe of sundry waie.

36
The same he snatcht, and with exceeding sway
Threw at his foe, who was right well aware
To shunne the engin of his meant decay;
It booted not to think that throwe to beare,
But ground he gaue, and lightly leapt areare:
Eft fierce returning, as a Faulcon faire,
That once hath failed of her souse full neare,
Remounts againe into the open aire,
And vnto better fortune doth herselfe prepaire:

37
So braue returning, with his brandisht blade,
He to the Carle himselfe againe addrest,
And strooke at him so sternely, that he made
An open passage through his riuen brest,
That halfe the steele behind his backe did rest;
Which drawing backe, he looked euermore
When the heart bloud should gush out of his chest,
Or his dead corse should fall vpon the flore;
But his dead corse vpon the flore fell nathemore:

38
Ne drop of bloud appeared shed to bee,
All were the wounde so wide and wonderous,
That through his carcasse one might plainely see:
Halfe in a maze with horror hideous,
And halfe in rage to be deluded thus,
Againe through both the sides he strooke him quight,
That made his spright to grone full pitious:
Yet nathemore forth fled his groning spright
But freshly, as at first, prepar'd himselfe to fight.

39
Thereat he smitten was with great affright,
And trembling terror did his heart appall:
Ne wist he, what to thinke of that same sight,
Ne what to say, ne what to doe at all;
He doubted, least it were some magicall
Illusion, that did beguile his sense,
Or wandring ghost, that wanted funerall,
Or aerie spirit vnder false pretence,
Or hellish feend rays'd vp through diuelish science.

40
His wonder farre exceeded reasons reach,
That he began to doubt his dazled sight,
And oft of error did himselfe appeach:
Flesh without bloud, a person without spright,
Wounds without hurt, a body without might,
That could doe harme, yet could not harmed bee,
That could not die, yet seem'd a mortall wight,
That was most strong in most infirmitee;
Like did he neuer heare, like did he neuer see.

41
Awhile he stood in this astonishment;
Yet would he not for all his great dismay
Giue ouer to effect his first intent,
And th'vtmost meanes of victorie assay,
Or th'vtmost issew of his owne decay.
His owne good sword *Morddure*, that neuer fayld
At need, till now, he lightly threw away,
And his bright shield, that nought him now availd,
And with his naked hands him forcibly assayld.

42
Twixt his two mightie armes him vp he snatcht,
And crusht his carcasse so against his brest,
That the disdainfull soule he thence dispatcht,
And th'idle breath all vtterly exprest:
Tho when he felt him dead, adowne he kest
The lumpish corse vnto the senseless ground;
Adowne he kest it with so puissant wrest,
That backe againe it did aloft rebound,
And gaue against his mother Earth a gronefull sound;

43
As when *Ioues* harnesse-bearing Bird from hie
Stoupes at a flying heron with proud disdaine,
The stone-dead quarrey fals so forcibly,
That it rebounds against the lowlie Plaine,
A second fall redoubling backe againe.
Then thought the Prince all perill sure was past,
And that he victor onely did remaine;
No sooner thought, then that the Carle as fast
Gan heape huge strokes on him, as ere he downe was cast.

44
Nigh his wits end then woxe th'amazed knight,
And thought his labour lost and trauell vaine,
Against this lifeless shadow so to fight:
Yet life he saw, and felt his mighty maine,
That whiles he marueild still, did still him paine:
For thy he gan some other wayes aduize,
How to take life from that dead-liuing swaine,
Whom still he marked freshly to arize
From th'earth, and from her wombe new spirits to reprize.

45
He then remembred well, that had been sayd,
How th'Earth his mother was, and first him bore;
She eke, so often as his life decayd,
Did life with vsury to him restore,
And rayse him vp much stronger then before,
So soone as he vnto her wombe did fall;
Therefore to ground he would him cast no more,
Ne him commit to Graue terrestriall,
But beare him farre from hope of succour vsuall.

46
Tho, vp he caught him twixt his puissant hands,
And hauing scruz'd out of his carrion corse
The lothfull life, now loosd from sinfull bands,
Vpon his shoulders carried him perforce
Aboue three furlongs, taking his full course,
Vntill he came vnto a standing lake;
Him therein to he threw without remorse,
Ne stird, till hope of life did him forsake; (make.
So, end of that Carles dayes, and his owne paines did

47
Which when those wicked Hags from farre did spie,
Like two mad dogs they ran about the lands,
And th'one of them with dreadfull yelling cry,
Throwing away her broken chaines and bands,
And hauing quencht her burning fier brands,
Hedlong her selfe did cast into that lake;
But *Impotence*, with her owne wilfull hands,
One of *Malegers* curfed darts did take,
So riv'd her trembling heart, and wicked end did make.

48
Thus now alone he conquerour remaines;
Tho, comming to his Squire, that kept his steed,
Thought to haue mounted: but his feeble vaines
Him faild thereto, and serued not his need, (bleed,
Through los of bloud, which from his wounds did
That he began to faint, and life decay:
But his good Squire him helping vp with speed,
With stedfast hand vpon his horse did staie,
And led him to the Castle by the beaten waie;

49
Where many Groomes and Squiers readie were,
To take him from his steed full tenderly,
And eke the faireft *Alma* met him there
With balme and wine and costly spicerie,
To comfort him in his infirmity;
Eftsoones she caus'd him vp to be conuaid.
And of his armes despoyled easily,
In sumptuous bed she made him to be laid,
And all the while his wounds were dressing, by him stayd.

Canto XII.

Guyon by Palmers gouernance,
passing through perils great,
Doth ouerthrowe the Bowre of bliss,
and Acrasie defeat.

1
Now gins this goodly frame of Temperance
Fairely to rise, and her adorned hed
To prick of highest praise forth to aduance,
Formerly grounded, and fast setteled
On firme foundation of true bountihed;
And this brave knight, that for this vertue
Now comes to point of that same perilous sted, (fights,
Where Pleasure dwelles in sensuall delights,
Mogst thousand dangers, & ten thousand magick mights.

2
Two dayes now in that sea he sayled has,
Ne euer land beheld, ne liuing wight,
Ne ought saue perill, still as he did pas:
Tho, when appeared the third *Morrow* bright
Vpon the waues to spred her trembling light,
An hideous roaring farre away they heard,
That all their senses filled with affright,
And straight they saw the raging surges reard
Vp to the skies, that them of drowning made affeard.

3
Sayd then the *Boateman*, Palmer steere aright,
And keep an euen course; for yonder way
We needs must pas (God do vs well acquight):
That is the *Gulfe of Greedineffe*, they say,
That deepe engorgeth all this worlds pray:
Which hauing swallowed vp excessiuely,
He soone in vomit vp againe doth lay,
And belcheth forth his superfluitie,
That all the seas for feare do seeme away to fly.

4
On th'other side an hideous Rock is pight,
Of mightie *Magnes* stone, whose craggy clift
Depending from on high, dreadfull to sight,
Ouer the waues his rugged armes doth lift,
And threatneth down to throwe his ragged rift
On who so commeth nigh; yet nigh it drawes
All passengers, that none from it can shift:
For whiles they fly that Gulfes deuouring iawes,
They on this rock are rent, and sunk in helpless wawes.

5
Forward they passe, and strongly he them rowes,
Vntill they nigh vnto that Gulfe arriue,
Where streame more violent and greedy growes:
Then he with all his puissaunce doth striue
To strike his owres, and mightily doth driue
The hollow vessell through the threatfull waues
Which gaping wide, to swallow them aliue
In th'huge abysse of his engulfing Graue,
Doth rore at them in vaine, and with great terror raue.

6
They passing by, that griesly mouth did see,
Sucking the Seas into his entralles deepe,
That seem'd more horrible then hell to bee,
Or that darke dreadfull hole of *Tartare* steepe,
Through which the damned ghosts doen often creepe
Backe to the world, bad liuers to torment:
But nought that falles into this direfull deepe,
Ne that approcheth nigh the wide descent,
May backe returne, but is condemned to be drent.

7
On th'other side, they saw that perilous Rocke,
Threatning it selfe on them to ruinate,
On whose sharpe clifts the ribs of vessels broke,
And shiuered ships, which had been wrecked late,
Yet stuck, with carcasses exanimate
Of such, as hauing all their substance spent
In wanton toies, and lustes intemperate,
Did afterwards make shipwracke violent
Both of their life, and fame for euer fowly blent.

8
For thy, this hight *The Rocke of* vile *Reproche*,
A dangerous and deteftable place,
To which nor fish nor fowle did once approche,
But yelling Meawes, with Seagulles hoarse and base,
And Cormoyrants, with birds of rauenous race,
Which still sate waiting on that wastfull clift,
For spoile of wretches, whose vnhappy case,
After lost credite and consumed thrift,
At last them driuen hath to this despairefull drift.

9
The Palmer, seeing them in safetie past,
Thus said: Behold th'ensamples in our sights
Of lustfull luxury and thriftlesse waste:
What now is left of miserable wights,
Which spent their looser daies in lewd delights,
But shame and sad reproche, here to be red,
By these rent reliques, speaking their ill plights?
Let all that liue, hereby be counselled,
To shunne *Rocke of Reproche*, and it as death to dred.

10
So forth they rowed, and that *Ferryman*
With his stiffe oares did brush the sea so strong,
That the hoare waters from his frigot ran,
And the light bubbles daunced all along,
Whiles the salt brine out of the billowes sprong.
At last, far off they many Islands spie,
On euery side floting the floods emong:
Then said the knight, Loe, I the land descrie;
Therefore old Syre thy course do thereunto apply.

11
That may not be, said then the *Ferryman*,
Least we vnweeting hap to be fordonne:
For those same Islands, seeming now and than,
Are not firme land, nor any certein wonne,
But straggling plots; which to and fro do ronne
In the wide waters: therefore are they hight
The *wandring Islands*. Therefore do them shonne;
For they haue oft drawne many a wandring wight
Into most deadly danger and distressed plight.

12
Yet well they seeme to him, that farre doth vew,
Both faire and fruitfull, and the ground dispred
With grassie green of delectable hew,
And the tall trees with leaues apparelled,
Are deckt with blossomes dyde in white and red,
That mote the passengers thereto allure;
But whosoeuer once hath fastened
His foot thereon, may neuer it recure,
But wandreth euermore vncertain and vnsure.

13
As th'Isle of *Delos* whilome men report
Amid th'*Aegean* sea long time did stray,
Ne made for shipping any certaine port,
Till that *Latona* trauelling that way,
Flying from *Iunoes* wrath and hard assay,
Of her faire twins was there deliuered,
Which afterwards did rule the night and day;
Thenceforth it firmly was established,
And for *Apolloes* honour highly herried.

14
They to him hearken, as beseemeth meete,
And passe on forward: so their way does ly,
That one of those same Islands which doe fleet
In the wide sea, they needes must passen by,
Which seem'd so sweet and pleasant to the eye,
That it would tempt a man to touchen there:
Vpon the bank they sitting did espy
A daintie damzell, dressing of her heare,
By whom a litle skippet floting did appeare.

15
She, them espying, loud to them gan call,
Bidding them nigher drawe vnto the shore;
For she had cause to busie them withall;
And therewith loudly laught: But nathemore
Would they once turne, but kept on as afore:
Which when she saw, she left her locks vndight,
And running to her boat withouten ore,
From the departing land it launched light,
And after them did driue with all her power and might.

16
Whom ouertaking, she in merry sort
Them gan to bord, and purpose diuersly,
Now fauning dalliance and wanton sport,
Now throwing forth lewd words immodestly;
Till that the Palmer gan full bitterly
Her to rebuke, for being loose and light:
Which not abiding, but more scornefully
Scoffing at him, that did her iustly wite,
She turnd her bote about, and from them rowed quite.

17
That was the wanton *Phædria*, which late
Did ferry him, ouer the *Ydle lake:*
Whom nought regarding, they kept on their gate,
And all her vaine allurements did forsake,
When them the wary Boateman thus bespake;
Here now behoueth vs well to auyse,
And of our safetie good heed to take;
For here before a perlous passage lyes,
Where many Mermayds haunt, making false melodies.

18
But by the way, there is a great Quicksand,
And a whirlepoole of hidden ieopardie:
Therefore, Sir Palmer, keep an euen hand;
For twixt them both the narrow way doth lie.
Scarse had he said, when hard at hand they spy
That quicksand nigh, with water couered;
But by the checked waue they did descrie
It plaine, and by the sea discoloured:
It called was the quicksand of *Vnthriftyhed*.

19
They, passing by, a goodly Ship did see,
Laden from far with precious merchandize,
And brauely furnished, as ship might be,
Which through great disauenture, or misprize,
Her selfe had runne into that hazardize;
Whose Mariners and Merchants with much toyle,
Labour'd in vaine to haue recur'd their prize,
And the rich wares to saue from pittious spoyle:
But neither toyle nor trauell might her backe recoyle.

20
On th'other side they see that perilous Poole,
That called was the *Whirlepoole of decay*,
In which full many had with hapless doole
Beene sunke, of whom no memory did stay:
Whose circled waters rapt with whirling sway,
Like ro a restlesse wheele, still running round,
Did couet, as they passed by that way,
To draw the boat within the vtmost bound
Of his wide *Labyrinth*, and then to haue them dround.

21
But th'heedfull Boateman strongly foorth did stretch
His brawnie armes, and all his body straine,
That th'vtmost sandy breach they shortly fetch,
Whiles the drad danger does behind remaine.
Suddaine they see, from midst of all the Maine,
The surging waters like a Mountaine rise,
And the great sea puft vp with proud disdaine,
To swell aboue the measure of his guise,
As threatning to deuoure all, that his powre despise.

22
The waues come rolling, and the billowes rore
Outragiously, as they enraged were;
Or wrathfull *Neptune* did them driue before
His whirling charet, for exceeding feare:
For, not one puffe of wind there did appeare,
That all the three thereat woxe much affrayd,
Vnweeting what such horrour strange did reare.
Eftsoones they saw an hydeous host arrayd
Of huge Sea monsters, such as liuing sense dismayd;

23
Most vgly shapes, and horrible aspects,
Such as Dame Nature selfe mote feare to see,
Or shame, that euer should so fowle defects
From her most cunning hand escaped be;
All dreadfull pourtraicts of deformitee:
Spring-headed *Hydraes*, and sea-shouldring Whales,
Great whirlpooles, which all fishes make to flee,
Bright Scolopendraes, arm'd with siluer scales,
Mighty *Monoceros*, with immeasured tayles.

24
The dreadfull Fish, that hath deserv'd the name
Of Death, and like him lookes in dreadfull hew,
The griesly Wasserman, that makes his game
The flying ships with swiftnesse to pursew,
The horrible Sea-satyre, that doth shew
His fearefull face in time of greatest storme,
Huge *Ziffius*, whom Mariners eschew
No lesse then rockes (as trauellers informe)
And greedy *Rosmarines* with visages deforme;

25
All these, and thousand thousands many more,
And more deformed Monsters thousand fold,
With dreadfull noise, and hollow rombling rore,
Came rushing in the fomy waues enrold,
Which seem'd to fly for feare, them to behold:
Ne wonder, if these did the Knight appall;
For, all that here on earth we dreadfull hold,
Be but as bugs to fearen babes withall,
Compared to the Creatures in the seas entrall.

26
Feare nought, then said the Palmer well auiz'd;
For, these same Monsters are not these in deed,
But are into these fearefull shapes disguiz'd
By that same wicked witch, to worke vs dreed,
And drawe from on this iourney to proceed.
Tho, lifting vp his vertuous staffe on hye,
He smote the sea, which calmed was with speed,
And all that dreadfull Armie fast gan flye
Into great *Tethys* bosome, where they hidden lye.

27
Quit from that danger, forth their course they kept:
And as they went they heard a ruefull crie
Of one, that wayld and pittifully wept,
That through the sea resounding plaints did fly:
At last they in an Island did espy
A seemly Maiden, sitting by the shore,
That with great sorrow, and sad agony,
Seemed some great misfortune to deplore,
And lowd to them for succour called euermore.

Which

28
Which *Guyon* hearing, streight his Palmer bade
To stere the boate towards that dolefull Mayd,
That he might knowe, and ease her sorrow sad:
Who him auizing better, to him sayd;
Faire Sir, be not displeas'd, if disobayd:
For ill it were to hearken to her cry;
For she is inly nothing ill appayd,
But onely womanish fine forgerie,
Your stubborne heart t'affect with fraile infirmitie.

29
To which when she your courage hath inclin'd
Through foolish pittie, then her guilefull bayt
She will embosome deeper in your mind,
And for your ruine at the last awayt.
The knight was ruled, and the *Boateman* strayt
Held on his course with stayed stedfastnesse,
Ne euer shrunke, ne euer sought to bayt
His tired armes for toylsome wearinesse,
But with his oares did sweepe the watry wilderneſse.

30
And now they nigh approched to the sted,
Where as those Mermaids dwelt: it was a still
And calmy bay, on th'one side sheltered
With the broad shadow of an hoarie hill,
On th'other side an high rocke toured still,
That twixt them both a pleasant port they made,
And did like an halfe Theatre fulfill:
There those fiue sisters had continuall trade,
And vs'd to bathe themselues in that deceitfull shade.

31
They were faire Ladies till they fondly striv'd
With th'*Heliconian* maides for maistery;
Of whom they ouercommen were depriv'd
Of their proud beautie, and th'one moity
Transform'd to fish, for their bold surquedry:
But th'vpper halfe their hew retained still,
And their sweet skill in wonted melody;
Which euer after they abus'd to ill,
T'allure weake Trauellers, whom gotten they did kill.

32
So now to *Guyon*, as he passed by,
Their pleasant tunes they sweetly thus applide;
O thou faire sonne of gentle Faery,
That art in mighty armes most magnifide
Aboue all knights, that euer battell tride,
O turne thy rudder hitherward awhile:
Here may thy storme-bet vessell safely ride;
This is the Port of rest from troublous toyle,
The worlds sweet In, from paine & wearisome turmoyle.

33
With that, the rolling sea resounding soft,
In his big base them fitly answered,
And on the rocke the waues breaking aloft,
A solemne Meane vnto them measured,
The whiles sweet *Zephyrus* lowd whisteled
His trebble, a strange kind of harmonie;
Which *Guyons* senses softly tickeled,
That he the *Boateman* bad rowe easily,
And let him heare some part of their rare melodie.

34
But him that Palmer from that vanitie,
With temperate aduise discounselled,
That they it past, and shortly gan descry
The land, to which their course they leueled;
When suddeinly a grosse fog ouer-spred
With his dull vapour all that desert has,
And heauens chearefull face enueloped,
That all things one, and one as nothing was,
And this great Vniuerse seem'd one confused mass.

35
Thereat they greatly were dismayd, ne wist
How to direct their way in darknesse wide,
But feard to wander in that wastfull mist,
For tombling into mischiefe vnespide.
Worse is the danger hidden, then descride.
Suddeinly an innumerable flight
Of harmefull fowles, about them fluttering, cride,
And with their wicked wings them oft did smight,
And sore annoyed, groping in that griesly night.

36
Euen all the nation of vnfortunate
And fatall birds about them flocked were,
Such as by nature men abhorre and hate,
The ill-fac't Owle, deaths dreadfull messengere,
The hoarse Night-rauen, trump of dolefull drere,
The lether-winged Bat, dayes enemy,
The ruefull Strich, still waiting on the bere,
The Whistler shrill, that whoso heares, doth dy;
The hellish Harpies, Prophets of sad destinie.

37
All those, and all that else does horrour breed,
About them flew, and fild their sayles with feare:
Yet stayd they not, but forward did proceed,
Whiles th'one did rowe, and th'other stifly steare;
Till that at last the weather gan to cleare,
And the faire land it selfe did plainely showe.
Said then the Palmer, Lo where does appeare
The sacred soile, where all our perils growe;
Therfore, Sir knight, your ready armes about you throwe.

38
He hearkned, and his armes about him tooke,
The whiles the nimble boate so well her sped,
That with her crooked keele the land she strooke,
Then forth the noble *Guyon* sallied,
And his sage Palmer, that him gouerned;
But th'other by his boate behind did stay.
They marched fairely forth, of nought ydred,
Both firmely armd for euery hard assay,
With constancie and care, gainst danger and dismay.

39
Ere long they heard an hideous bellowing
Of many beasts, that roarde outrageously,
As if that hungers point, or *Venus* sting
Had them enraged with fell surquedry;
Yet nought they feard, but past on hardily,
Vntill they came in view of those wilde beasts:
Who all at once, gaping full greedily,
And rearing fiercely their vpstarting crests,
Ran towards, to deuoure those vnexpected guests.

But

40
But soone as they approch't, with deadly threat
The Palmer over them his staffe vpheld,
His mighty staffe, that could all charmes defeat:
Eftsoones their stubborne courages were queld,
And high advaunced crests downe meekely feld:
In stead of fraying, they themselues did feare,
And trembled, as them passing they beheld:
Such wondrous powre did in that staffe appeare,
All monsters to subdue to him that did it beare.

41
Of that same wood it fram'd was cunningly
Of which *Caduceus* whilome was made;
Caduceus, the rod of *Mercury*,
With which he wonts the *Stygian* realmes invade,
Through gastly horrour, and eternall shade;
Th'infernall fiends with it he can assuage,
And *Orcus* tame, whom nothing can perswade,
And rule the *Furies*, when they most doe rage:
Such vertue in his staffe had eke this Palmer sage.

42
Thence passing forth, they shortly doe arriue,
Whereas the *Bowre of Blisse* was situate;
A place pickt out by choice of best aliue,
That Natures worke by art can imitate:
In which what-euer in this worldly state
Is sweet, and pleasing vnto liuing sense,
Or that may daintiest fantasie aggrate,
Was poured forth with plentifull dispence,
And made there to abound with lauish affluence.

43
Goodly it was enclosed round about,
Aswell their entred guests to keepe within,
As those vnruly beasts to hold without;
Yet was the fence thereof but weake and thin:
Nought feard their force, that fortilage to win,
But wisedoms powre, and temperances might,
By which the mightiest things efforced bin:
And eke the gate was wrought of substance light,
Rather for pleasure, then for battery or fight.

44
It framed was of precious yuory,
That seem'd a worke of admirable wit;
And therein all the famous history
Of *Iason* and *Medea* was ywrit;
Her mighty charmes, her turious louing fit,
His goodly conquest of the golden fleece,
His false faith, and loue too lightly flit,
The wondred *Argo*, which in vent'rous peece
First through the *Euxine* seas bore all the flowr of *Greece*.

45
Ye might haue seene the frothy billowes fry
Vnder the ship as thorough them she went,
That seem'd the waues were into yuory,
Or yuory into the waues were sent;
And other where the snowy substance sprent,
With vermell like the boyes bloud therein shed,
A pitious spectacle did represent,
And otherwhiles with gold besprinkeled;
It seemd th'enchaunted flame, which did *Creüsa* wed.

46
All this, and more might in that goodly gate
Be read; that euer open stood to all,
Which thither came: but in the Porch there sate
A comely personage of stature tall,
And semblaunce pleasing, more then naturall,
That Trauellers to him seem'd to entise;
His looser garment to the ground did fall,
And flew about his heeles in wanton wise,
Not fit for speedy pase, or manly exercise.

47
They in that place him *Genius* did call:
Not that celestiall powre, to whom the care
Of life, and generation of all
That liues, pertaines, in charge particular,
Who wondrous things concerning our welfare,
And strange phantomes doth let vs oft foresee,
And oft of secret ill bids vs beware:
That is our Selfe; whom though we doe not see,
Yet each doth in himselfe it well perceiue to bee.

48
Therefore a God him sage Antiquity
Did wisely make, and good *Agdistes* call:
But this same was to that quite contrary,
The foe of life, that good enuyes to all,
That secretly doth vs procure to fall,
Through guilefull semblaunts, which he makes vs see.
He of this Gardin had the gouernall,
And Pleasures porter was deuiz'd to be,
Holding a staffe in hand for more formalitee.

49
With diuerse flowres he daintily was deckt,
And strowed round about, and by his side
A mighty Mazer bowle of wine was set,
As if it had to him been sacrifide;
Wherewith all new-come guests he gratifide:
So did he eke Sir *Guyon* passing by:
But he his idle curtesie defide,
And ouerthrew his bowle disdainefully;
And broke his staffe, with which he charmed semblants sly.

50
Thus being entred, they behold around
A large and spacious plaine, on euery side
Strowed with pleasance, whose faire grassie ground
Mantled with greene, and goodly beautifide
With all the Ornaments of *Floraes* pride,
Wherewith her mother Art, as halfe in scorne
Of niggard Nature, like a pompous Bride
Did decke her, and too lauishly adorne, (morne.
When forth from virgin bowre she comes in th'early

51
Thereto the Heauens alwaies Iouiall,
Lookt on them louely, still in stedfast state,
Ne suffred storme nor frost on them to fall,
Their tender buds or leaues to violate,
Nor scorching heat, nor cold intemperate
T'afflict the creatures, which therein did dwell,
But the milde aire with season moderate
Gently attempred, and dispos'd so well,
That still it breathed forth sweet spirit & holesome smell.
More

52
More sweet and wholsome, then the pleasant hill
Of *Rhodope*, on which the Nymph that bore
A giant babe, her selfe for griefe did kill;
Or the Thessalian *Tempe*, where of yore
Faire *Daphne*, *Phœbus* hart with loue did gore;
Or *Ida*, where the Gods lov'd to repaire,
When-euer they their heauenly bowres forlore;
Or sweet *Parnasse*, the haunt of Muses faire;
Or *Eden*, if that ought with *Eden* mote compaire.

53
Much wondred *Guyon* at the faire aspect
Of that sweet place, yet suffred no delight
To sinke into his sense, nor mind affect,
But passed forth, and lookt still forward right,
Bridling his will, and maistering his might:
Till that he came vnto another gate,
No gate, but like one, beeing goodly dight
With boughes and branches, which did broad dilate
Their clasping armes, in wanton wreathings intricate.

54
So fashioned a Porch with rare deuise,
Archt over head with an embracing Vine,
Whose bunches hanging downe, seem'd to entice
All passers by, to taste their lushious wine,
And did themselues into their hands incline,
As freelie offering to be gathered:
Some deepe empurpled as the *Hyacint*,
Some as the Rubine, laughing sweetly red,
Some like faire Emeraudes, not yet well ripened.

55
And them amongst, some were of burnisht gold,
So made by art, to beautifie the rest,
Which did themselues emongst the leaues enfold,
As lurking from the view of couetous guest,
That the weake boughes, with so rich load opprest,
Did bow adowne, as over-burdened.
Vnder that Porch a comely Dame did rest,
Clad in faire weedes, but foule disordered,
And garments loose, that seem'd vnmeet for womanhed.

56
In her left hand a Cup of gold she held,
And with her right the riper fruit did reach,
Whose sappy liquor that with fulnesse sweld,
Into her cup she scruz'd, with dainty breach
Of her fine fingers, without foule empeach,
That so fayre wine-presse made the wine more sweet:
Thereof she vs'd to giue to drinke to each,
Whom passing by she happened to meet:
It was her guise, all Strangers goodly so to greet.

57
So she to *Guyon* offred it to taste;
VVho taking it out of her tender hond,
The cup to ground did violently cast,
That all in peeces it was broken fond,
And with the liquor stained all the lond:
VVhereat *Excesse* exceedingly was wroth,
Yet no'te the same amend, ne yet withstond,
But suffred him to passe, all were she loth;
Who, not regarding her displeasure, forward go'th.

58
There the most dainty Paradise on ground,
It selfe doth offer to his sober eye,
In which all pleasures plentiously abound,
And none does others happinesse envy:
The painted flowres, the trees vpshooting hie,
The dales for shade, the hilles for breathing space,
The trembling groues, the Crystall running by;
And that, which all faire works doth most aggrace,
The art, which all that wrought, appeared in no place.

59
One would haue thought (so cunningly the rude
And scorned parts were mingled with the fine)
That Nature had for wantonnesse ensude
Art, and that Art at Nature did repine;
So striuing each th'other to vndermine,
Each did the others worke more beautifie:
So differing both in willes, agreed in fine:
So all agreed through sweet diuersitie,
This Garden to adorne with all varietie.

60
And in the midst of all, a Fountaine stood,
Of richest substance that on earth might bee,
So pure and shiny, that the silver flood
Through euery channell running one might see;
Most goodly it with pure imageree
Was over-wrought, and shapes of naked boyes,
Of which some seem'd with liuely iollitee
To fly about, playing their wanton toyes,
Whil'st others did themselues embay in liquid ioyes.

61
And over all, of purest gold was spred
A trayle of Ivie in his natiue hew:
For, the rich metall was so coloured,
That wight, who did not well aviz'd it view,
Would surely deeme it to be Ivie true:
Lowe his lasciuious armes adowne did creepe,
That themselues dipping in the silver dew,
Their fleecie flowres they tenderly did steepe,
Which drops of Crystall seem'd for wantonnesse to weepe.

62
Infinite streames continually did well
Out of this Fountaine, sweet and faire to see,
The which into an ample Laver fell,
And shortly grew to so great quantitie,
That like a little lake it seem'd to bee;
Whose depth exceeded not three cubits hight,
That through the waues one might the bottom see,
All pav'd beneath with Iaspar shining bright,
That seem'd the Fountaine in that Sea did sayle vpright.

63
And all the margent round about was set,
With shady Laurell trees, thence to defend
The sunny beames, which on the billowes bet,
And those which therein bathed, mote offend.
As *Guyon* hapned by the same to wend,
Two naked Damzelles he therein espyde,
Which therein bathing, seemed to contend,
And wrestle wantonly, ne car'd to hide
Their dainty parts from view of any which them eyde.

64

Some-times, the one would lift the other quight
Aboue the waters, and then downe againe
Her plonge, as over-maistered by might,
Where both awhile would couered remaine,
And each the other from to rise restraine;
The whiles their snowy limbes, as through a vele,
So through the Crystall waues appeared plaine:
Then suddainly both would themselues vnhele,
And th'amarous sweet spoyles to greedy eyes reuele.

65

As that faire Starre, the messenger of morne,
His deawy face out of the sea doth reare:
Or as the *Cyprian* Goddesse, newly borne
Of th'Oceans fruitfull froth, did first appeare:
Such seemed they, and so their yellow heare
Crystalline humour dropped downe apace.
Whom such when *Guyon* saw, he drew him neare,
And some-what gan relent his earnest pase,
His stubborne breast gan secret pleasance to embrace.

66

The wanton Maidens him espying, stood
Gazing awhile at his vnwonted guise;
Then th'one her selfe lowe ducked in the flood,
Abasht, that her a stranger did avise:
But th'other, rather higher did arise,
And her two lilly paps aloft displayd,
And all that might his melting hart entise
To her delights, she vnto him bewrayd:
The rest hid vnderneath, him more desirous made.

67

With that, the other likewise vp arose,
And her faire locks, which formerly were bound
Vp in one knot, she lowe adowne did lose:
Which, flowing long and thick, her cloth'd around,
And th'Iuorie in golden mantle gownd:
So that faire spectacle from him was reft,
Yet that which reft it, no lesse faire was found:
So hid in locks and waues from lookers theft,
Nought but her louely face she for his looking left.

68

Withall she laughed, and shee blusht withall,
That blushing to her laughter gaue more grace,
And laughter to her blushing, as did fall:
Now when they spyde the knight to slack his pase,
Them to behold, and in his sparkling face
The secret signes of kindled lust appeare,
Their wanton meriments they did encrease,
And to him beckned, to approche more neare,
And shewd him many sights, that courage cold could reare.

69

On which when gazing him the Palmer saw,
He much rebuk't those wandring eyes of his,
And (counseld well) him forward thence did draw.
Now are they come nigh to the *Bowre of bliss*
Of her fond fauorites so nam'd amiss:
When thus the Palmer; Now Sir, well avise;
For, heere the end of all our trauell is:
Heere wonnes *Acrasia*, whom we must surprise,
Else she will slip away, and all our drift despise.

70

Eftsoones they heard a most melodious sound,
Of all that mote delight a dainty eare,
Such as attonce might not on liuing ground,
Saue in this Paradise, be heard elsewhere:
Right hard it was for wight which did it heare,
To read what manner musick that mote bee:
For, all that pleasing is to liuing eare,
Was there consorted in one harmonee,
Birds, voyces, instruments, windes, waters, all agree.

71

The ioyous birds, shrouded in chearefull shade,
Their notes vnto the voyce attempred sweet;
Th'Angelicall soft trembling voyces made
To th'instruments divine respondence meet:
The siluer sounding instruments did meet
With the base murmure of the waters fall:
The waters fall with difference discreet,
Now soft, now loud, vnto the wind did call:
The gentle warbling wind lowe answered to all.

72

There, whence that Musick seemed heard to bee,
Was the faire Witch, her selfe now solacing
With a new Louer, whom through sorceree
And witchcraft, she from farre did thither bring:
There she had him now layd aslumbering,
In secret shade, after long wanton ioyes:
Whil'st round about them pleasantly did sing
Many faire Ladies, and lasciuious boyes,
That euer mixt their song with light licentious toyes.

73

And all the while, right over him she hong,
With her false eyes fast fixed in his sight,
As seeking medicine, whence she was stong,
Or greedily depasturing delight:
And oft inclining downe with kisses light,
For feare of waking him, his lips bedewd,
And through his humid eyes did suck his spright,
Quite molten into lust and pleasure lewd;
Where-with she sighed soft, as if his case she rewd.

74

The whiles, some one did chaunt this louely lay;
Ah see, whoso faire thing doost faine to see,
In springing flowre the image of thy day;
Ah see the Virgin Rose, how sweetly shee
Doth first peepe foorth with bashfull modestee,
That fayrer seemes, the lesse yee see her may;
Lo, see soone after, how more bold and free
Her bared bosome she doth broad display;
Lo, see soone after, how she fades and falles away.

75

So passeth, in the passing of a day,
Of mortall life the leafe, the bud, the flowre,
Ne more doth flourish after first decay,
That earst was sought to deck both bed and bowre
Of many a Lady, and many a Paramoure:
Gather therefore the Rose, whil'st yet is prime,
For, soone comes age, that will her pride deflowre:
Gather the Rose of loue, whil'st yet is time,
Whil'st louing thou mayst loued be with equall crime.

He

76

He ceast, and then gan all the quire of birds
Their diuerse notes t'attune vnto his lay,
As in approuance of his pleasing words.
The constant paire heard all that he did say,
Yet swarued not, but kept their forward way,
Through many couert groues, and thickets close,
In which they creeping did at last display
That wanton Ladie, with her Louer lose,
VVhose sleepy head she in her lap did soft dispose.

77

Vpon a bed of Roses she was layd,
As faint through heat, or dight to pleasant sin,
And was arrayd, or rather disarrayd,
All in a veile of silke and siluer thin,
That hid no whit her alablaster skin,
But rather shewd more white, if more might bee:
More subtile web *Arachne* cannot spin,
Nor the fine nets, which oft we wouen see
Of scorched deaw, doe not in th'aire more lightly flee.

78

Her snowy breast was bare to ready spoyle
Of hungry eyes, which n'ote there-with be fild;
And yet through languour of her late sweet toyle,
Few drops, more cleare then Nectar, forth distild,
That like pure Orient pearles adowne it trild:
And her fayre eyes sweet smyling in delight,
Moystened their fierie beames, with which she thrild
Fraile harts, yet quenched not; like starry light
Which sparkling on the silent waues, does seeme more bright.

79

The young man sleeping by her, seem'd to bee
Some goodly swayne of honourable place,
That certes it great pitty was to see
Him his nobilitie so foule deface;
A sweet regard, and amiable grace,
Mixed with manly sternnesse did appeare
Yet sleeping, in his well proportiond face,
And on his tender lips the downy haire
Did now but freshly spring, and silken blossoms beare.

80

His warlike armes (the idle instruments
Of sleeping praise) were hong vpon a tree,
And his braue shield (full of old moniments)
Was foully ras't, that none the signes might see;
Ne for them, ne for honour cared hee,
Ne ought that did to his aduancement tend,
But in lewd loues, and wastefull luxuree,
His dayes, his goods, his body he did spend:
O horrible enchauntment, that him so did blend!

81

The noble Elfe, and carefull Palmer drew
So nigh them (minding nought but lustfull game)
That suddaine forth they on them rusht, and threw
A subtile net, which onely for the same
The skilfull Palmer formally did frame.
So held them vnder fast, the whiles the rest
Fled all away for feare of fouler shame.
The faire Enchauntresse, so vnwares oppresst,
Tryde all her arts, and all her sleights, thence out to wrest.

82

And eke her Louer stroue: but all in vaine;
For, that same net so cunningly was wound,
That neither guile nor force might it distraine.
They tooke them both, & both them strongly bound
In captiue bands, which there they ready found:
But her in chaines of Adamant he tyde;
For nothing else might keepe her safe and sound;
But *Verdant* (so he hight) he soone vntyde,
And counsell sage in steed thereof to him applide.

83

But all those pleasant bowres, and Palace braue,
Guyon broke downe, with rigour pittilesse;
Ne ought their goodly workmanship might saue
Them from the tempest of his wrathfulnesse,
But that their blisse he turn'd to balefulnesse:
Their Groues he feld, their Gardens did deface,
Their Arbers spoyld, their Cabinets suppresse,
Their Banket-houses burne, their buildings race,
And of the fayrest late, now made the foulest place.

84

Then led they her away, and eke that knight
They with them led, both sorrowfull and sad:
The way they came, the same returnd they right,
Till they arriued where they lately had
Charm'd those wild-beasts, that rag'd with fury mad.
VVhich now awaking, fierce at them gan fly,
As in their mistresse reskew, whom they lad;
But them the Palmer soone did pacifie. (did lie.
Then *Guyon* askt, what meant those beastes vvhich there

85

Said hee, These seeming beastes are men indeed,
Whom this Enchauntresse hath transformed thus,
Whylome her Louers, which her lusts did feed,
Now turned into figures hideous,
According to their mindes like monstruous.
Sad end, quoth he, of life intemperate,
And mournefull meede of ioyes delicious:
But Palmer, if it mote thee so aggrate,
Let them returned be vnto their former state.

86

Straight-way he with his vertuous staffe them strooke,
And straight of beasts they comely men became;
Yet beeing men, they did vnmanly looke,
And stared ghastly, some for inward shame,
And some for wrath, to see their captiue Dame:
But one aboue the rest in speciall,
That had an hog been late (hight *Grille* by name)
Repined greatly, and did him miscall,
That had from hoggish forme him brought to naturall.

87

Said *Guyon*, See the mind of beastly man,
That hath so soone forgot the excellence
Of his creation, when he life began,
That now he chooseth with vile difference,
To be a beast, and lacke intelligence.
To whom the Palmer thus, The dunghill kind
Delights in filth and foule incontinence:
Let *Grill* be *Grill*, and haue his hoggish mind,
But let vs hence depart, whil'st weather serues and wind.

The end of the second Booke.

THE THIRD BOOKE OF THE FAERIE QVEENE:

CONTAINING

THE LEGENDE OF BRITOMARTIS.

OR

Of Chastitie.

1

TFalles me heere to write of Chastitie,
That fairest vertue, farre aboue the rest;
For which what needs me fetch from *Faery*
Forraine ensamples, it to haue expresst?
Sith it is shrined in my Soueraignes brest,
And form'd so liuely in each perfect part,
That to all Ladies, which haue it profest,
Need but behold the pourtraict of her hart,
If pourtrayd it might be by any liuing art.

2

But liuing art may not least part expresse,
Nor life-resembling pencill it can paint,
All were it *Zeuxis* or *Praxiteles*:
His dædale hand would faile, and greatly faint,
And her perfections with his error taint:
Ne Poets wit, that passeth Painter farre
In picturing the parts of beautie daint,
So hard a workmanship adventure darre,
For feare through want of words her excellence to marre.

3

How then shall I, Apprentice of the skill,
That whylome in diuinest wits did raigne,
Presume so high to stretch mine humble quill?
Yet now my luckless lot doth me constraine
Heere-to perforce. But ô, drad Soueraigne,
Thus farre forth pardon, sith that choicest wit
Cannot your glorious pourtraict figure plaine
That I in colourd showes may shadow it,
And antique prayses vnto present persons fit.

4

But if in liuing colours, and right hew,
Your selfe you covet to see pictured,
Who can it doe more liuely, or more trew,
Then that sweet verse, with *Nectar* sprinkeled,
In which a gracious seruaunt pictured
His *Cynthia*, his heauens fairest light?
That with his melting sweetnesse ravished,
And with the wonder of her beamez bright,
My senses lulled are in slumber of delight.

5

But let that same delicious Poet lend
A little leaue vnto a rusticke Muse,
To sing his Mistresse praise; and let him mend,
If ought amiss her liking may abuse:
Ne let his fayrest *Cynthia* refuse,
In mirrours more then one her selfe to see;
But eyther *Gloriana* let her chuse,
Or in *Belphœbe* fashioned to bee:
In th'one her rule, in th'other her rare chastitee.

Canto I.

Gayon encountreth Britomart,
faire Florimell is chaced:
Duessaes traines and Materastaes
champions are defaced.

1

THe famous Briton Prince and Faery knight,
After long wayes & perilous paines endured,
Hauing their weary limbes to perfect plight
Restor'd, & sory wounds right well recured,
Of the faire *Alma* greatly were procured
To make there lenger soiourne and abode;
But when thereto they might not be allured,
From seeking praise, and deeds of armes abroade,
They courteous conge tooke, and forth together yode.

2

But the captiu'd *Acrasia* hee sent,
Because of trauell long, a nigher way,
With a strong gard, all reskew to prevent,
And her to Faery-court safe to conuay,
That her for witnesse of his hard assay,
Vnto his *Faery* Queene he might present:
But he himselfe betooke another way,
To make more triall of his hardiment,
And seeke adventures, as he with Prince *Arthur* went.

3

Long so they trauelled through wastefull wayes,
Where dangers dwelt, and perils most did wonne,
To hunt for glorie and renowmed praise;
Full many Countries they did over-runne,
From the vprising to the setting Sunne,
And many hard adventures did atchieue;
Of all the which they honour euer wonne,
Seeking the weake oppressed to relieue,
And to recouer right for such as wrong did grieue.

4

At last, as through an open Plaine they yode,
They spyde a knight, that towards pricked faire,
And him beside an aged Squire there rode,
That seem'd to couch vnder his shield three-square,
As if that age bade him that burden spare,
And yield it those, that stouter could it wield:
He them espying, gan himselfe prepare,
And on his arme addresse his goodly shield
That bore a Lyon passant in a golden field.

5

Which seeing good Sir *Guyon*, deare besought
The Prince of grace, to let him runne that turne.
He graunted: then the Faery quickly raught
His poynant speare, and sharpely gan to spurne
His stomy steed, whose fiery feete did burne
The verdant grasse, as he thereon did tread;
Ne did the other backe his foote returne,
But fiercely forward came withouten dread,
And bent his dreadfull speare against the others head.

6

They beene ymet, and both their poynts arriued,
But *Guyon* droue so furious and fell,
That seem'd both shield and plate it would haue riued;
Natheless, it bore his foe not from his sell,
But made him stagger, as he were not well:
But *Guyon* selfe, ere well he was aware,
Nigh a speares length behind his crouper fell,
Yet in his fall so well himselfe he bare,
That mischieuous mischaunce his life & limbes did spare.

7

Great shame and sorrow of that fall hee tooke;
For neuer yet since warlike armes he bore,
And shiuering speare in bloudy field first shooke,
He found himselfe dishonoured so sore.
Ah gentlest knight that euer armour bore,
Let not thee grieue dismounted to haue beene,
And brought to ground, that neuer wast before;
For, not thy fault, but secret powre vnseene,
That speare enchaũted was, which laid thee on the Greene.

8

But weenedst thou what wight thee ouerthrew,
Much greater griefe and shamefuller regret
For thy hard fortune then thou wouldst renew,
That of a single Damsell thou wert met
On equall Plaine, and there so hard beset;
Euen the famous *Britomart* it was,
Whom strange aduenture did from *Britaine* fet,
To seeke her Louer (loue farre sought alas)
Whose image she had seene in *Venus* looking glass.

Full

9

Full of disdainefull wrath, he fierce vp-rose,
For to revenge that foule reprochefull shame,
And snatching his bright sword, began to close
With her on foote, and stoutly forward came;
Die rather would he then endure that same.
Which when his Palmer saw, he gan to feare
His toward perill and vntoward blame,
Which by that new r'encounter he should reare:
For, death sate on the point of that enchaunted speare.

10

And hasting towards him, gan faire perswade,
Not to prouoke misfortune, nor to weene
His speares default to mend with cruell blade;
For, by his mighty Science he had seene
The secret vertue of that weapon keene,
That mortall puissance mote not withstond:
Nothing on earth mote alwaies happy beene.
Great hazard were it, and adventure fond,
To lose long gotten honour with one euill hond.

11

By such good meanes he him discounselled,
From prosecuting his reuenging rage;
And eke the Prince like treaty handeled,
His wrathfull will with reason to asswage,
And laid the blame, not to his carriage,
But to his starting steed, that swaru'd aside,
And to the ill purveyance of his page,
That had his furnitures not firmely tide:
So is his angry courage fairely pacifide.

12

Thus reconcilement was betweene them knit,
Through goodly temperance, and affection chaste,
And either vow'd with all their powre and wit,
To let not others honour be defac't
Of friend or foe, who euer it embas't,
Ne armes to beare against the others side:
In which accord the Prince was also plac't,
And with that golden chaine of concord tyde.
So goodly all agreed, they forth yfere did ryde.

13

O goodly vsage of those antique times!
In which the sword was seruaunt vnto right;
When not for malice and contentious crimes,
But all for praise, and proofe of manly might,
The Martiall brood accustomed to fight:
Then honour was the meed of victorie,
And yet the vanquished had no despight:
Let later age that noble vse envie,
Vile rancour to avoyd, and cruell surquedry.

14

Long they thus trauelled in friendly wise,
Through countries waste, and eke well edifyde,
Seeking adventures hard, to exercise
Their puissance, whylome full dernely tryde:
At length they came into a forrest wide,
Whose hideous horror and sad trembling sound
Full griesly seem'd: Therein they long did ride,
Yet tract of liuing creatures none they found,
Saue Beares, Lyons, & Buls, which romed them around.

15

All suddenly out of the thickest brush,
Vpon a milke-white Palfrey all alone,
A goodly Lady did foreby them rush,
Whose face did seeme as cleare as Crystall stone,
And eke (through feare) as white as Whales bone:
Her garments all were wrought of beaten gold,
And all her steed with tinsell trappings shone,
Which fled so fast, that nothing mote him hold,
And scarce them leasure gaue, her passing to behold.

16

Still as she fled, her eye she backward threw,
As fearing euill, that pursewd her fast;
And her faire yellow locks behind her flew,
Loosely disperst with puffe of euery blast:
All as a blazing starre doth farre out-cast
His hairie beames, and flaming locks disspred,
At sight whereof the people stand agast:
But the sage Wisard telles (as he has read)
That it importunes death, and dolefull drerihead.

17

So, as they gazed after her awhile,
Lo, where a grisly Foster foorth did rush,
Breathing out beastly lust her to defile:
His tyreling iade he fiercely forth did push,
Through thicke and thin, both over banke and bush,
In hope her to attaine by hooke or crooke,
That from his gorie sides the bloud did gush:
Large were his limbes, and terrible his looke,
And in his clownish hand a sharpe bore-speare he shooke.

18

Which outrage when those gentle knights did see,
Full of great envie and fell iealousie,
They stayd not to avise who first should bee,
But all spurd after fast, as they mote fly,
To reskew her from shamefull villany.
The Prince and *Guyon* equally byliue
Her selfe pursewd, in hope to win thereby
Most goodly meed, the fayrest Dame aliue:
But after the foule Foster *Timias* did striue.

19

The whiles faire *Britomart*, whose constant mind,
Would not so lightly follow beauties chace,
Ne reckt of Ladies loue, did stay behind,
And them awaited there a certaine space,
To weet if they would turne backe to that place:
But when shee saw them gone, she forward went,
As lay her iourney, through that perlous Pace,
With stedfast courage and stout hardiment;
Ne euill thing she fear'd, ne euill thing she ment.

20

At last, as nigh out of the wood she came,
A stately Castle farre away she spyde,
To which her steps directly she did frame.
That Castle was most goodly edifyde,
And plac't for pleasure nigh that forrest side:
But faire before the gate a spatious Plaine,
Mantled with greene, it selfe did spredden wide,
On which she saw sixe knights, that did darraine
Fierce battaile against one, with cruell might and maine.

21

Mainely they all attonce vpon him layd,
And sore beset on euery side around,
That nigh he breathlesse grew, yet nought dismayd,
Ne euer to them yielded foot of ground
All had he lost much bloud through many a wound,
But stoutly dealt his blowes, and euery way
To which he turned in his wrathfull stound,
Made them recoyle, and fly from drad decay,
That none of all the sixe, before him durst assay:

22

Like dastard Curres, that hauing at a bay
The salvage beast embost in wearie chace,
Dare not adventure on the stubborne pray,
Ne byte before, but rome from place to place,
To get a snatch, when turned is his face.
In such distresse and doubtfull ieopardy,
When *Britomart* him saw, shee ran apace
Vnto his reskew, and with earnest cry,
Bade those same sixe forbeare that single enemy.

23

But to her cry they list not lenden eare,
Ne ought the more their mighty stroakes surceasse,
But gathering him round about more neare,
Their direfull rancour rather did encrease;
Till that she rushing through the thickest preace,
Perforce disparted their compacted gyre,
And soone compeld to harken vnto peace:
Tho gan she mildly of them to inquire
The cause of their dissension and outragious ire.

24

VVhere-to that single knight did aunswere frame;
These sixe would me enforce by oddes of might,
To change my liefe, and loue another Dame,
That death me liefer were then such despight,
So vnto wrong to yield my wrested right:
For, I loue one, the truest one on ground,
Ne list me change; she th'*Errant Damsell* hight,
For whose deare sake full many a bitter stound
I haue endur'd, and tasted many a bloudy wound.

25

Certes, said she, then been ye sixe to blame,
To weene your wrong by force to iustifie:
For, knight to leaue his Lady were great shame,
That faithfull is, and better were to die.
All losse is lesse, and lesse the infamy,
Then losse of loue, to him that loues but one;
Ne may loue be compeld by maistery;
For, soone as maistery comes, sweet loue anone
Taketh his nimble wings, and soone away is gone.

26

Then spake one of those sixe, There dwelleth heere
Within this Castle wall a Lady faire,
Whose soueraine beautie hath no liuing peere;
There-to so bountious and so debonaire,
That neuer any mote with her compaire.
She hath ordaind this lawe, which we approue,
That euery knight, which doth this way repaire,
In case he haue no Lady, nor no Loue,
Shall doe vnto her seruice neuer to remoue.

27

But, if he haue a Lady or a Loue,
Then must he her forgoe with foule defame,
Or else with vs by dint of sword approue,
That she is fairer then our fairest Dame,
As did this knight, before ye hither came.
Perdie, said *Britomart*, the choice is hard:
But what reward had he that overcame?
He should advaunced be to high regard
Said they, and haue our Ladies loue for his reward.

28

Therefore aread Sir, if thou haue a Loue.
Loue haue I sure, quoth she, but Lady none;
Yet will I not fro mine owne Loue remoue,
Ne to your Lady will I seruice done,
But wreake your wrongs wrought to this knight alone,
And proue his cause. With that, her mortall speare
She mightily aventred towards one,
And downe him smote ere well aware he were,
Then to the next she rode, and downe the next did beare.

29

Ne did she stay till three on ground she layd,
That none of them himselfe could reare againe;
The fourth was by that other knight dismayd,
All were he wearie of his former paine,
That now there doe but two of sixe remaine;
Which two did yield before she did them smight.
Ah, said she then, now may ye all see plaine,
That truth is strong, and true loue most of might,
That for his trusty seruaunts doth so strongly fight.

30

Too well we see, said they, and proue too well
Our faulte weakenesse, and your matchlesse might:
For-thy faire Sir, yours be the Damozell,
Which by her owne law to your lot doth light,
And we your liege men faith vnto you plight.
So vnderneath her feet their swords they shard,
And after, her besought, well as they might,
To enter in, and reape the due reward:
Shee graunted, and then in they all together far'd.

31

Long were it to describe the goodly frame,
And stately port of *Castle Ioyeous*,
(For, so that Castle hight by common name)
Where they were entertaind with curteous
And comely glee of many gracious
Faire Ladies, and many a gentle knight,
Who through a Chamber long and spacious,
Eftsoones them brought vnto their Ladies sight.
That of them cleeped was the *Lady of delight*.

32

But for to tell the sumptuous array
Of that great chamber, should be labour lost:
For, liuing wit (I weene) cannot display
The royall riches and exceeding cost
Of euery pillour and of euery post;
Which all of purest bullion framed were,
And with great pearles and pretious stones embost,
That the bright glister of their beamez cleare
Did sparkle forth great light, and glorious did appeare.

33

These stranger knights through passing, forth were led
Into an inner roome, whose royaltee
And rich purveyance might vneath be read;
Mote Princes place beseeme so deckt to bee.
Which stately manner when as they did see,
The image of superfluous riotize,
Exceeding much the state of meane degree,
They greatly wondred, whence so sumptuous guise
Might be maintaind, and each gan diuersely deuise.

34

The wals were round about apparelled
With costly clothes of *Arras* and of *Toure*;
In which, with cunning hand was pourtrahed
The loue of *Venus* and her Paramour
The fayre *Adonis*, turned to a flowre;
A worke of rare deuise, and wondrous wit.
First did it shew the bitter balefull stowre,
Which her assayd with many a feruent fit,
When first her tender hart was with his beautie smit.

35

Then, with what sleights and sweet allurements she
Entic'd the Boy (as well that art she knew)
And wooed him her Paramour to be;
Now making girlonds of each flowre that grew,
To crowne his golden locks with honour dew;
Now leading him into a secret shade
From his Beauperes, and from bright heauens view,
Where him to sleepe she gently would perswade,
Or bathe him in a fountaine by some couert glade.

36

And whil'st he slept, she over him would spread
Her mantle, colour'd like the starry skyes,
And her soft arme lay vnderneath his head,
And with ambrosiall kisses bathe his eyes;
And whil'st he bath'd, with her two crafty spyes
She secretly would search each dainty lim,
And throwe into the Well sweet Rosemaries,
And fragrant violets, and Pances trim,
And euer with sweet Nectar she did sprinkle him.

37

So did she steale his heedlesse hart away,
And ioy'd his loue in secret vnespide.
But, for she saw him bent to cruell play,
To hunt the salvage beast in forest wide,
Dreadfull of danger, that mote him betide,
Shee oft and oft adviz'd him to refraine
From chase of greater beasts, whose brutish pride
Mote breed him scathe vnwares: but all in vaine;
For, who can shun the chaunce that dest'ny doth ordaine?

38

Lo, where beyond he lyeth languishing,
Deadly engored of a great wilde Bore,
And by his side the Goddesse groueling
Makes for him endlesse mone, and euermore
VVith her soft garment wipes away the gore,
Which staines his snowy skin with hatefull hew:
But when she saw no helpe might him restore,
Him to a dainty flowre she did transmew,
VVhich in that cloth was wrought, as if it liuely grew.

39

So was that chamber clad in goodly wize,
And round about it many beds were dight,
As whylome was the antique worldez guize,
Some for vntimely ease, some for delight,
As pleased them to vse, that vse it might:
And all was full of Damzels, and of Squires,
Dauncing and reuelling both day and night,
And swimming deepe in sensuall desires,
And *Cupid* full emongst them kindled lustfull fires.

40

And all the while, sweet Musick did diuide
Her looser notes with *Lydian* harmony;
And all the while, sweet birds thereto applide
Their dainty layes and dulcet melody,
Ay caroling of loue and iollitie,
That wonder was to heare their trim consort.
Which when those knights beheld, with scornefull eye,
They sdeigned such lasciuious disport,
And loath'd the loose demeanure of that wanton sort.

41

Thence they were brought to that great Ladies view,
Whom they found sitting on a sumptuous bed,
That glistred all with gold and glorious shew,
As the proud *Persian* Queenes accustomed:
She seem'd a woman of great bountihed,
And of rare beautie, sauing that asceance
Her wanton eyes, ill signes of womanhed,
Did roll too lightly, and too often glaunce,
Without regard of grace, or comely amenaunce.

42

Long worke it were, and needlesse to deuize
Their goodly entertainement and great glee:
She caused them be led in curteous wize
Into a bowre, disarmed for to bee,
And cheared well with wine and spiceree:
The *Redcrosse* Knight was soone disarmed there;
But the braue Mayd would not disarmed be,
But onely vented vp her vmbriere,
And so did let her goodly visage to appere.

43

As when faire *Cynthia*, in darkesome night,
Is in a noyous cloud enveloped,
Where she may find the substance thin and light,
Breakes forth her siluer beames, and her bright head
Discouers to the world discomfited;
Of the poore traueller that went astray,
With thousand blessings she is heried;
Such was the beauty and the shining ray,
With which faire *Britomart* gaue light vnto the day.

44

And eke those sixe, which lately with her fought,
Now were disarmd, and did themselues present
Vnto her view, and company vnsought;
For they all seemed curteous and gent,
And all sixe brethren, borne of one parent,
Which had them trayned in all ciuilitee,
And goodly taught to tilt and turnament;
Now were they liegemen to this Lady free,
And her Knights-seruice ought, to hold of her in Fee.

45
The first of them by name *Gardante* hight,
A iolly person, and of comely view;
The second was *Parlante*, a bold knight,
And next to him *Iocante* did ensew;
Basciante did himselfe most curteous shew;
But fierce *Bacchante* seem'd too fell and keene;
And yet in armes *Noctante* greater grew:
All were faire knights, and goodly well beseene;
But to faire *Britomart* they all but shadowes beene.

46
For she was full of amiable grace,
And manly terrour mixed there-withall,
That as the one stird vp affections base,
So th'other did mens rash desires appall,
And hold them backe, that would in errour fall;
As he that hath espyde a vermeill Rose,
To which sharpe thornes and briers the way forstall,
Dare not for dread his hardy hand expose;
But wishing it farre off, his idle wish doth lose.

47
Whom when the Lady saw so faire a wight,
All ignorant of her contrary sex,
(For she her weend a fresh and lusty knight)
She greatly gan enamoured to wex,
And with vaine thoughts her falsed fancy vex:
Her fickle hart conceiued hastie fire,
Like sparks of fire which fall in slender flex,
That shortly brent into extreame desire,
And ransackt all her veines with passion entire.

48
Eftsoones shee grew to great impatience,
And into tearmes of open outrage burst,
That plaine discouer'd her incontinence,
Ne reckt she, who her meaning did mistrust;
For, she was giuen all to fleshly lust,
And poured forth in sensuall delight,
That all regard of shame she had discust,
And meet respect of honour put to flight:
So shamelesse beauty soone becomes a loathy sight.

49
Faire Ladies, that to loue captiued arre,
And chaste desires doe nourish in your mind,
Let not her fault your sweet affections marre,
Ne blot the bounty of all womankind,
Mongst thousands good, one wanton Dame to find:
Emongst the Roses growe some wicked weedes;
For, this was not to loue, but lust inclin'd;
For, loue does alwaies bring forth bountious deeds,
And in each gentle hart desire of honour breedes.

50
Nought so of loue this looser Dame did skill,
But as a coale to kindle fleshly flame,
Gruing the bridle to her wanton will,
And treading vnder foote her honest name:
Such loue is hate, and such desire is shame.
Still did she roue at her with crafty glaunce
Of her false eyes, that at her hart did ayme,
And told her meaning in her countenaunce;
But *Britomart* dissembled it with ignoraunce.

51
Supper was shortly dight, and downe they sat,
Where they were serued with all sumptuous fare,
VVhiles fruitfull *Ceres*, and *Lyeus* fat
Pourd out their plenty, without spight or spare:
Nought wanted there, that dainty was and rare;
And aye the cups their banks did overflowe,
And aye betweene the cups, she did prepare
Way to her loue, and secret darts did throwe;
But *Britomart* would not such guilefull message knowe.

52
So when they slaked had the feruent heat
Of appetite with meates of euery sort,
The Lady did faire *Britomart* entreat,
Her to disarme, and with delightfull sport
To loose her warlike limbs and strong effort:
But when she mote not there-vnto be wonne,
(For, shee her sex vnder that strange purport
Did vse to hide, and plaine apparaunce shunne:)
In plainer wise to tell her grieuaunce she begunne;

53
And all attonce discouered her desire
With sighes, and sobs, and plaints, & pittious griefe,
The outward sparkes of her in-burning fire:
Which spent in vaine, at last she told her briefe,
That but if she did lend her short reliefe,
And doe her comfort, she mote algates die.
But the chaste Damzell, that had neuer prieste
Of such malengine and fine forgerie,
Did easily believe her strong extremitie.

54
Full easie was for her to haue beliefe,
Who, by selfe-feeling of her feeble sex,
And by long triall of the inward griefe,
Where-with imperious loue her hart did vex,
Could iudge what paines do louing harts perplex.
Who meanes no guile, be 'guiled soonest shall,
And to faire semblaunce doth light faith annex;
The bird, that knowes not the false Fowlers call,
Into his hidden net full easily doth fall.

55
For-thy, she would not in discourteous wise,
Scorne the faire offer of good will profest;
For, great rebuke it is, loue to despise,
Or rudely sdeigne a gentle harts request;
But with faire countenaunce, as beseemed best,
Her entertaind: nath'lesse, shee inly deem'd
Her loue too light, to wooe a wandring guest:
Which she misconstruing, thereby esteem'd
That frō like inward fire that' outward smoke had steem'd.

56
There-with awhile she her slit fancie fed,
Till she mote winne fit time for her desire:
But yet her wound still inward freshly bled,
And through her bones the false instilled fire
Did spread it selfe, and venime close inspire.
Tho, were the tables taken all away,
And euery Knight, and euery gentle Squire
Gan choose his Dame with *Basciomani* gay,
With whom he meant to make his sport and courtly play.

Some

57
Some fell to daunce, some fell to hazardry,
Some to make loue, some to make merriment,
As diuerse wits to diuerse things apply;
And all the while faire *Malecasta* bent
Her crafty engins to her close intent.
By this th'eternall lampes, where-with high *Ioue*
Doth light the lower world, were halfe yspent,
And the moist daughters of huge *Atlas* stroue
Into the *Ocean* deepe to driue their wearie droue.

58
High time it seemed then for euery wight
Them to betake vnto their kindly rest;
Eftsoones long waxen torches weren light,
Vnto their bowres to guiden euery guest:
Tho, when the Britonesse saw all the rest
Avoided quite, she gan her selfe despoile,
And safe commit to her soft fethered nest;
Where, through long watch, & late dayes weary toyle,
She soundly slept, and carefull thoughts did quite assoile.

59
Now, when-as all the world in silence deepe
Yshrowded was, and euery mortall wight
Was drowned in the depth of deadly sleepe,
Faire *Malecasta*, whose engrieued spright
Could find no rest in such perplexed plight,
Lightly arose out of her weary bed,
And vnder the blacke veile of guilty Night,
Her with a scarlot mantle couered,
That was with gold and Ermines fayre enveloped.

60
Then panting soft, and trembling euery ioynt,
Her fearefull feet towards the bowre she moued;
Where she for secret purpose did appoynt
To lodge the warlike mayd vnwisely loued,
And to her bed approching, first she prooued,
Whether she slept or wak't, with her soft hand
She softly felt, if any member mooued,
And lent her wary eare to vnderstand,
If any puffe of breath, or signe of sense she fand.

61
Which, when-as none she fond, with ease shift,
For feare least her vnwares she should abrayd,
Th'embroderd quilt she lightly vp did lift,
And by her side her selfe she softly layd,
Of euery finest fingers touch affrayd;
Ne any noyse she made, ne word she spake,
But inly sigh't. At last, the royall Mayd
Out of her quiet slumber did awake,
And chang'd her weary side, the better ease to take.

62
Where, feeling one close couched by her side,
She lightly leapt out of her filed bed,
And to her weapon ran, in mind to gride
The loathed leachour. But the Dame, halfe dead
Through suddaine feare and gastly drerihed,
Did shrieke aloud, that through the house it rong,
And the whole family there-with adred,
Rashly out of their rouzed couches sprong,
And to the troubled chamber all in armes did throng.

63
And those six Knights, that Ladies Champions,
And eke the *Redcrosse* knight ran to the stound,
Halfe arm'd and halfe vnarm'd, with them attons:
Where when confusedly they came, they found
Their Lady lying on the senseless ground;
On th'other side, they saw the warlike Mayd
All in her snow-white smock, with locks vnbound,
Threatning the poynt of her avenging blade,
That with so troublous terrour they were all dismayd.

64
About their Lady first they flockt around:
Whom hauing layd in comfortable couch,
Shortly they reard out of her frozen swound;
And afterwards they gan with foule reproche
To stirre vp strife, and troublous conteck broche:
But by ensample of the last dayes losse,
None of them rashly durst to her approche,
Ne in so glorious spoyle themselues embosse;
Her succour'd eke the Champion of the bloudy Crosse.

65
But one of those sixe Knights, *Gardante* hight,
Drew out a deadly boawe and arrow keene,
Which forth he sent with felonous despight,
And fell intent against the Virgin sheene:
The mortall steele staid not, till it was seene
To gore her side; yet was the wound not deepe,
But lightly rased her soft silken skin,
That drops of purple blood there-out did weepe,
Which did her lilly smock with staines of vermeil steepe.

66
Where-with enrag'd, shee fiercely at them flew,
And with her flaming sword about her layd,
That none of them foule mischiefe could eschew,
But with her dreadfull strokes were all dismayd:
Here, there, and euery where about her swayd
Her wrathfull steele, that none mote it abide;
And eke the *Redcrosse* knight gaue her good ayde,
Ay ioyning foot to foot, and side to side,
That in short space their foes they haue quite terrifide.

67
Tho, when-as all were put to shamefull flight,
The noble *Britomartis* her arrayd,
And her bright armes about her body dight:
For nothing would she lenger there be staid,
Where so loose life, and so vngentle trade
Was vs'd of Knights and Ladies seeming gent:
So early, ere the grosse Earthes gryesy shade,
Was all disperst out of the firmament,
They tooke their steeds, & forth vpon their iourney went.

Canto

Canto II.

The Redcrosse knight to Britomart
describeth Artegall:
The wondrous mirrour, by which she
in loue with him did fall.

1

HEre haue I cause, in men iust blame to find,
That in their proper praise too partiall be,
And not indifferent to woman-kind,
To whom, no share in armes & cheualrie
They doe impart, ne maken memorie
Of their braue gestes & prowesse Martiall;
Scarce doe they spare to one, or two, or three,
Roome in their writs; yet the same writing small
Does all their deeds deface, and dims their glories all:

2

But by record of antique times I find,
That women wont in warres to beare most sway,
And to all great exploits themselues inclin'd:
Of which they still the girlond bore away,
Till enuious Men (fearing their rules decay)
Gan coyne straight lawes to curb their liberty;
Yet sith they warlike armes haue layd away,
They haue exceld in artes and policie,
That now we foolish men that praise gin eke t'enuy.

3

Of warlike puissaunce in ages spent,
Be thou faire *Britomart*, whose praise I writ,
But of all wisedome be thou precedent,
O soueraigne Queene, whose praise I would endite,
Endite I would as duetie doth excite;
But ah! my rimes too rude and rugged arre,
When in so high an obiect they doe lighte,
And striuing fit to make, I feare doe marre:
Thy selfe thy prayses tell, and make them knowen farre.

4

She trauelling with *Guyon* by the way,
Of sundry things faire purpose gan to find,
T'abbridge their iourney long, and lingring day;
Mongst which it fell into that Faeries mind,
To aske this Briton Mayd, what vncouth wind
Brought her into those parts, and what inquest
Made her dissemble her disguised kind:
Faire Lady she him seemd, like Lady drest;
But fayrest knight aliue, when armed was her brest.

5

Thereat shee sighing softly, had no power
To speake awhile, ne ready answere make,
But with hart-thrilling throbs and bitter stowre,
As if she had a feuer fit, did quake,
And euery dainty limbe with horrour shake;
And euer and anone the rosy red
Flasht through her face, as it had beene a flake
Of lightning, through bright heauen fulmined;
At last, the passion past, she thus him answered.

6

Faire Sir, I let you weet, that from the howre
I taken was from Nurses tender pap,
I haue beene trained vp in warlike stowre,
To tossen speare and shield, and to affrap
The warlike rider to his most misshap;
Sithence I loathed haue my life to lead,
As Ladies wont, in pleasures wanton lap,
To finger the fine needle and nyce thread;
Me leuer were with point of foe-mans speare be dead.

7

All my delight on deeds of armes is set,
To hunt out perils and aduentures hard,
By sea, by land, whereso they may be met,
Onely for honour and for high regard,
Without respect of riches or reward.
For such intent into these parts I came,
Withouten compasse, or withouten card,
Far from my natiue soyle, that is by name
The greater *Britaine*, heere to seeke for praise and fame.

8

Fame blazed hath, that heere in Faery lond
Doe many famous Knights and Ladies wonne,
And many strange aduentures to be fond,
Of which great worth and worship may be wonne;
Which I to proue, this voyage haue begonne.
But mote I weet of you, right curteous knight,
Tydings of one, that hath vnto me donne
Late foule dishonour and reprochefull spight,
The which I seeke to wreake, and *Arthegall* he hight. The

9

The word gone out, she backe againe would call,
As her repenting so to haue missayd,
But that he it vp-taking ere the fall,
Her shortly answered: Faire martiall Maid
Certes ye misuised been, t'vpbraid
A gentle knight with so vnknightly blame:
For, weet ye well, of all that euer playd
At tilt or tourney, or like warlike game,
The noble *Arthegall* hath euer borne the name.

10

For-thy great wonder were it, if such shame
Should euer enter in his bountious thought,
Or euer do that mote deseruen blame:
The noble courage neuer weeneth ought,
That may vnworthy of it selfe be thought.
Therefore, faire Damzell, be ye well aware,
Least that too farre ye haue your sorrowe sought:
You and your countrey both I wish welfare,
And honour both; for each of other worthy are.

11

The royall Mayd woxe inly wondrous glad,
To heare her loue so highly magnifide,
And ioyd that euer she affixed had
Her heart on knight so goodly glorifide,
How euer finely she it faind to hide:
The louing mother, that nine moneths did beare,
In the deare closet of her painefull side,
Her tender babe, it seeing safe appeare,
Doth not so much reioice, as she reioiced there.

12

But to occasion him to further talke,
To feed her humour with his pleasing stile,
Her list in strife-full tearmes with him to balke;
And thus replide; How euer, Sir, ye file
Your courteous tongue his praises to compile,
It ill beseemes a knight of gentle sort,
Such as ye haue him boasted, to beguile
A simple mayd, and worke so haynous tort,
In shame of knighthood, as I largely can report.

13

Let be therefore my vengeance to dissuade,
And read, where I that faytour false may find.
Ah, but if reason faire might you perswade,
To slake your wrath, and mollifie your mind,
Sayd he, perhaps ye should it better find:
For, hardy thing it is, to weene by might,
That man to hard conditions to bind,
Or euer hope to match in equall fight;
Whose proweesse paragon saw neuer liuing wight.

14

Ne soothlich is it easie for to read,
Where now on earth, or how he may be found;
For, he ne wonneth in one certaine stead,
But restlesse walketh all the world around,
Ay doing things, that to his fame redound,
Defending Ladies cause, and Orphans right,
Whereso he heares, that any doth confound
Them comfortlesse, through tyranny or might;
So is his soueraine honour rais'd to heauens hight.

15

His feeling words her feeble sense much pleased,
And softly sunke into her molten heart;
Heart, that is inly hurt, is greatly eased
With hope of thing, that may allegge his smart;
For, pleasing words are like to Magick art,
That doth the charmed Snake in slomber lay:
Such secret ease felt gentle *Britomart*,
Yet list the same efforce with faind gainesay;
(So, discord oft in Musick makes the sweeter lay.)

16

And sayd, Sir knight, these idle tearms forbeare,
And sith it is vneath to finde his haunt,
Tell me some markes, by which he may appeare,
If chaunce I him encounter paravaunt;
For, perdy one shall other slay, or daunt: (sted,
What shape, what shield, what armes, what steed, what
And whatso else his person most may vaunt?
All which the *Redcrosse* knight to point ared,
And him in euery point before her fashioned.

17

Yet him in euery part before she knew,
How-euer list her now her knowledge faine,
Sith him whilome in *Britaine* she did view,
To her reuealed in a mirrour plaine;
Whereof did growe her first engraffed paine;
Whose root and stalke so bitter yet did taste,
That but the fruite more sweetnesse did containe,
Her wretched dayes in dolour she mote waste,
And yield the pray of loue to loathsome death at last.

18

By strange occasion she did him behold,
And much more strangely gan to loue his sight,
As it in bookes hath written been of old.
In *Debeubarth* that now South-wales is hight,
What time king *Ryence* raign'd, and dealed right,
The great Magician *Merlin* had deuiz'd,
By his deepe science, and hell-dreaded might,
A looking glass, right wondrously aguiz'd,
Whose vertues through the wide world soon were solem-
(niz'd.

19

It vertue had, to shew in perfect sight,
What-euer thing was in the world contain'd,
Betwixt the loweſt earth and heauens hight,
So that it to the looker appertayn'd;
What-euer foe had wrought or friend had fayn'd,
Therein discouered was, ne ought mote pass,
Ne ought in secret from the same remayn'd;
For-thy it round and hollow shaped was,
Like to the world it selfe, and seem'd a world of glass.

20

Who wonders not, that reades so wondrous worke?
But who does wonder that has red the Towre,
Wherein th'Ægyptian *Phao* long did lurke
From all mens view, that none might her discoure;
Yet she might all men view out of her bowre?
Great *Ptolomae* it for his lemans sake
Ybuilded all of glass, by Magicke powre,
And also it impregnable did make;
Yet when his loue was false, he with a peaze it brake.

21

Such was the glassie globe that *Merlin* made,
And gaue vnto king *Ryence* for his guard,
That neuer foes his kingdome might inuade,
But he it knew at home before he hard
Tidings therof, and so them still debard.
It was a famous Present for a Prince,
And worthy work of infinite reward,
That treasons could bewray, and foes conuince:
Happy this Realme, had it remained euer since.

22

One day it fortuned, faire *Britomart*
Into her fathers closet to repaire;
For, nothing he from her reseru'd apart,
Being his onely daughter and his hayre:
Where when she had espide that mirrour faire,
Her selfe awhile therin she viewd in vaine;
Tho, her auizing of the vertues rare,
Which thereof spoken were, she gan againe
Her to bethinke of that mote to her selfe pertaine.

23

But as it falleth in the gentlest hearts
Imperious Loue hath highest set his throne,
And tyrannizeth in the bitter smarts
Of them, that to him buxome are and prone:
So thought this Maid (as maidens vse to done)
Whom fortune for her husband would allot,
Not that she lusted after any one;
For, she was pure from blame of sinfull blot,
Yet wist her life at last must linke in that same knot.

24

Eftsoones there was presented to her eye,
A comely knight, all arm'd in complet wize,
Through whose bright ventayle lifted vp on hie
His manly face, that did his foes agrize,
And friends to tearms of gentle truce entize
Lookt foorth, as *Phœbus* face out of the east
Betwixt two shady mountaines doth arize;
Portly his person was, and much increast
Through his Heroicke grace, and honorable gest.

25

His crest was couered with a couchant Hound,
And all his armour seem'd of antique mould,
But wondrous massie and assured sound,
And round about yfretted all with gold,
In which there written was with cyphers old,
Achilles armes which Arthegall did winne.
And on his shield enueloped seuenfold
He bore a crowned little Ermilin,
That deckt the azure field with her faire pouldred skin.

26

The Damzell well did view his personage,
And liked well, ne further fastned not,
But went her way; ne her vnguilty age
Did weene, vnwares, that her vnluckie lot
Lay hidden in the bottome of the pot;
Of hurt vnwist most danger doth redound;
But the false Archer, which that arrow shot
So slyly, that she did not feele the wound,
Did smile full smoothly at her weetless wofull stound.

27

Thenceforth the feather in her lofty crest,
Ruffed of loue, gan lowely to auaile,
And her proud portance, and her princely gest,
With which she earst triumphed, now did quaile:
Sad, solemne, sowre, and full of fancies fraile
She woxe; yet wist she neither how, nor why,
She wist not, silly maid, what she did aile;
Yet wist, she was not well at ease perdy,
Yet thought it was not loue, but some melancholy.

28

So soone as night had with her pallid hew
Defac't the beauty of the shining sky,
And reft from men the worlds desired view,
She with her Nourse adowne to sleepe did lie;
But sleepe full farre away from her did flie:
In stead thereof sad sighes and sorrowes deepe
Kept watch and ward about her warily.
That nought she did but waile, and often steepe
Her dainty couch with tears, which closely she did weep.

29

And if that any drop of slombring rest
Did chaunce to still into her weary spright,
When feeble nature felt her selfe oppresst;
Streight-way with dreames, and with fantasticke sight
Of dreadfull things the same was put to flight,
That oft out of her bed she did astart,
As one with view of ghastly feends affright:
Tho, gan she to renew her former smart,
And thinke of that faire visage written in her heart.

30

One night, when she was tost with such vnrest,
Her aged Nurse, whose name was *Glaucé* hight,
Feeling her leape out of her loathed nest,
Betwixt her feeble armes her quickly keight,
And downe againe in her warme bed her dight;
Ah my deare daughter, ah my dearest dread,
What vncouth fit, sayd she, what euill plight
Hath thee oppresst, and with sad drearyhead
Chaunged thy liuely cheare, and liuing made thee dead?

31

For, not of nought these suddeine ghastly feares
All night afflict thy naturall repose:
And all the day, when as thine equall Peares
Their fit disports with faire delight doe chose,
Thou in dull corners dost thy selfe inclose,
Ne tastest Princes pleasures, ne doest spred
Abroad thy fresh youthes fairest flowre, but lose
Both leafe and fruit, both too vntimely shed,
As one in wilfull bale for euer buried.

32

The time, that mortall men their weary cares
Do lay away, and all wilde beastes do rest,
And euery riuer eke his course forbeares,
Then doth this wicked euill thee infest,
And riue with thousand throbs thy thrilled brest;
Like an huge *Aetn'* of deep engulfed griefe,
Sorrow is heaped in thy hollow chest,
Whence forth it breakes in sighes and anguish rife,
As smoke and sulphure mingled with confused strife.

Aye

33

Aye me, how much I feare, least loue it bee;
But if that loue it be, as sure I read
By knowen signes and passions, which I see,
Be it worthy of thy race and royall head,
Then I avow by this most sacred head
Of my deare foster child, to ease thy griefe,
And win thy will: Therefore away doe dread;
For, death nor danger from thy dew reliefe
Shall me debarre; tell me therefore my liefest liefe.

34

So hauing said, her twixt her armes twaine
She straightly strayn'd, and colled tenderly,
And euery trembling ioynt, and euery vaine
She softly felt, and rubbed busily,
To doe the frozen colde awaie to flie;
And her faire deawy eyes with kisses deare
She oft did bathe, and oft againe did dry;
And euer her importun'd, not to feare
To let the secret of her heart to her appeare.

35

The Damzell paus'd, and then thus fearefully;
Ah Nurse! what needeth thee to eke my paine?
Is not enough, that I alone doe die,
But it must doubled be with death of twaine?
For, nought for me but death there doth remaine.
O daughter deare, said she, despaire no whit;
For, Neuer sore, but might a salue obtaine:
That blinded god, which hath ye blindly smit,
Another arrow hath your louers heart to hit.

36

But mine is not, quoth she, like others wound;
For which no reason can finde remedie.
Was neuer such, but mote the like be found,
Said she, and though no reason may apply
Salue to your sore, yet loue can higher stie,
Then reasons reach, and oft hath wonders donne.
But neither god of loue, nor god of sky
Can doe (said she) that, which cannot be donne:
Things oft impossible (quoth she) seeme ere begonne.

37

These idle words, sayd she, doe nought asswage
My stubborne smart, but more annoyance breed,
For, no, no vsuall fire, no vsuall rage
It is, ô Nurse, which on my life doth feed,
And suckes the bloud, which from my heart doth bleed.
But since thy faithfull zeale lets me not hide
My crime (if crime it be) I will it reed.
Nor Prince, nor pere it is, whose loue hath gryde
My feeble brest of late, and launced this wound wyde;

38

Nor man it is, nor other liuing wight:
For then some hope I might vnto me drawe;
But th'only shade and semblant of a knight,
Whose shape or person yet I neuer sawe,
Hath me subiected to loues cruell lawe:
The same one day, as me misfortune led,
I in my fathers wondrous mirrour sawe,
And pleased with that seeming goodly-hed,
Vnwares the hidden hooke with baite I swallowed.

39

Sithens it hath infixed faster hold
Within my bleeding bowels, and so sore
Now rankleth in this same fraile fleshly mould,
That all mine entrailes flowe with poysnous gore,
And th'vlcer groweth dayly more and more;
Ne can my running sore find remedie,
Other then my hard fortune to deplore,
And languish as the leafe falne from the tree,
Till death make one end of my daies and miserie.

40

Daughter, sayd she, what need ye be dismayd,
Or why make ye such monster of your mind?
Of much more vncouth thing I was affrayd;
Of filthy lust, contrary vnto kind:
But this affection nothing strange I find;
For, who with reason can you aye reproue,
To loue the semblant pleasing most your minde,
And yield your heart whence ye cannot remoue?
No guilt in you, but in the tyranny of loue.

41

Not so th'*Arabian Myrrh*' did set her minde;
Not so did *Biblis* spend her pining heart,
But loy'd their native flesh against all kind,
And to their purpose vsed wicked art:
Yet playd *Pasiphaë* a more monstrous part,
That lov'd a Bull, and learnd a beast to bee;
Such shamefull lusts who loaths not, which depart
From course of Nature and of modesty?
Sweet loue such lewdnes bands from his faire company.

42

But thine my Deare (welfare thy heart my Deare)
Though strange beginning had, yet fixed is
On one, that worthy may perhaps appeare;
And certes seems bestowed not amiss:
Ioy thereof haue thou and eternall blis.
With that vpleaning on her elbowe weake,
Her alablaster brest she soft did kis,
Which all that while she felt to pant and quake,
As it an Earth-quake were; at last she thus bespake:

43

Beldame, your words do worke me little ease;
For, though my loue be not so lewdly bent,
As those ye blame, yet may it not appease
My raging smart, ne ought my flame relent,
But rather doth my helpless griefe augment.
For they, how euer shamefull and vnkinde,
Yet did possesse their horrible intent:
Short end of sorrowes they thereby did finde; (minde.
So was their fortune good, though wicked were their

44

But wicked fortune mine, though mine be good,
Can haue no end, nor hope of my desire,
But feed on shadowes, whiles I die for foode,
And like a shadow wexe, whiles with entire
Affection I doe languish and expire.
I fonder, then *Cephisus* foolish child,
Who hauing viewed in a fountaine shere
His face, was with the loue thereof beguil'd;
I fonder loue a shade, the body farre exil'd.

45
Nought like, quoth she, for that same wretched boy
Was of himselfe the idle Paramoure;
Both loue and louer, without hope of ioy,
For which he faded to a watry flowre.
But better fortune thine, and better howre,
Which lov'st the shadow of a warlike knight;
No shadow, but a body hath in powre:
That bodie, wheresoeuer that it light,
May learned be by cyphers, or by Magicke might.

46
But if thou may with reason yet represse
The growing euill, ere it strength haue got,
And thee abandond wholly do possesse,
Against it strongly striue, and yield thee not,
Till thou in open field adowne be smot.
But if the passion master thy fraile might,
So that needs loue or death must be thy lot,
Then I avow to thee by wrong or right
To compasse thy desire, and find that loued knight.

47
Her chearefull words much chear'd the feeble spright
Of the sicke virgin, that her downe she layd
In her warme bed to sleepe, if that she might;
And the old-woman carefully displayd
The clothes about her round with busie ayd;
So that at last a little creeping sleepe
Surpris'd her sense: She, therewith well apayd,
The drunken lampe downe in the oyle did steepe,
And set her by to watch, and set her by to weepe.

48
Earely the morrow next, before that day
His ioyous face did to the world reueale,
They both vprose and tooke their readie way
Vnto the Church their prayers to appeale,
With great deuotion, and with little zeale:
For, the faire Damzell from the holy herse
Her loue-sicke heart to other thoughts did steale;
And that old Dame sayd many an idle verse,
Out of her daughters heart fond fancies to reuerse.

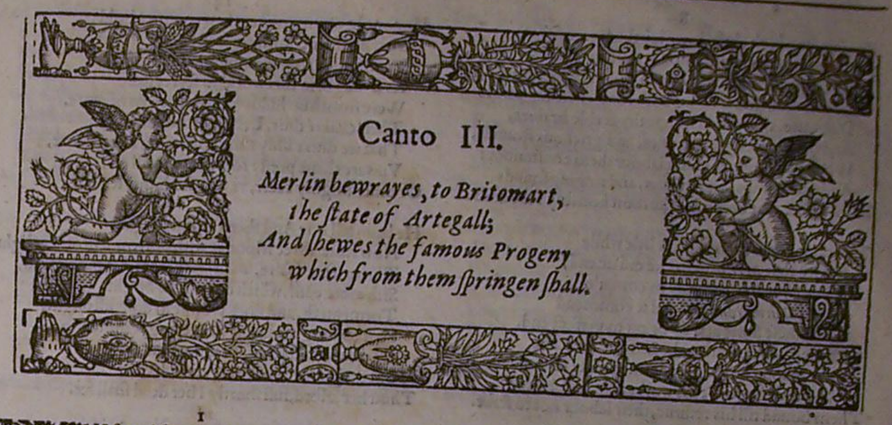
49
Returned home, the royall Infant fell
Into her former fit; for why, no powre
Nor guidance of her selfe in her did dwell.
But th'aged Nurse, her calling to her bowre,
Had gathered Rew, and Saume, and the flowre
Of *Camphara*, and Calamint, and Dill,
All which she in an earthen pot did poure,
And to the brim with Colt wood did it fill,
And many drops of milke and bloud through it did spill.

50
Then taking thrice three haires from off her head,
Them trebbly braided in a threefold lace,
And round about the pots mouth, bound the thread,
And after hauing whispered a space
Certaine sad words, with hollow voice and base,
She to the virgin said, thrice sayd she it;
Come daughter come, come; spit vpon my face,
Spit thrice vpon me, thrice vpon me spit;
Th'vneuen number for this businesse is most fit.

51
That sayd, her round about she from her turnd,
She turned her contrary to the Sunne,
Thrise she her turn'd contrary, and return'd,
All contrary; for she the right did shunne,
And euer what she did, was streight vndonne.
So thought she to vndoe her daughters loue:
But loue, that is in gentle brest begonne,
No idle charmes so lightly may remoue;
That well can witnesse, who by triall it does proue.

52
Ne ought it mote the noble Mayd auaile,
Ne slake the furie of her cruell flame,
But that she still did waste, and still did wayle,
That through long langour, and heart-burning brame
She shortly like a pyned ghost became,
Which long hath wayted by the Stygian strond.
That when old *Glaucé* saw, for feare least blame
Of her miscarriage should in her be fond
She wist not how t'amend, nor how it to withstond.

Canto



Canto III.

Merlin bewrayes, to Britomart,
the state of Artegall;
And shewes the famous Progeny
which from them springen shall.

1
HIe sacred fire, that burnest mightily
In liuing brests, ykindled first aboue,
Emongst th'eternall spheres & lamping sky,
And thence pourd into men, which mē cal loue;
Not that same, which doth base affections
In brutish minds, & filthy lust inflame; (moue
But that sweet fit, that doth true beauty loue,
And choseth vertue for his deerest Dame,
Whence spring all noble deeds and neuer dying fame;

2
Well did Antiquitie a God thee deeme,
That ouer mortall minds hast so great might,
To order them, as best to thee doth seeme,
And all their actions to direct aright;
The fatall purpose of diuine foresight
Thou doest effect in destined descents,
Through deepe impression of thy secret might,
And stirredst vp th'Heroës high intents,
Which the late world admires for wondrous moniments.

3
But thy drad darts in none do triumph more,
Ne braver proose in any, of thy powre
Shewdst thou, then in this royall Maide of yore,
Making her seeke an vnknowne Paramoure,
From the worlds end, through many a bitter stowre:
From whose two loynes thou afterwards did raise
Most famous fruits of matrimoniall bowre,
Which through the earth haue spred their liuing prayse,
That fame in trompe of gold eternally displayes.

4
Begin then, ô my deerest sacred Dame,
Daughter of *Phœbus* and of *Memorie*,
That doest ennoble with immortall name
The warlike Worthies, from antiquitie,
In thy great volume of Eternity:
Begin, ô *Clio*, and recount from hence
My glorious Soueraignes goodly auncestry,
Till that by dew degrees and long pretence,
Thou haue it lastly brought vnto her Excellence.

5
Full many waies within her troubled minde,
Old *Glaucé* cast, to cure this Ladies griefe:
Full many waies she sought, but none could finde,
Nor herbes, nor charmes, nor counsell, that is chiefe
And choisest med'cine for sicke hearts reliefe:
For-thy great care she tooke, and greater feare,
Least that it should her turne to foule repriefe,
And sore reproche, when so her father deare
Should of his deerest daughters hard misfortune heare.

6
At last, she her aduis'd, that he, which made
That mirrour, wherein the sicke Damosell
So strangely viewed her strange louers shade,
To weet, the learned *Merlin*, well could tell,
Vnder what coast of heauen the man did dwell,
And by what meanes his loue might best be wrought:
For, though beyond the *Affrick Ismaell*,
Or th'Indian *Peru* he were, she thought
Him forth through infinite endeuour to haue sought.

7
Forthwith themselues disguising both in strange
And base attyre, that none might them bewray,
To *Maridunum*, that is now by chaunge
Of name *Cayr-Merdin* cald, they tooke their way:
There the wise *Merlin* whylome wont, they say,
To make his wonne, lowe vnderneath the ground,
In a deepe delue, farre from the view of day,
That of no liuing wight he mote be found,
When so he counseld with his sprights encompast round.

8
And if thou euer happen that same way
To trauell, goe to see that dreadfull place:
It is an hideous hollow cave, they say,
Vnder a rocke that lies a little space
From the swift *Barry*, tombling downe apace,
Emongst the woody hilles of *Dyneuowre*:
But dare thou not, I charge, in any case,
To enter into that same balefull Bowre,
For feare the cruel Feends should thee vnwares deuowre.

8

But ſtanding high aloft, lowe lay thine eare,
And there ſuch ghaſtly noiſe of yron chaines,
And braſen Caudrons thou ſhalt rombling heare,
Which thouſand ſprights with long enduring paines
Doe toſſe, that it will ſtonne thy feeble braines,
And oftentimes great grones, and grieuous ſtounds,
When too huge toile and labour them conſtraines:
And oftentimes loud ſtrokes, and ringing ſounds
From vnder that deepe Rocke moſt horribly rebounds.

9

The cauſe ſome ſay is this: A litle while
Before that *Merlin* dyde, he did intend,
A braſen wall in compaſs to compile
About *Cairmardin*, and did it commend
Vnto theſe Sprights, to bring to perfect end.
During which worke, the Lady of the Lake,
Whom long he lov'd, for him in haſte did ſend,
Who thereby forc't his workemen to forſake,
Them bound till his returne, their labour not to ſlake.

10

In the meane time, through that falſe Ladies traine,
He was ſurpris'd, and buried vnder bere,
Ne ever to his work returnd againe:
Nath'leſſe thoſe feends may not their work forbeare,
So greatly his commandement they feare,
But there doe toyle and trauell day and night,
Vntill that braſen wall they vp do reare:
For, *Merlin* had in Magicke more inſight,
Then euer him before or after liuing wight.

11

For, he by words could call out of the skie
Both Sunne and Moone, and make them him obay:
The land to ſea, and ſea to maine-land dry,
And darkeſome night he eke could turne to daie:
Huge hoſtes of men he could alone diſmay,
And hoſtes of men of meaneſt things could frame,
When-ſo him liſt his enemies to fray:
That to this day, for terror of his fame,
The feends do quake, when any him to them does name.

12

And, ſooth, men ſay that he was not the ſonne
Of mortall Syre, or other liuing wight,
But wondrouſly begotten, and begunne
By falſe illuſion of a guilefull Spright,
On a faire Lady Nonne, that whilome hight
Matilda, daughter to *Pubidius*,
Who was the Lord of *Marthrauall* by right,
And cooſen vnto king *Ambroſius*:
Whence he indued was with ſkill ſo maruellous.

13

They here ariuing, ſtayd awhile without,
Ne durſt aduenture raſhly in to wend,
But of their firſt intent gan make new doubt
For dread of danger, which it might portend:
Vntill the hardy Mayd (with loue to friend)
Firſt entering, the dreadfull Mage there found
Deep buſied 'bout worke of wondrous end,
And writing ſtrange characters in the ground,
With which the ſtubborn feends he to his ſeruice bound.

14

He nought was moued at their entrance bold:
For, of their comming well he wiſt afore;
Yet liſt them bid their buſineſſe vnfold,
As if ought in this world in ſecret ſtore
Were from him hidden, or vnknowen of yore.
Then *Glaucé* thus, Let not it thee offend,
That we thus raſhly through thy darkſome dore,
Vnwares haue preſt: for, either fatall end,
Or other mighty cauſe, vs two did hither ſend.

15

He bade tell on: And then ſhe thus began;
Now haue three Moones with borrow'd brothers light,
Thrice ſhined faire, and thrice ſeem'd dim and wan,
Sith a ſore euill, which this virgin bright
Tormenteth, and doth plonge in dolefull plight,
Firſt rooting took; but what thing it mote bee,
Or whence it ſprong, I cannot read aright;
But this I read, that but if remedee,
Thou her afford, full ſhortly I her dead ſhall ſee.

16

Therewith th'Enchaunter ſoftly gan to ſmyle
At her ſmooth ſpeeches, weeting inly well,
That ſhe to him diſſembled womaniſh guile,
And to her ſayd, Beldame, by that ye teil,
More need of leach-craft hath your Damozell,
Then of my skill: who help may haue elſewhere,
In vaine ſeekes wonders out of Magicke ſpell.
Th'old woman wox half blank, thoſe words to heare;
And yet was loth to let her purpoſe plaine appeare.

17

And to him ſaid, If any leaches skill,
Or other learned meanes could haue redreſt
This my deare daughters deepe engrafted ill,
Certes I ſhould be loth thee to moleſt:
But this ſad euill, which doth her infeſt,
Doth courſe of naturall cauſe farre exceed,
And houſed is within her hollow breſt,
That either ſeemes ſome curſed witches deed,
Or euill ſpright, that in her doth ſuch torment breed.

18

The wiſard could no longer beare her bord,
But bruſting forth in laughter, to her ſayd;
Glaucé, what needs this colourable word,
To cloke the cauſe, that hath it ſelfe bewrayd?
Ne ye faire *Britomartis*, thus arrayd,
More hidden are, then Sunne in cloudy vele;
Whom thy good fortune, hauing fate obayd,
Hath hither brought, for ſuccour to appeale:
The which the powres to thee are pleaſed to reueale.

19

The doubtfull Mayd, ſeeing her ſelfe deſcryde,
Was all abaſht, and her pure yuory
Into a cleare Carnation ſuddaine dyde;
As faire *Aurora*, riſing haſtily,
Doth by her bluſhing tell, that ſhe did ly
All night in old *Tithonus* frozen bed,
Whereof ſhe ſeemes aſhamed inwardly.
But her olde Nurſe was nought diſhartened,
But vantage made of that, which *Merlin* had ared.

And

20

And ſayd, Sith then thou knoweſt all our griefe,
(For what doſt not thou know?) of grace I pray,
Pitty our plaint, and yeeld vs meet reliefe.
With that, the Prophet ſtill awhile did ſtay,
And then his ſpirite thus gan forth diſplay;
Moſt noble Virgine, that by fatall lore
Haſt learn'd to love, let no whit thee diſmay
The hard begin, that meets thee in the dore,
And with ſharpe fits thy tender heart oppreſſeth ſore.

21

For, ſo muſt all things excellent begin,
And eke enrooted deepe muſt be that Tree,
Whoſe big embodied branches ſhall not lin,
Till they to heauens hight forth ſtretched bee.
For, from thy wombe a famous Progenie
Shall ſpring, out of the ancient *Troian* blood,
Which ſhall reuiue the ſleeping memory
Of thoſe ſame antique Peers, the heauens brood,
Which *Greece* and *Aſian* riuers ſtayned which their blood.

22

Renowmed kings, and ſacred Emperours,
Thy fruitfull Oſſpring, ſhall from thee deſcend;
Braue Captaines, and moſt mighty Warriours,
That ſhall their conqueſts through all lands extend,
And their decayed kingdomes ſhall amend:
The feeble Britons, broken with long warre,
They ſhall vpreare, and mightily defend
Againſt their forrein foe, that comes from farre,
Till vniuerſall peace compound all ciuill iarre.

23

It was not, *Britomart*, thy wandring eye,
Glauncing vnwares in charmed looking glaſs,
But the ſtraight courſe of heauenly deſtiny,
Led with Eternall prouidence, that has
Guided thy glaunce, to bring his will to paſs:
Ne is thy fate, ne is thy fortune ill,
To loue the proweſt knight, that euer was.
Therefore ſubmit thy waies vnto his will,
And do by all dew meanes thy deſtiny fulfill.

24

But read (ſaid *Glaucé*) thou Magician
What meanes ſhall ſhe out-ſeek, or what waies take?
How ſhall ſhe knowe, how ſhall ſhe find the man?
Or what needs her to toyle, ſith fates can make
Way for themſelues, their purpoſe to partake?
Then *Merlin* thus; Indeed the fates are firme,
And may not ſhrink, though all the world do ſhake:
Yet ought mens good endeuours them confirme,
And guide the heauenly cauſes to their conſtant terme.

25

The man, whom heauens haue ordayn'd to bee
The ſpouſe of *Britomart*, is *Arthegall*:
He wonneth in the land of *Fayeree*,
Yet is no *Fary* borne, ne ſib at all
To Elfes, but ſprong of ſeed terreſtriall,
And whilome by falſe *Faries* ſtolne away,
Whiles yet in infant cradle he did crall;
Ne other to himſelfe is knowne this day,
But that he by an Elfe was gotten of a *Fay*.

26

But ſooth he is the ſonne of *Gorlöis*,
And brother vnto *Cador* Cornish king,
And for his warlike feates renowmed is,
From where the Day out of the ſea doth ſpring,
Vntill the cloſure of the Euening.
From thence, him firmely bound with faithfull band,
To this his natiue ſoyle thou backe ſhalt bring,
Strongly to ayde his countrey, to withſtand
The powre of forrein Paynims, which inuade thy land.

27

Great ayd thereto his mighty puiſſance,
And dreaded name, ſhall giue in that ſad day:
Where alſo proofe of thy prow valiaunce
Thou then ſhalt make, t'increaſe thy louers pray:
Long time ye both in armes ſhall beare great ſway,
Till thy wombes burden thee from them do call,
And his laſt fate him from thee take away,
Too rathe cut off by practice criminall
Of ſecret foes, that him ſhall make in miſchiefe fall.

28

Where thee yet ſhall he leaue, for memorie
Of his late puiſſance, his Image dead,
That liuing him in all actiuitie
To thee ſhall repreſent. He from the head
Of his cooſin *Conſtantius* without dread
Shall take the crowne, that was his fathers right,
And therewith crowne himſelfe in th'others ſtead:
Then ſhall he iſſew forth with dreadfull might,
Againſt his Saxon foes in bloudy field to fight.

29

Like as a Lyon, that in drowſie caue
Hath long time ſlept, himſelfe ſo ſhall he ſhake;
And comming forth, ſhall ſpred his banner braue
Ouer the troubled South, that it ſhall make
The warlike *Mertians* for feare to quake:
Thrice ſhall he fight with them, and twice ſhall win,
But the third time ſhall faire accordance make:
And if he then with victorie can lin,
He ſhall his dayes with peace bring to his earthly In.

30

His ſonne, hight *Vortipore*, ſhall him ſucceede
In kingdome, but not in felicitie:
Yet ſhall he long time warre with happy ſpeed,
And with great honour many battels try:
But at the laſt to th'importunity
Of froward fortune ſhall be fore't to yeeld.
But his ſonne *Malgo* ſhall full mightily
Auenge his fathers loſſe, with ſpeare and ſhield,
And his proud foes diſcomfit in victorious field.

31

Behold the man, and tell me *Britomart*,
If ay more goodly creature thou didſt ſee;
How like a Giant in each manly part
Beares he himſelfe with portly maieſtee,
That one of th'old *Heröes* ſeemes to bee:
He the ſix Iſlands comprouinciall
In ancient times vnto great Britannee,
Shall to the ſame reduce, and to him call
Their ſundry kings to do their homage ſeuerall.

32
All which his sonne *Careticus* awhile
Shall well defend, and *Saxons* powre suppresse,
Vntill a stranger king from vnknowne soyle
Arriuing, him with multitude oppresse;
Great *Gormond*, hauing with huge mightinesse
Ireland subdewd, and therein fixt his throne,
Like a swift Otter, fell through emptinesse,
Shall ouerswim the Sea with many one
Of his Norueyses, to assist the Britons fone.

33
He in his fury all shall ouerrunne,
And holy Church with faithlesse hands deface,
That thy sad people vtterly fordonne,
Shall to the vtmost mountaines fly apace:
Was neuer so great waste in any place,
Nor so foul outrage doen by liuing men;
For, all thy Cities they shall sacke and rase,
And the green grasse, that groweth, they shall bren,
That euen the wild beast shall die in starued den.

34
Whiles thus the Britons do in languour pine,
Proud *Etheldred* shall from the North arise,
Seruing th'ambitious will of *Augustine*;
And passing *Dee* with hardy enterprise,
Shall backe repulse the valiant *Brockwell* twise,
And *Bangor* with massacred Martyrs fill;
But the third time shall rew his foolhardise:
For, *Cadwan*, pittying his peoples ill,
Shall stoutly him defeat, and thousand *Saxons* kill.

35
But after him, *Cadwallin* mightily
On his sonne *Edwin* all those wrongs shall wreake;
Ne shall auaile the wicked sorcerie
Of false *Pellite*, his purposes to breake,
But him shall slay, and on a gallowes bleake
Shall giue th'enchaunter his vnhappy hire:
Then shall the Britons, late dismayd and weake,
From their long vassalage gin to respire,
And on their Paynim foes auenge their rankled ire.

36
Ne shall he yet his wrath so mitigate,
Till both the sonnes of *Edwin* he haue slaine,
Offricke and *Osricke*, twinnes vnfortunate,
Both slaine in battell vpon Layburne Plaine,
Togither with the King of *Louthiane*,
Hight *Adin*, and the King of *Orkeny*,
Both ioynt partakers of the fatall paine:
But *Penda*, fearefull of like destiny,
Shall yield himselfe his liegeman, and sweare fealty.

37
Him shall he make his fatall Instrument,
T'afflict the other *Saxons* vnsubdewd;
He marching forth with fury insolent
Against the good king *Oswald*, who indewd
With heauenly powre, and by Angels reskewd,
All holding crosses in their hands on hie
Shall him defeate withouten bloud imbrewd:
Of which, that field for endlesse memory,
Shall *Heuenfield* be cald to all posterity.

38
Whereat *Cadwallin* wroth, shall forth issew,
And an huge hoste into Northumber lead,
With which he godly *Oswald* shall subdew,
And crowne with Martyrdome his sacred head.
Whose brother *Oswin*, daunted with like dread,
With price of siluer shall his kingdome buy;
And *Penda*, seeking him adowne to tread,
Shall tread adowne, and do him fowly die,
But shall with gifts his Lord *Cadwallin* pacifie.

39
Then shall *Cadwallin* dye, and then the raigne
Of *Britons* eke with him attonce shall die;
Ne shall the good *Cadwallader* with paine,
Or powre, be hable it to remedy,
When the full time prefixt by destiny,
Shal be expir'd of *Britons* regiment.
For, heauen it selfe shall their successe enuie,
And them with plagues and murrins pestilent
Consume, till all their warlike puissance be spent.

40
Yet after all these sorrowes, and huge hills
Of dying people, during eight yeeres space,
Cadwallader not yeelding to his ills,
From *Armoricke*, where long in wretched case
He liv'd, returning to his natiue place,
Shal be by vision stayd from his intent:
For, th'heavens haue decreed, to displace
The *Britons*, for their sinnes dew punishment,
And to the *Saxons* ouer-giue their gouernment.

41
Then woe, and woe, and euerlasting woe,
Be to the Briton babe that shal be borne,
To liue in thraldome of his fathers foe;
Late King, now captiue, late Lord, now forlorne,
The worlds reproche, the cruell victours scorne,
Banisht from Princely bowre to wastfull wood:
O who shall help me to lament, and mourne
The royall seed, the antique *Troian* blood!
Whose Empire longer here then euer any stood.

42
The Damzell was full deepempassioned,
Both for his griefe, and for her peoples sake,
Whose future woes so plaine he fashioned,
And sighing sore, at length him thus bespake;
Ah! but will heauens fury neuer slake,
Nor vengeance huge relent it selfe at last?
Will not long misery late mercy make,
But shall their name for euer be defac't,
And quite from th'earth their memory be ras't?

43
Nay but the tearme (sayd he) is limited,
That in this thraldome *Britons* shall abide,
And the iust reuolution measured,
That they as Strangers shall be notified.
For twise foure hundreth shall be full supplide,
Ere they to former rule restor'd shall be,
And their importune fates all satisfide:
Yet during this their most obscuritee, (may see.
Their beames shall oft breake forth, that men them faire

For

44
For *Rhodoricke*, whose surname shalbe Great,
Shall of himselfe a braue ensample shew,
That Saxon kings his friendship shall intreat;
And *Howell Dha* shall goodly well indew
The saluage minds with skill of iust and trew;
Then *Griffyth Conan* also shall vp-reare
His dreaded head, and th'olde sparkes renew
Of natiue courage, that his foes shall feare, (beare.
Least backe againe the kingdome he from them should

45
Ne shall the Saxons selues all peaceably
Enioy the crowne, which they from Britons wonne
First ill, and after ruled wickedly:
For, ere two hundred yeeres be full outrunne,
There shall a Rauen farre from rising Sunne,
With his wide wings vpon them fiercely fly,
And bid his fatherlesse chickens ouerrunne
The fruitfull Plains, and with fell cruelty,
In their auenge, tread downe the victours surquedry.

46
Yet shall a third both these, and thine subdew;
There shall a Lion from the sea-bord wood
Of *Neustria* come roring, with a crew
Of hungry whelpes, his battailous bold brood,
Whose clawes were newly dipt in cruddy blood,
That from the Daniske Tyrants head shall rend
Th'vsurped crowne, as if that he were wood,
And the spoyle of the countrey conquered
Emongst his young ones shall diuide with bountyhed.

47
Tho, when the terme is full accomplishid,
There shall a sparke of fire, which hath long-while
Bene in his ashes raked vp and hid,
Be freshly kindled in the fruitfull Ile
Of *Mona*, where it lurked in exile;
Which shall breake forth into bright burning flame,
And reach into the house that beares the stile
Of royall Maiesty and soueraigne name;
So shall the Briton bloud their crowne againe reclame.

48
Thenceforth eternall vnion shall be made
Between the Nations different afore,
And sacred Peace shall louingly perswade
The warlike minds, to learne her goodly lore,
And ciuile armes to exercise no more:
Then shall a royall virgin raigne, which shall
Stretch her white rod ouer the *Belgicke* shore,
And the great Castle smight so sore withall,
That it shall make him shake, and shortly learne to fall.

49
But yet the end is not. There *Merlin* stayd,
As ouercommen of the spirits powre,
Or other ghastly spectacle dismayd,
That secretly he saw, yet n'ote discoure:
Which suddein fit, and halfe extatick stoure
When the two fearefull women saw, they grew
Greatly confused in behauioure;
At last the fury past, to former hew
She turnd againe, and chearefull looks as earst did shew.

50
Then, when themselues they well instructed had
Of all, that needed them to be inquir'd,
They both conceiuing hope of comfort glad,
With lighter hearts vnto their home retir'd,
Where they in secret counsell close conspir'd
How to effect so hard an enterprize,
And to possesse the purpose they desir'd:
Now this, now that, twixt them they did deuise,
And diuerse plots did frame, to maske in strange deuise.

51
At last the Nourse in her foolhardy wit
Conceiv'd a bold deuise, and thus bespake;
Daughter, I deeme that counsell aye most fit,
That of the time doth dew aduantage take;
Ye see that good king *Vther* now doth make
Strong warre vpon the Paynim brethren, hight
Octa and *Oza*, whom he lately brake
Beside *Cayr Verolame*, in victorious fight,
That now all *Britannie* doth burne in armes bright.

52
That therefore nought our passage may impeach,
Let vs in feined armes our selues disguise, (teach
And our weake hands, whom need new strength shall
The dreadfull speare and shield to exercise:
Ne certes daughter that same warlike wise,
I weene, would you misseeme; for ye been tall,
And large of limbe, t'atchieue an hard emprise,
Ne ought ye want, but skill, which practice small
Will bring, and shortly make you a mayd Martiall.

53
And sooth, it ought your courage much inflame,
To heare so often, in that royall house,
From whence to none inferiour ye came:
Bards tell of many women valorous
Which haue full many feats aduenturous
Perform'd, in Paragone of proudest men:
The bold *Bunduca*, whose victorious
Exploits made *Rome* to quake, stout *Guendolen*,
Renowmed *Martia*, and redoubted *Emmilen*.

54
And that, which more then all the rest may sway,
Late dayes ensample, which these eyes beheld,
In the last field before *Meneuia*
Which *Vther* with those forrein Pagans held,
I saw a *Saxon* virgin, the which feld
Great *Vlfin* thrice vpon the bloudy Plaine,
And had not *Carados* her hand withheld
From rash reuenge, she had him surely slaine,
Yet *Carados* himselfe from her escap't with paine.

55
Ah read, quoth *Britomart*, how is she hight?
Faire *Angela*, quoth she, men do her call,
No whit lesse faire, then terrible in fight:
She hath the leading of a Martiall
And mighty people, dreaded more then all
The other *Saxons*, which do for her sake
And loue, themselues of her name *Angles* call.
Therefore faire Infant her ensample make
Vnto thy selfe, and equall courage to thee take.

Her

56
Her heartie words so deepe into the minde
Of the young Damzell sunk, that great desire
Of warlike armes in her forthwith they tyn'd,
And generous stout courage did inspire,
That she resolv'd, vnweeting to her Sire,
Aduent'rous knighthood on her selfe to don,
And counseld with her Nurse her mayds attire
To turne into a massie habergeon,
And bade her all things put in readinesse anon.

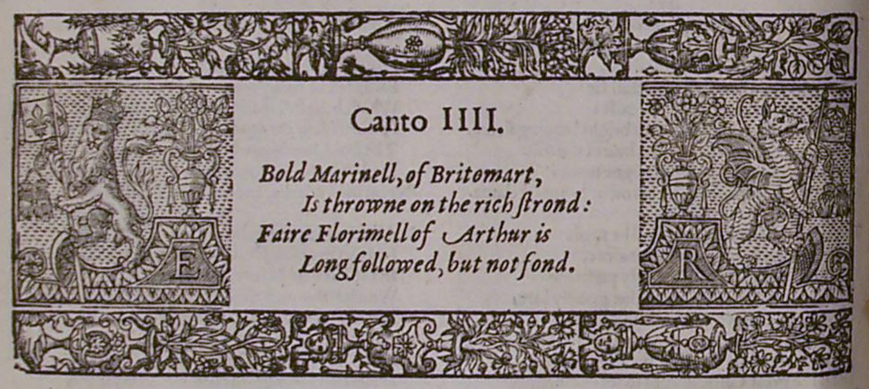
57
Th'old woman nought, that needed, did omit;
But all things did conueniently puruay:
It fortuned (so time their turne did fit)
A band of Britons riding on forray
Few dayes before, had gotten a great pray
Of Saxon goods, emongst the which was seene
A goodly Armour, and full rich array,
Which longd to *Angela*, the Saxon Queene,
All fretted round with gold, and goodly well beseene.

58
The same, with all the other ornaments,
King *Ryence* caused to be hanged hie
In his chiefe Church, for endlesse moniments
Of his successe and gladfull victory:
Of which her selfe auising readily,
In th'euening late old *Glauce* thither led
Faire *Britomart*, and that same Armory
Downe taking, her therein apparelled,
Well as she might, and with braue bauldrick garnished.

59
Beside those armes there stood a mighty speare,
Which *Bladud* made by Magicke art of yore,
And vs'd the same in battaile aye to beare;
Sith which it had been here preserv'd in store,
For his great vertues proued long afore:
For neuer wight so fast in sell could sit,
But him perforce vnto the ground it bore:
Both speare she tooke, and shield, which hong by it;
Both speare & shield of great powre, for her purpose fit.

60
Thus when she had the virgin all arrayd,
Another harnesse, which did hang thereby,
About her selfe she dight, that the young Mayd
She might in equall armes accompanie,
And as her Squire attend her carefully:
Tho, to their readie Steeds they clombe full light,
And through back wayes, that none might them espie,
Couered with secret cloud of silent night,
Themselues they forth conuaid, & passed forward right.

62
Ne rested they, till that to Faery lond
They came, as *Merlin* them directed late:
Where meeting with this *Redcrosse* knight, she fond
Of diuerse things discourses to dilate,
But most of *Arthegall*, and his estate.
At last their waies so fell, that they mote part
Then each to other well affectionate,
Friendship professed with vnfained heart,
The *Redcrosse* knight diuerst; but forth rode *Britomart*.



Canto IIII.

Bold Marinell, of Britomart,
Is throwne on the rich strond:
Faire Florimell of Arthur is
Long followed, but not fond.

1
Where is the antique glory now become,
That whilome wont in women to appeare?
Where be the braue atchieuemẽts don by som?
Where be the battels, where the shield & speare,
And all the conquests, which them high did reare,
That matter made for famous Poets verse,
And boastfull men so oft abasht to heare?
Bene they all dead, and laid in dolefull herse?
Or doen they onely sleepe, and shall againe reuerse?

2
If they be dead, then woe is me therefore:
But if they sleepe, ô let them soone awake:
For all too long I burne with enuy sore,
To heare the warlike feates, which *Homere* spake
Of bold *Pantheslee*, which made a lake
Of *Greekish* bloud so oft in *Troian* Plaine;
But when I read, how stout *Debora* strake
Proud *Sisera*, and how *Camill'* hath slaine
The huge *Orsilochus*, I swell with great disdaine.

3
Yet these, and all that else had puissance,
Cannot with noble *Britomart* compare,
As well for glory of great valiance,
As for pure chastitie and vertue rare;
That all her goodly deeds do well declare.
Well worthy stock, from which the branches sprong,
That in late yeares so faire a blossome bare,
As thee, ô Queene, the matter of my song,
Whose lignage from this Lady I deriue along.

4
Who when through speeches with the *Redcrosse* knight,
She learned had th'estate of *Arthegall*,
And in each point her selfe inform'd aright,
A friendly league of loue perpetuall
She with him bound, and *Congé* tooke withall.
Then he forth on his iourney did proceede,
To seeke aduentures, which mote him befall,
And win him worship through his warlike deed,
Which alwaies of his paines he made the chiefest meed.

5
But *Britomart* kept on her former course,
Ne euer doft her armes, but all the waie
Grew pensiue through that amorous discourse,
By which the *Redcrosse* knight did earst display
Her louers shape, and cheualrous array:
A thousand thoughts she fashiond in her mind,
And in her feining fancie did purtray
Him such, as fittest she for loue could finde,
Wise, warlike, personable, curteous, and kinde.

6
With such selfe-pleasing thoughts her wound she fed,
And thought so to beguile her grieuous smart;
But so her smart was much more grieuous bred,
And the deep wound more deep engor'd her heart,
That nought but death her dolour mote depart;
So forth she rode without repose or rest,
Searching all lands and each remotest part,
Following the guidance of her blinded guest,
Till that to the sea-coast at length she had addrest.

7
There she alighted from her light-foot Beast,
And sitting downe vpon the rockie shore,
Bade her olde Squire vnlace her lofty creast;
Tho, hauing viewd awhile the surges hore,
That gainst the craggy clifts did loudly rore,
And in their raging surquedry disdayn'd,
That the fast earth affronted them so sore,
And their deuouring couetize restrayn'd,
Thereat she sighed deepe, and after thus complayn'd;

8
Huge sea of sorrowe, and tempestuous griefe,
Wherein my feeble barke is tossed long,
Far from the hoped Hauen of reliefe,
Who do thy cruell billowes beat so strong,
And thy moyst mountaines each on others throng,
Threatning to swallow vp my fearefull life?
O do thy cruell wrath and spightfull wrong
At length allay, and stint thy stormy strife,
Which in these troubled bowels reignes, & rageth rife.

9
For, else my feeble vessell craz'd, and crackt
Through thy strong buffets and outrageous blowes,
Cannot endure, but needs it must be wrackt
On the rough rockes, or on the sandy shallowes,
The whiles that loue it steres, and fortune rowes;
Loue my lewd Pilot hath a restlesse mind
And fortune Boat-swaine no assurance knowes,
But saile withouten starres, gainst tide and wind:
How can they other do, sith both are bold and blind?

10
Thou God of winds, that reignest in the seas,
That reignest also in the Continent,
At last blowe vp some gentle gale of ease,
The which may bring my Ship, ere it be rent,
Vnto the gladsome port of her intent:
Then when I shall my selfe in safety see,
A table for eternall moniment
Of thy great grace, and my great ieopardee,
Great *Neptune*, I avow to hallow vnto thee.

11
Then sighing softly sore, and inly deepe,
She shut vp all her plaint in priuie griefe;
For, her great courage would not let her weepe,
Till that old *Glaucé* gan with sharpe repriefe
Her to restraine, and giue her good reliefe,
Through hope of those, which *Merlin* had her tolde
Should of her name and nation be chiefe,
And fetch their being from the sacred mould
Of her immortall wombe, to be in heauen enrol'd.

12
Thus as she her recomforted, she spyde,
Where farre away one all in armour bright,
With hasty gallop towards her did ride;
Her dolour soone she ceast, and on her dight
Her helmet, to her Courser mounting light:
Her former sorrowe into sudden wrath,
Both coosen passions of distroubled spright,
Conuerting, forth she beates the dusty path;
Loue and despight attonce her courage kindled hath.

13
As when a foggy mist hath ouercast
The face of heaven, and the cleare aire engrost,
The world in darknesse dwels, till that at last
The watry South-winde from the sea-bord cost
Vpblowing, doth disperse the vapour lost,
And poures it selfe forth in a stormy showr;
So the faire *Britomart* hauing disclo'st
Her clowdy care into a wrathfull stowre,
The mist of griefe dissolv'd, did into vengeance powre.

14
Eftsoones her goodly shield addressing faire,
That mortall speare she in her hand did take,
And vnto battell did her selfe prepare.
The knight, approching, sternely her bespake;
Sir knight, that doest thy voyage rashly make
By this forbidden way in my despight,
Ne doest by others death ensample take,
I read thee soone retire, whiles thou hast might,
Least afterwards it be too late to take thy flight.

15
Ythrild with deepe disdaine of his proud threat,
She shortly thus; Fly they, that need to fly:
Words fearen babes. I meane not thee entreat
To passe; but maugre thee will pass or die.
Ne longer stayd for th'other to reply,
But with sharpe speare the rest made dearely knowne.
Strongly the strange knight ran, and sturdily
Strooke her full on the breast, that made her downe
Decline her head, & touch her crouper with her crowne.

16
But she againe him in the shield did smite
With so fierce fury and great puissance,
That through his threesquare scuchin pearcing quite,
And through his mayled hauberque, by mischaunce
The wicked steele through his left side did glaunce;
Him so transfixed she before her bore
Beyond his croupe, the length of all her launce,
Till sadly soucing on the sandy shore,
He tombled on an heape, and wallow'd in his gore.

17
Like as the sacred Oxe, that careless stands,
With gilden hornes, and flowry girlonds crown'd,
Proud of his dying honor and deare bands,
Whiles th'altars fume with frankincense arownd,
All suddenly with mortall stroke astown'd,
Doth grouling fall, and with his streaming gore
Distaines the pillours, and the holy ground,
And the faire flowres, that decked him afore;
So fell proud *Marinell* vpon the pretious shore.

18
The Martiall Mayd stayd not him to lament,
But forward rode, and kept her ready way
Along the strond: which as she ouer-went,
She sawe bestrowed all with rich array
Of pearles and pretious stones of great assay,
And all the grauell mixt with golden owre;
Whereat she wondred much, but would not stay
For gold, or pearles, or pretious stones an howre,
But them despised all; for, all was in her powre.

19
Whiles thus he lay in deadly stonishment,
Tydings hereof came to his mothers eare;
His mother was the black-browd *Cymoent*,
The daughter of great *Nereus*, which did beare
This warlike sonne vnto an earthly peare,
The famous *Dumarin*; who on a day
Finding the Nymph asleepe in secret wheare,
As he by chance did wander that same way,
Was taken with her loue, and by her closely lay.

20
There he this knight of her begot; whom borne
She of his father *Marinell* did name,
And in a rocky caue as wight forlorne,
Long time she fostred vp, till he became
A mighty man at armes, and mickle fame
Did get through great aduentures by him donne:
For, neuer man he suffred by that same
Rich strond to trauell, whereas he did wonne,
But that he must do battell with the Sea-nymphes sonne.

21
An hundred knights of honorable name
He had subdew'd, and them his vassals made,
That through all Fary lond his noble fame
Now blazed was, and feare did all inuade,
That none durst passen through that perilous glade:
And to aduance his name and glory more,
Her Sea-god syre she dearely did perswade,
T'endow her sonne, with threasure and rich store,
Boue all the sonnes, that were of earthly wombes ybore.

22
The god did grant his daughters deare demaund,
To doen his Nephew in all riches flowe;
Eftsoones his heaped waues he did commaund,
Out of their hollowe bosome forth to throwe
All the huge threasure, which the sea belowe
Had in his greedy gulfe deuoured deepe,
And him enriched through the ouerthrowe
And wreckes of many wretches, which did weepe
And often waile their wealth, which he from them did keepe.

23
Shortly vpon that shore there heaped was
Exceeding riches and all precious things,
The spoyle of all the world, that it did pass
The wealth of th'East, and pompe of *Persian* kings;
Gold, amber, yuorie, pearles, owches, rings,
And all that else was pretious and deare,
The sea vnto him voluntary brings,
That shortly he a great Lord did appeare,
As was in all the lond of Faery, or elsewhere.

24
Thereto he was a doughty dreaded knight,
Tryde often to the scathe of many deare,
That none in equall armes him matchen might:
The which his mother seeing, gan to feare
Least his too haughty hardinesse might reare
Some hard mishap, in hazard of his life:
For-thy she oft him counseld to forbeare
The bloudy battell, and to stirre vp strife,
But after all his warre, to rest his weary knife.

25
And for his more assurance, she enquir'd
One day of *Proteus* by his mighty spell
(For *Proteus* was with prophecie inspir'd)
Her deare sonnes destinie to her to tell,
And the sad end of her sweet *Marinell*.
Who, through foresight of his eternall skil,
Bade her from woman-kind to keep him well:
For, of a woman he should haue much ill,
A virgin strange and stout him should dismay, or kill.

26
For-thy she gaue him warning euery day,
The loue of women not to entertaine;
A lesson too too hard for liuing claie,
From loue in course of nature to refraine:
Yet he his mothers lore did well retaine,
And euer from faire Ladies loue did flie;
Yet many Ladies faire did oft complaine,
That they for loue of him would algates die:
Dy, whoso list for him, he was loues enemy.

But

27
But ah, who can deceiue his destiny,
Or weene by warning to auoyd his fate?
That when he sleepes in most security,
And safest seemes, him soonest doth amate,
And findeth dew effect or soone or late.
So feeble is the powre of fleshly arme.
His mother bade him womens loue to hate,
For, she of womans force did feare no harme;
So weening to haue arm'd him, she did quite disarme.

28
This was that woman, this that deadly wound,
That *Proteus* prophecied should him dismay,
The which his mother vainely did expound,
To be hart-wounding loue, which should assay
To bring her sonne vnto his last decay.
So tickle be the tearmes of mortall state,
And full of subtile sophismes, which doe play
With double senses, and with false debate,
T'approue the vnknowne purpose of eternall fate.

29
Too true the famous *Marinell* it found,
Who through late triall, on that wealthy Strond
Inglorious now lies in senseless swound,
Through heauy stroke of *Britomartis* hond.
Which when his mother deare did vnderstond,
And heauy tydings heard, where-as she playd
Amongst her watry sisters by a Pond,
Gathering sweet Daffadillies, to haue made
Gay girlonds, from the Sun their forheads faire to shade;

30
Eftsoones both flowres and girlonds farre away
She flong, and her faire deawie locks yrent,
To sorrow huge she turnd her former play,
And gamesome mirth to grieuous dreriment:
She threw her selfe downe on the Continent,
Ne word did speake, but lay as in a swoune,
Whiles all her sisters did for her lament,
With yelling out-cries, and with shrieking sowne;
And euery one did teare her girlond from her crowne.

31
Soone as she vp out of her deadly fit
Arose, she bade her charet to be brought,
And all her sisters, that with her did sit,
Bade eke attonce their charets to be sought;
Tho, full of bitter griefe and pensiue thought,
She to her wagon clombe; clombe all the rest,
And foorth together went, with sorrow fraught.
The waues, obedient to their beheast,
Them yielded ready passage, and their rage surceast.

32
Great *Neptune* stood amazed at their sight,
Whiles on his broad round backe they softly slid,
And eke himselfe mourn'd at their mournfull plight,
Yet wist not what their wayling meant, yet did
For great compassion of their sorrow, bid
His mighty waters to them buxome bee:
Eftsoones the roaring billowes still abid,
And all the grisly Monsters of the See
Stood gaping at their gate, and wondred them to see.

33
A teme of Dolphins ranged in array,
Drew the smooth charet of sad *Cymoent*;
They were all taught by *Triton*, to obay
To the long traines, at her commaundement:
As swift as Swallowes on the waues they went,
That their broad flaggy finnes no fome did reare,
Ne bubbling roundell they behind them sent;
The rest, of other fishes drawen were,
Which with their finny oars the swelling sea did sheare.

34
Soone as they beene arriu'd vpon the brim
Of the *Rich strond*, their charets they forlore,
And let their temed fishes softly swim
Along the margent of the foamy shore,
Least they their finnes should bruze, and surbate sore
Their tender feet vpon the stony ground:
And comming to the place, where all in gore
And cruddy bloud enwallowed they found
The luckelesse *Marinell*, lying in deadly swound;

35
His mother swouned thrice, and the third time
Could scarce recouered be out of her paine;
Had shee not been deuoyd of mortall slime,
She should not then haue been reliu'd againe:
But soone as life recouered had the raine,
She made so pittious moane and deare wayment,
That the hard rocks could scarce from teares refraine,
And all her sister Nymphes with one consent
Supplide her sobbing breaches with sad complement.

36
Deare image of my selfe, she said, that is,
The wretched sonne of wretched mother borne,
Is this thine high aduauncement? ô is this
Th'immortall name, with which thee yet vnborne
Thy Grandsire *Nereus* promist to adorne?
Now lyest thou of life and honour reft;
Now lyest thou a lumpe of earth forlorne,
Ne of thy late life memory is left,
Ne can thy irrevocable destiny be weft.

37
Fond *Proteus*, father of false prophecis,
And they more fond that credit to thee giue,
Not this the worke of womans hand ywis, (driue.
That so deepe wound through these deare members
I feared loue: but they that loue doe liue;
But they that die, doe neither loue nor hate.
Nath'lesse, to thee thy folly I forgiue,
And to my selfe, and to accursed fate
The guilt I doe ascribe: deare wisedome bought too late.

38
O what auailes it of immortall seed
To beene ybred and neuer borne to die;
Farre better I it deeme to die with speed,
Then waste in woe and wailefull miserie.
Who dyes, the vtmost dolour doth abie;
But who that liues, is left to waile his losse:
So life is losse, and death felicitie.
Sad life worse then glad death: and greater crosse
To see friends Graue, then dead the Graue selfe to engrosse.

39
But if the heauens did his dayes envie,
And my short bliſſe maligne, yet mote they well
Thus much afford me, ere that he did die
That the dim eyes of my deare *Marinell*
I mote haue cloſed, and him bid farewell,
Sith other offices for mother meet
They would not graunt.
Yet maulgre them, farewell my ſweeteſt ſweet;
Farewell my ſweeteſt ſonne, ſith we no more ſhall meet.

40
Thus when they all had ſorrowed their fill,
They ſoftly gan to ſearch his grieſly wound:
And that they might him handle more at will,
They him diſarm'd, and ſpredding on the ground
Their watchet mantles frindg'd with ſiluer round,
They ſoftly wip't away the ielly blood
From th'orifice; which hauing well vp-bound,
They pourd-in ſoueraigne balme, and Nectar good,
Good both for earthly med'cine, and for heauenly food.

41
Tho, when the lilly-handed *Liagore*
(This *Liagore* whylome had learned skill
In leaches craft, by great *Apolloes* lore,
Sith her whylome vpon high *Pindus* hill,
He loued, and at laſt her wombe did fill
With heauenly ſeed, whereof wiſe *Paon* ſprong)
Did feele his pulſe, ſhee knew there ſtaied ſtill
Some little life his feeble ſprites emong;
Which to his mother told, deſpaire ſhe from her flong.

42
Tho, him vp-taking in their tender hands,
They eaſily vnto her charet beare:
Her teme at her commaundement quiet ſtands,
Whiles they the corſe into her wagon reare,
And ſtrowe with flowres the lamentable beare:
Then all the reſt into their coches clim,
And through the brackiſh waues their paſſage ſheare;
Vpon great *Neptunes* necke they ſoftly ſwim,
And to her watry chamber ſwiftly carry him.

43
Deepe in the bottome of the Sea, her bowre
Is built, of hollow billowes heaped hie,
Like to thick clowdes, that threat a ſtormy ſhowre,
And vaulted all within, like to the ſky,
In which the Gods do dwell eternally:
There they him layd in eaſie couch well dight;
And ſent in haſte for *Tryphon*, to apply
Salues to his wounds, and medicines of might:
For, *Tryphon* of Sea-gods the ſoueraine leach is hight.

44
The whiles, the Nymphes ſit all about him round,
Lamenting his miſhap and heauy plight;
And oft his mother viewing his wide wound,
Curſed the hand that did ſo deadly ſmight
Her deareſt ſonne, her deareſt harts delight.
But none of all thoſe curſes overtooke
The warlike Mayd, th'enſample of that might,
But fairely well ſhe thriu'd, and well did brooke
Her noble deedes, ne her right courſe for ought forſooke.

45
Yet did falſe *Archimage* her ſtill purſew,
To bring to paſſe his miſchieuous intent,
Now that he had her ſingled from the crew
Of curteous knights, the Prince, and Faery gent,
Whom late in chace of beautie excellent
She left, purſewing that ſame foſter ſtrong;
Of whoſe foule outrage they impatient,
And full of fiery zeale, him followed long,
To reskew her from ſhame, and to reuenge her wrong.

46
Through thicke and thin, through mountaines & through plains,
Thoſe two great champions did attonce purſew
The fearefull Damzell, with inceſſant paines:
Who from them fled, as light-foot Hare from view
Of hunters ſwift, and ſent of houndes trew.
At laſt, they came vnto a double way,
Where, doubtfull which to take, her to reskew,
Themſelues they did diſpart, each to aſſay,
Whether more happy were, to win ſo goodly pray.

47
But *Timias*, the Princes gentle Squire,
That Ladies loue vnto his Lord forlent,
And with proud envy and indignant ire,
After that wicked foſter fiercely went.
So beene they three three ſundry waies ybent.
But faireſt fortune to the Prince befell,
Whoſe chaunce it was, that ſoone he did repent,
To take that way, in which that Damozell
Was fled afore, affraid of him, as fiend of hell.

48
At laſt, of her farre of hee gained view:
Then gan he freſhly pricke his forny ſteed,
And euer as he nigher to her drew,
So euermore he did increaſe his ſpeed,
And of each turning ſtill kept wary heed:
Aloud to her he oftentimes did call,
To doe away vaine doubt, and needleſſe dreed:
Full milde to her he ſpake, and oft let fall
Many meeke words, to ſtay and comfort her withall.

49
But nothing might relent her haſtie flight;
So deepe the deadly feare of that foule ſwaine
Was earſt impreſſed in her gentle ſpright:
Like as a fearfull Doue, which through the raine,
Of the wide ayre her way does cut amaine,
Hauing farre off eſpyde a Taſſell gent,
Which after her his nimble wings doth ſtraine,
Doubleth her haſte for feare to be fore-hent,
And with her pineons cleaues the liquid firmament.

50
With no leſſe haſte, and eke with no leſſe dreed,
That fearefull Lady fled from him, that ment
To her no euill thought, nor euill deed;
Yet former feare of beeing foully ſhent,
Carried her forward with her firſt intent:
And though, oft looking backward, well ſhe view'd,
Her ſelfe freed from that foſter inſolent,
And that it was a knight, which now her ſewd,
Yet ſhe no leſſe the knight feard, then that villaine rude.

51
His vncouth ſhield and ſtrange armes her diſmayd,
Whoſe like in Faery lond were ſildome ſeene,
That faſt ſhe from him fled, no leſſe affrayd
Then of wilde beaſts if ſhee had chaſed beene:
Yet he her follow'd ſtill with courage keene,
So long, that now the golden *Heſperus*
Was mounted high in top of heauen sheene,
And warnd his other brethren ioyeous,
To light their bleſſed lamps in *Ioues* eternall hous.

52
All ſuddenly dim woxe the dampiſh ayre,
And grieſly ſhadowes couered heauen bright,
That now with thouſand ſtarres was decked faire;
Which when the Prince beheld (a lothfull ſight)
And that perforce, for want of lenger light,
He mote ſurceaſe his ſuit, and loſe the hope
Of his long labour, he gan foully wite
His wicked fortune, that had turnd aſlope,
And curſed night, that reft from him ſo goodly ſcope.

53
Tho, when her waies he could no more deſcry,
But to and fro at diſaventure ſtrayd;
Like as a ſhip, whoſe Load-ſtar ſuddainly
Couered with clowdes, her Pilot hath diſmayd;
His wearieſome purſuit perforce he ſtayd,
And from his loftie ſteed diſmounting lowe,
Did let him forage. Downe himſelfe he layd
Vpon the graſſie ground, to ſleepe a throwe;
The cold earth was his couch, the hard ſteele his pillowe.

54
But gentle Sleepe envide him any reſt;
In ſtead thereof ſad ſorrow, and diſdaine
Of his hard hap did vex his noble breſt,
And thouſand fancies bet his idle braine
With their light wings, the ſights of ſemblants vaine:
Oft did he wiſh, that Lady faire mote bee
His Faery Queene, for whom he did complaine:
Or that his Faery Queene were ſuch as ſhee:
And euer haſtie Night he blamed bitterly.

55
Night, thou foule Mother of annoyance ſad,
Siſter of heauy Death, and nurſe of Woe,
Which waſt begot in Heauen, but for thy bad
And brutiſh ſhape, thruſt downe to Hell belowe,
Where, by the grim floud of *Cocytus* ſlowe
Thy dwelling is, in *Herebus* black hous
(Blacke *Herebus* thy husband is the foe
Of all the Gods) where thou vngratious,
Halfe of thy daies dooſt lead in horrour hideous.

56
What had th'eternall Maker need of thee,
The world in his continuall courſe to keepe,
That dooſt all things deface, ne letteſt ſee
The beautie of his worke? Indeed in ſleepe,
The ſlothfull body, that doth loue to ſteepe
His luſtleſſe limbes, and drowne his baſer mind,
Doth praiſe thee oft, and oft from *Stygian* deepe
Calls thee, his goddeſſe in his errour blind,
And great Dame Natures hand-maid, chearing euery kind.

57
But well I wote, that to an heauy hart
Thou art the root and nurſe of bitter cares,
Breeder of new, renewer of old ſmarts:
In ſtead of reſt thou lendeſt rayling teares,
In ſtead of ſleepe thou ſendeſt troublous feares,
And dreadfull viſions, in the which aliue
The drearie image of ſad death appeares:
So from the wearie ſpirit thou dooſt driue
Deſired reſt, and men of happineſſe depriue.

58
Vnder thy mantle blacke there hidden lye,
Light-ſhunning theft, and trayterous intent,
Abhorred bloudſhed, and vile felony,
Shamefull deceipt, and danger imminent;
Foule horror, and eke helliſh dreriment:
All theſe (I wote) in thy protection bee,
And light doe ſhunne, for feare of beeing ſhent:
For, light ylike is loth'd of them and thee,
And all that lewdneſſe loue, doe hate the light to ſee.

59
For, day diſcouers all diſhoneſt wayes,
And ſheweth each thing as it is indeed:
The prayſes of high God he faire diſplayes,
And his large bounty rightly doth areed.
Dayes deareſt children be the bleſſed ſeed,
Which darkneſſe ſhall ſubdew, and heauen win:
Truth is his daughter; he her firſt did breed,
Moſt ſacred virgin, without ſpot of ſin.
Our life is day: but death with darkneſſe doth begin.

60
O when will day then turne to mee againe,
And bring with him his long expected light?
O *Titan*, haſte to reare thy ioyous waine:
Speed thee to ſpread abroad thy beamez bright,
And chaſe away this too long lingring night;
Chaſe her away, from whence ſhe came, to hell.
She, ſhee it is, that hath mee done deſpight:
There let her with the damned ſpirits dwell,
And yield her roome to day, that can it gouerne well.

61
Thus did the Prince that wearie night out-weare,
In reſtleſſe anguiſh and vnquiet paine:
And early, ere the morrow did vpreare
His deawy head out of the *Ocean* maine,
He vp aroſe, as halfe in great diſdaine,
And clombe vnto his ſteed. So forth he went,
With heauy looke and lumpiſh paſe, that plaine
In him bewrayd great grudge and maltalent:
His ſteed eke ſeem'd t'apply his ſteps to his intent.

Canto V.

Prince Arthur heares of Florimell:
three Fosters Timias wound:
Belphœbe findes him almost dead,
and reareth out of swound.

1

WOnder it is to see in diuerse minds,
How diuersly Loue doth his pageants play,
And shewes his powre in variable kinds:
The baser wit, whose idle thoughts alway
Are wont to cleaue vnto the lowely clay,
It shrinketh vp to sensuall desire,
And in lewd sloth to waste his careless day:
But in braue sprite it kindles goodly fire,
That to all high desert and honour doth aspire.

2

Ne suffereth it vncomely idleness,
In his free thought to build her sluggish nest:
Ne suffereth it thought of vngentleness,
Euer to creepe into his noble brest;
But to the highest and the worthiest
Lifteth it vp, that else would lowely fall:
It lets not fall, it lets it not to rest:
It lets not scarce this Prince to breathe at all,
But to his first pursuit him forward still doth call:

3

Who long time wandred through the forest wide,
To find some issue thence, till at the last
He met a Dwarfe, that seemed terrifide
With some late perill, which he hardly past,
Or other accident, which him agast;
Of whom he asked, whence he lately came,
And whither now he trauelled so fast.
For, sore he swat, and running through that same
Thicke forest, was bescratcht, and both his feet nigh lame.

4

Panting for breath, and almost out of hart,
The Dwarfe him answerd, Sir, ill mote I stay
To tell the same. I lately did depart
From Faery-court, where I haue many a day
Serued a gentle Lady of great sway,
And high account through-out all Elfin land,
Who lately left the same, and tooke this way:
Her now I seeke, and if ye vnderstand
Which way shee fared hath, good Sir tell out of hand.

5

What mister wight, said he, and how arrayd?
Royally clad, quoth he, in cloth of gold,
As meetest may beseeme a noble mayd;
Her fayre locks in rich circlet be enrold,
And fairer wight did neuer sunne behold,
And on a Palfrey rides more white then snowe,
Yet she her selfe is whiter manifold:
The surest signe whereby ye may her knowe,
Is, that she is the fairest wight aliue, I trowe.

6

Now certes swaine, saide he, such one I weene,
Fast flying through this forest from her foe,
A foule ill fauoured foster, I haue seene;
Her selfe (well as I might) I reskew'd tho,
But could not stay; so fast she did fore-goe,
Carried away with wings of speedy feare.
Ah dearest God, quoth he, that is great woe,
And wondrous ruth to all that shall it heare.
But can ye read, Sir, how I may her find, or where?

7

Perdy, me leuer were to weeten that
Said he, then ransome of the richest knight,
Or all the good that euer yet I gat:
But froward Fortune, and too forward Night
Such happinesse did (maulgre) to me spight,
And fro me reft both life and light attone.
But Dwarfe aread, what is that Lady bright,
That through this forest wandreth thus alone?
For, of her errour strange I haue great ruth and mone.

8

That Lady is, quoth he, where-so she bee,
The bountiest virgin, and most debonaire,
That euer liuing eye I weene did see;
Liues none this day, that may with her compare
In stedfast chastitie and vertue rare,
The goodly ornaments of beauty bright;
And is ycleped *Florimell* the faire,
Faire *Florimell*, belou'd of many a knight;
Yet she loues none but one, that *Marinell* is hight.

9

A Sea-nymphes sonne, that *Marinell* is hight,
Of my deare Dame is loued dearely well;
In other none, but him, she sets delight:
All her delight is set on *Marinell*;
But he sets nought at all by *Florimell*:
For, Ladies loue, his mother long ygoe
Did him (they say) forwarne through sacred spell.
But fame now flyes, that of a forraine foe
Hee is yslaine, which is the ground of all our woe.

10

Fiue dayes there be, since hee (they say) was slaine,
And foure since *Florimell* the Court for-went,
And vowed neuer to returne againe,
Till him aliue or dead shee did invent.
Therefore, faire Sir, for loue of knighthood gent,
And honour of true Ladies, if ye may
By your good counsell, or bold hardiment,
Or succour her, or me direct the way;
Doe one, or other good, I you most humbly pray.

11

So may you gaine to you full great renowme,
Of all good Ladies through the world so wide,
And haply in her hart find highest roome
Of whom yee seeke to be most magnifide:
At least, eternall meede shall you abide.
To whom the Prince; Dwarfe, comfort to thee take,
For, till thou tydings learne what her betide,
I heere avow thee neuer to forsake.
Ill weares he armes, that nill them vse for Ladies sake.

12

So with the Dwarfe hee back return'd againe,
To seeke his Lady, where he mote her find;
But by the way, he greatly gan complaine
The want of his good Squire late left behind,
For whom he wondrous pensiue grew in mind,
For doubt of danger which mote him betide;
For, him he loued aboue all man-kind,
Hauing him true and faithfull euer tride,
And bold, as euer Squire that waited by knights side.

13

VVho, all this while, full hardly was assayd
Of deadly danger, which to him betid;
For, whiles his Lord pursewd that noble Mayd,
After that Foster foule he fiercely rid,
To beene avenged of the shame he did
To that faire Damzell: Him he chaced long
Through the thick woods, wherein he would haue hid
His shamefull head from his avengement strong:
And oft him threatned death for his outrageous wrong.

14

Nath'lesse, the villaine sped himselfe so well,
Whether through swiftnesse of his speedy beast,
Or knowledge of those woods, where he did dwell,
That shortly he from danger was releast,
And out of sight escaped at the least;
Yet not escaped from the due reward
Of his bad deeds, which daily hee increast,
Ne ceased not, till him oppressed hard
The heauy plague, that for such leachours is prepar'd.

15

For, soone as hee was vanisht out of sight,
His coward courage gan emboldned bee,
And cast t'avenge him of that foule despight,
Which he had borne of his bold enemee.
Tho to his brethren came: for they were three
Vngratious children of one graceless Sire,
And vnto them complained, how that hee
Had vsed beene of that foole-hardy Squire;
So them with bitter words he stird to bloudy ire.

16

Forth-with, themselues with their sad instruments
Of spoyle and murder they gan arme byliue,
And with him forth into the forest went,
To wreake the wrath, which he did earst reviue
In their sterne breasts, on him which late did driue
Their brother to reproche and shamefull flight:
For, they had vow'd, that neuer he aliue
Out of that forest should escape their might;
Vile rancour their rude harts had fild with such despight.

17

Within that wood there was a covert glade,
Fore-by a narrowe foord (to them well knowne)
Through which it was vneath for wight to wade;
And now by fortune it was overflowne:
By that same way, they knew that Squire vnknowne
Mote algates passe; for-thy themselues they set
There in await, with thicke woods over-growne,
And all the while their malice they did whet
With cruell threats, his passage through the ford to let.

18

It fortuned, as they deuised had,
The gentle Squire came riding that same way,
Vnweeting of their wile and treason bad,
And through the ford to passen did assay;
But that fierce Foster which late fled away,
Stoutly forth stepping on the further shore,
Him boldly bade his passage there to stay,
Till he had made amends, and full restore
For all the damage which he had him doen afore.

19

With that, at him a quiu'ring dart he threw,
With so fell force and villainous despight,
That through his haberieon the forkehead flew,
And through the linked mayles empearced quite,
But had no powre in his soft flesh to bite:
That stroake the hardy Squire did sore displease,
But more, that him he could not come to smite;
For, by no meanes the high banke he could sease,
But labour'd long in that deepe ford with vaine disease.

20

And still the Foster with his long bore-speare
Him kept from landing at his wished will;
Anone one sent out of the thicket neare
A cruell shaft, headed with deadly ill,
And feathered with an vnlucky quill;
The wicked steele stayd not, till it did light
In his left thigh, and deeply did it thrill:
Exceeding griefe that wound in him empight:
But more, that with his foes he could not come to fight.

21

At last (through wrath and vengeance making way)
Hee on the banke arriu'd with mickle paine,
Where the third brother him did sore assay,
And droue at him with all his might and maine
A forrest-bill, which both his hands did straine;
But warily he did avoyd the blowe,
And with his speare requited him againe,
That both his sides were thrilled with the throwe,
And a large streame of bloud out of the wound did flowe.

22

Hee, tumbling downe, with gnashing teeth did bite
The bitter earth, and bade to let him in
Into the balefull house of endlesse night,
Where wicked ghosts doe waile their former sin.
Tho, gan the battell freshly to begin;
For, nathemore for that spectacle bad,
Did th'other two their cruell vengeance blin,
But both attonce on both sides him bestad,
And load vpon him layd, his life for to haue had.

23

Tho, when that villaine he aviz'd, which late
Affrighted had the faireſt *Florimell*,
Full of fierce fury, and indignant hate,
To him he turned; and with rigour fell
Smote him so rudely on the Pannikell,
That to the chin he cleft his head in twaine:
Downe on the ground his carcasse groueling fell;
His sinfull soule, with desperate disdaine,
Out of her fleshly ferme fled to the place of paine.

24

That seeing now the onely last of three,
Who with that wicked shaft him wounded had,
Trembling with horrour, as that did fore-see
The fearefull end of his avengement sad,
Through which he follow should his brethren bad,
His bootlesse boaw in feeble hand vpcaught,
And there-with shot an arrow at the lad;
Which faintly fluttring, scarce his helmet raught,
And glauncing, fell to ground, but him annoyed naught.

25

VVith that, he would haue fled into the wood;
But *Timias* him lightly overhent,
Right as hee entring was into the flood,
And strooke at him with force so violent,
That headlesse him into the ford he sent:
The carcasse with the streame was carried downe,
But th'head fell backward on the Continent.
So mischiefe fell vpon the meaners crowne; (nowne:
They three be dead with shame, the Squire liues with re-

26

Hee liues, but takes small ioy of his renowne;
For, of that cruell wound he bled so sore,
That from his steed he fell in deadly swowne;
Yet still the bloud forth gusht in so great store,
That he lay wallow'd all in his owne gore.
Now God thee keep, thou gentlest Squire aliue:
Else shall thy louing Lord thee see no more;
But both of comfort him thou shalt depriue,
And eke thy selfe of honour, which thou didst atchieue.

27

Prouidence heauenly passeth liuing thought,
And doth for wretched mens reliefe make way;
For, loe, great grace or fortune thither brought
Comfort to him, that comfortlesse now lay.
In those same woods, ye well remember may,
How that a noble huntéresse did wonne,
Shee, that base *Braggadocchio* did affray,
And made him fast out of the forest runne;
Belphœbe was her name, as faire as *Phœbus* sunne.

28

Shee, on a day, as shee pursewd the chace
Of some wild beast, which with her arrowes keene
She wounded had, the same along did trace
By tract of bloud, which she had freshly seene,
To haue besprinkled all the grassie Greene;
By the great persue which she there perceau'd,
Well hoped she the beast engor'd had beene,
And made more haste, the life to haue bereau'd:
But ah! her expectation greatly was deceau'd.

29

Shortly she came, whereas that wofull Squire
With bloud deformed lay in deadly swound:
In whose faire eyes, like lamps of quenched fire,
The crystall humour stood congealed round;
His locks, like faded leaues fallen to ground,
Knotted with bloud, in bunches rudely ran,
And his sweet lips, on which before that stound
The bud of youth to blossome faire began,
Spoyld of their rosie red, were woxen pale and wan.

30

Saw neuer liuing eye more heauy sight,
That could haue made a rock of stone to rew,
Or riue in twaine: which when that Lady bright
(Besides all hope) with melting eyes did view,
All suddainly abasht, she changed hew,
And with sterne horrour backward gan to start:
But, when she better him beheld, she grew
Full of soft passion and vnwonted smart:
The poynt of pitty pearced through her tender hart.

31

Meekely she bowed downe, to weet if life
Yet in his frozen members did remaine;
And feeling by his pulses beating rife,
That the weake soule her seat did yet retaine,
She cast to comfort him with busie paine:
His double-folded neck shee rear'd vpright,
And rubd his temples, and each trembling vaine;
His mayled haberjeon she did vndight,
And from his head his heauy burganet did light.

32

Into the woods thence-forth in haste she went,
To seeke for hearbes, that mote him remedy;
For, she of hearbes had great intendiment,
Taught of the Nymph, which from her infancy
Her nursed had in true Nobility:
There, whether it divine *Tobacco* were,
Or *Panachæa*, or *Polygony*,
Shee found, and brought it to her Patient deare,
Who all this while lay bleeding out his hart-bloud neare.

The

33

The soueraigne weede betwixt two marbles plaine
She pownded small, and did in peeces bruze,
And then atweene her lilly handez twaine,
Into his wound the iuyce thereof did scruze,
And round about (as she could well it vze)
The flesh there-with shee suppled and did steepe,
T'abate all spasme, and soke the swelling bruze;
And after, hauing searcht the intuse deepe,
She with her scarfe did bind the wound frō cold to keepe.

34

By this, he had sweet life recur'd againe;
And groning inly deepe, at last his eyes,
His watry eyes, drizling like deawy raine,
He vp gan lift toward the azure skyes,
From whence descend all hopelesse remedies:
There-with he sigh't, and turning him aside,
The goodly Maid (full of diuinities,
And gifts of heauenly grace) he by him spide,
Her boaw and gilden quiuer lying him beside.

35

Mercy deare Lord, said hee, what grace is this,
That thou hast shewed to mee sinfull wight,
To send thine Angell from her bowre of bliss,
To comfort me in my distressed plight?
Angell, or Goddesse doe I call thee right?
What seruice may I doe vnto thee meet,
That hast from darknesse mee return'd to light,
And with thy heauenly salues and med'cines sweet,
Hast dreſt my sinfull wounds? I kisse thy blessed feet.

36

Thereat she blushing said, Ah gentle Squire,
Nor Goddesse I, nor Angell, but the Mayd,
And daughter of a wooddy Nymph, desire
No seruice, but thy safety and ayde;
Which if thou gaine, I shall be well apayd.
Wee mortall wights, whose liues and fortunes bee
To common accidents still open layd,
Are bound with common bond of frailtee,
To succour wretched wights, whom we captiued see.

37

By this, her Damsels, which the former chace
Had vndertaken, after her arriu'd,
As did *Belphœbe*, in the bloudy place,
And thereby deem'd the beast had been depriu'd
Of life, whom late their Ladies arrow riv'd:
For-thy, the bloudie tract they follow fast,
And euery one to runne the swiftest striv'd:
But two of them the rest far overpast,
And where their Lady was, arriued at the last.

38

Where, when they saw that goodly boy, with blood
Defouled, and their Lady dresse his wound,
They wondred much, and shortly vnderstood,
How him in deadly case their Lady found,
And reskewed out of the heauie stound.
Eftsoones his warlike courser, which was strayd
Farre in the woods, whiles that he lay in swound,
Shee made those Damsels search, which beeing stayd,
They did him set thereon, and forth with them conuayd.

39

Into that forest farre they thence him led,
Where was their dwelling, in a pleasant glade,
With mountaines round about environed,
And mightie woods, which did the valley shade,
And like a stately Theatre it made,
Spreading it selfe into a spatious Plaine.
And in the midst a little riuer plaid
Emongst the pumy stones, which seem'd to plaine
With gentle murmure, that his course they did restraine.

40

Beside the same, a dainty place there lay,
Planted with myrtle trees and laurels greene,
In which the birds sung many a louely lay
Of Gods high praise, and of their loues sweet teene,
As it an earthly Paradise had beene:
In whose enclosed shadow there was pight
A faire Pauilion, scarcely to be seene,
The which was all within most richly dight,
That greatest Princes liuing it mote well delight.

41

Thither they brought that wounded Squire, and layd
In easie couch his feeble limbes to rest.
Hee rested him awhile, and then the Mayd
His ready wound with better salues new dreſt;
Daily she dreſſed him, and did the best
His grieuous hurt to garish, that she might,
That shortly she his dolour hath redrest,
And his foule sore reduced to faire plight:
It she reduced, but himselfe destroyed quight.

42

O foolish Physick, and vnfruitfull paine,
That heales vp one, and makes another wound:
She his hurt thigh to him recur'd againe,
But hurt his hart, the which before was sound,
Through an vnwary dart, which did rebound
From her faire eyes and gracious countenaunce.
What bootes it him from death to be vnbound,
To be captiued in endlesse durance
Of sorrow and despaire without aleggeance?

43

Still as his wound did gather and growe whole,
So still his hart woxe sore, and health decayd:
Madnesse to saue a part, and lose the whole.
Still when as hee beheld the heauenly Mayd,
Whiles daily plaisters to his wound she layd,
So still his malady the more increast,
The whiles her matchlesse beauty him dismayd.
Ah God! what other could he doe at least,
But loue so faire a Lady, that his life releast?

44

Long while he stroue in his courageous breſt,
With reason dew the passion to subdew,
And loue for to dislodge out of his nest:
Still when her excellencies he did view,
Her soueraigne bounty, and celestiall hew,
The same to loue he strongly was constraind:
But when his meane estate he did renew,
He from such hardy boldnesse was restraind,
And of his luckleſſe lot and cruell loue thus plaind;

Vnthank-

45
Vnthankfull wretch, said he, is this the meed,
With which her soueraigne mercy thou doost quight?
Thy life she saued by her gracious deed,
But thou doost weene with villainous despight
To blot her honour, and her heauenly light.
Dye rather, dye, then so disloyally
Deeme of her high desert, or seeme so light:
Faire death it is to shunne more shame, to die:
Die rather, die, then euer loue disloyally.

46
But if to loue disloyaltie it bee,
Shall I then hate her, that from deathes dore
Me brought? ah! farre be such reproche fro mee.
What can I lesse do, then her loue therefore,
Sith I her due reward cannot restore:
Dye rather, die, and dying doe her serue,
Dying her serue, and liuing her adore;
Thy life she gaue, thy life she doth deserue:
Dye rather, die, then euer from her seruice swerue.

47
But foolish boy, what bootes thy seruice base
To her, to whom the heauens doe serue and sew?
Thou a meane Squire, of meeke and lowely place,
She heauenly borne, and of celestiall hew.
How then? of all, loue taketh equall view:
And doth not highest God vouchsafe to take
The loue and service of the basest crew?
If thee will not, dye meekly for her sake;
Dye rather, dye, then euer so faire loue forsake.

48
Thus warreid hee long time against his will,
Till that (through weakenesse) he was forc't at last
To yield himselfe vnto the mighty ill:
Which, as a Victor proud, gan ransack fast
His inward parts, and all his entrailes waste,
That neither bloud in face, nor life in hart
It left, but both did quite dry vp, and blast;
As pearcing levin, which the inner part
Of euery thing consumes, and calcineth by art.

49
Which seeing, faire *Belphœbe* gan to feare,
Least that his wound were inly well not healed,
Or that the wicked steele empoysned were:
Little shee weend, that loue he close concealed;
Yet still he wasted, as the snowe congealed,
When the bright sunne his beames thereon doth beat;
Yet neuer he his hart to her revealed,
But rather chose to die for sorrow great,
Then with dishonourable tearmes her to intreat.

50
Shee (gracious Lady) yet no paines did spare
To doe him ease, or doe him remedie:
Many Restoratiues of vertues rare,
And costly Cordialles shee did apply,
To mitigate his stubborne malady:
But that sweet Cordiall, which can restore
A loue-sick hart, shee did to him envy;
To him and all th'vnworthy world forlore
She did envy that soueraigne salue, in secret store.

51
That dainty Rose, the daughter of her Morne,
More deare then life shee tendered, whose flowre
The girlond of her honour did adorne:
Ne suffred she the Middayes scorching powre,
Ne the sharp Northerne wind thereon to showre,
But lapped vp her silken leaues most chaire,
When-so the froward sky began to lowre:
But soone as calmed was the Crystall ayre,
She did it faire dispred, and let to florish faire.

52
Eternall God, in his almighty powre,
To make ensample of his heauenly grace,
In Paradise whylome did plant this flowre;
Whence he it fetcht out of her natiue place,
And did in stock of earthly flesh enrace,
That mortall men her glory should admire:
In gentle Ladies breast, and bountious race
Of woman-kind it fairest flowre doth spire,
And beareth fruite of honour and all chaste desire.

53
Faire impes of beauty, whose bright shining beames
Adorne the world with like to heauenly light,
And to your willes both royalties and Realmes
Subdew, through conquest of your wondrous might,
With this faire flowre your goodly girlonds dight,
Of chastitie and vertue virginall,
That shall embellish more your beautie bright,
And crowne your heads with heauenly coronall,
Such as the Angels weare before Gods tribunall.

54
To your faire selues a faire ensample frame,
Of this faire Virgin, this *Belphœbe* faire;
To whom, in perfect loue and spotlesse fame
Of chastitie, none liuing may compaire:
Ne poysnous Envy iustly can empaire
The prayse of her fresh flowring Maidenhead;
For-thy she standeth on the highest staire
Of th'honourable stage of woman-head,
That Ladies all may followe her ensample dead.

55
In so great prayse of stedfast chastitie,
Nath'lesse, she was so curteous and kind,
Tempred with grace, and goodly modesty,
That seemed those two vertues stroue to find
The higher place in her Heroïck mind:
So striuing each did other more augment,
And both encreast the prayse of woman-kind,
And both encreast her beauty excellent;
So all did make in her a perfect complement.

Canto VI.

The birth of faire Belphœbe, and of Amoret is told.
The Gardens of Adonis, fraught with pleasures manifold.

1
WEll may I weene, faire Ladies, all this while
Ye wonder, how this noble Damozell
So great perfections did in her compile;
Sith that in saluage forests she did dwell,
So farre from Court and royall Citadell,
The great schoolemistresse of all curtesy:
Seemeth that such wild woods should far expell
All ciuill vsage and gentility,
And gentle sprite deforme with rude rusticity.

2
But to this fayre *Belphœbe* in her berth
The heauens so fauourable were and free,
Looking with mild aspect vpon the earth,
In th'*Horoscope* of her natiuitee,
That all the gifts of grace and chastitee
On her they poured forth of plentious horne;
Ioue laught on *Venus* from his soueraigne see,
And *Phœbus* with faire beames did her adorne,
And all the *Graces* rockt her cradle beeing borne.

3
Her birth was of the wombe of Morning dewe,
And her conception of the ioyous Prime,
And all her whole creation did her shewe
Pure and vnspotted from all loathly crime,
That is ingenerate in fleshly slime.
So was this Virgin borne, so was she bred,
So was shee trained vp from time to time,
In all chaste vertue, and true bounti-hed,
Till to her due perfection shee was ripened.

4
Her mother was the faire *Chrysogonee*,
The daughter of *Amphisa*, who by race
A Faerie was, yborne of high degree;
She bore *Belphœbe*, she bore in like case
Faire *Amoretta* in the second place:
These two were twinnes, and twixt them two did share
The heritage of all celestiall grace;
That all the rest it seem'd they robbed bare
Of bountie, and of beautie, and all vertues rare.

5
It were a goodly storie, to declare,
By what strange accident faire *Chrysogone*
Conceiu'd these Infants, and how them she bare,
In this wilde forest wandring all alone,
After she had nine moneths fulfild and gone:
For, not as other wemens common brood,
They were enwombed in the sacred throne
Of her chaste body; nor with common food,
As other wemens babes, they sucked vitall blood:

6
But wondrously they were begot, and bred
Through influence of th'heauens fruitfull ray,
As it in antique bookes is mentioned.
It was vpon a Sommers shiny day
(When *Titan* fayre his hot beames did display)
In a fresh fountaine, farre from all mens view,
She bath'd her brest, the boyling heat t'allay;
She bath'd with roses red, and violets blew,
And all the sweetest flowres, that in the forest grew;

7
Till faint through irkesom wearinesse, adown
Vpon the grassie ground her selfe she layd
To sleep, the whiles a gentle slumbring swoun
Vpon her fell all naked bare displayd;
The sunne-beames bright vpon her body playd,
Being through former bathing mollifide,
And peare't into her wombe, where they embayd
With so sweet sense and secret power vnspide,
That in her pregnant flesh they shortly fructifide.

8
Miraculous may seeme to him, that reades
So strange ensample of conception;
But reason teacheth that the fruitfull seades
Of all things liuing, through impression
Of the sun-beames in moyst complexion,
Doe life conceiue, and quickned are by kind:
So, after *Nilus* inundation,
Infinite shapes of creatures men doe find,
Informed in the mud, on which the Sunne hath shin'd.

9

Great father hee of generation
Is rightly cald, th'authour of life and light;
And his faire sister for creation
Ministreth matter fit, which tempred right
With heat and humour, breedes the liuing wight.
So sprong these twinnes in wombe of *Chrysogone*,
Yet wist she nought thereof, but sore affright,
Wondred to see her belly so vp-blone,
Which still increast, till she her terme had full out-gone.

10

Whereof conceiuing shame and foule disgrace,
Albe her guiltlesse conscience her cleard,
She fled into the wilderneſse a space,
Till that vnweeldy burden she had reard,
And shund dishonour, which as death she feard:
Where wearie of long trauell, downe to rest
Her selfe she set, and comfortably cheard;
There a sad clowd of sleepe her ouerkest,
And seized euery sense with sorrow sore oppreſt.

11

It fortuned, faire *Venus* hauing lost
Her little sonne, the winged god of loue,
Who for some light displeasure, which him croſt,
Was from her fled, as flit as ayery Doue,
And left her blisfull bowre of ioy aboue,
(So from her often he had fled away,
When she for ought him sharply did reproue,
And wandred in the world in strange array, (wray.)
Disguiz'd in thousand shapes, that none might him be-

12

Him for to seeke, she left her heauenly hous
(The house of goodly formes and faire aspects,
Whence all the world deriues the glorious
Features of beauties, and all shapes select,
With which high God his workmanship hath deckt)
And searched euery way, through which his wings
Had borne him, or his tract she mote detect:
She promist kisses sweet, and sweeter things
Vnto the man, that of him tydings to her brings.

13

First, shee him sought in Court, where most he vsed
Whylome to haunt, but there she found him not;
But many there she found, which sore accused
His falsehood, and with foule infamous blot
His cruell deedes and wicked wiles did spot:
Ladies and Lordes shee euery where mote heare
Complayning, how with his empoysned shot
Their wofull harts he wounded had whyleare,
And so had left them languiſhing twixt hope and feare.

14

She then the Cities sought, from gate to gate,
And euery one did aske, did he him see;
And euery one her answerd, that too late
Hee had him seene, and felt the crueltie
Of his sharp darts, and hot artillerie;
And euery one threw forth reproches rise
Of his mischieuous deedes, and said, That hee
Was the disturber of all ciuill life,
The enemy of peace, and author of all strife.

15

Then, in the Countrey she abroad him sought,
And in the rurall cottages enquired;
Where also, many plaints to her were brought,
How hee their heedleſse harts with loue had fired,
And his false venim through their veines inspired;
And eke the gentle shepheard swaines, which sat
Keeping their fleecie flocks, as they were hired,
She sweetly heard complaine, both how and what
Her sonne had to them doen; yet shee did smile thereat.

16

But when in none of all these shee him got,
Shee gan aviſe where elſe he mote him hide:
At last, she her be-thought, that shee had not
Yet sought the salvage woods and forests wide,
In which full many louely Nymphes abide,
Mongst whom might be, that he did closely lye,
Or that the loue of some of them him tyde:
For-thy she thither cast her course t'apply,
To search the secret haunts of *Dianes* company.

17

Shortly, vnto the waſtefull woods shee came,
Where-as shee found the Goddeſse with her crew,
After late chace of their embrewed game,
Sitting beside a fountaine in a rewe,
Some of them washing with the liquid dewe
From off their daintie limbes the dusty sweat,
And soyle, which did deforme their liuely hewe;
Other lay shaded from the scorching heat;
The reſt, vpon her person, gaue attendance great.

18

Shee, hauing hong vpon a bough on high
Her boaw and painted quiuer, had vnlac't
Her siluer buskins from her nimble thigh,
And her lanke loynes vngirt, and breasts vnbrac't,
After her heat the breathing cold to taste;
Her golden locks, that late in treſſes bright
Embreaded were for hindring of her haſte,
Now looſe about her shoulders hong vndight,
And were with sweet *Ambroſia* all beſprinkled light.

19

Soone as she *Venus* saw behind her back,
Shee was asham'd to be so looſe surpriſed;
And woxe halfe wroth against her damsels slack,
That had not her thereof before aviſed,
But suffred her so careleſly disguiſed
Be overtaken. Soone her garments looſe
Vpgath'ring, in her boſome she compriſed;
Well as shee might, and to the Goddeſſe roſe,
Whilst all her Nymphes did like a girlond her encloſe.

20

Goodly shee gan fayre *Cytherea* greet,
And shortly asked her what cauſe her brought
Into that wilderneſſe (for her vnmeet)
From her sweet bowres, & beds with pleasures fraught:
That suddaine change she strange adventure thought.
To whom (halfe weeping) shee thus answered,
That shee her deareſt sonne *Cupido* sought,
Who in his frowardneſſe from her was fled;
That she repented sore, to haue him angered.

Thereat

21

Thereat *Diana* gan to smile, in scorne
Of her vaine plaint, and to her scoffing said;
Great pitty sure, that ye be so forlorne
Of your gay sonne, that giues ye so good ayd
To your disports: ill mote yee been apayd.
But shee was more engrieued, and replide;
Faire sister, ill beseemes it to vpbrayd
A doleſull hart with so disdainefull pride;
The like that mine, may be your paine another tide.

22

As you in woods and wanton wilderneſſe
Your glory set, to chace the saluage beasts;
So my delight is all in ioyfulneſſe,
In beds, in bowres, in bankets, and in feasts:
And ill becomes you with your loftie creasts,
To scorne the ioy that *Ioue* is glad to seeke;
We both are bound to follow heauens behests,
And tend our charges with obeiſance meeke:
Spare (gentle sister) with reproche my paine to eeke.

23

And tell me, if that yee my sonne haue heard,
To lurke emongst your Nymphes in secret wize;
Or keepe their cabins: much I am afeard,
Leaſt he like one of them himselfe disguize,
And turne his arrowes to their exercize:
So may hee long himselfe full easie hide:
For, he is faire and freſh in face and guize,
As any Nymph (let not it be envide.)
So saying, euery Nymph full narrowly shee eyde.

24

But *Phœbe* there-with sore was angered,
And sharply said; Goe Dame, goe seeke your boy,
Where you him lately left, in *Mars* his bed;
He comes not here, we scorne his foolish ioy,
Ne lend we leisure to his idle toy:
But if I catch him in this company,
By *Stygian* lake I vow, whoſe sad annoy
The Gods doe dread, he dearely shall aby:
Ile clip his wanton wings, that he no more shall fly.

25

Whom when as *Venus* saw so sore displeaſed,
She inly sory was, and gan relent
What shee had said: so her shee soone appeaſed,
With sugred words and gentle blandiſhment,
Which as a fountaine from her sweet lips went,
And welled goodly forth, that in short space
Shee was well pleaſd, and forth her damzels sent,
Through all the woods, to search from place to place,
If any tract of him or tydings they mote trace.

26

To search the God of Loue, her Nymphes she sent
Throughout the wandring forest euery where:
And after them her selfe eke with her went
To seeke the fugitiue, both farre and nere.
So long they sought, till they arrived were
In that same shadie covert, where-as lay
Faire *Chrysogone* in slumbry traunce whilere:
Who in her sleepe (a wondrous thing to say)
Vnwares had borne two babes, as faire as springing day.

27

Vnwares she them conceiu'd, vnwares she bore:
She bore without en paine, that shee conceiued
Without en pleasure: ne her need implore
Lucinaes ayde: which when they both perceiued,
They were through wonder nigh of sense bereaued,
And gazing each on other, nought beſpake:
At last, they both agreed, her (seeming grieued)
Out of her heauy swoune not to awake,
But from her louing side the tender babes to take.

28

Vp they them tooke; each one a babe vp-tooke,
And with them carried, to be foſtered.
Dame *Phœbe* to a Nymph her babe betooke,
To be brought vp in perfect Maydenhed,
And of her selfe, her name *Belphœbe* red:
But *Venus* hers hence farre away convayd,
To be vp-brought in goodlie womanhed,
And in her little Loues stead, which was straid,
Her *Amoretta* cald, to comfort her dismaid.

29

Shee brought her to her ioyous Paradiſe, (dwell.
Where most she wonnes, when shee on earth does
So faire a place, as Nature can deuiſe:
Whether in *Paphos*, or *Cytheron* hill,
Or it in *Gnidus* be, I wote not well;
But well I wote by tryall, that this same
All other pleasant places doth excell,
And called is by her loſt Louers name;
The Garden of *Adonis*, farre renowm'd by fame.

30

In that same Garden, all the goodly flowres
Wher-with dame Nature doth her beautifie,
And decks the girlonds of her Paramoures,
Are fetcht: there is the first seminarie
Of all things, that are borne to liue and die,
According to their kinds. Long worke it were,
Heere to account the endleſſe progenie
Of all the weedes, that bud and bloſſome there;
But so much as doth need, muſt needs be counted here.

31

It sited was in fruitfull soyle of old,
And girt in with two walles on either side;
The one of iron, the other of bright gold,
That none might thorough breake, nor over-stride:
And double gates it had, which opened wide,
By which both in and out men moten paſs;
Th'ope faire and freſh, the other old and dride:
Old *Genius* the Porter of them was,
Old *Genius*, the which a double nature has.

32

He letteth in, he letteth out to wend,
All that to come into the world deſire;
A thousand thousand naked babes attend
About him day and night, which doe require,
That hee with fleshly weedes would them attire:
Such as him liſt, such as eternall fate
Ordained hath, he clothes with sinfull mire,
And sendeth forth to liue in mortall state,
Till they againe returne backe by the hinder gate.

After

33
After that they againe returned beene,
They in that Garden planted be againe;
And growe afresh, as they had neuer seene
Fleshly corruption, nor mortall paine.
Some thousand yeares so doen they there remaine;
And then of him are clad with other hew,
Or sent into the changefull world againe,
Till thither they returne, where first they grew:
So like a wheele around they runne from old to new.

34
Ne needs there Gardiner to set, or sowe,
To plant, or prune: for, of their owne accord,
All things as they created were, doe growe,
And yet remember well the mighty word,
Which first was spoken by th'Almighty Lord,
That bade them to increase and multiply:
Ne doe they need with water of the ford,
Or of the clowdes, to moysten their rootes dry;
For, in themselues, eternall moysture they imply.

35
Infinite shapes of creatures there are bred,
And vncouth formes, which none yet euer knew,
And euery sort is in a sundry bed
Set by it selfe, and rankt in comely rew:
Some fit for reasonable soules t'indew,
Some made for beasts, some made for birds to weare,
And all the fruitfull spawne of fishes hew
In endlesse ranks along enranged were,
That seem'd the *Ocean* could not containe them there.

36
Daily they growe, and daily forth are sent
Into the world, it to repleniish more;
Yet is the stocke not lessened, nor spent,
But still remaines in euerlasting store,
As it at first created was of yore.
For, in the wide wombe of the world, there lyes
In hatefull darknesse, and in deepe horrore,
An huge eternall *Chaos*, which supplies
The substances of Natures fruitfull progenies.

37
All things from thence doe their first being fetch,
And borrow matter, whereof they are made;
Which, when as forme and feature it does ketch,
Becomes a bodie, and doth then inuade
The state of life, out of the griesly shade.
That substance is eterne, and bideth so;
Ne when the life decayes, and forme does fade,
Doth it consume, and into nothing go,
But changed is, and often altred to and fro.

38
The substance is not chang'd, nor altered,
But th'onely forme and outward fashion;
For, euery substance is conditioned
To change her hew, and sundry formes to don,
Meet for her temper and complexion;
For, formes are variable, and decay
By course of kinde, and by occasion;
And that faire flowre of beauty fades away,
As doth the lilly fresh before the sunny ray.

39
Great enemy to it, and to all the rest
That in the Garden of *Adonis* springs,
Is wicked *Time*; who, with his scythe addrest,
Does mowe the flowring herbes and goodly things,
And all their glory to the ground downe flings,
Where they doe wither, and are foully mard:
Hee flyes about, and with his flaggy wings,
Beates downe both leaues and buds without regard,
Ne euer pitty may relent his malice hard.

40
Yet pitty often did the gods relent,
To see so faire things mard, and spoyled quight:
And their great mother *Venus* did lament
The losse of her deare brood, her deare delight;
Her hart was peare't with pitty at the sight,
When walking through the Garden, them she spyde,
Yet no'te she find redresse for such despight.
For, all that liues is subiect to that law:
All things decay in time, and to their end do draw.

41
But, were it not that *Time* their troubler is,
All that in this delightfull Garden growes,
Should happy be, and haue immortall bliss:
For, heere all plenty, and all pleasure flowes,
And sweet loue gentle fits emongst them throwes,
Without fell rancour, or fond iealousie;
Frankly each paramour his leman knowes,
Each bird his mate, ne any does enuie
Their goodly meriment, and gay felicitie.

42
There is continuall spring, and harueſt there
Continuall, both meeting at one time:
For, both the boughes doe laughing blossoms beare,
And with fresh colours deck the wanton Prime,
And eke attonce the heauy trees they clime,
Which seeme to labour vnder their fruites lode:
The whiles the ioyous birds make their pastime
Emongst the shady leaues, their sweet abode,
And their true loues without suspicion tell abrode.

43
Right in the middest of that Paradise,
There stood a stately Mount, on whose round top
A gloomy grove of myrtle-trees did rise,
Whose shadie boughes sharpe steele did neuer lop,
Nor wicked beasts their tender buds did crop,
But like a girlond compassed the hight,
And from their fruitfull sides sweet gum did drop,
That all the ground with precious deaw bedight,
Threw forth most dainty odours, & most sweet delight.

44
And, in the thickest couert of that shade,
There was a pleasant Arbour, not by art,
But of the trees owne inclination made,
Which knitting their ranke branches part to part,
With wanton Ivie-twine entrayld athwart,
And Eglantine, and Caprifole emong,
Fashiond aboue within their inmost part,
That neither *Phœbus* beames could through the throng,
Nor *Aeolus* sharp blast could worke them any wrong.

And

45
And all about grewe euery sort of flowre,
To which sad louers were transform'd of yore;
Fresh *Hyacinthus*, *Phœbus* paramoure
And deerest loue,
Foolish *Narcisse*, that likes the watry shore,
Sad *Amaranthus*, made a flowre but late,
Sad *Amaranthus*, in whose purple gore
Me seemes I see *Amintas* wretched fate,
To whom sweet Poets verse hath giuen endlesse date.

46
There wont faire *Venus* often to enioy
Her deare *Adonis* ioyous companie,
And reape sweet pleasure of the wanton boy;
There yet some say in secret he does ly,
Lapped in flowres and precious spycery,
By her hid from the world, and from the skill
Of *Stygian* gods, which do her loue enuie;
But she her selfe, when euer that she will,
Possesseth him, and of his sweetnesse takes her fill.

47
And sooth, it seemes, they say: for, he may not
For euer die, and euer buried bee
In balefull night, where all things are forgot;
All be he subiect to mortalitie,
Yet is eterne in mutabilitie,
And by succession made perpetuall,
Transformed oft, and changed diuersly:
For, him the Father of all formes they call;
Therefore needs mote he liue, that liuing giues to all.

48
There now he liueth in eternall blis,
Ioying his goddesse, and of her enioyd:
Ne feareth he henceforth that foe of his,
Which with his cruell tuske him deadly cloyd;
For, that wilde Bore, the which him once annoyd,
She firmely hath emprisoned for aye
(That her sweet loue his malice mote auoyd)
In a strong rockie Cave, which is they say, (may.
Hewen vnderneath that Mount, that none him loosen

49
There now he liues in euerlasting ioy,
With many of the gods in company,
Which thither haunt, and with the winged Boy
Sporting himselfe in safe felicitie:
Who, when he hath with spoiles and crueltie
Ransackt the world, and in the wofull hearts
Of many wretches set his triumphes hie,
Thither resorts, and laying his sad darts
Aside, with faire *Adonis* playes his wanton parts.

50
And his true loue faire *Psyche* with him playes,
Faire *Psyche* to him lately reconcyl'd,
After long troubles and vnmeet vpbrayes,
With which his mother *Venus* her reuyl'd,
And eke himselfe her cruelly exyl'd:
But now in stedfast loue and happy state
She with him liues, and hath him borne a child,
Pleasure, that doth both gods and men aggrate;
Pleasure, the daughter of *Cupid* and *Psyche* late.

51
Hither great *Venus* brought this infant faire,
The younger daughter of *Chrysogonee*,
And vnto *Psyche* with great truth and care
Committed her, yfostered to bee,
And trained vp in true feminitee:
Who no lesse carefully her tendered,
Then her owne daughter *Pleasure*, to whom shee
Made her companion, and her lessoned
In all the lore of loue, and goodly womanhead.

52
In which when she to perfect ripenesse grew,
Of grace and beauty noble Paragone,
She brought her forth into the worldes view,
To be th'ensample of true loue alone,
And Load-starre of all chaste affectione,
To all faire Ladies, that doe liue on ground.
To Faery court she came, where many one
Admyr'd her goodly haueour, and found
His feeble heart wide launced with loues cruell wound.

53
But she to none of them her loue did cast,
Saue to the noble knight Sir *Scudamore*,
To whom her louing heart she linked fast
In faithfull loue, t'abide for euermore,
And for his deerest sake endured sore,
Sore trouble of an hainous enemy;
Who her would forced haue to haue forlore
Her former loue and stedfast loialtie,
As ye may elsewhere reade that ruefull history.

54
But well I weene, ye first desire to learne,
What end vnto that fearefull Damozell,
Which fled so fast from that same foster stearne;
Whom with his brethren *Timias* slew, befell:
That was to weet, the goodly *Florimell*;
Who wandring for to seek her louer deare,
Her louer deare, her deerest *Marinell*,
Into misfortune fell, as ye did heare,
And from Prince *Arthur* fled with wings of idle feare.

O Canto

Canto VII.

The Witches sonne loues Florimell:
She flyes, he faines to die.
Satyrane saues the Squire of Dames
from Giants tyranny.

1

Like as an Hynd forth singled from the heard,
That hath escaped from a rauenous beast,
Yet flies away of her owne feet affeard,
And euery leafe, that shaketh with the least
Murmure of winde, her terror hath increast;
So fled faire *Florimell* from her vaine feare,
Long after she from perill was releast:
Each shade she sawe, and each noise she did heare,
Did seeme to be the same, which she escap't whyleare.

2

All that same euening she in flying spent,
And all that night her course continued:
Ne did she let dull sleepe once to relent,
Nor wearinesse to slacke her haste, but fled
Euer alike, as if her former dread
Were hard behinde, her ready to arrest:
And her white Palfrey hauing conquered
The maistring raines out of her weary wrest,
Perforce her carried, where-euer he thought best.

3

So long as breath, and hable puissaunce
Did natiue courage vnto him supply,
His pase he freshly forward did aduaunce,
And carried her beyond all ieopardy:
But nought that wanteth rest, can long aby.
He, hauing through incessant trauell spent
His force, at last perforce adown did ly,
Ne foot could further moue: The Lady gent
Thereat was suddein strook with great astonishment;

4

And forc't t'alight, on foot mote algates fare,
A traueller vnwonted to such waie:
Need teacheth her this lesson hard and rare,
That fortune all in equall launce doth sway,
And mortall miseries doth make her play.
So long she traueld, till at length she came
To an hilles side, which did to her bewray
A little valley, subiect to the same,
All couerd with thick woods, that quite it ouercame.

5

Through th'tops of the high trees she did descry
A little smoke, whose vapour thin and light,
Reeking aloft, vprolled to the sky:
Which chearefull signe did send vnto her sight,
That in the same did wonne some liuing wight.
Eftsoones her steps she thereunto applide,
And came at last in weary wretched plight
Vnto the place, to which her hope did guide,
To finde some refuge there, and rest her weary side.

6

There, in a gloomy hollowe glen she found
A little cottage, built of stickes and reedes
In homely wize, and wall'd with sods around,
In which a witch did dwell, in loathly weedes,
And wilfull want, all careless of her needes;
So choosing solitary to abide,
Far from all neighbours, that her diuelish deeds
And hellish arts from people she might hide.
And hurt far off vnknowne, whom-euer she enuide.

7

The Damzell there arriuing entred in;
Where sitting on the floore the Hag she found,
Busie (as seem'd) about some wicked gin;
Who, soone as she beheld that suddein stound,
Lightly vpstarted from the dusty ground,
And with fell looke and hollow deadly gaze
Stared on her awhile, as one astound,
Ne had one word to speake, for great amaze; (daze.
But shew'd by outward signes, that dread her sense did

8

At last, turning her feare to foolish wrath,
She askt, what diuell had her thither brought,
And who she was, and what vnwonted path
Had guided her, vnwelcomed, vnsought?
To which the Damzell full of doubtfull thought,
Her mildly answer'd: Beldame, be not wroth
With silly Virgin by aduenture brought
Vnto your dwelling, ignorant and loth,
That craue but roome to rest, while tempest ouerblo'th.

With

8

With that, adowne out of her Crystall eyne,
Few trickling teares she softly forth let fall,
That like two orient pearles, did purely shine
Vpon her snowie cheek; and therewithall
She sighed soft, that none so bestiall,
Nor saluage heart, but ruth of her sad plight
Would make to melt, or pitiously appall;
And that vile Hag, all were her whole delight
In mischiefe, was much moued at so pitious sight;

9

And gan recomfort her in her rude wise,
With womanish compassion of her plaint,
Wiping the teares from her suffused eyes,
And bidding her sit downe, to rest her faint
And wearie limbs awhile. She nothing quaint
Nor s'deignfull of so homely fashion,
Sith brought she was now to so hard constraint,
Sate downe vpon the dusty ground anon,
As glad of that small rest, as Bird of tempest gon.

10

Tho, gan she gather vp her garments rent,
And her loose lockes to dight in order dew,
With golden wreath, and gorgeous ornament;
Whom such when-as the wicked Hag did view,
She was astonisht at her heauenly hew,
And doubted her to deeme an earthly wight,
But or some goddesse, or of *Dianes* crew,
And thought her to adore with humble spright;
T'adore thing so diuine as beauty, were but right.

11

This wicked woman had a wicked sonne,
The comfort of her age and weary dayes,
A laesie loord, for nothing good to donne,
But stretched forth in idlenesse alwaies,
Ne euer cast his mind to couet praise,
Or ply himselfe to any honest trade;
But all the day before the sunny rayes
He vs'd to slug, or sleepe in slothfull shade:
Such laesinesse both lewd and poore attonce him made.

12

He, comming home at vndertime, there found
The fairest creature that he euer saw,
Sitting beside his mother on the ground;
The sight whereof did greatly him adaw,
And his base thought with terror and with awe
So inly smote, that as one which had gazed
On the bright Sunne vnwares, doth soone withdrawe
His feeble eyne, with too much brightnesse dazed;
So stared he on her, and stood long while amazed.

13

Softly at last he gan his mother aske,
What mister wight that was, and whence deriued,
That in so strange disguizement there did maske,
And by what accident she there arriued:
But she, as one nigh of her wits depriued,
With nought but ghastly lookes him answered,
Like to a ghost, that lately is reuiued
From *Stygian* shores, where late it wandered;
So both at her, and each at other wondered.

14

But the faire Virgin was so meeke and milde,
That she to them vouchsafed to embase
Her goodly port, and to their senses vild
Her gentle speach applide, that in short space
She grew familiar in that desert place.
During which time, the Chorle through her so kinde
And curteise vse conceiu'd affection base,
And cast to loue her in his brutish mind;
No loue, but brutish lust, that was so beastly tin'd.

15

Closely the wicked flame his bowels brent,
And shortly grew into outrageous fire;
Yet had he not the heart, nor hardiment,
As vnto her to vtter his desire;
His caitiue thought durst not so high aspire:
But with soft sighes, and louely semblances,
He weend that his affection entire
She should aread; many resemblances
To her he made, and many kind remembrances.

16

Oft from the forrest wildings he did bring,
Whose sides empurpled were with smiling red,
And oft young birds, which he had taught to sing
His mistresse prayses sweetly caroled,
Girlonds of flowres sometimes for her faire head
He fine would dight; sometimes the squirell wild
He brought to her in bands, as conquered
To be her thrall, his fellow seruant vild;
All which she of him took with countenance meek & mild.

17

But past awhile, when she fit season sawe,
To leaue that desert mansion, she cast
In secret wise her selfe thence to withdrawe,
For feare of mischiefe, which she did forecast
Might be the witch or that her sonne compast:
Her weary Palfrey, closely as she might,
Now well recouered after long repast,
In his proud furnitures she freshly dight,
His late miswandred waies now to remeasure right.

18

And early ere the dawning day appeard,
She forth issewed, and on her iourney went;
She went in perill, of each noise affeard,
And of each shade, that did it selfe present;
For, still she feared to be ouer-hent,
Of that vile Hag, or that vnciuile sonne:
Who, when too late awaking well they kent
That their faire guest was gone, they both begonne
To make exceeding mone, as they had been vndonne.

19

But that lewd louer did the most lament
For her depart, that euer man did heare;
He knockt his brest with desperate intent,
And scratcht his face, and with his teeth did teare
His rugged flesh, and rent his ragged heare:
That his sad mother seeing his sore plight,
Was greatly woe-begonne, and gan to feare
Least his fraile senses were emperisht quight,
And loue to frenzy turnd, sith loue is francke hight.

20

All wayes she sought, him to restore to plight,
With herbs, with charms, with counsell, and with teares:
But teares, nor charms, nor herbs, nor counsell might
Asswage the fury, which his entrailes teares:
So strong is passion, that no reason heares.
Tho, when all other helpes she sawe to faile,
She turnd her selfe backe to her wicked leares,
And by her diuelish arts thought to preuaile
To bring her backe againe, or worke her finall bale.

21

Effsoones out of her hidden caue she cald
An hideous beast, of horrible aspect,
That could the stoutest courage haue appald:
Monstrous misshap't, and all his back was spect
With thousand spots of colours queint elect,
Thereto so swift, that it all beasts did pass:
Like neuer yet did liuing eye detect;
But likest it to an *Hyæna* was,
That feeds on womens flesh, as others feed on grass.

22

It forth she cald, and gaue it streight in charge,
Through thick and thin her to pursew apace,
Ne once to stay to rest, or breath at large,
Till her he had attaind, and brought in place,
Or quite deuour'd her beauties scornefull grace.
The Monster, swift as word that from her went,
Went forth in haste, and did her footing trace
So sure and swiftly, through his perfect sent,
And passing speed, that shortly he her ouer-hent.

23

Whom when the fearefull Damzell nigh espide,
No need to bid her fast away to flie;
That vgly shape so sore her terrifide,
That it she shund no lesse, then dread to die:
And her swift Palfrey did so well apply
His nimble feet to her conceiued feare,
That whilst his breath did strength to him supply,
From perill free he her away did beare:
But when his force gan faile, his pase gan wex areare.

24

Which when as she perceiu'd, she was dismayd
At that same last extremitie full sore,
And of her safety greatly grew afraid:
And now she gan approathe to the sea shore,
As it befell, that she could fly no more,
But yield her selfe to spoile of greedinesse.
Lightly she leaped, as a wight forlore,
From her dull horse, in desperate distresse,
And to her feet betooke her doubtfull sickernesse.

25

Not halfe so fast the wicked *Myrrha* fled
From dread of her reuenging fathers hond:
Nor halfe so fast to saue her maidenhed,
Fled fearefull *Daphne* on th'*Aegæan* strond,
As *Florimell* fled from the Monster yond,
To reach the sea, ere she of him were raught:
For, in the sea to drowne her selfe she fond,
Rather then of the tyrant to be caught:
Thereto feare gaue her wings, & need her courage taught.

26

It fortuned (high God did so ordaine)
As she arriued on the roring shore,
In minde to leape into the mighty Maine,
A little boate lay houing her before,
In which there slept a Fisher old and poore,
The whiles his nets were drying on the sand:
Into the same she leapt, and with the ore,
Did thrust the shallop from the floting strand:
So safety found at sea, which she found not at land.

27

The Monster, ready on the prey to sease,
Was of his forward hope deceiued quight;
Ne durst assay to wade the perlous seas,
But greedily long gaping at the sight,
At last in vaine was forc't to turne his flight,
And tell the idle tydings to his Dame:
Yet to auenge his diuelish despight,
He set vpon her Palfrey tired lame,
And slew him cruelly ere any reskew came.

28

And after hauing him embowelled,
To fill his hellish gorge, it chaunc't a knight
To passe that way, as forth he trauelled;
It was a goodly Swaine, and of great might,
As euer man that bloudy field did fight;
But in vaine shewes, that wont young knights bewitch,
And courtly seruices took no delight,
But rather ioyd to be, then seemen sich:
For, both to be and seeme to him was labour lich.

29

It was to weet, the good Sir *Satyrane*,
That raung'd abroad, to seeke aduentures wilde,
As was his wont in forrest, and in Plaine;
He was all arm'd in rugged steele vnfilde,
As in the smoky forge it was compilde,
And in his scutchin bore a Satyres hed:
He comming present, where the monster vilde
Vpon that milke-white Palfreyes carkas fed,
Vnto his reskew ran, and greedily him sped.

30

There well perceiu'd he, that it was the horse,
Whereon faire *Florimell* was wont to ride,
That of that feend was rent without remorse:
Much feared he, least ought did ill betide
To that faire Mayd, the flowre of womens pride;
For, her he dearely loued, and in all
His famous conquests highly magnifide:
Besides, her golden girdle, which did fall
From her in flight, he found, that did him sore appall.

31

Full of sad feare, and doubtfull agony,
Fiercely he flew vpon that wicked feend;
And with huge strokes, and cruell battery
Him forc't to leaue his prey, for to attend
Himselfe from deadly danger to defend:
Full many wounds in his corrupted flesh
He did engraue, and muchell bloud did spend,
Yet might not doe him die; but aye more fresh
And fierce he still appear'd, the more he did him thresh.

32

He wist not, how him to despoile of life,
Ne how to win the wished victory,
Sith him he sawe still stronger growe through strife,
And him selfe weaker through infirmity;
Greatly he grew enrag'd, and furiously
Hurling his sword away, he lightly lept
Vpon the Beast, that with great crueltie
Rored, and raged to be vnder-kept:
Yet he perforce him held, and strokes vpon him hept.

33

As he that striues to stop a suddein flood,
And in strong bankes his violence enclose,
Forceth it swell aboue his wonted mood,
And largely ouerflowe the fruitfull Plaine,
That all the countrey seemes to be a Maine,
And the rich furrowes flote, all quite fordonne;
The wofull husbandman doth lowd complaine,
To see his whole yeeres labour lost so soone,
For which to God he made so many an idle boone:

34

So him he held, and did through might amate.
So long he held him, and him bet so long,
That at the last his fiercenesse gan abate,
And meekely stoup vnto the victour strong:
Who, to auenge the implacable wrong,
Which he suppoled donne to *Florimell*,
Sought by all meanes his dolour to prolong,
Sith dint of steele his carcas could not quell;
His maker with her charmes had framed him so well.

35

The golden ribband, which that virgin wore
About her slender waste, he tooke in hand,
And with it bound the Beast that loud did rore
For great despight of that vnwonted band,
Yet dared not his victour to withstand,
But trembled like a lambe, fled from the pray,
And all the way him follow'd on the strand,
As he had long been learned to obay;
Yet neuer learned he such seruice, till that day.

36

Thus as he led the Beast along the waie,
He spide far off a mighty Giantesse,
Fast flying on a Courser dapled gray,
From a bold knight, that with great hardinesse
Her hard pursewd, and sought for to suppresse:
She bore before her lap a dolefull Squire,
Lying athwart her horse in great distresse,
Fast bounden hand and foot with cords of wire,
Whom she did meane to make the thrall of her desire.

37

Which when as *Satyrane* beheld, in haste
He left his captiue Beast at libertie,
And crost the neareſt way, by which he cast
Her to encounter, ere she passed by:
But she the way shund nathemore for-thy,
But forward gallopt fast; which when he spide,
His mighty speare he couched warily,
And at her ranne: she, hauing him descride,
Her selfe to fight addrest, and threw her lode aside.

38

Like as a Goshauke, that in foot doth beare
A trembling Culuer, hauing spide on hight
An Ægle, that with plumy wings doth sheare
The subtile ayre, stouping with all his might,
The quarrey throwes to ground with fell despight,
And to the battell doth her selfe prepare:
So ran the Gianteſſe vnto the fight;
Her firy eyes with furious sparkes did stare,
And with blasphemous bannes high God in peeces tare.

39

She caught in hand a huge great iron mace,
Wherewith she many had of life depriued;
But ere the stroke could seize his aymed place,
His speare amids her sun-broad shield arriued;
Yet nathemore the steele asunder riued,
All were the beame in bignesse like a mast,
Ne her out of the stedfast saddle driued,
But glauncing on the tempred metall, brast
In thousand shiuers, and so forth beside her past.

40

Her Steed did stagger with that puissant stroke;
But she no more was moued with that might,
Then it had lighted on an aged Oke;
Or on the marble Pillour, that is pight
Vpon the top of Mount *Olympus* hight,
For the brave youthly Champions to assay,
With burning charet wheeles it nigh to smite:
But who that smites it, marres his ioyous play,
And is the spectacle of ruinous decay.

41

Yet therewith sore enrag'd, with sterne regard
Her dreadfull weapon she to him addrest,
Which on his helmet martelled so hard,
That made him lowe incline his lofty creſt,
And bow'd his battred visour to his breſt:
Wherewith he was so stund, that he n'ote ride,
But reeled to and fro from East to West:
Which when his cruell enemy espide,
She lightly vnto him adioyned side to side;

42

And on his collar laying puissant hand,
Out of his wauering seate him pluckt perforce,
Perforce him pluckt, vnable to withstand,
Or help himselfe; and laying thwart her horse,
In loathly wise like to a carion corse,
She bore him fast away. Which when the knight,
That her pursewed, saw, with great remorse
He neere was touched in his noble spright,
And gan increase his speed, as she increast her flight.

43

Whom when as nigh approching she espide,
She threw away her burden angrily;
For, she list not the battell to abide,
But made her selfe more light away to fly:
Yet her the hardy knight pursew'd so nie,
That almost in the backe he oft her strake:
But still when him at hand she did espy,
She turn'd, and semblance of faire fight did make;
But when he stayd, to flight againe she did her take.

44
By this, good Sir *Satyrane* gan awake
Out of his dream, that did him long entraunce;
And seeing none in place, he gan to make
Exceeding mone, and curst that cruell chaunce,
Which reft him from so faire a cheuisance:
At length he spide, whereas that wofull Squire,
Whom he had reskewed from captiuance
Of his strong foe, lay tombled in the mire,
Vnable to arise, or foot or hand to stire.

45
To whom approching, well he mote perceiue
In that foule plight a comely personage,
And louely face (made fit for to deceive
Fraile Ladies heart with loues consuming rage)
Now in the blossome of his freshest age:
He reard him vp, and loos'd his iron bands,
And after gan enquire his parentage,
And how he fell into that Giants hands,
And who that was, which chaced her along the lands.

46
Then trembling yet through feare, the Squire bespake;
That Giantesse *Argante* is behight,
A daughter of the *Titans* which did make
Warre against heauen, and heaped hils on hight,
To scale the skies, and put *Ioue* from his right:
Her sire *Typhœus* was, who (mad through mirth,
And drunk with bloud of men, slaine by his might)
Through incest, her of his owne mother Earth
Whilome begot, being but halfe twin of that berth.

47
For, at that birth another babe she bore,
To weet, the mighty *Ollyphant*, that wrought
Great wreake to many errant knights of yore,
And many hath to foule confusion brought.
These twinnes, men say, (a thing far passing thought)
Whiles in their mothers wombe enclos'd they were,
Ere they into the lightsome world were brought,
In fleshly lust were mingled both yfere,
And in that monstrous wise did to the world appeare.

48
So liv'd they ever after in like sin,
Gainst Natures law, and good behauiour:
But greatest shame was to that maiden twin,
Who not content so fowly to deuoure
Her native flesh, and straine her brothers bowre;
Did wallow in all other fleshly mire,
And suffred beasts her body to deflowre:
So hot she burned in that lustfull fire;
Yet all that might not slake her sensuall desire.

49
But ouer all the countrey she did range,
To seeke young men, to quench her flaming thurst,
And feed her fancy with delightfull change:
Whom-so she fittest finds to serue her lust,
Through her maine strength, in which she most doth (trust,
She with her brings into a secret Ile,
Where in eternall bondage dye he must,
Or be the vassall of her pleasures vile,
And in all shamefull sort himselfe with her defile.

50
Meseely wretch she so at vantage caught,
After she long in waite for me did lie,
And meant vnto her prison to haue brought,
Her loathsome pleasure there to satisfie;
That thousand deaths me leuer were to die,
Then breake the vowe, that to faire *Columbell*
I plighted haue, and yet keepe stedfastly:
As for my name, it mistreth not to tell;
Call me the *Squyre of Dames*: that me beseemeth well.

51
But that bold knight, whom ye pursuing sawe
That Giantesse, is not such, as she seemed,
But a faire virgin, that in Martiall lawe,
And deeds of armes aboue all Dames is deemed,
And aboue many knights is eke esteemed,
For her great worth; She *Palladine* is hight:
She you from death, you me from dread redeemed.
Ne any may that Monster match in fight,
But she, or such as she, that is so chaste a wight.

52
Her well beseemes that Quest, quoth *Satyrane:*
But read, thou *Squire of Dames*, what vow is this,
Which thou vpon thy self hast lately ta'ne?
That shall I you recount (quoth he) ywis,
So be ye pleas'd to pardon all amiss.
That gentle Lady, whom I loue and serue,
After long sute and weary seruicis,
Did aske me, how I could her loue deserue,
And how she might be sure, that I would neuer swerue.

53
I, glad by any meanes her grace to gaine,
Bade her commaund my life to saue, or spill:
Eftsoones she bade me, with incessant paine
To wander through the world abroad at will,
And euery where, where with my power or skill
I might do seruice vnto gentle Dames,
That I the same should faithfully fulfill, (names
And at the twelue months end should bring their
And pledges; as the spoiles of my victorious games.

54
So well I to faire Ladies seruice did,
And found such fauour in their louing hearts,
That ere the yeare his course had compassed,
Three hundred pledges for my good desarts,
And thrice three hundred thanks for my good parts
I with me brought, and did to her present:
Which when she sawe, more bent to eke my smarts,
Then to reward my trusty true intent,
She gan for me deuise a grieuous punishment;

55
To weet, that I my trauell should resume,
And with like labour walke the world around,
Ne euer to her presence should presume,
Till I so many other Dames had found.
The which, for all the suit I could propound,
Would me refuse their pledges to afford,
But did abide for euer chaste and sound.
Ah gentle Squire, quoth he, tell at one word,
How many foundst thou such to put in thy record?

In-

56
Indeed Sir knight, sayd he, one word may tell
All, that I euer found so wisely stayd;
For, onely three they were dispos'd so well:
And yet three yeeres I now abroad haue strayd,
To find them out. Mote I (then laughing sayd
The knight) inquire of thee, what were those three,
The which thy proffred curtesie denay'd?
Or ill they seemed sure auiz'd to bee,
Or brutishly brought vp, that nev'r did fashions see.

57
The first which then refused me, sayd hee,
Certes was but a common Courtisane,
Yet flat refus'd to haue a-do with mee,
Because I could not giue her many a Ione.
(Thereat full heartily laught *Satyrane*)
The second was an holy Nunne to chose,
Which would not let me be her Chapellane,
Because she knew, she said, I would disclose
Her counsell, if she should her trust in me repose.

58
The third a Damzell was of lowe degree,
Whom I in countrey cottage found by chance;
Full little weened I, that chastitee
Had lodging in so meane a maintenance:
Yet was she faire, and in her countenance
Dwelt simple truth in seemely fashion.
Long thus I woo'd her with dew obseruance,
In hope vnto my pleasure to haue wonne;
But was as farre at last, as when I first begonne.

59
Safe her, I neuer any woman found,
That chastity did for it selfe embrace,
But were for other causes firme and sound;
Either for want of handsome time and place,
Or else for feare of shame and fowle disgrace.
Thus am I hopelesse euer to attaine
My Ladies loue in such a desperate case,
But all my daies am like to waste in vaine, (traine.
Seeking to match the chaste with th'vnchaste Ladyes

60
Perdy, said *Satyrane*, thou *Squire of Dames*,
Great labour fondly hast thou hent in hand,
To get small thankes, and therewith many blames,
That may among *Alcides* labours stand.
Thence backe returning to the former land,
Where late he left the Beast he ouercame,
He found him not; for, he had broke his band,
And was return'd againe vnto his Dame,
To tell what tidings of faire *Florimell* became.

Canto VIII.

The Witch creates a snowy Lady, like to Florimell,
Who wrongd by Carle, by Proteus sav'd, is sought by Paridell.

1
O oft as I this history record,
My heart doth melt with meere compassion,
To thinke, how cauteles of her owne accord
This gentle Damzell whom I write vpon,
Should plonged be in such affliction,
Without all hope of comfort or reliefe,
That sure I weene, the hardest heart of stone,
Would hardly find to aggrauate her griefe;
For misery craues rather mercy, then repriefe.

2
But that accursed Hag, her hostesse late,
Had so enrankled her malitious heart,
That she desir'd th'abbridgement of her fate,
Or long enlargement of her painefull smart.
Now when the Beast, which by her wicked art
Late forth she sent, she backe returning spide,
Tyde with her broken girdle; it, a part
Of her rich spoyles, whom he had earst destroyd,
She weend, and wondrous gladnesse to her heart applyde.

3
And with it running hastily to her sonne,
Thought with that sight him much to haue relieued;
Who thereby deeming sure the thing as donne,
His former griefe with furie fresh renewed,
Much more then earst, and would haue algates rieued
The hart out of his breast: for, sith her dead
He surely dempt, himselfe he thought depriued
Quite of all hope, wherewith he long had fed
His foolish malady, and long time had mated.

4

With thought whereof, exceeding mad he grew,
And in his rage his mother would haue slaine,
Had she not fled into a secret mew,
Where she was wont her Sprights to entertaine
The masters of her art: there was she faine
To call them all in order to her ayde,
And them coniure vpon eternall paine,
To counsell her so carefully dismayd, (cayd.
How she might heale her sonne, whose senses were de-

5

By their aduise, and her owne wicked wit,
She there deuiz'd a wondrous worke to frame,
Whose like on earth was neuer framed yit,
That euen Nature selfe enuide the same,
And grudg'd to see the counterfet should shame
The thing it selfe. In hand she boldly tooke
To make another like the former Dame,
Another *Florimell*, in shape and looke
So liuely and so like, that many it mistooke.

6

The substance, whereof she the body made,
Was purest snowe in massie mould congeal'd,
Which she had gathered in a shady glade
Of the *Riphæan* hils, to her reueald
By errant Sprights, but from all men conceald:
The same she tempred with fine Mercury,
And virgin wax, that neuer yet was seal'd,
And mingled them with perfect vermily,
That like a liuely sanguine it seem'd to the eye.

7

In stead of eyes, two burning lamps she set
In siluer sockets, shining like the skies,
And a quicke moouing Spirit did arret
To stir and roll them, like a womans eyes:
In stead of yellow lockes she did deuise,
With golden wire to weaue her curled head;
Yet golden wire was not so yellow thrice
As *Florimells* faire haire: and in the stead
Of life, she put a Spright to rule the carcasse dead;

8

A wicked Spright yfraught with fawning guile,
And faire resemblance aboue all the rest,
Which with the Prince of darknesse fell somewhile,
From heauens bliss and euerlasting rest;
Him needed not instruct, which way were best
Himselfe to fashion likest *Florimell*,
Ne how to speake, ne how to vse his gest:
For, he in counterfeisance did excell;
And all the wyles of womens wits knew passing well.

9

Him shaped thus she deckt in garments gay,
Which *Florimell* had left behind her late,
That whoso then her sawe, would surely say,
It was her selfe whom it did imitate,
Or fairer then her selfe, if ought algate
Might fairer be. And then she forth her brought
Vnto her sonne, that lay in feeble state;
Who seeing her gan straight vpstart, and thought
She was the Lady selfe, whom he so long had sought.

10

Tho, fast her clipping twixt his armes twaine,
Extreamely ioyed in so happy sight,
And soone forgot his former sickly paine;
But she, the more to seeme such as she hight,
Coily rebutted his embracement light;
Yet still with gentle countenance retained,
Enough to hold a foole in vaine delight:
Him long she so with shadowes entertained,
As her Creatresse had in charge to her ordained;

11

Till on a day, as he disposed was
To walke the woods with that his Idole faire,
Her to disport, and idle time to pass,
In th'open freshnesse of the gentle aire,
A knight that way there chanced to repaire;
Yet knight he was not, but a boastfull Swaine,
That deeds of armes had euer in despaire,
Proud *Braggadocchio*, that in vaunting vaine
His glory did repose, and credit did maintaine.

12

He seeing with that Chorle so faire a wight,
Decked with many a costly ornament,
Much merueiled thereat, as well he might,
And thought that match a foule disparagement:
His bloudy speare eftsoones he boldly bent
Against the silly clowne, who dead through feare,
Fell straight to ground in great astonishment.
Villein, said he, this Lady is my deare,
Dy, if thou it gainesay: I will away her beare.

13

The fearefull Chorle durst not gainesay, nor doo,
But trembling stood, and yielded him the pray;
Who finding little leasure her to wooe,
On *Trompart's* steed her mounted without stay,
And without reskew led her quite away.
Proud man himselfe then *Braggadocchio* deemed,
And next to none, after that happy day,
Being possessed of that spoile, which seemed
The fairest wight on ground, and most of men esteemed.

14

But when he sawe himselfe free from pursute,
He gan make gentle purpose to his Dame,
With tearms of loue and lewdnesse dissolute;
For, he could well his glozing speeches frame
To such vaine vses, that him best became:
But she thereto would lend but light regard;
As seeming sory, that she euer came
Into his powre, that vsed her so hard,
To reaue her honour, which she more then life prefard.

15

Thus as they two of kindnesse treated long,
There them by chance encountred on the way
An armed knight, vpon a courser strong,
Whose trampling feete vpon the hollow lay
Seemed to thunder, and did nigh affray
That Capons courage: yet he looked grim,
And fayn'd to cheare his Lady in dismay;
Who seem'd for feare to quake in euery lim,
And her to saue from outrage, meekely prayed him.

Fiercely

16

Fiercely that stranger forward came, and nigh
Approching, with bold words, and bitter threat,
Bade that same boaster, as he mote, on high
To leaue to him that Lady for excheat,
Or bide him battell without further treat.
That challenge did too peremptory seeme,
And fild his senses with abashment great;
Yet seeing nigh him ieopardy extreame,
He it dissembled well, and light seem'd to esteeme;

17

Saying, Thou foolish knight, that ween'st with words
To steale away that I with blowes haue wonne,
And brought through points of many perilous swords:
But if thee list to see thy Courser ronne,
Or proue thy selfe, this sad encounter shonne,
And seek else without hazard of thy hed.
At those proud words that other knight begonne
To wex exceeding wroth, and him ared
To turne his steed about, or sure he should be dead.

18

Sith then, said *Braggadocchio*, needs thou wilt
Thy daies abridge, through proofe of puissance,
Turne we our steedes, that both in equall tilt
May meet againe, and each take happy chance.
This said, they both a furlongs mountenance
Retyr'd their steeds, to ronne in euen race:
But *Braggadocchio* with his bloudy lance
Once hauing turnd, no more returnd his face,
But left his loue to lose, and fled himselfe apace.

19

The knight, him seeing fly, had no regard
Him to pursew, but to the Lady rode;
And hauing her from *Trompart* lightly reard,
Vpon his courser set the louely lode,
And with her fled away without abode.
Well weened he, that fairest *Florimell*
It was, with whom in company he yode,
And so her selfe did alwaies to him tell;
So made him think himselfe in heauen, that was in hell.

20

But *Florimell* her selfe was farre away,
Driuen to great distresse by fortune straunge,
And taught the carefull Mariner to play,
Sith late mischaunce had her compeld to chaunge
The land for sea, at random there to raunge:
Yet there that cruell Queene auengeresse,
Not satisfide so farre her to estrange
From courtly blisse and wonted happinesse,
Did heape on her new waues of weary wretchednesse.

21

For, being fled into the Fissers boat,
For refuge from the Monsters cruelty,
Long so she on the mighty Maine did flote,
And with the tide droue forward carelesly;
For, th'aire was milde, and cleared was the sky,
And all his windes *Dan Aeolus* did keep
From stirring vp their stormy enmity,
As pitying to see her waile and weepe;
But all the while the Fisher did securely sleepe.

22

At last, when drunk with drowsinesse, he woke,
And sawe his drouer driue along the streame,
He was dismayd, and thrice his brest he stroke,
For maruell of that accident extreame;
But when he saw that blazing beauties beame,
Which with rare light his boat did beautifie,
He marueild more, and thought he yet did dreame
Not well awak't, or that some extasie
Assotted had his sense, or dazed was his eye.

23

But when her well auizing, he perceiued
To be no vision, nor fantasticke sight,
Great comfort of her presence he conceiued,
And felt in his old courage new delight
To gin awake, and stir his frozen spright:
Tho, rudely askt her, how she thither came.
Ah, sayd she, father, I n'ote read aright,
What hard misfortune brought me to the same;
Yet am I glad that here I now in safetie am.

24

But thou good man, sith farre in sea we be,
And the great waters gin apace to swell,
That now no more we can the maine-land see,
Haue care, I pray, to guide the cock-boat well,
Least worse on sea then vs on land befell.
Thereat th'old man did nought but fondly grin,
And said, his boat the way could wisely tell:
But his deceitfull eyes did neuer lin
To looke on her faire face, and marke her snowy skin.

25

The sight whereof, in his congealed flesh,
Infixt such secret sting of greedy lust,
That the dry withered stock it gan refresh,
And kindled heat, that soone in flame forth brust:
The driest wood is soonest burnt to dust.
Rudely to her he lept, and his rough hand
Where ill became him, rashly would haue thrust:
But she with angry scorne him did withstond,
And shamefully reproued for his rudenesse fond.

26

But, he that neuer good nor manners knew,
Her sharpe rebuke full little did esteem;
Hard is to teach an olde horse amble trew.
The inward smoke, that did before but steme,
Broke into open fire and rage extreame,
And now he strength gan adde vnto his will,
Forcing to doe that did him fowle misseeme:
Beastly he threw her downe, ne car'd to spill
Her garments gay with scales of fish, that all did fill.

27

The silly virgin stroue him to withstand,
All that she might, and him in vaine reuil'd:
She struggled strongly both with foot and hand,
To saue her honor from that villaine vild,
And cride to heauen, from humane help exil'd.
O ye braue knights, that boast this Ladies loue,
Where be ye now, when she is nigh defil'd
Of filthy wretch? well may she you reproue
Of falshood, or of slouth, when most it may behoue.

But

28

But if that thou, Sir *Satyrane*, didst weete,
Or thou, Sir *Peridure*, her sory state,
How soone would ye assemble many a fleete
To fetch from sea, that ye at land lost late?
Towres, Cityes, Kingdomes ye would ruinate,
In your auengement and dispiteous rage,
Ne ought your burning fury mote abate;
But if Sir *Calidore* could it presage,
No liuing creature could his cruelty asswage.

29

But sith that none of all her knights is nie,
See how the heauens of voluntary grace,
And soueraigne fauour towards chastity,
Do succour send to her distressed case:
So much high God doth innocence embrace.
It fortuned, whilest thus she stifly stroue,
And the wide sea importuned long space
With shrilling shrickes, *Proteus* abroad did roue,
Along the fomy waues driuing his finny droue.

30

Proteus is Shepheard of the Seas of yore,
And hath the charge of *Neptunes* mighty heard;
An aged sire with head all frory hore,
And sprinkled frost vpon his dewy beard:
Who when those pittifull outcries he heard
Through all the seas so ruefully resound,
His Charet swift in haste he thither steard;
Which, with a teeme of scaly *Phocas* bound,
Was drawne vpon the waues, that fomed him around.

31

And comming to that Fishers wandring bote,
That went at will, withouten carde or sayle,
He therein sawe that yrkesome sight, which smote
Deepe indignation and compassion fraile
Into his heart attonce: streight did he haile
The greedy villein from his hoped prey,
Of which he now did very little faile,
And with his staffe that driues his heard astray,
Him bet so sore, that life and sense did much dismay.

32

The whiles the pitious Lady vp did rise,
Ruffled and fowly rayd with filthy soile,
And blubbred face with teares of her faire eyes:
Her heart nigh broken was with weary toyle
To saue her selfe from that outrageous spoile:
But when she looked vp, to weet what wight
Had her from so infamous fact assoild,
For shame, but more for feare of his grim sight,
Downe in her lap she hid her face, and loudly shright.

33

Her selfe not saued yet from danger dred
She thought, but chang'd from one to other feare;
Like as a fearefull Partridge, that is fled
From the sharpe Hauke, which her attached neare,
And fals to ground, to seeke for succour there,
Whereas the hungry Spaniels she does spy,
With greedy iawes her readie for to teare;
In such distresse and sad perplexity
Was *Florimell*, when *Proteus* she did see thereby.

34

But he endeuoured with speeches milde,
Her to recomfort, and accourage bold,
Bidding her feare no more her foeman vilde,
Nor doubt himselfe; and who he was, her told.
Yet all that could not from affright her hold,
Ne to recomfort her at all preuaild;
For, her faint heart was with the frozen cold
Benumbd so inly, that her wits nigh faild,
And all her senses with abashment quite were quaild.

35

Her vp betwixt his rugged hands he reard,
And with his frory lips full softly kist,
Whiles the cold ysicles from his rough beard
Dropped adowne vpon her yuory brest:
Yet he himselfe so busily addrest,
That her out of astonishment he wrought,
And out of that same fishers filthy nest
Remouing her, into his charet brought,
And there with many gentle tearms her faire besought.

36

But that old leachour, which with bold assault
That beautie durst presume to violate,
He cast to punish for his hainous fault;
Then tooke he him yet trembling sith of late,
And tyde behind his charet, to aggrate
The virgin, whom he had abus'd so sore:
So dragd him through the waves in scornefull state,
And after cast him vp vpon the shore;
But *Florimell* with him vnto his bowre he bore.

37

His bowre is in the bottome of the Maine,
Vnder a mighty rock, gainst which do raue
The roring billowes in their proud disdaine;
That with the angry working of the waue,
Therein is eaten out an hollow caue,
That seemes rough Masons hand with engines keene
Had long while laboured it to engraue:
There was his wonne, ne liuing wight was seene,
Saue one olde Nymph, hight *Panopé*, to keepe it cleane.

38

Thither he brought the sory *Florimell*,
And entertained her the best he might;
And *Panopé* her entertaind eke well,
As an immortall mote a mortall wight,
To winne her liking vnto his delight:
With flattring words he sweetly wooed her,
And offered faire giftes t'allure her sight:
But she both offers and the offererer
Despisde, and all the fawning of the flatterer.

39

Daily he tempted her with this or that,
And neuer suffred her to be at rest:
But euermore she him refused flat,
And all his fained kindnesse did detest;
So firmely she had sealed vp her brest.
Sometimes he boasted, that a God he hight:
But she a mortall creature loued best:
Then he would make himselfe a mortall wight;
But then she said she lov'd none, but a Faerie knight.

Then

40

Then like a Faery knight himselfe he drest;
For, euery shape on him he could endew:
Then like a king he was to her expresst,
And offred kingdomes vnto her in view,
To be his Leman and his Lady trew:
But when all this he nothing sawe preuaile,
With harder meanes he cast her to subdew,
And with sharpe threats her often did assayle,
So thinking for to make her stubborne courage quaile.

41

To dreadfull shapes he did himselfe transforme,
Now like a Giant, now like to a fiend,
Then like a Centaure, then like to a storme,
Raging within the waues: thereby he weend
Her will to win vnto his wished end.
But when with feare, nor fauour, nor with all
He else could doe, he sawe himselfe esteem'd,
Downe in a dongeon deepe he let her fall,
And threatned there to make her his eternall thrall.

42

Eternall thraldome was to her more liefe,
Then losse of chastitee, or change of loue:
Die had she rather in tormenting griefe,
Then any should of falsenesse her reproue,
Or loosenesse, that she lightly did remoue.
Most vertuous virgin, glory be thy meed,
And crowne of heauenly praise with Saints aboue,
Where most sweet hymnes of this thy famous deed
Are still emongst them sung, that far my rimes exceed.

43

Fit song, of Angels caroled to bee;
But yet what so my feeble Muse can frame,
Shall be t'aduance thy goodly chastitee,
And to enroll thy memorable name,
In th'heart of euery honorable Dame,
That they thy vertuous deeds may imitate,
And be partakers of thy endlesse fame.
It yrkes me leaue thee in this wofull state,
To tell of *Satyrane*, where I him left of late:

44

Who hauing ended with that *Squire of Dames*
A long discourse of hir aduentures vaine,
The which himselfe, then Ladies more defames,
And finding not th'*Hyena* to be slaine,
With that same *Squire*, returned backe againe
To his first way. And as they forward went,
They spide a knight faire pricking on the Plaine,
As if he were on some aduenture bent,
And in his port appeared manly hardiment.

45

Sir *Satyrane* him towards did addresse,
To weet what wight he was, and what his quest:
And comming nigh, eftsoones he gan to ghesse
Both by the burning heart, which on his brest
He bare, and by the colours in his crest,
That *Paridell* it was. Tho to him yode,
And him saluting, as beseemed best,
Gan first inquire of tydings farre abroad;
And afterwards on what aduenture now he rode.

46

Who thereto answering, sayd; The tydings bad,
Which now in Faery court all men do tell,
Which turned hath great mirth, to mourning sad,
Is the late ruine of proud *Marinell*,
And suddein parture of faire *Florimell*,
To find him forth: and after her are gone
All the braue knights, that doen in armes excell,
To sauegard her, ywandred all alone;
Emongst the rest, my lot (vnworthy) is to be one.

47

Ah gentle knight, said then Sir *Satyrane*,
Thy labour all is lost, I greatly dread,
That hast a thanklesse seruice on thee ta'ne,
And offrest sacrifice vnto the dead:
For dead, I surely doubt, thou maist aread
Henceforth for euer *Florimell* to bee,
That all the noble knights of *Maydenhead*,
Which her ador'd, may sore repent with me,
And all faire Ladies may for euer sory be.

48

Which words, when *Paridell* had heard, his hew
Gan greatly change, and seem'd dismaid to bee;
Then said, Faire Sir, how may I ween it trew
That ye do tell in such vncertaintee?
Or speake ye of report, or did ye see
Iust cause of dread, that makes ye doubt so sore?
For, perdy else how mote it euer bee,
That euer hand should dare for to engore
Her noble bloud? the heauens such cruelty abhore.

49

These eyes did see, that they will euer rew
T'haue seene, quoth he, when as a monstrous beast
The Palfrey, whereon she did trauell, slew,
And of his bowels made a bloudy feast:
Which speaking token sheweth at the least
Her certaine losse, if not her sure decay:
Besides, that more suspicion encreast,
I found her golden girdle cast astray,
Distayn'd with durt and bloud, as relique of the prey.

50

Aye me, sayd *Paridell*, the signes be sad,
And but God turne the same to good soothsay,
That Ladies safety is sore to be drad:
Yet will I not forsake my forward way,
Till triall doe more certaine truth bewray.
Faire Sir, quoth he, well may it you succeed,
Ne long shall *Satyrane* behind you stay,
But to the rest, which in this Quest proceed
My labour adde, and be partaker of their speed.

51

Ye noble knights, sayd then the *Squire of Dames*,
Well may ye speed in so praise-worthy paine:
But sith the Sunne now ginnes to slake his beames,
In dewy vapours of the westerne Maine,
And lose the teme out of his weary waine,
Mote not mislike you also to abate
Your zealous haste, till morrowe next againe
Both light of heauen, and strength of men relate:
Which if ye please, to yonder Castle turne your gate.

That

52
That counsell pleased well: so all yfere
Forth marched to a Castle them before,
Where soone arriuing, they restrained were
Of ready entrance, which ought euermore
To errant knights be common: wondrous sore
Thereat displeas'd they were, till that young Squire
Gan them informe the cause, why that same dore
Was shut to all, which lodging did desire:
The which to let you weet, will further time require.

Canto IX.

Malbecco will no strange knights host,
For peeuish iealousie:
Paridell giusts with Britomart;
Both shew their aunce stirie.

1
REdoubted knights, and honorable Dames,
To whom I leuell all my labours end,
Right sore I feare, least with vnworthy blames
This odious argument my rimes should shend,
Or ought your goodly patience offend,
Whiles of a wanton Lady I do write,
Which with her loose incontinence doth blend
The shining glory of your soueraigne light,
And knighthood foule defaced by a faithlesse knight.

2
But neuer let th'ensample of the bad
Offend the good: for, good by paragone
Of euill, may more notably be rad,
As white seemes fairer, matcht with blacke attone;
Ne, all are shamed by the fault of one:
For lo, in heauen, whereas all goodnesse is,
Emongst the Angels, a whole legione
Of wicked Sprights did fall from happy bliss;
What wonder then, if one of women all did miss?

3
Then listen Lordings, if ye list to weet
The cause, why *Satyrane* and *Paridell*
Mote not be entertain'd, as seemed meet,
Into that Castle (as that Squire does tell.)
Therein a cancred crabbed Carle does dwell,
That has no skill of Court nor courtesie,
Ne cares, what men say of him, ill or well;
For, all his daies he drownes in priuity,
Yet has full large to liue, and spend at libertie.

4
But all his minde is set on mucky pelfe,
To hoord vp heapes of euill gotten masse,
For which he others wrongs, and wreckes himselfe;
Yet is he linked to a louely Lasse,
Whose beauty doth his bounty farre surpasse,
The which to him both far vnequall yeares,
And also far vnlike conditions has;
For, she does ioy to play emongst her peares,
And to be free from hard restraint and iealous feares.

5
But he is old, and withered like hay,
Vnfit faire Ladies seruice to supply;
The priuy guilt whereof makes him alway
Suspect her truth, and keepe continuall spy
Vpon her with his other blinked eye;
Ne suffreth he resort of liuing wight
Approche to her, ne keep her companie,
But in close bowre her mewes from all mens sight,
Depriv'd of kindly ioy and naturall delight.

6
Malbecco he, and *Hellenore* she hight,
Vnfitly yok't together in one teeme:
That is the cause, why neuer any knight
It suffred here to enter, but he seeme
Such, as no doubt of him he neede misdeeme.
Thereat Sis *Satyrane* gan smile and say;
Extreamely mad the man I surely deeme,
That weenes with watch and hard restraint to stay
A womans will which is dispos'd to goe astraie.

7
In vaine he feares that which he cannot shonne:
For, who wotes not, that womans subtilties
Can guilen *Argus*, when she list misdonne?
It is not iron bands, nor hundred eyes,
Nor brazen walls, nor many wakefull spyes,
That can withhold her wilfull wandring feet;
But fast good will with gentle courtesies,
And timely seruice to her pleasures meet
May her perhaps containe, that else would algates fleet.

Then

8
Then, is he not more mad, said *Paridell*,
That hath himselfe vnto such seruice sold,
In dolefull thraldome all his dayes to dwell?
For, sure a foole I doe him firmely hold,
That loues his fetters, though they were of gold.
But why doe we deuise of others ill,
Whiles thus we suffer this same dotard old
To keepe vs out, in scorne of his owne will,
And rather doe not ransack all, and himselfe kill?

9
Nay, let vs first, said *Satyrane*, intreat
The man by gentle meanes, to let vs in,
And afterwards affray with cruell threat,
Ere that we to efforce it doe begin:
Then, if all faile, we will by force it win,
And eke reward the wretch for his mesprise,
As may be worthy of his haynous sin.
That counsell pleasd: Then *Paridell* did rise,
And to the Castle gate approch't in quiet wise.

10
Whereat soft knocking, entrance he desir'd.
The good-man selfe (which then the Porter plaid)
Him answered, that all were now retir'd
Vnto their rest; and all the keyes conuaid
Vnto their Maister, who in bed was laid,
That none him durst awake out of his dreame;
And therefore them of patience gently praid.
Then *Paridell* began to change his theame,
And threatned him with force, and punishment extreame.

11
But all in vaine; for nought mote him relent.
And now so long before the wicket fast
They waited, that the night was forward spent,
And the faire welkin (foully ouer-cast)
Gan blowen vp a bitter stormy blast,
With showre and haile so horrible and dred;
That this faire many were compeld at last
To fly for succour to a little shed,
The which beside the gate for swine was ordered.

12
It fortuned, soone after they were gone,
Another knight, whom tempest thither brought,
Came to that Castle; and with earnest mone,
Like as the rest, late entrance deare besought:
But, like so as the rest, he prayd for nought;
For, flatly he of entrance was refus'd.
Sorely thereat he was displeas'd, and thought
How to auenge himselfe so sore abus'd,
And euermore the Carle of curtesie accus'd.

13
But, to avoyd th'intolerable stowre,
Hee was compeld to seeke some refuge neare,
And to that shed (to shrowd him from the showre)
Hee came, which full of guests he found whyleare,
So as he was not let to enter there;
Whereat he gan to wex exceeding wroth,
And swore that he would lodge with them yfere,
Or them dislodge, all were they liefe or loth;
And them defied each, and so defide them both.

14
Both were full loth to leaue that needfull tent,
And both full loth in darknesse to debate;
Yet both full liefe him lodging to haue lent,
And both full liefe his boasting to abate;
But chiefely *Paridell* his hart did grate,
To heare him threaten so despightfully,
As if he did a dogge to kennell rate,
That durst not barke; and rather had he dy,
Then when he was defide, in coward corner ly.

15
Tho, hastily remounting to his steed,
Hee forth issew'd; like as a boistrous wind,
Which in th'earths hollow caues hath long bin hid,
And shut vp fast within her prisons blind,
Makes the huge element against her kind
To moue, and tremble as it were agast,
Vntill that it an issue forth may find;
Then forth it breakes, and with his furious blast
Confounds both land and seas, and skyes doth ouer-cast.

16
Their steele-head speares they strongly coucht, and met
Together with impetuous rage and force;
That with the terrour of their fierce affret,
They rudely droue to ground both man and horse,
That each (awhile) lay like a senseless corse:
But *Paridell*, sore bruised with the blowe,
Could not arise, the counterchange to scorce,
Till that young Squire him reared from belowe;
Then drew he his bright sword, & gan about him throwe.

17
But *Satyrane*, forth stepping, did them stay,
And with faire treatie pacifide their ire;
Then, when they were accorded from the fray,
Against that Castles Lord they gan conspire,
To heape on him due vengeance for his hire.
They been agreed, and to the gates they goe
To burne the same with vnquenchable fire,
And that vncurteous Carle (their common foe)
To doe foule death to die, or wrap in grieuous woe.

18
Malbecco, seeing them resolv'd indeed
To flame the gates, and hearing them to call
For fire in earnest, ranne with fearefull speed;
And to them calling from the Castle wall,
Besought them humbly, him to beare withall,
As ignorant of seruaunts bad abuse,
And slack attendance vnto strangers call.
The knights were willing all things to excuse,
Though nought believ'd, & entrance late did not refuse.

19
They been ybrought into a comely bowre,
And seru'd of all things that mote needfull bee;
Yet secretly their host did on them lowre,
And welcomd more for feare then charitee;
But they dissembled what they did not see,
And welcomed themselues. Each gan vndight
Their garments wet, and weary armour free,
To dry themselues by *Vulcanes* flaming light,
And eke their lately bruzed parts to bring in plight.

20

And eke that stranger knight, emongst the rest,
Was for like need enforc't to disarray:
Tho, when as vailed was her lofty crest,
Her golden locks, that were in tramels gay
Vp-bounden, did themselues adowne display,
And raught vnto her heeles; like sunny beames,
That in a clowd their light did long time stay,
Their vapour vaded, shew their golden gleames,
And through the persent ayre shoot forth their azure (streames.

21

She also doft her heauy haberjeon,
VVhich the faire feature of her limbes did hide;
And her well plighted frock, which she did won
To tuck about her short when she did ride,
Shee lowe let fall, that flow'd from her lank side
Downe to her foot, with careless modestee.
Then of them all shee plainely was espide
To be a woman-wight (vnwist to bee)
The fairest woman-wight that euer eye did see.

22

Like as *Minerua*, being late returnd
From slaughter of the Giants conquered;
Where proud *Encelade*, whose wide nosethrils burnd
With breathed flames, like to a furnace red,
Transfixed with the speare, downe tumbled ded
From top of *Hemus*, by him heaped hie;
Hath loosd her helmet from her lofty hed,
And her *Gorgonian* shield gins to vntie
From her left arme, to rest in glorious victory.

23

Which when as they beheld, they smitten were
With great amazement of so wondrous sight;
And each on other, and they all on her
Stood gazing, as if suddaine great affright
Had them surpris'd. At last, auising right,
Her goodly personage and glorious hew,
Which they so much mistooke, they tooke delight
In their first errour, and yet still anew
With wonder of her beauty fed their hungry view.

24

Yet n'ote their hungry view be satisfied;
But seeing, still the more desir'd to see,
And euer firmely fixed did abide
In contemplation of diuinitie:
But most they meruaild at her cheualree
And noble prowesse, which they had approued,
That much they faind to knowe who shee mote bee;
Yet none of all them her thereof amoued,
Yet euery one her lik't, and euery one her loued.

25

And *Paridell*, though partly discontent
VVith his late fall, and foule indignity,
Yet was soone wonne his malice to relent,
Through gracious regard of her faire eye,
And knightly worth, which hee too late did try,
Yet tryed did adore. Supper was dight;
Then they *Malbecco* prayd of curtesie,
That of his Lady they might haue the sight,
And company at meat, to doe them more delight.

26

But he, to shift their curious request,
Gan causen why shee could not come in place;
Her crased health, her late recourse to rest,
And humid euening, ill for sicke folkes ease:
But none of those excuses could take place;
Ne would they eate, till shee in presence came.
Shee came in presence with right comely grace,
And fairely them saluted, as became,
And shew'd her selfe in all a gentle curteous Dame.

27

They sate to meat, and *Satyrane* his chaunce
Was her before, and *Paridell* beside;
But he himselfe sate looking still asceance,
Gainst *Britomart*, and euer closely eyde
Sir *Satyrane*, that glaunces might not glyde:
But his blind eye, that sided *Paridell*,
All his demeanure from his sight did hide:
On her faire face so did hee feede his fill,
And sent close messages of loue to her at will.

28

And euer and anone, when none was ware,
With speaking lookes, that close embassage bore,
Hee rov'd at her, and told his secret care:
For, all that art he learned had of yore.
Ne was shee ignorant of that lewd lore,
But in his eye his meaning wisely red,
And with the like him answerd euermore:
She sent at him one firie dart, whose hed
Empoisned was with priuy lust, and iealous dred.

29

Hee, from that deadly throwe made no defence,
But to the wound his weake hart opened wide;
The wicked engine through false influence
Past through his eyes, and secretly did glyde
Into his hart, which it did sorely gryde.
But nothing new to him was that same paine,
Ne paine at all; for he so oft had tryde
The power thereof, and lov'd so oft in vaine,
That thing of course he counted, loue to entertaine.

30

Thence-forth to her hee sought to intimate
His inward griefe, by meanes to him well knowne;
Now *Bacchus* fruit out of the siluer plate
He on the table dasht, as overthrowne,
Or of the fruitfull liquor overflowne,
And by the dauncing bubbles did diuine,
Or therein write to let his loue be showne;
VVhich well she red out of the learned line;
(A sacrament profane in mysterie of wine.)

31

And when-so of his hand the pledge she raught,
The guilty cup she fained to mistake,
And in her lap did shed her idle draught,
Shewing desire her inward flame to slake:
By such close signes they secret way did make
Vnto their wils, and one eyes watch escape;
Two eyes him needeth, for to watch and wake,
VVho Louers will deceiue. Thus was the ape,
By their faire handling, put into *Malbeccoes* cape.

Now

32

Now when of meates and drinks they had their fill,
Purpose was mooued by that gentle Dame,
Vnto those Knights adventurous, to tell
Of deeds of armes, which vnto them became,
And euery one his kindred, and his name.
Then *Paridell* (in whom a kindly pride
Of gracious speech, and skill his words to frame
Abounded) being glad of so fit tide
Him to commend to her, thus spake, of all well eyde:

33

Troy, that art now nought but an idle name,
And in thine ashes buried lowe doost lye,
Though whylome far much greater then thy fame,
Before that angry Gods, and cruell sky
Vpon thee heapt a direfull destinie;
What boots it boast thy glorious descent,
And fetch from heauen thy great Genealogie,
Sith all thy worthy prayses being blent,
Their of-spring hath embas't, and later glory shent?

34

Most famous VVorthy of the world, by whom
That warre was kindled, which did *Troy* inflame,
And stately towres of *Ilion* whilome
Brought vnto balefull ruine, was by name
Sir *Paris*, far renowm'd through noble fame:
Who, through great prowesse and bold hardinesse,
From *Lacedæmon* fetcht the fairest Dame
That euer *Greece* did boast, or knight possesse,
Whom *Venus* to him gaue for meed of worthinesse;

35

Faire *Helene*, flowre of beauty excellent,
And girlond of the mighty Conquerours,
That made st many Ladies deare lament
The heauy losse of their braue Paramours,
Which they far off beheld from *Troian* towres,
And saw the fieldes of faire *Scamander* strowne
With carcasses of noble warriours,
Whose fruitlesse liues were vnder furrow sowne,
And *Xanthus* sandy bankes with bloud all overflowne.

36

From him, my linage I deriue aright,
Who long before the ten yeares siege of *Troy*,
Whiles yet on *Ida* he a shepheard hight,
On faire *Oenone* got a louely boy:
Whom, for remembrance of her passed ioy,
She of his Father, *Parius* did name;
VVho, after *Greekes* did *Priams* realme destroy,
Gath'red the *Troiane* reliques sau'd from flame,
And with them sayling thence, to th'Isle of *Paros* came.

37

That was by him cald *Paros*, which before
Hight *Nausa*: there he many yeares did raigne,
And built *Nausicle* by the *Ponticke* shore;
The which he dying, left next in remaine
To *Paridas* his sonne.
From whom I *Paridell* by kin descend;
But for faire Ladies loue, and glories gaine,
My natiue soile haue left, my dayes to spend
In sewing deeds of armes, my liues and labours end.

38

When-as the noble *Britomart* heard tell
Of *Troiane* warres, and *Priams* Citie sackt
(The ruefull story of Sir *Paridell*)
She was empassiond at that pittious act,
VVith zealous envy of Greekes cruell fact,
Against that Nation, from whose race of old
She heard that shee was lineally extract:
For, noble *Britons* sprong from *Troians* bold,
And *Troynouant* was built of old *Troyes* ashes cold.

39

Then sighing soft awhile, at last, she thus:
O lamentable fall of famous towne!
Which raign'd so many yeares victorious,
And of all *Asia* bore the soueraigne crowne,
In one sad night consum'd, and throwen downe:
What stony hart, that heares thy hapless fate,
Is not empeare't with deepe compassiowne,
And makes ensample of mans wretched state,
That flowres so fresh at morne, and fades at euening late?

40

Behold, Sir, how your pittifull complaint
Hath found another partner of your paine:
For, nothing may impresse so deare constraint,
As Countries cause, and common foes disdaine.
But, if it should not grieue you backe againe
To turne your course, I would to heare desire
What to *Aeneas* fell; sith that men sayne
Hee was not in the Cities wofull fire
Consum'd, but did himselfe to safetie retire.

41

Anchyses sonne, begot of *Venus* faire,
Said hee, out of the flames for safegard fled,
And with a remnant did to sea repaire,
Where hee through fatall errour long was led
Full many yeares, and weetlesse wandered
From shore to shore, emongst the *Lybick* sands,
Ere rest he found. Much there he suffered,
And many perils past in forraine lands,
To saue his people sad from Victors vengefull hands.

42

At last, in *Latium* hee did arriue,
Where hee with cruell warre was entertaind
Of th'inland folke, which sought him backe to driue,
Till hee with old *Latinus* was constraind
To contract wedlock: (so the Fates ordaind.)
VVedlock contract in blood, and eke in blood
Accomplished, that many deare complaind:
The riuall slaine, the Victor (through the flood
Escaped hardly) hardly praysd his wedlock good.

43

Yet after all, hee Victor did survive,
And with *Latinus* did the kingdome part.
But after, when both nations gan to striue,
Into their names the title to convart,
His sonne *Iulus* did from thence depart,
With all the warlike youth of *Troians* bloud,
And in long *Alba* plac't his throne apart,
VVhere faire it florished, and long time stoud,
Till *Romulus* renewing it, to *Rome* remou'd.

44
There, there, ſaid *Britomart*, afreſh appear'd
The glory of the later world to ſpring,
And *Troy* againe out of her duſt was rear'd,
To ſit in ſecond ſeate of ſoueraigne king
Of all the world vnder her gouerning.
But a third kingdome yet is to ariſe,
Out of the *Troians* ſcattered of-ſpring,
That in all glorie and great enterpriſe,
Both firſt and ſecond *Troy* ſhall dare to equaliſe.

45
It *Troynouant* is hight, that with the waues
Of wealthy *Thamis* waſhed is along,
Vpon whoſe ſtubborne neck (where-at he raues
With roring rage, and ſore himſelfe does throng,
That all men feare to tempt his billowes ſtrong)
She faſtned hath her foot, which ſtands ſo hie,
That it a wonder of the world is ſong
In forraine Lands; and all which paſſen by,
Beholding it from far, doe thinke it threats the sky.

46
The *Troiane Brute* did firſt that Citie found,
And *Hygate* made the meare thereof by Weſt,
And *Ouert-gate* by North: that is the bound
Toward the land; two riuers bound the reſt.
So huge a ſcope at firſt him ſeemed beſt,
To be the compaſſe of his kingdomes ſeat:
So huge a mind could not in leſſer reſt,
Ne in ſmall meares containe his glory great,
That *Albion* had conquered firſt by warlike feat.

47
Ah! fayreſt Lady-knight, ſaid *Paridell*,
Pardon (I pray) my heedleſſe over-ſight,
Who had forgot, that whylome I heard tell
From aged *Mnemon*; for, my wits been light.
Indeed, he ſaid, if I remember right,
That of the antique *Troiane* ſtock, there grew
Another plant, that raught to wondrous hight,
And far abroad his mighty branches threw,
Into the vtmoſt Angle of the world he knew.

48
For, that ſame *Brute* (whom much he did aduaunce
In all his ſpeech) was *Sylvius* his ſonne,
Whom hauing ſlaine, through luckleſs arrowes glaunce,
Hee fled for feare of that he had miſdonne,
Or elſe for ſhame, ſo foule reproche to ſhonne;
And with him led to ſea a youthly traine,
Where wearie wandring they long time did wonne,
And many fortunes prov'd in th'*Ocean* maine,
And great adventures found, that now were long to ſaine.

49
At laſt, by fatall courſe they driuen were
Into an Iſland ſpacious and brode,
The furtheſt North, that did to them appeare:
And (after reſt they ſeeking farre abrode)
Found it the fitteſt ſoyle for their abode;
Fruitfull of all things fit for liuing foode,
But wholly waſte, and voyd of peoples trode,
Saue an huge nation of the Giants brood,
That fed on liuing fleſh, & drunke mens vitall blood.

50
Whom he, through wearie warres and labours long,
Subdewd with loſſe of many *Britons* bold:
In which, the great *Goemagot* of ſtrong
Corineus, and *Coulin* of *Debon* old
Were overthrowne, and layd on th'earth full cold,
VVhich quaked vnder their ſo hideous maſs:
A famous hiſtory to be enrold
In euerlaſting moniments of braſs,
That all the antique Worthies merits far did paſs.

51
His worke, great *Troynouant*, his worke is eke
Faire *Lincolne*, both renowmed far away,
That who from Eaſt to Weſt will end-long ſeeke,
Cannot two fairer Cities find this day,
Except *Cleopolis*: ſo heard I ſay
Old *Mnemon*. Therefore Sir, I greet you well
Your countrey kin, and you entirely pray
Of pardon for the ſtriſe, which late befell
Betwixt vs both vnknowne. So ended *Paridell*.

52
But all the while that he theſe ſpeeches ſpent,
Vpon his lips hong faire Dame *Hellenore*,
With vigilant regard, and due attent,
Faſhioning worlds of fancies euermore
In her fraile wit, that now her quite forlore:
The whiles, vnwares away her wondring eye,
And greedy eares, her weake hart from her bore:
Which he perceiuing, euer priuily
In ſpeaking, many falſe belgardes at her let fly.

53
So long theſe knights diſcourſed diuerſly,
Of ſtrange affaires, and noble hardiment,
Which they had paſt with mickle ieopardy,
That now the humid night was farforth ſpent,
And heauenly lampes were halfendeale ybrent:
Which th'old man ſeeing well (who too long thought
Euery diſcourſe, and euery argument,
Which by the houres he meaſured) beſought
Them go to reſt. So all vnto their bowres were brought.

Canto X.

Paridell rapeth Hellenore:
Malbecco her purſewes:
Findes emongſt Satyres, whence with him
to turne ſhe doth refuſe.

1
He morrow next, ſo ſoone as *Phœbus* Lamp
Bewrayed had the world with earely light,
And freſh *Aurora* had the ſhady damp
Out of the goodly heauen amoued quight,
Faire *Britomart* and that ſame *Faerie* knight
Vproſe, forth on their iourney for to wend:
But *Paridell* complaynd, that his late fight
With *Britomart*, ſo ſore did him offend,
That ride he could not, till his hurts he did amend.

2
So forth they far'd; but he behind them ſtaid,
Maulgre his hoſt, who grudged grieuouſly
To houſe a gueſt, that would be needs obayd,
And of his owne him left not liberty:
(Might, wanting meaſure, mooueth ſurquedry.)
Two things he feared, but the third was death;
That fierce young mans vnruly maſtery;
His money, which he lov'd as liuing breath;
And his faire wife, whom honeſt long he kept vneath.

3
But patience perforce: he muſt abie
What fortune and his fate on him will lay:
Fond is the feare that findes no remedy;
Yet warily he watcheth euery way,
By which he feareth euill happen may:
So th'euill thinks by watching to prevent;
Ne doth he ſuffer her, nor night, nor day,
Out of his ſight her ſelfe once to abſent.
So doth he puniſh her, and eke himſelfe torment.

4
But *Paridell* kept better watch, then hee,
A fit occaſion for his turne to find:
Falſe loue, why doe men ſay, thou canſt not ſee,
And in their fooliſh fancie feine thee blind,
That with thy charmes the ſharpeſt ſight dooſt bind,
And to thy will abuſe? Thou walkeſt free,
And ſeeſt euery ſecret of the mind:
Thou ſeeſt all, yet none at all ſees thee;
All that is by the working of thy Deitee.

5
So perfect in that art was *Paridell*,
That he *Malbeccoes* halfen eye did wile,
His halfen eye he wiled wondrous well,
And *Hellenors* both eyes did eke beguile,
Both eyes and hart attonce, during the while
That he there ſoiourned his wounds to heale;
That *Cupid* ſelfe it ſeeing, cloſe did ſmile,
To weet how he her loue away did ſteale,
And bade, that none their ioyous treaſon ſhould reueale.

6
The learned Louer loſt no time nor tide,
That leaſt avantage mote to him afford,
Yet bore ſo faire a ſaile, that none eſpide
His ſecret drift, till he her layd abord.
When-ſo in open place, and common bord,
He fortun'd her to meet, with common ſpeech
He courted her, yet bayted euery word,
That his vngentle hoſte n'ote him appeach
Of vile vngentleneſſe, or hoſpitages breach.

7
But, when apart (if euer her apart)
He found, then his falſe engins faſt he plide,
And all the ſleights vnboſomd in his hart:
He ſigh't, he ſobd, he ſwound, he perdy dide,
And caſt himſelfe on ground her faſt beſide:
Tho, when againe he him bethought to liue,
He wept, and waild, and falſe laments belide,
Saying, but if ſhee Mercie would him giue,
That he mote algates die, yet did his death forgiue.

8
And other-whiles, with amorous delights,
And pleaſing toyes he would her entertaine,
Now ſinging ſweetly, to ſurpriſe her ſprights,
Now making layes of loue and Louers paine,
Braunſles, Ballads, virelayes, and verſes vaine:
Oft purpoſes, oft riddles he deviſ'd,
And thouſands like, which flowed in his braine,
With which he fed her fancy, and entis'd
To take to his new loue, and leaue her old deſpis'd.

9

And euery where he might, and euery while
He did her seruice dutifull, and sewed
At hand with humble pride, and pleasing guile,
So closely yet, that none but shee it vewed,
Who well perceiued all, and all indewed.
Thus finely did he his false nets dispred,
With which he many weake harts had subdewed
Of yore, and many had ylike misled:
What wonder then, it shee were likewise carried?

10

No fort so fensible, no walles so strong,
But that continuall battery will riue,
Or daily siege through dispuruayance long,
And lack of reskewes will to parley driue;
And Peece, that vnto parley eare will giue,
Will shortly yield it selfe, and will be made
The vassall of the Victors will bylaue:
That stratageme had oftentimes assaid
This crafty Paramour, and now it plaine displaid.

11

For, through his traines he her intrapped hath,
That she her loue and hart hath wholly sold
To him, without regard of gaine, or scath,
Or care of credite, or of husband old,
Whom she hath vow'd to dub a faire Cuckold.
Nought wants but time and place, which shortly shee
Deuized hath, and to her Louer told.
It pleased well. So well they both agree;
So ready ripe to ill, ill wemens counsels bee.

12

Darke was the Euening, fit for louers stealth,
When chaunc't *Malbecco* busie be else-where,
She to his closet went, where all his wealth
Lay hid: thereof shee countlesse summes did reare,
The which she meant away with her to beare;
The rest, shee fir'd for sport, or for despight;
As *Hellene*, when she saw aloft appeare
The *Troiane* flames, and reach to heauens hight,
Did clap her hands, and ioyed at that dolefull sight.

13

This second *Hellene*, faire Dame *Hellenore*,
The whiles her husband ranne with sory haste
To quench the flames which she had tyn'd before,
Laught at his foolish labour spent in waste;
And ranne into her Lovers armes right fast;
Where straight embraced, shee to him did cry,
And call aloud for helpe, ere helpe were past;
For, lo, that Guest would beare her forcibly,
And meant to ravish her, that rather had to die.

14

The wretched man, hearing her call for ayde,
And ready seeing him with her to flye,
In his disquiet mind was much dismaide:
But, when againe he backward cast his eye,
And saw the wicked fire so furiously
Consume his hart, and scorch his Idoles face,
Hee was there-with distressed diuersly,
Ne wist he how to turne, nor to what place;
Was neuer wretched man in such a wofull case.

15

Ay when to him she cryde, to her he turn'd,
And left the fire; loue, money overcame:
But, when hee marked how his money burn'd,
He left his wife; money did loue disclame:
Both was he loth to loose his loued Dame,
And loth to leaue his liefest pelfe behind,
Yet sith he n'ote saue both, he sau'd that same
Which was the dearest to his dunghill mind,
The God of his desire, the ioy of misers blind.

16

Thus, whilst all things in troublous vprore were,
And all men busie to suppresse the flame,
The louing couple need no reskew feare,
But leasure had, and libertie to frame
Their purpost flight, free from all mens reclame;
And Night (the patronesse of loue-stealth faire)
Gaue them safe conduct, till to end they came:
So beene they gone yfeare (a wanton paire
Of Lovers loosely knit) where list them to repaire.

17

Soone as the cruell flames yslaked were,
Malbecco, seeing how his losse did lye,
Out of the flames, which he had quencht whylere
Into huge waues of griefe and iealousie
Full deepe emplonged was, and drowned nie,
Twixt inward doole and felonous despight;
Hee rav'd, he wept, he stampt, he loud did cry,
And all the passions that in man may light,
Did him attonce oppresse, and vex his caytiue spright.

18

Long thus he chawd the cud of inward griefe,
And did consume his gall with anguish sore:
Still when he mused on his late mischiefe,
Then still the smart thereof increased more,
And seem'd more grieuous, then it was before:
At last, when sorrow he saw booted nought,
Ne griefe might not his loue to him restore,
He gan deuise, how her he reskew mought,
Ten thousand waies he cast in his confused thought.

19

At last, resoluing like a pilgrim pore
To search her forth, where so she might be fond,
And bearing with him treasure in close store,
The rest he leaues in ground: So takes in hond
To seeke her endlong, both by sea and lond.
Long he her sought, he sought her farre and nere,
And euery where that he mote vnderstond,
Of Knights and Ladies any meetings wore,
And of each one he met, he tydings did inquere.

20

But all in vaine, his woman was too wise,
Euer to come into his clouch againe,
And he too simple euer to surprise
The iolly *Paridell*, for all his paine.
One day, as he forepassed by the Plaine
With weary pase, he farre away espide
A couple (seeming well to be his twaine)
Which houed close vnder a forest side,
As if they lay in wait, or else themselues did hide.

Well

21

Well weened he, that those the same mote bee:
And as he better did their shape avize,
Him seemed more their manner did agree;
For, th'one was armed all in warlike wize,
Whom, to be *Paridell* he did deuize;
And th'other, all yclad in garments light,
Discolour'd like to womanish disguise,
He did resemble to his Lady bright;
And euer his faint hart much yearned at the sight.

22

And euer faine hee towards them would goe,
But yet durst not for dread approchen nie,
But stood aloose, vnweeting what to doe;
Till that prickt forth with loues extremitie,
That is the father of foule Iealousie,
He closely neerer crept, the truth to weet:
But, as he nigher drew, he easily
Might scerne, that it was not his sweetest sweet,
Ne yet her Belamour, the partner of his sheet.

23

But it was scornefull *Braggadocchio*,
That with his seruaunt *Trompart* houerd there,
Since late he fled from his too earnest foe:
Whom such when as *Malbecco* spyed clere,
He turned backe, and would haue fled arere;
Till *Trompart* running hastily, him did stay,
And bade before his soueraine Lord appere:
That was him loath, yet durst he not gaine-say,
And comming him before, lowe louted on the lay.

24

The Boaster, at him sternely bent his brow,
As if hee could haue kild him with his looke,
That to the ground him meekely made to bow,
And awfull terror deepe into him strooke,
That euery member of his body quooke.
Said he, thou man of nought, what doost thou here,
Vnfitly furnisht with thy bag and booke,
Where I expected one with shield and spere,
To proue some deedes of armes vpon an equall pere.

25

The wretched man, at his imperious speach,
Was all abasht, and lowe prostrating, said;
Good Sir, let not my rudedesse be no breach
Vnto your patience, ne be ill ypaid;
For, I vnwares this way by fortune straid,
A silly Pilgrim driuen to distresse,
That seeke a Lady. There he suddaine staid,
And did the rest with grieuous sighes suppresse,
While teares stood in his eyes (few drops of bitternesse.)

26

What Lady, man? said *Trompart*, take good hart,
And tell thy griefe, if any hidden lye;
Was neuer better time to shew thy smart
Then now, that noble succour is thee by,
That is the whole worlds common remedy.
That chearefull word his weake hart much did cheare,
And with vaine hope his spirits faint supply,
That bold he said; O most redoubted Pere,
Vouchsafe with mild regard a wretches case to heare.

27

Then sighing sore, It is not long, said hee,
Since I enioyde the gentlest Dame aliue;
Of whom a knight, no knight at all perdee,
But shame of all that doe for honour striue,
By treacherous deceit did me depriue;
Through open out-rage he her bore away,
And with foule force vnto his will did driue,
Which all good knights, that armes do beare this day,
Are bound for to revenge, and punish if they may.

28

And you (most noble Lord) that can and dare
Redresse the wrong of miserable wight,
Cannot employ your most victorious speare
In better quarrell, then defence of right,
And for a Lady, gainst a faithlesse knight;
So shall your glory be advaunced much,
And all faire Ladies magnifie your might,
And eke my selfe (albe I simple such)
Your worthy paine shall well reward with guerdon rich.

29

With that, out of his bouget forth he drew
Great store of threasure, there-with him to tempt;
But he on it lookt scornefully askew,
As much disdeigning to be so misdempt,
Or a war-monger to be baselie nempt;
And said; Thy offers base I greatly loth,
And eke thy words vncourteous and vnkempt;
I tread in dust thee and thy money both,
That, were it not for shame; So turned from him wroth.

30

But *Trompart*, that his maisters humour knew,
In lofty lookes to hide an humble mind,
VVas inly tickled with that golden view,
And in his eare him rounded close behind:
Yet stoupt he not, but lay still in the wind,
Waiting advantage on the prey to sease;
Till *Trompart* lowelie to the ground inclin'd,
Besought him his great courage to appease,
And pardon simple man, that rash did him displease.

31

Bigge looking, like a doughtie Douzepere,
At last, he thus; Thou clod of vilest clay,
I pardon yield, and with thy rudenesse beare;
But weet henceforth, that all that golden pray,
And all that else the vaine world vaunten may,
I loath as dung, ne deeme my dew reward:
Fame is my meed, and glory vertues pay.
But minds of mortall men are muchell mard,
And moov'd amisse with massie mucks vnmeet regard.

32

And more, I graunt to thy great miserie
Gratious respect, thy wife shall backe be sent:
And that vile knight, who euer that he be,
Which hath thy Lady reft, and knighthood shent,
By *Sanglamort* my sword, whose deadly dent
The bloud hath of so many thousands shed,
I sweare, ere long shall dearelie it repent:
Ne hee twixt heauen and earth shall hide his head,
But soone he shall be found, and shortlie doen be dead.

33
The fooliſh man thereat woxe wondrous blith,
As if the word ſo ſpoken, were halfe donne,
And humbly thanked him a thouſand ſith,
That had from death to life him newly wonne.
Tho, forth the Boaſter marching, braue begonne
His ſtolen ſteed to thunder furiouſly,
As if he heauen and hell would over-ronne,
And all the world confound with cruelty,
That much *Malbecco* ioyed in his iollitie.

34
Thus, long they three together trauailed,
Through many a wood, and many an vncouth way,
To ſeeke his wife, that was farre wandered:
But thoſe two ſought nought but the preſent pray,
To weet, the threaſure, which he did bewray,
On which their eyes and harts were wholly ſet,
With purpoſe how they might it beſt betray;
For, ſith the houre that firſt he did them let (whet.
The ſame behold, there-with their keene deſires were

35
It fortuned as they together far'd,
They ſpide where *Paridell* came pricking faſt
Vpon the Plaine, the which himſelfe prepar'd
To giuſt with that braue ſtranger knight a caſt,
As on adventure by the way he paſt:
Alone he rode without his Paragone;
For, hauing filcht her bels, her vp he caſt
To the wide world, and let her fly alone,
He n'ould be clogd. So had he ſerued many one.

36
The gentle Lady, looſe at randon left,
The greene-wood long did walke, and wander wide
At wilde adventure, like a forlorne weft,
Till on a day the *Satyres* her eſpide
Straying alone withouten groome or guide;
Her vp they tooke, and with them home her led,
With them as houſewife euer to abide,
To milke their goates, and make them cheeſe & bred,
And euery one as common good her handeled;

37
That ſhortly ſhee *Malbecco* has forgot,
And eke Sir *Paridell*, all were he deare;
Who from her went to ſeeke another lot,
And now (by fortune) was arriued heere,
Where thoſe two guilers with *Malbecco* were:
Soone as the old man ſaw Sir *Paridell*,
Hee fainted, and was almoſt dead with feare,
Ne word he had to ſpeake, his griefe to tell,
But to him louted lowe, and greeted goodly well;

38
And after, asked him for *Hellenore*.
I take no keepe of her, ſaid *Paridell*:
She wonneth in the foreſt there before.
So forth he rode, as his adventure fell;
The whiles, the Boaſter from his lofty ſell
Faynd to alight, ſomething amiſſe to mend;
But the freſh Swaine would not his leaſure dwell,
But went his way; whom when he paſſed kend,
He vp remounted light, and after faind to wend.

39
Perdy nay, ſaid *Malbecco*, ſhall ye not:
But let him paſſe as lightly as he came:
For, little good of him is to be got,
And mickle perill to be put to ſhame.
But, let vs goe to ſeeke my deareſt Dame,
Whom he hath left in yonder foreſt wild:
For, of her ſafety in great doubt I am,
Leaſt ſalvage beaſts her perſon haue deſpoyld:
Then all the world is loſt, and we in vaine haue toyld.

40
They all agree, and forward them addreſt:
Ah! but ſaid crafty *Trompart*, weet ye well,
That yonder in that waſtefull wilderneſſe
Huge Monſters haunt, and many dangers dwell;
Dragons, and Minotaures, and fiends of hell,
And many wilde wood-men, which rob and rend
All trauellers; therefore aviſe ye well,
Before yee enterpriſe that way to wend:
One may his iourney bring too ſoone to euill end.

41
Malbecco ſtopt in great aſtoniſhment,
And with pale eyes faſt fixed on the reſt,
Their counſell crav'd, in danger imminent.
Said *Trompart*, You that are the moſt oppreſt
With burden of great threaſure, I thinke beſt
Heere for to ſtay in ſafety behind;
My Lord and I will ſearch the wide forreſt.
That counſell pleaſed not *Malbeccoes* mind;
For, he was much affraid, himſelfe alone to find.

42
Then is it beſt, ſaid he, that yee doe leaue
Your treaſure here in ſome ſecuritie,
Either faſt cloſed in ſome hollow greaue,
Or buried in the ground from ieopardie,
Till we returne againe in ſafetie:
As for vs two, leaſt doubt of vs ye haue,
Hence farre away we will blindfolded lie,
Ne priuie bevnto your threaſures Graue.
It pleaſed: ſo he did; Then they march forward braue.

43
Now, when amid the thickeſt woods they were,
They heard a noyſe of many bagbipes ſhrill,
And ſhrieking Hububs them approching nere,
Which all the foreſt did with horror fill:
That dreadfull ſound the boaſters hart did thrill,
With ſuch amazement, that in haſte he fled,
Ne euer looked backe for good or ill,
And after him eke fearefull *Trompart* ſped;
The old man could not flie, but fell to ground halfe dead.

44
Yet afterwards, cloſe creeping as he might,
Hee in a buſh did hide his fearefull hed:
The iolly *Satyres*, full of freſh delight,
Came dauncing forth, and with them nimbly led
Faire *Hellenore*, with girlonds all beſpred,
Whom their May-lady they had newly made:
She proud of that new honour, which they red,
And of their louely fellowſhip full glade,
Daunc't liuely, and her face did with a Lawrell ſhade.

45
The ſilly man that in the thicket lay,
Saw all this goodly ſport, and grieued ſore,
Yet durſt he not againſt it doe or ſay,
But did his hart with bitter thoughts engore,
To ſee th'vnkindneſſe of his *Hellenore*.
All day they daunced with great luſtihed,
And with their horned feet the greene graſſe wore,
The whiles their Goates vpon the brouzes fed,
Till drouping *Phœbus* gan to hide his golden hed.

46
Tho, vp they gan their merry pipes to truſſe,
And all their goodly heards did gather round;
But euery *Satyre* firſt did giue a buſſe
To *Hellenore*: ſo buſſes did abound.
Now gan the humid vapour ſhed the ground
With pearly deaw, and the Earthes gloomy ſhade
Did dim the brightneſſe of the welkin round,
That euery bird and beaſt awarned made
To ſhrowd theſelues, whiles ſleep their ſenſes did invade.

47
Which when *Malbecco* ſaw, out of the buſh
Vpon his hands and feet he crept full light,
And like a Goate emongſt the Goates did ruſh,
That through the help of his faire hornes on hight,
And miſtie dampe of miſconceiuing night,
And eke through likeneſſe of his goatiſh beard,
Hee did the better counterfeite aright:
So home he marcht emongſt the horned heard,
That none of all the *Satyres* him eſpyde or heard.

48
At night, when all they went to ſleepe, he viewd,
Where-as his louely wife emongſt them lay,
Embraced of a *Satyre* rough and rude,
Who all the night did mind his ioyous play:
Nine times he heard him come aloft ere day,
That all his hart with iealouſie did ſwell;
But yet that nights enſample did bewray,
That not for nought his wife them loued ſo well,
When one ſo ought a night did ring his matins bell.

49
So cloſely as he could, he to them crept,
When wearie of their ſport to ſleepe they fell;
And to his wife, that now full ſoundly ſlept,
He whiſpered in her eare, and did her tell,
That it was hee, which by her ſide did dwell,
And therefore prayd her wake, to heare him plaine.
As one out of a dreame not waked well,
Shee turn'd her, and returned back againe:
Yet her for to awake he did the more conſtraine.

50
At laſt, with irkſome trouble ſhee abraid;
And then perceiuing, that it was indeed
Her old *Malbecco*, which did her vpbraid,
With looſeneſſe of her loue, and loathly deed,
Shee was aſtoniſht with exceeding dreed,
And would haue wak't the *Satyre* by her ſide;
But hee her prayd, for mercy, or for meed,
To ſaue his life, ne let him be deſcride,
But harken to his lore, and all his counſell hide.

51
Tho, gan he her perſwade, to leaue that lewd
And loathſome life, of God and man abhord,
And home returne, where all ſhould be renewd
With perfect peace, and bands of freſh accord,
And ſhee receiu'd againe to bed and bord,
As if no treſpaſſe euer had beene donne:
But ſhee it all refuſed at one word,
And by no meanes would to his will be wonne,
But choſe emongſt the iolly *Satyres* ſtill to wonne.

52
Hee wooed her, till day ſpring hee eſpide;
But all in vaine: and then turnd to the heard,
Who butted him with hornes on euery ſide,
And trode downe in the durt, where his hore beard
Was foully dight, and he of death affeard.
Early before the heauens faireſt light
Out of the ruddy Eaſt was fully reard,
The heards out of their folds were looſed quight,
And he emongſt the reſt crept forth in ſory plight.

53
So ſoone as hee the Priſon doore did paſs,
Hee ranne as faſt as both his feete could beare,
And neuer looked who behind him was,
Ne ſcarcely who before: like as a Beare
That creeping cloſe, emongſt the hiues to reare
An hony-combe, the wakefull dogs eſpy,
And him aſſayling, ſore his carcaſſe teare,
That hardly he away with life does flie,
Ne ſtayes, till ſafe himſelfe he ſee from ieopardy.

54
Ne ſtaid he, till he came vnto the place
Where late his threaſure he entombed had;
Where when he found it not (for, *Trompart* baſe
Had it purloyned for his maiſter bad:)
With extreame fury he became quite mad,
And ran away, ran with himſelfe away:
That who ſo ſtrangely had him ſeene beſtad,
With vpſtart haire, and ſtaring eyes diſmay,
From *Limbo* lake him late eſcaped ſure would ſay.

55
High over hilles and over dales he fled,
As if the wind him on his wings had borne,
Ne bank nor buſh could ſtay him, when he ſped
His nimble feet, as treading ſtill on thorne:
Griefe, and deſpight, and iealouſie, and ſcorne
Did all the way him followe hard behind:
And he himſelfe, himſelfe loath'd ſo forlorne,
So ſhamefully forlorne of woman-kind;
That, as a Snake, ſtill lurked in his wounded mind.

56
Still fled he forward, looking backward ſtill,
Ne ſtaid his flight, nor fearefull agony,
Till that he came vnto a rocky hill,
Over the ſea ſuſpended dreadfully,
That liuing creature it would terrifie
To looke adowne, or vpward to the hight:
From thence he threw himſelfe deſpiteouſly,
All deſperate of his fore-damned ſpright,
That ſeem'd no help for him was left in liuing ſight.

57
But through long anguish, and selfe-murdring thought,
Hee was so wasted and fore-pined quight,
That all his substance was consum'd to nought,
And nothing left, but like an airie Spright,
That on the rocks he fell so fit and light,
That he thereby receiu'd no hurt at all,
But chaunced on a craggy cliffe to light;
VVhence he with crooked clawes so long did crall,
That at the last he found a Caue with entrance small.

58
Into the same hee creepes, and thence-forth there
Resolu'd to build his balefull mansion,
In drery darknesse, and continuall feare
Of that rocks fall; which euer and anon
Threats with huge ruine him to fall vpon,
That he dare neuer sleepe, but that one eye
Still ope he keepes for that occasion;
Ne euer rests he in tranquillity,
The roring billowes beate his bowre so boistrously.

59
Ne euer is he wont on ought to feed,
But toades and frogs (his pasture poysonous)
VVhich in his cold complexion do breed
A filthy bloud, or humour rancorous,
Matter of doubt and dread suspicious,
That doth with cureless care consume the hart,
Corrupts the stomacke with gall vitious,
Cross-cuts the liuer with internall smart,
And doth transfixe the soule with deathes eternall dart.

60
Yet can he neuer die, but dying liues,
And doth himselfe with sorrow new sustaine,
That death and life attonce vnto him giues,
And painefull pleasure turnes to pleasing paine.
There dwels he euer, miserable swaine,
Hatefull both to himselfe, and euery wight;
Where he through priuy griefe, and horrour vaine,
Is woxen so deform'd that he has quight
Forgot hee was a man, and *Ielousie* is hight.

Canto XI.

Britomart chaceth Ollyphant,
findes Scudamour distrest:
Assayes the house of Busyrane,
where Loues spoyles are expresst.

1
O Hatefull hellish Snake, what fury furst
Brought thee frō baleful house of *Proserpine*,
Where in her bosom she thee long had nurst,
And fostred vp with bitter milke of tine,
Foule Iealousie, that turnest loue divine
To ioylesse dread, and mak'st the louing hart
VVith hatefull thoughts to languish and to pine,
And feed it selfe with selfe-consuming smart?
Of all the passions in the mind thou vilest art.

2
O! let him farre be banished away,
And in his stead let Loue for euer dwell;
Sweet Loue, that doth his golden wings embay
In blessed Nectar, and pure Pleasures Well,
Vntroubled of vile feare, or bitter fell.
And yee faire Ladies, that your kingdoms make
In th'harts of men, them gouerne wisely well,
And of faire *Britomart* ensample take,
That was as true in loue, as Turtle to her make.

3
VVho with Sir *Satyrane* (as erst yee red)
Forth riding from *Malbecco's* hostlesse hous,
Far off espide a young man, the which fled
From an huge Giant, that with hideous
And hatefull out-rage long him chaced thus;
It was that *Ollyphant*, the brother deare
Of that *Argante* vile and vitious,
From whom the *Squire of Dames* was reft whylere;
This all as bad as she, and worse, if worse ought were.

4
For, as the sister did in feminine
And filthy lust exceed all woman-kind,
So hee surpassed his sex masculine,
In beastly vse that I did euer find;
Whom when as *Britomart* beheld behind
The fearefull boy so greedily pursew,
Shee was enmoued in her noble mind,
T'imploy her puissaunce to his reskew,
And pricked fiercely forward, where she him did view.

Ne

5
Ne was Sir *Satyrane* her far behind,
But with like fiercenesse did ensew the chace:
Whom, when the Giant saw, he soone resignd
His former suit, and from them fled apace;
They after both, and boldly bade him bace,
And each did striue the other to out-goe:
But he them both out-ran a wondrous space,
For, he was long, and swift as any Roe,
And now made better speed, t'escape his feared foe.

6
It was not *Satyrane* whom he did feare,
But *Britomart*, the flowre of chastity;
For, he the powre of chaste hands might not beare,
But alwaies did their drad encounter fly:
And now so fast his feet he did apply,
That he has gotten to a forest neare,
VVhere hee is shrowded in security:
The wood they enter, and search euery where,
They searched diuersly; so both diuided were.

7
Faire *Britomart* so long him followed,
That she at last came to a fountaine sheare,
By which there lay a knight all wallowed
Vpon the grassy ground, and by him neare
His haberjeon, his helmet, and his speare;
A little off, his shield was rudely throwne,
On which the winged boy in colours cleare
Depainted was, full easie to be knowne,
And he thereby, where-euer it in field was showne.

8
His face vpon the ground did groueling lye,
As if he had been slumbring in the shade,
That the braue Maid would not for courtesie,
Out of his quiet slumber him abrade,
Nor seeme too suddainly him to invade:
Still as shee stood, she heard with grieuous throb
Him grone, as if his hart were peeces made,
And with most painefull pangs to sigh and sob,
That pitty did the Virgins hart of patience rob.

9
At last, forth breaking into bitter plaints,
He said: O soueraigne Lord that sittst on hie,
And raign'st in blis emongst thy blessed Saints,
How suffrest thou such shamefull cruelty,
So long vnwreaked of thine enemy?
Or hast thou, Lord, of good mens cause no heed?
Or doth thy iustice sleepe, and silently?
What booteth then the good and righteous deed,
If goodnesse find no grace, nor righteousnesse no meed?

10
If good find grace, and righteousnesse reward,
Why then is *Amoret* in caytiue band,
Sith that more bountious creature neuer far'd
On foot, vpon the face of liuing land?
Or if that heauenly iustice may withstand
The wrongfull out-rage of vnrighteous men,
Why then is *Busirane* with wicked hand
Suffred, these seauen moneths day, in secret den
My Lady and my loue so cruelly to pen?

11
My Lady and my Loue, is cruell' pend
In dolefull darknesse from the view of day,
Whil'st deadly torments do her chaste brest rend,
And the sharp steele doth riue her hart in tway,
All for she *Scudamore* will not denay.
Yet thou, vile man, vile *Scudamore*, art found,
Ne canst her ayde, ne canst her foe dismay;
Vnworthy wretch to tread vpon the ground,
For whom so faire a Lady feeles so sore a wound.

12
There an huge heape of singults did oppresse
His strugling soule, and swelling throbs empeach
His faltring tongue with pangs of drerinesse,
Choking the remnant of his plaintife speach,
As if his daies were come to their last reach.
Which when shee heard, and saw the gastly fit,
Threatning into his life to make a breach,
Both with great ruth and terrour she was smit,
Fearing least from her cage the weary soule would flit.

13
Tho, stooping downe, shee him amoued light;
Who there-with some-what starting, vp gan looke,
And seeing him behind a stranger knight,
Where-as no liuing creature he mistooke,
With great indignance hee that sight forsooke,
And downe againe himselfe disdainefully
Abiecting, th'earth with his faire forhead strooke:
Which the bold Virgin seeing, gan apply
Fit medeine to his griefe, and spake thus curtesly:

14
Ah! gentle knight, whose deepe conceiued griefe
Well seemes t'exceed the powre of patience,
Yet if that heauenly grace some good reliefe
You send, submit you to high prouidence;
And euer in your noble hart prepense,
That all the sorrow in the world, is lesse
Then vertues might, and values confidence:
For, who nill bide the burden of distresse,
Must not heere thinke to liue, for, life is wretchednesse.

15
Therefore (faire Sir) doe comfort to you take,
And freely read, what wicked felon so
Hath out-rag'd you, and thrald your gentle make.
Perhaps this hand may help to ease your woe,
And wreake your sorrow on your cruell foe,
At least, it faire endeuour will apply.
Those feeling words so neere the quick did goe,
That vp his head he reared easily;
And leaning on his elbow, these few words let fly:

16
What boots it plaine, that cannot be redrest,
And sowe vaine sorrow in a fruitlesse eare,
Sith powre of hand, nor skill of learned brest,
Ne worldly price cannot redeeme my deare,
Out of her thraldome and continuall feare?
For, he (the Tyrant) which her hath in ward
By strong enchauntments, and black Magick leare,
Hath in a dungeon deep her close embard,
And many dreadfull fiends hath pointed to her gard.

There

17

There he tormenteth her most terribly,
And day and night afflicts with mortall paine,
Because to yield him loue she doth deny,
Once to me yold, not to be yold againe:
But yet by torture he would her constraine
Loue to conceiue in her disdainefull brest;
Till so she doe, shee must in doole remaine,
Ne may by liuing meanes be thence releast:
What boots it then to plaine, that cannot be redrest?

18

With this sad herfall of his heauy stresse,
The warlike Damzell was empassiond sore,
And said; Sir Knight, your cause is nothing lesse
Then is your sorrow, certes if not more;
For, nothing so much pitty doth implore,
As gentle Ladies helplesse misery.
But yet, if please ye listen to my lore,
I will (with proofe of last extreamity)
Deliuer her fro thence, or with her for you die.

19

Ah! gentlest Knight aliue, said *Scudamore*;
VVhat huge heroick magnanimitie
Dwels in thy bountious brest? what could'st thou
If she were thine, and thou as now am I? (more,
O spare thy happy dayes, and them apply
To better boot, but let me die that ought;
More is more losse: one is enough to die.
Life is not lost, said she, for which is bought
Endlesse renowme, that more then death is to be sought.

20

Thus, shee at length perswaded him to rise,
And with her wend, to see what new successe
Mote him befall vpon new enterprise.
His armes, which he had vow'd to disprofesse,
She gathered vp, and did about him dresse,
And his forwandred steed vnto him got:
So forth they both yfere make their progresse,
And march not past the mount'naunce of a shot,
Till they arriu'd, where-as their purpose they did plot.

21

There they dismounting, drew their weapons bold,
And stoutly came vnto the Castle gate;
Where-as no gate they found them to with-hold,
Nor ward to wait at morne and euening late;
But in the Porch (that did them sore amate)
A flaming fire, ymixt with smouldry smoke,
And stinking Sulphure, that with griesly hate
And dreadfull horrour did all entrance choke,
Enforced them their forward footing to reuoke.

22

Greatly thereat was *Britomart* dismaid,
Ne in that stownd wist, how her selfe to beare;
For, danger vaine it were, to haue assaid
That cruell element, which all things feare,
Ne none can suffer to approchen neare:
And turning back to *Scudamore*, thus sayd;
What monstrous enmity prouoke we here,
Foole-hardy, as th'Earthes children, the which made
Battell against the Gods? so we a God inuade.

23

Danger without discretion to attempt,
Inglorious and beast-like is: therefore, Sir knight,
Aread what course of you is safest dempt,
And how we with our foe may come to fight.
This is, quoth he, the dolorous despight,
Which earst to you I plaind: for, neither may
This fire be quencht by any wit or might,
Ne yet by any meanes remou'd away,
So mighty be th'enchauntments, which the same do stay.

24

What is there else, but cease these fruitlesse paines,
And leaue me to my former languishing?
Faire *Amoret* must dwell in wicked chaines,
And *Scudamore* here die with sorrowing.
Perdy not so, said she; for, shamefull thing
It were t'abandon noble cheuisaunce,
For shew of perill, without venturing:
Rather let try extremities of chaunce,
Then enterprised praise for dread to disauaunce.

25

There-with, resolv'd to proue her vtmost might,
Her ample shield she threw before her face,
And (her swords point directing forward right)
Assaild the flame, the which eftsoones gaue place,
And did it selfe diuide with equall space,
That through she passed; as a thunder-bolt
Pearceth the yielding ayre, and doth displace
The soring clowds into sad showres ymolt;
So to her yold the flames, and did their force revolt.

26

Whom, when as *Scudamore* saw past the fire,
Safe and vntoucht, he likewise gan assay,
With greedie will, and envious desire,
And bade the stubborne flames to yield him way:
But cruell *Mulciber* would not obay
His threatfull pride; but did the more augment
His mighty rage, and his imperious sway
Him forc't (maulgre) his fiercenesse to relent,
And back retire, all scorcht and pittifully brent.

27

With huge impatience he inly swelt,
More for great sorrow that he could not pass,
Then for the burning torment which he felt,
That with fell woodnesse he effiered was,
And wilfully him throwing on the grass,
Did beat and bounse his head and breast full sore:
The whiles, the Championesse now entred has
The vtmost roome, and past the formost dore,
The vtmost roome abounding with all precious store.

28

For, round about, the wals yclothed were
With goodly Arras of great maiesty,
Wouen with gold and silke so close and nere,
That the rich metall lurked priuily,
As faining to be hid from enuious eye;
Yet here, and there, and euery where vnwares
It shewed it selfe, and shone vnwillingly;
Like a discolour'd Snake, whose hidden snares (clares.
Throgh the greene grass, his long bright burnisht back de-

And

29

And in those Tapets weren fashioned
Many faire pourtraicts, and many a faire feate:
And all of loue, and all of lusty-hed,
As seemed by their semblaunt, did entreat;
And eke all *Cupids* warres they did repeate,
And cruell battels, which he whilome fought
Gainst all the gods, to make his empire great;
Besides the huge massacres, which he wrought
On mighty Kings and Kesars, into thraldome brought.

30

Therein was writ, how often thundring *Ioue*
Had felt the point of his heart-pearcing dart,
And leauing heauens kingdome, here did roue
In strange disguise, to slake his scalding smart;
Now like a Ram, faire *Helle* to peruart,
Now like a Bull, *Europa* to withdrawe:
Ah, how the fearefull Ladies tender heart
Did liuely seeme to tremble, when she sawe
The huge seas vnder her t'obay her seruants lawe!

31

Soone after that into a golden showre
Him-selfe he chang'd faire *Danaë* to vew,
And through the roofe of her strong brasen towre
Did raine into her lap an hony dew,
The whiles her foolish guarde, that little knew
Of such deceipt, kept th'yron dore fast bard,
And watcht, that none should enter nor issew;
Vaine was the watch, and bootlesse all the ward,
When as the god to golden hew him selfe transfard.

32

Then was he turn'd into a snowy Swan,
To win faire *Leda* to his louely trade:
O wondrous skill, and sweet wit of the man,
That her in daffadillies sleeping made,
From scorching heat her dainty limbs to shade:
Whiles the proud Bird ruffing his feathers wide,
And brushing his faire breast, did her inuade;
She slept, yet twixt her eye-lids closely spide,
How towards her he rusht, and smyled at his pride.

33

Then shew'd it, how the *Thebane Semelee*,
Deceiv'd of iealous *Iuno* did require
To see him in his soueraine maiestee,
Arm'd with his thunder-bolts and lightning fire,
Whence dearely she with death bought her desire.
But faire *Alcmena* better match did make,
Ioying his loue in likenesse more entire;
Three nights in one, they say, that for her sake
He then did put, his pleasures lenger to partake.

34

Twice was he seene in soaring Eagles shape,
And with wide wings to beate the buxome ayre:
Once when he with *Asterié* did scape;
Againe, when as the *Troiane* boy so faire
He snatcht from *Ida* hill, and with him bare:
Wondrous delight it was, there to behold,
How the rude Shepheards after him did stare,
Trembling through feare least down he fallen should,
And often to him calling, to take surer holde.

35

In *Satyres* shape, *Antiopa* he snatcht:
And like a fire, when he *Aegin'* assayd:
A shepheard, when *Mnemosyné* he catcht:
And like a Serpent to the *Thracian* mayd.
Whiles thus on earth great *Ioue* these pageants playd,
The winged boy did thrust into his throne,
And scoffing thus vnto his mother sayd,
Lo, now the heauens obey to me alone,
And take me for their *Ioue*, whiles *Ioue* to earth is gone.

36

And thou, faire *Phœbus*, in thy colours bright
Wast there enwouen, and the sad distresse
In which that boy thee plonged, for despight
That thou bewraidst his mothers wantonnesse,
When she with *Mars* was meynt in ioyfulnesse:
For-thy he thrild thee with a leaden dart,
To loue faire *Daphné*, which thee loued lesse:
Lesse she thee lov'd, then was thy iust desart;
Yet was thy loue her death, & her death was thy smart.

37

So louedst thou the lusty *Hyacinct*,
So louedst thou the faire *Coronis* deare:
Yet both are of thy hapless hand extinct,
Yet both in flowres do liue, and loue thee beare,
The one a Paunce, the other a sweet breare;
For griefe whereof, ye mote haue liuely seene
The god himselfe rending his golden heare,
And breaking quite his girlond euer greene,
With other signes of sorrow and impatient teene.

38

Both for those two, and for his owne deare sonne,
The sonne of *Clymené* he did repent,
Who bold to guide the charet of the Sunne,
Himselfe in thousand peeces fondly rent,
And all the world with flashing fire brent,
So like, that all the walles did seeme to flame.
Yet cruell *Cupid*, not herewith content,
Forc't him eftsoones to follow other game,
And loue a Shepheards daughter for his dearest Dame.

39

He loued *Isse* for his dearest Dame,
And for her sake her cattell fed awhile,
And for her sake a cow-heard vile became,
The seruant of *Admetus* cow-heard vile,
Whiles that from heauen he suffered exile.
Long were to tell each other louely fit,
Now like a Lion, hunting after spoile,
Now like a Hog, now like a Falcon flit:
All which in that faire arras was most liuely writ.

40

Next vnto him was *Neptune* pictured,
In his diuine resemblance wondrous like:
His face was rugged, and his hoary head
Dropped with brackish deaw; his three-forkt Pyke
He stearnly shooke, and therewith fierce did strike
The raging billowes, that on euery side
They trembling stood, and made a long broad dyke,
That his swift charet might haue passage wyde,
Which foure great *Hippodames* did draw in teme-wise tide.

41
His sea-horses did seeme to snort amaine,
And from their nosethrilles blowe the briny streame,
That made the sparkling waues to smoake againe,
And flame with gold: but the white foamy creame
Did shine with siluer, and shoot forth his beame.
The god himselfe did pensiue seem and sad,
And hong adowne his head, as he did dreame:
For, priuy loue his breast empearced had;
Ne ought, but deare *Bisaltis*, ay could make him glad.

42
He loued eke *Iphimedia* deare,
And *Aeolus* faire daughter *Arné* hight;
For whom he turnd himselfe into a Steare,
And fed on fodder, to beguile her sight.
Also to win *Deucalions* daughter bright,
Her turnd him selfe into a Dolphin faire;
And like a winged horse he tooke his flight,
To snaky-lock *Meduſa* to repaire,
On whom he got faire *Pegasus*, that flitteth in the ayre.

43
Next *Saturne* was, (but who would euer weene,
That sullein *Saturne* euer weend to loue?
Yet loue is sullein, and *Saturn*-like seene,
As he did for *Erigoné* it proue.)
That to a *Centaure* did him selfe transmoue.
So proov'd it eke that gracious god of wine,
When for to compasse *Philliras* hard loue,
He turnd him selfe into a fruitfull vine,
And into her faire bosome made his grapes decline.

44
Long were to tell the amorous assayes,
And gentle pangs, with which he maked meeke
The mighty *Mars*, to learne his wanton playes:
How oft for *Venus*, and how often eeke
For many other Nymphes he sore did shreek;
With womanish teares, and with vnwarlike smarts,
Priuily moistening his horrid cheek.
There was he painted full of burning darts,
And many wide wounds lanced through his inward parts.

45
Ne did he spare (so cruell was the Elfe)
His owne deare mother, (ah why should he so!)
Ne did he spare sometime to prick himselfe,
That he might taste the sweet consuming woe,
Which he had wrought, to many others moe.
But, to declare the mournfull Tragedies,
And spoiles, wherewith he all the ground did strowe,
More eath to number, with how many eyes
High heauen beholds sad louers nightly theeueries.

46
Kings, Queenes, Lords, Ladies, Knights & Damzels gent,
Were heap't together with the vulgar sort,
And mingled with the rascall rablement,
Without respect of person or of port,
To shew Dan *Cupids* powre and great effort:
And round about, a border was entrayld
Of broken boawes and arrowes shiuered short,
And a long bloudy riuer through them rayld,
So liuely and so like, that liuing sense it fayld.

47
And at the vpper end of that faire rowme,
There was an Altar built of precious stone,
Of passing valew, and of great renowme,
On which there stood an Image all alone,
Of massie gold, which with his owne light shone;
And wings it had with sundry colours dight,
More sundry colours, then the proud *Pauone*
Beares in his boasted fan, or *Iris* bright, (bright,
When her discolourd boaw she spreds through heauen

48
Blindfold he was, and in his cruell fist
A mortall boaw and arrowes keene did hold,
With which he shot at random, when him list,
Some headed with sad lead, some with pure gold;
(Ah man beware, how thou those darts behold.)
A wounded Dragon vnder him did lie,
Whose hideous taile his left foot did enfold,
And with a shaft was shot through eyther eye,
That no man forth might drawe, ne no man remedy.

49
And vnderneath his feet was written thus,
Vnto the Victor of the gods this bee:
And all the people in that ample house
Did to that image bow their humble knee,
And oft committed fowle Idolatree.
That wondrous sight faire *Britomart* amazed,
Ne seeing could her wonder satisfie,
But euer more and more vpon it gazed,
The whiles the passing brightnesse her fraile senses dazed.

50
Tho, as she backward cast her busie eye,
To search each secret of that goodly sted,
Ouer the dore thus written she did spye
Be bold: she oft and oft it ouer-read,
Yet could not finde what sense it figured:
But what-so were therein or writ or ment,
She was no whit thereby discouraged
From prosecuting of her first intent,
But forward with bolde steps into the next roome went.

51
Much fairer, then the former, was that roome,
And richlyer by many parts arrayd:
For, not with arras made in painfull loome,
But with pure gold it al was ouer-layd,
Wrought with wild Anticks, which their follies playd,
In the rich metall, as they liuing were:
A thousand monstrous formes therein were made,
Such as false loue doth oft vpon him weare.
For, loue in thousand monstrous formes doth oft appeare.

52
And all about, the glistring walles were hong
With warlike spoiles, and with victorious prayes
Of mighty Conquerors and Captaines strong,
Which were whilome captiued in their dayes
To cruell loue, and wrought their owne decayes:
Their swords & speares were broke, & hauberques rent,
And their proud girlonds of tryumphant bayes
Troden in dust with fury insolent,
To shew the Victors might and mercilesse intent.

53
The warlike Mayd, beholding earnestly
The goodly ordinance of this rich place,
Did greatly wonder, ne could satisfie
Her greedy eyes with gazing a long space:
But more she meruaild, that no footings trace,
Nor wight appear'd, but wastefull emptinesse,
And solemne silence ouer all that place:
Strange thing it seem'd, that none was to possesse
So rich purueyance, ne them keep with carefulnesse.

54
And as she looked about, she did behold,
How euer that same dore was likewise writ
Be bold, Be bold, and euery where *Be bold*;
That much she muz'd, yet could not construe it
By any riddling skill, or common wit.
At last she spide, at that roomes vpper end,
Another iron dore, on which was writ
Be not too bold; whereto though she did bend
Her earnest mind, yet wist not what it might intend.

55
Thus there she waited vntill euentide,
Yet liuing creature none she sawe appeare:
And now sad shadowes gan the world to hide,
From mortall view, and wrap in darknesse dreare;
Yet n'ould she d'off her weary armes, for feare
Of secret danger, ne let sleepe oppresse
Her heauy eyes with Natures burdein deare,
But drew her selfe aside in sickernesse,
And her wel-pointed weapons did about her dresse.

Canto XII.

The Mask of Cupid, and th'enchanted
Chamber are displaid;
Whence Britomart redeemes faire
Amoret, through charms decayd.

1
Ho, when as cheareless Night ycouered had
Faire heauen with an vniuersall cloud,
That euery wight, dismayd with darknesse sad,
In silence and in sleepe themselues did shroud,
She heard a shrilling Trompet sound aloud,
Signe of nigh battell, or got victory;
Nought therewith daunted was her courage proud,
But rather stird to cruell enmity,
Expecting euer, when some foe she might descry.

2
With that, an hideous storme of winde arose,
With dreadfull thunder and lightning atwixt,
And an earth-quake, as if it streight would lose
The worlds foundations from his centre fixt;
A direfull stench of smoke and sulphure mixt
Ensewd, whose noyance fild the fearefull sted,
From the fourth houre of night vntill the sixt;
Yet the bold *Britonesse* was nought ydred,
Though much emmov'd, but stedfast still perseuered.

3
All suddenly a stormy whirlwind blew
Throughout the house, that clapped euery dore:
With which, that iron wicket open flew,
As it with mighty leuers had been tore:
And forth issewd, as on the ready flore
Of some Theatre, a graue personage,
That in his hand a branch of laurel bore,
With comely haueour and count'nance sage,
Yclad in costly garments, fit for tragicke Stage.

4
Proceeding to the midst, he still did stand,
As if in mind he somewhat had to say;
And to the vulgar beckning with his hand,
In signe of silence, as to heare a Play,
By liuely actions he gan bewray
Some argument of matter passioned;
Which doen, he backe retyred soft away:
And passing by, his name discouered,
Ease, on his robe in golden letters cyphered.

5
The noble mayd, still standing, all this viewd,
And merueild at his strange intendiment;
With that, a ioyous fellowship issewd
Of Minstrals, making goodly meriment,
With wanton Bardes, and Rymers impudent;
All which together sung full cheerefully
A lay of loues delight, with sweet concent:
After whom, marcht a iolly company,
In manner of a maske, enranged orderly.

6
The whiles a most delicious harmony,
In full strange notes was sweetly heard to sound,
That the rare sweetnesse of the melody
The feeble senses wholly did confound,
And the fraile soule in deepe delight nigh dround:
And when it ceast shrill trompets loud did bray,
That their report did farre away rebound,
And when they ceast, it gan again to play,
The whiles the maskers marched forth in trim array.

7
The first was *Fancy*, like a louely boy,
Of rare aspect, and beauty without peare;
Matchable eyther to that impe of *Troy*,
Whom *Ioue* did loue, and chose his cup to beare,
Or that same dainty lad, which was so deare
To great *Alcides*, that when as he dide,
He wailed womanlike with many a teare,
And euery wood and euery valley wide
He fild with *Hylas* name; the Nymphes eke *Hylas* cride.

8
His garment neither was of silke nor say,
But painted plumes, in goodly order dight,
Like as the sun-burnt *Indians* do array
Their tawny bodies, in their proudest plight:
As those same plumes, so seem'd he vaine and light,
That by his gate might easily appeare:
For, still he far'd as dancing in delight,
And in his hand a windy fan did beare,
That in the idle aire he mov'd still here and there.

9
And him beside marcht amorous *Desire*,
Who seem'd of riper yeares, then th'other Swaine;
Yet was that other swaine this elders syre,
And gaue him being, common to them twaine:
His garment was disguised very vaine,
And his embrodered Bonet sat awry;
Twixt both his hands few sparks he close did straine,
Which still he blew, and kindled busily,
That soone they life conceiv'd, & forth in flames did fly.

10
Next after him went *Doubt*, who was yclad
In a discolour'd cote, of strange disguise,
That at his backe a brode Capuccio had,
And sleeues dependant *Albanese*-wise:
He lookt askew with his mistrustfull eyes,
And nicely trode, as thornes lay in his way,
Or that the flore to shrinke he did auyse,
And on a broken reed he still did stay
His feeble steps, which shrunke, when hard thereon he lay.

11
With him went *Danger*, cloth'd in ragged weed,
Made of Beares skin, that him more dreadfull made:
Yet his owne face was dreadfull, ne did need
Strange horror, to deform his griesly shade;
A net in th'one hand, and a rusty blade
In th'other was: this Mischiefe, that Mishap;
With th'one his foes he threatned to inuade,
With th'other he his friends ment to enwrap;
For, whom he could not kill, he practiz'd to entrap:

12
Next him was *Feare*, all arm'd from top to toe,
Yet thought himselfe not safe enough thereby,
But feard each shadow mouing to and fro:
And his owne armes when glittering he did spy,
Or clashing heard, he fast away did fly,
As ashes pale of hew, and wingy-heeld;
And euermore on danger fixt his eye,
Gainst whom he alwaies bent a brazen shield,
Which his right hand vnarmed fearefully did wield.

13
With him went *Hope* in ranke, a handsome Mayd,
Of chearefull looke and louely to behold;
In silken samite she was light arrayd,
And her faire lockes were wouen vp in gold;
She alway smyl'd, and in her hand did hold
An holy water Sprinkle, dipt in deawe,
With which she sprinkled fauours manifold,
On whom she list, and did great liking shewe;
Great liking vnto many, but true loue to fewe.

14
And after them *Dissemblance* and *Suspect*
Marcht in one ranke, yet an vnequall paire:
For, she was gentle, and of milde aspect,
Courteous to all, and seeming debonaire,
Goodly adorned, and exceeding faire:
Yet was that all but painted, and purloynd, (haire,
And her bright browes were deckt with borrowed
Her deeds were forged, and her words false coynd,
And alwaies in her hand two clewes of silke she twynd.

15
But he was foule, ill-fauoured, and grim,
Vnder his eye-brows looking still ascaunce;
And euer as *Dissemblance* laught on him,
He lowrd on her with dangerous eye-glance;
Shewing his nature in his countenance;
His rolling eyes did neuer rest in place,
But walkt each where, for feare of hid mischaunce,
Holding a lattice still before his face,
Through which he still did peepe, as forward he did pace.

16
Next him went *Griefe*, and *Fury* matcht yfere;
Griefe, all in sable sorrowfully clad,
Downe-hanging his dull head, with heauy chere,
Yet inly being more, then seeming sad:
A paire of pincers in his hand he had,
With which he pinched people to the heart,
That from thenceforth a wretched life they lad,
In wilfull languour and consuming smart,
Dying each day with inward wounds of dolours dart.

17
But *Fury* was full ill appareiled
In rags, that naked nigh she did appeare,
With ghastfull lookes and dreadfull drerihed;
For, from her backe her garments she did teare,
And from her head oft rent her snarled heare:
In her right hand a fire-brand she did tosse
About her head, still roming here and there;
As a dismayed Deere in chace embost,
Forgetfull of his safety, hath his right way lost.

After

18
After them, went *Displeasure* and *Pleasance*;
He looking lompish and full sullein sad,
And hanging downe his heauy countenance;
She chearefull fresh and full of iouyance glad,
As if no sorrow she ne felt, ne drad;
That euill matched paire they seem'd to bee:
An angry Waspe th'one in a viall had;
Th'other in hers an hony-lady Bee;
Thus marched these sixe couples forth in faire degree.

19
After all these, there marcht a most faire Dame,
Led of two gryslie villeins, th'one *Despight*,
The other cleped *Cruelty* by name:
She dolefull Lady, like a dreary Spright,
Cald by strong charmes out of eternall night,
Had Deaths owne image figur'd in her face,
Full of sad signes, fearefull to liuing sight;
Yet in that horror shew'd a seemly grace,
And with her feeble feet did moue a comely pace.

20
Her breast all naked, as net iuory,
Without adorne of gold or siluer bright,
Wherewith the Craftes-man wonts it beautifie,
Of her dew honour was despoyled quight,
And a wide wound therein (O ruefull sight!)
Entrenched deepe with knife accursed keene,
Yet freshly bleeding forth her fainting spright
(The worke of cruell hand) was to beseene,
That dyde in sanguine red her skin all snowy cleane.

21
At that wide orifice, her trembling heart
Was drawne forth, and in siluer basin layd,
Quite through transfixed with a deadly dart,
And in her bloud yet steeming fresh embayd:
And those two villeins, which her steps vpstayd,
When her weake feete could scarcely her sustaine,
And fading vitall powers gan to fade,
Her forward still with torture did constraine,
And euermore encreased her consuming paine.

22
Next after her, the winged God himselfe
Came riding on a Lion rauenous,
Taught to obey the menage of that Elfe,
That man and beast with powre imperious
Subdeweth to his kingdome tyrannous:
His blindfold eyes he bade a while vnbind,
That his proud spoyle of that same dolorous
Faire Dame he might behold in perfect kind;
Which seene, he much reioyced in his cruell mind.

23
Of which full proud, himselfe vp rearing hye,
He looked round about with sterne disdaine;
And did suruay his goodly company:
And marshalling the euill ordered traine,
With that the darts which his right hand did straine,
Full dreadfully he shooke that all did quake,
And clapt on hie his coloured winges twaine,
That all his many it affraide did make:
Tho, blinding him againe, his way he forth did take.

24
Behinde him was *Reproache*, *Repentance*, *Shame*;
Reproache the first, *Shame* next, *Repent* behind:
Repentance feeble, sorrowfull and lame;
Reproache despightfull, careless, and vnkinde;
Shame most ill fauourd, bestiall, and blinde;
Shame lowrd, *Repentance* sigh't, *Reproache* did scould;
Reproache sharpe stings, *Repentance* whips entwyn'd,
Shame burning brond-yrons in her hand did hold:
All three to each vnlike, yet all made in one mould.

25
And after them, a rude confused rout
Of persons flockt, whose names is hard to read:
Emongst them was sterne *Strife*, and *Anger* stout,
Vnquiet *Care*, and fond *Vnthriftihead*,
Lewd *Losse of Time*, and *Sorrow* seeming dead,
Inconstant *Change*, and false *Disloyaltie*,
Consuming *Riotise*, and guilty *Dread*
Of heauenly vengeance, faint *Infirmitie*,
Vile *Pouertie*, and lastly *Death* with infamie.

26
There were full many moe like maladies,
Whose names and natures I n'ote readen well;
So many moe, as there be phantasies
In wauering womens wit, that none can tell,
Or paines in loue, or punishments in hell;
And which disguised marcht in masking wise,
About the chamber with that Damozell,
And then returned (hauing marched thrice)
Into the inner roome, from whence they first did rise.

27
So soone as they were in, the dore streight way
Fast locked, driuen with that stormy blast,
Which first it opened; and bore all away.
Then the braue Maid, which all this while was plac't,
In secret shade, and saw both first and last,
Issewed forth, and went vnto the dore,
To enter in, but found it locked fast:
It vaine she thought with rigorous vprore
For to efforce, when charmes had closed it afore.

28
Where force might not auaile, there sleights and art
She cast to vse, both fit for hard emprize;
For-thy, from that same roome not to depart
Till morrow next, she did her selfe auize,
When that same Maske againe should forth arize.
The morrowe next appear'd with ioyous cheare,
Calling men to their daily exercise;
Then she, as morrowe fresh, her selfe did reare
Out of her secret stand, that day for to out-weare.

29
All that day she out-wore in wandering,
And gazing on that chambers ornament,
Till that againe the second euening
Her couered with her sable vestiment,
Wherewith the worlds faire beauty she hath blent:
Then when the second watch was almost past,
That brasen dore flew open, and in went
Bold *Britomart*, as she had late forecast,
Neither of idle shewes, nor of false charmes aghast.

30

So soone as she was entred, round about
She cast her eyes, to see what was become
Of all those persons, which she saw without:
But lo, they straight were vanisht all and some,
Ne liuing wight she saw in all that roome,
Saue that same woefull Lady: both whose hands
Were bounden fast, that did her ill become,
And her small waste girt round with iron bands,
Vnto a brazen pillour, by the which she stands.

31

And her before the vile Enchaunter sate,
Figuring straunge characters of his art:
With blood he those characters wrote,
Dreadfully dropping from her dying heart,
Seeming transfixed with a cruell dart;
And all perforce to make her him to loue.
Ah! who can loue the worker of her smart?
A thousand charmes he formerly did proue;
Yet thousand charmes could not her stedfast heart remoue.

32

Soone as that virgin knight he saw in place,
His wicked bookes in haste he ouerthrew,
Not caring his long labours to deface;
And fiercely running to that Lady trew,
A murdrous knife out of his pocket drew;
The which he thought, for villeinous despight,
In her tormented body to embrew:
But the stout Damzell to him leaping light,
His cursed hand withheld, and maistered his might.

33

From her, to whom his fury first he ment,
The wicked weapon rashly he did wrest;
And turning to her selfe his fell intent,
Vnwares it strooke into her snowy chest,
That little drops empurpled her faire breast.
Exceeding wroth therewith the virgin grew,
Albe the wound were nothing deep imprest,
And fiercely forth her mortall blade she drew,
To giue him the reward for such vile outrage dew.

34

So mightily she smote him, that to ground
He fell halfe dead; next stroke him should haue slaine,
Had not the Lady which by him stood bound,
Dernely vnto her called to abstaine,
From doing him to dy. For, else her paine
Should be remediless, sith none but hee,
Which wrought it, could the same recure againe.
Therewith she staid her hand, loth staid to bee;
For, life she him enuide, and longd reuenge to see:

35

And to him sayd, Thou wicked man, whose meed
For so huge mischiefe, and vile villany,
Is death, or if that ought do death exceed,
Be sure, that nought may saue thee from to dy,
But if that thou this Dame doe presently
Restore vnto her health, and former state;
This doe and liue, else die vndoubtedly.
He glad of life, that lookt for death but late,
Did yield himselfe right willing to prolong his date.

36

And rising vp, gan streight to ouerlooke
Those cursed leaues, his charmes backe to reuerse;
Full dreadfull things out of that balefull booke
He read, and measur'd many a sad verse,
That horror gan the virgins heart to perse,
And her faire lockes vp stared stiffe on end,
Hearing him those same bloudy lines rehearse;
And all the while he read, she did extend
Her sword high ouer him, if ought he did offend.

37

Anon she gan perceiue the house to quake,
And all the dores to rattle round about;
Yet all that did not her dismaied make,
Nor slacke her threatfull hand for dangers doun
But still with stedfast eye and courage stout
Abode, to weet what end would come of all.
At last, that mighty chaine, which round about
Her tender waste was wound, adowne gan fall,
And that great brazen pillour broke in peeces small.

38

The cruell steele which thrild her dying heart,
Fell softly forth, as of his owne accord:
And the wide wound, which lately did dispart
Her bleeding breast, and riuen bowels gor'd,
Was closed vp, as it had not been bor'd;
And euery part to safety full sound,
As she were neuer hurt, was soone restor'd.
Tho, when she felt her selfe to be vnbound,
And perfect whole, prostrate she fell vnto the ground:

39

Before faire *Britomart*, she fell prostrate,
Saying; Ah noble knight, what worthy meed
Can wretched Lady, quit from wofull state,
Yield you in liew of this your gracious deed?
Your vertue selfe her owne reward shall breed,
Euen immortall praise, and glory wide,
Which I your vassall, by your prowesse freed,
Shall through the world make to be notifide,
And goodly well aduance, that goodly well was tride.

40

But *Britomart*, vprearing her from ground,
Sayd, Gentle Dame, reward enough I weene
For many labours more, then I haue found,
This, that in safety now I haue you seene,
And meane of your deliuerance haue beene:
Henceforth faire Lady comfort to you take,
And put away remembrance of late teene;
In stead therof knowe, that your louing Make
Hath no lesse griefe endured for your gentle sake.

41

She much was cheard to heare him mentiond,
Whom of all liuing wights she loued best.
Then laid the noble Championesse strong hond
Vpon th'enchaunter, which had her distrest
So sore, and with foule outrages oppress:
With that great chaine, wherewith not long ygo
He bound that pitious Lady prisoner, now releast,
Himselfe she bound, more worthy to be so,
And captiue with her led to wretchednesse and woe.

Return-

42

Returning backe, those goodly roomes, which erst
She saw so rich and royally arrayd,
Now vanisht vtterly, and cleane subuerst
She found, and all their glory quite decayd,
That sight of such a change her much dismayd.
Thence, forth descending to that perlous Porch,
Those dreadfull flames she also found delayd,
And quenched quite, like a consumed torch,
That erst all entrers wont so cruelly to scorch.

43

More easie issew now, then entrance late
She found: for, now that fained dreadfull flame,
Which chok't the porch of that enchaunted gate,
And passage bard to all, that thither came,
Was vanisht quite, as it were not the same,
And gaue her leaue at pleasure forth to pass.
Th'Enchaunter selfe, which all that fraud did frame,
To haue effore't the loue of that faire lass,
Seeing his work now wasted, deepe engrieued was.

44

But when the Victoresse arriued there,
Where late she left the pensiue *Scudamore*
With her owne trusty Squire, both full of feare,
Neither of them she found where she them lore:
Thereat her noble heart was stonisht sore;
But most faire *Amoret*, whose gentle spright
Now gan to feede on hope, which she before
Conceiued had, to see her owne deare knight,
Being therof beguyl'd was fild with new affright.

45

But he sad man, when he had long in dreed
Awayted there for *Britomarts* returne,
Yet saw her not nor signe of her good speed;
His expectation to despaire did turne;
Misdeeming sure that her those flames did burne;
And therefore gan aduize with her old Squire,
Who her deare nourslings losse no lesse did mourne,
Thence to depart for further aide t'enquire:
Where let them wend at will, whilest here I doe respire.

The end of the third Booke.

A Vision vpon this conceipt of the Faerie QVEENE.

ME thought I sawe the Graue, where *Laura* lay,
Within that Temple, where the vestall flame
Was wont to burne; and passing by that way,
To see that buried dust of liuing fame,
Whose tombe faire loue, and fairer vertue kept,
All suddenly I sawe the Faery Queene:
At whose approache the soule of *Petrarke* wept,
And from thenceforth those Graces were not seene.
For, they this Queene attended, in whose steed
Obliuion laid him downe on *Lauras* herse:
Hereat the hardest stones were seene to bleed,
And grones of buried ghosts the heauens did perse;
Where *Homers* spright did tremble all for griefe,
And curst th'accesse of that celestiall theefe.

Another of the same.

THe praise of meaner wits this worke like profite brings,
As doth the Cuckoes song delight when *Philumena* sings.
If thou hast formed right true Vertues face herein:
Vertue her selfe can best discerne, to whom they written bin.
If thou hast Beauty prayst, let her sole lookes diuine
Iudge if ought therein be amiss, and mend it by her eyne.
If Chastitie want ought, or Temperance her dew,
Behold her Princely minde aright, and wright thy Queene anew.
Meane while she shall perceiue, how farre her vertues sore
Aboue the reach of all that liue, or such as wrote of yore:
And thereby will excuse aud fauour thy good will:
Whose vertue cannot be expresst, but by an Angels quill.
Of me no lines are lov'd, nor letters are of price,
Of all which speak our English tongue, but those of thy deuice.

W. R.

To the learned Shepheard.

COllin, I see by thy new taken taske,
some sacred fury hath enricht thy braynes,
That leades thy Muse in haughty verse to maske,
and loath the layes that longs to lowely swaynes,
That lifts thy notes from Shepheards vnto kings,
So like the liuely Larke that mounting sings.

Thy lonely Rosalinde seemes now forlorne,
and all thy gentle flockes forgotten quight.
Thy changed heart now holdes thy pypes in scorne,
those prety pypes that did thy mates delight;
Those trusty mates, that loued thee so well,
Whom thou gau'st mirth: as they gaue thee the bell.

Yet as thou earst with thy sweet roundelayes,
didst charre to glee our laddes in homely bowers:
So mought'st thou now in these refyned layes,
delight the dainty eares of higher powers.
And so mought they in their deepe scanning skill
Allow and grace our Collins flowing quill.

And faire befall that Faery Queene of thine,
in whose faire eyes loue linkt with vertue sits:
Enfusing, by those beauties fiers diuine,
such high conceits into thy humble wits,
As raised hath poore pastors oaten reedes,
From rusticke tunes, to chaunt heroique deedes.

So mought thy Redcrosse knight *with happy hand*
victorious be in that faire Ilands right,
Which thou doest vaile in type of Faery land,
Elyza's *blessed field, that* Albion *hight:*
That shields her friends, and warres her mighty foes,
Yet still with people, peace, and plenty flowes.

But (iolly Shepheard) though, with pleasing stile,
thou feast the humour of the courtly traine:
Let not conceit thy settled sense beguile,
ne daunted be through enuy or disdaine.
Subiect thy doome to her Empyring spright,
From whence thy Muse, and all the world takes light.

Hobynoll.

THE SECOND PART OF THE *FAERIE QVEENE:*

CONTAINING

The { FOVRTH, FIFT, and SIXT BOOKE.

By *Edm. Spenser.*

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THE FOVRTH BOOKE OF THE FAERIE QUEENE:

CONTAINING

The Legend of CAMBEL and TELAMOND,

OR

Of Friendship.

1

THe rugged forhead, that with graue foresight
Wields kingdoms causes, & affaires of State,
My looser rimes, I wote, doth sharply wite,
For praysing loue as I haue done of late,
And magnifying louers deare debate;
By which, fraile youth is oft to folly led,
Through false allurement of that pleasing baite,
That better were in vertues discipled,
Then with vaine poëms weeds to haue their fancies fed.

2

Such one's ill iudge of loue, that cannot loue,
Ne in their frosen hearts feele kindly flame:
For-thy they ought not thing vnknowne reproue,
Ne naturall affection faultlesse blame,
For fault of few that haue abus'd the same.
For, it of honour and all vertue is
The roor, and brings forth glorious flowres of fame,
That crowne true Lovers with immortall blis,
The meed of them that loue, and do not liue amis.

3

Which whoso list look back to former ages,
And call to count the things that then were donne,
Shall find, that all the workes of those wise sages,
And braue exploits which great Heroës wonne,
In loue were either ended or begunne:
Witnes the father of Philosophie,
Which to his *Critias*, shaded oft from sunne,
Of loue full many lessons did apply,
The which these Stoick Censours cannot well deny.

4

To such therefore I doe not sing at all;
But to that sacred Saint my Soueraigne Queene,
In whose chaste breast all bounty naturall,
And treasures of true loue enlocked beene,
Boue all her sex that euer yet was seene;
To her I sing of loue, that loueth best,
And best is lov'd of all aliue I weene:
To her, this song most fitly is addrest,
The Queen of loue, & Prince of peace from heauen blest.

5

Which that she may the better deigne to heare,
Do thou dread infant, *Venus* dearling doue,
From her high spirit chase imperious feare,
And vse of awefull Maiestie remoue:
In stead whereof with drops of melting loue,
Deawd with ambrosiall kisses, by thee gotten
From thy sweet smyling mother from aboue,
Sprinkle her heart, and haughty courage soften,
That she may harke to loue, and read this lesson often.

Canto I.

Faire Britomart saues Amoret:
Duessa discord breeds
Twixt Scudamour and Blandamour:
Their fight and warlike deeds.

1

OF Louers sad calamities of old,
Full many pitious stories do remaine:
But none more pitious euer was ytold,
Then that of *Amoret*; hart-binding chaine,
And thus of *Florimels* vnworthy paine:
The deere compassion of whose bitter fit
My softened heart so sorely doth constraine,
That I with teares full oft doe pitie it,
And oftentimes doe wish it neuer had been writ.

2

For, from the time that *Scudamour* her bought
In perilous fight, she neuer ioyed day,
A perilous fight when he with force her brought
From twenty knights that did him all assay:
Yet fairely well he did them all dismay:
And with great glory both the shield of loue,
And eke the Lady selfe he brought away;
Whom hauing wedded as did him behoue,
A new vnknowen mischiefe did from him remoue.

3

For, that same vile Enchaunter *Busyran*,
The very selfe same day that she was wedded,
Amidst the bridale feast, whil'st euery man
Surcharg'd with wine, were heedlesse and ill headed,
All bent to mirth before the bride was bedded,
Brought in that Maske of loue which late was showen:
And there the Lady ill of friends bestedded,
By way of sport, as oft in Maskes is knowen,
Conueyed quite away to liuing wight vnknowen.

4

Seauen months he so her kept in bitter smart,
Because his sinfull lust she would not serue,
Vntill such time as noble *Britomart*
Releas'ed her, that else was like to sterue,
Through cruell knife that her deare heart did kerue.
And now shee is with her vpon the way,
Marching in louely wise, that could deserue
No spot of blame, though spite did oft assay
To blot her with dishonour of so faire a pray.

5

Yet should it be a pleasant tale to tell
The diuerse vsage and demeanure daint,
That each to other made, as oft befell.
For, *Amoret* right fearefull was and faint,
Lest she with blame her honour should attaint,
That every word did tremble as she spake,
And every looke was coy, and wondrous quaint,
And every limbe that touched her did quake:
Yet could she not but courteous countenance to her make.

6

For, well she wist, as true it was indeed,
That her lyues Lord, and Patrone of her health,
Right well deserued as his duefull meed,
Her loue, her seruice, and her vtmost wealth.
All is his iustly, that all freely dealth:
Nathlesse her honour, dearer then her life,
She sought to saue, as thing reseru'd from stealth;
Die had she leuer with Enchanters knife,
Then to be false in loue, profest a virgine wife.

7

Thereto her feare was made so much the greater
Through fine abusion of that Briton mayd:
Who, for to hide her fained sex the better,
And maske her wounded minde, both did and said
Full many things so doubtfull to be wayd,
That well she wist not what by them to gheese:
For, otherwhiles to her she purpose made
Of loue, and otherwhiles of lustfulnesse,
That much she fear'd his mind wold grow to som excesse.

8

His will she fear'd; for him she surely thought
To be a man, such as indeed he seemed;
And much the more, by that he lately wrought,
When her from deadly thraldome he redeemed,
For which no seruice she too much esteemed;
Yet dread of shame, and doubt of foule dishonor,
Made her not yeeld so much, as due she deemed.
Yet *Britomart* attended duly on her,
As well became a knight, and did to her all honor.

It

9

It so befell one euening, that they came
Vnto a Castell, lodged there to bee,
Where many a Knight, and many a louely Dame
Was then assembled, deeds of armes to see:
Amongst all which was none more faire then shee,
That many of them mov'd to eye her sore.
The custome of that place was such, that hee
Which had no Loue nor Lemman there in store,
Should either winne him one, or lye without the dore.

10

Amongst the rest there was a iolly Knight,
Who beeing asked for his Loue, avow'd
That fairest *Amoret* was his by right,
And offred that to iustifie alowd.
The war-like Virgine, seeing his so prowd
And boastfull chalenge, wexed inly wroth,
But for the present did her anger shrowd;
And said, her Loue to lose she was full loth,
But either he should neither of them haue, or both.

11

So forth they went, and both together giusted;
But that same younker soone was over-throwne,
And made repent, that he had rashly lusted
For thing vnlawfull, that was not his owne:
Yet sith he seemed valiant, though vnknowne,
She that no lesse was courteous and stout,
Cast how to salue, that both the custome showne
Were kept, and yet that knight not locked out;
That seem'd full hard t'accord two things so far in dout.

12

The Seneschall was call'd to deeme the right:
Whome she requir'd, that first faire *Amoret*
Might be to her allow'd, as to a knight,
That did her win, and free from challenge set:
Which straight to her was yeelded without let.
Then sith that strange Knights Loue from him was
She claim'd that to her selfe, as Ladies det, (quitted,
He as a Knight might iustly be admitted:
So none should be out-shut, sith all of Loues were fitted.

13

With that, her glistring helmet she vnlaced;
Which doft, her golden locks, that were vp-bound
Still in a knot, vnto her heeles downe traced,
And like a silken veile in compasse round
About her back and all her body wound:
Like as the shining sky in Summers night,
What time the dayes with scorching heat abound,
Is creasted all with lines of firie light,
That it prodigious seems in common peoples sight.

14

Such when those Knights and Ladies all about
Beheld her, all were with amazement smit,
And euery one gan growe in secret dout
Of this and that, according to each wit.
Some thought, that some enchauntment fained it;
Some, that *Bellona* in that warlike wise
To them appear'd, with shield and armour fit;
Some, that it was a maske of strange disguise:
So diuersly each one did sundry doubts deuise.

15

But that young Knight, which through her gentle deed
Was to that goodly fellowship restor'd,
Ten thousand thanks did yield her for her meed,
And doubly overcommen, her ador'd:
So did they all their former strife accord;
And eke faire *Amoret*, now freed from feare,
More franke affection did to her afford,
And to her bed, which she was wont forbeare,
Now freely drew, and found right safe assurance theare.

16

VVhere, all that night they of their Loues did treat,
And hard adventures twixt themselues alone,
That each the other gan with passion great,
And griefe-full pitty priuately be-mone.
The morrow next, so soone as *Titan* shone,
They both vp-rose, and to their waies them dight:
Long wandred they, yet neuer met with one
That to their willes could them direct aright,
Or to them tydings tell, that mote their harts delight.

17

Lo, thus they rode, till at the last they spide
Two armed Knights, that toward them did pase,
And each of them had riding by his side
A Lady, seeming in so farre a space:
But Ladies none they were, albee in face
And outward shew faire semblance they did beare;
For, vnder maske of beauty and good grace,
Vile treason and foule falshood hidden were,
That mote to none but to the wary wise appeare.

18

The one of them, the false *Duessa* hight,
That now had chang'd her former wonted hew:
For, she could d'on so many shapes in sight,
As euer could Chameleon colours new;
So could she forge all colours, saue the trew.
The other, no whit better was then shee,
But that such as she was, she plaine did shew;
Yet otherwise much worse, if worse might bee;
And daily more offensiue vnto each degree.

19

Her name was *Até*, mother of debate,
And all dissension, which doth daily growe
Amongst fraile men, that many a publique state
And many a priuate oft doth ouer-throwe.
Her, false *Duessa*, who full well did knowe
To be most fit to trouble noble knights
VVhich hunt for honour, raised from belowe
Out of the dwellings of the damned sprights,
Where she in darknes wastes her cursed daies and nights.

20

Hard by the gates of Hell her dwelling is,
There where-as all the plagues and harmes abound,
VVhich punish wicked men, that walke amiss:
It is a darksome delue farre vnder ground,
VVith thornes and barren brakes enuirond round,
That none the same may easily out-win;
Yet many waies to enter may be found,
But none to issue forth when one is in:
For, discord harder is to end then to begin.

21
And all within, the riuen walles were hung,
With ragged monuments of times fore-past;
All which, the sad effects of discord sung:
There were rent roabes, and broken scepters plac't,
Altars defil'd, and holy things defac't,
Dissheuered speares, and shields ytorne in twaine,
Great Cities ransackt, and strong Castles ras't,
Nations captived, and huge armies slaine:
Of all which ruines there some reliques did remaine.

22
There was the signe of antique Babylon,
Of fatall Thebes, of Rome that raigned long,
Of sacred Salem, and sad Ilion,
For memory of which, on high there hong
The golden Apple (cause of all their wrong)
For which the three faire Goddesses did striue:
There also was the name of *Nimrod* strong,
Of *Alexander*, and his Princes fiue,
Which shar'd to them the spoyles that he had got aliue.

23
And there the reliques of the drunken fray,
The which amongst the *Lapithees* befell,
And of the bloudy feast, which sent away
So many *Centaures* drunken soules to hell,
That vnder great *Alcides* furie fell:
And of the dreadfull discord, which did driue
The noble *Argonauts* to out-rage fell,
That each of life sought others to depriue,
All mindless of the Golden-fleece, which made thē striue.

24
And eke of priuate persons many moe,
That were too long a worke to count them all;
Some of sworne friends, that did their faith forgoe;
Some of borne brethren, prov'd vnnaturall;
Some of deare Louers, foes perpetuall:
Witnes there broken bands there to beseene,
Their girlonds rent, their bowres despoyled all;
The moniments whereof there byding beene,
As plaine as at the first, when they were fresh and greene.

25
Such was her house within; but all without,
The barren ground was full of wicked weedes,
Which shee her selfe had sowen all about,
Now growen great, at first of little seedes,
The seedes of euill words, and factious deedes;
VVhich when to ripenesse due they growen arre,
Bring forth an infinite increase, that breeds
Tumultuous trouble, and contentious iarre,
The which most often end in bloud-shed and in warre.

26
And those same cursed seedes doe also serue
To her for bread, and yeeld her liuing food:
For, life it is to her, when others sterue
Through mischeuous debate, and deadly feood,
That she may suck their life, and drink their blood,
VVith which she from her childhood had been fed.
For, shee at first was borne of hellish brood,
And by infernall Furies nourished,
That by her monstrous shape might easily be red.

27
Her face most foule and filthy was to see,
With squinted eyes contrary waies intended,
And loathly mouth, vnmeet a mouth to bee,
That nought but gall and venim comprehended,
And wicked words, that God and man offended:
Her lying tongue was in two parts diuided,
And both the parts did speake, and both contended;
And as her tongue, so was her hart discided,
That neuer thoght one thing, but doubly stil was guided.

28
Als as she double spake, so heard she double,
With matchlesse eares deformed and distort,
Fild with false rumors and seditious trouble,
Bred in assemblies of the vulgar sort,
That still are led with euery light report.
And as her eares, so eke her feet were odde,
And much vnlike; th'one long, the other short,
And both misplac't; that when th'one forward yode,
The other back retired, and contrary trode.

29
Likewise vnequall were her handes twaine:
That one did reach, the other pusht away;
That one did make, the other mard againe,
And sought to bring all things vnto decay;
VVhereby great riches, gathered many a day,
Shee in short space did often bring to nought,
And their possessors often did dismay.
For, all her study was, and all her thought, (wrought.
How shee might overthrowe the thinges that Concord

30
So much her malice did her might surpass,
That euen th'Almighty selfe she did maligne,
Because to man so mercifull he was,
And vnto all his creatures so benigne,
Sith she her selfe was of his grace indigne:
For, all this worlds faire workmanship she tride,
Vnto his last confusion to bring,
And that great golden chaine quite to diuide,
With which it blessed Concord hath together tide.

31
Such was that hag, which with *Duessa* rode;
And seruing her in her malicious vse,
To hurt good knights, was as it were her baude,
To sell her borrowed beauty to abuse.
For, though like withered tree, that wanteth iuyce,
Shee old and crooked were, yet now of late,
As fresh and fragrant as the Flowre-deluce
Shee was become, by change of her estate,
And made full goodly ioyance to her new found mate.

32
Her mate hee was a iolly youthfull Knight,
That bore great sway in armes and chiualrie,
And was indeed a man of mickle might:
His name was *Blandamour*, that did descry
His fickle mind full of inconstancie.
And now himselfe he fitted had right well,
VVith two companions of like qualitie,
Faithless *Duessa*, and false *Paridell*,
That whether were more false, full hard it is to tell.

Now

33
Now when this gallant, with his goodly crew,
From farre espide the famous *Britomart*,
Like knight adventurous in outward view,
With his faire Paragon (his conquest part)
Approching nigh, eftsoones his wanton hart
Was tickled with delight, and iesting said;
Lo there, Sir *Paridell*, for your desart,
Good luck presents you with yond louely mayd,
For pitty that ye want a fellow for your ayd.

34
By that, the louely paire drew nigh to hond:
Whom when as *Paridell* more plaine beheld,
Albe in hart he like affection fond,
Yet mindfull how he late by one was feld,
That did those armes and that same scutchion weld,
He had small lust to buy his Loue so deare:
But answerd, Sir, him wise I neuer held,
That hauing once escaped perill neere,
VVould afterwards afresh the sleeping euill reare.

35
This knight too late his manhood and his might
I did assay, that me right dearly cost;
Ne list I for reuenge provoke new fight,
Ne for light Ladies loue, that soone is lost.
The hot-spurre youth so scorning to be crost,
Take then to you this Dame of mine, quoth hee,
And I without your perill or your cost,
Will chalenge yond same other for my fee:
So forth he fiercely prickt, that one him scarce could see.

36
The warlike *Britonesse* her soone addrest,
And with such vncouth welcome did receaue
Her fayned Paramour, her forced guest,
That beeing forc't his saddle soone to leaue,
Himselfe he did of his new Loue deceaue:
And made himselfe th'ensample of his folly,
Which done, shie passed forth not taking leaue,
And left him now as sad, as whilome iolly,
VVell warned to beware with whom he dar'd to dally.

37
VVhich when his other company beheld,
They to his succour ran with ready ayd:
And finding him vnable once to weld,
They reared him on horse-back, and vp-stayd,
Till on his way they had him forth conuayd:
And all the way with wondrous griefe of mind
And shame, he shew'd himselfe to be dismayd,
More for the Loue which he had left behind,
Then that which he had to Sir *Paridell* resign'd.

38
Nath'lesse, he forth did march well as he might,
And made good semblance to his company,
Dissembling his disease and euill plight;
Till that ere long they chanced to espy
Two other knights, that towards them did ply
With speedy course, as bent to charge them new.
Whom, when as *Blandamour*, approching nie,
Perceiv'd to be such as they seem'd in view,
He was full wo, and gan his former griefe renew.

39
For, th'one of them he perfectly descride
To be Sir *Scudamore*, by that he bore
That God of Loue, with wings displayed wide;
VVhom mortally he hated euermore,
Both for his worth (that all men did adore)
And eke because his Loue he wonne by right:
VVhich when he thought, it grieued him full sore,
That through the bruzes of his former fight,
He now vnable was to wreake his old despight.

40
For-thy, he thus to *Paridell* bespake,
Faire Sir, of friendship let me now you pray,
That as I late adventured for your sake,
The hurts whereof me now from battell stay,
Ye will me now with like good turne repay,
And iustifie my cause on yonder Knight.
Ah Sir! said *Paridell*, doe not dismay
Your selfe for this; my selfe will for you fight,
As yee haue done for mee: the left hand rubs the right.

41
With that, he put his spurres vnto his steed,
VVith speare in rest, and toward him did fare,
Like shaft out of a boaw preuenting speed.
But *Scudamore* was shortly well aware
Of his approche, and gan himselfe prepare
Him to receiue with entertainment meet.
So furiously they met, that either bare
The other downe vnder their horses feete,
That what of them became, themselues did scarcely weet.

42
As when two billowes in the Irish sowndes,
Forcibly driven with contrary tydes,
Doe meet together, each aback rebowndes
With roring rage; and dashing on all sides,
That filleth all the Sea with fome, divides
The doubtfull current into diuers waies:
So fell those two in spight of both their prides;
But *Scudamour* himselfe did soone vp-raise,
And mounting light, his foe for lying long vpbraies.

43
VVho, rolled on an heape, lay still in swound,
All careless of his taunt and bitter raile:
Till that the rest him seeing lye on ground,
Ran hastily, to weet what did him ayle.
Where, finding that the breath gan him to faile,
VVith busie care they stroue him to awake,
And doft his helmet, and vndid his maile:
So much they did, that at the last they brake
His slumber, yet so mazed, that he nothing spake.

44
Which when as *Blandamour* beheld, he said,
False faitour *Scudamour*, that hast by slight
And foule advantage this good knight dismaid,
A knight much better then thy selfe behight;
VVell falles it thee that I am not in plight,
This day, to wreake the damage by thee donne:
Such is thy wont, that still when any Knight
Is weakned, then thou doost him over-ronne;
So hast thou to thy selfe false honour often wonne.

Hee

45
Hee little answer'd, but in manly hart
His mighty indignation did forbeare;
VVhich was not yet so secret, but some part
Thereof did in his frowning face appeare:
Like as a gloomy clowd, the which doth beare
An hideous storme, is by the Northen blast
Quite over-blowne, yet doth not passe so cleare,
But that it all the sky doth over-cast
With darknes drad, and threatens all the world to wast.

46
Ah! gentle knight, then false *Duessa* said,
Why doe ye striue for Ladies loue so sore,
Whose chiefe desire is loue and friendly ayd
Mongst gentle Knights to nourish evermore?
Ne be ye wroth Sir *Scudamore* therefore,
That she your Loue list loue another knight,
Ne doe your selfe dislike a whit the more;
For, loue is free, and led with selfe delight,
Ne will enforced be with maisterdome or might.

47
So false *Duessa*: but vile *Ate* thus;
Both foolish Knights, I can but laugh at both,
That striue and storme with stirre outrageous
For her that each of you alike doth loth,
And loues another, with whom now she go'th
In lovely wise, and sleepes, and sports, and playes;
Whil'st both you heere with many a cursed oth,
Sweare she is yours, and stirre vp bloudy frayes,
To win a Willow-bough, whil'st other weares the Bayes.

48
Vile hag, said *Scudamore*, why doost thou lye?
And falsly seek'st a vertuous wight to shame?
Fond Knight, said shee, the thing that with this eye
I saw, why should I doubt to tell the same?
Then tell, quoth *Blandamour*, and feare no blame,
Tell what thou saw'st, maulgre who-so it heares.
I saw, quoth shee, a stranger Knight, whose name
I wote not well, but in his shield he beares
(That well I wote) the heads of many broken speares.

49
I saw him haue your *Amoret* at will,
I saw him kisse, I saw him her embrace,
I saw him sleepe with her all night his fill,
All many nights, and many by in place,
That present were to testifie the case.
VVhich when as *Scudamore* did heare, his hart
VVas thrild with inward griefe, as when in chace
The Parthian strikes a Stag with shiuering dart,
The beast astonisht stands in middest of his smart.

50
So stood Sir *Scudamore* when this he heard;
Ne word he had to speake for great dismay,
But lookt on *Glaucé* grim, who wox affeard
Of out-rage for the words which she heard say,
Albe vntrue she wist them by assay.
But *Blandamour*, when-as he did espy
His change of cheere, that anguish did bewray,
He wox full blithe, as he had got thereby,
And gan thereat to triumph without victorie.

51
Lo, recreant, said he, the fruitlesse end
Of thy vaine boast, and spoyle of loue misgotten,
Whereby the name of knight-hood thou doost shend,
And all true Louers with dishonour blotten:
All things not rooted well, will soone be rotten.
Fie, fie, false knight, then false *Duessa* cryde,
Vnworthy life that loue with guile hast gotten;
Be thou, where-euer thou doe goe or ride,
Loathed of Ladies all, and of all Knights defide.

52
But *Scudamore* (for passing great despight)
Staid not to answer, scarcely did refraine,
But that in all those knights and Ladies sight,
He for reuenge had guiltlesse *Glaucé* slaine:
But beeing past, he thus began amaine;
False traytour Squire, false Squire of falsest Knight,
Why doth mine hand from thine avenge abstaine,
Whose Lord hath done my Loue this foule despight?
Why doe I not it wreake, on thee, now in my might?

53
Discourteous, disloyall *Britomart*,
Vntrue to God, and vnto man vniust,
VVhat vengeance due can equall thy desart,
That hast with shamefull spot of sinfull lust
Defil'd the pledge committed to thy trust?
Let vgly shame, and endlesse infamy
Colour thy name with foule reproaches rust.
Yet thou false Squire his fault shalt deare aby,
And with thy punishment his penance shalt supply.

54
The aged Dame him seeing so enraged,
Was dead with feare; nath'lesse as need required,
His flaming furie sought to haue asswaged
VVith sober words, that sufferance desired,
Till time the tryall of her truth expired:
And euermore sought *Britomart* to cleare.
But he, the more with furious rage was fired,
And thrice his hand to kill her did vpreare,
And thrice he drew it backe: so did at last forbeare.

Canto

Canto II.

Blandamour winnes false Florimell,
Paridell for her striues,
They are accorded: Agape
doth lengthen her sonnes liues.

1
Firebrand of Hell, first tind in *Phlegeton*,
By thousand Furies, & frō thence out-thrown
Into this world, to worke confusion,
And set it all on fire (by force vnknown)
Is wicked Discord; whose small sparks, once blowne,
None but a God, or god-like man can slake;
Such as was *Orpheus*, that when strife was grown
Amongst those famous impes of *Greece*, did take
His siluer Harpe in hand, and shortly friends them make.

2
Or such as that celestiall Psalmist was,
That when the wicked fiend his Lord tormented,
With heauenly notes that did all other pass,
The out-rage of his furious fit relented.
Such musick is wise words with time concented,
To moderate stiffe mindes, dispos'd to striue:
Such as that prudent Romane well inuented,
What time his people into parts did riue,
Them reconcil'd againe, and to their homes did driue.

3
Such vs'd wise *Glaucè* to that wrathfull Knight,
To calme the tempest of his troubled thought:
Yet *Blandamour*, with tearmes of foule despight,
And *Paridell* her scornd, and set at nought,
As old and crooked, and not good for ought.
Both they vnwise, and wareless of the euill,
That by themselues, vnto themselues is wrought,
Through that false VVitch and that foule aged dreuil,
The one a fiend, the other, an incarnate deuill.

4
With whom, as they thus rode accompanide,
They were encountred of a lustie Knight,
That had a goodly Lady by his side,
To whom he made great dalliance and delight.
It was to weet the bold Sir *Ferraugh* hight,
He that from *Braggadocchio* whilome reft
The snowy *Florimell*, whose beauty bright
Made him seeme happy for so glorious theft;
Yet was it in due triall but a wandring weft.

5
Which, when as *Blandamour* (whose fancie light
Was alwaies flitting, as the wauering winde,
After each beauty that appear'd in sight)
Beheld, eftsoones it prickt his wanton mind
With sting of lust that reasons eye did blind,
That to Sir *Paridell* these words he sent;
Sir knight, why ride ye dumpish thus behind,
Sith so good fortune doth to you present
So faire a spoyle, to make you ioyous meriment?

6
But *Paridell*, that had too late a triall
Of the bad issue of his counsell vaine,
List not to harke, but made this faire deniall;
Last turne was mine, well proued to my paine:
This now be yours, God send you better gaine.
Whose scoffed words he taking halfe in scorne,
Fiercely forth prickt his steed, as in disdaine
Against that Knight, ere he him well could torne;
By means wherof, he hath him lightly over-borne.

7
Who, with the suddaine stroke astonisht sore,
Vpon the ground awhile in slumber lay;
The whiles, his Loue away the other bore,
And shewing her, did *Paridell* vpbray;
Lo, sluggish Knight, the Victors happy pray:
So fortune friends the bold. Whom *Paridell*
Seeing so faire indeed (as he did say)
His hart with secret envy gan to swell,
And inly grudge at him, that he had sped so well.

8
Nath'lesse, proud man himselfe the other deemed,
Hauing so peerelesse paragon ygot:
For, sure the fairest *Florimell* him seemed,
To him was fallen for his happy lot,
VVhose like a liue on earth he weened not:
Therefore he her did court, did serue, did wooe,
With humblest suit that he imagine mot,
And all things did deuise, and all things doo,
That might her loue prepare, and liking win thereto.

She

9

Shee, in regard thereof, him recompene't
With golden words, and goodly countenance,
And such food fauours sparingly dispene't:
Sometimes him blessing with a light eye-glance,
And coy lookes tempring with loose dalliance;
Some-times estranging him in sterner wise,
That hauing cast him in a foolish trance,
Hee seemed brought to bed in Paradise, (wise.
And prou'd himselfe most foole, in what he seem'd most

10

So great a mistresse of her art shee was,
And perfectly practiz'd in womans craft,
That though therein himselfe he thought to pass,
And by his false allurements wylie draft,
Had thousand women of their loue beraft,
Yet now he was surpriz'd: for, that false spright,
Which that same Witch had in his forme engraft,
Was so expert in euery subtile slight,
That it could over-reach the wisest earthly wight.

11

Yet hee to her did daily service more,
And daily more deceiued was thereby;
Yet *Paridell* him envied therefore,
As seeming plac't in sole felicitie:
So blind is lust, false colours to descry.
But *Até* soone discouering his desire,
And finding now fit opportunity
To stir vp strife, twixt loue, and spight, and ire,
Did priuily put coales vnto his secret fire.

12

By sundry meanes there-to she prickt him forth;
Now with remembrance of those spightfull speaches,
Now with opinion of his owne more worth,
Now with recounting of like former breaches
Made in their friendship, as that Hag him teaches:
And euer when his passion is allayd,
She it reviues, and new occasion reaches:
That on a time, as they together way'd,
He made him open chalenge, and thus boldly said:

13

Too boastfull *Blandamour*, too long I beare
The open wrongs thou doost mee day by day;
Well know'st thou, when we friendship first did sweare,
The couenant was, that euery spoyle or pray
Should equally be shar'd betwixt vs tway:
Whereas my part then of this Lady bright,
VVhom to thy selfe thou takest quite away?
Render therefore therein to me my right,
Or answer for thy wrong, as shall fall out in fight.

14

Exceeding wroth thereat was *Blandamour*,
And gan this bitter answere to him make;
Too foolish *Paridell*, that fayrest flowre
Would'st gather faine, and yet no pains would'st take:
But not so easie will I her forsake;
This hand her wonne, this hand shall her defend,
With that, they gan their shiuering speares to shake,
And deadly points at either's breast to bend,
Forgetfull each to haue been euer others friend.

15

Their firy steeds, with so vntamed force,
Did beare them both to fell auenges end,
That both their speares with pittilesse remorse,
Through shield and maile, and haberjeon did wend,
And in their flesh a griesly passage rend,
That with the fury of their owne affret,
Each other horse and man to ground did send;
VVhere lying still awhile, both did forget
The perilous present stound, in which their liues were set:

16

As when two warlike Brigandines at sea,
VVith murdrous weapons arm'd to cruell fight,
Doe meet together on the watry lea,
They stemme each other with so fell despight,
That with the shock of their owne heedless might,
Their woodden ribs are shaken nigh asunder;
They which from shore behold the dreadfull sight
Of flashing fire, and heare the ordenance thonder,
Do greatly stand amaz'd at such vnwonted wonder.

17

At length, they both vpstarted in amaze;
As men awaked rashly out of dreme,
And round about themselues awhile did gaze,
Till seeing her that *Florimell* did seeme,
In doubt to whom she victory should deeme,
There-with their dulled sprights they edg'd anew,
And drawing both their swords with rage extreeme,
Like two mad mastiffes, each on other flew, (hew.
And shields did share, and mailes did rash, and helmes did

18

So furiously each other did assaile,
As if their soules they would attonce haue rent
Out of their breasts, that streames of blood did raile
Adowne, as if their springs of life were spent;
That all the ground with purple bloud was sprent,
And all their armours staind with bloudy gore:
Yet scarcely once to breathe would they relent;
So mortall was their malice and so sore,
Become of fained friendship which they vow'd afore:

19

And that which is for Ladies most besitting,
To stint all strife, and foster friendly peace,
VVas from those Dames so far and so vnfitting,
As that in stead of praying them surcease,
They did much more their cruelty encrease;
Bidding them fight for honor of their loue,
And rather die then Ladies cause release.
With which vaine terms so much they did them moue,
That both resolv'd the last extremities to proue.

20

There they (I weene) would fight vntill this day,
Had not a Squire (euen he the Squire of Dames)
By great adventure trauelled that way;
VVho seeing both bent to so bloudy games,
And both of old well knowing by their names,
Drew nigh, to weet the cause of their debate:
And first, layd on those Ladies thousand blames,
That did not seeke t'appease their deadly hate,
But gazed on their harmes, not pittying their estate.

And

21

And then, those Knights he humbly did beseech
To stay their hands, till he awhile had spoken:
Who lookt a little vp at that his speech,
Yet would not let their battell so be broken,
Both greedy fierce on other to be wroken.
Yet he to them so earnestly did call,
And them coniur'd by some well known token,
That they at last, their wrathfull hands let fall,
Content to heare him speake, and glad to rest withall.

22

First, he desir'd their cause of strife to see:
They said, it was for loue of *Florimell*.
Ah! gentle Knights, quoth he, how may that bee?
And she so farre astray, as none can tell.
Fond Squire, full angry then said *Paridell*,
Seest not the Lady there before thy face?
Hee looked backe, and her avising well,
Weend as he said, by that her outward grace,
That fairest *Florimell* was present there in place.

23

Glad man was he to see that ioyous sight
(For none aliue but ioy'd in *Florimell*)
And lowely to her louting, thus behight;
Fairest of faire, that faireneese doost excell,
This happy day I haue to greet you well,
In which you safe I see, whom thousand fate
Misdoubted lost through mischiefe that befell;
Long may you liue in health and happy state.
Shee little aunswer'd him, but lightly did aggrate.

24

Then turning to those Knights, he gan anew;
And you Sir *Blandamour* and *Paridell*,
That for this Lady present in your view,
Haue rays'd this cruell warre and out-rage fell,
Certes (mee seemes) been not adviséd well:
But rather ought in friendship for her sake
To ioyne your force, their forces to repell
That seeke perforce her from you both to take;
And of your gotten spoyle, their owne triumph to make.

25

There-at, Sir *Blandamour*, with count'nance sterne,
All full of wrath, thus fiercely him bespake;
Aread, thou Squire, that I the man may learne,
That dare fro mee thinke *Florimell* to take.
Not one, quoth he, but many doe partake
Heerein, as thus: It lately so befell,
That *Satyrane* a girdle did vp-take,
Well knowne to appertaine to *Florimell*:
Which for her sake he wore, as him beseemed well.

26

But, when as shee herselfe was lost and gone,
Full many Knights, that loued her like deare,
Thereat did greatly grudge, that he alone
That lost fayre Ladies ornament should weare,
And gan therefore close spight to him to beare:
Which he to shun, and stop vile Envies sting,
Hath lately caus'd to be proclaim'd each where
A solemne feast, with publique turneying,
To which all knights with them their Ladies are to bring.

27

And of them all, she that is fairest found,
Shall haue that golden girdle for reward;
And of those Knights who is most stout on ground,
Shall to that fairest Lady be prefard.
Sith therefore she herselfe is now your ward,
To you that ornament of hers pertaines,
Against all those that chalenge it to gard,
And saue her honour with your ventrous paines;
That shall you win more glory, then ye here find gaines.

28

When they the reason of his words had hard,
They gan abate the rancour of their rage,
And with their honours and their loues regard,
The furious flames of malice to asswage.
Tho, each to other did his faith engage,
Like faithfull friends thence-forth to joyne in one
With all their force, and battell strong to wage
Gainst all those knights, as their professed fone,
That chaleng'd ought in *Florimell*, saue they alone.

29

So well accorded, forth they rode together
In friendly sort, that lasted but awhile;
And of all old dislikes they made faire weather:
Yet all was forg'd, and spred with golden foyle,
That vnder it hid hate and hollow guile.
Ne certes can that friendship long endure,
How-euer gay and goodly be the stile,
That doth ill cause or euill end enure:
For, vertue is the band, that bindeth harts most sure.

30

Thus, as they marched all in close disguise
Of fained loue, they chaunc't to ouer-take
Two knights, that linked rode in lonely wise,
As if they secret counsels did partake;
And each not farre behind him had his Make,
To weet, two Ladies of most goodly hew,
That twixt themselues did gentle purpose make,
Vnmindfull both of that discordfull crew,
The which with speedy pase did after them pursew.

31

Who, as they now approched nigh at hand,
Deeming them doughty as they did appeare,
They sent that Squire afore, to vnderstand
What mote they be: who viewing them more neare
Returned ready newes, that those same were
Two of the prowest Knights in Faery lond,
And those two Ladies their two Lovers deare,
Couragious *Cambell*, and stout *Triamond*,
With *Canacee* and *Cambine*, linkt in lonely bond.

32

Whylome, as antique stories tellen vs,
Those two were foes, the fellonest on ground,
And battell made, the draddest dangerous
That euer shrilling trumpet did resound;
Though now their acts be no where to be found,
As that renowned Poet them compiled,
With warlike numbers, and Heroick sound,
Dan *Chaucer* (well of English vndefiled)
On Fames eternall beadroll worthy to be filed.

But

33

But wicked *Time*, that all good thoughts doth waste,
And workes of noblest wits to nought out-weare,
That famous moniment hath quite defac't,
And robd the world of threasure endlesse deare,
The which mote haue enriched all vs here.
O cursed Eld! the canker-worme of writs;
How may these rimes (so rude as doth appeare)
Hope to endure, sith workes of heauenly wits
Are quite deuour'd, & brought to nought by litle habits?

34

Then pardon, ô most sacred happy spirit,
That I thy labours lost may thus reviue,
And steale from thee the meed of thy due merit,
That none durst euer whil'st thou wast aliue,
And beeing dead, in vaine yet many striue:
Ne dare I like, but through infusion sweet
Of thine owne spirit (which doth in me survive)
I follow heere the footing of thy feet,
That with thy meaning so I may the rather meet.

35

Cambelloes sister was faire *Canacee*,
That was the learnedst Lady in her dayes,
Well seene in euery Science that mote bee
And euery secret worke of Natures wayes,
In witty riddles, and in wise soothsayes,
In power of herbes, and tunes of beasts and burds:
And (that augmented all her other praise)
Shee modest was in all her deeds and words,
And wondrous chaste of life, yet lov'd of Knights & lords.

36

Full many Lords, and many Knights her loued,
Yet she to none of them her liking lent,
Ne euer was with fond affection moued,
But rul'd her thoughts with goodly gouernment,
For dread of blame, and honours blemishment:
And eke vnto her lookes a law she made,
That none of them once out of order went;
But like to warie Centonels well stayd,
Still watcht on euery side, of secret foes affraid.

37

So much the more as she refus'd to loue,
So much the more she loved was and sought,
That oftentimes vnquiet strife did moue
Amongst her Lovers, and great quarrels wrought:
That oft for her in bloody armes they fought.
Which, when-as *Cambell* (that was stout and wise)
Perceiv'd would breed great mischiefe, he bethought
How to prevent the perill that mote rise,
And turne both him and her to honour in this wise.

38

One day, when all that troupe of war-like wooers
Assembled were, to weet whose she should bee;
All mighty men, and dreadfull derring dooers
(The harder it to make them well agree)
Amongst them all this end he did decree;
That of them all which loue to her did make,
They by consent should chuse the stoutest three,
That with himselfe should combat for his sake,
And of them all, the Victor should his sister take.

39

Bold was the chalenge, as himselfe was bold,
And courage full of haughty hardiment,
Approved oft in perils manifold,
Which hee atchieu'd to his great ornament:
But yet his sisters skill vnto him lent
Most confidence and hope of happy speed,
Conceiued by a ring, which shee him sent;
That mongst the many vertues (which wee reed)
Had power to staunch all wounds that mortally did bleed.

40

Well was that ring great vertue knowen to all;
That dread thereof, and his redoubted might,
Did all that youthly rout so much appall,
That none of them durst vndertake the fight:
More wise they weend to make of loue delight,
Then life to hazard for faire Ladies looke;
And yet vncertaine by such outward sight
(Though for her sake they all that perill tooke)
Whether she would them loue, or in her liking brooke.

41

Amongst those Knights, there were three brethren bold
(Three bolder brethren neuer were yborne)
Borne of one mother in one happy mold,
Borne at one burden in one happy morne;
Thrice happy mother, and thrice happy morne,
That bore three such, three such not to be fond:
Her name was *Agapé*, whose children werne
All three as one: the first hight *Priamond*,
The second, *Diamond*, the youngest, *Triamond*.

42

Stout *Priamond*, but not so strong to strike;
Strong *Diamond*, but not so stout a knight;
But *Triamond* was stout and strong alike:
On horse-back vsed *Triamond* to fight,
And *Priamond* on foot had more delight,
But horse and foote knew *Diamond* to wield:
With curtax vsed *Diamond* to smite,
And *Triamond* to handle speare and shield,
But speare and curtax both vs'd *Priamond* in field.

43

These three did loue each other dearly well,
And with so firme affection were allide,
As if but one soule in them all did dwell,
Which did her powre into three parts divide;
Like three faire branches budding far and wide,
That from one root deriv'd their vitall sap:
And like that root that doth her life divide,
Their mother was, and had full blessed hap,
These three so noble babes to bring forth at one clap.

44

Their mother was a Fay, and had the skill
Of secret things, and all the powres of Nature,
Which shee by art could vse vnto her will,
And to her service bind each living creature,
Through secret vnderstanding of their feature.
There-to she was right faire, when-so her face
Shee list discouer, and of goodly stature;
But she (as Fayes are wont) in priuy place
Did spend her dayes, and lov'd in forests wilde to space.

There

45

There, on a day, a noble youthly knight,
Seeking adventures in the salvage wood,
Did by great fortune get of her the sight,
As shee sate careless by a crystall flood,
Combing her golden locks, as seem'd her good:
And vnawares vpon her laying hold,
That stroue in vaine him long to haue withstood,
Oppressed her, and there (as hath been told) (bold.
Got these three louely babes, that prov'd three champions

46

VVhich shee, with her, long fostred in that wood,
Till that to ripeness of mans state they grew:
Then shewing forth signes of their fathers blood,
They loued armes, and knight-hood did ensew,
Seeking adventures where they any knew.
VVhich when their mother saw, she gan to doubt
Their safetie; least by searching dangers new,
And rash prouoking perils all about, (stout.
Their daies mote be abbridged throgh their courage

47

Therefore, desirous th'end of all their dayes
To knowe, and them t'enlarge with long extent,
By wondrous skill, and many hidden wayes,
To the three fatall Sisters house she went.
Farre vnder ground from tract of liuing went,
Downe in the bottom of the deepe *Abyss*,
Where *Demogorgon* in dull darknesse pent,
Farre from the view of Gods and heauens bliss,
The hideous *Chaos* keepes, their dreadfull dwelling is.

48

There shee them found, all sitting round about
The direfull distaffe standing in the mid;
And with vnwearied fingers drawing out
The lines of life, from liuing knowledge hid.
Sad *Clotho* held the rocke, the whiles the thrid
By griesly *Lachesis* was spun with paine,
That cruell *Atropos* eftsoones vndid,
VVith cursed knife cutting the twist in twaine:
Most wretched me, whose daies depend on thrids so vain!

49

Shee them saluting, there by them sate still,
Beholding how the thrids of life they span:
And when at last she had beheld her fill,
Trembling in hart, and looking pale and wan,
Her cause of comming shee to tell began.
To whom, fierce *Atropos*; Bold Fay, that durst
Come see the secret of the life of Man,
VVell worthy thou to be of *Ioue* accurst,
And eke thy childrens thrids to be asunder burst.

50

Where-at she sore affrayd, yet her besought
To graunt her boone, and rigour to abate,
That she might see her childrens thrids forth brought,
And know the measure of their vtmost date,
To them ordained by eternall Fate.
Which *Clotho* graunting, shewed her the same:
That when she saw, it did her much amate,
To see their thrids so thin, as spyders frame,
And eke so short, that seem'd their ends out shortly came.

51

She then began them humbly to intreat
To draw them longer out, and better twine,
That so their liues might be prolonged late.
But *Lachesis* thereat gan to repine,
And said, Fond Dame, that deem'st of things diuine
As of humane, that they may altred bee,
And chang'd at pleasure for those Impes of thine.
Not so; for, what the Fates doe once decree,
Not all the Gods can change, nor *Ioue* himselfe can free.

52

Then sith, quoth she, the tearme of each mans life
For nought may lessened nor enlarged bee,
Grant this, that when ye shred with fatall knife
His line, which is the eldest of the three,
VVhich is of them the shortest, as I see,
Eftsoones his life may passe into the next:
And when the next shall likewise ended bee,
That both their liues may likewise be annext
Vnto the third, that his may so be trebly wext.

53

They granted it; and then that carefull Fay
Departed thence with full contented mind;
And comming home, in warlike fresh array
Them found all three according to their kind:
But vnto them what destiny was assign'd,
Or how their liues were eeke, shee did not tell;
But euermore, when she fit time could find,
Shee warned them to tend their safeties well,
And loue each other deare, what-euer them befell.

54

So did they surely during all their dayes,
And neuer discord did amongst them fall;
Which much augmented all their other praise.
And now t'increase affection naturall,
In loue of *Canacee* they ioyned all:
Vpon which ground this same great battell grew,
(Great matter growing of beginning small;)
The which for length I will not here pursew,
But rather will reserue it for a Canto new.

S. Canto

Canto III.

The battell twixt three brethren, with Cambell for Canacee. Cambina with true friendships bond doth their long strife agree.

1

O Why doe wretched men so much desire
To draw their dayes vnto the vtmost date,
And doe not rather wish them soone expire,
Knowing the misery of their estate,
And thousand perils which them stil awate,
Tossing them like a boate amid the Maine,
That euery howre they knocke at Deathes gate?
And hee that happy seemes, and least in paine,
Yet is as nigh his end, as he that most doth plaine.

2

Therefore this Fay I hold but fond and vaine,
The which in seeking for her children three
Long life, thereby did more prolong their paine:
Yet whil'st they liued, none did euer see
More happy creatures then they seem'd to bee,
Nor more ennobled for their curtesie:
That made them dearely lov'd of each degree;
Ne more renowmed for their chevalrie:
That made them dreaded much of all men farre and nie.

3

These three that hardy challenge tooke in hand,
For *Canacee* with *Cambell* for to fight:
The day was set, that all might vnderstand,
And pledges pawnd the same to keepe aright.
That day (the dreddest day that liuing wight
Did euer see vpon this world to shine)
So soone as heauens window shewed light,
These warlike Champions, all in armour shine,
Assembled were in field, the challenge to define.

4

The field with listes was all about enclos'd,
To barre the preasse of people farre away;
And at th'one side six Iudges were dispos'd,
To view and deeme the deeds of armes that day:
And on the other side, in freesh array,
Faire *Canacee* vpon a stately stage
VVas set, to see the fortune of that fray,
And to be seene, as his most worthy wage,
That could her purchase with his liues aduenture'd gage.

5

Then entred *Cambell* first into the list,
VVith stately steps, and fearlesse countenance,
As if the conquest his he surely wist.
Soone after, did the brethren three advance,
In braue array, and goodly amenance,
With scutchins gilt, and banners broad displayd:
And marching thrice in warlike ordinance,
Thrice louted lowely to the noble Mayd,
The whiles shrill trumpets & loud clarions sweetly playd.

6

VVhich doen, the doughty Chalenger came forth,
All arm'd to poynt, his chalenge to abet;
Gainst whom, Sir *Priamond* with equall worth,
And equall armes himselfe did forward set.
A trumpet blew; they both together met,
VVith dreadfull force, and furious intent,
Carelesse of perill in their fierce affret,
As if that life to loose they had forelent,
And cared not to spare, that should be shortly spent.

7

Right practicke was Sir *Priamond* in fight,
And throughly skild in vse of shield and speare;
Ne lesse approued was *Cambelloes* might,
Ne lesse his skill in weapons did appeare,
That hard it was to weene which harder were.
Full many mighty strokes on either side
VVere sent, that seemed death in them to beare:
But they were both so watchfull and well eyde,
That they avoyded were, and vainly by did slide.

8

Yet one of many was so strongly bent
By *Priamond*, that with vnlucky glaunce,
Through *Cambels* shoulder it vnwarely went,
That forced him his shield to disadvaunce:
Much was he grieued with that graceless chaunce;
Yet from the wound no drop of bloud there fell,
But wondrous paine, that did the more enhaunce
His haughty courage to avengement fell:
Smart daunts not mightie harts, but makes them more to swell.
VVith

9

With that, his poynant speare he fierce adventured,
VVith double force close vnderneath his shield,
That through the mayles into his thigh it entred,
And there arresting ready way did yield,
For bloud to gush forth on the grassie field;
That he for paine himselfe n'ote right vp-reare,
But to and fro in great amazement reel'd,
Like an old Oake, whose pith and sap is seare,
At puffe of euery storme doth stagger heere and there.

10

Whom so dismaid when *Cambell* had espide,
Againe he droue at him with double might,
That nought mote stay the steele, till in his side
The mortall poynt most cruelly empight:
Where fast infixed, whil'st he sought by slight
It forth to wrest, the staffe asunder brake,
And left the head behind: with which despight
He all enrag'd, his shiuering speare did shake,
And charging him afresh, thus felly him bespake;

11

Lo faitour, there thy meed vnto thee take,
The meed of thy mischalenge and abet:
Not for thine owne, but for thy sisters sake,
Haue I thus long thy life vnto thee let:
But, to forbeare, doth not forgiue the det.
The wicked weapon heard his wrathfull vow;
And passing forth with furious affret,
Pearc't through his beuer quite into his brow,
That with the force it backward forced him to bow.

12

There-with a sunder in the midst it brast,
And in his hand nought but the troncheon left;
The other halfe behind yet sticking fast,
Out of his head-peece *Cambell* fiercely reft:
And with such fury back at him it heft,
That making way vnto his deerest life,
His weasand pipe it through his gorget cleft:
Thence streames of purple bloud, issuing rife,
Let forth his weary ghost, and made an end of strife.

13

His weary ghost, assoyld from fleshly band,
Did not (as others wont) directly flie
Vnto her rest in *Plutoes* griesly land;
Ne into ayre did vanish presently,
Ne changed was vnto a starre in sky:
But through traduction was eftsoones derived,
Like as his mother prayd the Destinie,
Into his other brethren, that survived;
In whom he liu'd anew, of former life deprived.

14

Whom, when on ground his brother next beheld,
Though sad and sory for so heauy sight,
Yet leaue vnto his sorrow did not yield:
But rather stird to vengeance and despight,
Through secret feeling of his generous spright,
Rusht fiercely forth, the battell to renew,
As in reuersion of his brothers right;
And chalenging the Virgin as his dew.
His foe was soone addrest: the trumpets freshly blew.

15

VVith that, they both together fiercely met,
As if that each meant other to deuoure;
And with their axes both so sorely bet,
That neither plate nor maile, where-as their powre
They felt, could once sustaine the hideous stowre,
But rued were, like rotten wood asunder,
Whil'st throgh their rifts the ruddy bloud did showre,
And fire did flash, like lightning after thunder,
That fild the lookers on attonce with ruth and wonder.

16

As when two Tigers prickt with hungry rage
Haue by good fortune found some beasts fresh spoyle,
On which they weene their famine to assuage,
And gaine a feastfull guerdon of their toyle,
Both falling out, doe stirre vp strife-full broyle,
And cruell battell twixt themselues doe make,
Whiles neither lets the other touch the soyle,
But either disdeignes with other to partake:
So cruelly these Knights stroue for that Ladies sake.

17

Full many stroakes, that mortally were ment,
The whiles were enterchanged twixt them two:
Yet they were all with so good wariment
Or warded, or avoyded and let goe,
That still the life stood fearelesse of her foe:
Till *Diamond*, disdeigning long delay
Of doubtfull fortune wauering to and fro,
Resolvd to end it one or other way;
And heau'd his murdrous axe at him with mighty sway.

18

The dreadfull stroake, in case it had arriued,
VVhere it was meant (so deadly was it ment)
The soule had sure out of the body riued,
And stinted all the strife incontinent.
But *Cambels* fate that fortune did preuent:
For, seeing it at hand, he swarv'd aside,
And so gaue way vnto his fell intent:
Who missing of the marke which he had eyde, (slide.
Was with the force nigh feld, whilst his right foot did

19

As when a Vulture greedy of his pray,
Through hunger long, that hart to him doth lend,
Strikes at at Heron with all his bodies sway,
That from his force seemes nought may it defend;
The wary fowle, that spies him toward bend,
His dreadfull souse avoydes, it shunning light,
And maketh him his wing in vaine to spend;
That with the weight of his owne weeldlesse might,
He falleth nigh to ground, and scarce recouereth flight.

20

Which faire adventure when *Cambello* spide,
Full lightly, ere himselfe he could recouer
From dangers dread to ward his naked side,
He can let driue at him with all his power,
And with his axe him smote in euill howre,
That from his shoulders quite his head he reft:
The headlesse trunk, as heedlesse of that flower,
Stood still awhile, and his fast footing kept,
Till feeling life to faile, it fell, and deadly slept.

21
They, which that pittious spectacle beheld,
Were much amaz'd the head-lesse trunke to see
Stand vp so long, and weapon vaine to weld,
Vnweeting of the Fates divine decree,
For lifes succession in those brethren three.
For, notwithstanding that one soule was reft,
Yet had the body not dismembred bee,
It would haue hued, and reviued eft;
But, finding no fit seate, the life-lesse corse it left.

22
It left; but that same soule which therein dwelt,
Straight entring into *Triamond*, him fild
With double life, and griefe; which when he felt,
As one whose inner parts had been ythrild
With poynt of steele, that close his hart-bloud spild,
He highly leapt out of his place of rest,
And rushing forth into the empty field,
Against *Cambello* fiercely him addrest;
Who, him affronting, soone to fight was ready prest.

23
Well mote ye wonder, how that noble Knight
After he had so often wounded beene,
Could stand on foot, now to renew the fight.
But had ye then him forth aduauncing seene,
Some new-borne wight ye would him surely weene:
So fresh he seemed, and so fierce in sight;
Like as a Snake, whom weary Winters teene
Hath worne to nought, now feeling Sommers might,
Casts off his ragged skin, and freshly doth him dight.

24
All was through vertue of the ring he wore,
The which not onely did not from him let
One drop of blood to fall, but did restore
His weakned powers, and dulled spirits whet,
Through working of the stone therein yset.
Else how could one of equall might with most,
Against so many no lesse mighty met,
Once thinke to match three such on equall coast?
Three such as able were to match a puissant host.

25
Yet nought thereof was *Triamond* adred,
Ne desperate of glorious victory,
But sharply him assayld, and sore bested,
With heapes of stroakes, which he at him let flie,
As thicke as hayle forth poured from the sky:
Hee stroke, he foust, he found, he hew'd, he lasht,
And did his iron brond so fast apply,
That from the same the fiery sparkles flasht,
As fast as water-sprinkles gainst a rock are dasht.

26
Much was *Cambello* daunted with his blowes:
So thick they fell, and forcibly were sent,
That he was forc't (from danger of the throwes)
Backe to retire, and some-what to relent,
Till th'heat of his fierce fury he had spent:
Which when for want of breath gan to abate,
He then afresh, with new encouragement,
Did him assaile, and mightily amate,
As fast as forward earst, now backward to retrate.

27
Like as the tyde that comes fro th'Ocean maine,
Flowes vp the Shenan with contrary force,
And ouer-ruling him in his owne raine,
Drines backe the current of his kindly course,
And makes it seeme to haue some other sourse:
But when the floud is spent, then backagaine
His borrowed waters forc't to redisbourse,
He sends the sea his owne with double gaine,
And tribute eke withall, as to his Soueraigne.

28
Thus did the battell vary to and fro,
With diuerse fortune doubtfull to be deemed:
Now this the better had, now had his foe;
Then he halfe vanquisht, then the other seemed;
Yet Victors both themselues alwaies esteemed.
And all the while, the dissentrayled blond,
Adowne their sides like little ruers streemed;
That with the wasting of his vitall flood,
Sir *Triamond* at last, full faint and feeble stood.

29
But *Cambell* still more strong and greater grew,
Ne felt his bloud to waste, ne powres emperisht,
Through that rings vertue, that with vigour new,
Still when as he enfeebled was, him cherisht,
And all his wounds, and all his bruses guarisht:
Like as a withered tree through husbands toyle
Is often seene full freshly to haue florisht,
And fruitfull apples to haue borne awhile,
As fresh as when it first was planted in the soyle.

30
Through which advantage, in his strength he rose,
And smote the other with so wondrous might,
That through the seame, which did his hauberk close,
Into his throat and life it pierced quight,
That downe he fell, as dead in all mens sight:
Yet dead he was not, yet he sure did die,
As all men doe, that lose the liuing spright:
So did one soule out of his body fly
Vnto her native home, from mortall misery.

31
But natheless, whilst all the lookers on
Him dead behight, as he to all appear'd,
All vnawares he started vp anon,
As one that had out of a dreame been rear'd,
And fresh assayld his foe; who halfe affeard
Of th'vncouth sight, as he some ghost had seene,
Stood still amaz'd, holding his idle sweard;
Till hauing often by him striken beene,
He forced was to strike, and saue himselfe from teene.

32
Yet, from thence-forth, more warily he fought,
As one in feare the *Stygian* gods t'offend,
Ne follow'd on so fast, but rather sought
Himselfe to saue, and danger to defend,
Then life and labour both in vaine to spend.
Which *Triamond* perceiuing, weened sure
He gan to faint, toward the battels end,
And that he should not long on foote endure;
A signe which did to him the victory assure.

Whereof

33
Whereof full blithe, eftsoones his mighty hand
He heav'd on high, in mind with that same blowe
To make an end of all that did withstand:
VVhich *Cambell* seeing come, was nothing slowe
Himselfe to saue from that so deadly throwe;
And at that instant reaching forth his sword,
Close vnderneath his shield, that scarce did showe,
Strooke him, as he his hand to strike vp-reard,
In th'arm-pit ful, that throgh both sides the woud appeard.

34
Yet still that direfull stroke kept on his way,
And falling heauy on *Cambelloes* crest,
Strooke him so hugely, that in swoune he lay,
And in his head an hideous wound impresst:
And sure, had it not happily found rest
Vpon the brim of his broad plated shield,
It would haue cleft his braine downe to his brest:
So both at once fell dead vpon the field,
And each to other seem'd the victory to yield.

35
Which when as all the lookers on beheld,
They weened sure the war was at an end,
And Iudges rose, and Marshals of the field
Broke vp the listes, their armes away to rend,
And *Canacee* gan waile her dearest friend.
All suddenly they both vpstarted light,
The one out of the swound, which him did blend,
The other breathing now another spright,
And fiercely each assayling, gan afresh to fight.

36
Long while they then continued in that wise,
As if but then the battell had begonne:
Strokes, wounds, wards, weapons, all they did despise,
Ne either car'd to ward, or perill shonne,
Desirous both to haue the battell donne;
Ne either cared life to saue or spill,
Ne which of them did winne, ne which were wonne.
So weary, both of fighting had their fill,
That life it selfe seem'd loathsome, and long safety ill.

37
Whil'st thus the case in doubtfull balance hong,
Vnsure to whether side it would incline,
And all mens eyes and hearts which there among
Stood gazing, filled were with ruefull tine,
And secret feare to see their fatall fine;
All suddenly they heard a troublous noyse,
That seem'd some perilous tumult to define,
Confus'd with womens cries, and shouts of boyes,
Such as the tronbled Theaters oft-times annoyes.

38
Thereat the Champions both stood still a space,
To weeten what that sudden clamour ment;
Lo, where they spide with speedy whirling pase,
One in a charet of strange furniment,
Towards them driuing like a storme out sent.
The Charet decked was in wondrous wise,
With gold and many a gorgeous ornament,
After the Persian Monarks antique guise
Such as the maker selfe could best by art deuise.

39
And drawne it was (that wonder is to tell)
Of two grim Lions, taken from the wood,
In which their powre all others did excell;
Now made forget their former cruell mood,
T'obey their riders hest, as seemed good.
And therein sate a Lady passing faire
And bright, that seemed borne of Angels brood,
And with her beauty, bounty did compare,
Whether of them in her should haue the greater share.

40
Thereto she learned was in Magicke leare,
And all the artes, that subtill wits discouer,
Hauing therein been trained many a yeare,
And well instructed by the Fay her mother,
That in the same she farre exceld all other.
Who vnderstanding by her mighty art,
Of th'euill plight, in which her deerest brother
Now stood, came forth in haste to take his part,
And pacifie the strife, which eauld so deadly smart.

41
And as she passed through th'vnruly preace
Of people, thronging thick her to behold,
Her angry teame breaking their bonds of peace,
Great heapes of them, like sheepe in narrow fold,
For haste did ouer-runne, in dust enrould;
That thorough rude confusion of the rout,
Some fearing shrieckt, some being harmed hould,
Some laught for sport, some did for wonder shout,
And som that wold seem wise, their wonder turnd to dout.

42
In her right hand a rod of peace she bore;
About the which two Serpents weren wound,
Entrayled mutually in louely lore,
And by the tayles together firmely bound,
And both were with one oliue garland crownd,
Like to the rod which *Maias* sonne doth wield,
Wherewith the hellish fiends he doth confound.
And in her other hand a cup she hild,
The which was with Nepenthe to the brim vp-fild.

43
Nepenthe is a drinke of soueraigne grace,
Deuised by the gods, for to asswage
Hearts griefe, and bitter gall away to chace,
Which stirs vp anguish and contentious rage:
In stead thereof, sweet peace and quiet age
It doth establish in the troubled mind.
Fewe men, but such as sober are and sage,
Are by the gods to drinke thereof assyn'd;
But such as drink, eternall happinesse do finde.

44
Such famous men, such Worthies of the earth,
As *Ioue* will haue aduaunced to the skie,
And there made gods, though borne of mortal berth,
For their high merits and great dignity,
Are wont, before they may to heauen flie,
To drink hereof; whereby, all cares forepast
Are washt away quite from their memory.
So did those olde Heroës hereof taste,
Before that they in bliss amongst the gods were plac't.

45
Much more of price and of more gracious powre
Is this, then that same water of Ardenne,
The which *Rinaldo* drunke in happy houre,
Described by that famous Tuscane penne:
For, that had might to change the harts of men
Fro loue to hate, a change of euill choise:
But this doth hatred make in loue to brenne,
And heauy heart with comfort doth reioyce.
Who would not to this vertue rather yeeld his voice?

46
At last, arriuing by the listes side,
She with her rod did softly smite the raile;
Which streight flew ope, and gaue her way to ride.
Eftsoones out of her Coach she gan availe,
And passing fairely forth did bid All haile,
First to her brother, whom she loued deare,
That so to see him made her hart to quaile:
And next to *Cambell*, whose sad ruefull cheare
Made her to change her hew, and hidden loue t'appeare.

47
They lightly her requit (for, small delight
They had as then her long to entertaine.)
And eft them turned both againe to fight.
Which when she sawe, downe on the bloudy Plaine
Her selfe she threw, and teares gan shed amaine;
Amongst her teares immixing prayers meeke,
And (with her prayers, reasons to restraine
From bloudy strife, and blessed peace to seeke)
By all that vnto them was deare, did them beseeke.

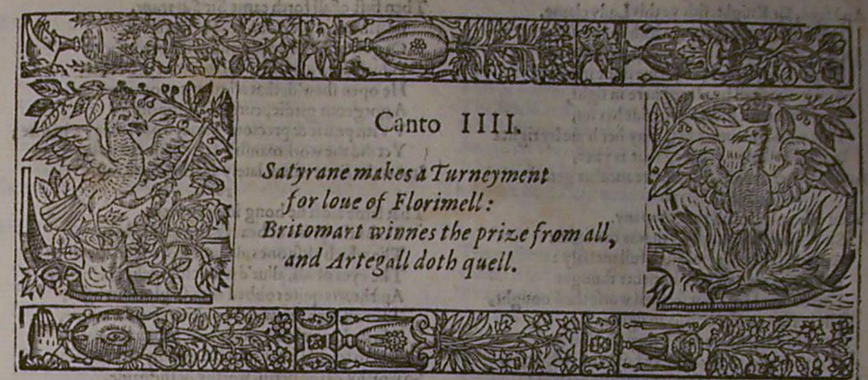
48
But when as all might nought with them prevaile,
She smote them lightly with her powrefull wand.
Then suddenly, as if their harts did faile,
Their wrathfull blades downe fell out of their hand,
And they like men astonisht still did stand.
Thus whil'st their minds were doubtfully distraught,
And mighty spirits bound with mightier band,
Her golden cup to them for drinke she raught,
Whereof full glad for thirst, each drunken harty draught.

49
Of which so soone as they once tasted had
(Wonder it is that sudden change to see.)
In stead of strokes, each other kissed glad,
And louely haulst from feare of treason free,
And plighted hands for euer friends to be.
When all men saw this sudden change of things,
So mortall foes so friendly to agree,
For passing ioy, which so great maruaile brings,
They all gan shout aloud, that all the heauen rings.

50
All which, when gentle *Canacee* beheld,
In haste she from her lofty chaire descended,
To weet what sudden tidings was befeld:
Where when she saw that cruell war so ended,
And deadly foes so faithfully affrended,
In louely wise she gan that Lady greet,
VVhich had so great dismay so well amended;
And entertaining her with curt'sies meet,
Profest to her true friendship and affection sweet.

51
Thus when they all accorded goodly were,
The trumpets sounded, and they all arose,
Thence to depart with glee and gladsome cheere.
Those warlike Champions both together chose,
Homeward to march, themselues there to repose:
And wise *Cambina*, taking by her side
Faire *Canacee* as fresh as morning rose,
Vnto her Coach remounting, home did ride,
Admir'd of all the people, and much glorifide.

52
Where making ioyous feasts, their dayes they spent
In perfect loue, deuoid of hatefull strife,
Allide with bands of mutuall couplement;
For, *Triamond* had *Canacee* to wife,
With whom he led a long and happy life;
And *Cambell* tooke *Cambina* to his fere,
The which as life were each to other liefe,
So all alike did loue, and loued were,
That since their daies such louers were not foūd elswhere.



Canto IIII.

Satyrane makes a Turneyment for loue of Florimell: Britomart winnes the prize from all, and Artegall doth quell.

1
IT often fals (as here it earst befell)
That mortall foes, do turne to faithfull friends;
That friends profest, are chang'd to fo-me fel:
The cause of both, of both their liues depends;
And th'end of both, likewise of both their ends.
For, enmity, that of no ill proceeds,
But of occasion, with th'occasion ends;
And friendship, which a faint affection breeds
Without regard of good, dyes like ill grounded seeds.

2
That well (me seemes) appeares, by that of late
Twixt *Cambell* and Sir *Triamond* befell;
As als by this, that now a new debate
Stird vp twixt *Scudamour* and *Paridell*,
The which by course befalls me here to tell:
Who, hauing those two other knights espide
Marching afore, as ye remember well,
Sent forth their Squire to haue them both descride,
And eke those masked Ladies riding them beside.

3
Who, back returning, tolde as he had seene,
That they were doughty knights of dreaded name;
And those two Ladies, their two loues vnseene;
And therefore wisht them without blot or blame,
To let them pass at will, for dread of shame.
But *Blandamour* full of vainglorious spright,
And rather stird by his discordfull Dame,
Vpon them gladly would haue prov'd his might,
But that he yet was sore of his late luckelesse fight.

4
Yet nigh approching, he them foule bespake,
Disgracing them, himselfe thereby to grace,
As was his wont; so weening way to make
To Ladies loue, where-so he came in place;
And with lewd termes their louers to deface.
Whose sharp prouokement them incenst so sore,
That both were bent t'auenge his outrage base,
And gan their shields addresse themselues afore:
For, euill deeds may better then bad words be bore.

5
But faire *Cambina*, with perswasions mild,
Did mitigate the fiercenesse of their mode,
That for the present they were reconcyl'd,
And gan to treat of deeds of armes abroad,
And strange adventures, all the way they rode:
Amongst the which they told, as then befell,
Of that great Turney, which was blazed broad,
For that rich girdle of faire *Florimell*,
The prize of her, which did in beauty most excell.

6
To which folke-mote they all with one consent,
Sith each of them his Lady had him by,
Whose beauty each of them thought excellent,
Agreed to trauell, and their fortunes try.
So as they passed forth, they did espy
One in bright armes with ready speare in rest,
That toward them his course seem'd to apply,
Gainst whom Sir *Paridell* himselfe addrest,
Him weening, ere he nigh approacht, to haue represt.

7
Which th'other seeing, gan his course relent,
And vaunted speare eftsoones to disaduance,
As if he nought but peace and pleasure ment,
Now falne into their fellowship by chance;
Whereat they shewed courteous countenance.
So as he rode with them accompanide,
His roūing eye did on the Lady glaunce,
VVhich *Blandamour* had riding by his side:
Whom sure he weend, that he somwhere tofore had eyde.

8
It was to weet, that snowy *Florimell*,
Which *Ferrau* late from *Braggadochio* wonne:
VVhom he now seeing, her remembred well,
How hauing reft her from the Witches sonne,
He soone her lost: wherefore he now begonne
To challenge her anew, as his owne prize,
VVhom formerly he had in battell wonne,
And proffer made by force her to reprise:
Which scornfull offer *Blandamour* gan soone despise.

9

And sayd, Sir Knight, sith ye this Lady clame,
Whom he that hath, were loth to lose so light,
(For, so to lose a Lady, were great shame)
Yee shall her winne, as I haue done in fight:
And lo she shall be placed here in sight,
Together with this Hag beside her set,
That who-so winnes her, may her haue by right:
But he shall haue the Hag that is yber,
And with her alwaies ride, till he another get.

10

That offer pleased all the company.
So *Florimell* with *Até* forth was brought;
At which they all gan laugh full merrily:
But *Braggadocchio* laid, he neuer thought
For such an Hag, that seemed worse then nought,
His person to imperill so in fight.
But if to match that Lady they had sought
Another like, that were like faire and bright,
His life he then would spend to iustifie his right.

11

At which his vaine excuse they all gan smile,
As scorning his vnmanly cowardise:
And *Florimell* him foully gan reuile,
That for her sake refus'd to enterprise
The battell, offred in so knightly wise.
And *Até* eke provok't him priuily,
VVith loue of her, and shame of such mesprise.
But nought he car'd for friend or enemy,
For, in base mind nor friendship dwels nor enmity.

12

But *Cambell* thus did shut vp all in iest,
Braue Knights and Ladies, certes ye doe wrong
To stirre vp strife, when most vs needeth rest,
That we may vs reserue both fresh and strong,
Against the Turneiment which is not long;
VVhen who-so list to fight, may fight his fill:
Till then your challenges yee may prolong;
And then it shall be tried if ye will,
Whether shall haue the Hag, or hold the Lady still.

13

They all agreed: so turning all to game,
And pleasant bord, they past forth on their way.
And all that while, where-so they rode or came,
That masked Mock-knight was their sport and play.
Till that at length vpon th'appointed day,
Vnto the place of Turneyment they came;
VVhere they before them found in fresh array
Many a braue knight, and many a dainty dame
Assembled, for to get the honour of that game.

14

There this faire crew arriuing, did diuide
Themselues asunder: *Blandamour* with those
Of his, on th'one; the rest on th'other side.
But boastfull *Braggadocchio* rather chose,
For glory vaine their fellowship to lose,
That men on him the more might gaze alone.
The rest themselues in troupes did else dispose,
Like as it seemed best to euery one;
The knights in couples marcht, with Ladies linkt attone.

15

Then first of all forth came Sir *Satyrane*,
Bearing that precious relique in an arke
Of gold, that bad eyes might it not profane:
Which drawing softly forth out of the darke,
He open shew'd, that all men it mote marke;
A gorgeous girdle, curiously embost
VVith pearle & precious stone, worth many a marke;
Yet did the workmanship farre passe the cost:
It was the same which lately *Florimell* had lost.

16

That same aloft he hong in open view,
To be the prize of beauty and of might;
The which eftsoones, discouered, to it drew
The eyes of all, allur'd with close delight,
And hearts quite robbed with so glorious sight,
That all men threw out vowes and wishes vaine,
Thrice happy Lady, and thrice happy knight,
Them seem'd, that could so goodly riches gaine,
So worthy of the perill, worthy of the paine.

17

Then tooke the bold Sir *Satyrane* in hand
An huge great speare, such as he wont to wield,
And vauncing forth from all the other band
Of knights, addrest his maiden-headed shield,
Shewing himselfe all ready for the field.
Gainst whom, there singled from the other side
A Painim knight, that well in armes was skild,
And had in many a battell oft been tride,
Hight *Bruncheuall* the bold, who fiercely forth did ride.

18

So furiously they both together met,
That neither could the others force sustaine.
As two fierce Buls, that striue the rule to get
Of all the heard, meet with so hideous maine,
That both rebutted, tumble on the Plaine:
So these two Champions to the ground were feld,
VVhere in a maze they both did long remaine,
And in their hands their idle troncheons held,
VVhich neither able were to wag, or once to weld.

19

VVhich when the noble *Ferramont* espide,
He pricked forth in ayde of *Satyran*;
And him against, Sir *Blandamour* did ride
With all the strength and stifnesse that he can.
But the more strong and stifly that he ran,
So much more sorely to the ground he fell,
That on a heape were tumbled horse and man.
Vnto whose reskew forth rode *Paridell*;
But him likewise with that same speare he eke did quell.

20

VVhich *Braggadocchio* seeing, had no will
To hasten greatly to his parties ayd,
Albee his turne were next; but stood there still,
As one that seemed doubtfull or dismayd.
But *Triamond*, halfe wroth to see him staid,
Sternly stept forth, and raught away his speare,
VVith which so sore he *Ferramont* assaid,
That horse and man to ground he quite did beare,
That neither could in haste themselues again vpreare.

21

Which to auenge, Sir *Deuon* him did dight,
But with no better fortune then the reste
For, him likewise he quickly downe did smight,
And after him, Sir *Douglas* him addrest,
And after him, Sir *Palimord* forth prest:
But none of them against his strokes could stand;
But all the more, the more his praise increast.
For, either they were left vpon the land,
Or went away sore wounded of his hapless hand.

22

And now by this, Sir *Satyrane* abraid,
Out of the swoune, in which too long he lay;
And looking round about, like one dismayd,
VVhen as he sawe the mercilesse affray,
Which doughty *Triamond* had wrought that day,
Vnto the noble Knights of Maidenhead,
His mighty heart did almost rend in tway,
For very gall, that rather wholly dead
Himselfe he wisht haue been, that in so bad a stead.

23

Eftsoones he gan to gather vp around
His weapons, which lay scattered all abroad;
And as it fell, his steed he ready found.
On whom remounting, fiercely forth he rode,
Like sparke of fire, that from the anvile glode,
There where he sawe the valiant *Triamond*
Chasing, and laying on them heavy lode,
That none his force were able to withstond,
So dreadfull were his strokes, so deadly was his hond.

24

VVith that, at him his beam-like speare he aymed,
And thereto all his powre and might applyde:
The wicked steele for mischiefe first ordained,
And hauing now misfortune got for guide,
Staid not, till it arriued in his side,
And therein made a very griesly wound,
That streames of bloud his armour all bedide.
Much was he daunted with that direfull stound,
That scarse he him vpheld from falling in a swound.

25

Yet as he might, himselfe he soft with-drew
Out of the field, that none perceiu'd it plaine.
Then gan the part of Chalengers anew
To range the field, and Victor-like to raine,
That none against them battell durst mainetaine.
By that, the gloomy euening on them fell,
That forced them from fighting to refraine,
And trumpets sound to cease did them compell.
So *Satyrane* that day was iudg'd to beare the bell.

26

The morrow next the Turney gan anew,
And with the first, the hardy *Satyrane*
Appear'd in place, with all his noble crew:
On th'other side, full many a warlike swaine
Assembled were, that glorious prize to gaine.
But mongst them all, was not Sir *Triamond*,
Vnable he new battell to darraine,
Through grieuance of his late receiued wound,
That doubly did him grieue, when-so himselfe he found.

27

Which *Cambell* seeing, though he could not salue,
Ne done vndoe, yet for to salue his name,
And purchase honour in his friends behalue,
This goodly counterfesance he did frame.
The shield and armes well knowne to be the same,
Which *Triamond* had worne, vnwares to wight,
And to his friend vnwist, for doubt of blame,
If he misdid; he on himselfe did dight,
That none could him discerne, and so went forth to fight.

28

There *Satyrane* Lord of the field he found,
Triumphing in great ioy and iolity;
Gainst whom none able was to stand on ground;
That much he gan his glory to enuy.
And cast t'auenge his friends indignitie.
A mighty speare eftsoones at him he bent;
Who seeing him come on so furiously,
Met him mid-way with equall hardiment,
That forcibly to ground, they both together went.

29

They vp againe themselues can lightly reare,
And to their tryed swords themselues betake;
With which they wrought such wondrous maruels (there
That all the rest it did amazed make,
Ne any dar'd their perill to partake;
Now cuffing close, now chasing to and fro,
Now hurtling round, aduantage for to take:
As two wild Boares together grapling goe,
Chasing, and foming choler, each against his foe.

30

So as they courst, and turneyd here and there,
It chanst Sir *Satyrane* his steed at last,
Whether through foundring or through sodain feare,
To stumble, that his rider nigh he cast;
VVhich vantage *Cambell* did pursue so fast,
That ere himselfe he had recouered well,
So sore he sowst him on the compast creast,
That forced him to leaue his lofty sell,
And rudely tumbling downe vnder his horse feet fell.

31

Lightly *Cambello* leapt downe from his steed,
For to haue rent his shield and armes away,
That whylome wont to be the Victors meed;
VVhen all vnwares he felt an hideous sway
Of many swords that load on him did lay.
An hundred knights had him enclosed round,
To rescue *Satyrane* out of his pray;
All which at once huge strokes on him did pound,
In hope to take him prisoner, where he stood on ground.

32

He with their multitude was nought dismayd,
But with stout courage turnd vpon them all,
And with his brondiron round about him layd;
Of which he dealt large almes, as did befall:
Like as a Lion that by chaunce doth fall,
Into the hunters toyle, doth rage and rore,
In royall hart disdaining to be thrall;
But all in vaine: for what might one doe more?
They haue him taken captiue, though it grieue him sore.

33
Whereof when newes to *Triamond* was brought,
There as he lay, his wound he soone forgot;
And starting vp, straight for his armour sought:
In vaine he sought; for, there he found it not;
Cambello it away before had got:
Cambelloes armes therefore he on him threw,
And lightly issewd forth to take his lot.
There he in troupe found all that warlike crew,
Leading his friend away, full sory to his vew.

34
Into the thickest of that knightly preace
He thrust, and smote downe all that was betweene,
Caried with fervent zeale; ne did he ceasse,
Till that he came where he had *Cambell* seene,
Like captiue thrall two other Knights atweene,
There he amongst them cruell havock makes;
That they which lead him, soone enforced beene
To let him loose to saue their proper stakes:
Who, beeing freed, from one a weapon fiercely takes.

35
With that he drives at them with dreadfull might,
Both in remembrance of his friends late harme,
And in revengement of his owne despight;
So both together giue a new allarme,
As if but now the battell waxed warme.
As when two greedy Wolues do breake by force
Into an heard, farre from the husband farme,
They spoyle and rauine without all remorse;
So did these two through all the field, their foes enforce.

36
Fiercely they follow'd on their bold emprize,
Till trumpets sound did warne them all to rest;
Then all with one consent did yield the prize
To *Triamond* and *Cambell* as the best.
But *Triamond* to *Cambell* it releast.
And *Cambell* it to *Triamond* transferd;
Each labouring to advance the others gest,
And makes his praise before his owne preferd:
So that the doome was to another day differd.

37
The last day came, when all those knights againe
Assembled were, their deeds of armes to shew.
Full many deeds that day were shewed plaine:
But *Satyrane* boue all the other crewe,
His wondrous worth declar'd in all mens view,
For, from the first he to the last endured:
And though some while Fortune from him withdrew,
Yet evermore his honour he recured,
And with vnwearied powre his party still assured.

38
Ne was there Knight that euer thought of armes,
But that his vtmost prowesse there made knowen,
That by their many wounds, and carelesse harmes,
By shiuered speare, and swords all vnder strowen,
By scattered shields was easie to be showen.
There might ye see loose steeds at random ronne,
Whose luckelesse riders late were ouerthrowen;
And Squires make haste to help their Lords fordonne:
But still the Knights of Maidenhead the better wonne;

39
Till that there entred on the other side,
A stranger knight, from whence no man could reed,
In queynt disguise, full hard to be descride.
For, all his armour was like saluage weed;
VVith woody mosse bedight, and all his steed
With oaken leaues attrapt, that seemed fit
For saluage wight, and thereto well agreed
His word which on his ragged shield was writ,
Saluagesse sans finesse, shewing secret wit.

40
Hee at his first in-comming, charg'd his speare
At him, that first appeared in his sight:
That was to weet, the stout Sir *Sangliere*,
Who well was knowen to be a valiant Knight,
Approued oft in many a perlous fight.
Him at the first encounter downe he smote,
And ouer-bore beyond his crouper quight,
And after him another Knight, that hote
Sir *Brianor*, so sore, that none him life behote.

41
Then ere his hand he reard, he overthrew
Seuen Knights, one after other as they came:
And when his speare was burst, his sword he drew,
The instrument of wrath, and with the same
Far'd like a lion in his bloudy game,
Hewing, and slashing shields, and helmets bright,
And beating downe what euer nigh him came;
That euery one gan shun his dreadfull sight,
No lesse then death it selfe in dangerous affright.

42
Much wondred all men, what or whence he came,
That did amongst the troupes so tyrannize;
And each of other gan enquire his name.
But when they could not learne it by no wise,
Most answerable to his wild disguise
It seemed, him to tearm the saluage knight.
But certes his right name was otherwise,
Thogh known to few, that *Arthegal* he hight, (might
The doughtiest knight that liv'd that day, and most of

43
Thus was Sir *Satyrane* with all his band,
By his sole manhood and atchieuement stout
Dismayd, that none of them in field durst stand,
But beaten were, and chased all about.
So he continued all that day throughout,
Till euening, that the Sunne gan downward bend.
Then russled forth out of the thickest rout
A stranger knight, that did his glory shend;
So, nought may be esteemed happy till the end.

44
He at his entrance charg'd his powrefull speare
At *Arthegall*, in middest of his pride;
And therewith smote him on his Vmbriere
So sore, that tombling backe, he downe did slide
Ouer his horses taile aboue a stride;
Whence little lust he had to rise againe.
Which *Cambell* seeing, much the same enuide,
And ran at him with all his might and maine;
But shortly was likewise seene lying on the Plaine.

Where-

45
Whereat full inly wroth was *Triamond*,
And cast t'avenge the shame doen to his friend:
But by his friend, himselfe eke soone he fond
In no lesse need of helpe, then him he weend.
All which when *Blandamour* from end to end
Beheld, he woxe therewith displeased sore,
And thought in mind it shortly to amend:
His speare he feutred, and at him it bore;
But with no better fortune, then the rest afore.

46
Full many others at him likewise ran:
But all of them likewise dismounted were.
Ne certes wonder; for, no powre of man
Could bide the force of that enchanted speare,
The which this famous *Britomart* did beare;
With which she wondrous deeds of arms atchieued,
And ouerthrew what euer came her neare,
That all those stranger knights full sore agrieued,
And that late weaker band of challengers relieued.

47
Like as in sommers day, when raging heat
Doth burne the earth, and boyled riuers dry,
That all brute beasts forc't to refraine fro meat,
Doe hunt for shade, where shrowded they may lie,
And missing it, faine from themselues to flie;
All trauellers tormented are with paine:
A watry clowd doth ouercast the skie,
And poureth forth a sudden shoure of raine,
That all the wretched world recomforteth againe:

48
So did the warlike *Britomart* restore
The prize, to knights of Maydenhead that day
(Which else was like to haue been lost) and bore
The prayse of prowesse from them all away.
Then shrilling trompets loudly gan to bray,
And bade them leaue their labours and long toyle,
To ioyous feast and other gentle play,
Where beauties prize should win that precious spoyle:
Where I with sound of trumpe will also rest awhile.

Canto V.

The Ladies for the girdle striue of famous Florimell. Scudamour, comming to Cares house, doth sleepe from him expell.

1
SIth hath beene through all ages euer seene,
That with the prayse of armes and chevalry,
The prize of beauty still hath ioyned been;
And that for reasons speciall priuity:
For, either doth on other much rely.
For, he mee seemes most fit the faire to serue,
That can her best defend from villeny;
And she most fit his seruice doth deserue,
That fairest is, and from her faith will neuer swerue.

2
So fitly now here commeth next in place,
After the proofe of prowesse ended well,
The controuerse of beauties soueraigne grace;
In which to her that doth the most excell,
Shall fall the girdle of faire *Florimell*:
That many wish to win for glory vaine,
And not for vertuous vse, which some do tell
That glorious belt did in it selfe containe,
Which Ladyes ought to loue, and seeke for to obtaine.

3
That girdle gaue the vertue of chaste loue,
And wiuehood true, to all that did it beare:
But whosoeuer contrarie doth proue,
Might not the same about her middle weare,
But it would loose, or else asunder teare.
Whilome it was (as Faeries wont report)
Dame *Venus* girdle, by her steemed deare,
What time she vs'd to liue in wiuely sort;
But layd aside, when so she vs'd her looser sport.

4
Her husband *Vulcan* whylome for her sake,
VVhen first he loued her with heart entire,
This precious ornament they say did make,
And wrought in *Lemnos* with vnquenched fire:
And afterwards did for her loues first hire,
Giue it to her for euer to remaine,
Therewith to bind lasciuious desire,
And loose affections streightly to restraine;
VVhich vertue it for euer after did retaine.

The

5

The same one day, when she her selfe dispos'd
To visite her beloued Paramoure,
The god of Warre, she from her middle loos'd,
And left behind her in her secret bowre,
On *Acidalian* mount, where many an howre,
She with the pleasant *Graces* wont to play.
There *Florimell* in her first ages flowre
Was fostred by those *Graces*, (as they say)
And brought with her frō thence that goodly belt away.

6

That goodly belt was *Cestus* hight by name,
And as her life by her esteemed deare.
No wonder then, if that to winne the same
So many Ladies sought, as shall appeare;
For, peerelesse she was thought, that did it beare.
And now by this, their feast all being ended,
The Iudges which thereto selected were,
Into the Martian field adowne descended,
To deeme this doutfull case, for which they all cōtended.

7

But first was question made, which of those Knights
That lately turneyd, had the wager wonne:
There was it iudged by those worthy wights,
That *Satyrane* the first day best had donne:
For, he last ended, hauing first begonne.
The second was to *Triamond* behight,
For that he sau'd the Victour from fordonne:
For, *Cambell* Victour was in all mens sight,
Till by mishap he in his foe-mens hand did light.

8

The third dayes prize vnto the stranger Knight,
Whom all men tearm'd Knight of the Hebene speare,
To *Britomart* was giuen by good right;
For that with puissant stroke she downe did beare
The *Salvage* Knight, that Victour was whileare,
And all the rest, which had the best afore,
And to the last vnconquer'd did appeare;
For, last is deemed best. To her therefore
The fayrest Lady was adiudg'd for Paramore.

9

But thereat greatly grudged *Arthegall*,
And much repyn'd, that both of Victors meede,
And eke of honour she did him forestall.
Yet mote he not withstand what was decreed;
But inly thought of that despighfull deed
Fit time t'awaite avenged for to bee.
This being ended thus, and all agreed,
The next ensew'd the Paragon to see
Of beauties praise, and yeeld the fairest her due fee.

10

Then first *Cambello* brought vnto their view
His faire *Cambina*, covered with a veale;
Which being once with-drawn, most perfect hew
And passing beauty did effoones reveale,
That able was weake hearts away to steale.
Next, did Sir *Triamond* vnto their sight
The face of his deare *Canacee* vnheale;
Whose beauties beame effoones did shine so bright,
That daz'd the eyes of all, as with exceeding light.

11

And after her did *Paridell* produce
His false *Duessa*, that she might be seene;
Who with her forged beauty did seduce
The harts of some, th'at fairest her did weene;
As diuerse wits affected diuerse beene.
Then did Sir *Ferramont* vnto them shew
His *Lucida*, that was full faire and sheene,
And after these an hundred Ladies moe
Appear'd in place, the which each other did out-goe.

12

All which who-so dare thinke for to enchace,
Him needeth sure a golden pen Iweene,
To tell the feature of each goodly face.
For, since the day that they created beene,
So many heauenly faces were not seene
Assembled in one place: ne he that thought
For *Chian* folke to pourtraict bewties Queene,
By view of all the fairest to him brought,
So many faire did see, as here he might haue sought.

13

At last, the most redoubted *Britonesse*,
Her louely *Amoret* did open shewe:
Whose face discouered, plainely did expresse
The heauenly pourtraict of bright Angels hew.
Well weened all, which her that time did view,
That she should surely beare the bell away,
Till *Blandamour*, who thought he had the trew
And very *Florimell*, did her display:
The sight of whom once seene, did all the rest dismay.

14

For, all afore that seemed faire and bright,
Now base and contemptible did appeare,
Compar'd to her, that shone as *Phœbes* light,
Amongst the lesser starres in euening cleare.
All that her sawe, with wonder rauisht were,
And weend no mortall creature she should be,
But some celestiall shape, that flesh did beare:
Yet all were glad there *Florimell* to see;
Yet thought that *Florimell* was not so faire as shee.

15

As guilefull Goldsmith that by secret skill,
With golden foyle doth finely over-spred
Some baser metall, which commend he will
Vnto the vulgar for good gold insted,
He much more goodly glosse thereon doth shed,
To hide his falshood, then if it were trew:
So hard, this Ladie was to be ared,
That *Florimell* her selfe in all mens view
She seem'd to passe: so forged things do fairest shew.

16

Then was the golden belt by doome of all
Graunted to her, as to the fairest Dame.
Which being brought, about her middle small
They thought to gird, as best it her became;
But by no meanes they could it thereto frame.
For, euer as they fastned it, it loos'd
And fell away, as feeling secret blame.
Full oft about her waste she it enclos'd;
And it as oft was from about her waste disclos'd.

That

17

That all men wondred at the vncouth sight,
And each one thought, as to their fancies came.
But shee her selfe did thinke it done for spight,
And touched was with secret wrath and shame
Therewith, as thing deuiz'd her to defame.
Then many other Ladies likewise tride,
About their tender loynes to knit the same;
But it would not on none of them abide,
But when they thought it fast, effsoones it was vntide.

18

Which when that scornefull *Squire of Dames* did view,
He loudly gan to laugh and thus to iest;
Alas for pitie that so faire a crew,
As like cannot be seene from East to West,
Cannot find one this girdle to inuest.
Fie on the man, that did it first invent,
To shame vs all with this, *Vngirt vnblest*.
Let neuer Lady to his loue assent,
That hath this day so many so vnmanly shent.

19

Thereat all Knights gan laugh, and Ladies lowre;
Till that at last the gentle *Amoret*
Likewise assayd, to proue that girdles powre;
And hauing it about her middle set,
Did find it fit, withouten breach or let.
Whereat the rest gan greatly to envie:
But *Florimell* exceedingly did fret,
And snatching from her hand halfe angrily
The belt againe, about her body gan it tie.

20

Yet nathemore would it her body fit;
Yet natheleſſe to her, as her dew right,
It yeelded was by them, that iudged it:
And she herselfe adiudged to the Knight,
That bore the Hebene speare, as wonne in fight.
But *Britomart* would not thereto assent,
Ne her owne *Amoret* forgoe so light
For that strange Dame, whose beauties wonderment
She leſſe esteem'd, then th'others vertuous gouernment.

21

VVhom when the rest did see her to refuse,
They were full glad, in hope themselues to get her:
Yet at her choice they all did greatly muse.
But after that, the Iudges did arret her
Vnto the second best, that lov'd her better;
That was the *Saluage* Knight: but he was gone
In great displeasure that he could not get her.
Then was she iudged *Triamond* his one;
But *Triamond* lov'd *Canacee*, and other none.

22

Tho, vnto *Satyran* she was adiudged,
Who was right glad to gaine so goodly meed:
But *Blandamour* thereat full greatly grudged,
And little prais'd his labours euill speed,
That for to winne the saddle, lost the steed.
Ne leſſe thereat did *Paridell* complaine,
And thought t'appeale from that which was decreed,
To single combate with Sir *Satyrane*.
Thereto him *Atē* stird, new discord to maintaine.

23

And eke with these, full many other Knights
She through her wicked working did incense,
Her to demaund, and challenge as their rights,
Deserued for their perils recompense.
Amongst the rest, with boastfull vaine pretense
Stept *Braggadocchio* forth, and as his thrall
Her claym'd, by him in battell wonne long since:
Whereto her selfe he did to witnesse call;
Who beeing askt accordingly confessed all.

24

Thereat exceeding wroth was *Satyrane*;
And wroth with *Satyran* was *Blandamour*;
And wroth with *Blandamour* was *Eriuan*;
And at them both Sir *Paridell* did loure.
So all together stird vp strifefull stoure,
And ready were new battell to darraine.
Each one profest to be her Paramour,
And vow'd with speare and shield it to maintaine;
Ne Iudges powre, ne reasons rule mote them restraine.

25

Which troublous stirre when *Satyrane* auiz'd,
He gan to cast how to appease the same;
And to accord them all, this meanes deuiz'd:
First in the midst to set that faireſt Dame,
To whom each one his chalenge should disclame.
And he himselfe his right would eke release:
Then looke to whom she voluntary came,
He should without disturbance her possesse:
Sweet is the loue that comes alone with willingnesse.

26

They all agreed: and then that snowy Mayd
Was in the middest plac't among them all;
All on her gazing wisht, and vowd, and prayd,
And to the Queene of beauty close did call,
That she vnto their portion might befall.
Then when she long had looked vpon each one,
As though she wished to haue pleasd them all,
At last, to *Braggadocchio* selfe alone
She came of her accord, in spight of all his fone.

27

VVhich when they all beheld, they chaf't and rag'd,
And wox nigh mad for very hearts despight,
That from reuenge their willes they scarce asswag'd:
Some thought from him her to haue reft by might;
Some proffer made with him for her to fight.
But he nought car'd for all that they could say:
For, he their words as wind esteemed light.
Yet not fit place he thought it there to stay,
But secretly from thence that night her bore away.

28

They which remaind, so soone as they perceiu'd,
That she was gone, departed thence with speed,
And follow'd them, in mind her to haue reau'd
From wight vnworthy of so noble meed.
In which pursuit how each one did succeed,
Shall elſe be told in order, as it fell.
But now of *Britomart* it here doth need
The hard aduentures and strange haps to tell;
Since with the rest she went not after *Florimell*.

T For

29

For, soone as shee them sawe to discord set,
Her list no longer in that place abide;
But taking with her louely *Amoret*,
Vpon her first adventure forth did ride,
To seek her lov'd, making blind Loue her guide.
Vnlucky Mayd to seeke her enemy!
Vnlucky Mayd to seeke him farre and wide,
Whom, when he was vnto her selfe most nie,
She through his late disguizement could him not descrie.

30

So much the more her griefe, the more her toyle:
Yet neither toyle nor griefe, she once did spare,
In seeking him, that should her paine assoile;
Where to great comfort in her sad misfare
Was *Amoret*, companion of her care:
Who likewise sought her louer long mis-went,
The gentle *Scudamour*, whose heart whileare
That strifefull hag with iealous discontent
Had fild, that he to fell reuenge was fully bent;

31

Bent to reuenge on blamelesse *Britomart*
The crime, which cursed *Até* kindled earst,
The which like thornes did prick his iealous heart,
And through his soule like poysoned arrow peare't,
That by no reason it might be reverst,
For ought that *Glaucé* could or doe or say.
For, aye the more that shee the same rehearst,
The more it gauld, and grieu'd him night and day,
That nought but dire reuenge his anger mote defray.

32

So as they trauelled, the drouping night
Couered with cloudy storme and bitter showre,
That dreadfull seem'd to euery liuing wight,
Vpon them fell, before her timely howre;
That forced them to seeke some couert bowre,
Where they might hide their heads in quiet rest,
And shrowd their persons from that stormy stowre.
Not farre away, not meet for any guest
They spide a little cottage, like some poore mans nest.

33

Vnder a steepe hilles side it placed was;
There where the mouldred earth had cav'd the banke;
And fast beside a little brooke did pas
Of muddy water, that like puddle stanke;
By which, fewe crooked sallowes grew in ranke:
Whereto approching nigh, they heard the sound
Of many iron hammers beating ranke,
And answering their weary turnes around,
That seemed som black-smith dwelt in that desert groũd.

34

There entring in, they found the goodman selfe,
Full busily vnto his worke ybent;
Who was to weet, a wretched wearish elfe,
With hollow eyes and raw-bone cheeks forspent,
As if he had in prison long beene pent:
Full black and grisly did his face appeare,
Besmeard with smoake that nigh his eye-sight blent;
With rugged beard, and hoary shagged heare,
The which he neuer wont to combe, or comely sheare.

35

Rude was his garment, and to rags all rent,
Ne better had he, ne for better cared:
VVith blistred hands emongst the cinders brent,
And fingers filthy, with long nayles prepared,
Right fit to rend the food, on which he fared.
His name was *Care*; a black-smith by his trade,
That neither day nor night, from working spared,
But to small purpose iron wedges made;
Those be vnquiet thoughts, that carefull minds invade.

36

In which his worke he had fixe seruants prest,
About the Anvile standing euermore,
VVith huge great hammers, that did neuer rest
From heaping stroakes, which thereon soused sore:
All sixe, strong groomes, but one then other more;
For, by degrees they all were disagreed;
So likewise did the hammers which they bore,
Like belles in greatnesse orderly succeed,
That he which was the last, the first did farre exceed.

37

He like a monstrous Giant seem'd in sight,
Farre passing *Bronteus*, or *Pyracmon* great,
The which in *Lipari* doe day and night
Frame thunder-bolts for *Ioues* avengefull threat.
So dreadfully he did the Anvile beat,
That seem'd to dust he shortly would it driue:
So huge his hammer, and so fierce his heat,
That seem'd a rock of Diamond it could riue,
And rend asunder quite, if he thereto list striue.

38

Sir *Scudamour* there entring, much admired
The manner of their worke and weary paine;
And hauing long beheld, at last enquired
The cause and end thereof: but all in vaine;
For, they for nought would from their work refraine,
Ne let his speeches come vnto their eare.
And eke the breathfull bellowes blew amaine,
Like to the Northren wind, that none could heare:
Those *Pensiuenes* did moue; & *Sighes* the bellowes were.

39

VVhich when that Warriour saw, he said no more,
But in his armour layd him downe to rest:
To rest, he layd him downe vpon the flore,
(Whilome for ventrous knights the bedding best)
And thought his weary limbs to haue redrest.
And that old aged Dame, his faithfull Squire,
Her feeble ioynts layd eke adowne to rest,
That needed much her weake age to desire,
After so long a trauell, which them both did tire.

40

There lay Sir *Scudamour* long while expecting,
VVhen gentle sleepe his heauy eyes would close;
Oft changing sides, and oft new place electing,
VVhere better seem'd he mote himselfe repose,
And oft in wrath he thence againe vprose;
And oft in wrath he layd him downe againe.
But wheresoere he did himselfe dispose,
He by no meanes could wished ease obtaine:
So euery place seem'd painefull, and each changing vaine.

41

And euermore, when he to sleepe did thinke,
The hammers sound his senses did molest;
And euermore, when he began to winke,
The bellowes noyse disturb'd his quiet rest,
Ne suffred sleepe to settle in his brest.
And all the night the dogs did barke and houle
About the house, at sent of stranger guest:
And now the crowing Cocke, and now the Owle
Lowde shriking him afflicted to the very soule.

42

And if by fortune any little nap,
Vpon his heauy eye-lids chaunc't to fall,
Eftsoones one of those villeins him did rap
Vpon his head-peece with his iron mall;
That he was soone awaked therewithall,
And lightly started vp as one affrayd;
Or as if one him suddenly did call.
So, oftentimes he out of sleepe abrayd,
And then lay muzing long, on that him ill apayd.

43

So long he muzed, and so long he lay,
That at the last his weary spirit oppresst
VVith fleshly weakenes, which no creature may
Long time resist, gaue place to kindly rest,
That all his senses did full soone arrest:
Yet in his soundest sleepe, his daily feare
His ydle braine gan busily molest;
And made him dreame those two disloyall were:
The things that day most minds, at night do most appeare.

44

VVith that, the wicked carle, the master Smith,
A paire of red-hot iron tongs did take
Out of the burning cinders, and therewith,
Vnder his side him nipt; that forc't to wake
He felt his hart for very paine to quake,
And started vp avenged for to bee
On him, the which his quiet slumber brake:
Yet looking round about him none could see;
Yet did the smart remaine, though he himselfe did flee.

45

In such disquiet and heart-fretting paine,
He all that night, that too long night did passe.
And now the day out of the Ocean maine
Began to peepe about this earthly masse,
VVith pearly dewe sprinkling the morning grasse,
Then vp he rose like heauy lumpe of lead;
That in his face, as in a looking glasse,
The signes of anguish one mote plainely read,
And ghesse the man to be dismayd with iealous dread.

46

Vnto his lofty steede he clombe anone,
And forth vpon his former voyage fared,
And with him eke that aged Squire attone;
VVho, whatsoeuer perill was prepared,
Both equall paines, and equall perill shared:
The end whereof and dangerous euent
Shall for another canticle be spared.
But heere my weary teeme nigh over-spent
Shall breath it selfe awhile, after so long a went.

Canto VI.

Both Scudamour and Arthegall
Doe fight with Britomart:
He sees her face; doth fall in loue,
And soone from her depart.

1

WHat equall torment to the griefe of mind,
And pyning anguish hid in gentle heart,
That inly feeds it selfe with thoughts vnkinde,
And nourisheth her owne consuming smart?
VVhat medicine can any Leaches art
Yeeld such a sore, that doth her grieuance hide,
And will to none her maladie impart?
Such was the wound that *Scudamour* did gride;
For which, *Dan Phœbus* selfe cannot a salue prouide.

2

VVho, having left that restlesse house of *Care*,
The next day, as he on his way did ride,
Full of melancholy and sad misfare,
Through miseonceit; all vnawares espide
An armed knight vnder a forrest side,
Sitting in shade beside his grazing steed;
Who, soone as them approaching he descride,
Gan towards them to pricke with eager speed,
That seem'd he was full bent to some mischieuous deed.

3

Which, *Scudamour* perceiuing, forth issewed
To haue r'encountred him in equall race;
But, soone as th'other, nigh approching, viewed
The armes he bore, his speare he gan abase,
And voyd his course: at which so suddein case
He wondred much. But th'other thus can say;
Ah! gentle *Scudamour*, vnto your grace
I me submit, and you of pardon pray,
That almost had against you trespassed this day.

4

Whereto thus *Scudamour*; Small harme it were
For any knight, vpon a ventrous knight
VVithout displeasance for to proue his speare.
But read you Sir, sith ye my name haue hight,
What is your owne? that I mote your requite.
Certes, said he, ye mote as now excuse
Me from discouering you my name aright:
For time yet serues that I the same refuse,
But call ye me the *Saluage Knight*, as others vse vs.

5

Then this, Sir *Saluage Knight*, quoth hee, areed;
Or, doe you here within this forrest wonne?
(That seemeth well to answere to your weed)
Or, haue ye it for some occasion donne?
That rather seemes, sith knowen armes ye shonne.
This other day, said he, a stranger knight
Shame and dishonour hath vnto me donne;
On whom I wait to wreak that foule despight,
When-euer he this way shall passe by day or night.

6

Shame be his meed, quoth he, that meaneth shame.
But what is he, by whom ye shamed were?
A stranger knight, said he, vnknowne by name,
But known by fame, and by an Hebene speare.
With which, he all that met him, downe did beare.
He in an open Turney lately held,
Fro me the honour of that game did reare;
And hauing me, all weary earst, downe feld,
The fayrest Lady reft, and euer since with-held.

7

VVhen *Scudamour* heard mention of that speare,
He wist right well, that it was *Britomart*,
The which from him his faireſt Loue did beare.
Tho, gan he swell in euery inner part,
For fell despight, and gnaw his iealous heart,
That thus he sharply said; Now by my head,
Yet is not this the first vnknightly part,
Which that same knight, whom by his launce I read,
Hath doen to noble knights, that many makes him dread.

8

For, lately he my Loue hath fro me reft,
And eke defiled with foule villany
The sacred pledge, which in his faith was left,
In shame of knighthood and fidelity;
The which ere long full deare he shall abie.
And if to that auenge by you decreed
This hand may help, or succour ought supply,
It shall not faile, when-so ye shall it need.
So both to wreake their wrathes on *Britomart* agreed.

9

VVhiles thus they communed, lo farre away
A knight soft riding towards them they spide,
Attyr'd in forraine armes and strange array:
Whom when they nigh approacht, they plaine descride
To be the same, for whom they did abide.
Said then Sir *Scudamour*, Sir *Saluage* knight
Let me this craue, sith first I was deside
That first I may that wrong to him requite:
And if I hap to faile, you shall recure my right.

10

Which beeing yeelded, he his threatfull speare,
Gan fewter, and against her fiercely ran.
Who, soone as she him saw approaching neare
VVith so fell rage, herselfe she lightly gan
To dight, to welcome him, well as she can;
But entertaind him in so rude a wise,
That to the ground she smote both horse and man;
VVhence neither greatly hasted to arise,
But on their common harmes together did deuize.

11

But *Artegall*, beholding his mischance,
New matter added to his former fire;
And eft aventring his steele-headed launce,
Against her rode, full of dispiteous ire,
That nought but spoyle and vengeance did require.
But to himselfe his felonous intent
Returning, disappointed his desire,
VVhiles vnawares his saddle he forwent,
And found himselfe on ground in great amazement.

12

Lightly he started vp out of that stound;
And snatching forth his direfull deadly blade,
Did leape to her, as doth an eger hound
Thrust to an Hynd within some couert glade,
VVhom without peril he cannot inuade.
VVith such fell greedines he her assayled,
That though she mounted were, yet her he made
To giue him ground (so much his force preuayled)
And shun his mighty strokes, gainst which no armes auailed.

13

So as they coursed here and there, it chaunc't
That in her wheeling round, behind her creſt
So sorely he her strooke, that thence it glaunc't
Adowne her backe, the which it fairely blest
From foule mischaunce; ne did it euer rest,
Till on her horses hinder parts it fell;
VVhere biting deepe, so deadly it impreſt,
That quite it chyn'd his back behind the sell,
And to alight on foote her algates did compell:

14

Like as the lightning brond from riuen skie,
Throwne out by angry *Ioue* in his vengeance,
VVith dreadfull force falles on some steeple hie;
Which battring, down it on the Church doth glaunce,
And teares it all with terrible mischaunce.
Yet she no whit dismayd, her steed forsook,
And casting from her that enchantted launce,
Vnto her sword and shield her soone betooke;
And therewithall at him right furiously she strooke.

So

15

So furiously shee strooke in her first heat,
VVhiles with long fight on foot he breathlesse was,
That she him forced backward to retreat,
And yielde vnto her weapon way to pass:
VVhose raging rigour neither steele nor brass
Could stay, but to the tender flesh it went,
And pour'd the purple bloud forth on the grass;
That all his maile yriv'd, and plates yrent,
Shew'd all his body bare vnto the cruell dent.

16

At length, when as he saw her hastie heat
Abate, and panting breath begin to faile,
He through long sufferance growing now more great,
Rose in his strength, and gan her fresh assaile,
Heaping huge strokes, as thicke as showre of haile,
And lashing dreadfully at euery part,
As if he thought her soule to disentraile.
Ah! cruell hand, and thrice more cruell hart,
That work'st such wreck on her, to whō theu dearest art.

17

VVhat iron courage euer could endure,
To worke such outrage on so faire a creature?
And in his madnesse thinke with hands impure
To spoyle so goodly workmanship of Nature,
The Maker selfe resembling in her feature?
Certes, some hellish furie, or some fiend
This mischiefe fram'd, for their first loues defeature,
To bathe their hands in bloud of dearest friend,
There-by to make their loues beginning, their liues end.

18

Thus long they trac't, and trauerst to and fro,
Sometimes pursewing, and sometimes pursewed,
Still as advantage they espide thereto:
But toward th'end, Sir *Arthegall* renewed
His strength still more, but she still more decrewed.
At last, his luckelesse hand he heau'd on hie,
Hauing his forces all in one accrewed;
And there-with strooke at her so hideously,
That seemed nought but death mote be her destinie.

19

The wicked stroke vpon her helmet chaunc't,
And with the force, which in it selfe it bore,
Her ventaile shar'd away, and thence forth glaunc't
Adowne in vaine, ne harm'd her any more.
With that, her Angels face (vnseene afore)
Like to the ruddy morne appear'd in sight,
Deawed with siluer drops, through sweating sore;
But somwhat redder then beseem'd aright,
Through toilesome heat, & labour of her weary fight.

20

And round about the same, her yellow haire
Hauing through stirring loos'd their wonted band,
Like to a golden border did appeare,
Framed in Goldsmithes forge with cunning hand:
Yet Goldsmiths cunning could not vnderstand
To frame such subtile wire so shime cleare.
For, it did glister like the golden sand,
The which *Pactolus* with his waters shere,
Throwes forth vp on the riuage round about him nere.

21

And as his hand he vp againe did reare,
Thinking to worke on her his vtmost wrack,
His powrelesse arme benumbd with secret feare,
From his reuengefull purpose shrunke aback;
And cruell sword out of his fingers slack
Fell downe to ground, as if the steele had sense,
And felt some ruth, or sense his hand did lacke:
Or both of them did thinke, obedience
To doe to so diuine a beauties excellence.

22

And he himselfe, long gazing there-vpon,
At last, fell humbly downe vpon his knee,
And of his wonder made religion,
Weening some heauenly goddesse he did see,
Or else vnweeting what it else might bee;
And pardon her besought his errour fraile,
That had done out-rage in so high degree:
Whil'st trembling horrour did his sense assaile,
And made each member quake, & manly hart to quaile.

23

Nath'lesse, she full of wrath for that late stroke,
All that long while vp-held her wrathfull hand,
With fell intent, on him to beene ywroke,
And looking sterne, still over him did stand,
Threatning to strike, vnlesse he would withstand:
And bade him rise, or surely he should die.
But die or liue, for nought he would vp-stand,
But her of pardon prayd more earnestly,
Or wreake on him her will for so great iniury.

24

VVhich when as *Scudamour*, who now abrayd,
Beheld, where-as he stood not farre aside,
He was there-with right wondrously dismayd:
And drawing nigh, when as he plaine descride
That peerelesse patterne of Dame Natures pride,
And heauenly image of perfection,
He blest himselfe, as one sore terrifide;
And turning feare to faint deuotion,
Did worship her as some celestiall vision.

25

But *Glaucé*, seeing all that chaunced there,
VVell weening how their errour to assoyle,
Full glad of so good end, to them drew nere,
And her salewd with seemely bel-accoyle,
Ioyous to see her safe after long toyle.
Then her besought, as she to her was deere,
To graunt vnto those warriours truce awhile;
VVhich yeelded, they their beuers vp did reare,
And shew'd themselues to her, such as indeed they were.

26

VVhen *Britomart* with sharpe auizefull eye
Beheld the lowely face of *Arthegall*,
Tempred with sternenesse and stout maiestie,
Shee gan eftsoones it to her mind to call,
To be the same which in her fathers hall
Long since in that enchaunted glass she saw.
There with her wrathfull courage gan appall,
And haughty spirits meekely to adaw,
That her enhaunced hand she downe can soft with-draw.

27

Yet shee is forc't to haue againe vp-held,
As fuming choler, which was turn'd to cold:
But euer when his visage shee beheld,
Her hand fell downe, and would no longer hold
The wrathfull weapon gainst his countnance bold:
But when in vaine to fight she oft assay'd,
Shee arm'd her tongue, and thought at him to scold;
Nath'lesse, her tongue not to her will obayd, (said.
But brought forth speeches mild, whē she wold haue mis-

28

But *Scudamour*, now woxen inly glad,
That all his iealous feare, he false had found,
And how that Hag his loue abused had,
With breach of fayth, and loyaltie vnsound,
The which long time his grieued hart did wound,
He thus be-spake; Certes, Sir *Arthegall*,
I ioy to see you lout so lowe on ground,
And now become to liue a Ladies thrall,
That whylome in your minde wont to despise them all.

29

Soone as shee heard the name of *Arthegall*,
Her hart did leap, and all her hart-strings tremble,
For suddaine ioy, and secret feare withall,
And all her vitall powres with motion nimble,
To succour it, themselues gan there assemble;
That by the swift recourse of flushing blood
Right plaine appear'd, though she it would dissemble,
And fayned still her former angry mood,
Thinking to hide the depth by troubling of the flood:

30

When *Glaucé* thus gan wisely all vp-knit;
Ye gentle Knights, whom fortune here hath brought,
To be spectators of this vncouth fit,
Which secret fate hath in this Lady wrought,
Against the course of kind: ne mervaile nought,
Ne henceforth feare the thing that hitherto,
Hath troubled both your minds with idle thought,
Fearing least she your Loues away should woo;
Feared in vaine, sith meanes yee see there wants thereto.

31

And you Sir *Arthegall*, the salvage knight,
Hence-forth may not disdaine, that womans hand
Hath conquered you anew in second fight:
For, whylome they haue conquerd sea and land,
And heauen it selfe, that nought may them withstand.
Ne henceforth be rebellious vnto loue,
That is the crowne of knighthood, and the band
Of noble mindes deriued from aboue:
Which, beeing knit with vertue, neuer will remoue.

32

And you faire Lady knight, my dearest Dame,
Relent the rigour of your wrathfull will,
Whose fire were better turn'd to other flame;
And wiping out remembrance of all ill,
Graunt him your grace; but so that he fulfill
The penaunce, which ye shall to him emport:
For, Louers heauen must passe by sorrowes hell.
There-at full inly blushed *Britomart*;
But *Arthegall*, close smyling, ioy'd in secret hart.

33

Yet durst hee not make loue so suddenly,
Ne thinke th'affection of her hart to draw,
From one to other so quite contrary:
Besides, her modest countenance he saw
So goodly graue, and full of Princely aw,
That it his raging fancie did refraine,
And looser thoughts to lawfull bounds with-draw;
Whereby the passion grew more fierce and faine,
Like to a stubborne steed whom strong hand would re- (straine.

34

But *Scudamour*, whose hart twixt doubtfull feare
And feeble hope hung all this while suspence,
Desiring of his *Amoret* to heare
Some gladfull newes and sure intelligence,
Her thus bespake; But sir, without offence
Mote I request you tydings of my Loue,
My *Amoret*, sith you her freed from thence,
Where she captiued long, great woes did proue;
That where ye left, I may her seeke, as doth behoue.

35

To whom, thus *Britomart*: Certes, Sir Knight,
What is of her become, or whither reft,
I cannot vnto you aread aright.
For, from that time I from Enchaunters theft
Her freed, in which yee her all hopelesse left,
I her preseru'd from perill and from feare,
And euermore from villanie her kept:
Ne euer was there wight to me more deare
Then she, ne vnto whom I more true loue did beare.

36

Till on a day, as through a desert wilde
We trauelled, both weary of the way,
We did alight, and sate in shadow mild;
Where fearelesse I to sleepe me downe did lay.
But when as I did out of sleepe abray,
I found her not, where I her left whyleare,
But thought she wandred was, or gone astray.
I call'd her loud, I sought her far and neare;
But no where could her find, nor tydings of her heare.

37

VVhen *Scudamour* those heauy tydings heard,
His hart was thrild with poynt of deadly feare;
Ne in his face or blood or life appear'd,
But senselesse stood, like to amazed Steare,
That yet of mortall stroke the stound doth beare:
Till *Glaucé* thus; Faire Sir, be nought dismaid
With needlesse dread, till certaintie ye heare:
For, yet she may be safe, though some-what straid;
It's best to hope the best, though of the worst affraid.

38

Nath'lesse, he hardly of her cheerefull speech
Did comfort take, or in his troubled sight
Shew'd change of better cheere: so sore a breach
That sudden newes had made into his spright;
But *Britomart* him fairely thus behight;
Great cause of sorrow, certes Sir ye haue:
But comfort take: for, by this heauens light
I vow, you dead or liuing not to leaue,
Till I her find, and wreake on him that her did reaue.

There-

39

Therewith he rested, and well pleased was.
So peace beeing confirm'd amongst them all,
They tooke their steeds, and forward thence did pass,
Vnto some resting place which mote befall;
All being guided by Sir *Arthegall*.
Where goodly solace was vnto them made,
And daily feasting both in bowre and hall,
Vntill that they their wounds well healed had,
And weary limbes recur'd, after late visage bad.

40

In all which time, Sir *Arthegall* made way
Vnto the loue of noble *Britomart*:
And with meeke service and much suit did lay
Continuall siege vnto her gentle hart;
Which, beeing whylome launc't with louely dart,
More eath was new impression to receiue,
How-euer she her pained with womanish art
To hide her wound, that none might it perceiue:
Vaine is the art that seekes it selfe for to deceiue.

41

So well hee woo'd her, and so well he wrought her,
VVith faire entreaty and sweet blandishment,
That at the length, vnto a bay he brought her,
So as she to his speeches was content
To lend an eare, and softly to relent.
At last, through many vowes which forth he pour'd,
And many othes, shee yielded her consent
To be his Loue, and take him for her Lord,
Till they with mariage meet might finish that accord.

42

Tho, when they had long time there taken rest,
Sir *Arthegall* (who all this while was bound
Vpon a hard adventure yet in quest)
Fit time for him thence to depart it found,
To follow that, which he did long propound;
And vnto her his congee came to take.
But her there-with full sore displeas'd he found,
And loth to leaue her late betrothed Make;
Her dearest Loue full loth so shortly to forsake.

43

Yet hee with strong perswasions her aswaged,
And wonne her will to suffer him depart;
For which, his faith with her he fast engaged,
And thousand vowes from bottom of his hart,
That all so soone as he by wit or art
Could that atchieue, where-to he did aspire,
He vnto her would speedily revert:
No longer space there-to he did desire,
But till the horned Moone three courses did expire.

44

VVith which, she for the present was appeased,
And yielded leaue, how euer malcontent
Shee inly were, and in her mind displeased.
So, early on the morrow next he went
Forth on his way, to which he was ybent;
Ne wight him to attend, or way to guide,
As whylome was the custome ancient
Mongst Knights, when on adventures they did ride,
Saue that she algates him awhile accompanide.

45

And by the way, shee sundry purpose found
Of this or that, the time for to delay,
And of the perils where-to he was bound,
The feare whereof seem'd much her to affray:
But all she did was but to weare out day.
Full often-times she leaue of him did take;
And eft againe deviz'd some-what to say,
Which she forgot, whereby excuse to make:
So loth shee was his company for to forsake.

46

At last, when all her speeches she had spent,
And new occasion fayl'd her more to finde,
She left him to his fortunes gouernment,
And back returned with right heauy mind,
To *Scudamour*, whom shee had left behind:
With whom she went to seeke faire *Amoret*,
Her second care, though in another kind;
For vertues onely sake (which doth beget
True loue and faithfull friendship) she by her did set.

47

Backe to that desert forest they retired,
VVhere sorry *Britomart* had lost her late;
There they her sought, and enery where inquired,
Where they might tydings get of her estate;
Yet found they none. But by what hapless fate,
Or hard misfortune she was thence conuayd,
And stolne away from her beloued Mate,
VVere long to tell; therefore I heere will stay
Vntill another tide, that I it finish may.

Canto

Canto VII.

Amoret rapt by greedy lust
Belphœbe saues from dread:
The Squire her loues, & being blam'd
his dayes in doole doth lead.

1

GReat God of Loue, that with thy cruell darts
Dost conquer greatest cõquerors on ground,
And sett'st thy kingdome in the captiue harts
Of Kings and Keasars, to thy seruice bound,
What glory, or what guerdon hast thou found
In feeble Ladies tyranning so sore;
And adding anguish to the bitter wound,
With which their liues thou launcedst long afore,
By heaping stormes of trouble on them daily more?

2

So whylome didst thou to faire *Florimell*,
And so and so to noble *Britomart*:
So doost thou now to her of whom I tell,
The louely *Amoret*; whose gentle hart
Thou martyrest with sorrow and with smart,
In saluage forests, and in deserts wide,
VVith Beares and Tigers taking heauy part,
Withouten comfort, and withouten guide;
That pitty is to heare the perils which she tride.

3

So soone as she, with that braue *Britonnesse*,
Had left that Turneyment for beauties prize,
They trauel'd long; that now for wearinesse,
Both of the way, and war-like exercise,
Both through a forest riding, did deuise
T'alight, and rest their weary limbes awhile.
There, heauy sleepe the eye-lids did surprise
Of *Britomart* after long tedious toyle,
That did her passed paines in quiet rest assoyle.

4

The whiles, faire *Amoret* (of nought affeard)
Walkt through the wood for pleasure, or for need;
VVhen suddenly behind her backe she heard
One rushing forth out of the thickest weed:
That, ere she back could turne to taken heed,
Had vnawares her snatcht vp from the ground.
Feebly she shrieks; but so feebly indeed,
That *Britomart* heard not the shrilling sound,
There where throgh weary trauell she lay sleeping sound.

5

It was to weet, a wilde and saluage man;
Yet was no man, but onely like in shape,
And eke in stature higher by a span,
All over-growne with haire, that could awhape
An hardy hart; and his wide mouth did gape
With huge great teeth, like to a tusked Bore:
For, he hu'd all on rauin and on rape
Of men and beasts; and fed on fleshly gore,
The signe whereof yet stain'd his bloudy lips afore.

6

His neather lip was not like man nor beast,
But like a wide deepe poke, downe hanging lowe,
In which he wont the reliques of his feast
And cruell spoyle, which he had spar'd, to stowe:
And ouer it, his huge great nose did growe,
Full dreadfully empurpled all with bloud;
And downe both sides, two wide long eares did glowe,
And raught downe to his waste, when vp he stood,
More great then th'eares of Elephants by *Indus* flood.

7

His waste was with a wreath of Ivie greene
Engirt about, ne other garment wore:
For, all his haire was like a garment seene;
And in his hand a tall young oake he bore,
Whose knotty snags were sharpned all afore,
And beath'd in fire for steele to be in sted.
But whence he was, or of what wombe ybore,
Of beasts, or of the earth, I haue not red:
But certes was with milke of Wolues and Tigers fed.

8

This vgly creature, in his armes her snarcht,
And through the forest bore her quite away,
VVith bryers and bushes all to rent and scratcht;
Ne care he had, ne pitty of the pray,
Which many a knight had long'd to many a day.
He staued not, but in his armes her bearing,
Ran till he came to th'end of all his way,
Vnto his Caue, farre from all peoples hearing,
And there he threw her in, nought feeling, ne nought fearing.

9

For, she (deare Lady) all the way was dead,
Whilst he in armes her bore; but when she felt
Her selfe downe sousht, she waked out of dread,
Straight into griefe, that her deare hart nigh swelt,
And eft gan into tender teares to melt.
Then, when she lookt about, and nothing found
But darknesse and dead horrour where she dwelt,
She almost fell againe into a swound:
Ne wist whether aboue she were, or vnder ground.

10

With that, she heard some one close by her side
Sighing and sobbing sore, as if the paine
Her tender hart in peeces would diuide:
VVhich she long listning, softly askt againe
VVhat mister wight it was that so did plaine?
To whom, thus answer'd was: Ah! wretched wight,
That seekes to knowe anothers griefe in vaine,
Vnweeting of thine owne like hapless plight:
Selfe to forget to mind another, is ouresight.

11

Ay me! said shee, where am I, or with whom?
Emong the liuing, or emong the dead?
What shall of me vnhappy mayd become?
Shall death be th'end, or ought else worse, aread.
Vnhappy maid, then answerd she, whose dread
Vntride, is lesse then when thou shalt it try:
Death is to him that wretched life doth lead,
Both grace and gaine; but he in hell doth lie,
That liues a loathed life, and wishing cannot die.

12

This dismall day, hath thee a caytiue made,
And vassall to the vilest wretch aliue;
Whose cursed vsage and vngodly trade
The heavens abhorre, and into darknes driue:
For on the spoyle of women he doth liue,
Whose bodies chaste, when euer in his powre
He may them catch, vnable to gaine-striue,
He with his shamefull lust doth first deflowre,
And afterwards themselues doth cruelly deuoure.

13

Now twenty dayes (by which the sonnes of men
Diuide their works) haue past through heauen sheene,
Since I was brought into this doolefull den;
During which space, these sory eyes haue seene
Seauen women by him slaine, and eaten cleene.
And now no more for him but I alone,
And this old woman heere remaining beene,
Till thou cam'st hither to augment our mone;
And of vs three, to morrow he will sure eate one.

14

Ah! dreadfull tydings which thou doost declare,
Quoth shee, of all that euer hath been knowne:
Full many great calamities and rare
This feeble brest endured hath, but none
Equall to this, where euer I haue gone.
But what are you, whom like vnlucky lot
Hath linkt with me in the same chaine attone?
To tell, quoth she, that which ye see, needs not;
A wofull wretched maid, of God and man forgot.

15

But what I was, it irkes me to rehearse;
Daughter vnto a Lord of high degree:
That ioyd in happy peace, till Fates peruerse
VVith guilefull loue did secretly agree,
To ouer-throwe my state and dignitie.
It was my lot to loue a gentle Swaine,
Yet was he but a Squire of lowe degree;
Yet was he meet, vnlesse mine eye did faine,
By any Ladies side for Leman to haue laine.

16

But for his meanenesse and disparagement,
My Sire (who me too dearely well did loue)
Vnto my choise by no meanes would assent,
But often did my folly foule reproue.
Yet nothing could my fixed mind remoue,
But whether will'd or nilled friend or foe,
I meresolw'd the vtmost end to proue;
And rather then my Loue abandon so,
Both, Sire, and friends, and all for euer to forgo.

17

Thence-forth, I sought by secret meanes to worke
Time to my will; and from his wrathfull sight
To hide th'intent, which in my hart did lurke,
Till I thereto had all things ready dight.
So on a day, vnweeting vnto wight,
I with that Squire agreed away to flit,
And in a priuy place, betwixt vs hight,
Within a Groue appointed him to meet;
To which I boldly came vpon my feeble feete.

18

But ah! vnhappy howre me hither brought:
For, in that place where I him thought to find,
There was I found contrary to my thought,
Of this accursed Carle of hellish kind;
The shame of men, and plague of woman-kind:
Who trussing me, as Eagle doth his pray,
Me hither brought with him, as swift as wind,
Where yet vntouched till this present day,
I rest his wretched thrall, the sad *Aemylia*.

19

Ah! sad *Aemylia*, then said *Amoret*,
Thy ruefull plight I pitty as mine owne.
But read to me, by what deuise or wit,
Hast thou in all this time, from him vnknowne,
Thine honour sau'd, though into thraldome throwne?
Through help, quoth shee, of this old woman here
I haue so done, as she to mee hath showne:
For, euer when he burnt in lustfull fire,
Shee in my stead supplide his bestiall desire.

20

Thus, of their euils as they did discourse,
And each did other much bewaile and mone;
Loe, where the villaine selfe, their sorowes sourse,
Came to the Caue; and rolling thence the stone,
VVhich wont to stop the mouth thereof, that none
Might issue forth, came rudely rushing in;
And spredding ouer all the flore alone,
Gan dight himselfe vnto his wonted sinne;
Which ended, then his bloudy banket should beginne.

Which

22

Which, when-as fearefull *Amoret* perceiued,
She staid not th'vtmost end thereof to try,
But like a gastly Gelt, whose wits are reaued,
Ran forth in haste with hideous outcry,
For horrour of his shamefull villany.
But after her full lightly he vprose,
And her pursewd as fast as shee did fly:
Full fast she flies, and farre afore him goes,
Ne feeles the thornes & thickets prick her tender toes.

23

Nor hedge, nor ditch, nor hill, nor dale she staies,
But over-leaps them all, like Roebuck light,
And through the thickest makes her nighest wayes;
And euer-more when with regardfull sight
Shee looking back, espies that griesly wight
Approching nigh, she gins to mend her pase,
And makes her feare a spurre to haste her flight:
More swift then *Myrrh'* or *Daphné* in her race,
Or any of the *Thracian* Nymphes in saluage chase.

24

Long so she fled, and so he follow'd long;
Ne liuing aydefor her on earth appeares,
But if the heauens help to redresse her wrong,
Moued with pitty of her plentious teares.
It fortuned *Belphœbé* with her Peeres
The wooddy Nymphes, and with that louely boy,
VVas hunting then the Libbards and the Beares
In these wilde woods, as was her wonted ioy,
To banish sloth, that oft doth noble minds annoy.

24

It so befell (as oft it fals in chace)
That each of them from other sundred were,
And that same gentle Squire arriu'd in place,
Where this same cursed caytiue did appeare,
Pursuing that faire Lady full of feare;
And now he her quite over-taken had:
And now he her away with him did beare
Vnder his armе, as seeming wondrous glad,
That by his grenning laughter mote farre off be rad.

25

Which drery sight the gentle Squire espying,
Doth haste to crosse him by the nearest way,
Led with that wofull Ladies pittious crying,
And him assayles with all the might he may:
Yet will not he the louely spoyle downe lay,
But with his craggie club in his right hand,
Defends himselfe, and saues his gotten pray.
Yet had it beene right hard him to withstand,
But that he was full light, and nimble on the land.

26

There-to the villaine vsed craft in fight;
For, euer when the Squire his Iauelin shooke,
He held the Lady forth before him right,
And with her body, as a buckler, broke
The puissance of his intended stroke.
And if it chaunc't (as needes it must in fight)
Whil'st he on him was greedy to be wroke,
That any little blowe on her did light,
Then would he laugh aloud, and gather great delight.

27

Which subtile sleight did him encumber much,
And made him oft, when he would strike, forbeare;
For, hardly could he come the carle to touch,
But that he her must hurt, or hazard neare:
Yet he his hand so carefully did beare,
That at the last he did himselfe attaine,
And therein left the pike-head of his speare.
A streame of cole-blacke bloud thence gusht amaine,
That all her silken garments did with bloud bestaine.

28

With that, he threw her rudely on the flore,
And laying both his hands vpon his glaue,
With dreadfull strokes lee driue at him so sore,
That forc't him slie aback, himselfe to saue:
Yet he there-with so felly still did raue,
That scarce the Squire his hand could once vp-reare,
But (for advantage) ground vnto him gaue,
Tracing and trauersing, now here, now there;
For, bootlesse thing it was to think such blowes to beare.

29

Whil'st thus in battell they embusied were,
Belphœbé (raunging in that forest wide)
The hideous noyse of their huge strokes did heare,
And drew thereto, making her eare her guide.
Whom, when that theefe approching nigh espide,
With boaw in hand, and arrowes ready bent,
He by his former combat would not bide,
But fled away with ghastly dreriment,
Well knowing her to be his deaths sole instrument.

30

Whom, seeing flie, shee speedily pursewed.
With winged feet, as nimble as the wind;
And euer in her boaw shee ready shewed
The arrow, to his deadly marke design'd:
As when *Latonaes* daughter, cruell kind,
In vengement of her mothers great disgrace,
With fell despight her cruell arrowes tind
Gainst wofull *Niobés* vnhappy race,
That all the gods did mone her miserable case.

31

So well she sped her, and so far she ventred,
That ere vnto his hellish den he raught,
Euen as he ready was there to haue entred,
Shee sent an arrow forth with mighty draught,
That in the very doore him ouer-caught,
And in his nape arriuing, through it thrild
His greedy throat, there-with in two distraught,
That all his vitall spirits there-by spild,
And all his hairy brest with gory bloud was fild.

32

Whom, when on ground she groueling saw to roule,
She ran in haste his life to haue bereft:
But ere she could him reach, the sinfull soule,
Hauing his carrion corse quite senselesse left,
Was fled to hell, surcharg'd with spoyle and theft.
Yet ouer him she there long gazing stood,
And oft admir'd his monstrous shape, and oft
His mighty limbes, whil'st all with filthy blood
The place there, ouer-flowne, seem'd like a sudden flood.

Thence,

33

Thence, forth she past into his dreadfull den,
Where nought but darksome drerinesse she found,
Ne creature saw, but darkned now and then
Some little whispering, and soft groning sound.
VVith that, she askt, what ghosts there vnder ground
Lay hid in horrour of eternall night?
And bade them, if so be they were not bound,
To come and shew themselues before the light,
Now freed from feare and danger of that dismall wight.

34

Then forth the sad *Aemylia* issewed,
Yet trembling euery ioynt through former feare;
And after her the Hag, there with her mewed,
A foule and lothsome creature did appeare;
A Leman fit for such a Louer deare.
That moou'd *Belphœbé* her no lesse to hate,
Then for to rue the others heauy cheare;
Of whom she gan enquire of her estate.
VVho all to her at large, as hapned, did relate.

35

Thence she them brought, toward the place where late
She left the gentle Squire with *Amoret*:
There shee him found by that new louely Mate,
Who lay the whiles in swoune, full sadly set,
From her faire eyes wiping the deawy wet,
VVhich softly stild, and kissing them atweene,
And handling soft the hurts, which she did get.
For, of that Carle she sorely bruz'd had beene,
Als of his owne rash hand one wound was to be seene.

36

VVhich when she saw, with suddaine glauncing eye,
Her noble hart with sight thereof was fild
With deepe disdaine, and great indignity,
That in her wrath she thought them both haue thrild,
With that selfe arrow, which the Carle had kild:
Yet held her wrathfull hand from vengeance sore,
But drawing nigh, ere he her well beheld;
Is this the faith, she said, and said no more,
But turn'd her face, and fled away for euermore.

37

Hee, seeing her depart, arose vp light,
Right sore agrieued at her sharpe reproofe,
And follow'd fast: but when he came in sight,
He durst not nigh approche, but kept aloofe,
For dread of her displeasures vtmost proofe.
And euermore, when he did grace intreat,
And framed speeches fit for his behoofe,
Her mortall arrowes she at him did threat,
And forc't him backe with foule dishonour to retreat.

38

At last, when long he follow'd had in vaine,
Yet found no ease of griefe, nor hope of grace,
Vnto those woods he turned back againe,
Full of sad anguish, and in heauy case:
And finding there fit solitary place
For wofull wight, chose out a gloomy glade,
Where hardly eye mote see bright heauens face
For mossie trees, which couered all with shade,
And sad melancholy: there he his cabin made.

39

His wonted war-like weapons all he broke
And threw away, with vow to vse no more,
Ne thence-forth euer strike in battell stroke,
Ne euer word to speake to woman more;
But in that wilderness (of men forlore,
And of the wicked world forgotten quight)
His hard mishap in dolour to deplore,
And waste his wretched dayes in wofull plight;
So on himselfe to wreake his follies owne despight.

40

And eke his garment, to be there-to meet,
He wilfully did cut and shape anew;
And his faire locks, that wont with oyntment sweet
To be embaulm'd, and sweat out dainty deaw,
He let to growe, and griesly to concrew,
Vncomb'd, vncurl'd, and carelesly vnshed;
That in short time his face they ouer-grew,
And ouer all his shoulders did dispred,
That who he whylome was, vneath was to be red.

41

There he continued in this carefull plight,
Wretchedly wearing out his youthly yeares,
Through wilfull penury consumed quight,
That like a pined ghost he soone appeares.
For, other foode then that wilde forest beares,
Ne other drinke there did he euer taste
Then running water, tempred with his teares,
The more his weakened body so to waste;
That out of all mens knowledge he was worne at last.

42

For, on a day (by fortune as it fell)
His owne deare Lord Prince *Arthur* came that way,
Seeking adventures where he mote heare tell;
And as he through the wandring wood did stray,
Hauing espide this cabin far away,
He to it drew, to weet who there did woone:
VVeening therein some holy Hermit lay,
That did resort of sinfull people shun, (sun.
Or else some vvood-man, shrowded there from scorching

43

Arriuing there, he found this wretched man,
Spending his dayes in dolour and despaire;
And through long fasting woxen pale and wan,
All over-growne with rude and rugged haire;
That albeit his owne deare Squire he were,
Yet he him knew not, ne aviz'd at all;
But like strange wight, whom he had seen no where,
Saluting him, gan into speech to fall,
And pitty much his plight, that liu'd like out-cast thrall.

44

But to his speech he answered no whit,
But stood still mute, as if he had been dum,
Ne signe of sense did shew, ne common wit,
As one with griefe and anguish ouer-cum,
And vnto euery thing did answere Mum:
And euer when the Prince vnto him spake,
He louted lowely, as did him becum,
And humble homage did vnto him make,
Midst sorrow shewing ioyous semblance for his sake.

At

45
At which his vncouth guise and visage quaint,
The Prince did wonder much, yet could not ghesse
The cause of that his sorrowfull constraint;
Yet weend by secret signes of manlinesse,
Which close appeard in that rude brutishnesse
That he whylome some gentle Swaine had beene,
Traind vp in feates of armes and knightlinesse;
Which he obserու'd, by that he him had seene
To wield his naked sword, and try the edges keene.

46
And eke by that he saw on euery tree,
How he the name of one engrauen had,
Which likely was his liefest Loue to bee,
For whom he now so sorely was bestad;
VVhich was by him *BELPHOEBE* rightly rad.
Yet who was that *Belphœbé*, he ne wist;
Yet saw he often how he wexed glad,
When he it heard, and how the ground he kist,
VVherein it written was, and how himselfe he blist.

47
Tho, when he long had marked his demeanor,
And saw that all he said and did, was vaine,
Ne ought mote make him change his wonted tenor,
Ne ought mote ease or mitigate his paine,
He left him there in languor to remaine,
Till time for him should remedy prouide,
And him restore to former grace againe.
Which, for it is too long here to abide,
I will deferre the end vntill another tide.

Canto VIII.

The gentle Squire recouers grace:
Slaunder her guests doth staine:
Corflambo chaseth Placidas,
and is by Arthur slaine.

1
WEll said the Wiseman, now prov'd true by this,
Which to this gentle Squire did happen late;
That the displeasure of the mighty is
Then death it selfe more drad and desperate:
For, nought the same may calme, ne mitigate,
Till time the tempest doe thereof delay
VVith sufferance soft, which rigour can abate,
And haue the sterne remembrance wip't away
Of bitter thoughts, which deepe therein infected lay.

2
Like as it fell to this vnhappy boy,
VVhose tender hart the faire *Belphœbé* had
VVith one sterne looke so daunted, that no ioy
In all his life, which afterwards he lad,
He euer tasted; but with penaunce sad,
And pensiue sorrow, pin'd and wore away,
Ne euer laught, ne once shew'd countenance glad;
But alwaies wept and wailed night and day,
As blasted blossm through heat doth languish & decay;

3
Till on a day (as in his wonted wise
His doole he made) there chaunc't a Turtle-Doue
To come, where he his dolors did deuise,
That likewise late had lost her dearest Loue;
VVhich losse, her made like passion also proue,
Who seeing his sad plight, her tender hart
VVith deare compassion deeply did emmoue,
That she gan mone his vndeserued smart,
And with her dolefull accent, beare with him a part.

4
Shee, sitting by him, as on ground he lay,
Her mournfull notes full pittiously did frame,
And thereof made a lamentable lay,
So sensibly compyl'd, that in the same
He seemed oft he heard his owne right name.
With that, he forth would poure so plentious teares,
And beat his breast vnworthy of such blame,
And knocke his head, and rend his rugged heares,
That could haue peare't the harts of Tigers & of Beares.

5
Thus. long this gentle bird to him did vse,
VVithouten dread of perill to repaire
Vnto his wonne; and with her mournfull Muse
Him to recomfort in his greatest care,
That much did ease his mourning and misfare:
And euery day, for guerdon of her song,
He part of his small feast to her would share;
That at the last, of all his woe and wrong,
Companion shee became, and so continued long.

6
Vpon a day, as shee him sate beside,
By chance he certaine miniments forth drew,
Which yet with him as reliques did abide
Of all the bounty, which *Belphœbé* threw
On him, whil'st goodly grace she did him shew:
Amongst the rest, a iewell rich he found,
That was a Ruby of right perfect hew,
Shap't like a heart, yet bleeding of the wound,
And with a little golden chaine about it bound.

7
The same he tooke, and with a riband new
(In which his Ladies colours were) did bind
About the Turtles necke, that with the view
Did greatly solace his engrieued mind.
All vnawares the bird, when she did find
Her selfe so deckt, her nimble wings displaid,
And flew away, as lightly as the wind:
Which suddaine accident him much dismaid,
And looking after long, did marke which way she straid.

8
But, when as long he looked had in vaine,
Yet saw her forward still to make her flight,
His weary eye returnd to him againe,
Full of discomfort and disquiet plight,
That both his iewell he had lost so light,
And eke his deare companion of his care.
But that sweet bird departing, flew forth right
Through the wide region of the wastfull ayre,
Vntill she came where wonned his *Belphœbé* faire.

9
There found she her (as then it did betide)
Sitting in couert shade of arbors sweet,
After late weary toile, which she had tride
In saluage chase, to rest as seem'd her meet.
There she alighting, fell before her feet,
And gan to her, her mournfull plaint to make,
As was her wont: thinking to let her weet
The great tormenting griefe, that for her sake
Her gentle Squire through her displeasure did partake.

10
Shee, her beholding with attentiue eye,
At length did marke about her purple brest
That precious iewell, which she formerly
Had knowne right well, with colourd ribband dresst:
There-with she rose in haste, and her addrest
With ready hand it to haue reft away.
But the swift bird obayd not her behest,
But swaru'd aside, and there againe did stay;
She follow'd her, and thought againe it to assay.

11
And euer when she nigh approch't, the Doue
Would flit a little forward, and then stay
Till she drew neare, and then againe remoue;
So tempting her still to pursue the pray,
And still from her escaping soft away:
Till that at length, into that forest wide
Shee drew her farre, and led with slowe delay.
In th'end, she her vnto that place did guide,
Where as that wofull man in languor did abide.

12
Eftsoones she flew vnto his feareless hand,
And there a pittious ditty new deviz'd,
As if she would haue made him vnderstand,
His sorrowes cause to be of her despis'd.
Whom when she saw in wretched weeds disguiz'd,
With heary glib deform'd, and meiger face,
Like ghost late risen from his Graue agryz'd,
She knew him not, but pittied much his case,
And wisht it were in her to do him any grace.

13
He her beholding, at her feet downe fell,
And kist the ground on which her sole did tread,
And washt the same with water, which did well
From his moist eyes, and like two streames proceed;
Yet spake no word, whereby she might aread
What mister wight he was, or what he ment:
But as one daunted with her presence dread,
Onely few rufull lookes vnto her sent,
As messengers of his true meaning and intent.

14
Yet nathemore, his meaning she ared,
But wondred much at his so selcouth case;
And by his persons secret seemlihed
Well weend, that he had been some man of place,
Before misfortune did his hew deface:
That being mou'd with ruth she thus bespake;
Ah! wofull man, what heauens hard disgrace,
Or wrath of cruell wight on thee ywrake,
Or selfe dislliked life, doth thee thus wretched make?

15
If heauen, then none may it redresse or blame,
Sith to his power we all are subiect borne:
If wrathfull wight, then foule rebuke and shame
Be theirs, that haue so cruell thee forlorne;
But if through inward griefe, or wilfull scorne
Of life it be, then better doe avise.
For, he whose dayes in wilfull woe are worne,
The grace of his Creator doth despise,
That will not vse his gifts for thankless nigardise.

16
When so he heard her say, eftsoones he brake
His suddaine silence, which he long had pent,
And sighing inly deepe, he thus bespake;
Then haue they all themselues against me bent:
For heauen (first author of my languishment)
Enuying my too great felicity,
Did closely with a cruell one consent,
To clowd my dayes in doolefull misery,
And make me loath this life, still longing for to die.

17
Ne any but your selfe, O deerest dred,
Hath done this wrong; to wreake on worthlesse wight
Your high displeasure, through misdeeming bred:
Then when your pleasure is to deeme aright,
Ye may redresse, and me restore to light.
Which sory words, her mighty hart did mate
With mild regard, to see his ruefull plight,
That her in-burning wrath she gan abate,
And him receiu'd againe to former fauours state.

18
In which, he long time afterwards did lead
An happy life, with grace and good accord;
Feareleſſe of Fortunes change, or Envies dread,
And eke all mindleſſe of his owne deare Lord
The noble Prince, who neuer heard one word
Of tydings, what did vnto him betide,
Or what good fortune did to him afford;
But through the endleſſe world did wander wide,
Him ſeeking euermore, yet no where him deſcride;

19
Till on a day, as through that wood he rode,
He chanc't to come where thoſe two Ladies late,
Aemylia and *Amoret* abode,
Both in full ſad and ſorrowfull eſtate;
The one right feeble, through the euill rate
Of foode, which in her dureſſe ſhe had found:
The other, almoſt dead and deſperate
Through her late hurts, & through that hapleſs woũd,
With which the Squire in her defence her ſore aſtound.

20
Whom when the Prince beheld, he gan to rew
The euill caſe in which thoſe Ladies lay,
But moſt was moued at the pittious view
Of *Amoret*, ſo neere vnto decay,
That her great danger did him much diſmay.
Eftſoones that pretious liquor forth he drew,
Which he in ſtore about him kept alway,
And with few drops thereof did ſoftly deaw
Her wounds, that vnto ſtrength reſtor'd her ſoone anew.

21
Tho, when they both recouered were right well,
He gan of them inquire, what euill guide
Them thither brought; and how their harmes befell.
To whom they told all that did them betide,
And how from thraldome vile they were vntide
Of that ſame wicked Carle, by Virgins hond;
Whoſe bloudy corſe they ſhew'd him there beſide,
And eke his Caue, in which they both were bond:
At which he wondred much, when al thoſe ſigns he fond.

22
And euer-more, he greatly did deſire
To knowe, what Virgin did them thence vnbind;
And oft of them did earneſtly inquire,
Where was her won, and how he mote her find.
But, when as nought according to his mind
He could out-learne, he them from ground did reare
(No ſeruice lothſome to a gentle kind)
And on his war-like beaſt them both did beare,
Himſelfe by them on foot, to ſuccour them from feare.

23
So, when that foreſt they had paſſed well,
A little cottage farre away they ſpide,
To which they drew, ere night vpon them fell;
And entring in, found none therein abide,
But one old woman ſitting there beſide,
Vpon the ground in ragged rude attire,
With filthy locks about her ſcattered wide,
Gnawing her nailes for felneſſe and for ire,
And there-out ſucking venime to her parts entire.

24
A foule and loathly creature ſure in ſight,
And in conditions to be loath'd no leſſe:
For, ſhe was ſtuft with rancour and deſpight
Vp to the throat; that oft with bitterneſſe
It forth would breake, and guſh in great exceſſe,
Pouring out ſtreams of poyſon and of gall,
Gainſt all that truth or vertue doe profeſſe;
Whom ſhe with leaſings lewdly did miſcall,
And wickedly back-bite: Her name men *Slaunder* call.

25
Her nature is, all goodneſſe to abuſe,
And cauſeleſſe crimes continually to frame;
With which ſhe guiltleſſe perſons may accuſe,
And ſteale away the crowne of their good name:
Ne neuer Knight ſo bold, ne euer Dame
So chaſte and loyall liu'd, but ſhe would ſtriue
With forged cauſe them falſely to defame:
Ne euer thing ſo well was doen aliue,
But ſhe with blame would blot, & of due praiſe deprriue.

26
Her words were not as common words are ment,
T' expreſſe the meaning of the inward mind;
But noyſome breath, and poyſnous ſpirit ſent
From inward parts, with cankred malice lin'd,
And breathed forth with blaſt of bitter wind;
Which, paſſing through the eares, would pearce the
And wound the ſoule it ſelfe with griefe vnkind:
For, like the ſtings of Aſpes, that kill with ſmart,
Her ſpightfull words did prick, and wound the inner part.

27
Such was that Hag, vnmeet to hoſt ſuch gueſts,
Whom greateſt Princes Court would welcome faire;
But need (that anſwers not to all requeſts)
Bade them not looke for better entertaine;
And eke that age deſpiſed niceneſſe vaine,
Enur'd to hardneſſe and to homely fare,
Which them to war-like diſcipline did traine,
And manly limbs endur'd with little care,
Againſt all hard miſhaps, and fortuneleſſe miſfare.

28
Then all that euening (welcommed with cold
And chearleſſe hunger) they together ſpent;
Yet found no fault, but that the Hag did ſcold
And raile at them with grudgefull diſcontent,
For lodging there without her owne conſent:
Yet they endured all with patience milde,
And vnto reſt themſelues all onely lent,
Regardleſſe of that queane ſo baſe and vilde,
To be vniuſtly blam'd, and bitterly reuilde.

29
Heere well I weene, when as theſe rimes be red
With miſ-regard, that ſome raſh witted wight,
Whoſe looſer thought will lightly be miſled,
Theſe gentle Ladies will miſdeeme too light,
For thus conuerſing with this noble Knight;
Sith now of dayes ſuch temperance is rare
And hard to find, that heat of youthfull ſpright
For ought will from his greedy pleaſure ſpare,
More hard for hungry ſteed t' abſtaine from pleaſant ſare.

30
But antique age, yet in the infancy
Of time, did liue then like an innocent,
In ſimple truth and blameleſſe chaſtity,
Ne then of guile had made experiment;
But voyd of vile and treacherous intent,
Held vertue for it ſelfe in ſouereine awe:
Then loyall loue had royall regiment,
And each vnto his luſt did make a lawe,
From all forbidden things his liking to with-drawe.

31
The Lion there did with the Lambe conſort,
And eke the Doue ſate by the Faulcons ſide;
Ne each of other feared fraude or tort,
But did in ſafe ſecurity abide,
Withouten perill of the ſtronger pride:
But when the world woxe old, it woxe warre old
(Whereof it hight) and hauing ſhortly tride
The traines of wit, in wickedneſſe woxe bold,
And dared of all ſinnes the ſecrets to vnfold.

32
Then beauty, which was made to repreſent
The great Creators owne reſemblance bright,
Vnto abuſe of lawleſſe luſt was lent,
And made the baite of beſtiall delight:
Then faire grew foule, and foule grew faire in ſight;
And that which wont to vanquiſh God and Man,
Was made the vaſſall of the Victors might;
Then did her glorious flowre wex dead and wan,
Deſpis'd and troden downe of all that over-ran.

33
And now it is ſo vtterly decayd,
That any bud thereof doth ſcarce remaine,
But if few plants (preſerv'd through heauenly ayde)
In Princes Court do hap to ſprout againe,
Dew'd with her drops of bounty ſoueraine,
Which from that goodly glorious flowre proceed,
Sprung of the auncient ſtocke of Princes ſtraine,
Now th' onely remnant of that royall breed,
Whoſe noble kind at firſt was ſure of heauenly ſeed.

34
Tho, ſoone as day diſcouered heauens face
To ſinfull men with darkneſſe ouer-dight,
This gentle crew, gan from their eye-lids chace
The drowzie humour of the dampiſh night,
And did themſelues vnto their iourney dight.
So forth they yode, and forward ſoftly paſed,
That them to view had been an vncouth ſight;
How all the way the Prince on foot-paſe traced,
The Ladies both on horſe, together faſt embraced.

35
Soone as they thence departed were afore,
That ſhamefull Hag (the ſlaunder of her ſex)
Them follow'd faſt, and them reuiled ſore,
Him calling thiefe, them whores; that much did vex
His noble hart: there-to ſhe did annex
False crimes and facts, ſuch as they neuer ment,
That thoſe two Ladies much aſham'd did wex:
The more did ſhe purſue her lewd intent,
And rayl'd and rag'd, till ſhe had all her poyſon ſpent.

36
At laſt, when they wer paſſed out of ſight,
Yet ſhe did not her ſpightfull ſpeech forbeare,
But after them did barke, and ſtill back-bite,
Though there were none her hatefull words to heare:
Like as a curre doth felly bite and teare
The ſtone, which paſſed ſtranger at him threw;
So ſhe them ſeeing paſt the reach of eare,
Againſt the ſtones and trees did raile anew,
Till ſhe had duld the ſting, which in her tongs end grew.

37
They, paſſing forth, kept on their ready way,
With eaſie ſteps ſo ſoft as foote could ſtride,
Both for great feebleſſe, which did oft aſſay
Faire *Amoret*, that ſcarcely ſhe could ride;
And eke through heauy armes, which ſore annoyd
The Prince on foot, not wonted ſo to fare:
Whoſe ſteady hand was faine his ſteed to guide,
And all the way from trotting hard to ſpare,
So was his toyle the more, the more that was his care.

38
At length, they eſpide, where towards them with ſpeed
A Squire came galloping, as he would flie;
Bearing a little Dwarfe before his ſteed,
That all the way full loud for ayde did cry,
That ſeem'd his ſhrikes would rend the braſen ſky:
Whom after did a mighty man purſew,
Riding vpon a Dromedare on hie,
Of ſtature huge, and horrible of hew,
That would haue maz'd a man his dreadfull face to view.

39
For, from his fearefull eyes two fierie beames
More ſharpe then points of needles did proceed,
Shooting forth farre away two flaming ſtreames,
Full of ſad powre, that poyſonous bale did breed
To all, that on him lookt without good heed,
And ſecretly his enemies did ſlay:
Like as the Baſilisk, of ſerpents ſeed,
From powrefull eyes cloſe venim doth conuay
Into the lookers hart, and killeth farre away.

40
He all the way did rage at that ſame Squire,
And after him full many threatnings threw,
With curſes vaine in his auengefull ire:
But none of them (ſo faſt away he flew)
Him ouer-tooke, before he came in view.
Where, when he ſaw the Prince in armour bright,
He cald to him aloud, his caſe to rew,
And reskew him through ſuccour of his might,
From that his cruell foe, that him purſewd in ſight.

41
Eftſoones the Prince tooke downe thoſe Ladies twaine
From lofty ſteed, and mounting in their ſtead
Came to that Squire, yet trembling euery vaine:
Of whom he gan enquire his cauſe of dread;
Who, as he gan the ſame to him aread,
Lo, hard behind his backe his foe was preſt,
With dreadfull weapon aymed at his head:
That vnto death had doen him vnredreſt,
Had not the noble Prince his ready ſtroke repreſt.

42
Who, thrusting boldly twixt him and the blowe,
The burden of the deadly brunt did beare
Vpon his shield; which lightly he did throwe
Ouer his head, before the harme came neare.
Nath'lesse, it fell with so despiteous dreare
And heauy sway, that hard vnto his crowne
The shield it droue, and did the couering reare:
There-with both Squire & Dwarfe did tumble downe
Vnto the earth, and lay long while in senseleſſe swoune.

43
Where-at, the Prince full wroth, his strong right hand
In full avengement heaued vp on hie,
And strooke the Pagan with his steely brand
So sore, that to his saddle-boaw thereby
He bowed lowe, and so awhile did lie:
And sure, had not his massie iron mace
Betwixt him and his hurt been happely,
It would haue cleft him to the girding place:
Yet as it was, it did astonish him long space.

44
But, when he to himselfe return'd againe,
All full of rage he gan to curse and sweare;
And vow by *Mahoune* that he should be slaine.
With that, his murdrous mace he vp did reare,
That seemed nought the souse thereof could beare,
And there-with smote at him with all his might.
But ere that it to him approched neare,
The royall child, with ready quicke fore-sight,
Did shun the proofe thereof, and it auoyded light.

45
But ere his hand he could recure againe,
To ward his body from the balefull stound,
He smote at him with all his might and maine,
So furiously, that ere he wist, he found
His head before him tumbling on the ground.
The whiles, his babbling tongue did yet blaspheme
And curse his God, that did him so confound;
The whiles his life ran forth in bloudy streame,
His soule descended downe into the *Stygian* reame.

46
Which when that Squire beheld, he woxe full glad
To see his foe breathe out his spright in vaine:
But that same Dwarfe right sory seem'd and sad,
And howl'd aloude to see his Lord there slaine,
And rent his haire, and scratcht his face for paine.
Then gan the Prince at leasure to inquire
Of all the accident, there hapned plaine,
And what he was, whose eyes did flame with fire;
All which was thus to him declared by that Squire.

47
This mighty man, quoth he, whom you haue slaine,
Of an huge Giantesse whylome was bred;
And by his strength, rule to himselfe did gaine
Of many Nations into thraldome led,
And mighty kingdomes of his force adred;
Whom yet he conquer'd not by bloudy fight,
Ne hosts of men with banners brode dissprad,
But by the powre of his infectious sight,
With which he killed all that came within his might.

48
Ne was he euer vanquished afore,
But euer vanquisht all with whom he fought:
Ne was there man so strong but he downe bore,
Ne woman yet so faire, but he her brought
Vnto his bay, and captiued her thought.
For, most of strength and beautie his desire
Was spoyle to make, and waste them vnto nought,
By casting secret flakes of lustfull fire
From his false eyes, into their harts and parts entire.

49
Therefore *Corflambo* was he cald aright,
Though nameleſſe there his body now doth lie,
Yet hath he left one daughter, that is hight
The faire *Pæana*; who seemes outwardly
So faire, as euer yet saw liuing eye:
And, were her vertue like her beautie bright,
She were as faire as any vnder sky.
But (ah!) she giuen is to vaine delight,
And eke too loose of life, and eke of loue too light.

50
So as it fell, there was a gentle Squire
That lov'd a Lady of high parentage;
But for his meane degree might not aspire
To match so high: her friends with counsell sage,
Disswaded her from such a disparage.
But shee, whose hart to loue was wholly lent,
Out of his hands could not redeeme her gage,
But firmely following her first intent,
Resolv'd with him to wend, gainst all her friends consent.

51
So twixt themselues they pointed time and place:
To which, when he according did repaire,
An hard mishap and disadventrous case
Him chaunc't; in stead of his *Aemylia* faire
This Giants sonne, that lies there on the laire
An headlesse heape, him vnawares there caught;
And, all dismaid through mercileſſe despaire,
Him wretched thrall into his dungeon brought,
Where he remaines, of all vnsuccour'd and vnsought.

52
This Giants daughter came vpon a day
Vnto the prison in her ioyous glee,
To view the thrals which there in bondage lay:
Amongst the rest she chaunced there to see
This louely swaine, the Squire of lowe degree;
To whom she did her liking lightly cast,
And wooed him her Paramour to bee:
From day to day she woo'd and pray'd him fast,
And for his loue, him promist libertie at last.

53
He, though affide vnto a former Loue,
To whom his faith he firmely meant to hold,
Yet seeing not how thence he mote remoue,
But by that meanes, which fortune did vnfold,
Her graunted loue, but with affection cold,
To win her grace his libertie to get.
Yet she him still detaines in captiue hold;
Fearing least if she should him freely set,
He would her shortly leaue, and former loue forget. Yet

54
Yet so much fauour shee to him hath hight
Aboue the rest, that he sometimes may space
And walke about her gardens of delight,
Hauing a Keeper still with him in place;
Which Keeper is this Dwarfe, her dearling base,
To whom the keyes of euery prison dore
By her committed be, of speciall grace,
And at his will may whom he list restore,
And whom he list reserue to be afflicted more.

55
Whereof when tydings came vnto mine eare
(Full inly sory for the feruent zeale,
Which I to him as to my soule did beare)
I thither went; where I did long conceale
My selfe, till that the Dwarfe did me reueale,
And told his Dame, her Squire of lowe degree
Did secretly out of her prison steale;
For, me he did mistake that Squire to bee:
For, neuer two so like did liuing creature see.

56
Then was I taken, and before her brought:
Who, through the likenesse of my outward hew,
Beeing likewise beguiled in her thought,
Gan blame me much for beeing so vntrew,
To seeke by flight her fellowship t'eschew,
That lov'd me deare, as deareſt thing aliue.
Thence shee commaunded me to prison new;
Whereof I glad, did not gaine-say nor striue,
But suffred that same Dwarfe me to her dungeon driue.

57
There did I find mine onely faithfull friend
In heauy plight and sad perplexitie;
Whereof I sory, yet my selfe did bend,
Him to recomfort with my company.
But him the more agreeu'd I found thereby:
For, all his ioy, he said, in that distresse,
Was mine and his *Aemylias* libertie.
Aemylia well he lov'd, as I mote ghesse;
Yet greater loue to me then her he did profesſe.

58
But I, with better reason him aviz'd,
And shew'd him, how through errour & misthought
Of our like persons eath to be disguiz'd,
Or his exchange, or freedome might be wrought.
Where-to full loth was he, ne would for ought
Consent, that I, who stood all feareleſſe free,
Should wilfully be into thraldome brought,
Till fortune did perforce it so decree;
Yet ouer-rul'd, at last he did to me agree.

59
The morrow next, about the wonted bowre,
The Dwarfe cald at the doore of *Amyas*,
To come forth-with vnto his Ladies bowre.
In stead of whom, forth came *Placidas*,
And vndiscerned, forth with him did pass.
There, with great ioyance and with gladsome glee,
Of faire *Pæana* I receiued was,
And oft imbrac't, as if that I were hee,
And with kind words accoyd, vowing great loue to mee.

60
Which I, that was not bent to former Loue,
As was my friend, that had her long refus'd,
Did well accept, as well it did behoue,
And to the present need it wisely vs'd.
My former hardneſse, first, I faire excus'd;
And after, promist large amends to make.
With such smooth tearmes, her error I abus'd,
To my friends good, more then for mine owne sake,
For whose sole liberty, I loue and life did stake.

61
Thence-forth, I found more fauour at her hand;
That to her Dwarfe, which had me in his charge,
She bade to lighten my too heauy band,
And graunt more scope to me to walke at large.
So on a day, as by the flowrie marge
Of a fresh streame I with that Elfe did play,
Finding no meanes how I might vs enlarge,
But if that Dwarfe I could with me conuay,
I lightly snatcht him vp, and with me bore away.

62
There-at he shriekt aloud, that with his cry
The Tyrant selfe came forth with yelling bray,
And me pursew'd; but nathemore would I
Forgoe the purchase of my gotten pray,
But haue perforce him hither brought away.
Thus as they talked, loe where nigh at hand
Those Ladies two (yet doubtfull through dismay)
In presence came, desirous t'vnderstand
Tydings of all, which there had hapned on the land.

63
Where, soone as sad *Aemylia* did espy
Her captiue Louers friend, young *Placidas*;
All mindleſse of her wonted modesty,
She to him ran, and him with straight embras
Enfolding said, And liues yet *Amyas*?
He liues, quoth he, and his *Aemylia* loues.
Then leſſe, said she, by all the woe I pas,
With which my weaker patience fortune proues,
But what mishap thus long him fro my selfe remoues?

64
Then gan he all his story to renew,
And tell the course of his captiuity;
That her deare hart full deepely made to rew,
And sigh full sore, to heare the misery,
In which so long he merciless did lie.
Then, after many teares and sorrowes spent,
She deare besought the Prince of remedy:
Who there-to did with ready will consent,
And well perform'd, as shall appeare by his event.

Canto IX.

The Squire of lowe degree, releast,
Pœana takes to wife:
Britomart fights with many Knights,
Prince Arthur stints their strife.

1

HArd is the doubt, and difficult to deeme,
When all three kinds of loue together meet,
And do diſpart the hart with powre extreame,
Whether ſhall weigh the ballance downe; to
The deare affection vnto kindred ſweet, (weet
Or raging fire of loue to woman-kind,
Or zeale of friends combin'd with vertues meet.
But of them all, the band of vertuous mind
Me ſeemes the gentle hart, ſhould moſt aſſured bind.

2

For, naturall affection ſoone doth ceſſe,
And quenched is with *Cupids* greater flame:
But faithfull friendſhip doth them both ſuppreſſe,
And them with maiſtring diſcipline doth tame,
Through thoughts aſpiring to eternall fame.
For, as the ſoule doth rule the earthly maſs,
And all the ſeruice of the body frame;
So loue of ſoule doth loue of body paſs,
No leſſe then perfect gold ſurmounts the meaneſt braſs.

3

All which who liſt by triall to aſſay,
Shall in this ſtory find approued plaine;
In which, this Squires true friendſhip more did ſway,
Then eyther care of Parents could reſtraine,
Or loue of faireſt Lady could conſtraine.
For, though *Pœana* were as faire as morne,
Yet did this truſty Squire with proud diſdaine,
For his friends ſake her offred fauours ſcorne,
And ſhe her ſelfe her ſire, of whom ſhe was yborne.

4

Now after that Prince *Arthur* graunted had,
To yeeld ſtrong ſuccour to that gentle ſwaine,
Who now long time had lyen in priſon ſad,
He gan aduiſe how beſt he mote darraine
That enterprize for greateſt glories gaine.
That headleſſe Tyrants trunk he reard from ground,
And having ympt the head to it againe,
Vpon his vitiall beaſt it firmely bound,
And made it ſo to ride, as it aliue was found.

5

Then did he take that chaced Squire, and layd
Before the rider as he captiue were,
And made his Dwarfe (though with vnwilling ayd)
To guide the beaſt, that did his maiſter beare,
Till to his Caſtle they approched neere.
Whom, when the watch that kept continuall ward
Saw comming home; all voyd of doubtfull feare,
He running downe, the gate to him vpbard;
Whom ſtraight the Prince enſuing, in together far'd.

6

There he did find in her delicious boure,
The faire *Pœana* playing on a Rote,
Complayning of her cruell Paramoure,
And ſinging all her ſorrow to the note,
As ſhe had learned readily by rote;
That with the ſweetneſſe of her rare delight,
The Prince halfe rapt, began on her to dote:
Till better him bethinking of the right,
He her vnwares attach't, and captiue held by might.

7

Whence being forth produc't, when ſhe perceiued
Her owne deare Sire, ſhe cald to him for ayde.
But when of him no anſwere ſhe receiued,
But ſaw him ſenſeleſſe by the Squire vp-ſtaid,
Shee weened well, that then ſhe was betraid:
Then gan ſhe loudly cry, and weep, and waile,
And that ſame Squire of treaſon to vpbraid.
But all in vaine, her plaints might not prevaile,
Ne none there was to reskew her, ne none to baile.

8

Then tooke he that ſame Dwarfe, and him compeld
To open vnto him the priſon dore,
And forth to bring thoſe thrals that there he held.
Thence, forth were brought to him about a ſcore
Of Knights and Squires to him vnknowne afore:
All which he did from bitter bondage free,
And vnto former liberty reſtore.
Amongſt the reſt, that Squire of lowe degree
Came forth full weake and wan, not like himſelfe to bee.

Whom

9

Whom ſoone as faire *Aemylia* beheld,
And *Placidas* they both vnto him ran,
And him embracing faſt betwixt them held,
Striuing to comfort him all that they can,
And kiſſing oft his viſage pale and wan;
That faire *Pœana* them beholding both,
Gan both enuy, and bitterly to ban;
Through iealous paſſion weeping inly wroth,
To ſee the ſight perforce, that both her eyes were loth.

10

But when awhile they had together been,
And diuerſly conferred of their caſe;
She, though full oft ſhe both of them had ſeene
Aſunder, yet not euer in one place,
Began to doubt, when ſhe them ſaw embrace,
Which was the captiue Squire ſhe lov'd ſo deare,
Deceiued through great likeneſſe of their face.
For, they ſo like in perſon did appeare,
That ſhe vneath diſcerned, whether whether were.

11

And eke the Prince, when as he them auized,
Their like reſemblance much admired there,
And maz'd how Nature had ſo well diſguized
Her worke and counterfet her ſelfe ſo neare,
As if that by one patterne ſeene ſome where,
She had them made a Paragone to be;
Or, whether it through skill, or error were,
Thus gazing long, at them much wondred he,
So did the other Knights and Squires, which him did ſee.

12

Then gan they ranſacke that ſame Caſtle ſtrong,
In which he found great ſtore of hoorded threaſure;
The which, that tyrant gathered had by wrong
And tortious powre, without reſpect or meaſure,
Vpon all which the Briton Prince made ſeaſure,
And afterwards continu'd there awhile,
To reſt himſelfe, and ſolace in ſoft pleaſure
Thoſe weaker Ladies after weary toyle;
To whom he did diuide part of his purchaſt ſpoile.

13

And for more ioy, that captiue Lady faire
The faire *Pœana* he enlarged free;
And by the reſt did ſet in ſumptuous chaire,
To feaſt and frollicke; nathemore would ſhe
Shew gladſome countenance nor pleaſant glee;
But grieued was for loſſe both of her ſire,
And eke of Lordſhip, with both land and fee:
But moſt ſhe touched was with griefe entire,
For loſſe of her new Loue, the hope of her deſire.

14

But her the Prince, through his well wonted grace,
To better termes of mildneſſe did entreat,
From that fowle rudeneſſe, which did her deface;
And that ſame bitter corſiue, which did eat
Her tender heart, and made refraine from meat,
He with good thewes and ſpeeches well applide,
Did mollifie, and calme her raging heat.
For, though ſhe were moſt faire, and goodly dide,
Yet ſhe it all did mar, with cruelty and pride.

15

And for to ſhut vp all in friendly loue,
Sith loue was firſt the ground of all her griefe,
That truſty Squire he wiſely well did moue
Not to deſpiſe that Dame, which lov'd him liefe,
Till he had made of her ſome better prieſe,
But to accept her to his wedded wife.
Thereto he offred for to make him chiefe
Of all her land and Lordſhip during life:
He yeelded, and her tooke; ſo ſtinted all their ſtrife.

16

From that day forth, in peace and ioyous bliſſe,
They liv'd together long without debate:
Ne priuate iarre, ne ſpite of enimis
Could ſhake the ſafe aſſurance of their ſtate.
And ſhe, whom Nature did ſo faire create
That ſhe mote match the faireſt of her dayes,
Yet with lewd loues and luſt intemperate
Had it defac't; thenceforth reformd her waies, (praiſe:
That all men much admir'd her change, and ſpake her

17

Thus when the Prince had perfectly compilde
Theſe paires of friends in peace and ſettled reſt;
Himſelfe, whoſe minde did trauell as with childe
Of his old loue, conceiu'd in ſecret breaſt,
Reſolued to purſue his former gueſt;
And taking leaue of all, with him did beare
Faire *Amoret*, whom Fortune by requeſt
Had left in his protection whileare,
Exchanged out of one into an other feare.

18

Feare of her ſafety did her not conſtraine.
For, well ſhe wiſt now in a mighty hond,
Her perſon late in perill, did remaine,
Who able was, all dangers to withſtond.
But now in feare of ſhame ſhe more did ſtond,
Seeing her ſelfe all ſoly ſuccourleſſe,
Left in the Victors powre, like vaſſall bond;
Whoſe will her weakeneſſe could no way repreſſe,
In caſe his burning luſt ſhould breake into exceſſe.

19

But cauſe of feare ſure had ſhe none at all
Of him, who goodly learned had of yore
The courſe of looſe affection to foreſtall,
And lawleſſe luſt to rule with reaſons lore;
That all the while he by his ſide her bore,
She was as ſafe as in a Sanctuary.
Thus many miles they two together wore,
To ſeeke their Loues diſperſed diuerſly,
Yet ney ther ſhew'd to other their hearts priuity.

20

At length they came, where as a troupe of Knights
They ſawe together ſkirmiſhing, as ſeemed:
Sixe they were all, all full of fell deſpight;
But foure of them the battell beſt beſeemed,
That which of them was beſt, mote not be deemed.
Thoſe foure were they, from whom falſe *Florimell*
By *Braggadochio* lately was redeemed;
To weet, ſterne *Druon*, and lewd *Claribell*,
Loue-launſh *Blandamour*, and luſtfull *Paridell*.

Druon

21

Druons delight was all in single life,
And vnto Ladies loue would lend no leasure:
The more was *Claribell* enraged rife
With feruent flames, and loued out of measure:
So eke lov'd *Blandamour*, but yet at pleasure
Would change his liking, and new Lemans proue:
But *Paridell* of loue did make no threasure,
But lusted after all that him did moue.
So diuersly these foure disposed were to loue.

22

But those two other, which beside them stood,
Were *Britomart*, and gentle *Scudamour*,
Who all the while beheld their wrathfull mood,
And wondred at their impacable stoure,
Whose like they neuer saw till that same houre:
So dreadfull strokes each did at other driue,
And layd on load with all their might and powre,
As if that euery dint the ghost would riue
Out of their wretched corses, and their liues depriue:

23

As when *Dan Aeolus* in great displeasure,
For losse of his deare Loue by *Neptune* hent,
Sends forth the winds out of his hidden threasure,
Vpon the Sea to wreake his fell intent;
They breaking forth with rude vnruliment,
From all foure parts of heauen, doe rage full sore,
And tosse the deepes, and teare the firmament,
And all the world confound with wide vprore,
As if in stead thereof, they *Chaos* would restore.

24

Cause of their discord, and so fell debate,
Was for the loue of that same snowy maid,
Whom they had lost in Turneyment of late;
And seeking long to weet which way she straid,
Met here together: where, through lewd vpbraid
Of *Até* and *Duessa* they fell out;
And each one taking part in others aid,
This cruell conflict raised there-about,
Whose dangerous successe depended yet in dout.

25

For, sometimes *Paridell* and *Blandamour*
The better had, and bet the others backe;
Eftsoones the others did the field recoure,
And on their foes did worke full cruell wrack:
Yet neither would their fiend-like fury slack,
But euermore their malice did augment;
Till that vneath they forced were for lack
Of breath, their raging rigour to relent,
And rest themselues, for to recouer spirits spent.

26

There gan they change their sides, and new parts take;
For, *Paridell* did take to *Druons* side,
For old despight, which now forth newly brake
Gainst *Blandamour*, whom alwayes he enuide:
And *Blandamour* to *Claribell* relide.
So all afresh gan former fight renew:
As when two Barkes, this caried with the tide,
That with the wind, contrary courses sew,
If wind and tide doe change, their courses change anew.

27

Thence-forth, they much more furiously gan fare,
As if but then the battell had begonne;
Ne helmets bright, ne hawberks strong did spare,
That through the clifts the vermeil bloud out sponne,
And all adowne their riuen sides did ronne.
Such mortall malice, wonder was to see
In friends profest, and so great out-rage donne:
But sooth is said, and tride in each degree,
Faint friends when they fall out, most cruell foe-men bee.

28

Thus they long while continued in fight,
Till *Scudamour*, and that same Briton maid,
By fortune in that place did chance to light:
Whom soone as they with wrathfull eye bewraide,
They gan remember of the foule vp-braid,
The which that Britonnesse had to them donne,
In that late Turney for the snowy maid;
Where she had them both shamefully fordonne,
And eke the famous prize of beauty from them wonne.

29

Eftsoones all burning with a fresh desire
Of full reuenge, in their malicious mood,
They from themselues gan turne their furious ire,
And cruell blades yet steeming with hot blood,
Against those two let driue, as they were wood:
Who wondring much at that so suddaine fit,
Yet nought dismaid, them stoutly well withstood;
Ne yielded foot, ne once aback did flit,
But beeing doubly smitten, likewise doubly smit.

30

The war-like Dame was on her part assaid
Of *Claribell* and *Blandamour* attone;
And *Paridell* and *Druon* fiercely layd
At *Scudamour*, both his professed fone.
Foure charged two, and two surcharged one:
Yet did those two themselues so brauely beare,
That th' other little gained by the lone,
But with their owne repayed duely were,
And vsury withall: such gaine was gotten deare.

31

Full often-times did *Britomart* assay
To speake to them, and some emparlance moue;
But they for nought their cruell hands would stay,
Ne lend an eare to ought that might behoue.
As when an eager mastiffe once doth proue
The taste of bloud of some engored beast,
No words may rate, nor rigour him remoue
From greedy hold of that his bloudy feast:
So little did they hearken to her sweet beheast.

32

Whom when the Briton Prince afarre beheld
With ods of so vnequall match opprest,
His mighty hart with indignation sweld,
And inward grudge fild his heroick brest:
Eftsoones himselfe he to their ayde addrest;
And thrusting fierce into the thickest preasse,
Diuided them, how euer loth to rest,
And would them faine from battell to surceasse,
With gentle words perswading them to friendly peace.

But

33

But they so farre from peace or patience were,
That all attonce at him gan hercely flie,
And lay on load, as they him downe would beare;
Like to a storme, which hovers vnder sky
Long here and there, and round about doth stie,
At length breakes downe in raine, and haile, and sleet,
First, from one coast, till nought thereof be dry;
And then another, till that likewise fleet;
And so from side to side, till all the world it weet.

34

But now their forces greatly were decayd,
The Prince yet being fresh vntoucht afore;
Who them with speeches milde gan first disswade
From such foule out-rage, and them long forbore:
Till seeing them through suffrance hartned more,
Himselfe he bent their furies to abate:
And layd at them so sharpely and so sore,
That shortly them compelled to retreate,
And beeing brought in danger, to relent too late.

35

But now his courage being throughly fired,
He meant to make them knowe their follies prise,
Had not those two him instantly desired
T'asswage his wrath, and pardon their mesprise.
At whose request he gan himselfe advise
To stay his hand, and of a truce to treat
In milder tearmes, as list them to deuise:
Mongst which, the cause of their so cruell heat
He did them aske: who all that passed gan repeat;

36

And told at large, how that same errant Knight,
To weet, faire *Britomart*, them late had foyled
In open turney, and by wrongfull fight,
Both of their publique praise had them despoyled,
And also of their priuate Loues beguiled;
Of two, full hard to read the harder theft.
But shee, that wrongfull challenge soone assoyled,
And shew'd that she had not that Lady reft
(As they suppos'd) but her had to her liking left.

37

To whom, the Prince thus goodly well replied;
Certes, sir Knight, ye seemen much to blame,
To rip vp wrong, that battell once hath tried;
Wherein the honour both of Armes ye shame,
And eke the loue of Ladies foule defame;
To whom the world this franchise euer yeelded,
That of their loues choice they might freedom clame,
And in that right, should by all Knights be shielded:
Gainst which me seems this war ye wrongfully haue wielded.

38

And yet quoth she, a greater wrong remaines:
For, I thereby my former Loue haue lost;
Whom seeking euer since with endlesse paines,
Hath me much sorrow and much trauell cost:
Aye me! to see that gentle mayd so tost.
But *Scudamour*, then sighing deepe, thus said;
Certes, her losse ought me to sorrow most,
Whose right she is, where-euer she be straide,
Through many perils won, and many fortunes waide.

39

For, from the first that I her loue profest,
Vnto this howre, this present luckelesse howre,
I neuer ioyed happinesse nor rest;
But, thus turmoild from one to other stowre,
I waste my life, and do my dayes deuoure
In wretched anguish, and incessant woe,
Passing the measure of my feeble powre,
That liuing thus, a wretch, and louing so,
I neyther can my loue, ne yet my life forgo.

40

Then good sir *Claribell* him thus bespake;
Now were it not sir *Scudamour* to you
Dislikefull paine, so sad a taske to take,
Mote we entreat you, sith this gentle crew
Is now so well accorded all anew;
That as we ride together on our way,
Ye will recount to vs in order dew
All that aduenture, which ye did assay
For that faire Ladies loue: past perils well apay.

41

So gan the rest him likewise to require;
But *Britomart* did him importune hard,
To take on him that paine: whose great desire
He glad to satisfie, himselfe prepar'd
To tell through what misfortune he had far'd,
In that atchiuement, as to him befell:
And all those dangers vnto them declar'd:
Which sith they cannot in this Canto well
Comprised be, I will them in another tell.

Canto

Canto X.

Scudamour doth his conquest tell
of vertuous Amoret:
Great Venus temple is describ'd,
and Louers life forth set.

1

TRue he it said, what-euer man it said,
That loue with gall & hony doth abound:
But if the one be with the other way'd,
For euery dram of hony therein found,
A pound of gall doth ouer it redound.
That I too true by triall haue approued:
For, since the day that first with deadly wound
My hart was launc't, and learned to haue loued,
I neuer ioyed howre, but still with care was moued.

2

And yet such grace is giuen them from aboue,
That all the cares and euill which they meet,
May nought at all their settled mindes remoue,
But seeme gainst common sense to them most sweet;
As bosting in their martyrdome vnmeet.
So all that euer yet I haue endured,
I count as nought, and tread downe vnder feet,
Sith of my Loue at length I rest assured,
That to disloyaltie she will not be allured.

3

Long were to tell the trauell and long toyle,
Through which this shield of loue I late haue wonne,
And purchased this peereless beauties spoyle,
That harder may be ended, then begonne.
But since you so desire, your will be donne.
Then harke, ye gentle Knights and Ladies free,
My hard mishaps, that ye may learne to shonne;
For, though sweet Loue to conquer glorious bee,
Yet is the paine thereof much greater then the fee.

4

What time the fame of this renowmed prise
Flew first abroad, and all mens eares possest,
I hauing armes then taken, gan auise
To winne me honour by some noble gest,
And purchase me some place amongst the best.
I boldly thought (so young mens thoughts are bold)
That this same braue emprize for me did rest,
And that both shield and she whom I behold,
Might be my lucky lot; sith all by lot we hold.

5

So, on that hard aduenture forth I went,
And to the place of perill shortly came:
That was a temple faire and auncient,
Which of great mother *Venus* bare the name,
And farre renowmed through exceeding fame;
Much more then that, which was in *Paphos* built,
Or that in *Cyprus* (both, long since this same)
Though all the pillours of the one were gilt,
And all the others pauement were with Ivory spilt.

6

And it was seated in an Island strong,
Abounding all with delices most rare,
And wall'd by Nature gainst invaders wrong,
That none mote haue accesse, nor inward fare,
But by one way, that passage did prepare.
It was a bridge ybuilt in goodly wise,
With curious Corbes, and pendants grauen faire,
And (arched all with porches) did arise
On stately pillours, fram'd after the Dorick guise.

7

And for defence thereof, on th' other end
There reared was a Castle faire and strong,
That warded all which in or out did wend,
And flanked both the bridges sides along,
Gainst all that would it faine to force or wrong.
And therein wonned twenty valiant Knights;
All twenty tride in warres experience long;
Whose office was, against all manner wights,
By all meanes to maintaine that Castles ancient rights.

8

Before that Castle was an open Plaine,
And in the midst thereof a pillour placed;
On which this shield, of many sought in vaine,
The shield of Loue, whose guerdon me hath graced,
Was hangd on high, with golden ribbands laced;
And in the Marble stone was written this,
With golden letters goodly well enchaced,
Blessed the man that well can vse his bliss:
Whose euer be the shield, faire Amoret be his.

Which

9

Which when I read, my heart did inly yearne,
And pant with hope of that aduentures hap:
Ne stayed further newes thereof to learne,
But with my speare vpon the shield did rap,
That all the Castle ringed with the clap.
Straight forth issew'd a Knight all arm'd to proofe,
And brauely mounted to his most mishap:
Who, staying nought to question from aloofe,
Ran fierce at me, that fire glaunst from his horses hoofe.

10

Whom boldly I encountred (as I could)
And by good fortune shortly him vnseated.
Eftsoones out sprung two more of equall mould;
But I them both with equall hap defeated:
So all the twenty I likewise entreated,
And left them groning there vpon the Plaine.
Then preacing to the pillour, I repeated
The read thereof for guerdon of my paine,
And taking downe the shield, with me did it retaine.

11

So forth without impediment I past,
Till to the Bridges vtter gate I came:
The which I found sure lockt and chained fast.
I knockt, but no man answerd me by name;
I cald, but no man answerd to my clame.
Yet I perseuer'd still to knocke and call;
Till at the last I spide within the same,
Where one stood peeping through a creuis small;
To whom I cald aloud, halfe angry there-withall.

12

That was to weet, the Porter of the place,
Vnto whose trust the charge thereof was lent:
His name was *Doubt*, that had a double face,
Th' one forward looking, th'other backward bent,
Therein resembling *Ianus* auncient,
Which had in charge the ingate of the yeare:
And euermore his eyes about him went,
As if some proued perill he did feare,
Or did misdoubt some ill, whose cause did not appeare.

13

On th' one side he, on th' other sate *Delay*,
Behind the gate, that none her might espy;
Whose manner was all passengers to stay,
And entertaine with her occasions sly;
Through which some lost great hope vnheedily,
Which neuer they recouer might againe;
And others quite excluded forth, did ly
Long languishing there in vnpitied paine,
And seeking often entrance, afterwards in vaine.

14

Me when as he had priuily espide,
Bearing the shield which I had conquer'd late,
He kend it straight, and to me opened wide.
So in I past, and straight he clos'd the gate.
But being in, *Delay* in close awaite
Caught hold on me, and thought my steps to stay,
Feining full many a fond excuse to prate,
And time to steale the threasure of mans day;
Whose smallest minute lost, no riches render may.

15

But by no meanes my way I would forslowe,
For ought that euer she could doe or say;
But from my lofty steed dismounting lowe,
Past forth on foot, beholding all the way
The goodly works, and stones of rich assay,
Cast into sundry shapes by wondrous skill,
(That like on earth no where I reckon may)
And vnderneath, the riuer rolling still (wills
With murmure soft, that seem'd to serue the workmans

16

Thence, forth I passed to the second gate,
The *Gate of good desert*, whose goodly pride
And costly frame, were long here to relate.
The same to all stood alwayes open wide:
But in the Porch did euermore abide
An hidious Giant, dreadfull to behold,
That stopt the entrance with his spacious stride,
And with the terrour of his countenance bold
Full many did affray, that else faine enter would.

17

His name was *Danger*, dradded ouer all,
Who day and night did watch and duely ward,
From fearefull cowards, entrance to forstall,
And faint-hart-fooles, whom shew of perill hard
Could terrifie from Fortunes faire award:
For, oftentimes, faint harts, at first espiall
Of his grim face, were from approaching scar'd;
Vnworthy they of grace, whom one denyall
Excludes from fairest hope, without en further triall.

18

Yet many doughty Warriours, often tride
In greater perils to be stout and bold,
Durst not the sternenesse of hys looke abide;
But soone as they his countenance did behold,
Began to faint, and feele their courage cold.
Againe, some other, that in hard assayes
Were cowards knowne, and little count did hold,
Either through gifts, or guile, or such like wayes,
Crept in by stooping lowe, or stealing of the kayes.

19

But I, though meanest man of many moe,
Yet much disdeigning vnto him to lout,
Or creepe betweene his legs, so in to goe,
Resolv'd him to assault with manhood stout,
And either beat him in, or driue him out.
Eftsoones advancing that enchaunted shield,
With all my might I gan to lay about:
Which when he saw, the glaiue which he did wield
He gan forth-with t' avale, and way vnto me yield.

20

So, as I entred, I did backward looke,
For feare of harme, that might lie hidden there;
And lo, his hind-parts (whereof heed I tooke)
Much more deformed, fearfull vgly were,
Then all his former parts did earst appeare.
For, hatred, murther, treason, and despight,
With many moe, lay in ambushment there,
Awaiting to entrap the wareless wight,
Which did not them preuent with vigilant fore-sight.

Thus

21
Thus hauing paſt all perill,I was come
Within the compaſſe of that Iſlands ſpace;
The which did ſeeme vnto my ſimple doome,
The onely pleaſant and delightfull place,
That euer troden was of footings trace.
For,all that Nature by her mother wit
Could frame in earth,and forme of ſubſtance baſe,
Was there;and,all that Nature did omit,
Art (playing ſecond Natures part) ſupplyed it.

22
No tree,that is of count,in greene-wood growes,
From loweſt Iuniper to Cedar tall;
No flowre in field,that dainty odour throwes,
And deckes his branch with bloſſomes ouer all,
But there was planted,or grew naturall:
Nor ſenſe of man ſo coy and curious nice,
But there mote find to pleaſe it ſelfe withall;
Nor hart could wiſh for any queint deuice,
But there it preſent was,and did fraile ſenſe entice.

23
In ſuch luxurious plenty of all pleaſure,
It ſeem'd a ſecond paradiſe to bee,
So lauiſhly enricht with Natures threaſure,
That if the happy ſoules,which do poſſeſſe
Th' Elyſian fields,and liue in laſting bleſſe,
Should happen this with liuing eye to ſee,
They ſoone would loathe their leſſer happineſſe,
And wiſh to life return'd againe I gheſſe,
That in this ioyous place they mote haue ioyance free.

24
Freſh ſhadowes,fit to ſhroude from ſunny ray;
Faire lawnds,to take the ſunne in ſeaſon dew;
Sweet ſprings,in which a thouſand Nymphs did play;
Soft rumbling brookes,that gentle ſlumber drew;
High reared mounts,the lands about to view;
Lowe looking dales,diſloigned from common gaze;
Delightfull bowres,to ſolace Louers trew;
Falſe Labyrinths,fond runners eyes to daze;
All which,by Nature made,did Nature ſelfe amaze.

25
And all without were walkes and alleyes dight,
With diuers trees,enrang'd in euen rankes;
And here and there were pleaſant arbors pight,
And ſhadie ſeats,and ſundry flowring bankes,
To ſit and reſt the walkers weary ſhankes:
And therein thouſand payres of Louers walkt,
Prayſing their god,and yielding him great thanks,
Ne euer ought but of their true Loues talkt,
Ne euer for rebuke or blame of any balkt.

26
All theſe together by themſelues did ſport
Their ſpotleſſe pleaſures,and ſweet loues content,
But farre away from theſe,another ſort
Of Louers linked in true harts conſent:
Which loued not as theſe,for like intent,
But on chaſte vertue grounded their deſire,
Farre from all fraude,or fained blandiſhment;
Which in their ſpirits kindling zealous fire,
Braue thoughts and noble deeds did euer-more inſpire.

27
Such were great *Hercules*,and *Hylus* deare;
True *Ionathan*,and *Dauid* truſtie tryde;
Stout *Theſeus*,and *Perithous* his feare;
Pylades,and *Oreſtes* by his ſide;
Milde *Titus*,and *Geſippus* without pride:
Damon and *Pythias*,whom death could not ſeuer:
All theſe,and all that euer had beene tyde
In bands of friendſhip,there did liue for euer:
Whoſe liues,although decay'd,yet loues decayed neuer.

28
Which,when as I,that neuer taſted bliſs,
Nor happy howre,beheld with gazefull eye,
I thought there was none other heauen then this;
And gan their endleſſe happineſſe enuy,
That being free from feare and iealouſie,
Might frankly there their loues deſire poſſeſſe;
Whil'ſt I,through paines and perlous ieopardy,
Was forc't to ſeeke my lifes deare patroneſſe: (ſtreſſe.
Much dearer be the things,which come through hard di-

29
Yet all thoſe ſights,and all that elſe I ſaw,
Might not my ſteps with-hold,but that forth-right
Vnto that purpos'd place I did me draw,
Where-as my Loue was lodged day and night:
The temple of great *Venus*,that is hight
The Queene of beauty,and of loue the mother,
There worſhipped of euery liuing wight;
Whoſe goodly workmanſhip farre paſt all other
That euer were on earth,all were they ſet together.

30
Not that ſame famous Temple of *Diane*,
Whoſe height all *Epheſus* did ouer-ſee,
And which all *Aſia* ſought with vowes profane,
One of the worlds ſeauen wonders ſaid to bee,
Might match with this by many a degree:
Nor that,which that wiſe King of *Iurie* framed,
With endleſſe coſt,to be th'Almighties ſee;
Nor all that elſe through all the world is named
To all the Heathen Gods,might like to this be clamed.

31
I,much admiring that ſo goodly frame,
Vnto the porch approch't,which open ſtood;
But therein ſate an amiable Dame,
That ſeem'd to be of very ſober mood,
And in her ſemblant ſhew'd great womanhood:
Strange was her tire;for on her head a Crowne
Shee wore,much like vnto a Daniſk hood,
Poudred with pearle and ſtone;and all her gowne
Enwouen was with gold,that raught full lowe adowne.

32
On eyther ſide of her,two young men ſtood,
Both ſtrongly arm'd,as fearing one another;
Yet were they brethren both of halfe the blood,
Begotten by two fathers of one mother,
Though of contrary natures each to other:
The one of them hight *Loue*,the other *Hate*.
Hate was the elder,*Loue* the yonger brother;
Yet was the younger ſtronger in his ſtate
Then th'elder,and him mayſtred ſtill in all debate.

Nath'leſſe,

33
Nath'leſſe,that Dame ſo well them tempred both,
That ſhe them forced hand to ioyne in hand,
Albe that *Hatred* was thereto full loth,
And turn'd his face away,as he did ſtand,
Vnwilling to behold that louely band.
Yet ſhe was of ſuch grace and vertuous might,
That her commaundment he could not withſtand,
But bit his lip for felonous deſpight,
And gnaſht his iron tuskes at that diſpleaſing ſight.

34
Concord ſhee cleeped was in common reed,
Mother of bleſſed *Peace*,and *Friendſhip* true;
They both her twins,both borne of heauenly ſeed,
And ſhe herſelfe likewiſe diuinely grew;
The which right well her works diuine did ſhew:
For,ſtrength,and wealth,and happineſſe ſhe lends,
And ſtrife,and warre,and anger does ſubdew:
Of little much,of foes ſhe maketh frends,
And to afflicted minds,ſweet reſt and quiet ſends.

35
By her the heauen is in his courſe contained,
And all the world in ſtate vnmoued ſtands,
As their Almighty Maker firſt ordained,
And bound them with inuiolable bands;
Elſe would the waters ouer-flowe the lands,
And fire deuoure the ayre,and hell them quight,
But that ſhe holds them with her bleſſed hands.
Shee is the nurſe of pleaſure and delight,
And vnto *Venus* grace the gate doth open right.

36
By her I entring,halfe diſmayed was;
But ſhee in gentle wiſe me entertayned,
And twixt her ſelfe and Loue did let me paſs:
But *Hatred* would my entrance haue reſtrained,
And with his club me threatned to haue brayned,
Had not the Lady,with her powrefull ſpeach,
Him from his wicked will vneath refrained;
And th'other eke his malice did impeach,
Till I was throughly paſt the perill of his reach.

37
Into the inmoſt Temple thus I came,
Which fuming all with Frankencenſe I found,
And odours riſing from the altars flame.
Vpon an hundred Marble pillors round,
The roofe vp high was reared from the ground,
All deckt with crownes,and chains,& girlonds gay,
And thouſand pretious gifts worth many a pound,
The which ſad Louers for their vowes did pay; (May.
And all the ground was ſtrow'd with flowres,as freſh as

38
An hundred Altars round about were ſet,
All flaming with their ſacrifices fire,
That with the ſteme thereof the Temple ſwet,
Which roul'd in clowdes,to heauen did aſpire,
And in them bore true Louers vowes entire:
And eke an hundred braſen cauldrons bright,
To bathe in ioy and amorous deſire,
Euery of which was to a Damzell hight;
For,all the Prieſts were Damzels,in ſoft linnen dight.

39
Right in the midſt the Goddeſſe ſelfe did ſtand,
Vpon an altar of ſome coſtly maſſe,
Whoſe ſubſtance was vneath to vnderſtand:
For,neither pretious ſtone,nor durefull braſſe,
Nor ſhining gold,nor mouldring clay it was;
But much more rare and pretious to eſteeme,
Pure in aſpect,and like to cryſtall glaſs,
Yet glaſſe was not,if one did rightly deeme;
But beeing faire and brickle,likeſt glaſſe did ſeeme.

40
But it in ſhape and beauty did excell
All other Idols which the heathen adore,
Farre paſſing that,which by ſurpaſſing skill
Phidias did make in *Paphos* Ile of yore,
With which that wretched Greeke that life forlore,
Did fall in loue:yet this much fairer ſhined,
But couered with a ſlender veile afore;
And both her feet and legs together twined
Were with a ſnake,whoſe head & taile were faſt cōbined.

41
The cauſe why ſhe was couered with a veile,
Was hard to knowe,for that her Prieſts the ſame
From peoples knowledge labour'd to conceale.
But ſooth it was not ſure for womaniſh ſhame,
Nor any blemiſh which the worke more blame;
But for (they ſay) ſhe hath both kinds in one,
Both male and female,both vnder one name:
She ſire and mother is her ſelfe alone;
Begets,and eke conceiues,ne needeth other none.

42
And all about her necke and ſhoulders flew
A flock of little loues,and ſports,and ioyes,
With nimble wings of gold and purple hew;
Whoſe ſhapes ſeem'd not like to terreſtriall boyes,
But like to Angels playing heauenly toyes;
The whil'ſt their elder brother was away,
Cupid,their eldeſt brother;he enioyes
The wide kingdome of loue with lordly ſway,
And to his law compels all creatures to obay.

43
And all about her altar,ſcattered lay
Great ſorts of Louers pittiouſly complaining;
Some of their loſſe,ſome of their loues delay,
Some of their pride,ſome paragons diſdaining,
Some fearing fraude,ſome fraudulently fayning,
As euery one had cauſe of good or ill.
Amongſt the reſt,ſome one through loues cōſtraining
Tormented ſore,could not containe it ſtill,
But thus brake forth,that all the Temple it did fill;

44
Great *Venus*,Queene of beauty and of grace,
The ioy of Gods and men,that vnder skie
Dooſt faireſt ſhine,and moſt adorne thy place,
That with thy ſmiling looke dooſt pacifie
The raging ſeas,and mak'ſt the ſtormes to flie:
Thee goddeſſe,thee the winds,the clowdes do feare,
And when thou ſpredſt thy mantle forth on hie,
The waters play,and pleaſant Lands appeare,
And heauens laugh,& all the world ſhewes ioyous cheer.

X Then

45
Then doth the dædale earth throw forth to thee
Out of her fruitfull lap aboundant flowres:
And then all liuing wights, soone as they see
The Spring breake forth out of his lusty bowres,
They all do learne to play the Paramours;
First do the merry birds, thy prety pages,
Prunly pricked with thy lustfull powres,
Chirpe loud to thee out of their leauy cages,
And thee their mother call to coole their kindly rages.

46
Then doe the saluage beasts begin to play
Their pleasant friskes, and loath their wonted food:
The Lions rore, the Tigres loudly bray,
The raging Buls rebellow through the wood,
And breaking forth, dare tempt the deepest flood,
To come where thou doost draw them with desire:
So all things else, that nourish vitall blood,
Soone as with fury thou doost them inspire,
In generation seeke to quench their inward fire.

47
So all the world by thee at first was made,
And daily yet thou doest the same repaire:
Ne ought on earth that merry is and glad,
Ne ought on earth that louely is and faire,
But thou the same for pleasure didst prepayre.
Thou art the root of all that ioyous is,
Great god of men and women, queene of th'ayre,
Mother of laughter, and well-spring of bliss,
O graunt that of my loue at last I may not misse.

48
So did he say: but I with murmure soft,
That none might heare the sorrowe of my heart,
Yet inly groaning deep and sighing oft,
Besought her to grant ease vnto my smart,
And to my wound her gracious help impart.
Whil'st thus I spake, behold with happy eye
I spyde, where at the Idoles feet apart
A beuie of faire damzels close did lie,
Wayting when as the Antheme should be sung on hie.

49
The first of them did seem of riper yeares,
And grauer countenance then all the rest;
Yet all the rest were eke her equall peares,
Yet vnto her obayed all the best.
Her name was *Womanhood*, that she expresst
By her sad semblant and demeanure wise:
For, stedfast still her eyes did fixed rest,
Ne rov'd at random after gazers guise,
Whose luring bayts oft-times doe heedlesse hearts entise.

50
And next to her sate goodly *Shamefastnes*;
Ne euer durst her eyes from ground vp-reare,
Ne euer once did looke vp from her desse,
As if some blame of euill she did feare,
That in her cheekes made roses oft appeare:
And her against, sweet *Cheerfulnes* was placed,
Whose eyes like twinkling stars in euening cleare,
Were deckt with smyles, that all sad humors chaced,
And darted forth delights, the which her goodly graced.

51
And next to her sate sober *Modestie*,
Holding her hand vpon her gentle heart;
And her against sate comely *Curtesie*,
That vnto euery person knew her part;
And her before was seated ouerthwart
Soft *Silence*, and submisse *Obedience*,
Both linkt together neuer to dispart,
Both gifts of God not gotten but from thence,
Both girlonds of his Saints against their foes offence.

52
Thus sate they all around in seemely rate:
And in the midst of them a goodly mayd,
Euen in the lap of *Womanhood* there sate,
The which was all in lilly white arrayd,
With siluer streames amongst the linnen stray'd;
Like to the morne, when first her shining face
Hath to the gloomy world it selfe bewray'd:
That same was faireft *Amoret* in place,
Shining with beauties light, and heauenly vertues grace.

53
Whom soone as I beheld, my hart gan throb,
And wade in doubt, what best were to be donne:
For, sacriledge me seem'd the Church to rob;
And folly seem'd to leaue the thing vndonne,
Which with so strong attempt I had begonne.
Tho, shaking off all doubt and shamefast feare,
Which Ladyes loue I heard had neuer wonne
Mongst men of worth, I to her stepped neare,
And by the lilly hand her labour'd vp to reare.

54
Thereat that formoft matrone me did blame,
And sharpe rebuke, for beeing ouer-bold;
Saying it was to Knight vnseemly shame,
Vpon a recluse Virgin to lay hold,
That vnto *Venus* seruices was sold.
To whom I thus; Nay but it fitteth best,
For *Cupids* man with *Venus* mayd to hold:
For, ill your goddesse seruices are dresst
By Virgins, and her sacrifices let to rest.

55
With that my shield I forth to her did showe,
Which all that while I closely had conceald;
On which when *Cupid* with his killing bowe
And cruell shafts emblazond she beheld,
At sight thereof she was with terror queld,
And said no more: but I which all that while
The pledge of faith, her hand engaged held,
Like wary Hynd within the weedy soyle,
For no intreaty would forgoe so glorious spoyle.

56
And euermore vpon the goddesse face
Mine eye was fixt, for feare of her offence:
Whom when I saw with amiable grace
To laugh on me, and fauour my pretence,
I was emboldned with more confidence:
And nought for niceneſſe nor for enuy sparing,
In presence of them all forth led her thence,
All looking on, and like astonisht staring,
Yet to lay hand on her, not one of all them daring.

57
Shee often prayd, and often me besought,
Sometime with tender teares to let her goe,
Sometime with witching smyles: but yet for nought,
That euer she to me could say or doe,
Could shee her wished freedome fro me wooe;
But forth I led her through the Temple gate,
By which I hardly past with much adoe:
But that same Lady which me friended late
In entrance, did me also friend in my retrate.

58
No lesse did danger threaten me with dread,
VVhen as he saw me, maugre all his powre,
That glorious spoile of beauty with me lead,
Then *Cerberus*, when *Orpheus* did recoure
His Leman from the *Stygian* Princes boure.
But euermore my shield did me defend,
Against the storme of euery dreadfull stoure:
Thus safely with my Loue I thence did wend.
So ended he his tale, where I this Canto end.

Canto XI.

Marinells former wound is healed,
he comes to Proteus hall,
Where Thames doth the Medway wed,
and feasts the Sea-gods all.

1
BVt ah for pitty! that I haue thus long
Left a faire Lady languishing in paine:
Now weal-away, that I haue doen such wrong,
To let faire *Florimell* in bands remaine,
In bands of loue, and in sad thraldoms chaine;
From which, vnlesse some heauenly powre her free
By miracle, not yet appearing plaine,
She lenger yet is like captiu'd to bee:
That euen to thinke thereof, it inly pitties mee:

2
Heere neede you to remember, how ere-while
Vnlouely *Proteus*, missing to his mind
That Virgins loue to win by wit or wile,
Her threw into a dungeon deep and blind,
And there in chaines her cruelly did bind,
In hope thereby her to his bent to draw:
For, when as neither gifts nor graces kind,
Her constant mind could moue at all he saw,
He thought her to compell by cruelty and awe.

3
Deepe in the bottome of an huge great rocke
The dungeon was, in which her bound he left,
That neither yron barres, nor brazen lock
Did need to gard from force, or secret theft
Of all her Louers, which would her haue reft.
For, wall'd it was with waues, which rag'd and ror'd
As they the cliffe in peeces would haue cleft:
Besides, ten thousand monsters foule abhord
Did waite about it, gaping grieſly, all begor'd.

4
And in the midst thereof did horror dwell,
And darkenesse dread, that neuer viewed day;
Like to the balefull house of loweſt hell,
In which old *Styx* her aged bones alway
(Old *Styx*, the Grandame of the Gods) doth lay.
There did this luckleſs mayd three months abide,
Ne euer euening saw, ne mornings ray,
Ne euer from the day the night descride,
But thought it all one night, that did no houres diuide.

5
And all this was for loue of *Marinell*,
Who her despis'd (ah! who would her despise?)
And womens loue did from his hart expell,
And all those ioyes that weake mankind entise.
Nath'leſſe, his pride full dearely he did prise;
For, of a womans hand it was ywroke,
That of the wound he yet in languor lyes,
Ne can be cured of that cruell stroke
Which *Britomart* him gaue, when he did her prouoke.

6
Yet farre and neere the Nymph his mother sought,
And many salues did to his sore apply,
And many herbes did vse. But when as nought
Shee saw could ease his rankling maladie,
At last, to *Tryphon* shee for helpe did hie
This *Tryphon* is the Sea-gods surgeon hight)
Whom shee besought to find some remedy:
And for his paines, a whistle him behight,
That of a fishes shell was wrought with rare delight.

7

So well that Leach did harke to her requeſt,
And did ſo well employ his carefull paine,
That in ſhort ſpace his hurts he had redreſt,
And him reſtor'd to healthfull ſtate againe:
In which he long time after did remaine
There with the Nymph his mother, like her thrall;
Who ſore againſt his will did him retaine,
For feare of perill, which to him mote fall,
Through his too ventrous proweſſe proued ouer all.

8

It fortun'd then, a ſolemne feaſt was there
To all the Sea-gods and their fruitfull ſeed,
In honour of the ſpouſalls, which then were
Betwixt the *Medway* and the *Thames* agreed.
Long had the *Thames* (as we in records reed)
Before that day her wooed to his bed;
But the proud Nymph, would for no worldly meed,
Nor no entreaty to his loue be led;
Till now at laſt relenting, ſhe to him was wed.

9

So both agreed, that this their bridale feaſt
Should for the gods in *Proteus* houſe be made;
To which they all repayr'd, both moſt and leaſt,
As well which in the mighty Ocean trade,
As that in riuers ſwim, or brookes doe wade.
All which, not if an hundred tongues to tell,
And hundred mouthes, and voice of braſs I had,
And endleſſe memory, that mote excell,
In order as they came, could I recount them well.

10

Helpe therefore, ô thou ſacred imp of *Ioue*,
The nourſling of Dame *Memory* his deare,
To whom thoſe rolles, layd vp in heauen aboue,
And records of antiquitie appeare,
To which no wit of man may comen neare;
Help me to tell the names of all thoſe floods,
And all thoſe Nymphes, which then aſſembled were
To that great banquet of the watry Gods,
And all their ſundry kinds, and all their hid abodes.

11

Firſt, came great *Neptune*, with his three-forkt Mace,
That rules the Seas, and makes them riſe or fall;
His deawy locks did drop with brine apace,
Vnder his Diademe imperiall:
And by his ſide, his Queene with Coronall,
Faire *Amphitrite*, moſt diuinely faire,
Whoſe ſnowy ſhoulders weren couered all,
As with a robe, with her owne ſiluer haire:
And deckt with pearls, which th'Indian ſeas for her prepare.

12

Theſe marched fayre afore the other crew;
And all the way before them as they went,
Triton his trumpet ſhrill before them blew,
For goodly triumph and great iollyment,
That made the rocks to roare, as they were rent.
And after them the royall iſſue came,
Which of them ſprung by lineall deſcent:
Firſt, the Sea-gods, which to themſelues doe clame
The powre to rule the billowes, and the waues to tame.

13

Phorcys, the father of that fatall brood,
By whom thoſe old Heroës wonne ſuch fame;
And *Glaucus*, that wiſe ſoothſayes vnderſtood;
And tragick *Inoes* ſonne, the which became
A God of Seas through his mad mothers blame,
Now hight *Palemon*, and is Saylers friend;
Great *Brontes*, and *Aſtraus*, that did ſhame
Himſelfe with inceſt of his kin vnkend;
And huge *Orion*, that doth tempeſts ſtill portend.

14

The rich *Ceatus*, and *Eurytus* long;
Neleus and *Pelias*, louely brethren both;
Mighty *Chryſaor*, and *Caicus* ſtrong;
Eurypilus, that calmes the waters wroth;
And faire *Euphæmus*, that vpon them go'th
As on the ground, without diſmay or dread:
Fierce *Eryx*, and *Alebius*, that know'th
The waters depth, and doth their bottome tread;
And ſad *Aſopus*, comely with his hoarie head.

15

There alſo, ſome moſt famous founders were
Of puiſſant Nations, which the world poſſeſt;
Yet ſonnes of *Neptune*, now aſſembled here:
Auncient *Ogyges*, euen th'auncienteſt,
And *Inachus*, renowm'd aboue the reſt;
Phœnix, and *Aon*, and *Pelaſgus* old,
Great *Belus*, *Phœax*, and *Agenor*, beſt;
And mighty *Albion*, father of the bold
And war-like people, which the *Britaine* Ilands hold.

16

For, *Albion*, the ſonne of *Neptune* was;
Who for the proofe of his great puiſſance,
Out of his *Albion* did on dry-foot paſs
Into old *Gall*, that now is cleeped *France*,
To fight with *Hercules*, that did advaunce
To vanquiſh all the world with matchleſſe might:
And there his mortall part by great miſchance
Was ſlaine: but that which is th'immortall ſpright
Liues ſtill: and to this feaſt with *Neptunes* ſeed was dight.

17

But what doe I their names ſeeke to reherſe,
Which all the world haue with their iſſue fild?
How can they all in this ſo narrow verſe
Contained be, and in ſmall compaſſe hild?
Let them record them, that are better skild,
And know the moniments of paſſed times:
Onely what needeth, ſhall be here fulfild,
T'expreſs ſome part of that great equipage,
Which from great *Neptune* doe deriue their parentage.

18

Next, came the aged *Ocean*, and his Dame,
Old *Tethys*, th'oldeſt two of all the reſt;
For, all the reſt, of thoſe two Parents came,
Which afterward both ſea and land poſſeſt:
Of all which, *Nereus*, th'eldeſt and the beſt,
Did firſt proceed, then which none more vpright,
Ne more ſincere in word and deed profeſt,
Moſt void of guile, moſt free from foule deſpight,
Dooing himſelfe, and teaching others to doe right.

There-to

19

Thereto he was expert in prophecies,
And could the ledden of the Gods vnfold,
Through which, when *Paris* brought his famous priſe
The faire Tindarid laſſe, he him foretolde,
That her all *Greece* with many a champion bold
Should fetch againe, and finally deſtroy
Proud *Priams* towne. So wiſe is *Nereus* old,
And ſo well skild; nath'leſſe he takes great ioy
Oft-times amongſt the wanton Nymphes to ſport & toy.

20

And after him the famous rivers came,
Which doe the earth enrich and beautifie:
The fertile Nile, which creatures new doth frame;
Long Rhodanus, whoſe ſourſe ſprings from the ſkie;
Faire Iſter, flowing from the Mountaines hie;
Diuine Scamander, purpled yet with blood
Of Greekes and Troians, which therein did die;
Pactolus, gliſtring with his golden flood,
And Tigris fierce, whoſe ſtreams of none may be withſtood.

21

Great Ganges, and immortall Euphrates,
Deepe Indus, and Mæander intricate,
Slow Peneus, and tempeſtuous Phaſides,
Swift Rhene, and Alpheus ſtill immaculate:
Oraxes, feared for great *Cyrus* fate;
Tybris, renowmed for the Romaines fame,
Rich Oranochy, though but knowen late;
And that huge Riuer, which doth beare his name
Of warlike Amazons, which do poſſeſſe the ſame.

22

Ioy on thoſe warlike women, which ſo long
Can from all men ſo rich a kingdome hold;
And ſhame on you, ô men, which boaſt your ſtrong
And valiant hearts, in thoughts leſſe hard and bold,
Yet quaile in conqueſt of that land of gold.
But this to you, ô Britons, moſt pertaines,
To whom the right heereof it ſelfe hath ſold;
The which, for ſparing little coſt or paines
Loſe ſo immortall glory, and ſo endleſſe gaines.

23

Then was there heard a moſt celeſtiall ſound
Of dainty muſick, which did next enſew
Before the ſpouſe: that was *Arion* crownd:
Who playing on his harpe, vnto him drew
The eares and harts of all that goodly crew,
That euen yet the Dolphin, which him bore
Through the Ægæan ſeas from Pirates view,
Stood ſtill by him aſtoniſht at his lore,
And all the raging Seas, for ioy forgot to rore.

24

So went he playing on the watry Plaine,
Soone after whom the louely Bridegroome came,
The noble Thamis, with all his goodly traine;
But him before there went, as beſt became,
His auncient parents, namely th'auncient *Thame*.
But much more aged was his wife then hee,
The Ouze, whom men do Iſis rightly name;
Full weake and crooked creature ſeemed ſhe,
And almoſt blind through eld, that ſcarce her way could ſee.

25

Therefore on either ſide ſhe was ſuſtained (higher
Of two ſmall grooms, which by their names were
The *Churne* and *Charwell*, two ſmall ſtreames, which pained
Themſelues her footing to direct aright,
Which fayled oft through faint and feeble plight:
But *Thame* was ſtronger, and of better ſtay;
Yet ſeem'd full aged by his outward ſight,
VVith head all hoary, and his beard all gray,
Deawed with ſiluer drops, that trickled downe alway.

26

And eke he ſomewhat ſeem'd to ſtoupe afore
With bowed back, by reaſon of the lode,
And auncient heauy burden, which he bore
Of that faire Cittie, wherein make-abode
So many learned impes, that ſhoot abroad,
And with their branches ſpred all Britany,
No leſſe then do her elder ſiſters broode.
Ioy to you both, ye double nourſery,
Of Arts: but Oxford thine doth *Thame* moſt glorifie.

27

But he their ſonne full freſh and iolly was,
All decked in a robe of watchet hew,
On which the waues, glittring like Cryſtall glaſs,
So cunningly enwouen were, that few
Could weenen, whether they were falſe or trew,
And on his head like to a Coronet
He wore, that ſeemed ſtrange to common view,
In which were many Towres and Caſtles ſet,
That wencompaſt round as with a golden fret.

28

Like as the mother of the gods, they ſay,
In her great iron charet wonts to ride,
When to *Ioues* palace ſhe doth take her way;
Old *Cybelé*, arrayd with pompous pride,
Wearing a Diademe embattild wide
With hundred turrets, like a Turribant:
VVith ſuch an one was Thamis beautifide;
That was to weet, the famous Troynouant,
In which her kingdomes throne is chiefly reſiant.

29

And round about him many a pretty Page
Attended duely, ready to obay;
All little Riuers, which owe vaſſallage
To him, as to their Lord, and tribute pay:
The chaulky Kenet, and the Thetis gray,
The moriſh Cole, and the ſoft ſliding Breane,
The wanton Lee, that oft doth loſe his way,
And the ſtill Darent, in whoſe waters cleane
Ten thouſand fiſhes play, and deck his pleaſant ſtreame.

30

Then came his neighbour flouds, which nigh him dwell,
And water all the Engliſh ſoile throughout;
They all on him this day attended well;
And with meet ſeruice waited him about;
Ne one diſdained lowe to him to lout:
No not the ſtately Seuerne grudg'd at all,
Ne ſtorming Humber, though he looked ſtout;
But both him honor'd as their principall,
And let their ſwelling waters lowe before him fall.

31
There was the ſpeedy Tamar, which diuides
The Corniſh, and the Deuoniſh confines;
Through both whoſe borders ſwiftly downe it glides,
And meeting Plim, to Plimmouth thence declines:
And Dart, nigh choakt with ſands of tinny mines.
But Auon marched in more ſtately path,
Proud of his Adamants, with which he ſhines
And gliſters wide, as als' of wondrous Bath,
And Briſtow faire, which on his waues he builded hath.

32
And there came Stoure with terrible aſpect,
Bearing his ſixe deformed heads on hie,
That doth his courſe through Blandford Plains direct,
And waſheth Winbourne meads in ſeaſon drie.
Next him, went Wylibourne with paſſage ſlye,
That of his wylineſſe his name doth take,
And of himſelfe doth name the ſhire thereby:
And Mole, that like a nouſling Mole doth make
His way ſtill vnder ground, till Thamis he ouertake.

33
Then came the Rother, decked all with woods
Like a wood God, and flowing faſt to Rhy:
And Sture, that parteth with his pleaſant floods
The Eaſterne Saxons from the Southerne ny,
And Clare, and Harwitch both doth beautifie:
Him follow'd Yar, ſoft waſhing Norwitch wall,
And with him brought a preſent ioyfully
Of his owne fiſh vnto their feſtiuall, (call.
Whoſe like none elſe could ſhew, the which they Ruſſins

34
Next theſe, the plentious Ouze came far from land,
By many a City, and by many a Towne,
And many Rivers taking vnder hand
Into his waters, as he paſſeth downe;
The Cle, the Were, the Guant, the Sture, the Rowne,
Thence doth by Huntingdon and Cambridge flit,
My mother Cambridge, whom as with a Crowne
He doth adorn, and is adorn'd of it
VVith many a gentle Muſe, and many a learned wit.

35
And after him, the fatall Welland went,
That if old ſawes proue true (which God forbid)
Shall drowne all Holland with his excrement,
And ſhall ſee Stamford, though now homely hid,
Then ſhine in learning, more then euer did
Cambridge or Oxford, Englands goodly beames.
And next to him the *Nene* downe ſoftly ſlid;
And bountious Trent, that in him ſelfe enſeames
Both thirty ſorts of fiſh, and thirty ſundry ſtreames.

36
Next theſe came Tyne, along whoſe ſtony banke
That Romane Monarch built a brazen wall,
Which mote the feebled Britons ſtrongly ſlanke
Againſt the Picts, that ſwarmed ouer all,
Which yet thereof Gualſeuer they doe call:
And Twede the limit betwixt Logris land
And Albany: and Eden though but ſmall,
Yet often ſtaind with bloud of many a band
Of Scots and Engliſh both, that tyned on his ſtrand.

37
Then came thoſe ſixe ſad brethren, like forlorne,
That whylome were (as antique fathers tell)
Sixe valiant Knights, on one faire Nymph yborne,
VVhich did in noble deedes of armes excell,
And wonned there, where now Yorke people dwell;
Still Vre, ſwift Weiſe, and Oze the moſt of might,
High Swale, vnquiet Nyde, and troublous Skell;
All whom a Scythian king, that Humber hight,
Slew cruelly, and in the riuer drowned quight.

38
But paſt not long, ere *Brutus* warlike ſonne
Locrinus them aveng'd, and the ſame date,
VVhich the proud Humber vnto them had donne,
By equall doome repayd on his owne pate:
For, in the ſelfe ſame riuer, where he late
Had drenched them, he drowned him againe;
And nam'd the Riuer of his wretched fate;
Whoſe bad condition yet it doth retaine,
Oft toſſed with his ſtormes, which therein ſtill remaine.

39
Theſe after, came the ſtony ſhallow Lone,
That to old Loncaſter his name doth lend;
And following Dee, which Britons long ygone
Did call diuine, that doth by Cheſter tend;
And Conway, which out of his ſtreame doth ſend
Plenty of pearles to decke his dames withall,
And Lindus that his pikes doth moſt commend,
Of which the auncient Lincolne men do call,
All theſe together marched toward *Proteus* hall.

40
Ne thence the Iriſh Riuers abſent were,
Sith no leſſe famous then the reſt they be,
And ioyne in neighbourhood of kingdome neere,
Why ſhould they not likewiſe in loue agree,
And ioy likewiſe this ſolemne day to ſee?
They ſaw it all, and preſent were in place;
Though I them all according their degree,
Cannot recount, nor tell their hidden race,
Nor read the ſalуage coũtries, thorough which they paſs.

41
There was the Liffie, rolling downe the lea,
The ſandy Slane, the ſtony Aubrian,
The ſpacious Shenan ſpreading like a ſea,
The pleaſant Boyne, the ſiſhy fruitfull Ban,
Swift Awnidaſle, which of the Engliſh man
Is call'd Blacke water, and the Liffar deepe,
Sad Trowis, that once his people over-ran,
Strong *Allo* tombling from Slewlogher ſteep,
And *Mulla* mine, whoſe waues I whilom taught to weep.

42
And there the three renowmed brethren were,
VVhich that great Giant *Blomius* begot
Of the faire Nymph *Rheũſa* wandring there.
One day, as ſhee to ſhunne the ſeaſon hot,
Vnder Slewbloome in ſhady groue was got,
This Giant found her, and by force deflowr'd:
VVhereof conceiuing, ſhe in time forth brought
Theſe three faire ſons, which being thence forth powrd
In three great riuers ran, and many countries ſcowrd.

The

43
The firſt, the gentle Shur, that making way
By ſweet Clonmell, adornes rich Waterford;
The next, the ſtubborne Newre, whoſe waters gray
By faire Kilkenny and Roſſeponte boord;
The third, the goodly Barow, which doth hoord
Great heapes of Salmons in his deepe boſome:
All which long ſundred, doe at laſt accord
To ioyne in one, ere to the ſea they come,
So flowing all from one, all one at laſt become.

44
There alſo was the wide embayed Mayre,
The pleaſant Bandon crownd with many a wood,
The ſpreading Lee, that like an Iland faire
Encloſeth Corke with his diuided flood;
And balefull Oure, late ſtaynd with Engliſh bloud:
With many more, whoſe names no tongue can tell.
All which that day in order ſeemely good
Did on the Thamis attend, and waited well
To doe their duetull ſeruice, as to them befell.

45
Then came the Bride, the louing *Medua* came,
Clad in a veſture of vnknowen geare,
And vncouth faſhion, yet her well became;
That ſeem'd like ſilver, ſprinkled here and there
With glittering ſpangs, that did like ſtarres appeare,
And wav'd vpon, like water Chamelot,
To hide the metall, which yet euery where
Bewrayd it ſelfe, to let men plainly wot,
It was no mortall worke, that ſeem'd and yet was not.

46
Her goodly locks adowne her backe did flowe
Vnto her waſte, with flowres beſcattered,
The which ambroſiall odours forth did throwe
To all about, and all her ſhoulders ſpred
As a new ſpring; and likewiſe on her head
A Chapelet of ſundry flowres ſhe wore,
From vnder which the deawy humour, ſhed,
Did trickle downe her haire, like to the hore
Congealed little drops, which doe the morne adore.

47
On her, two pretty handmaids did attend,
One cald the *Theiſe*, the other cald the *Crane*;
Which on her waited, things amiſſe to mend,
And both behind vpheld her ſpredding traine;
Vnder the which, her feet appeared plaine,
Her ſilver feet, faire waſht againſt this day:
And her before there paſſed Pages twaine,
Both clad in colours like, and like array,
The *Doune* & eke the *Frith*, both which prepar'd her way.

48
And after theſe the Sea Nymphs marched all,
All goodly damzels, deckt with long greene haire,
Whom of their ſire *Nereides* men call,
All which the Oceans daughter to him bare;
The gray-eyde *Doris*: all which, fifty are;
All which ſhe there on her attending had.
Swift *Proto*, milde *Eucraté*, *Thetis* faire,
Soft *Spio*, ſweet *Endoré*, *Sao* ſad,
Light *Doto*, wanton *Glaucé*, and *Galené* glad;

49
White hand *Eunica*, proud *Dinamené*,
Ioyous *Thalia*, goodly *Amphitrité*,
Louely *Paſithee*, kinde *Eulimené*,
Light foote *Cymothoé*, and ſweet *Melite*,
Faireſt *Pheruſa*, *Phao* lilly white,
VVondred *Agauć*, *Porii*, and *Neſæa*,
With *Erato* that doth in loue delight,
And *Panopæ*, and wiſe *Protomedæa*,
And ſnow-neckt *Doris*, and milkewhite *Galathæa*;

50
Speedy *Hippothoé*, and chaſte *Actea*,
Large *Liſianaſſa*, and *Pronæa* ſage,
Euagoré, and light *Pontoporea*,
And ſhe, that with her leaſt word can aſſwage
The ſurging ſeas, when they doe ſoreſt rage,
Cymodoce, and ſtout *Autonoé*,
And *Neſo*, and *Eionć* well in age,
And ſeeming ſtill to ſmile, *Glauconomé*,
And ſhe that hight of many heſts *Polynomé*;

51
Freſh *Alimeda*, deckt with girlond greene;
Hyponeo, with ſalt bedeawed wreſts:
Laomedia, like the cryſtall ſheene;
Liagoré, much prayſd for wiſe beheſts;
And *Pſamathé*, for her broad ſnowy breaſts;
Cymo, *Eupompé*, and *Themiſté* iuſt;
And ſhe that vertue loues and vice deteſts,
Euarna, and *Menippé* true in truſt,
And *Nemertea* learned well to rule her luſt.

52
All theſe the daughters of olde *Nereus* were,
VVhich haue the ſea in charge to them aſſignde,
To rule his tides, and ſurges to vp-rere,
To bring forth ſtormes, or faſt them to vp-binde,
And ſailers ſaue from wreckes of wrathfull winde.
And yet beſides, three thouſand more there were
Of th'Oceans ſeede, but *Ioues* and *Phœbus* kind;
The which in flouds and fountaines doe appeare,
And all mankind do nouriſh with their waters cleare.

53
The which, more eath it were for mortall wight,
To tell the ſands, or count the ſtarres on hye,
Or ought more hard, then thinke to reckon right.
But well I wote, that theſe which I deſcry,
VVere preſent at this great ſolemnity:
And there amongſt the reſt, the mother was
Of luckleſſe *Marinell*, *Cymodoce*;
Which, for my Muſe her ſelfe now tyred has,
Vnto an other Canto I will ouer-paſs.

Canto

Canto XII.

Marin, for loue of Florimell,
In languor wastes his life:
The Nymph his mother getteth her,
And giues to him for wife.

1

O What an endlesse worke haue I in hand,
To count the Seas abundant progeny!
Whose fruitful seed far passeth those in land,
And also those which won in th'azure sky.
For, much more eath to tell the stars on hy,
Albe they endlesse seeme in estimation,
Then to recount the Seas posteritie:
So fertile be the flouds in generation,
So huge their numbers, and so numberlesse their nation.

2

Therefore the antique Wizards well inuented,
That *Venus* of the foamy Sea was bred;
For that the Seas by her are most augmented:
Witnesse th'exceeding fry, which there are fed,
And wondrous sholes, which may of none be read.
Then blame me not, if I haue err'd in count
Of gods, of Nymphs, of Riuers yet vnread:
For, though their numbers do much more surmount,
Yet all those same were there, which earst I did recount.

3

All those were there, and many other more,
Whose names and nations were too long to tell,
That *Proteus* house they fild euen to the dore;
Yet were they all in order, as befell,
According their degrees, disposed well.
Amongst the rest, was faire *Cymodocé*,
The mother of vnlucky *Marinell*,
Who thither with her came, to learne and see
The manner of the gods when they at banquet be.

4

But for he was halfe mortall, being bred
Of mortall sire, though of immortall wombe,
He might not with immortall food be fed,
Ne with th'eternall gods to banquet come;
But walkt abroad, and round about did rome,
To view the building of that vneouth place,
That seem'd vnlike vnto his earthly home:
Where, as he to and fro by chaunce did trace,
There vnto him betid a disaduentrous case.

5

Vnder the hanging of an hideous cliefe,
He heard the lamentable voice of one,
That pitiously complaynd her carefull griefe,
Which neuer she before disclos'd to none,
But to her selfe her sorrowe did bemone.
So feelingly her case she did complaine,
That ruth it moued in the rocky stone,
And made it seeme to feele her grieuous paine,
And oft to grone with billowes beating from the Maine.

6

Though vaine I see my sorrowes to vnfold,
And count my cares, when none is nigh to heare;
Yet hoping griefe may lessen beeing tolde,
I will them tell though vnto no man neare:
For, heauen that vnto all lends equall eare,
Is farre from hearing of my heauy plight;
And lowest hell, to which I lie most neare,
Cares not what cruells hap to wretched wight;
And greedy seas doe in the spoile of life delight.

7

Yet loe, the seas I see by often beating,
Do pearce the Rocks, and hardest marble weares:
But his hard rocky heart for no entreating
Will yeeld; but when my pitious plaints he heares,
Is hardned more with my abundant teares.
Yet though he neuer list to me relent,
But let me waste in woe my wretched yeares,
Yet will I neuer of my loue repent,
But ioy that for his sake I suffer prisonment.

8

And when my wearie ghost with griefe out-worne,
By timely death shall winne her wished rest,
Let then this plaint vnto his eares be borne,
That blame it is to him, that armes profest,
To let her die, whom he might haue redrest.
There did she pause, inforced to giue place,
Vnto the passion, that her heart oppresst.
And after she had wept and wayl'd a space,
She gan afresh thus to renew her wretched case;

Yee

9

Ye gods of seas, if any gods at all
Haue care of right, or ruth of wretches wrong,
By one or other way me wofull thrall,
Deliuer hence out of this dungeon strong,
In which I daily dying am too long.
And if ye deeme me death, for louing one
That loues not me, then doe it not prolong;
But let me dy and end my daies attone,
And let him liue vnlov'd, or loue him selfe alone.

10

But if that life ye vnto me decree,
Then let me liue, as Louers ought to doe,
And of my lifes deare Loue beloued be:
And if he should through pride your doom vndoe,
Do you by dureſs him compell thereto,
And in this prison put him heere with me:
One prison fittest is to hold vs two:
So had I rather to be thrall, then free;
Such thraldome or such freedome let it surely bee.

11

But ô vaine iudgement, and conditions vaine,
The which the prisoner poynts vnto the free!
The whiles I him condemne, and deeme his paine,
He where he list goes loose, and laughs at me.
So euer loose, so euer happy be.
But where so loose or happy that thou art,
Know *Marinell* that all this is for thee.
With that she wept and wail'd, as if her heart
Would quite haue burst through great aboundance of her (smart.

12

All which complaint when *Marinell* had heard,
And vnderstood the cause of all her care
To come of him, for vsing her so hard,
His stubborne heart, that neuer felt misfare,
Was toucht with soft remorse and pitty rare;
That euen for griefe of minde he oft did grone,
And inly wish, that in his powre it were
Her to redress: but since he meanes found none,
He could no more but her great misery bemone.

13

Thus whilst his stony heart was toucht with tender ruth,
And mighty courage something mollified,
Dame *Venus* sonne that tameth stubborne youth
With iron bit, and maketh him abide,
Till like a Victor on his backe he ride,
Into his mouth his maystering bridle threw,
That made him stoupe, till he did him bestride:
Then gan he make him tread his steps anew,
And learne to loue, by learning louers paines to rew.

14

Now gan he in his grieued minde deuise,
How from that dungeon he might her enlarge;
Some while he thought, by faire and humble wise
To *Proteus* selfe to sue for her discharge:
But then he fear'd his mothers former charge
Gainst womens loue, long giuen him in vaine.
Then gan he thinke, perforce with sword and targe
Her forth to fetch, and *Proteus* to constraine:
But soone he gan such folly to forethinke againe.

15

Then did he cast to steale her thence away,
And with him beare, where none of her might knowe.
But all in vaine: for why he found no way
To enter in, or issew forth belowe;
For, all about that rocke the sea did flowe.
And though vnto his will she giuen were,
Yet without ship or boat her thence to rowe,
He wist not how, her thence away to beare;
And danger well he wist long to continue there.

16

At last, when as no meanes he could inuent,
Backe to himselfe, he gan returne the blame,
That was the author of her punishment;
And with vile curses, and reproachfull shame
To damne himselfe by euery euill name,
And deeme vnworthy or of loue or life,
That had despis'd so chast and faire a Dame,
Which him had sought through trouble & long strife;
Yet had refus'd a god that her had sought to wife.

17

In this sad plight he walked here and there,
And romed round about the rock in vaine,
As he had lost himselfe, he wist not where;
Oft listening if he mote her heare againe;
And still bemoaning her vnworthy paine:
Like as an Hynde whose calfe is falne vnwares
Into some pit, where she him heares complaine,
An hundred times about the pit side fares,
Right sorrowfully mourning her bereaued cares.

18

And now by this, the feast was throughly ended,
And euery one gan homeward to resort:
VVhich seeing, *Marinell* was sore offended,
That his departure thence should be so short,
And leaue his Loue in that sea-walled fort,
Yet durst he not his mother disobay;
But her attending in full seemely sort,
Did march amongst the many all the way:
And all the way did inly mourne, like one astray.

19

Being returned to his mothers bowre,
In solitary silence farre from wight,
He gan record the lamentable stowre,
In which his wretched Loue lay day and night,
For his deare sake, that ill deseru'd that plight:
The thought whereof empeare't his heart so deep,
That of no worldly thing he tooke delight;
Ne daily food did take, ne nightly sleepe,
But pyn'd, & mourn'd, & languisht, and alone did weepe.

20

That in short space his wonted cheerefull hew
Gan fade, and liuely spirits deaded quight:
His cheek-bones rawe, and eye-pits hollow grew,
And brawny armes had lost their knowen might,
That nothing like himselfe he seem'd in sight.
Ere long, so weake of limbe, and sicke of loue
He woxe, that lenger he n'ote stand vpright,
But to his bed was brought, and layd aboue,
Like ruefull ghost, vnable once to stirre or moue.

Which

21
Which when his mother ſawe, ſhe in her mind
VVas troubled ſore, ne wiſt well what to weene.
Ne could by ſearch nor any meanes out-find
The ſecret cauſe and nature of his teene,
VVhereby ſhe might apply ſome medicine;
But, weeping day and night did him attend,
And mourn'd to ſee her loſſe before her eyne:
Which grieu'd her more, that ſhe it could not mend;
To ſee an helpleſſe euill, double griefe doth lend.

22
Nought could ſhe read the roote of his diſeaſe,
Ne weene what miſter malady it is,
Whereby to ſeeke ſome meanes it to appeaſe.
Moſt did ſhe thinke, but moſt ſhe thought amiſs,
That that ſame former fatall wound of his
Whyleare by *Tryphon* was not throughly healed,
But cloſely rankled vnder th'orifice:
Leaſt did ſhe thinke, that which he moſt concealed,
That loue it was, which in his heart lay vnreuealed.

23
Therefore to *Tryphon* ſhe againe doth haſte,
And him doth chide as falſe and fraudulent,
That fayld the truſt, which ſhe in him had plac't,
To cure her ſonne, as he his faith had lent:
VVho now was falne into new languiſhment
Of his old hurt, which was not throughly cured.
So backe he came vnto her Patient;
Where ſearching euery part, her well aſſured,
That no old ſore it was, which his new paine procured;

24
But that it was ſome other malady,
Or griefe vnknowne, which he could not diſcerne:
So left he her withouten remedy.
Then gan her heart to faint, and quake, and yerne,
And inly troubled was, the truth to learne.
Vnto himſelfe ſhe came, and him beſought,
Now with faire ſpeeches, now with threatnings ſterne,
If ought lay hidden in his grieued thought,
It to reueale: who ſtill her anſwered, there was nought.

25
Nath'leſſe, ſhe reſted not ſo ſatisfide:
But leauing watry gods, as booting nought,
Vnto the ſhiny heauen in haſte ſhe hide,
And thence *Apollo* king of Leaches brought.
Apollo came; who ſoone as he had ſought
Through his diſeaſe, did by and by out-find,
That he did languiſh of ſome inward thought,
The which afflicted his engrieued mind;
Which loue he read to be, that leads each liuing kind.

26
VVhich when he had vnto his mother told,
She gan thereat to fret, and greatly grieue.
And comming to her ſonne, gan firſt to ſcold,
And chyde at him, that made her misbelieue:
But afterwards ſhe gan him ſoft to ſhriue,
And wooe with faire intreaty, to diſcloſe,
Which of the Nymphs his heart ſo ſore did mieue.
For, ſure ſhe weend it was ſome one of thoſe,
Which he had lately ſeen, that for his Loue he choſe.

27
Now leſſe ſhe feared that ſame fatall read,
That warned him of womens loue beware;
VVhich beeing meant of mortall creatures ſead,
For loue of Nymphs ſhee thought ſhe need not care,
But promiſt him what-euer wight ſhe were,
That ſhe her loue to him would ſhortly gaine.
So, he her told: but ſoone as ſhe did heare
That *Florimell* it was, which wrought his paine,
Shee gan afreſh to chafe, and grieue in euery vaine.

28
Yet ſince ſhe ſawe the ſtreight extremitie,
In which his life vnluckily was laid,
It was no time to ſcan the prophecie,
VVhether old *Proteus* true or falſe had ſaid,
That his decay ſhould happen by a mayd.
It's late, in death, of danger to adviſe,
Or loue forbid him, that is life denayd:
But rather gan in troubled mind deuize,
How ſhe that Ladies liberty might enterprize.

29
To *Proteus* ſelfe to ſue, ſhe thought it vaine,
VVho was the roote and worker of her woe:
Nor vnto any meaner to complaine,
But vnto great king *Neptune* ſelfe did goe,
And on her knee before him falling lowe,
Made humble ſute vnto his maieſtie
To grant to her, her ſonnes life, which his foe
A cruell Tyrant had preſumptuouſly
By wicked doom condemn'd, a wretched death to die.

30
To whom god *Neptune* ſoftly ſmyling, thus;
Daughter, me ſeemes of double wrong ye plaine,
Gainſt one that hath both wronged you, and vs:
For, death t'award I ween'd did appertaine
To none, but to the Seas ſole Soueraine.
Read therefore who it is, which this hath wrought,
And for what cauſe; the truth diſcouer plaine.
For, neuer wight ſo euill did or thought,
But would ſome rightful cauſe pretend, though rightly nought.

31
To whom ſhe anſwerd; Then it is by name,
Proteus, that hath ordayn'd my ſonne to die;
For that a waiſt, the which by fortune came
Vpon your ſeas, he claym'd as property:
And yet nor his, nor his in equity,
But yours the waiſt by high prerogatiue.
Therefore I humbly craue your Maieſtie,
It to repleuie, and my ſonne reprieue:
So ſhall you by one gift ſaue all vs three aliue.

32
He graunted it: and ſtreight his warrant made,
Vnder the Sea-gods ſeale autenticall,
Commanding *Proteus* ſtraight t'enlarge the mayd,
Which wandring on his ſeas imperiall
He lately tooke, and ſithence kept as thrall.
Which ſhe receiuing with meet thankfulneſſe,
Departed ſtraight to *Proteus* therewithall:
Who, reading it with inward loathfulneſſe,
Was grieued to reſtore the pledge, he did poſſeſſe.

Yet

33
Yet durſt he not the warrant to withſtand,
But vnto her deliuered *Florimell*.
Whom ſhe receiuing by the lilly hand,
Admir'd her beauty much, as ſhe mote well:
For, ſhe all liuing creatures did excell;
And was right ioyous that ſhe gotten had
So faire a wife for her ſonne *Marinell*.
So home with her ſhe ſtreight the virgin lad,
And ſhewed her to him, then beeing ſore beſtad.

34
VVho ſoone as he beheld that angels face,
Adorn'd with all diuine perfection,
His cheared heart eftſoones away gan chace
Sad death, reuiued with her ſweet inſpection,
And feeble ſpirit inly felt refection;
As withered weed through cruell winters tine,
That feeles the warmth of ſunny beames reflection,
Liftes vp his head, that did before decline,
And gins to ſpread his leafe before the faire ſunſhine.

35
Right ſo him ſelfe did *Marinell* vpreare,
VVhen he in place his deareſt Loue did ſpy;
And though his limbs could not his body beare,
Ne former ſtrength returne ſo ſuddenly,
Yet chearefull ſignes he ſhewed outwardly.
Ne leſſe was ſhe in ſecret heart affected,
But that ſhe masked it with modeſty,
For feare ſhe ſhould of lightneſſe be detected:
Which to another place I leaue to be perfected.

The end of the fourth Booke.

Canto

THE FIFT BOOKE OF THE FAERY QVEENE:

CONTAYNING

The Legend of ARTHEGALL.

OR

Of Iustice.

1

SO oft as I, with state of present time,
The Image of the antique world compare,
When as mans age was in his freshest prime,
And the first blossome of faire vertue bare,
Such oddes I finde twixt those, and these which are,
As that, through long continuance of his course,
Me seemes the world is runne quight out of square,
From the first point of his appointed sourse,
And being once amisse growes daily worse and worse.

2

For, from the golden age, that first was named,
It's now as earst become a stony one;
And men themselues, the which at first were framed
Of earthly mould, and form'd of flesh and bone,
Are now transformed into hardest stone:
Such as behind their backs (so backward bred)
Were throwne by *Pyrrha* and *Deucalione*:
And if then those may any worse be red,
They into that ere long will be degenered.

3

Let none then blame me, if in discipline
Of vertue and of ciuill vses lore,
I do not forme them to the common line
Of present dayes, which are corrupted sore,
But to the antique vse, which was of yore,
When good was onely for it selfe desired,
And all men sought their owne, and none no more;
When Iustice was not for most meed out-hyred,
But simple Truth did raigne, and was of all admired.

4

For, that which all men then did vertue call,
Is now cald vice; and that which vice was hight,
Is now hight vertue, and so vs'd of all:
Right now is wrong, and wrong that was is right,
As all things else in time are changed quight.
Ne wonder; for the heauens reuolution
Is wandred farre, from where it first was pight,
And so do make contrary constitution
Of all this lower world, toward his dissolution.

5

For, who so list into the heauens looke,
And search the courses of the rowling spheares,
Shall find that from the point, where they first tooke
Their setting foorth, in these few thousand yeares
They all are wandred much; that plaine appeares.
For that same golden fleecy Ram, which bore
Phrixus and *Hellé* from their stepdames feares,
Hath now forgot, where he was plac't of yore,
And shouldred hath the Bull, which faire *Europa* bore.

And

6

And eke the Pull hath with his boaw-bent horne
So hardly buited those two twinnes of *Ioue*,
That they haue crusht the Crab, and quite him borne
Into the great *Nemean* Lions groue.
So now all range, and do at random roue
Out of their proper places farre away,
And all this world with them amisse do moue,
And all his creatures from their course astray,
Till they arriue at their last ruinous decay.

7

Ne is that same great glorious lamp of light,
That doth enlumine all those lesser fyres,
In better case, ne keeps his course more right,
But is miscarried with the other Spheres.
For, since the tearme of fourteene hundred yeares
That learned *Ptolomee* his height did take,
He is declined from that marke of theirs,
Nigh thirty minutes, to the Southerne lake;
That makes me feare in time he will vs quite forsake.

8

And if to those Ægyptian wisards old,
Which in Star-read were wont haue best insight,
Faith may be giuen, it is by them told,
That since the time they first tooke the Sunnes hight,
Foure times his place he shifted hath in sight,
And twice hath risen, where he now doth West,
And wested twice, where he ought rise aright.
But most is *Mars* amisse of all the rest,
And next to him old *Saturne*, that was wont be best.

9

For during *Saturnes* ancient raigne it's said,
That all the world with goodnesse did abound,
All loued vertue, no man was affrayd
Of force, no fraud in wight was to be found:
No warre was knowne, no dreadfull trumpets sound,
Peace vniuersall raignd mongst men and beasts,
And all things freely grew out of the ground:
Iustice sate high ador'd with solemne feasts,
And to all people did diuide her dread behests;

10

Most sacred vertue she of all the rest,
Resembling God in his imperiall might;
Whose soueraigne power is herein most expresst,
That both to good and bad he dealeth right,
And all his workes with iustice hath bedight.
That powre he also doth to Princes lend,
And makes them like himselfe in glorious sight,
To sit in his owne seat, his cause to end,
And rule his people right, as he doth recommend.

11

Dread soueraigne goddesse, that doest highest sit
In seate of iudgement, in th' Almighties stead,
And with magnificke might and wondrous wit
Doest to thy people righteous doome aread,
That furthest Nations filles with awefull dread,
Pardon the boldnesse of thy basest thrall,
That dare discourse of so diuine a read,
As thy great iustice praysed ouer all;
The instrument whereof loe here thy *Arthegall*.

Canto I.

Arthegall trayn'd in Iustice lore
Irenaes quest pursewed:
He doth auenge on Sanglier
his Ladies bloud embrewed.

1

THough vertue then were held in highest price,
In those old times of which I doe entreat,
Yet then likewise the wicked seed of vice
Began to spring; which shortly grew ful great,
And with their boughes the gentle plants did beat.
But euermore some of the vertuous race
Rose vp, inspired with heroicke heat,
That cropt the branches of the sient base,
And with strong hand their fruitfull rankes did deface.

2

Such first was *Bacchus*, that with furious might
All th' East, before vntam'd, did ouerronne,
And wrong repressed, and establisht right,
Which lawlesse men had formerly fordonne.
There Iustice first her Princely rule begonne.
Next, *Hercules* his like ensample shewed,
Who all the West with equall conquest wonne,
And monstrous tyrants with his club subdewed;
The club of Iustice dread, with kingly powre endewed.

And

3

And such was he, of whom I haue to tell,
The Champion of true Iustice, *Arthegall*.
Whom (as ye lately mote remember well)
An hard aduenture, which did then befall,
Into redoubted perill forth did call;
That was, to succour a distressed Dame,
Whom a strong tyrant did vniustly thrall,
And from the heritage, which she did clame,
Did with strong hand withhold: *Grantorto* was his name.

4

Wherefore the Lady, which *Irena* hight,
Did to the Faery Queene her way addresse;
To whom complayning her afflicted plight,
She her besought of gracious redresse,
That soueraigne Queene, that mighty Empresse,
Whose glory is to ayde all suppliants pore,
And of weake Princes to be Patronesse,
Chose *Arthegall* to right her to restore;
For that to her he seem'd best skild in righteous lore.

5

For, *Arthegall* in iustice was vpbrought
Euen from the cradle of his infancy,
And all the depth of rightfull doome was taught
By faire *Astræa*, with great industry,
Whil'st here on earth she liued mortally.
For, till the world from his perfection fell
Into all filth and foule iniquity,
Astræa here mongst earthly men did dwell,
And in the rules of iustice them instructed well.

6

Whiles through the world she walked in this sort,
Vpon a day she found this gentle childe,
Amongst his peeres playing his childish sport:
Whom seeing fit, and with no crime defilde,
She did allure with gifts and speeches milde,
To wend with her. So thence him farre she brought
Into a caue from company exilde,
In which she noursled him, till yeares he raught,
And all the discipline of iustice there him taught.

7

There she him taught to weigh both right and wrong
In equall ballaunce with due recompence,
And equity to measure out along,
According to the line of conscience,
When so it needes with rigour to dispence.
Of all the which (for want there of mankind)
She caused him to make experience
Vpon wild beasts, which she in woods did find,
With wrongfull powre oppressing others of their kind.

8

Thus she him trained, and thus she him taught,
In all the skill of deeming wrong and right,
Vntill the ripenesse of mans years he raught;
That euen wilde beasts did feare his awefull sight,
And men admyr'd his ouer-ruling might;
Ne any liv'd on ground, that durst withstand
His dreadfull heast, much lesse him match in fight,
Or bide the horror of his wreakfull hand,
When-so he list in wrath lift vp his steely brand.

9

Which steely brand, to make him dradded more,
She gaue vnto him, gotten by her slight
And earnest search, where it was kept in store
In *Ioues* eternall house, vnwist of wight,
Since he himselfe it vs'd in that great fight
Against the *Titans*, that whylome rebelled
Gainst highest heauen; *Chrysaor* it was hight;
Chrysaor, that all other swords excelled, (quelled.
Well prou'd in that same day, when *Ioue* those Giants

10

For, of most perfect metall it was made,
Tempred with Adamant amongst the same,
And garnisht all with gold vpon the blade
In goodly wise, whereof it tooke his name,
And was of no lesse vertue, then of fame.
For, there no substance was so firme and hard,
But it would pierce or cleaue, where-so it cam e;
Ne any armour could his dint out-ward,
But where-soeuer it did light, it throughly shar'd.

11

Now, when the world with sinne gan to abound,
Astræa loathing lenger here to space
Mongst wicked men, in whom no truth she found,
Return'd to heauen, whence she deriu'd her race;
Where she hath now an euerlasting place,
Mongst those twelue signes, which nightly we do see
The heauens bright-shining baudrike to enchace;
And is the *Virgin*, sixt in her degree:
And next her selfe, her righteous ballaunce hanging bee.

12

But when she parted hence, she left her groome
An yron man, which did on her attend
Alwayes, to execute her stedfast doome,
And willed him with *Arthegall* to wend,
And do what-euer thing he did intend.
His name was *Talus*, made of yron mould,
Immoueable, resistlesse, without end;
Who, in his hand, an yron flaile did holde,
With which he thresht out falshood, & did truth vnfolde.

13

He now went with him in this new inquest,
Him for to ayde, if ayde he chaunc't to need,
Against that cruell Tyrant, which oppresst
The faire *Irena* with his foule misdeed,
And kept the Crowne in which she should succeed.
And now together on their way they bin,
When as they saw a Squire in squallid weed,
Lamenting sore his sorrowfull sad tine,
With many bitter teares shed from his blubbred eyne.

14

To whom as they approached, they espide
A sory sight, as euer seene with eye;
An headlesse Lady lying him beside,
In her owne bloud all wallow'd wofully;
That her gay clothes did in discolour die.
Much was he moued at that ruefull sight;
And flam'd with zeale of vengeance inwardly,
He askt, who had that Dame so foully dight;
Or whether his owne hand, or whether other wight?

15

Ah! wo is me, and weal away, quoth he,
Bursting forth teares, like springs out of a banke,
That euer I this dismall day did see:
Full farre was I from thinking such a pranke;
Yet little losse it were, and mickle thanke,
If I should grant that I haue doen the same,
That I mote drink the cup, whereof she dranke:
But that I should dy guilty of the blame,
The which another did, who now is fled with shame.

16

Who was it then, said *Arthegall*, that wrought?
And why? do it declare vnto me trew.
A Knight, said he, if Knight he may be thought,
That did his hand in Ladies bloud imbrew,
And for no cause, but as I shall you shew.
This day as I in solace sate hereby
With a faire Loue, whose losse I now do rew,
There came this Knight, hauing in company
This luckelesse Lady, which now here doth headlesse lie.

17

He, whether mine seem'd fayrer in his eye,
Or that he wexed weary of his owne,
Would change with me; but I did it deny:
So did the Ladies both as may be knowen.
But he, whose spirit was with pride vp-blowne,
Would not so rest contented with his right,
But hauing from his courser her downe throwne,
Fro me reft mine away by lawlesse might,
And on his steed her set, to beare her out of sight.

18

Which when his Lady sawe, she follow'd fast,
And on him catching holde, gan loud to crie
Not so to leaue her, nor away to cast,
But rather of his hand besought to die.
With that, his sword he drew all wrathfully,
And at one stroke cropt off her head with scorne,
In that same place, whereas it now doth lie.
So he my loue away with him hath borne, (mourne.
And left me here, both his and mine owne Loue to

19

Aread, said he, which way then did he make?
And by what markes may he be knowne againe?
To hope, quoth he, him soone to ouertake,
That hence so long departed, is but vaine:
But yet he pricked ouer yonder Plaine;
And as I marked, bore vpon his shield,
By which its easie him to knowe againe,
A broken sword within a bloudy field;
Expressing well his nature which the same did wield.

20

No sooner sayd, but straight he after sent
His yron page, who him pursew'd so light,
As that it seem'd aboue the ground he went:
For, he was swift as swallow in her flight,
And strong as Lion in his lordly might.
It was not long, before he ouertooke
Sir *Sanglier*; (so cleeped was that Knight)
Whom at the first he ghessed by his looke,
And by the other markes, which of his shield he tooke.

21

He bade him stay, and backe with him retire;
Who full of scorne to be commanded so,
The Lady to alight did eft require,
Whil'st he reformed that vnciuill foe:
And streight at him with all his force did goe.
Who mou'd no more therewith, then when a rocke
Is lightly striken with some stones throwe;
But to him leaping, lent him such a knocke,
That on the ground he laid him like a senseless blocke.

22

But ere he could himselfe recure againe,
Him in his Iron paw he seized had;
That when he wak't out of his wareless paine,
He found himselfe vnwist, so ill bestad,
That lim he could not wag. Thence he him lad,
Bound like a beast appointed to the stall:
The sight whereof the Lady sore adrad,
And fain'd to fly for feare of being thrall;
But he her quickly staid, and forc't to wend withall.

23

When to the place they came, where *Arthegall*
By that same carefull Squire did then abide,
He gently gan him to demaund of all,
That did betwixt him and that Squire betide.
Who with sterne countenance and indignant pride
Did answere, that of all he guiltlesse stood,
And his accuser thereupon defide:
For, neyther he did shed that Ladies bloud,
Nor tooke away his Loue, but his owne proper good.

24

Well did the Squire perceiue himselfe too weake,
To answer his defiance in the field,
And rather chose his challenge off to breake,
Then to approue his right with speare and shield.
And rather guilty chose himselfe to yield.
But *Arthegall* by signes perceiuing plaine,
That he it was not which that Lady kild,
But that strange Knight, the fairer Loue to gaine,
Did cast about by sleight the truth thereout to straine;

25

And said, Now sure this doubtfull causes right
Can hardly but by Sacrament be tride,
Or else by ordele, or by bloudy fight;
That ill perhaps mote fall to eyther side.
But if ye please, that I your cause decide,
Perhaps I may all further quarrell end,
So ye will sweare my iudgement to abide.
Thereto they both did frankly condiscend,
And to his doome with listfull eares did both attend.

26

Sith then, said he, ye both the dead deny,
And both the liuing Lady claime your right,
Let both the dead and liuing equally
Diuided be betwixt you here in sight,
And each of either take his share aright.
But looke who does dissent from this my read,
He for a twelue moneths day shall in despight
Beare for his penance that same Ladies head;
To witnesse to the world, that she by him his dead.

Well

27

Well pleased with that doome was *Sanglier*,
And offred straight the Lady to be slaine.
But that same Squire, to whom she was more dere,
When as he sawe she should be cut in twaine,
Did yield, she rather should with him remaine
Aliue, then to himselfe be shared dead:
And rather then his Loue should suffer paine,
He chose with shame to beare that Ladies head.
True loue despiseth shame, when life is cald in dread.

28

Whom when so willing *Arthegall* perceaued;
Not so thou Squire, he said, but thine I deeme
The liuing Lady, which from thee he reaued:
For, worthy thou of her doost rightly seeme.
And you, sir Knight, that loue so light esteeme,
As that ye would for little leaue the same,
Take here your owne, that doth you best beseeme,
And with it beare the burden of defame;
Your owne dead Ladies head, to tell abroad your shame.

29

But *Sanglier* disdained much his doome,
And sternly gan repine at his behest;
Ne would for ought obey, as did become,
To beare that Ladies head before his breast.
Vntill that *Talus* had his pride repressed,
And forced him, maulgre, it vp to reare.
Who, when he saw it bootelesse to resist,
He tooke it vp, and thence with him did beare,
As rated Spaniell takes his burden vp for feare.

30

Much did that Squire Sir *Arthegall* adore,
For his great iustice, held in high regard;
And (as his Squire) him offred euermore
To serue, for want of other meet reward,
And wend with him on his aduenture hard.
But he thereto would by no meanes consent;
But leauing him, forth on his iourney far'd:
Ne wight with him but onely *Talus* went;
They two enough t' encounter an whole Regiment.

Canto II.

Arthegall heares of Florimell,
does with the Pagan fight:
Him slayes, drownes Lady Momera,
does raze her Castle quight.

1

Nought is more honorable to a Knight,
Ne better doth beseeme braue chevalry,
Then to defend the feeble in their right,
And wrong redresse in such as wend awry.
Whilome those great Heroës got thereby
Their greatest glory, for their rightfull deeds,
And place deserued with the Gods on hie.
Herein the noblesse of this Knight exceedes,
Who now to perils great for iustice sake proceeds.

2

To which as he now was vpon the way,
He chaunc't to meet a Dwarfe in hasty course;
Whom he requir'd his forward haste to stay,
Till he of tydings mote with him discourse.
Loth was the Dwarfe, yet did he stay perforce,
And gan of sundry newes his store to tell,
As to his memory they had recourse:
But chiefly of the fairest *Florimell*,
How she was found againe, and spouse to *Marinell*.

3

For, this was *Dony*, *Florimels* owne Dwarfe;
Whom hauing lost (as ye haue heard whyleare)
And finding in the way the scattred scarfe,
The fortune of her life long time did feare.
But, of her health when *Arthegall* did heare,
And safe returne, he was full inly glad;
And askt him where, and when her bridale cheare
Should be solemnis'd: for, if time he had,
He would be there, and honour to her spousall ad.

4

Within three dayes, quoth he, as I do heare,
It will be at the Castle of the *Strond*;
What time, if nought me let, I will be there
To doe her seruice, so as I am bond.
But in my way a little here beyond,
A cursed cruell Sarazin doth wonne,
That keepes a Bridges passage by strong hond,
And many errant Knights hath there fordonne;
That makes all men for feare that passage for to shonne.

5
What miſter wight, quoth he, and how far hence
Is he, that doth to trauellers ſuch harmes?
He is, ſaid he, a man of great defence;
Expert in battell and in deeds of armes;
And more emboldned by the wicked charmes,
With which his daughter doth him ſtill ſupport;
Hauing great Lordſhips got and goodly farmes,
Through ſtrong oppreſſion of his powre extort;
By which he ſtill them holds, & keeps with ſtrong effort.

6
And daily hee his wrongs encreaſeth more:
For, neuer wight he lets to paſſe that way,
Ouer his Bridge, albee he rich or poore,
But he him makes his paſſage-penny pay:
Elſe he doth hold him back, or beat away.
Thereto he hath a groome of euill guize,
Whoſe ſcalp is bare, that bondage doth bewray,
Which pols and pils the poore in pitious wiſe;
But he himſelfe vpon the rich doth tyrannize.

7
His name is hight *Pollente*, rightly ſo
For that he is ſo puiſſant and ſtrong,
That with his powre he all doth ouer-go,
And makes them ſubiect to his mighty wrong;
And ſome by ſleight he eke doth vnderfong,
For, on a bridge he cuſtometh to fight,
Which is but narrow, but exceeding long;
And in the ſame are many trap-fals pight, (ſight.
Through which the rider downe doth fall through ouer-

8
And vnderneath the ſame a riuer flowes,
That is both ſwift and dangerous deepe withall;
Into the which whom-ſo he ouer-throwes,
All deſtitute of helpe, doth headlong fall:
But he himſelfe, through practiſe vſuall,
Leaps forth into the flood, and there aſſayes
His foe, confuſed through his ſuddaine fall,
That horſe and man he equally diſmaies,
And eyther both them drowns, or trayterouſly ſlayes.

9
Then doth he take the ſpoyle of them at will,
And to his daughter brings, that dwels thereby:
Who all that comes doth take, and there-with fill
The coffers of her wicked threaſury,
Which ſhe with wrongs hath heaped vp ſo hy,
That many Princes ſhe in wealth exceeds,
And purchaſt all the countrey lying ny
With the reuenew of her plentious meedes;
Her name is *Munera*, agreeing with her deedes.

10
There-to ſhee is full faire, and rich attired,
With golden hands and ſiluer feete beſide,
That many Lords haue her to wife deſired:
But ſhe them all deſpiſeth for great pride.
Now by my life, ſaid he, and God to guide,
None other way will I this day betake,
But by that Bridge, where-as he doth abide:
Therefore me thither lead. No more he ſpake,
But thitherward forth-right his ready way did make.

11
Vnto the place he came within awhile,
Where on the Bridge he ready armed ſaw
The Sarazin, awayting for ſome ſpoyle.
Who as they to the paſſage gan to draw,
A villaine to them came with ſcull all raw,
That paſſage-money did of them require,
According to the cuſtome of their law.
To whom he anſwerd wroth, lo, there thy hire;
And with that word him ſtrook, that ſtreight he did expire

12
Which, when the Pagan ſaw, he wexed wroth,
And ſtraight himſelfe vnto the fight addreſt;
Ne was Sir *Arthegall* behind: ſo both
Together ran with ready ſpeares in reſt.
Right in the midſt, where-as they breſt to breſt
Should meet, a trap was letten downe to fall
Into the flood: ſtraight leapt the Carle vnbleſt,
Well weening that his foe was falne withall:
But he was well aware, and leapt before his fall.

13
There beeing both together in the floud,
They each at other tyrannouſly flew;
Ne ought the water cooled their hot bloud,
But rather in them kindled choler new.
But there the Paynim, who that vſe well knew
To fight in water, great aduantage had,
That often-times him nigh he ouer-threw:
And eke the courſer, where-vpon he rad,
Could ſwim like to a fiſh, whiles he his back beſtrad.

14
Which oddes when as Sir *Arthegall* eſpide,
He ſaw no way, but cloſe with him in haſte;
And to him driuing ſtrongly downe the tide,
Vpon his iron coller griped faſt,
That with the ſtraint, his weſand nigh he braſt.
There they together ſtroue and ſtruggled long,
Eyther the other from his ſteed to caſt,
Ne euer *Arthegall* his griple ſtrong
For any thing would ſlack, but ſtill vpon him hong.

15
As when a Dolphin and a Sele are met,
In the wide champain of the Ocean Plaine,
With cruell chauſe their courages they whet,
The maſterdome of each by force to gaine,
And dreadfull battaile twixt them do darraine:
They ſnuf, they ſnort, they bounce, they rage, they roare,
That all the ſea (diſturbed with their traine)
Doth frie with ſome aboue the ſurges hore:
Such was betwixt theſe two the troubleſome vprore.

16
So *Arthegall*, at length, him forc't forſake
His horſes backe, for dread of being drownd,
And to his handy ſwimming him betake.
Eftſoones himſelfe he from his hold vnbound,
And then no odds at all in him he found:
For, *Arthegall* in ſwimming skilfull was,
And durſt the depth of any water ſound.
So ought each Knight, that vſe of perill has,
In ſwimming be expert, through waters force to paſs.

Then

17
Then very doubtfull was the warres euent,
Vncertaine whether had the better ſide:
For, both were skild in that experiment,
And both in armes well traind and throughly tride.
But *Arthegall* was better breath'd beſide,
And towards th' end, grew greater in his might,
That his faint foe no longer could abide
His puiſſance, ne beare himſelfe vp-right,
But from the water to the land betooke his flight.

18
But *Arthegall* purſew'd him ſtill ſo neare,
With bright Chryſaor in his cruell hand,
That as his head he gan a little reare
Aboue the brinke, to tread vpon the land,
He ſmote it off, that tumbling on the ſtrand,
It bit the earth for very fell deſpight,
And gnaſhed with his teeth, as if he band
High God, whoſe goodneſſe he deſpaired quight,
Or curſt the hand, wᵗʰ did that vengeance on him dight.

19
His corps was carried downe along the Lee,
Whoſe waters with his filthy bloud it ſtained:
But his blaſphemous head, that all might ſee,
He pitcht vpon a pole on high ordained;
Where many yeeres it afterwards remained,
To be a mirror to all mighty men,
In whoſe right hands great power is contained,
That none of them the feeble ouer-ren,
But alwaies doe their powre within iuſt compaſſe pen.

20
That done, vnto the Caſtle he did wend,
In which the Paynims daughter did abide,
Guarded of many which did her defend:
Of whom he entrance ſought, but was denide,
And with reprochfull blaſphemy defide,
Beaten with ſtones downe from the battilment,
That he was forced to with-draw aſide;
And bade his ſeruant *Talus* to inuent
Which way he enter might, without endangerment.

21
Eftſoones his Page drew to the Caſtle gate,
And with his iron flaile at it let fly,
That all the Warders it did ſore amate,
The which ere-while ſpake ſo reprochfully,
And made them ſtoupe, that looked earſt ſo hie:
Yet ſtill he bet, and bounſt vpon the dore,
And thundred ſtrokes thereon ſo hideouſly,
That all the peece he ſhaked from the flore,
And filled all the houſe with feare and great vp-rore.

22
With noiſe whereof, the Lady forth appeared
Vpon the Caſtle wall; and when ſhe ſaw
The dangerous ſtate in which ſhe ſtood, ſhe feared
The ſad effect of her neere ouerthrowe;
And gan intreat that iron man belowe,
To ceaſe his out-rage, and him faire beſought,
Sith neyther force of ſtones which they did throwe,
Nor powre of charms, which ſhe againſt him wrought,
Might otherwiſe preuaile, or make him ceaſe for ought.

23
But, when as yet ſhe ſaw him to proceed,
Vnmoou'd with prayers, or with pitifious thought,
She meant him to corrupt with goodly meed;
And caus'd great ſacks, with endleſſe riches fraught,
Vnto the battilment to be vp-brought,
And powred forth ouer the Caſtle wall,
That ſhe might win ſom time (though dearly bought)
Whil'ſt he to gathering of the gold did fall.
But he was nothing mou'd, nor tempted therewithall;

24
But ſtill continu'd his aſſault the more,
And layd on load with his huge iron flaile,
That at the length he has yrent the dore,
And made way for his maiſter to aſſaile.
Who being entred, nought did then auaile
For wight, againſt his powre themſelues to reare:
Each one did flie; their harts began to faile,
And hid themſelues in corners here and there;
And eke their dame, half dead, did hide her ſelfe for feare.

25
Long they her ſought, yet no where could they find her,
That ſure they ween'd ſhe was eſcap't away:
But *Talus*, that could like a lime-hound wind her,
And all things ſecret wiſely could bewray,
At length found out where as ſhee hidden lay
Vnder an heap of gold. Thence he her drew
By the faire locks, and foully did array,
Withouten pittie of her goodly hew,
That *Arthegall* himſelfe her ſeemeleſſe plight did rew.

26
Yet for no pitty would he change the courſe
Of Iuſtice, which in *Talus* hand did lie;
Who rudely hal'd her forth without remorſe,
Still holding vp her ſuppliant hands on hie,
And kneeling at his feet ſubmiſſiuely.
But her ſuppliant hands, thoſe hands of gold,
And eke her feete, thoſe feet of ſiluer try
(Which ſought vnrighteouſneſſe and iuſtice ſold)
Chopt off; & nayld on high, that all might them behold.

27
Her ſelfe then tooke he by the ſlender waſte,
In vaine loude crying, and into the flood
Ouer the Caſtle wall adowne her caſt,
And there her drowned in the durty mud:
But the ſtreame waſht away her guilty blood.
Thereafter, all that mucky pelfe he tooke,
The ſpoyle of peoples euill gotten good,
The which her ſire had ſcrap't by hooke and crooke,
And burning all to aſhes, pour'd it downe the brooke.

28
And laſtly, all that Caſtle quite he raſed,
Euen from the ſole of his foundation,
And all the hewen ſtones thereof defaced,
That there more be no hope of reparation,
Nor memory thereof to any nation.
All which when *Talus* throughly had performed,
Sir *Arthegall* vndid the euill faſhion,
And wicked cuſtomes of that Bridge reformed.
Which done, vnto his former iourney he returned.

In

29
In which they measur'd mickle weary way,
Till that at length nigh to the sea they drew;
By which as they did trauell on a day,
They saw before them, far as they could view,
Full many people gathered in a crew;
Whose great assembly they did much admire,
For, neuer there the like resort they knew.
So towards them they coasted, to enquire
What thing so many nations met, did there desire.

30
There they beheld a mighty Giant stand
Vpon a rock, and holding forth on hie
An huge great paire of ballaunce in his hand,
With which he boasted in his surquedry,
That all the world he would weigh equally,
If ought he had the same to counterpoys.
For want whereof, he weighed vanity,
And fild his ballaunce full of idle toyes:
Yet was admired much of fooles, women, and boyes.

31
He said, that he would all the earth vp-take,
And all the sea deuided each from eyther:
So would he of the fire one ballaunce make,
And one of th'ayre, without or wind, or weather:
Then would he ballaunce heauen and hell together,
And all that did within them all containe;
Of all whose weight he would not misse a feather.
And looke what surplus did of each remaine,
He would to his owne part restore the same againe.

32
For why, he said, they all vnequall were,
And had encroched vpon others share;
Like as the sea (which plaine he shewed there)
Had worne the earth: so did the fire the ayre;
So all the rest did others parts empaire.
And so were Realmes and Nations run awry.
All which he vndertooke for to repaire,
In sort as they were formed aunciently;
And all things would reduce vnto equality.

33
Therefore the vulgar did about him flock,
And cluster thick vnto his leasings vaine;
Like foolish flies about an hony crock,
In hope by him great benefite to gaine,
And vncontrolled freedome to obtaine.
All which, when *Arthegall* did see, and heare,
How he misled the simple peoples traine,
In disdeignfull wise he drew vnto him neare,
And thus vnto him spake, without regard or feare;

34
Thou that presum'st to weigh the world anew,
And all things to an equall to restore,
In stead of right, me seemes great wrong doost shew,
And far about thy forces pitch to sore.
For, ere thou limit what is lesse or more
In euery thing, thou oughtest first to knowe,
What was the poyse of euery part of yore:
And looke then how much it doth ouer-flowe,
Or faile thereof, so much is more then iust to trowe.

35
For, at the first, they all created were
In goodly measure, by their Makers might;
And weighed out in ballaunces so nere,
That not a dram was missing of their right.
The earth was in the middle centre pight,
In which it doth immoueable abide,
Hemd in with waters, like a wall in sight:
And they with ayre, that not a drop can slide:
All which the heauens containe, & in their courses guide.

36
Such heauenly iustice doth among them raine,
That euery one do knowe their certaine bound,
In which they do these many yeares remaine;
And mongst them all no change hath yet been found.
But if thou now should'st weigh them new in pound,
We are not sure they would so long remaine:
All change is perillous, and all chaunce vnsound.
Therefore leaue off to weigh them all againe,
Till we may be assur'd they shall their course retaine.

37
Thou foolish Elfe, said then the Giant wroth,
Seest not how badly all things present bee,
And each estate quite out of order go'th?
The sea it selfe doost thou not plainly see
Encroche vpon the land there vnder thee;
And th'earth it selfe how daily it's increast,
By all that dying to it turned bee?
Were it not good that wrong were then surceast,
And from the most, that some were giuen to the least?

38
Therefore, I will throwe downe those Mountaines hie,
And make them leuell with the lowely Plaine:
These towring rocks, which reach vnto the skie,
I will thrust downe into the deepest Maine,
And as they were, them equalize againe.
Tyrants that make men subiect to their law,
I will suppresse, that they no more may raigne;
And Lordings curbe, that commons ouer-aw;
And all the wealth of rich men, to the poore will draw.

39
Of things vnseene how canst thou deeme aright,
Then answered the righteous *Arthegall*,
Sith thou misdeem'st so much of things in sight?
What though the sea with waues continuall
Doe eate the earth, it is no more at all:
Ne is the earth the lesse, or loseth ought;
For, whatsoeuer from one place doth fall,
Is with the tide vnto another brought:
For, there is nothing lost, that may be found, if sought.

40
Likewise, the earth is not augmented more,
By all that dying into it do fade.
For, of the earth they formed were of yore;
How-euer gay their blossome or their blade
Doe flourish now, they into dust shall vade.
What wrong then is it, if that when they die,
They turne to that whereof they first were made?
All in the powre of their great Maker lie:
All creatures must obey the voyce of the most Hie.

They

41
They liue, they die, like as he doth ordaine,
Ne euer any asketh reason why.
The hils do not the lowely dales disdaine;
The dales do not the lofty hils enuy.
He maketh Kings to sit in souerainty;
He maketh subiects to their powre obay;
He pulleth downe, he setteth vp on hie;
He giues to this, from that he takes away;
For, all we haue is his: what he list doe, he may.

42
What-euer thing is done, by him is donne,
Ne any may his mighty will with-stand;
Ne any may his soueraine power shonne,
Ne loose that he hath bound with stedfast band.
In vaine therefore doost thou now take in hand,
To call to count, or weigh his works anew,
Whose counsels depth thou canst not vnderstand,
Sith of things subiect to thy daily view
Thou doost not knowe the causes, nor their courses dew.

43
For, take thy ballaunce (if thou be so wise)
And weigh the wind that vnder heauen doth blowe;
Or weigh the light, that in the East doth rise; (flowe:
Or weigh the thought, that from mans mind doth
But, if the weight of these thou canst not showe,
Weigh but one word which from thy lips doth fall.
For, how canst thou those greater secrets knowe,
That doost not knowe the least thing of them all?
Ill can he rule the great, that cannot reach the small.

44
There-with the Giant much abashed said,
That he of little things made reckoning light;
Yet the least word that euer could be laid
Within his ballaunce, he could weigh aright.
Which is, said he, more heauy then in weight,
The right or wrong, the false or else the trew?
He answered, that he would try it straight.
So he the words into his ballaunce threw:
But straight the winged words out of the ballaunce flew.

45
Wroth wext he then, and said, that words were light,
Ne would within his ballaunce well abide.
But he could iustly weigh the wrong or right.
Well then, said *Arthegall*, let it be tride.
First in one ballaunce set the true aside.
He did so first, and then the false he laid
In th'other scale; but still it downe did slide,
And by no meane could in the weight be staid.
For, by no meanes the false will with the truth be way'd.

46
Now take the right likewise, said *Arthegale*,
And counterpeise the same with so much wrong.
So first the right he put into one scale;
And then the Giant stroue with puissance strong
To fill the other scale with so much wrong.
But all the wrongs that he therein could lay,
Might not it peise; yet did he labour long,
And swat, and chaust, and proued euery way:
Yet all the wrongs could not a little right downe lay.

47
Which when he saw, he greatly grew in rage,
And almost would his ballaunces haue broken:
But *Arthegall* him fairely gan assuage,
And said; be not vpon thy ballaunce wroken:
For, they do nought but right or wrong betoken;
But in the mind the doome of right must bee;
And so likewise of words, the which be spoken,
The eare must be the ballaunce, to decree
And iudge, whether with truth or falshood they agree.

48
But set the truth and set the right aside
(For, they with wrong or falshood will not fare)
And put two wrongs together to be tride,
Or else two falses, of each equall share;
And then together doe them both compare;
For, truth is one, and right is euer one.
So did he, and then plaine it did appeare,
Whether of them the greater were attone.
But right sate in the middest of the beame alone.

49
But he the right from thence did thrust away,
For, it was not the right which he did seeke;
But rather stroue extremities to wey,
Th'one to diminish, th'other for to eeke.
For, of the meane he greatly did misseeke.
Whom when so lewdly minded *Talus* found,
Approching nigh vnto him cheeke by cheeke,
He shouldered him from off the higher ground,
And down the rock him throwing, in the sea him drownd.

50
Like as a ship, whom cruell tempest driues
Vpon a rocke with horrible dismay,
Her shattered ribs in thousand peeces riues,
And spoyling all her geares and goodly ray,
Does make her selfe misfortunes pittious pray:
So downe the cliffe the wretched Giant tumbled;
His battred ballaunces in peeces lay,
His timbered bones all broken rudely rumbled:
So was the high aspyring with huge ruine humbled.

51
That when the people, which had there-about
Long waited, saw his suddaine desolation,
They gan to gather in tumultuous rout,
And mutining, to stirre vp ciuill faction,
For certaine losse of so great expectation.
For, well they hoped to haue got great good,
And wondrous riches by his innouation.
Therefore resoluing to reuenge his blood,
They rose in armes, and all in battell-order stood.

52
Which lawlesse multitude him comming to
In war-like wise, when *Arthegall* did view,
He much was troubled, ne wist what to do.
For, loth he was his noble hands t'embrew
In the base blood of such a rascall crew:
And otherwise, if that he should retire,
He fear'd least they with shame would him pursew.
Therefore he *Talus* to them sent, t'inquire
The cause of their array, and truce for to desire.

But

53
But soone as they him nigh approching spide,
They gan with all their weapons him assay,
And ruddy strooke at him on euery side:
Yet nought they could him hurt ne ought dismay.
But when at them he with his blade gan lay,
He like a swarme of flies them ouerthrew;
Ne any of them durst come in his way,
But here and there before his presence flew,
And hid themselues in holes and bushes from his view:

54
As when a Faulcon hath with nimble flight
Flowne at a flush of Ducks, foreby the brooke,
The trembling foule dismaid with dreadfull sight
Of death, the which them almost ouer-tooke,
Doe hide themselues from her astonying looke,
Amongst the flags and couert round about.
When *Talus* saw they all the field forsooke,
And none appear'd of all that rascall rout,
To *Arthegall* he turn'd, and went with him throughout.

Canto III.

The spousals of faire Florimell, where turney many Knights: There Braggadochio is vncas't in all the Ladies sights.

1
After long stormes and tempests ouer-blowne,
The sun at length his ioyous face doth cleare:
So when as fortune all her spight hath shown,
Some lucky houres at last must needs appeare;
Else should afflicted wights oft-times despeire.
So comes it now to *Florimell* by tourne,
After long sorrowes suffered whyleare,
In which captiu'd shee many moneths did mourne,
To taste of ioy, and to wont pleasures to retourne.

2
Who, being freed from *Proteus* cruell band
By *Marinell*, was vnto him affide,
And by him brought againe to Faerie land;
Where he her spous'd, and made his ioyous bride.
The time and place was blazed farre and wide;
And solemne feasts and giusts ordain'd therefore.
To which there did resort from euery side
Of Lords and Ladies infinite great store;
Ne any Knight was absent that braue courage bore.

3
To tell the glory of the feast that day,
The goodly seruice, the deuise full sights,
The Bridegroomes state, the Brides most rich aray,
The pride of Ladies, and the worth of Knights,
The royall banquets, and the rare delights,
Were worke fit for an Herauld, not for me:
But for so much as to my lot here lights,
That with this present treatise doth agree,
True vertue to aduaunce, shall here recounted bee.

4
When all men had with full satiety
Of meats and drinks their appetites suffiz'd,
To deeds of armes and proofe of cheualrie
They gan themselues addresse, full rich aguiz'd,
As each one had his furnitures deuiz'd.
And first of all issu'd Sir *Marinell*,
And with him sixe knights more, which enterpriz'd
To chalenge all in right of *Florimell*,
And to maintaine, that she all others did excell.

5
The first of them was hight Sir *Orimont*,
A noble Knight, and tride in hard assayes:
The second had to name Sir *Belliſont*,
But second vnto none in prowesse praise;
The third was *Brunell*, famous in his dayes;
The fourth *Ecastor*, of exceeding might;
The fift *Armeddan*, skild in louely layes;
The sixt was *Lansacke*, a redoubted Knight:
All sixe well seene in armes, and prov'd in many a fight.

6
And them against came all that list to giust,
From euery coast, and country vnder sunne:
None was debard, but all had leaue that lust.
The trumpets sound; then all together runne.
Full many deeds of armes that day were donne,
And many Knights vnhorst, and many wounded,
As fortune fell; yet little lost or wonne:
But all that day the greatest praise redounded
To *Marinell*, whose name the Heralds loud resounded.

7
The second day, so soone as morrow light
Appear'd in heauen, into the field they came,
And there all day continew'd cruell fight,
With diuerse fortune fit for such a game,
In which all stroue with perill to win fame.
Yet whether side was Victor, n'ote be ghest:
But at the last, the trumpets did proclame
That *Marinell* that day deserued best.
So they disparted were, and all men went to rest.

8
The third day came, that should due triall lend
Of all the rest, and then this war-like crew
Together met, of all to make an end.
There *Marinell* great deeds of armes did shew;
And through the thickest like a Lion flew,
Rashing off helmes, and riuing plates asunder,
That euery one his danger did eschew.
So terribly his dreadfull strokes did thonder,
That all men stood amaz'd, and at his might did wonder.

9
But what on earth can alwayes happy stand?
The greater prowesse greater perils find.
So farre he past amongst his enemies band,
That they haue him enclosed so behind,
As by no meanes he can himselfe out-wind.
And now perforce they haue him prisoner taken;
And now they doe with captiue bands him bind;
And now they lead him thence, of all forsaken,
Vnlesse some succour had in time him ouertaken.

10
It fortun'd, whil'st they were thus ill beset,
Sir *Arthegall* into the Tilt-yard came,
With *Braggadochio*, whom he lately met
Vpon the way, with that his snowy Dame.
Where, when he vnderstood by common fame,
What euill hap to *Marinell* betid,
He much was mou'd at so vnworthy shame,
And straight that boaster prayd, with whom he rid,
To change his shield with him, to be the better hid.

11
So forth he went, and soone them ouer-hent,
Where they were leading *Marinell* away,
Whom he assaild with dreadlesse hardiment,
And forc't the burden of their prize to stay.
They were an hundred Knights of that array;
Of which th' one halfe vpon himselfe did set,
The other stayd behind to gard the pray.
But he ere long the former fiftie bet;
And from the other fiftie, soone the prisoner fet.

12
So backe he brought Sir *Marinell* againe;
Whom hauing quickly arm'd againe anew,
They both together ioyned might and maine,
To set afresh on all the other crew.
Whom with sore hauock soone they ouerthrew,
And chaced quite out of the field, that none
Against them durst his head to perill shew.
So were they left Lords of the field alone:
So *Marinell* by him was reseu'd from his fone.

13
Which when he had perform'd, then backe againe
To *Braggadochio* did his shield restore:
Who all this while behind him did remaine,
Keeping there close with him in pretious store
That his false Ladie, as ye heard afore.
Then did the trumpets sound, and Iudges rose,
And all these Knights, which that day armour bore,
Came to the open hall, to listen whose
The honour of the prize should be adiudg'd by those.

14
And thither also came in open sight
Faire *Florimell*, into the common hall,
To greet his guerdon vnto euery Knight,
And best to him, to whom the best should fall.
Then for that stranger Knight they loud did call,
To whom that day they should the girlond yield;
Who came not forth: but for Sir *Arthegall*
Came *Braggadochio*, and did shew his shield,
Which bore the Sunne, broad blazed in a golden field.

15
The sight whereof did all with gladnesse fill:
So vnto him they did addeeme the prise
Of all that Triumph. Then the trumpets shrill
Don *Braggadochios* name resounded thrise:
So courage lent a cloake to cowardise.
And then to him came fairest *Florimell*,
And goodly gan to greet his braue empriſe,
And thousand thanks him yield, that had so well
Approu'd that day, that she all others did excell.

16
To whom the boaster, that all Knights did blot,
With proud disdaine did scornefull answere make;
That what he did that day, he did it not
For her, but for his owne deare Ladies sake;
Whom on his perill he did vndertake,
Both her, and eke all others to excell:
And further did vncomly speeches crake.
Much did his words the gentle Lady quell,
And turn'd aside for shame to heare what he did tell.

17
Then forth he brought his snowy *Florimele*,
Whom *Trompart* had in keeping there beside,
Couered from peoples gazement with a veile.
Whom when discouered they had throughly eyde,
With great amazement they were stupefide;
And said, that surely *Florimell* it was,
Or, if it were not *Florimell* so tride,
That *Florimell* her selfe she then did pas.
So feeble skill of perfect things the vulgar has.

18
Which when as *Marinell* beheld likewise,
He was there-with exceedingly dismaid;
Ne wist he what to thinke, or to deuise:
But like as one, whom fiends had made affraid,
He long astonisht stood: ne ought he said,
Ne ought he did, but with fast fixed eyes
He gazed still vpon that snowy maid:
Whom euer as he did the more avize,
The more to be true *Florimell* he did surmize.

19
As when two sunnes appeare in th' azure sky,
Mounted in *Pharlus* charet fiery bright;
Both darting forth faire beames to each mans eye,
And both adorn'd with lamps of flaming light,
All that behold so strange prodigious sight,
Not knowing Natures worke, nor what to weene,
Are rapt with wonder, and with rare affright:
So stood Sir *Marinell*, when he had seene
The semblant of this false by his faire beauties Queene.

20
All which, when *Arthegall* (who all this while
Stoode in the prea'e close couer'd) well adviewed,
And saw that boasters pride and graceless guile,
He could no longer beare, but forth issewed,
And vnto all himselfe there open shewed:
And to the boaster said; Thou losell base,
That hast with borrowed plumes thy selfe endowed,
And others worth with leasings doost deface,
When they are all restor'd, thou shalt rest in disgrace.

21
That shield which thou doost beare, was it indeed
Which this dayes honour sau'd to *Marinell*?
But not that arme, nor thou the man I reed,
Which didst that seruice vnto *Florimell*.
For proofe shew forth thy sword, and let it tell,
What stroakes, what dreadfull stoure it stird this day:
Or shew the wounds which vnto thee befell;
Or shew the sweat, with which thou diddest sway
So sharp a battell, that so many did dismay.

22
But this the sword, which wrought those cruell stounds,
And this the arme, the which that shield did beare,
And these the signes (so shewed forth his wounds)
By which that glory gotten doth appeare.
As for this Lady which he sheweth here,
Is not (I wager) *Florimell* at all;
But some faire Franion, fit for such a fere,
That by misfortune in his hand did fall,
For proofe whereof, he bade them *Florimell* forth call.

23
So forth the noble Lady was ybrought,
Adorn'd with honour and all comely grace:
Whereto her bashfull shamefastnesse ywrought
A great increase in her faire blushing face;
As Roses did with Lillies interlace.
For, of those words, the which that boaster threw,
She inly yet conceiued great disgrace.
Whom when as all the people such did view,
They shouted loud, and signes of gladnesse all did shew.

24
Then did he set her by that snowy one,
Like the true Saint beside the Image set;
Of both their beauties to make paragone,
And triall, whether should the honour get.
Streight way so soone as both together met,
Th' enchaunted Damzell vanisht into nought:
Her snowy substance melted as with heat,
Ne of that goodly hew remained ought,
But th' empty girdle, which about her waste was wrought.

25
As when the daughter of *Thaumantes* faire,
Hath in a watry clowd displayed wide
Her goodly boaw, which paints the liquid ayre,
That all men wonder at her colours pride;
All suddenly, ere one can looke aside,
The glorious picture vanisheth away,
Ne any token doth thereof abide:
So did his Ladies goodly forme decay,
And into nothing goe, ere one could it bewray.

26
Which when as all, that present were, beheld,
They striken were with great astonishment;
And their faint harts with senselesse horrour queld,
To see the thing that seem'd so excellent,
So stolen from their fancies wonderment;
That what of it became, none vnderstood.
And *Braggadocchio* selfe with dreriment
So daunted was in his despayring mood,
That like a lifelesse corse immoueable he stood.

27
But *Arthegall* that golden belt vp-tooke,
The which of all her spoyle was onely left;
Which was not hers, as many it mistooke,
But *Florimels* owne girdle, from her reft,
While she was flying like a weary weft,
From that foule monster, which did her compell
To perils great; which he vnbuckling eft,
Presented to the fairest *Florimell*:
Who round about her tender waste it fitted well.

28
Full many Ladies often had assayd,
About their middles that faire belt to knit;
And many a one suppos'd to be a mayd:
Yet it to none of all their loynes would fit,
Till *Florimell* about her fastned it.
Such power it had, that to no womans waste
By any skill or labour it would sit,
Vnlesse that shee were continent and chaste,
But it would loose or breake, that many had disgrac't.

29
Whil'st thus they busied were bout *Florimell*,
And boastfull *Braggadocchio* to defame,
Sir *Guyon* (as by fortune then befell)
Forth from the thickest preace of people came,
His owne good steed, which he had stolne, to clame;
And th' one hand seizing on his golden bit,
With th' other drew his sword: for, with the same
He meant the theefe there deadly to haue smit:
And had he not been held, he nought had faild of it.

30
Thereof great hurly burly moued was
Throughout the hall, for that same war-like horse.
For, *Braggadocchio* would not let him pas;
And *Guyon* would him algates haue perforce,
Or it approue vpon his carion corse.
Which troublous sturre when *Arthegall* perceiued,
He nigh them drew, to stay th' auengers force;
And gan inquire, how was that steed bereaued,
Whether by might extort, or else by slight deceaued.

Who

31
VVho, all that pittious story, which befell
About that wofull couple, which were slaine,
And their young bloudy babe to him gan tell;
VVith whom whiles he did in the wood remaine,
His horse purloyned was by subtill traine:
For which he chalenged the thiefe to fight.
But he for nought could him there-to constraine:
For, as the death he hated such despight,
And rather had to lose, then try in armes his right.

32
VVhich, *Arthegall* well hearing, though no more
By law of armes there needs ones right to try,
As was the wont of war-like Knights of yore,
Then that his foe should him the field deny:
Yet further right by tokens to descry,
He askt, what priuie tokens he did beare.
If that, said *Guyon*, may you satisfie,
VVithin his mouth a black spot doth appeare,
Shap't like a horses shooe, who list to seeke it there.

33
VVhereof to make due triall, one did take
The horse in hand, within his mouth to looke:
But with his heeles so sorely he him strake,
That all his ribs he quite in peeces broke,
That neuer word from that day forth he spoke.
Another that would seeme to haue more wit,
Him by the bright embrodered head-stall tooke:
But by the shoulder him so sore he bit,
That he him maimed quite, and all his shoulder split.

34
Ne he his mouth would open vnto wight,
Vntill that *Guyon* selfe vnto him spake,
And called *Brigadore* (so was he hight):
VVhose voyce so soone as he did vndertake,
Eft-soones he stood as still as any stake,
And suffred all his secret marke to see:
And when-as he him nam'd, for ioy he brake
His bands, and follow'd him with gladfull glee,
And frisket, and flong aloft, and louted lowe on knee.

35
Thereby Sir *Arthegall* did plaine areed,
That vnto him the horse belongd, and said;
Lo, there Sir *Guyon*, take to you the steed,
As he with golden saddle is arraid:
And let that losell, plainly now displaid,
Hence fare on foote, till he an horse haue gained.
But the proud boaster gan his doome vpbraid,
And him reuil'd, and rated, and disdained,
That iudgement so vniust against him had ordained.

36
Much was the Knight incenst with his lewd word,
To haue reuenged that his villany:
And thrice did lay his hand vpon his sword,
To haue him slaine, or dearly doen aby.
But *Guyon* did his choler pacifie,
Saying, Sir Knight, it would dishonour bee
To you, that are our iudge of equity,
To wreake your wrath on such a Carle as hee:
It's punishment enough, that all his shame doe see.

37
So did he mittigate Sir *Arthegall*;
But *Talus* by the backe the boaster hent,
And drawing him out of the open hall,
Vpon him did inflict this punishment.
First, he his beard did shaue, and foully shent:
Then from him reft his shield, and it r'enverst,
And blotted out his armes with falshood blent;
And himselfe baffuld, and his armes vnherst,
And broke his sword in twaine, & all his armour sperst.

38
The whiles, his guilefull groome was fled away:
But vaine it was to thinke from him to flie.
VVho ouer-taking him, did disarray,
And all his face deform'd with infamy,
And out of Court him scourged openly.
So ought all faytours, that true knighthood shame,
And armes dishonour with base villany,
From all braue knights be banisht with defame:
For, oft their lewdnes blotteth good deserts with blame.

39
Now, when these counterfeits were thus vncased
Out of the forge-side of their forgery,
And in the sight of all men cleane disgraced,
All gan to iest and gibe full merily
At the remembrance of their knauery.
Ladies can laugh at Ladies, Knights at Knights,
To thinke with how great vaunt of brauery
He them abused, through his subtill slights,
And what a glorious shew he made in all their sights.

40
There leaue we them in pleasure and repast,
Spending their ioyous dayes and gladfull nights,
And taking vsury of time fore-past,
With all deare delices and rare delights,
Fit for such Ladies and such louely knights:
And turne we heere to this faire furrowes end
Our weary yokes, to gather fresher sprights,
That when as time to *Arthegall* shall tend,
We on his first adventure may him forward send.

Z Canto

Canto IIII.

Arthegall dealeth right betwixt two brethren that doe striue: Saues Terpine from the gallow tree, and doth from death repriue.

1

WHo-so vpon himselfe will take the skill
True Iustice vnto people to diuide,
Had need of mighty hands, for to fulfill
That, which he doth with righteous doome (decide,
And for to maister wrong & puissant pride.
For, vaine it is to deeme of things aright,
And makes wrong-doers iustice to deride,
Vnlesse it be perform'd with dreadlesse might.
For, powre is the right hand of Iustice truly hight.

2

Therefore whylome to knights of great emprise,
The charge of iustice giuen was in trust,
That they might execute her iudgements wise,
And with their might beat downe licentious lust,
Which proudly did impugne her sentence iust.
VVhereof no brauer precedent this day
Remaines on earth, preseru'd from iron rust
Of rude obliuion, and long times decay,
Then this of *Arthegall*, which heere we haue to say.

3

VVho, hauing lately left that louely paire,
Enlinked fast in wedlocks loyall bond,
Bold *Marinell* with *Florimell* the faire,
With whom great feast and goodly glee he fond,
Departed from the Castle of the *Strond*,
To followe his aduentures first intent,
VVhich long agoe he taken had in hond:
Ne wight with him for his assistance went,
But that great iron groome, his gard & gouernment.

4

VVith whom, as he did passe by the sea shore,
He chaunc't to come, where-as two comely Squires,
Both brethren, whom one wombe together bore,
But stirred vp with different desires,
Together stroue, and kindled wrathfull fires:
And them beside, two seemely Damzels stood,
By all meanes seeking to assuage their ires,
Now with fair words; but words did litle good: (mood
Now with sharp threat; but threats the more increast their

5

And there before them stood a Coffer strong,
Fast bound on euery side with iron bands,
But seeming to haue suffred mickle wrong,
Either by beeing wreckt vpon the sands,
Or beeing carried farre from forraine lands.
Seem'd that for it these Squires at ods did fall,
And bent against themselues their cruell hands.
But euermore those Damzels did forestall
Their furious encounter, and their fiercenesse pall.

6

But firmely fixt they were, with dint of sword,
And battailes doubtfull proofe their rights to try,
Ne other end their furie would afford,
But what to them Fortune would iustifie.
So stood they both in readinesse there-by,
To ioyne the combate with cruell intent;
VVhen *Arthegall*, arriuing happily,
Did stay awhile their greedy bickerment,
Till he had questioned the cause of their dissent.

7

To whom the elder did this answere frame;
Then weet ye Sir, that we two brethren be,
To whom our Sire, *Milesio* by name,
Did equally bequeath his lands in fee,
Two Ilands, which ye there before you see
Not farre in sea; of which the one appeares
But like a little Mount of small degree;
Yet was as great and wide ere many yeares,
As that same other Ile, that greater breadth now beares.

8

But tract of time, that all things doth decay,
And this deuouring Sea that nought doth spare,
The most part of my Land hath washt away,
And throwne it vp vnto my brothers share:
So his encreased, but mine did empaire.
Before which time I Iov'd, as was my lot,
That further maid, hight *Philtera* the faire,
With whom a goodly dowre I should haue got,
And should haue ioyned been to her in wedlocks knot.

Then

9

Then did my younger brother *Amidas*,
Loue that same other Damzell, *Lucy* bright,
To whom but little dowre allotted was:
Her vertue was the dowre, that did delight.
What better dowre can to a Dame be hight?
But now when *Philtra* saw my lands decay,
And former liuelod faile, she left me quight,
And to my brother did ellope straight way:
Who taking her from me, his owne Loue left astray.

10

Shee, seeing then her selfe forsaken so,
Through dolorous despaire, which she conceiued,
Into the Sea her selfe did headlong throwe,
Thinking to haue her griefe by death bereaued.
But see how much her purpose was deceiued.
Whil'st thus, amidst the billowes beating of her,
Twixt life and death, long to and fro she weaued,
She chaunc't vnwares to light vpon this coffer,
Which to her in that danger hope of life did offer.

11

The wretched mayd, that earst desir'd to die,
When as the paine of death she tasted had,
And but halfe seene his vgly visnomie,
Gan to repent that she had been so mad,
For any death to change life though most bad:
And catching hold of this Sea-beaten chest,
The lucky Pylot of her passage sad,
After long tossing in the seas distrest,
Her weary Barke at last vpon mine Ile did rest:

12

VVhere I by chaunce then wandring on the shore,
Did her espy, and through my good endeuour,
From dreadfull mouth of death, which threatned sore
Her to haue swallow'd vp, did help to saue her.
Shee then in recompence of that great fauour,
Which I on her bestowed, bestowed on me
The portion of that good which Fortune gaue her,
Together with her selfe in dowry free:
Both goodly portions; but of both, the better shee.

13

Yet in this coffer, which she with her brought,
Great threasure sithence we did find contained;
Which as our owne we tooke, and so it thought.
But this same other Damzell since hath fained,
That to herselfe that threasure appertained;
And that shee did transport the same by sea,
To bring it to her husband new ordained,
But suffred cruell shipwrack by the way.
But whether it be so or no, I cannot say.

14

But whether it in deed be so or no,
This doe I say, that what so good or ill,
Or God, or Fortune vnto me did throwe
(Not wronging any other by my will)
I hold mine owne, and so will hold it still.
And though my land he first did winne away,
And then my Loue (though now it little skill)
Yet my good lucke he shall not likewise pray;
But I will it defend, whil'st euer that I may.

15

So hauing said, the younger did ensew;
Full true it is, what-so about our land
My brother here declared hath to you:
But not for it this ods twixt vs doth stand,
But for this threasure throwne vpon his strand;
Which well I proue, as shall appeare by triall,
To be this Maides, with whom I fastned hand,
Knowne by good markes, and perfect good espiall:
Therefore it ought be rendred her without deniall.

16

When they thus ended had, the Knight began;
Certes, your strife were easie to accord,
Would ye remit it to some righteous man.
Vnto your selfe, said they, we giue our word,
To bide that iudgement ye shall vs afford.
Then for assurance to my doome to stand,
Vnder my footelet each lay downe his sword,
And then you shall my sentence vnderstand.
So each of them layd down his sword out of his hand.

17

Then *Arthegall*, thus to the younger said;
Now tell me *Amidas*, if that ye may,
Your brothers land the which the sea hath layd
Vnto your part, and pluckt from his away,
By what good right doe you withhold this day?
VVhat other right, quoth he, should you esteeme,
But that the sea it to my share did lay?
Your right is good, said he, and so I deeme,
That what the sea vnto you sent, your own should seeme.

18

Then turning to the elder, thus he said;
Now *Bracidas*, let this likewise be showne;
Your brothers threasure, which from him is straid,
Beeing the dowrie of his wife well knowne,
By what right doe you claime to be your owne?
What other right, quoth he, should you esteeme,
But that the sea hath it vnto me throwne?
Your right is good, said he, and so I deeme,
That what the sea vnto you sent, your own should seeme.

19

For, equall right in equall things doth stand;
For, what the mighty Sea hath once possest,
And plucked quite from all possessers hand,
Whether by rage of waues, that neuer rest,
Or else by wrack, that wretches hath distrest,
He may dispose by his imperiall might,
As thing at random left, to whom he list.
So *Amidas*, the land was yours first hight,
And so the threasure yours is *Bracidas* by right.

20

When he his sentence thus pronounced had,
Both *Amidas* and *Philtra* were displeased:
But *Bracidas* and *Lucy* were right glad,
And on the threasure by that iudgement seazed.
So was their discord by this doome appeased.
And each one had his right. Then *Arthegall*
VVhen as their sharp contention he had ceased,
Departed on his way, as did befall,
To follow his old quest, the which him forth did call.

21
So, as he trauelled vpon the way,
He chaunc't to come, where happily he spide
A rout of many people farre away;
To whom his course he hastily applide,
To weet the cause of their assemblance wide.
To whom when he approched neere in sight
(An vncouth sight) he plainly then descride
To be a troupe of women, war-like dight,
With weapons in their hands, as ready for to fight.

22
And in the midst of them he saw a Knight,
With both his hands behind him pinniond hard,
And round about his neck an halter tight,
As ready for the gallow tree prepar'd:
His face was couer'd, and his head was bar'd,
That who he was, vneath was to descry;
And with full heauy hart with them he far'd,
Griev'd to the soule, and groning inwardly,
That he of womens hands so base a death should die.

23
But they like tyrants, mercilesse the more,
Reioyced at his miserable case,
And him reviled, and reproched sore
With bitter taunts, and rearmes of vile disgrace.
Now when as *Arthegall*, arriu'd in place,
Did aske, what cause brought that man to decay,
They round about him gan to swarme apace,
Meaning on him their cruell hands to lay,
And to haue wrought vnwares some villanous assay.

24
But he was soone aware of their ill mind,
And drawing backe, deceiued their intent;
Yet though himselfe did shame on woman-kind
His mighty hand to shend, he *Talus* sent
To wreck on them their follies hardiment:
Who with few sowces of his yron flaile,
Dispersed all their troupe incontinent,
And sent them home to tell a pittious tale
Of their vaine prowesse, turned to their proper bale.

25
But that same wretched man, ordaynd to die,
They left behind them, glad to be so quit:
Him *Talus* tooke out of perplexitie,
And horrour of foule death for Knight vnfit,
Who more then losse of life ydreaded it;
And him restoring vnto liuing light,
So brought vnto his Lord, where he did sit,
Beholding all that womanish weake fight;
Whom soone as he beheld, he knew, and thus behight:

26
Sir *Terpine*, hapleisse man, what make you here?
Or haue you lost your selfe, and your discretion,
That euer in this wretched case ye were?
Or haue ye yielded you to proude oppression
Of womens powre that boast of mens subiection?
Or else, what other deadly dismall day
Is falne on you, by heauens hard direction,
That ye were runne so fondly farre astray,
As for to lead your selfe vnto your owne decay?

27
Much was the man confounded in his mind,
Partly with shame, and partly with dismay,
That all astonisht hee him selfe did find,
And little had for his excuse to say,
But onely thus: Most hapleisse well ye may
Me iustly tearme, that to this shame am brought,
And made the scorne of knighthood this same day,
But who can scape, what his owne fate hath wrought?
The worke of heauens will surpasseth humane thought.

28
Right true: but faulty men vse oftentimes
To attribute their folly vnto fate,
And lay on heauen the guilt of their owne crimes.
But tell, Sir *Terpine*, ne let you amate
Your misery, how fell ye in this state.
Then sith ye needs, quoth he, will know my shame,
And all the ill which chaunc't to me of late,
I shortly will to you rehearse the same,
In hope ye will not turne misfortune to my blame.

29
Beeing desirous (as all Knights are wont)
Through hard adventures deeds of armes to try,
And after fame and honour for to hunt,
I heard report that farre abroad did flie,
That a proud Amazon did late defie
All the braue Knights that hold of Maidenhead,
And vnto them wrought all the villany
That she could forge in her malicious head,
Which some hath put to shame, and many done be dead.

30
The cause, they say, of this her cruell hate,
Is for the sake of *Bellodant* the bold,
To whom she bore most feruent loue of late,
And wooed him by all the waies she could:
But when she saw at last, that he ne would
For ought or nought be wonne vnto her will,
She turn'd her loue to hatred manifold,
And for his sake, vow'd to doe all the ill
Which she could do to knights: which now she doth fulfil.

31
For, all those Knights, the which by force or guile
She doth subdue, she foully doth intreat.
First, she doth them of war-like armes despoile,
And clothe in womens weeds: and then with threat
Doth them compell to worke, to earne their meat,
To spin, to card, to sew, to wash, to wring;
Ne doth she giue them other thing to eate
But bread and water, or like feeble thing,
Them to disable from reuenge adventuring.

32
But, if through stout disdaine of manly mind,
Any her proud obseruaunce will withstand,
Vpon that gibbet, which is there behind,
She causeth them be hangd vp out of hand;
In which condition I right now did stand.
For, beeing overcome by her in fight,
And put to that base seruice of her hand,
I rather chose to die in liues despight,
Then lead that shameful life, vnworthy of a Knight.

How

33
How hight that Amazon (said *Arthegall*)?
And where, and how far hence does she abide?
Her name, quoth he, they *Radigund* doe call,
A Princesse of great powre, and greater pride,
And Queene of Amazons, in armes well tride,
And sundry battels, which she hath atchieued
With great successe, that her hath glorifide,
And made her famous, more then is believed;
Ne would I it haue ween'd, had I not late it prieued.

34
Now sure, said he, and by the faith that I
To Mayden head and noble knighthood owe,
I will not rest, till I her might doe try,
And venge the shame, that she to Knights doth showe.
Therefore Sir *Terpin* from you lightly throwe
This squalid weede, the patterne of despaire,
And wend with me, that ye may see and knowe,
How Fortune will your ruin'd name repaire, (paire.
And Knights of Maydenhead, whose praise she wold em-

35
With that, like one that hopeless was repriv'd
From deathes dore, at which he lately lay,
Those iron fetters, wherewith he was giv'd,
The badges of reproach, he threw away,
And nimbly did him dight to guide the way
Vnto the dwelling of that Amazone.
Which was from thence not past a mile or tway;
A goodly Citty, and a mighty one,
The which of her owne name she called *Radegone*.

36
Where they arriuing, by the watchman were
Descried streight; who all the Citty warned,
How that three warlike persons did appeare,
Of which the one him seem'd a Knight all armed,
And th'other two well likely to haue harmed.
Eftsoones the people all to harnesse ran,
And like a sort of bees in clusters swarmed:
Ere long, their Queene her self, arm'd like a man,
Came forth into the rout, and them t'array began.

37
And now the Knights, beeing arriued neare,
Did beat vpon the gates to enter in,
And at the Porter scorning them so few,
Threw many threats, if they the towne did win,
To teare his flesh in peeces for his sin.
Which when as *Radigund* their comming heard,
Her heart for rage did grate, and teeth did grin:
She bade that straight the gates should be vnbard,
And to them way to make, with weapons well prepard.

38
Soone as the gates were open to them set,
They pressed forward, entrance to haue made.
But in the middle way they were ymet
With a sharpe showre of arrowes, which them stayd,
And better bad aduise, ere they assayd,
Vnknowen perill of bold womens pride.
Then all their rout vpon them rudely layd,
And heaped strokes so fast on euery side,
And arrowes hayld so thicke, that they could not abide.

39
But *Radigund* her selfe, when she espide
Sir *Terpin*, from her direfull doome acquit,
So cruell doale amongst her maides diuide.
T'auenge that shame, they did on him commit;
All sodainely enflam'd with furious fit,
Like a fell Lioness at him she flew,
And on his head-peece him so fiercely smit,
That to the ground him quite she ouerthrew,
Dismayd so with the stroke, that he no colours knew.

40
Soone as she sawe him on the ground to grouell,
Shee lightly to him leapt; and in his neck
Her proud foot setting, at his head did leuell,
VVeening at once her wrath on him to wreak,
And his contempt, that did her iudgement break:
As when a Beare hath seiz'd her cruell clawes
Vpon the carcasse of some beast too weake,
Proudly stands ouer, and a while doth pause,
To heare the pitious beast pleading her plaintiffe cause.

41
Whom when as *Arthegall* in that distresse
By chance beheld, he left the bloudy slaughter,
In which he swarm, and ran to his redresse.
There her assayling fiercely fresh, he raught her
Such an huge stroke, that it of sense distraught her:
And had she not it warded warily,
It had depriu'd her mother of a daughter.
Nath'lesse for all the powre she did apply,
It made her stagger oft, and stare with ghastly eye;

42
Like to an Eagle in his kingly pride,
Soring through his wide Empire of the aire,
To weather his broad sayles, by chance hath spide
A Goshauke, which hath seized for her share
Vpon some fowle, that should her feast prepare;
With dreadfull force he flies at her byliue,
That with his souce, which none enduren dare,
Her from the quarrey he away doth driue,
And from her griping pounce the greedy prey doth riue.

43
But soone as she her sense recouerd had,
She fiercely towards him her selfe gan dight,
Through vengefull wrath & disdeignfull pride halfe mad:
For, neuer had she suffred such despight,
But ere she could ioyne hand with him to fight,
Her warlike mayds about her flockt so fast,
That they disparted them, maugre their might,
And with their troupes did far asunder cast:
But mongst the rest the fight did vntill euening last.

44
And euery while, that mighty yron man,
With his strange weapon, neuer wont in warre,
Them sorely vext, and courst, and ouer-ran,
And broke their boawes, and did their shooting marre,
That none of all the many once did darre
Him to assault, nor once approach him nie;
But like a sort of sheepe dispersed farre
For dread of their deuouring enemy,
Through all the fields and vallies did before him flie.

45

But when as daies faire shiny beame, yclowded
With fearefull shadowes of deformed night,
Warn'd man and beast in quiet rest be shrowded,
Bold *Radigund* (with sound of trump on hight)
Caus'd all her people to surcease from fight;
And gathering them vnto her cities gate,
Made them all enter in before her sight,
And all the wounded, and the weake in state,
To be conuayed in, ere she would once retrate.

46

When thus the field was voyded all away,
And all things quieted, the Elfin Knight
(Weary of toyle and trauell of that day)
Caus'd his pauilion to be richly pight
Before the Citie gate, in open sight;
Where he himselfe did rest in safety,
Together with sir *Terpin* all that night:
But *Talus* vs'd in times of ieopardie
To keepe a nightly watch, for dread of treachery.

47

But *Radigund* full of heart-gnawing griefe,
For the rebuke which she sustain'd that day,
Could take no rest, ne would receiue reliefe;
But tossed in her troublous mind, what way
She mote reuenge that blot, which on her lay.
There she resolu'd, her selfe in single fight
To try her Fortune, and his force assay,
Rather then see her people spoyled quight,
As she had seene that day a disaduentrous sight.

48

She called forth to her a trusty mayd,
Whom she thought fittest for that businesse,
Her name was *Clarind'*, and thus to her sayd;
Goe damzell quickly, do thy selfe addresse
To do the message, which I shall express.
Goe thou vnto that stranger Faery Knight,
Who yesterday droue vs to such distresse;
Tell, that to morrow I with him will fight,
And try in equall field, whether hath greater might.

49

But these conditions doe to him propound,
That if I vanquish him, he shall obay
My lawe, and euer to my lore be bound;
And so will I, if me he vanquish may,
What-euer he shall like to doe or say:
Goe straight, and take with thee, to witnesse it,
Sixe of thy fellowes of the best array,
And beare with you both wine and iuncates fit,
And bid him eate; henceforth he oft shal hungry sit.

50

The Damzell streight obayd: and putting all
In readinesse, forth to the Towne-gate went;
Where sounding loud a Trumpet from the wall,
Vnto those warlike Knights she warning sent.
Then *Talus*, forth issewing from the tent,
Vnto the wall his way did feareless take,
To weeten what that trumpets sounding ment:
Where that same Damzell loudly him bespake,
And shew'd, that with his Lord shee would emparlance make.

51

So he them streight conducted to his Lord;
Who, as he could, them goodly well did greete,
Till they had told their message word by word:
Which he accepting well, as he could weet,
Them fairely entertayn'd with curt'sies meet,
And gaue them gifts and things of deare delight.
So backe againe they homeward turn'd their feete.
But *Arthegall* himselfe to rest did dight,
That he mote fresher be against the next daies fight.

Canto V.

Arthegall fights with Radigund,
And is subdew'd by guile:
He is by her emprisoned,
But wrought by Clarind's wile.

1

SO soone as day, forth dawning from the East,
Nights humid curtaine frō the heauens with-drew
Commanded them their daily works renew,
These noble warriors, mindfull to pursew
The last dayes purpose of their vowed fight,
Themselues thereto prepar'd in order dew:
The Knight, as best was seeming for a Knight;
And th' Amazon, as best it lik't her selfe to dight.

All

2

All in a Camis light of purple silke
Wouen vpon with siluer, subtly wrought,
And quilted vpon sattin white as milke,
Trailed with ribbands diuersly distraught,
Like as the workeman had their courses taught;
Which was short tucked for light motion
Vp to her ham: but when she list, it raught
Downe to her loweſt heele, and thereupon
She wore for her defence a mayled habergeon.

3

And on her legs she painted buskins wore,
Basted with bends of gold on euery side,
And mailes betweene, and laced close afore:
Vpon her thigh her Cemitare was tide,
With an embrodered belt of mickell pride;
And on her shoulder hung her shield, bedeckt
Vpon the bosse with stones, that shined wide,
As the faire Moone in her most full aspect,
That to the Moone it mote be like in each respect.

4

So forth she came out of the Citty gate,
With stately port and proud magnificence,
Guarded with many damzels, that did waite
Vpon her person for her sure defence,
Playing on shaumes and trumpets, that from hence
Their sound did reach vnto the heauens hight.
So forth into the field she marched thence,
Where was a rich Pauilion ready pight,
Her to receiue, till time they should begin the fight.

5

Then forth came *Arthegall* out of his tent,
All arm'd to point, and first the lists did enter:
Soone after eke came she, with fell intent,
And countenance fierce, as hauing fully bent her,
That battels vtmost triall to aduenter.
The Lists were closed fast, to barre the rout
From rudely pressing to the middle center;
Which in great heapes them circled all about,
Waiting, how Fortune would resolue that dangerous doubt.

6

The Trumpets sounded, and the field began;
With bitter strokes it both began and ended.
She at the first encounter on him ran
With furious rage, as if shee had intended
Out of his breast the very heart haue rended:
But he that had like tempests often tride,
From that first flawe, himselfe right well defended.
The more she rag'd, the more he did abide;
She hew'd, she foynd, she lasht, she laid on euery side.

7

Yet still her blowes he bore, and her forbore,
Weening at last to win aduantage new;
Yet still her cruelty encreased more,
And though powre fayld, her courage did accrew:
Which fayling, he gan fiercely her pursew;
Like as a Smith that to his cunning feat
The stubborne metall seeketh to subdew,
Soone as he feeles it mollifide with heat,
With his great Iron sledge doth strongly on it beat.

8

So did Sir *Arthegall* vpon her lay,
As if she had an Iron anvile beene,
That flakes of fire, bright as the sunny ray,
Out of her steely armes were flashing seene,
That all on fire yee would her surely weene.
But with her shield so well her selfe she warded,
From the drad danger of his weapon keene,
That all that while her life she safely guarded:
But he that helpe from her against her will discarded.

9

For, with his trenchant blade at the next blowe,
Halfe of her shield he shared quite away,
And halfe her side it selfe did naked showe,
And thenceforth vnto danger opened way.
Much was she moued with the mighty sway
Of that sad stroke, that halfe enrag'd she grew,
And like a greedy Beare vnto her pray,
With her sharpe Cemitare at him she flew,
That glancing downe his thigh, the purple bloud forth drew.

10

Thereat she gan to triumph with great boast,
And to vpbraid that chance which him mis-fell,
As if the prize she gotten had almost,
With spightfull speeches, fitting with her well;
That his great heart gan inwardly to swell
With indignation, at her vaunting vaine,
And at her strooke with puissance fearefull fell;
Yet with her shield she warded it againe,
That shattered all to peeces round about the Plaine.

11

Hauing her thus disarmed of her shield,
Vpon her helmet he againe her strooke,
And downe she fell vpon the grassie field,
In senseless swoune, as if her life forsooke,
And pangs of death her spirit ouertooke.
Whom when he sawe before his foote prostrated,
He to her lept, with deadly dreadfull looke,
And her sunshiny helmet soone vnlaced,
Thinking at once both head and helmet to haue raced.

12

But when as he discouered had her face,
He saw his senses strange astonishment,
A miracle of Natures goodly grace,
In her faire visage void of ornament,
But bath'd in blood and sweat together ment;
Which, in the rudenesse of that euill plight,
Bewrayd the signes of feature excellent:
Like as the Moone in foggy winter night,
Doth seem to be herselfe, though darkned be her light.

13

At sight thereof his cruell minded heart
Empearced was with pittifull regard,
That his sharp sword he threw from him apart,
Cursing his hand that had that visage mard:
No hand so cruell, nor no hart so hard,
But ruth of beauty will it mollifie.
By this, vpstarting from her swoune, she star'd
A while about her with confused eye;
Like one that from his dreame is waked suddenly.

Soone

14

Soone as the knight she there by her did spy,
Standing with empty hands all weaponlesse,
With fresh assault vpon him she did flie,
And gan renew her former cruelnesse:
And though he still retyr'd, yet natheless
With huge redoubled strokes she on him layd;
And more encreast her outrage mercilesse,
The more that he with meeke intreaty prayd,
Her wrathful hand from greedy vengeance to haue stayd.

15

Like as a Puttocke hauing spide in sight,
A gentle Falcon sitting on a hill,
Whose other wing now made vnmeet for flight,
Was lately broken by some fortune ill;
The foolish Kyte, led with licentious will,
Doth beat vpon the gentle bird in vaine,
With many idle stoups her troubling still:
Euen so did *Radigund* with bootlesse paine
Annoy this noble Knight, and sorely him constraine.

16

Nought could he do, but shun the drad despight
Of her fierce wrath, and backward still retire,
And with his single shield, well as he might,
Beare-off the burden of her raging ire;
And euermore he gently did desire,
To stay her strokes, and he himselfe would yield:
Yet nould she heark, ne let him once respire,
Till he to her deliuered had his shield,
And to her mercy him submitted in plaine field.

17

So was he ouercome, not ouercome,
But to her yeelded of his owne accord:
Yet was he iustly damned by the doome
Of his owne mouth, that spake so wareless word,
To be her thrall, and seruice her afford.
For, though that he first victory obtayned,
Yet after by abandoning his sword,
He wilfull lost, that he before attained.
No fairer conquest, then that with goodwill is gayned.

18

Tho, with her sword on him she flatling strooke,
In signe of true subiection to her powre,
And as her vassall him to thraldome tooke.
But *Terpine* borne to a more vnhappy howre,
As he, on whom the luckless starres did lowre,
She caus'd to be attach't, and forthwith led
Vnto the crooke, t'abide the balefull stowre,
From which he lately had through reskew fled:
Where he full shamefully was hanged by the head.

19

But when they thought, on *Talus* hands to lay,
He with his iron flaile amongst them thondred,
That they were faine to let him scape away,
Glad from his company to be so sondred;
Whose presence all their troupes so much encombred,
That th'heapes of those, which he did wound and slay,
Besides the rest dismayd, might not be numbred:
Yet all that while he would not once assay
To reskew his owne Lord, but thought it iust t'obay.

20

Then tooke the Amazon this noble knight,
Left to her will by his owne wilfull blame
And caused him to be disarmed quight
Of all the ornaments of knightly name,
With which why lome he gotten had great fame:
In stead whereof she made him to be dight
In womans weeds, that is to Manhood shame,
And put before his lap an apron white,
In stead of Curiets and bases fit for fight.

21

So being clad, she brought him from the field,
In which he had been trayned many a day,
Into a long large chamber, which was field
With moniments of many knights decay,
By her subdewed in victorious fray:
Amongst the which she causd his warlike armes
Be hangd on high, that mote his shame bewray;
And broke his sword, for feare of further harmes,
With which he wont to stirre vp battailous alarmes.

22

There entred in, he round about him saw
Many braue Knights, whose names right wel he knew,
There bound t'obay that Amazons proud law,
Spinning and carding all in comely rew,
That his big hart loth'd so vncomely view.
But they were forc't, through penurie and pine,
To doe those workes, to them appointed dew:
For, nought was giuen them to sup or dine,
But what their hands could earn by twisting linnen twine.

23

Amongst them all, she placed him most lowe,
And in his hand a distaffe to him gaue,
That he thereon should spin both flaxe & towe;
A sordid office for a mind so braue.
So hard it is to be a womans slaue.
Yet he it tooke in his owne selfes despight,
And thereto did himselfe right well behaue,
Her to obay, sith he his faith had plight,
Her vassall to become, if she him wonne in fight.

24

Who had him seene, imagine mote thereby,
That whylome hath of *Hercules* been tolde,
How for *Iolas* sake he did apply
His mighty hands, the distaffe vile to holde,
For his huge club, which had subdew'd of old
So many monsters, which the world annoyed;
His Lions skin chaung'd to a pall of gold,
In which forgetting warres he only ioyed
In combats of sweet Loue, & with his mistresse toyed.

25

Such is the cruelty of women-kind,
VVhen they haue shaken off the shamefast band,
With which wise Nature did them strongly bind
T'obay the heasts of mans well ruling hand,
That then all rule and reason they withstand,
To purchase a licentious liberty:
But vertuous women wisely vnderstand,
That they were borne to base humility,
Vnlesse the heauens them lift to lawfull souerainty.

Thus

26

Thus there long while continu'd *Arthegall*,
Seruing proud *Radigund* with true subiection;
How-euer it his noble heart did gall,
T'obay a womans tyrannous direction,
That might haue had of life or death election:
But hauing chosen, now he might not chaunge.
During which time, the warlike Amazon,
Whose wandring fancie after lust did raunge,
Gan cast a secret liking to this captiue straunge.

27

Which long concealing in her couert brest,
She chaw'd the cud of louers carefull plight;
Yet could it not so thoroughly digest,
Being fast fixed in her wounded spright,
But it tormented her both day and night:
Yet would she not thereto yeeld free accord,
To serue the lowely vassall of her might,
And of her seruant make her souereigne Lord:
So great her pride, that she such baseness much abhord.

28

So much the greater still her anguish grew,
Through stubborne handling of her loue-sick hart;
And still the more she stroue it to subdew,
The more she still augmented her owne smart,
And wyder made the wound of th'hidden dart.
At last, when long she struggled had in vaine,
She gan to stoupe, and her proud mind conuert
To meeke obeysance of loues mighty raine,
And him intreat for grace, that had procur'd her paine.

29

Vnto her selfe in secret shee did call
Her neerest handmayd whom she most did trust,
And to her said; *Clarinda*, whom of all
I trust aliue, sith I thee fostred first;
Now is the time, that I vnmeely must
Thereof make tryall, in my greatest need:
It is so hapned, that the heauens vniust,
Spighting my happy freedome, haue agreed,
To thrall my looser life, or my last bale to breed.

30

With that she turn'd her head, as halfe abashed,
To hide the blush which in her visage rose,
And through her eyes like sudden lightning flashed,
Decking her cheeke with a vermilion rose:
But soone she did her countenance compose,
And to her turning, thus began againe;
This griefs deep wound I would to thee disclose,
Thereto compelled through heart-murdring paine,
But dread of shame my doubtful lips doth still restraine.

31

Ah my deare dread (said then the faithfull Mayd)
Can dread of ought your dreadlesse heart withhold,
That many hath with dread of death dismayd,
And dare euen Deaths most dreadfull face behold?
Say on, my soueraigne Lady, and be bold.
Doth not your handmayds life at your foote lie?
Therwith much comforted, she gan vnfold
The cause of her conceiued malady,
As one that would confesse, yet faine would it deny.

32

Clarinda, said shee, thou seest yond Fayrie Knight,
Whom not my valour, but his owne braue minde
Subiected hath to my vnequall might:
What right is it, that he should thraldome finde,
For lending life to me a wretch vnkind,
That for such good him recompence with ill?
Therefore I cast, how I may him vnbinde,
And by his freedome get his free good-will;
Yet so, as bound to me he may continue still:

33

Bound vnto me, but not with such hard bands
Of strong compulsion, and streight violence,
As now in miserable state he stands;
But with sweet loue and sure beneuolence,
Void of malitious minde, or foule offence.
To which if thou canst win him any way,
VVithout discouery of my thoughts pretence,
Both goodly meed of him it purchase may,
And eke with gratefull seruice me right well apay.

34

Which that thou maist the better bring to passe,
Loe here this Ring, which shall thy warrant be,
And token true to old *Eumenias*,
From time to time, when thou it best shalt see,
That in and out thou mayst haue passage free.
Goe now, *Clarinda*, well thy wits aduise,
And all thy forces gather vnto thee;
Armies of lowely lookes, and speeches wise,
With which thou canst euen *Ioue* himselfe to loue entise.

35

The trusty mayd, conceiuing her intent,
Did with sure promise of her good indeuour,
Giue her great comfort, and some hearts content.
So from her parting, she thenceforth did labour
By all the meanes she might, to curry fauour
With th'Elfin Knight, her Ladies best beloued;
With daily shew of courteous kind behaviour,
Euen at the marke-white of his hart she roued.
And with wide glancing words, one day shee thus him proued;

36

Vnhappy Knight, vpon whose hopelesse state
Fortune, enuying good, hath telly frowned,
And cruell heauens haue heapt an heauy fate;
I rew that thus thy better dayes are drowned
In sad despaire, and all thy senses swowned
In stupid sorrow, sith thy iuster merit
Might elle haue with felicity been crowned:
Looke vp at last, and wake thy dulled spirit,
To thinke how this long death thou might'st disinherit.

37

Much did he maruell at her vncouth speech,
Whose hidden drift he could not well perceiue;
And gan to doubt, least she him sought t'appeach
Of treason or some guilefull traine did weaue,
Through which she might his wretched life bereaue.
Both which to barre, he with this answere met her;
Faire Damzell, that with ruth (as I perceiue)
Of my mishaps, art mou'd to wish me better,
For such your kind regard, I can but rest your detter.

Yet

38

Yet weet ye well, that to a courage great
It is no lesse beseeming, well to beare
The storme of Fortunes frowne, or heauens threat,
Then in the sunshine of her countenance cleare
Timely to ioy, and carry comely cheare.
For, though this cloud haue now me ouer-cast,
Yet doe I not of better times despeare;
And, though (vnlike) they should for euer last,
Yet in my truths assurance I rest fixed fast.

39

But what so stony minde (she then replide)
But if in his owne powre occasion lay,
Would to his hope a windowe open wide,
And to his fortunes helpe make ready way?
Vnworthy sure, quoth he, of better day,
That will not take the offer of good hope,
And eke pursew, if he attaine it may.
Which speeches she applying to the scope
Of her intent, this further purpose to him shope;

40

Then why dost not, thou ill aduized man,
Make meanes to winne thy liberty forlorne,
And try if thou by faire entreaty can
Moue *Radigund*? who though she still haue worne
Her dayes in warre, yet (weet thou) was not borne
Of Beares and Tigres, nor so saluage minded,
As that, albe all loue of men she scorne,
She yet forgets, that she of men was kynded:
And sooth oft seene, that proudest hearts base loue hath (blinded.

41

Certes *Clarinda*, not of cancred will,
Sayd hee, nor obstinate disdainefull mind,
I haue forbore this duty to fulfill:
For, well I may this weene, by that I finde,
That shee a Queene and come of Princely kinde,
Both worthy is for to be sewd vnto,
Chiefly by him, whose life her law doth bind,
And eke of powre her owne doome to vndo,
And als' of Princely grace to be enclin'd thereto.

42

But want of meanes hath been mine onely let
From seeking fauour, where it doth abound;
Which if I might by your good office get,
I to your selfe should rest for euer bound,
And ready to deserue what grace I found.
She feeling him thus bite vpon the baite,
Yet doubting least his hold was but vnsound,
And not well fastened, would not strike him strayt,
But drew him on with hope, fit leasure to awayt.

43

But foolish Mayd, whiles heedlesse of the hook,
She thus oft-times was bearing off and on,
Through slippery footing, fell into the brooke,
And there was caught to her confusion,
For, seeking thus to salue the Amazon,
She wounded was with her deceits owne dart,
And gan thenceforth to cast affection,
Conceiued close in her beguiled heart,
To *Artegall*, through pity of his causelesse smart.

44

Yet durst she not disclose her fancies wound,
Ne to him selfe, for doubt of beeing sdayned,
Ne yet to any other wight on ground,
For feare her mistris should haue knowledge gayned,
But to her selfe it secretly retained,
VVithin the closet of her couert brest:
The more thereby her tender heart was payned.
Yet to await fit time shee weened best,
And fairely did dissemble her sad thoughts vnrest.

45

One day, her Lady, calling her apart,
Gan to demaund of her some tydings good,
Touching her loues successe, her lingring smart.
Therewith she gan at first to change her mood,
As one adaw'd and halfe confused stood;
But quickly she it ouer-past, so soone
As she her face had wyp't, to fresh her blood:
Tho, gan she tell her all, that she had donne,
And all the wayes she sought his loue for to haue wonne:

46

But sayd, that he was obstinate and sterne,
Scorning her offers and conditions vaine;
Ne would be taught with any tearms, to learne
So fond a lesson, as to loue againe.
Die rather would he in penurious paine,
And his abbridged dayes in dolour waste,
Then his foes loue or liking entertaine:
His resolution was both first and last,
His body was her thrall, his heart was freely plac't.

47

Which when the cruell Amazon perceiued,
She gan to storme, and rage, and rend her gall,
For very fell despight, which she conceiued,
To be so scorned of a base borne thrall,
Whose life did lie in her least eye-lids fall;
Of which she vow'd with many a cursed threat,
That she therefore would him ere long forstall.
Nath'lesse when calmed was her furious heat,
She chang'd that threatfull mood, & mildly gan entreat.

48

What now is left *Clarinda*? what remaines,
That we may compasse this our enterprize?
Great shame to lose so long employed paines;
And greater shame t'abide so great misprize,
With which he dares our offers thus despize.
Yet that his guilt the greater may appeare,
And more my gracious mercy by this wize,
I will awhile with his first folly beare,
Till thou haue tride again, & tempted him more neare.

49

Say, and do all, that may thereto preuaile;
Leaue nought vnpromist, that may him perswade;
Life, freedome, grace, and gifts of great auaile,
With which the gods themselues are milder made:
Thereto adde art, euen womens witty trade,
The art of mighty words, that men can charme;
With which in case thou canst him not inuade,
Let him feele hardnesse of thy heauy arme: (harme.
Who wil not stoupe with good, shall be made stoupe with

Some

50

Some of his diet doe from him withdrawe;
For, I him find to be too proudly fed.
Giue him more labour, and with streighter lawe,
That he with worke may be forwearied.
Let him lodge hard, and lie in strawen bed,
That may pull downe the courage of his pride;
And lay vpon him, for his greater dread,
Cold iron chaines, with which let him be tide;
And let, what-euer he desires, be him denide.

51

When thou hast all this done, then bring me newes
Of his demeane: thenceforth not like a Louer,
But like a Rebell stout I will him vse.
For, I resolue this siege not to giue ouer,
Till I the conquest of my will recouer.
So she departed, full of griefe and sdaine,
VVhich inly did to great impatience moue her.
But the false mayden shortly turn'd againe
Vnto the prison, where her hart did thrall remaine.

52

There all her subtill nets she did vnfold,
And all the engins of her wit display;
In which she meant him wareles to enfold,
And of his innocence to make her pray.
So cunningly she wrought her crafts assay,
That both her Lady, and her selfe withall,
And eke the knight attonce she did betray:
But most the Knight, whom she with guilefull call
Did cast for to allure, into her trap to fall.

53

As a bad Nurse, which fayning to receiue
In her owne mouth the food, meant for her child,
With-holds it to her selfe, and doth deceiue
The infant, so for want of nour'ture spoyld:
Euen so *Clarinda* her owne Dame beguil'd,
And turn'd the trust, which was in her affide,
To feeding of her priuate fire, which boyld
Her inward breast, and in her entrayles fryde
The more that she it sought to couer and to hide.

54

For, comming to this knight, she purpose fained,
How earnest suit she earst for him had made
Vnto her Queene, his freedome to haue gayned;
But by no meanes could her thereto perswade:
But that in stead thereof, she sternly bade
His misery to be augmented more,
And many iron bands on him to lade.
All which nath'lesse she for his loue forbore:
So praying him t'accept her seruice euermore.

55

And more then that, she promist that she would,
In case she might finde fauour in his eye,
Deuize how to inlarge him out of holde.
The Fairy glad to gaine his liberty,
Can yeeld great thanks for such her curtesie;
And with faire words (fit for the time and place)
To feed the humour of her malady,
Promist, if shee would free him from that case,
He wold by all good means he might, deserue such grace.

56

So daily he faire semblant did her shew,
Yet neuer meant he in his noble mind,
To his owne absent Loue to be vntrew:
Ne euer did deceitfull *Clarind'* finde
In her false hart, his bondage to vnbinde;
But rather how she more him faster tye.
Therefore vnto her mistresse most vnkinde
She daily told, her loue he did defie;
And him she told, her Dame his freedome did deny.

57

Yet thus much friendship she to him did showe,
That his scarce diet somewhat was amended,
And his worke lessened, that his loue mote growe:
Yet to her Dame him still she discommended,
That she with him mote be the more offended.
Thus he long while in thraldome there remained,
Of both beloued well, but little frended;
Vntill his owne true Loue his freedome gayned.
Which in another Canto will be best contained.

Canto

Canto VI.

Talus brings newes to Britomart,
Of Arthegalls mishap:
Shee goes to seeke him, Dolon meets,
Who seekes her to entrap.

1

SOme men, I wote, will deeme in *Arthegall*
Great weakenes, and report of him much ill,
For yeelding so himselfe a wretched thrall,
To th'insolent commaund of womens will;
That all his former praise doth fowly spill,
But he the man, that say or doe so dare,
Be well aduiz'd, that he stand stedfast still:
For, neuer yet was wight so well aware,
But he at first or last was trapt in womens snare.

2

Yet in the streightnesse of that captiue state,
This gentle knight himselfe so well behaued,
That notwithstanding all the subtill bait,
With which those Amazons his loue still craued,
To his owne Loue his loyalty he saued:
Whose character in th'Adamantine mould
Of his true heart so firmely was engraued,
That no new loues impression euer could
Bereaue it thence: such blot his honour blemish should.

3

Yet his owne Loue, the noble *Britomart*,
Scarce so conceiued in her iealous thought,
What time sad tydings of his balefull smart
In womans bondage, *Talus* to her brought;
Brought in vntimely houre, ere it was sought.
For, after that the vtmost date, assynde
For his returne, she waited had for nought,
She gan to cast in her mildoubtfull minde
A thousand feares, that loue-sick fancies faine to finde.

4

Sometimes she feared, least some hard mishap
Had him misfalne in his aduentrous quest;
Sometime least his false foe did him entrap
In traytrous trayne, or had vnwares opprest:
But most she did her troubled mind molest,
And secretly afflict with iealous feare,
Least some new loue had him for her possest;
Yet loth she was, since she no ill did heare,
To thinke of him so ill: yet could she not forbeare.

5

One while shee blam'd her selfe; another while
She him condemn'd, as trustlesse and vntrew:
And then, her griefe with errour to beguile,
She fayn'd to count the time againe anew,
As if before she had not counted trew.
For houres, but dayes; for weekes that passed were,
She told but moneths, to make them seem more fewe:
Yet when she reckned them, still drawing neare,
Each hour did seem a moneth, & euety moneth a yeere.

6

But when as yet she saw him not returne,
Shee thought to send some one to seek him out;
But none she found so fit to serue the turne
As her owne selfe, to ease her selfe of doubt.
Now she deuiz'd amongst the warlike rout
Of errant Knights, to seeke her errant knight;
And then againe resolu'd to hunt him out
Amongst loose Ladies, lapped in delight:
And then both Knights enuide, & Ladies eke did spight.

7

One day, when as she long had sought for ease
In euery place, and euery place thought best,
Yet found no place, that could her liking please,
She to a window came, that opened West,
Towards which coast her Loue his way addrest.
There looking forth, she in her hart did find
Many vaine fancies, working her vnrest;
And sent her winged thoughts, more swift then wind,
To beare vnto her Loue the message of her mind.

8

There as shee looked long, at last she spide
One comming towards her with hasty speede:
Well weend she then, ere him she plaine descride,
That it was one sent from her Loue indeed.
Who when he nigh approacht, she mote arede
That it was *Talus*, *Arthegals* his groome;
Whereat her heart was fild with hope and drede;
Ne would she stay, till he in place could come,
But ran to meet him forth, to knowe his tydings somme.

Euen

9

Euen in the dore him meeting, she begun;
And where is he thy Lord, and how farre hence?
Declare attonce; and hath he lost or wun?
The yron man, albe he wanted sense
And sorrowes feeling, yet with conscience
Of his ill newes, did inly chill and quake,
And stood still mute, as one in great suspence,
As if that by his silence he would make
Her rather reade his meaning, then him selfe it spake.

10

Till she againe thus said; *Talus* be bold,
And tell what-euer it be, good or bad,
That from thy tongue thy hearts intent doth hold.
To whom he thus at length; The tydings sad,
That I would hide, will needs, I see be rad.
My Lord (your Loue) by hard mishap doth lie
In wretched bondage, wofully bestad.
Ay me, quoth she, what wicked destiny?
And is he vanquisht by his tyrant enemy?

11

Not by that Tyrant, his intended foe;
But by a Tyrannesse, he then replide,
That him captiued hath in hapless woe.
Cease thou bad newes-man: badly dooest thou hide
Thy Masters shame, in harlots bondage tide.
The rest my selfe too readily can spell.
With that, in rage she turn'd from him aside
(Forcing in vaine the rest to her to tell)
And to her chamber went like solitary Cell.

12

There she began to make her monefull plaint
Against her Knight, for being so vntrew;
And him to touch with falshoods fowle attaint,
That all his other honour ouerthrew.
Oft did she blame her selfe, and often rew,
For yeelding to a strangers loue so light,
Whose life and manners strange she neuer knew;
And euermore she did him shatpely twight
For breach of faith to her, which he had firmely plight.

13

And then she in her wrathfull will did cast,
How to reuenge that blot of honour blent;
To fight with him, and goodly die her last:
And then againe she did her selfe torment,
Inflicting on her selfe his punishment.
A while she walkt, and chauft; a while she threw
Her selfe vpon her bed, and did lament:
Yet did she not lament with loud alow,
As women wont, but with deep sighes, and singults few.

14

Like as a wayward childe, whose sounder sleepe
Is broken with some fearefull dreames affright,
With froward will doth set him selfe to weepe;
Ne can be stild for all his nurses might.
But kicks, and squals, and shriekes for fell despight:
Now scratching her, and her loose locks misusing;
Now seeking darkenesse, and now seeking light;
Then crauing sucke, and then the sucke refusing:
Such was this Ladies fit, in her Loues fond accusing.

15

But when she had with such vnquiet fits
Her selfe there close afflicted long in vaine,
Yet found no easement in her troubled wits,
She vnto *Talus* forth return'd againe,
By change of place seeking to ease her paine;
And gan enquire of him, with milder mood,
The certaine cause of *Arthegals* detaine:
And what he did, and in what state he stood,
And whether he did woo, or whether he were woo'd.

16

Ah weal-away! said then the iron man,
That he is not the while in state to woo;
But lies in wretched thraldome, weake and wan,
Not by strong hand compelled thereunto,
But his owne doome, that none can now vndoo.
Sayd I not then, quoth she, ere-while aright,
That this is things compact betwixt you two,
Me to deceiue of faith vnto me plight,
Since that he was not forc't, nor ouercome in fight?

17

With that, he gan at large to her dilate
The whole discourse of his captiuance sad,
In sort as ye haue heard the same of late.
All which, when she with hard endurance had
Heard to the end, she was right sore bestad,
With sodaine stounds of wrath and griefe attone:
Ne would abide, till she had answer made;
But streight her selfe did dight, and armor don;
And mounting to her steed, bad *Talus* guide her on.

18

So forth she rode vpon her ready way,
To seeke her Knight, as *Talus* her did guide:
Sadly she rode, and neuer word did say,
Nor good nor bad, ne euer looke aside,
But still right downe, and in her thought did hide
The felnesse of her heart, right fully bent
To fierce auengement of that womans pride,
Which had her Lord in base prison pent,
And so great honour with so fowle reproach had blent.

19

So as she thus melancholicke did ride,
Chawing the cud of griefe and inward paine,
She chaunc't to meet, toward the euen-tide
A Knight, that softly pased on the Plaine,
As if him selfe to solace he were faine.
Well shot in yeares he seem'd, and rather bent
To peace, then needlesse trouble to constraine,
As well by view of that his vestiment,
As by his modest semblant, that no euill ment.

20

He, comming neere, gan gently her salute
With curteous words, in the most comely wize;
Who though desirous rather to rest mute,
Then tearms to entertaine of common guize,
Yet rather then she kindnesse would despize,
She would her selfe displease, so him requite.
Then gan the other further to deuize
Of things abroad, as next to hand did light,
And many things demand, to which she answerd light.

For

21
For little lust had she to talke of ought,
Or ought to heare, that mote delightfull bee;
Her minde was whole possessed of one thought,
That gaue none other place. Which when as hee
By outward signes (as well he might) did see,
He hst no longer to vse loathfull speach,
But her besought to take it well in gree,
Sith shady damp had dimd the heauens reach,
To lodge wᵗʰ him that night, vnless good cause impeach.

22
The Championess, now seeing night at dore,
Was glad to yeeld vnto his good requeste:
And with him went without gaine-saying more.
Not farre away, but little wide by West,
His dwelling was, to which he him addrest;
Where soone arriuing they receiued were
In seemely wise, as them beseemed best:
For, he their Host them goodly well did cheare,
And talkt of pleasant things, the night away to weare.

23
Thus passing th' euening well, till time of rest,
Then *Britomart* vnto a bowre was brought;
Where groomes awayted her to haue vndrest.
But she ne would vndressed be for ought,
Ne doffe her armes, though he her much besought.
For she had vow'd, she said, not to forgoe
Those warlike weeds, till she reuenge had wrought
Of a late wrong vpon a mortall foe;
Which she would sure performe, betide her weale or woe.

24
Which when her Host perceiu'd, right discontent
In minde he grew, for feare least by that art
He should his purpose misse, which close he ment:
Yet taking leaue of her, he did depart.
There all that night remained *Britomart*,
Restlesse, recomfortlesse, with heart deepe grieued,
Not suffring the least twinkling sleepe to start
Into her eye, which th' hart mote haue relieued;
But if the least appear'd, her eyes she streight reprieued.

25
Ye guilty eyes, said she, the which with guile
My heart at first betrayd, will ye betray
My life now too, for which a little while
Ye will not watch? false watches, weal-away,
I wote when ye did watch both night and day
Vnto your losse: and now needs will ye sleep?
Now ye haue made my heart to wake alway,
Now will ye sleepe? ah! wake, and rather weepe,
To think of your nights want, that should ye waking keep.

26
Thus did she watch, and weare the weary night
In wayfull plaints, that none was to appease;
Now walking soft, now sitting still vpright,
As sundry change her seemed best to ease.
Ne lesse did *Talus* suffer sleepe to seaze
His eye-lids sad, but watcht continually,
Lying without her dore in great disease;
Like to a Spaniell wayting carefully
Least any should betray his Lady treacherously.

27
What time the native Bel-man of the night,
The bird that warned *Peter* of his fall,
First rings his siluer bell t' each sleepy wight,
That should their minds vp to deuotion call,
She heard a wondrous noyse belowe the hall,
All sodainly the bed, where she should lie,
By a false trap was let adowne to fall
Into a lower roome, and by and by
The loft was raisd againe, that no man could it spie.

28
With sight whereof she was dismaid right sore,
Perceiuing well the treason, which was ment:
Yet stirred not at all for doubt of more,
But kept her place with courage confident,
Wayting what would ensue of that euent.
It was not long, before she heard the sound
Of armed men, comming with close intent
Towards her chamber; at which dreadfull stound
She quickly caught her sword, & shield about her bound.

29
With that, there came vnto her chamber dore
Two Knights, all armed ready for to fight;
And after them full many other more,
A rascall rout, with weapons rudely dight.
Whom soone as *Talus* spide by glimse of night,
He started vp, there where on ground he lay,
And in his hand his thresher ready keight.
They, seeing that, let driue at him streight way,
And round about him preace in riotous array.

30
But soone as he began to lay about
With his rude iron flaile, they gan to flie,
Both armed Knights, and eke vnarmed rout:
Yet *Talus* after them apace did plie,
Where-euer in the darke he could them spy;
That here and there like scattered sheep they lay.
Then backe returning, where his Dame did lie,
He to her told the story of that fray,
And all that treason there intended did bewray.

31
Wherewith though wondrous wroth, and inly burning
To be auenged for so fowle a deede,
Yet being forc't t' abide the daies returning,
She there remain'd, but with right wary heed,
Least any more such practice should proceed.
Now mote ye knowe (that which to *Britomart*
Vnknowen was) whence all this did proceed:
And for what cause so great mischieuous smart
Was meant to her, that neuer euill meant in heart.

32
The goodman of this house was *Dolon* hight,
A man of subtill wit and wicked minde,
That whilome in his youth had been a Knight,
And armes had borne, but little good could finde,
And much lesse honour by that warlike kinde
Of life: for, he was nothing valorous,
But with sly shifts and wiles did vnderminde
All noble Knights, which were aduenturous,
And many brought to shame by treason treacherous.

He

33
He had three sonnes, all three like fathers sonnes,
Like treacherous, like full of fraud and guile,
Of all that on this earthly compass wonnes:
The eldest of the which was slaine erewhile
By *Arthegall*, through his owne guilty wile;
His name was *Guizor*: whose vntimely fate
For to reuenge, full many treasons vile
His father *Dolon* had deuiz'd of late
With these his wicked sons, and shewd his cancred hate.

34
For sure he weend, that this his present gueste
Was *Arthegall*, by many tokens plaine;
But chiefly by that yron page he gheste,
Which still was wont with *Arthegall* remaine;
And therefore meant him surely to haue slaine.
But by Gods grace, and her good heedinesse,
She was preserued from that traytrous traine.
Thus she all night wore out in watchfulnesse,
Ne suffred sleepe her eye-lids to oppresse.

35
The morrow next, so soone as dawning houre
Discouered had the light to liuing eye,
She forth issew'd out of her loathed bowre,
With full intent t' auenge that villany,
On that vile man, and all his family.
And comming down to seeke them, where they wond,
Nor sire, nor sonnes, nor any could she spie:
Each rowme she sought, but them all empty fond:
They all were fled for feare; but whether, neither kond.

36
She saw it vaine to make there longer stay,
But tooke her steed; and thereon mounting light,
Gan her addresse vnto her former way.
She had not rid the mountenance of a flight,
But that she sawe, there present in her sight,
Those two false brethren, on that perillous Bridge,
On which *Pollente* with *Arthegall* did fight.
Streight was the passage like a ploughed ridge,
That if two met, the one mote needs fall ouer the lidge.

37
There they did thinke themselues on her to wreake:
Who as she nigh vnto them drewe, the one
These vile reproches gan vnto her speake;
Thou recreant false traytour, that with lone
Of arms hast knighthood stolne, yet Knight art none,
No more shall now the darkenesse of the night
Defend thee from the vengeance of thy fone;
But with thy bloud thou shalt appease the spright
Of *Guizor*, by thee slaine, and murdred by thy slight.

38
Strange were the wordes in *Britomartis* eare;
Yet staid she not for them, but forward fared,
Till to the perillous bridge she came: and there
Talus desir'd, that he might haue prepared
The way to her, and those two losels scared.
But she thereat was wroth, that for despight
The glauncing sparkles through her beuer glared,
And from her eyes did flash out fiery light,
Like coales, that through a siluer Censer sparkle bright.

39
She stayd not to aduize which way to take;
But putting spurres vnto her fiery beast,
Thorough the midst of them she way did make.
The one of them, which most her wrath increast,
Vpon her speare she bore before her breast,
Till to the Bridges further end she past;
Where falling downe, his challenge he releast:
The other ouer side the Bridge she cast
Into the Riuer, where he drunk his deadly last.

40
As when the flashing Leuin haps to light
Vpon two stubborne oakes, which stand so neare,
That way betwixt them none appeares in sight;
The Engin, fiercely flying forth, doth teare
Th' one from the earth, & through the aire doth beare;
The other it with force doth ouerthrowe,
Vpon one side, and from the roots doth reare:
So did the Championesse those two there strowe,
And to their sire their carcasses left to bestowe.

Canto VII.

Britomart comes to Isis Church, where she strange visions sees: She fights with Radigund, her slayes, and Arthegall thence frees.

1

Nought is on earth more sacred or diuine,
That gods and men doe equally adore,
Then this same vertue, that doth right define:
For th'heauēs thēsélues, whence mortal mē im-
Right in their wrōgs, are rul'd by righteous lore (plore
Of highest Iove, who doth true iustice deale
To his ioferior gods, and euermore
Therewith containes his heauenly Common-weale:
The skill whereof to Princes hearts he doth reueale.

2

Well therefore did the antique world inuent,
That Iustice was a god of soueraigne grace,
And altars vnto him, and temples lent,
And heauenly honors in the highest place;
Calling him great *Osyris*, of the race
Of th' old Ægyptian Kings, that whilome were;
With fained colours shading a true case:
For, that *Osyris*, whilest he liued here,
The iustest man aliue, and truest did appeare.

3

His wife was *Isis*, whom they likewise made
A goddesse of great power and soueraínty,
And in her person cunningly did shade
That part of Iustice, which is Equity,
Whereof I haue to treat here presently.
Vnto whose temple when as *Britomart*
Arriued, shee with great humility
Did enter in, ne would that night depart;
But *Talus* mote not be admitted to her part.

4

There she receiued was in goodly wize
Of many Priests, which duely did attend
Vpon the rites and daily sacrifice,
All clad in linnen robes with siluer hemd;
And on their heads with long lockes comely kemd
They wore rich Mitres shaped like the Moone,
To shew that *Isis* doth the Moone portend;
Like as *Osyris* signifies the Sunne,
For that they both like race in equall iustice runne.

5

The Championesse, them greeting, as she could,
Was thence by them into the Temple led;
Whose goodly building when she did beholde,
Borne vpon stately Pillors, all dispred
With shining golde, and arched ouer-head,
She wondred at the workmans passing skill,
Whose like before she neuer saw nor red;
And thereupon long while stood gazing still,
But thought that she thereon could neuer gaze her fill.

6

Thence forth vnto the Idoll they her brought,
The which was framed all of siluer fine,
So well as could with cunning hand be wrought,
And clothed all in garments made of line,
Hemd all about with fringe of siluer twine.
Vpon her head she wore a crowne of gold,
To showe that she had powre in things diuine;
And at her feet a Crocodile was rold,
That with her wreathed taile her middle did enfold.

7

One foote was set vpon the Crocodile,
And on the ground the other fast did stand,
So meaning to suppresse both forged guile,
And open force: and in her other hand
She stretched forth a long white slender wand.
Such was the goddesse; whom when *Britomart*
Had long beheld, her selfe vpon the land
She did prostrate, and with right humble heart
Vnto her selfe her silent prayers did impart.

8

To which, the Idoll as it were inclining,
Her wand did moue, with amiable looke,
By outward shew her inward sense desining.
Who, well perceiuing, how her wand she shooke,
It as a token of good fortune tooke.
By this, the day with dampe was ouer-cast,
And ioyous light the house of *Ioue* forsooke:
Which when she sawe, her helmet she vnlac't,
And by the Altars side her selfe to slumber plac't.

For

9

For, other beds the Priests there vsed none,
But on their mother Earths deare lap did lie,
And bake their sides vpon the cold hard stone,
T'enure themselues to sufferance thereby;
And proud rebellious flesh to mortifie.
For, by the vow of their religion,
They tied were to stedfast chastitie,
And continence of life; that, all forgon,
They mote the better tend to their deuotion.

10

Therefore they mote not taste of fleshly food,
Ne feed on ought the which doth bloud containe,
Ne drinke of wine: for, wine, they say, is blood;
Euen the bloud of Giants, which were slaine
By thundring *Ioue* in the Phlegrean Plaine.
For which the earth (as they the story tell)
Wroth with the Gods, which to perpetuall paine
Had damn'd her sonnes, which gainst them did rebell,
With inward griefe and malice did against them swell.

11

And of their vitall bloud, the which was shed
Into her pregnant bosome, forth she brought
The fruitfull Vine; whose liquor bloudy red,
Hauing the minds of men with fury fraught,
Mote in them stirre vp old rebellious thought,
To make new warre against the Gods againe:
Such is the powre of that same fruit, that nought
The fell contagion may thereof restraine;
Ne, within reasons rule, her madding mood containe.

12

There, did the war-like Maid her selfe repose,
Vnder the wings of *Isis* all that night;
And with sweet rest her heauy eyes did close,
After that long dayes toyle and weary plight.
Where, whil'st her earthly parts with soft delight
Of senseless sleepe did deeply drowned lie,
There did appeare vnto her heauenly spright
A wondrous vision, which did close imply
The course of all her fortune and posteritie.

13

Her seem'd, as she was doing sacrifize
To *Isis*, deckt with Mitre on her head,
And linnen stole, after those Priestes guize,
All suddainly she saw transfigured
Her linnen stole to be of Scarlet red,
And Moone-like Mitre to a Crowne of gold;
That euen she her selfe much wondered
At such a change, and ioyed to behold
Her selfe, adorn'd with gems and iewels manifold.

14

And in the midst of her felicity,
An hideous tempest seemed from belowe,
To rise through all the Temple suddainly,
That from the Altar all about did blowe
The holy fire, and all the embers strowe
Vpon the ground: which, kindled priuily,
Into outrageous flames vnwares did growe,
That all the Temple put in ieopardy
Of flaming, and her selfe in great perplexity.

15

With that, the Crocodile, which sleeping lay
Vnder the Idols feet in feareless bowre,
Seem'd to awake in horrible dismay,
As being troubled with that stormy stowre;
And gaping greedy wide, did straight deuoure
Both flames and tempest: with which growen great,
And swolne with pride of his owne peerelesse powre,
He gan to threaten her likewise to eate;
But that the goddesse with her rod him backe did beat.

16

Tho, turning all his pride to humblesse meeke,
Himselfe before her feet he lowely threw,
And gan for grace and loue of her to seeke:
Which she accepting, he so neere her drew,
That of his game shee soone enwombed grew,
And forth did bring a Lion of great might,
That shortly did all other beasts subdew.
With that, she waked, full of fearfull fright,
And doubtfully dismaid through that so vncouth sight.

17

So, there-vpon long while she musing lay,
With thousand thoughts feeding her fantasie,
Vntill she spide the lampe of lightsome day,
Vp-lifted in the porche of heauen hie.
Then vp she rose fraught with melancholy,
And forth into the lower parts did pass;
Where-as the Priests she found full busily
About their holy things for morrow Mass:
Whom she saluting faire, faire resaluted was.

18

But by the change of her vnchearefull looke,
They might perceiue she was not well in plight;
Or that some pensiueneese to hart she tooke.
Therefore thus one of them (who seem'd in sight
To be the greatest, and the graueſt wight)
To her bespake; Sir Knight, it seemes to me,
That thorough euill rest of this last night,
Or ill apaid, or much dismaid ye bee,
That by your change of cheare is easie for to see.

19

Certes, said she, sith ye so well haue spide
The troublous passion of my pensiue minde,
I will not seeke the same from you to hide,
But will my cares vnfold, in hope to find
Your ayde, to guide me out of errour blind.
Say on, quoth he, the secret of your hart:
For, by the holy vow which me doth bind,
I am adiur'd, best counsell to impart
To all, that shall require my comfort in their smart.

20

Then gan she to declare the whole discourse
Of all that vision which to her appear'd,
As well as to her minde it had recourse.
All which when he vnto the end had heard,
Like to a weake faint-harted man he fared,
Through great astonishment of that strange sight;
And with long locks vp-standing, stifly stared,
Like one adawed with some dreadfull spright:
So, fild with heauenly fury, thus he her behight.

21

Magnificke Virgin, that in queint disguise
Of British armes doost maske thy royall blood,
So to pursue a perilous emprize,
How could'st thou ween, through that disguised hood,
To hide thy state from being vnderstood?
Can from th'immortall Gods ought hidden bee?
They doe thy linage, and thy Lordly brood;
They doe thy Sire lamenting sore for thee;
They doe thy Loue, forlorne in womens thraldom see.

22

The end whereof, and all the long euent,
They doe to thee in this same dreame discouer.
For, that same Crocodile doth represent
The righteous Knight, that is thy faithfull Louer,
Like to *Osyris* in all iust endeuer.
For, that same Crocodile *Osyris* is,
That vnder *Isis* feet doth sleepe for euer:
To shew that clemence oft, in things amiss,
Restraines those sterne behests, and cruell doomes of his.

23

That Knight shall all the troublous stormes assuage,
And raging flames, that many foes shall reare,
To hinder thee from the iust heritage
Of thy Sires Crowne, and from thy Country deare.
Then shalt thou take him to thy loued fere,
And ioyne in equall portion of thy Realme:
And afterwards, a sonne to him shalt beare,
That Lion-like shall shew his powre extreame.
So blesse thee God, and giue thee ioyance of thy dreame.

24

All which when she vnto the end had heard,
She much was eased in her troublous thought,
And on those Priests bestowed rich reward:
And royall gifts of gold and siluer wrought,
She for a present to their goddesse brought.
Then taking leaue of them, she forward went,
To seeke her Loue, where he was to be sought;
Ne rested till she came without relent
Vnto the land of Amazons, as she was bent.

25

Whereof when newes to *Radigund* was brought,
Not with amaze, as women wonted bee,
She was confused in her troublous thought:
But fild with courage and with ioyous glee,
As glad to heare of armes, the which now she
Had long surceast, she bade to open bold,
That she the face of her new foe might see.
But when they of that iron man had told, (hold.
Which late her folke had slaine, shee bade them forth to

26

So, there without the gate (as seemed best)
She caused her Pauilion be pight;
In which, stout *Britomart* her selfe did rest,
Whiles *Talus* watched at the dore all night.
All night likewise, they of the towne in fright,
Vpon their wall good watch and ward did keepe.
The morow next, so soone as dawning light
Bade doo away the dampe of drouzie sleepe,
The war-like Amazon out of her bowre did peepe;

27

And caused straight a Trumpet loud to shrill,
To warne her foe to battell soone be prest:
Who, long before awoke (for she full ill
Could sleepe all night, that in vnquiet brest
Did closely harbour such a iealous guest)
Was to the battell whylome ready dight.
Eftsoones that warrioresse with haughty creast
Did forth issue, all ready for the fight:
On th'other side her foe appeared soone in sight.

28

But ere they reared hand, the Amazone
Began the straight conditions to propound,
With which she vsed still to tye her fone;
To serue her so, as she the rest had bound.
Which when the other heard, she sternly frownd
For high disdaine of such indignity,
And would no longer treat, but bade them sound.
For, her no other tearmes should euer tie
Then what prescribed were by lawes of Cheualrie.

29

The Trumpets sound, and they together run
With greedy rage, and with their faulchins smote;
Ne eyther sought the other strokes to shun,
But through great furie both their skill forgot,
And practicke vse in armes; ne spared not
Their dainty parts, which Nature had created
So faire and tender, without staine or spot,
For other vses then they them translated;
Which they now hackt & hew'd, as if such vse they hated.

30

As when a Tigre and a Lioneſſe
Are met at spoyling of some hungry pray,
Both challenge it with equall greedinesse:
But first the Tygre clawes thereon did lay;
And therefore loth to loose her right away,
Doth in defence thereof full stoutly stond:
To which the Lion strongly doth gain-say,
That she to hunt the beast first tooke in hond;
And therefore ought it haue, where euer she it fond.

31

Full fiercely layd the Amazon about,
And dealt her blowes vnmercifully sore:
Which *Britomart* withstood with courage stout,
And them repaid againe with double more.
So long they fought, that all the grassie flore
Was fild with bloud, which from their sides did flowe,
And gushed through their armes, that all in gore
They trode, and on the ground their liues did strowe,
Like fruitlesse seed, of which vntimely death should growe.

32

At last, proud *Radigund* with fell despight,
Hauing by chaunce espyde aduantage neare,
Let driue at her with all her dreadfull might,
And thus vpbrayding, said; This token beare
Vnto the man whom thou doost loue so deare;
And tell him for his sake thy life thou gaueſt.
Which spightfull words, she sore engrieu'd to heare,
Thus answer'd; Lewdly thou my Loue depraueſt,
Who shortly must repent that now so vainly braueſt.

Nath'lesse,

33

Nath'lesse, that stroke so cruell passage found,
That glauncing on her shoulder plate, it bit
Vnto the bone, and made a grieſly wound,
That she her shield through raging smart of it
Could scarce vphold; yet soone she it requit.
For, hauing force increast through furious paine,
She her so rudely on the helmet smit,
That it empierced to the very braine,
And her proud person lowe prostrated on the Plaine.

34

Where being layd, the wrathfull Britonneſſe
Stayd not till she came to her selfe againe,
But in reuenge both of her Loues distresse,
And her late vile reproche, though vaunted vaine,
And also of her wound, which sore did paine,
She with one stroke both head and helmet cleft.
Which dreadfull sight, when all her war-like traine
There present saw, each one (of sense bereft)
Fled fast into the towne, and her sole Victor left.

35

But yet, so fast they could not home retreate,
But that swift *Talus* did the formost win;
And pressing through the preace vnto the gate,
Pelmell with them attonce did enter in.
There then a pittious slaughter did begin:
For, all that euer came within his reach,
He with his iron flaile did thresh so thin,
That he no worke at all left for the Leach:
Like to an hideous storme, which nothing may empeach.

36

And now by this, the noble Conqueresse
Her selfe came in, her glory to partake;
Where though reuengefull vow she did profeſſe,
Yet when she saw the heaps which he did make
Of slaughtred carcasses, her hart did quake
For very ruth, which did it almost riue,
That she his fury willed him to slake:
For, else he sure had left not one aliue,
But all in his reuenge of spirit would depriue.

37

Tho, when she had his execution stayd,
She for that iron prison did enquire,
In which her wretched Loue was captiue layd:
Which breaking open with indignant ire,
She entred in to all the parts entire.
Where when she saw that lothly vncouth sight,
Of men disguiz'd in womanish attire,
Her hart gan grudge, for very deepe despight
Of so vnmanly maske, in misery misdight.

38

At last, when-as to her owne Loue she came,
Whom like disguize no lesse deformed had,
At sight thereof abasht with secret shame,
She turnd her head aside, as nothing glad,
To haue beheld a spectacle so sad:
And then too well beliew'd, that which to-fore
Iealous suspect as true vntruely drad.
Which vaine conceit now flourishing no more,
She sought with ruth to salue his sad misfortunes sore.

39

Not so great wonder and astonishment,
Did the most chaste *Penelopé* possesse,
To see her Lord, that was reported drent,
And dead long since in dolorous distresse,
Come home to her in pittious wretchednesse,
After long trauell of full twenty yeares,
That she knew not his fauours likelinesse,
For many scarres, and many hoary haires:
But stood long staring on him, mongst vncertaine feares.

40

Ah! my deare Lord, what sight is this, quoth she,
What May-game hath misfortune made of you?
Where is that dreadfull manly looke? where be
Those mighty palmes, the which ye wont t'embrew
In bloud of Kings, and great hoasts to subdew?
Could ought on earth so wondrous change haue
As to haue robd you of that manly hew? (wrought,
Could so great courage stooped haue to ought?
Then farewell fleshly force; I see thy pride is nought.

41

Thence, forth she straight into a bowre him brought,
And caus'd him those vncomely weedes vndight;
And in their steede for other rayment sought,
Whereof there was great store, and armours bright,
Which had beene reft from many a noble Knight;
Whom that proud Amazon subdewed had,
Whil'st Fortune fauour'd her successe in fight:
In which when-as she him anew had clad,
She was reviu'd, and ioy'd much in his semblance glad.

42

So, there awhile they afterwards remained,
Him to refresh, and her late wounds to heale:
During which space she there as Princes raigned,
And changing all that forme of common weale,
The liberty of women did repeale,
Which they had long vsurpt; and them restoring
To mens subiection, did true Iustice deale:
That all they, as a goddesse her adoring,
Her wisedome did admire, and harkned to her loring.

43

For, all those Knights, which long in captiue shade
Had shrowded been, she did from thraldome free;
And Magistrates of all that Citie made,
And gaue to them great liuing and large fee:
And that they should for euer faithfull bee,
Made them sweare fealty to *Arthegall*.
Who when himselfe now well recur'd did see,
He purpos'd to proceed, what-so befall,
Vpon his first aduenture, which him forth did call.

44

Full sad and sorrowfull was *Britomart*
For his departure, her new cause of griefe;
Yet wisely moderated her owne smart,
Seeing his honour, which she tendred chiefe,
Consisted much in that aduentures priefe.
The care whereof, and hope of his successe
Gaue vnto her great comfort and reliefe,
That womanish complaints she did represse,
And tempered for the time her present heauinesse.

There

45

There she continu'd for a certaine space,
Till through his want her woe did more increase:
Then hoping that the change of ayre and place
Would change her paine, and sorrow some-what cease,
She parted thence, her anguish to appease.
Meane-while, her noble Lord Sir *Arthegall*
Went on his way, ne euer howre did cease,
Till he redeemed had that Lady thrall:
That for another Canto will more fitly fall.

Canto VIII.

Prince Arthur, and Sir Arthegall,
free Samient from feare:
They slay the Souldan, driue his wife
Adicia to despaire.

1

NOught vnder heauē so strongly doth allure
The sense of man, & all his mind possesse,
As beauties louely bayt, that doth procure
Great warriours oft their rigor to represse,
And mighty hands forget their manlinesse;
Drawn with the powre of an hart-robbing eye,
And wrapt in fetters of a golden tresse,
That can with melting pleasance mollifie
Their hardned harts, enur'd to bloud and cruelty.

2

So whylome learn'd that mighty Iewish swaine,
Each of whose locks did match a man in might,
To lay his spoyles before his Lemans traine:
So also did that great Oetean Knight
For his Loues sake his Lions skin vndight:
And so did war-like *Antony* neglect
The worlds whole rule, for *Cleopatras* sight.
Such wondrous powre hath wemens faire aspect,
To captiue men, and make them all the world reiect.

3

Yet could it not sterne *Arthegall* retaine,
Nor hold from suite of his avowed quest,
Which he had vndertane to *Gloriane*;
But left his Loue (albe her strong request)
Faire *Britomart*, in languor and vnrest,
And rode himselfe vpon his first intent:
Ne day nor night did euer idly rest;
Ne wight but onely *Talus* with him went,
The true guide of his way and vertuous gouernment.

4

So trauelling he chaunc't farre off to heed
A Damzell flying on a palfrey fast
Before two Knights, that after her did speed
With all their powre, and her full fiercely chac't,
In hope to haue her ouerhent at last:
Yet fled she fast, and both them farre out-went,
Carried with wings of feare, like fowle agast,
With locks all loose, and rayment all to rent;
And euer as she rode, her eye was backward bent.

5

Soone after these, he saw another Knight,
That after those two former rode apace,
With speare in rest, and prickt with all his might:
So ran they all, as they had been at bace,
They being chased, that did others chase.
At length, he saw the hindmost ouertake
One of twose two, and force him turne his face;
How euer loth he were his way to slake,
Yet mote he algates now abide, and answer make.

6

But th' other still pursewd the fearefull Maid;
Who still from him as fast away did flie,
Ne once for ought her speedy passage staid,
Till that at length she did before her spie
Sir *Arthegall*, to whom she straight did hie
With gladfull haste, in hope of him to get
Succour against her greedy enemy:
Who, seeing her approche, gan forward set
To saue her from her feare, and him from force to let.

7

But he, like hound full greedy of his pray,
Being impatient of impediment,
Continu'd still his course, and by the way
Thought with his speare him quite haue ouer-went,
So, both together ylike felly bent,
Like fiercely met. But *Arthegall* was stronger,
And better skild in Tilt and Turnament,
And bore him quite out of his saddle, longer (wronger.
Then two speares length; so mischiefe ouermatcht the
And

8

And in his fall, misfortune him mistooke;
For, on his head vnhappily he pight,
That his owne weight, his necke asunder broke,
And left there dead. Meane while, the other Knight
Defeated had the other faytour quight,
And all his bowels in his body brast:
Whom leauing there in that despitious plight,
He ran still on, thinking to follow fast
His other fellow Pagan, which before him past.

9

In stead of whom, finding there ready prest
Sir *Arthegall*, without discretion
He at him ran, with ready speare in rest:
Who, seeing him come still so fiercely on,
Against him made againe. So both anon
Together met, and strongly eyther strooke
And broke their speares; yet neyther has forgon
His horses back, yet to & fro long shooke, (quooke.
And tottred like two towres, which through a tempest

10

But when againe they had recouered sense,
They drew their swords, in mind to make amends
For what their speares had faild of their pretence.
Which when the Damzell, who those deadly ends
Of both her foes had seene, and now her friends
For her beginning a more fearfull fray;
She to them runnes in haste, and her haire rends,
Crying to them their cruell hands to stay,
Vntill they both do heare, what she to them will say.

11

They stayd their hands, when she thus gan to speake;
Ah! gentle Knights, what meane ye thus vnwise
Vpon your selues anothers wrong to wreake?
I am the wrongd, whom ye did enterprise
Both to redresse, and both redrest likewise:
Witnesse the Paynims both, whom ye may see
There dead on ground. What doe ye then deuise
Of more reuenge? if more, then I am shee,
Which was the roote of all: end your reuenge on mee.

12

Whom when they heard so say, they lookt about,
To weet if it were true as she had told;
Where, when they saw their foes dead out of doubt,
Eftsoones they gan their wrathfull hands to hold,
And Ventails reare, each other to behold.
Tho, when as *Arthegall* did *Arthur* view,
So faire a creature, and so wondrous bold,
He much admired both his hart and hew,
And touched with intire affection, nigh him drew;

13

Saying, sir Knight, of pardon I you pray,
That all vnweeting haue you wrongd thus sore:
Suffring my hand against my hart to stray:
Which if ye please forgiue, I will therefore
Yield for amends my selfe yours euermore,
Or what-so penance shall by you be red.
To whom the Prince; Certes, me needeth more
To craue the same, whom error so misled,
As that I did mistake the liuing for the ded.

14

But sith ye please, that both our blames shall die,
Amends may for the trespasse soone be made,
Sith neither is endamadg'd much thereby.
So can they both themselues full eath perswade
To faire accordance, and both faults to shade,
Eyther embracing other louingly,
And swearing faith to eyther on his blade;
Neuer thence-forth to nourish enmity,
But eyther others cause to maintaine mutually.

15

Then *Arthegall* gan of the Prince enquire,
What were those Knights which there on ground were
And had receiu'd their follies worthy hire, (layd;
And for what cause they chased so that Maid.
Certes, I wote not well, the Prince then said;
But by aduenture found them faring so,
As by the way vnweetingly I strayd:
And lo, the Damzell selfe, whence all did growe,
Of whom we may at will the whole occasion knowe.

16

Then they that Damzell called to them nie,
And asked her, what were those two her fone,
From whom she earst so fast away did flie;
And what was she her selfe so woe begone,
And for what cause pursu'd of them attone.
To whom she thus; Then wote ye well, that I
Do serue a Queene, that not far hence doth wone,
A Princesse of great powre and maiestie,
Famous through all the world, and honour'd far and nie:

17

Her name *Mercilla* most men vse to call;
That is a mayden Queene of high renowne,
For her great bounty knowen ouer all,
And soueraine grace, with which her royall Crowne
She doth support, and strongly beateth downe
The malice of her foes, which her enuy,
And at her happinesse do fret and frowne:
Yet she her selfe the more doth magnifie,
And euen to her foes her mercies multiply.

18

Mongst many which maligne her happy state,
There is a mighty man, which wonnes hereby,
That with most fell despight and deadly hate,
Seeks to subvert her Crowne and dignity;
And all his powre doth there-vnto apply:
And her good Knights (of which so braue a band
Serues her, as any Princesse vnder sky)
He eyther spoyles, if they against him stand,
Or to his part allures, and bribeth vnder hand.

19

Ne him sufficeth all the wrong and ill
Which he vnto her people does each day,
But that he seekes by traytrous traines to spill
Her person, and her sacred selfe to slay:
That O ye heauens defend, and turne away
From her, vnto the miscreant himselfe,
That neyther hath religion nor fay,
But makes his God of his vngodly pelfe,
And Idols serues; so let his Idols serue the Elfe.

To

20

To all which cruell tyrannie, they say,
He is prouok't, and stird vp day and night
By his bad wife, that hight *Adicia*,
Who counsels him (through confidence of might)
To breake all bonds of law, and rules of right.
For, she her selfe professeth mortall foe
To Iustice, and against her still doth fight,
Working to all that loue her, deadly woe,
And making all her Knights and people to doe so.

21

Which my liege Lady seeing, thought it best,
With that his wife in friendly wise to deale,
For stint of strife, and stablishment of rest
Both to her selfe, and to her Common-weale,
And all fore-past displeasures to repeale.
So me in message vnto her she sent,
To treat with her by way of enterdeale,
Of finall peace and faire attonement,
Which might concluded be by mutuall consent.

22

All times haue wont safe passage to afford
To messengers, that come for causes iust:
But this proud Dame, disdayning all accord,
Not onely into bitter tearmes forth brust,
Reuiling me, and rayling as she lust;
But lastly, to make proofe of vtmost shame,
Me like a dogge she out of dores did thrust,
Miscalling me by many a bitter name,
That neuer did her ill, ne once deserued blame.

23

And lastly, that no shame might wanting be,
When I was gone, soone after me she sent
These two false Knights, whom there ye lying see,
To be by them dishonoured and shent:
But thanked be God, and your good hardiment,
They haue the price of their owne folly payd.
So said this Damzell, that hight *Samient*;
And to those Knights, for their so noble ayd,
Her selfe most gratefull shew'd, and heaped thanks repaid.

24

But they, now hauing throughly heard and seene
All those great wrongs, the which that maid complained
To haue beene done against her Lady Queene,
By that proud Dame, which her so much disdained,
Were moued much thereat, and twixt them fained,
With all their force to worke auengement strong
Vpon the Souldan selfe, which it maintained;
And on his Lady, th'author of that wrong,
And vpon all those Knights that did to her belong.

25

But, thinking best by counterfet disguise
To their deseigne to make the easier way,
They did this complot twixt themselues deuise;
First, that sir *Arthegall* should him array,
Like one of those two Knights which dead there lay.
And then that Damzell, the said *Samient*,
Should as his purchast prize with him conuay
Vnto the Souldans Court, her to present
Vnto his scornefull Lady, that for her had sent.

26

So, as they had deviz'd, sir *Arthegall*
Him clad in th'armour of a Pagan Knight;
And taking with him, as his vanquisht thrall,
That Damzell, led her to the Souldans right.
Where, soone as his proud wife of her had sight
(Forth of her window as she looking lay)
Shee weened straight it was her Paynim Knight;
Which brought that Damzell, as his purchast pray;
And sent to him a Page, that mote direct his way.

27

Who, bringing them to their appointed place,
Offred his seruice to disarme the Knight;
But he, refusing him to let vnlace,
For doubt to be discouered by his sight,
Kept himselfe still in his strange armour dight.
Soone after whom, the Prince arriued there;
And sending to the Souldan in despight
A bold defiance, did of him requere
That Damzell, whom he held as wrongfull prisonere.

28

Where-with, the Souldan all with furie fraught,
Swearing, and banning most blasphemously,
Commanded straight his armour to be brought;
And mounting straight vpon a Charret hie,
With iron wheeles and hooks arm'd dreadfully,
And drawne of cruell steeds, which he had fed
With flesh of men, whom through fell tyrannie
He slaughtred had, and ere they were halfe dead,
Their bodies to his beasts for prouender did spred;

29

So, forth hee came all in a coate of plate,
Burnisht with bloudy rust; whiles on the Greene
The Briton Prince him ready did await,
In glistering armes right goodly well beseene,
That shone as bright, as doth the heauen sheene;
And by his stirrup *Talus* did attend,
Playing his Pages part, as he had beene
Before directed by his Lord; to th'end
He should his flaile to finall execution bend.

30

Thus goe they both together to their geare,
With like fierce minds, but meanings different:
For, the proud Souldan with presumptuous cheare,
And countenance sublime and insolent,
Sought onely slaughter and avengement:
But the braue Prince for honour and for right,
Gainst tortious powre and lawlesse regiment,
In the behalfe of wronged weake did fight:
More in his causes truth he trusted then in might.

31

Like to the *Thracian* Tyrant, who they say
Vnto his horses gaue his guests for meat,
Till he himselfe was made their greedy pray,
And torne in peeces by *Alcides* great.
So thought the Souldan in his folhes threat,
Eyther the Prince in peeces to haue torne
With his sharpe wheeles, in his first rages heat,
Or vnder his fierce horses feet haue borne (scorne.
And trampled downe in dust his thoughts disdained

But

32

But the bold child that perill well espying,
If he too rashly to his Charet drew,
Gaue way vnto his horses speedy flying,
And their resistlesse rigour did eschew.
Yet, as he passed by, the Pagan threw
A shiuering dart with so impetuous force,
That had he not it shund with heedfull view,
It had himselfe transfixed, or his horse,
Or made them both one masse withouten more remorse.

33

Oft drew the Prince vnto his Charet nigh,
In hope some stroke to fasten on him neare;
But he was mounted in his seat so high,
And his wing-footed courlers him did beare
So fast away, that ere his ready speare
He could aduance, he farre was gone and past.
Yet still he him did follow euery where,
And followed was of him likewise full fast;
So long as in his steedes the flaming breath did last.

34

Againe, the Pagan threw another dart,
Of which he had with him abundant store,
On euery side of his embatteld cart,
And of all other weapons lesse or more,
Which warlike vses had deuiz'd of yore.
The wicked shaft guided through th'ayrie wide,
By some bad spirit, that it to mischiefe bore,
Stayd not, till through his curat it did glide,
And made a grieslie wound in his enriuen side.

35

Much was he grieued with that hapelesse throe,
That opened had the well-spring of his blood;
But much the more that to his hatefull foe
He mote not come, to wreake his wrathfull mood.
That made him raue, like to a Lion wood,
Which beeing wounded of the huntsmans hand
Can not come neere him in the couert wood,
Where he with boughes hath built his shady stand,
And fenc't himselfe about with many a flaming brand.

36

Still when he sought t'approch vnto him nie,
His Charet wheeles about him whirled round,
And made him backe againe as fast to flie;
And eke his steedes, like to an hungry hound,
That hunting after game hath carrion found,
So cruelly did him pursew and chace,
That his good steed, all were he much renound
For noble courage, and for hardy race,
Durst not endure their sight, but fled from place to place.

37

Thus, long they trac't, and trauerst to and fro,
Seeking by euery way to make some breach:
Yet could the Prince not nigh vnto him goe,
That one sure stroke he might vnto him teach,
Whereby his strengthes assay he might him teach.
At last, from his victorious shield he drew
The veile, which did his powrefull light empeach;
And comming full before his horses view,
As they vpon him prest, it plaine to them did shew.

38

Like lightening flash, that hath the gazer burned,
So did the sight thereof their sense dismay,
That backe againe vpon themselues they turned,
And with their rider ran perforce away:
Ne could the Souldane them from flying stay,
With raines, or wonted rule, as well he knew.
Nought feared they, what he could doe or say,
But th'onely feare that was before their view;
From which, like mazed Deare, dismayfully they flew.

39

Fast did they flie, as them their feet could beare,
High ouer hilles, and lowely ouer dales,
As they were follow'd of their former feare.
In vaine the Pagan bannes, and sweares, and rayles,
And backe with both his hands vnto him hayles
The restie raines, regarded now no more:
He to them calles and speakes, yet nought auailes;
They heare him not, they haue forgot his lore,
But go which way they list, their guide they haue forlore.

40

As when the fiery-mouthed steeds, which drew
The Sunnes bright waine to *Phaëtons* decay,
Soone as they did the monstrous Scorpion view,
With vgly craples crawling in their way,
The dreadfull sight did them so sore affray,
That their well knowen courses they forwent;
And leading th'euer-burning lampe astray,
This lower world nigh all to ashes brent,
And left their scorched path yet in the firmament:

41

Such was the fury of these head-strong steeds,
Soone as the Infants sun-like shield they saw,
That all obedience both to words and deeds
They quite forgot, and scornd all former law; (draw
Through woods and rocks, and mountaines they did
The iron Charet, and the wheeles did teare,
And tost the Paynim, without feare or awe;
From side to side they tost him here and there,
Crying to them in vaine, that n'ould his crying heare.

42

Yet still the Prince pursew'd him close behind,
Oft making offer him to smite, but found
No easie meanes according to his mind.
At last, they haue all ouer-throwne to ground
Quite topside turuey, and the Pagan hound
Amongst the iron hookes and grapples keene,
Torne all to rags, and rent with many a wound;
That no whole peece of him was to be seene,
But scattred all about, and strow'd vpon the Greene.

43

Like as the cursed sonne of *Theseus*,
That following his chace in dewy morne,
To flie his stepdames loue outrageous,
Of his owne steeds was all to pieces torne,
And his faire limbs left in the woods forlorne;
That for his sake *Diana* did lament,
And all the wooddy Nymphs did waile and mourne:
So was this Souldan rapt and all to rent,
That of his shape appear'd no little moniment.

Onely

44
Onely his shield and armour,which there lay,
Though nothing whole, but all to brus'd and broken,
He vp did take,and with him brought away,
That mote remaine for an eternall token
To all,mongst whom this story should be spoken,
How worthily,by heauens high decree,
Iustice that day of wrong her selfe had wroken;
That all men which that spectacle did see,
By like ensample mote for euer warned bee.

45
So,on a tree before the Tyrants dore,
He caused them be hung in all mens sight;
To be a moniment for euermore.
Which when his Lady from the Castles hight
Beheld,it much appall'd her troubled spright:
Yet not as women wont in dolefull fit,
She was dismaid,or fainted through affright,
But gathered vnto her her troubled wit,
And gan eftsoones deuise to be aweng'd for it.

46
Straight downe she ranne,like an enraged cow,
That is berobbed of her youngling dere,
With knife in hand,and fatally did vow,
To wreake her on that mayden messengere,
Whom she had caus'd be kept as prisonere
By *Arthegall*,misween'd for her owne Knight,
That brought her backe. And comming present there,
She at her ran with all her force and might,
All flaming with reuenge and furious despight.

47
Like raging *Ino*,when with knife in hand
She threw her husbands murdred infant out;
Or fell *Medea*,when on *Colchicke* strand
Her brothers bones she scattered all about;
Or as that madding mother,mongst the rout
Of *Bacchus* Priests her owne deare flesh did teare.
Yet neyther *Ino*,nor *Medea* stout,
Nor all the *Mænades* so furious were,
As this bold woman,when she saw that Damzell there.

48
But *Arthegall*,being thereof aware,
Did stay her cruell hand,ere she her raught,
And as she did her selfe to strike prepare,
Out of her first the wicked weapon caught;
With that, like one enfelon'd or distraught,
She forth did rome,whither her rage her bore,
With frantick passion,and with fury fraught;
And breaking forth out at a posterne dore,
Vnto the wilde wood ran,her dolours to deplore.

49
As a mad bitch,when as the frantick fit
Her burning tongue with rage inflamed hath,
Doth runne at random, and with furious bit
Snatching at euery thing,doth wreake her wrath
On man and beast that commeth in her path.
There they do say,that she transformed was
Into a Tigre,and that Tigres scath
In cruelty and outrage she did pas,
To proue her surname true, that she imposed has.

50
Then *Arthegall*,himselfe discouering plaine,
Did issue forth gainst all that war-like rout
Of Knights and armed men,which did maintaine
That Ladies part,and to the Souldan lout:
All which he did assault with courage stout,
All were they nigh an hundred Knights of name,
And like wilde Goates them chaced all about,
Flying from place to place with coward shame,
So that with finall force them all he ouercame.

51
Then caused he the gates be opened wide;
And there the Prince, as Victor of that day,
With triumph entertain'd and glorifide,
Presenting him with all the rich array,
And royall pompe,which there long hidden lay,
Purchast through lawlesse powre and tortious wrong
Of that proud Souldan,whom he earst did slay.
So,both,for rest there hauing staid not long,
Marcht with that mayd;fit matter for another song.

Canto

Canto IX.

Arthur and Arthegall catch Guile,
whom Talus doth dismay:
They to Mercillaes palace come,
and see her rich array.

1
What Tigre, or what other salvage wight
Is so exceeding furious and fell, (might?
As wrong, when it hath arm'd it selfe with
Not fit mongst men, that do with reason mel,
But mongst wilde beasts and salvage woods to dwell;
VVhere still the stronger doth the weake deuoure,
And they that most in boldnesse doe excell,
Are dradded most, and feared for their powre:
Fit for *Adicia*, there to build her wicked bowre.

2
There let her wonne farre from resort of men,
Where righteous *Arthegall* her late exiled;
There let her euer keepe her damned den,
Where none may be with her lewd parts defiled,
Nor none but beasts may be of her despoyled:
And turne we to the noble Prince, where late
We did him leaue, after that he had foyled
The cruell Souldan, and with dreadfull fate
Had vtterly subverted his vnrighteous state.

3
Where, hauing with Sir *Arthegall* a space
Well solac't in that Souldans late delight,
They both resoluing now to leaue the place,
Both it and all the wealth therein behight
Vnto that Damzell in her Ladies right,
And so would haue departed on their way.
But shee them woo'd by all the meanes she might,
And earnestly besought, to wend that day
With her, to see her Lady thence not farre away.

4
By whose entreatie both they overcommen,
Agree to goe with her, and by the way
(As often falles) of sundry things did commen.
Mongst which, that Damzell did to them bewray
A strange adventure, which not farre thence lay;
To weet, a wicked villaine, bold and stout,
Which wonned in a rock not farre away,
That robbed all the Country there about, (out,
And brought the pillage home,whence none could get it

5
Thereto,both his owne wilie wit, she said,
And eke the fastnesse of his dwelling place,
Both vnassailable, gaue him great ayde:
For he so crafty was to forge and face,
So light of hand, and nimble of his pace,
So smooth of tongue, and subtile in his tale,
That could deceiue one looking in his face;
Therefore by name *Malengin* they him call,
Well knowen by his feates, and famous over all.

6
Through these his slights he many doth confound:
And eke the rocke, in which he wonts to dwell,
Is wondrous strong, and hewen far vnder ground
A dreadfull depth, how deepe no man can tell;
But some doe say, it goeth downe to hell.
And all within, it full of windings is,
And hidden wayes, that scarce an hound by smell
Can follow out those false foot-steps of his,
Ne none can back returne, that once are gone amiss.

7
Which when those knights had heard, their harts gan
To vnderstand that villaines dwelling place, (yearne,
And greatly it desir'd of her to learne,
And by which way they towards it should trace.
Were not, said she, that it should let your pase
Towards my Ladies presence by you meant,
I would you guide directly to the place.
Then let not that, said they, stay your intent.
For, neither will one foot, till we that Carle haue hent.

8
So, forth they past, till they approched nie
Vnto the rock where was the villaine won.
Which when the Damzell neere at hand did spy,
She warn'd the Knights thereof: who there-vpon
Gan to advize, what best were to be done.
So both agreed to send that mayd afore,
Where she might sit nigh to the den alone,
Wayling, and raising pittifull vprore,
As if she did some great calamity deplore.

9

VVith noyse whereof, when as the eaytiue Carle
Should issue forth, in hope to find some spoyle,
They in awaite would closely him ensnarle,
Ere to his den he backward could recoyle,
And so would hope him easily to foile.
The Damzell straght went, as she was directed,
Vnto the rock; and there, vpon the soile
Hauing her selfe in wretched wise abiected,
Gan weepe and waile, as if great griefe had her affected.

10

The cry whereof, entring the hollow Caue,
Ersoones brought forth the villaine, as they ment,
VVith hope of her some wishfull boot to haue.
Full dreadfull wight he was, as euer went
Vpon the earth, with hollow eyes deepe pent,
And long curld locks, that downe his shoulders shag-
And on his backe an vncouth vestiment (ged,
Made of strange stuffe, but all to worne and ragged;
And vnderneath, his breech was all to torne and iagged.

11

And in his hand an huge long staffe he held,
VVhose top was arm'd with many an iron hooke,
Fit to catch hold of all that he could weld,
Or in the compasse of his clouches tooke;
And euer round about he cast his looke.
Als at his backe a great wide net he bore,
VVith which he seldome fished at the brooke,
But vs'd to fish for fooles on the dry shore,
Of which he in faire weather wont to take great store.

12

Him when the Damzell saw fast by her side,
So vgly creature, she was nigh dismaid;
And now for helpe aloud in earnest cride.
But when the villaine saw her so affraid,
He gan with guilefull words her to perswade
To banish feare: and with *Sardonian* smile
Laughing on her, his false intent to shade,
Gan forth to lay his bayte her to beguile,
That frō her selfe vnwares he might her steale the while.

13

Like as the Fowler on his guilefull pipe,
Charmes to the birds full many a pleasant lay,
That they the whiles may take lesse heedy keepe,
How he his nets doth for their ruine lay:
So did the villaine to her prate and play,
And many pleasant tricks before her showe,
To turne her eyes from his intent away:
For, he in sleights and iuggling feates did flowe,
And of legier-de maine the mysteries did knowe.

14

To which, whil'st she lent her intentiue mind,
He suddenly his net vpon her threw,
That ouer-spread her like a puffe of wind;
And snatching her soone vp, ere well she knew,
Ran with her fast away vnto his mew,
Crying for helpe aloud. But when as nie
He came vnto his Caue, and there did view
The armed knights, stopping his passage by,
He threw his burden downe, and fast away did flie.

15

But *Arthegall*, him after did pursew,
The whiles the Prince there kept the entrance still:
Vp to the rocke he ran, and theron flew
Like a wilde Goat, leaping from hill to hill,
And dauncing on the craggy cliffes at will;
That deadly danger seem'd in all mens sight,
To tempt such steps, where footing was so ill:
Ne ought auailed for the armed knight,
To thinke to follow him, that was so swift and light.

16

Which when he sawe, his iron man he sent
To follow him: for, he was swift in chace.
He him pursewd where-euer that he went,
Both ouer rocks, and hilles, and euery place:
Where-so he fled, he followd him apace:
So that he shortly fore't him to forsake
The height, and downe descend vnto the base.
There he him courst afresh, and soone did make
To leaue his proper forme, and other shape to take.

17

Into a Foxe himselfe he first did tourne;
But he him hunted like a Fox full fast:
Then to a bush himselfe he did transforme;
But he the bush did beat, till that at last
Into a bird it chang'd, and from him past,
Flying from tree to tree, from wand to wand:
But he then stones at it so long did cast,
That like a stone it fell vpon the land,
But he then tooke it vp, and held fast in his hand.

18

So he it brought with him vnto the Knights,
And to his Lord Sir *Arthegall* it lent,
Warning him hold it fast, for feare of slights.
Who whil'st in hand it griping hard he hent,
Into a Hedghogge all vnwares it went,
And prickt him so, that he away it threw.
Then gan it runne away incontinent,
Beeing returned to his former hew:
But *Talus* soone him ouer-tooke, and backward drew.

19

But, when as he would to a snake againe
Haue turn'd himselfe, he with his iron flaile
Gan driue at him, with so huge might and maine,
That all his bones, as small as sandy graile
He broke, and did his bowels disentraile;
Crying in vaine for helpe, when help was past.
So did deceit the selfe deceiuer faile:
There they him left a carrion out-cast,
For beasts and fowles to feed vpon for their repast.

20

Thence, forth they passed with that gentle Maid,
To see her Lady, as they did agree.
To which when she approched, thus she said;
Lo, now, right noble Knights, arrin'd ye bee
Nigh to the place which ye desir'd to see:
There shall ye see my soueraigne Lady Queene,
Most sacred wight, most debonaire and free,
That euer yet vpon this earth was seene,
Or that with Diademe hath euer crowned beene.

The

21

The gentle Knight reioyced much to heare
The praises of that Prince so manifold;
And passing little further, commen were,
VVhere they a stately Palace did behold;
Of pompous showe, much more then she had told;
VVith many towres, and tarras mounted hie,
And all their tops bright glistering with gold,
That seemed to out-shine the dimmed skie,
And with their brightnes daz'd the strange beholders eye.

22

There they, alighting, by that Damzell were
Directed in, and shewed all the sight:
Whose porch, that most magnifick did appeare,
Stood open wide to all men day and night;
Yet warded well by one of mickle might,
That sate thereby, with gyant-like reiemblance,
To keepe out guile, and malice, and despight,
That vnder shewe oft-times of fained semblance,
Are wont in Princes Courts to work great scathe and hin-
(drance.

23

His name was *Awe*; by whom they passing in
VVent vp the hall, that was a large wide roome,
All full of people making troublous din,
And wondrous noyse, as if that there were some,
VVhich vnto them was dealing righteous doome.
By whom they passing through the thickest preace,
The Marshall of the hall to them did come;
His name hight *Order*, who commaunding peace,
Them guided through the throng, that did their clamors
(ceasse.

24

They ceast their clamors, vpon them to gaze;
Whom seeing all in armour bright as day,
Strange there to see, it did them much amaze,
And with vnwonted terror halfe affray.
For, neuer sawe they there the like array.
Ne euer was the name of warre there spoken,
But ioyous peace and quietnesse alway,
Dealing iust iudgements, that mote not be broken
For any bribes, or threats of any to be wroken.

25

There as they entred at the Scriene, they saw
Some one, whose tongue was for his trespasse vile
Nayld to a poste, adiudged so by law:
For that there-with he falsely did reuile,
And foule blaspheme that Queene for forged guile,
Both with bold speeches, which he blazed had,
And with lewd poems, which he did compile;
For, the bold title of a Poet bad
He on himselfe had ta'en, and rayling rimes had sprad.

26

Thus, there he stood, whil'st high ouer his head,
There written was the purport of his sin,
In cyphers I trange, that few could rightly read,
BON FONS: but *Bon* that once had written bin,
Was raced out, and *Mal* was now put in.
So now *Malfont* was plainely to be red;
Either for th'euill, which he did therein,
Or that he likened was to a Well-shed
Of euill words, and wicked slanders by him shed.

27

They, passing by, were guided by degree
Vnto the presence of that gratious Queene:
Who sate on high, that she might all men see,
And might of all men royally be seene.
Vpon a throne of gold full bright and sheen
Adorned all with gemmes of endlesse price,
As either might for wealth haue gotten beene,
Or could be fram'd by workmans rare deuice;
And all embost with Lions, and with Flour-delice.

28

All over her a cloth of state was spred,
Not of rich tissew, nor of cloth of gold,
Nor of ought else, that may be richest red,
But like a clowd, as likest may be told,
That her broad spreading wings did wide vnfold;
Whose skirts were bordred with bright sunny beames,
Glistring like gold, amongst the plights enrold,
And here and there shooting forth siluer streames,
Mongst which crept little Angels through the glittering
(gleames.

29

Seemed those little Angels did vphold
The cloth of State, and on their purple wings
Did beare the pendants, through their nimblesse bold:
Besides, a thousand more of such, as sings
Hymnes to high God, and carols heauenly things,
Encompassed the throne, on which she sate;
She Angel-like, the heire of ancient Kings
And mighty Conquerors, in royall state,
Whil'st Kings and Kesars at her feet did them prostrate.

30

Thus she did sit in soueraigne Maiestie,
Holding a Scepter in her royall hand,
The sacred pledge of peace and clemencie,
VVith which high God had blest her happy land,
Maugre so many foes, which did withstand.
But at her feet her sword was likewise layd,
Whose long rest rusted the bright steely brand;
Yet when as foes enforc't, or friends sought ayde,
She could it sternely draw, that all the world dismaide.

31

And round about, before her feet there sate
A beauy of faire Virgins clad in white,
That goodly seem'd t'adorne her royall state,
All louely daughters of high *Ioue*, that hight
Litæ, by him begot in loues delight,
Vpon the righteous *Themis*: those they say,
Vpon *Ioues* iudgement seat wait day and night,
And when in wrath he threats the worlds decay,
They doe his anger calme, and cruell vengeance stay.

32

They also doe by his diuine permission,
Vpon the thrones of mortall Princes tend,
And often treat for pardon and remission
To suppliants, through fraultie which offend.
Those did vpon *Mercillaes* throne attend:
Iust *Dice*, wise *Eunomie*, mild *Eirene*;
And them amongst, her glory to commend,
Sate goodly *Temperance* in garments clene,
And sacred *Reuerence*, yborne of heauenly streene.

33

Thus did she sit in royall rich estate,
Admir'd of many, honoured of all;
Whil'st vnderneath her feet, there as she sate,
An huge great Lion lay, that mote appall
An hardy courage, like captiued thrall,
With a strong iron chaine and coller bound,
That once he could not moue, nor quich at all;
Yet did he murmure with rebellious sound,
And softly royne, when saluage choler gan redound.

34

So, sitting high in dradded soueraigntie, (brought;
Those two strange Knights were to her presence
Who, bowing lowe before her Maiestie,
Did to her milde obeysance, as they ought,
And meekest boowe, that they imagine mought.
To whom she eke inclyning her withall,
As a faire stoupe of her high soaring thought,
A chearefull countenance on them let fall,
Yet tempred with some maiestie imperiall.

35

As the bright sunne, what time his fiery teame
Towards the weast crne brim begins to draw,
Gins to abate the brightnesse of his beame,
And feruour of his flames some-what adaw:
So did this mighty Lady, when she saw
Those two strange knights such homage to her make,
Bate some-what of that Maiestie and awe,
That whylome wont to do so many quake,
And with more milde aspect those two to entertake.

36

Now, at that instant, as occasion fell,
When these two stranger knights arriu'd in place,
She was about affaires of Common-weale,
Dealing of Iustice with indifferent grace,
And hearing pleas of people meane and base.
Mongst which as then, there was for to be heard
The tryall of a great and weighty case,
VVhich on both sides was then debating hard:
But at the sight of these, those were awhile debard.

37

But, after all her princely entertaine,
To th'hearing of that former cause in hand,
Her selfe eftsoones she gan conuert againe;
Which that those knights likewise mote vnderstand,
And witnesse forth aright in forraine land,
Taking them vp vnto her stately throne,
Where they mote heare the matter throughly scand
On either part, she placed th'one on th'one,
The other on the other side, and neere them none.

38

Then was there brought, as prisoner to the barre,
A Lady of great countenance and place,
But that she it with foule abuse did marre;
Yet did appeare rare beauty in her face,
But blotted with condition vile and base,
That all her other honour did obscure,
And titles of nobilitie deface:
Yet, in that wretched semblant, she did sure
The peoples great compassion vnto her allure.

39

Then vp arose a person of deepe reach,
And rare in-sight, hard matters to reueale; (speach
That well could charme his tongue, and time his
To all assaies; his name was called *Zeale*:
He gan that Lady strongly to appeale
Of many hainous crimes, by her enured;
And with sharpe reasons rang her such a peale,
That those, whom she to pitty had allured,
He now t'abhorre and loath her person had procured.

40

First, gan he tell, how this that seem'd so faire
And royally arrayd, *Duessa* hight,
That false *Duessa*, which had wrought great care,
And mickle mischiefe vnto many a knight,
By her beguiled, and confounded quight:
But not for those she now in question came,
Though also those mote question'd be aright,
But for vile treasons, and outrageous shame,
Which she against the drad *Mercilla* oft did frame.

41

For, she whylome (as ye mote yet right well
Remember) had her counsels false conspired,
With faithlesse *Blandamour* and *Paridell*
(Both two her Paramours, both by her hired,
And both with hope of shadowes vaine inspired)
And with them practiz'd how for to depriue
Mercilla of her Crowne, by her aspired,
That she might it vnto her selfe deriue,
And triumph in their blood, whom she to death did driue.

42

But through high heauens grace (which fauour not
The wicked drifts of trayterous designes,
Gainst loyall Princes) all this cursed plot,
Ere proofe it tooke, discouered was betimes,
And th'actors won the meed meet for their crimes.
Such be the meed of all, that by such meane
Vnto the type of kingdoms title climes.
But false *Duessa*, now vntitled Queene,
Was brought to her sad doome, as heere was to be seene.

43

Strongly did *Zeale* her hainous fact enforce,
And many other crimes of foule defame
Against her brought, to banish all remorse,
And aggrauate the horror of her blame.
And with him to make part against her, came
Many graue persons, that against her plead;
First, was a sage old Sire, that had to name
The *Kingdoms care*, with a white siluer head,
That many high regards and reasons gainst her read.

44

Then, gan *Authority* her to oppose
With peremptory powre, that made all mute;
And then the law of *Nations* gainst her rose,
And reasons brought, that no man could refute;
Next, gan *Religion* gainst her to impute
High Gods behest, and powre of holy lawes;
Then gan the Peoples cry, and Commons sute,
Importune care of their owne publique cause;
And lastly, *Iustice* charged her with breach of lawes.

But

45

But then for her, on the contrary part,
Rose many aduocates for her to plead:
First there came *Pitty* with full tender heart,
And with her ioyn'd *Regard* of womanhead;
And then came *Danger* threatning hidden dread,
And high alliance vnto forrein Powre;
Then came *Nobility* of birth, that bread
Great ruth through her misfortunes tragick stowre;
And lastly *Griefe* did plead, and many teares forth powre.

46

With the neere touch whereof in tender hart
The Briton Prince was sore empassionate
And woxe inclined much vnto her part,
Through the sad terror of so dreadfull fate,
And wretched ruine of so high estate;
That for great ruth his courage gan relent.
Which when as *Zele* perceiued to abate,
He gan his earnest feruour to augment,
And many fearefull obiects to them to present.

47

He gan t'efforce the euidence anew,
And new accusements to produce in place:
He brought forth that old Hag of hellish hew,
The cursed *Ate*, brought her face to face,
VVho privy was, and party in the case:
She, glad of spoyle and ruinous decay,
Did her appeach, and to her more disgrace,
The plot of all her practice did display,
And all her traynes, and all her treasons forth did lay.

48

Then brought he forth, with griesly grim aspect,
Abhorred *Murder*, who with bloudy knife
Yet dropping fresh in hand did her detect:
And there with guilty bloud-shed charged rife:
Then brought he forth *Sedition*, breeding strife
In troublous wits, and mutinous vp-rore:
Then brought he forth *Incontinence* of life,
Euen foule *Adultery* her face before,
And lewd *Impietie*, that her accused sore.

49

All which when as the Prince had heard and seene,
His former fancies ruth he gan repent,
And from her party eftsoones was drawen cleane.
But *Arthegall*, with constant firme intent,
For zeale of Iustice was against her bent.
So was she guilty deemed of them all.
Then *Zele* began to vrge her punishment,
And to their Queene for iudgement loudly call,
Vnto *Mercilla* myld for Iustice gainst the thrall.

50

But she, whose Princely breast was touched neare
With pitious ruth of her so wretched plight,
Though plaine she sawe by all, that she did beare,
That she of death was guilty found by right,
Yet would not let iust vengeance on her light;
But rather let in stead thereof to fall
Few perling drops from her faire lampes of light;
The which she couering with her purple pall
Would haue the passion hid, and vp arose withall.

Canto X.

Prince Arthur takes the enterprise
For Belge for to fight:
Gerioneos Seneschall
He slayes in Belges right.

1

Some Clarks doe doubt in their deuiceful art,
Whether this heauenly thing, whereof I treat,
To weeten *Mercy*, be of Iustice part,
Or drawne forth from her by diuine extreat.
This well I wote, that sure she is as great,
And meriteth to haue as high a place,
Sith in th'Almighties euerlasting seat
Shee first was bred, and borne of heauenly race;
From thence pour'd down on men, by influence of grace.

2

For, if that Vertue be of so great might,
Which from iust verdict will for nothing start,
But to preserue inuiolated right,
Oft spilles the principall, to saue the part;
So much more then is that of powre and art,
That seekes to saue the subiect of her skill,
Yet neuer doth from doome of right depart:
As it is greater prayse to saue, then spill,
And better to reforme, then to cut-off the ill.

3

Who then can thee, *Mercilla*, throughly praiſe,
That heerein do'ſt all earthly Princes paſs?
What heauenly Muſe ſhall thy great honour rayſe
Vp to the skies, whence firſt deriu'd it was,
And now on earth it ſelfe enlarged has,
From th'vtmoſt brinke of the *Armericke* ſhore,
Vnto the margent of the *Molucas*?
Thoſe Nations farre thy iuſtice doe adore:
But thine own people do thy mercy praiſe much more.

4

Much more it praiſed was of thoſe two knights;
The noble Prince, and righteous *Arthegall*,
When they had ſeene and heard her doom arights
Againſt *Dueſſa*, damned by them all;
But by her tempred without griefe or gall,
Till ſtrong conſtraint did her thereto enforce.
And yet euen then ruing her wilfull fall,
With more then needfull naturall remorſe,
And yeelding the laſt honour to her wretched coſe.

5

During all which, thoſe knights continu'd there,
Both doing and receiuing curteſies,
Of that great Lady, who with goodly cheare,
Them entertayn'd, fit for their dignities,
Approuing daily to their noble eyes
Royall examples of her mercies rare,
And worthy patterns of her clemencies;
Which till this day mongſt many liuing are,
VVho them to their poſterities doe ſtill declare.

6

Amongſt the reſt, which in that ſpace befell,
There came two Springals of full tender yeares,
Farre thence from forrein land, where they did dwell,
To ſeek for ſuccour of her and her Peares,
With humble prayers and intreatfull teares;
Sent by their mother, who a widowe was,
Wrapt in great dolours and in deadly feares,
By a ſtrong Tyrant, who invaded has
Her land, and ſlaine her children rufully, alas!

7

Her name was *Belgé*, who in former age
A Lady of great worth and wealth had been,
And mother of a fruitfull heritage,
Euen ſeuenteen goodly ſonnes; which who had ſeene
In their firſt flowre, before this fatall teene
Them ouertooke, and their faire bloſſoms blaſted,
More happy mother would her ſurely weene,
Then famous *Niobé*, before ſhe taſted
Latonaes childrens wrath, that all her iſſue waſted.

8

But this fell Tyrant, through his tortious powre,
Had left her now but fiue of all that brood:
For, twelue of them he did by times deuoure,
And to his Idols ſacrifice their bloud,
VVhil'ſt he of none was ſtopped, nor withſtood.
For, ſoothly he was one of matchleſſe might,
Of horrible aſpect, and dreadfull mood,
And had three bodies in one waſte empight,
And th'armes & legs of three, to ſuccour him in ſight.

9

And ſooth they ſay, that he was borne and brad,
Of Gyants race, the ſonne of *Geryon*,
He that whylome in Spaine ſo ſore was drad
For his huge powre and great oppreſſion,
VVhich brought that land to his ſubiection,
Through his three bodies powre, in one combyn'd;
And eke all ſtrangers in that region
Arryuing, to his kyne for food aſſynd;
The fayreſt kyne alriue, but of the fierceſt kynd.

10

For, they were all, they ſay, of purple hew,
Kept by a cow-heard, hight *Eurytion*;
A cruell carle, the which all ſtrangers ſlew,
Ne day nor night did ſleepe, t'attend them on,
But walkt about them euer and anone,
With his two headed dogge, that *Orthrus* hight;
Orthrus begotten by great *Typhaon*,
And foule *Echidna*, in the houſe of night;
But *Herculer* them all did ouercome in fight.

11

His ſonne was this, *Geryoneo* hight:
Who, after that his monſtrous father fell
Vnder *Alcides* club, ſtreight tooke his flight
From that ſad land, where he his ſire did quell,
And came to this, where *Belgé* then did dwell,
And floriſht in all wealth and happineſſe,
Beeing then new made widowe (as befell)
After her noble husbands late deceaſe;
Which gaue beginning to her woe and wretchednes.

12

Then this bold tyrant, of her widow-head
Taking aduantage, and her yet freſh woes,
Himſelfe and ſeruice to her offered,
Her to defend againſt all forrein foes,
That ſhould their powre againſt her right oppoſe.
Whereof ſhe glad, now needing ſtrong defence,
Him entertayn'd, and did her champion choſe:
Which long he vs'd with carefull diligence,
The better to confirme her fearleſſe confidence.

13

By meanes whereof, ſhe did at laſt commit
All to his hands, and gaue him ſoueraine powre
To do, what-euer he thought good or fit.
Which hauing got, he gan forth from that howre
To ſtirre vp ſtrife, and many a Tragicke ſtowre,
Giuing her deareſt children one by one
Vnto a dreadfull Monſter to deuoure,
And ſetting vp an Idole of his owne,
The image of his monſtrous parent *Geryone*.

14

So tyrannizing, and oppreſſing all,
The woefull widow had no meanes now left,
But vnto gracious great *Mercilla* call
For ayde, againſt that cruell Tyrants theft,
Ere all her children he from her had reft.
Therefore theſe two, her eldeſt ſonnes, ſhe ſent
To ſeek for ſuccour of this Ladies gieft:
To whom their ſute they humbly did preſent,
In th'hearing of full many Knights and Ladies gent.

Amongſt

15

Amongſt the which, then fortuned to be
The noble Briton Prince, with his braue Peare:
Who when he none of all thoſe knights did ſee
Haſtily bent that enterpriſe to heare,
Nor vndertake the ſame, for coward feare,
He ſtepped forth with courage bold and great,
Admyr'd of all the reſt in preſence there,
And humbly gan that mighty Queene entreat,
To grant him that aduenture for his former feat.

16

She gladly granted it: then he, ſtraight way,
Himſelfe vnto his iourney gan prepare.
And all his armours ready dight that day,
That nought the morrow next mote ſtay his fare.
The morrow next appear'd, with purple hayre
Yet dropping freſh out of the *Indian* fount,
And bringing light into the heauens faire,
VVhen he was ready to his ſteed to mount,
Vnto his way, which now was all his care and count.

17

Then taking humble leaue of that great Queene,
Who gaue him royall gifts and riches rare,
As tokens of her thankfull mind beſeene,
And leauing *Arthegall* to his owne care;
Vpon his voyage forth he gan to fare,
With thoſe two gentle youths, which him did guide,
And all his way before him ſtill prepare.
Ne after him did *Arthegall* abide,
But on his firſt adventure forward forth did ride.

18

It was not long, till that the Prince arriued
VVithin the land, where dwelt that Lady ſad,
VVhereof that Tyrant had her now depriued,
And into moores and marſhes baniſht had,
Out of the pleaſant ſoyle, and Cities glad,
In which ſhe wont to harbour happily:
But now his cruelty ſo ſore ſhe drad,
That to thoſe fennes for ſafeneſſe ſhe did fly,
And there her ſelfe did hide from his hard tyranny.

19

There he her found in ſorrow and diſmay,
All ſolitary without liuing wight;
For, all her other children, through affray,
Had hid themſelues, or taken further flight:
And eke her ſelfe through ſudden ſtrange affright,
When one in armes ſhe ſawe, began to fly;
But when her owne two ſonnes ſhe had in ſight,
Shee gan take heart, and looke vp ioyfully:
For, well ſhe wiſt this Knight came, ſuccour to ſupply.

20

And running vnto them with greedy ioyes,
Fell ſtreight about their necks, as they did kneele:
And burſting forth in teares; Ah my ſweet boyes,
Sayd ſhe, yet now I gin new life to feele;
And feeble ſpirits, that gan faint and reele,
Now riſe againe, at this your ioyous ſight.
Already ſeems that Fortunes headlong wheele
Begins to turne, and ſunne to ſhine more bright
Then it was wont, through comfort of this noble knight.

21

Then turning vnto him; And you Sir Knight,
Sayd ſhe, that taken haue this toyleſome paine
For wretched woman, miſerable wight,
May you in heauen immortall guerdon gaine
For ſo great trauell, as you doe ſuſtaine:
For other meed may hope for none of mee,
To whom nought elſe, but bare life doth remaine;
And that ſo wretched one, as ye doe ſee
Is liker lingring death, then loathed life to bee.

22

Much was he moued with her pitious plight;
And, lowe diſmounting from his lofty ſteed,
Gan to recomfort her all that he might,
Seeking to driue away deep rooted dreed,
VVith hope of helpe in that her greateſt need.
So, thence he wiſhed her with him to wend,
Vnto ſome place, where they mote reſt and feed,
And ſhe take comfort, which God now did ſend:
Good heart in euills doth the euills much amend.

23

Ay me! ſayd ſhe, and whither ſhall I goe?
Are not all places full of forraine powres?
My Palaces poſſeſſed of my foe,
My Cities ſackt, and their ſky-threatning towres
Raſed, and made ſmooth fields now full of flowres?
Onely theſe marſhes, and miry bogs,
In which the fearefull ewftes do build their bowres,
Yeeld me an hoſtry mongſt the croking frogs,
And harbour heere in ſafety from thoſe rauenous dogs.

24

Nath'leſſe, ſayd he, deare Lady with me goe:
Some place ſhall vs receiue, and harbour yeeld;
If not, we will it force, mauger you foe,
And purchaſe it to vs with ſpeare and ſhield:
And if all fayle, yet farewell open field:
The earth to all her creatures lodging lends.
With ſuch his cheerfull ſpeeches he doth wield
Her mind ſo well, that to his will ſhe bends;
And binding vp her locks & weeds, forth with him wends.

25

They came vnto a Citty faire vp land,
The which whylome that Ladies owne had been:
But now by force extort out of her hand,
By her ſtrong foe, who had defaced cleane
Her ſtately towres, and buildings ſunny ſheene;
Shut vp her haven, mard her marchants trade,
Robbed her people, that full rich had been,
And in her necke a Caſtle huge had made,
The which did her command, without needing perſwade.

26

That Caſtle was the ſtrength of all that State,
Vntill that State by ſtrength was pulled downe:
And that ſame Citie, ſo now ruinate,
Had been the key of all that kingdomes Crowne;
Both goodly Caſtle, and both goodly Towne,
Till that th'offended heauens liſt to lowre
Vpon their bliſſe, and balefull Fortune frowne.
When thoſe gainſt States and Kingdomes do coniure,
Who then can thinke their headlong ruine to recure?

But

27

But he had brought it now in seruile bond,
And made it beare the yoke of inquisition,
Striuing long time in vaine it to withstond;
Yet glad at last to make most base submission,
And life enioy for any composition.
So now he hath new lawes and orders new
Impos'd on it, with many a hard condition,
And forced it, the honour that is dew
To God, to do vnto his Idole most vntrew.

28

To him he hath, before this Castle Greene,
Built a faire Chappell, and an Altar framed
Of costly Iuory, full rich beseene,
On which that cursed Idole farre proclamed,
He hath set vp, and him his god hath named,
Offring to him in sinfull sacrifize
The flesh of men, to Gods owne likenesse framed,
And powring forth their bloud in brutish wize,
That any iron eyes to see it would agrize.

29

And for more horror and more crueltie,
Vnder that cursed Idols altar stone;
An hideous monster doth in darknes lie,
Whose dreadfull shape was neuer seene of none
That liues on earth; but vnto those alone
The which vnto him sacrificed bee.
Those he deuoures, they say, both flesh and bone:
What else they haue, is all the Tyrants fee;
So that no whit of them remaining one may see.

30

There eke he placed a strong garrisone,
And set a Seneschall of dradded might,
That by his powre oppressed euery one,
And vanquished all ventrous knights in fight;
To whom he wont shew all the shame he might,
After that them in battell he had wonne.
To which, when now they gan approach in sight,
The Lady counseld him the place to shonne,
Whereas so many knights had foully been fordonne.

31

Her fearefull speeches nought he did regard;
But riding streight vnder the Castle wall,
Called aloud vnto the watchful ward,
Which there did waite, willing them forth to call
Into the field their Tyrants Seneschall.
To whom when tydings thereof came, he streight
Cals for his armes, and arming him withall,
Efsoones forth pricked proudly in his might,
And gan with courage fierce addresse him to the fight.

32

They both encounter in the middle Plaine,
And their sharpe speares doe both together smite
Amid their shields, with so huge might and maine,
That seem'd their soules they would haue riuen quight
Out of their breasts, with furious despight.
Yet could the Seneschals no entrance find
Into the Princes shield, where it empight;
So pure the metall was and well refyn'd,
But shiuered all about, and scattered in the wind.

33

Not so the Princes; but with restlesse force,
Into his shield it ready passage found,
Both through his haberjeon, and eke his corse:
VVhich tumbling down vpon the senseless ground,
Gaue leaue vnto his ghost from thraldome bound,
To wander in the griesly shades of night.
There did the Prince him leaue in deadly swound,
And thence vnto the Castle marched right,
To see if entrance there as yet obtaine he might.

34

But as he nigher drew, three knights he spyde,
All arm'd to point, issuing forth apace,
Which towards him with all their powre did ride;
And meeting him right in the middle race,
Did all their speares attonce on him enchace.
As three great Culuerings, for battery bent,
And leueld all against one certaine place,
Doe all attonce their thunders rage forth-rent,
That makes the wals to stagger with astonishment:

35

So all attonce they on the Prince did thonder;
VVho from his saddle swarued nought aside,
Ne to their force gaue way, that was great wonder,
But like a Bulwark, firmely did abide;
Rebutting him, which in the midst did ride,
With so huge rigour, that his mortall speare
Past through his shield, & peare't through either side,
That downe he fell vpon his mother deare,
And powred forth his wretched life in deadly dreare.

36

VVhom when his other fellowes saw, they fled
As fast as feet could carry them away;
And after them the Prince as swiftly sped,
To be aueng'd of their vnknightly play.
There whilest they entring, th'one did th'other stay,
The hindmost in the gate he ouer-hent,
And as he pressed in, him there did slay:
His carkasse tumbling on the threshold, sent
His groning soule vnto her place of punishment.

37

The other which was entred, laboured fast
To sperre the gate; but that same lumpe of clay,
VVhose grudging ghost was thereout fled and past,
Right in the middest of the threshold lay,
That it the Posterne did from closing stay:
The whiles, the Prince had preaced in betweene,
And entrance wonne. Streight th'other fled away,
And ranne into the hall, where he did weene
Himselfe to saue: but he there slew him at the screene.

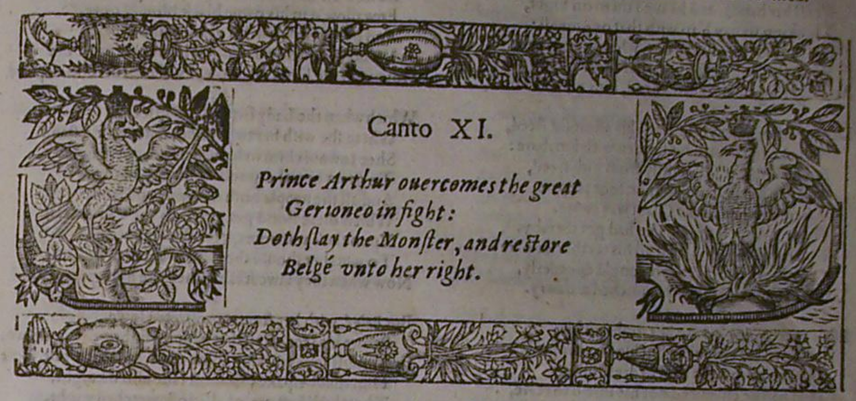
38

Then all the rest which in that Castle were,
Seeing that sad ensample them before,
Durst not abide, but fled away for feare,
And them conuayd out at a Posterne dore.
Long sought the Prince: but when he found no more
T'oppose against his powre, he forth issued
Vnto that Lady, where he her had lore,
And her gan cheare, with what she there had viewed,
And what she had not seene, within vnto her shewed.

Who

39

Who with right humble thanks him goodly greeting,
For so great prowesse, as he there had proued,
Much greater then was euer in her weeting,
With great admirance inwardly was moued,
And honourd him, with all that her behoued.
Thenceforth into that Castle he her led,
With her two sonnes, right deare of her beloued,
VVhere all that might themselues they cherished,
And from her balefull mynde all care he banished.



Canto XI.

Prince Arthur ouercomes the great
Gerioneo in fight:
Doth slay the Monster, and restore
Belgé vnto her right.

1

IT often fals in course of common life,
That right, long time, is ouerborne of wrong,
Through auarice, or powre, or guile, or strife,
That weakens her, & makes her party strong:
But Iustice, though her doome she doe prolong,
Yet at the last, she will her owne cause right.
As by sad *Belgé* seemes, whose wrongs though long
She suffred, yet at length she did requight,
And sent redresse thereof by this braue Briton Knight.

2

Whereof when newes was to that Tyrant brought,
How that the Lady *Belgé* now had found
A Champion, that had with his Champion fought,
And laid his seneschall lowe on the ground,
And eke him selfe did threaten to confound,
He gan to burne in rage, and frieze in feare,
Doubting sad end of principle vnsound;
Yet sith he heard but one, that did appeare,
He did himselfe encourage, and take better cheare.

3

Natheless, himselfe he armed all in haste,
And forth he far'd with all his many bad,
Ne stayed step, till that he came at last
Vnto the Castle, which they conquerd had.
There with huge terror, to be more ydrad,
He sternely marcht before the Castle gate;
And with bold vaunts, and idle threatning bade
Deliuer him his owne, ere yet too late,
To which they had no right, nor any wrongfull state.

4

The Prince stayd not his aunswere to deuize;
But opening streight the Sparre, forth to him came,
Full nobly mounted in right war-like wize;
And asked him, if that he were the same,
Who all that wrong vnto that wofull Dame
So long had done, and from her native land
Exiled her, that all the world spake shame.
He boldly answerd him, he there did stand
That would his doings iustifie with his owne hand.

5

VVith that, so furiously at him he flew,
As if he would haue ouer-run him streight;
And with his huge great iron axe gan hew
So hideously vpon his armour bright,
As he to peeces would haue chopt it quight:
That the bold Prince was forced foot to giue
To his first rage, and yeeld to his despight;
The whil'st at him so dreadfully he driue,
That seem'd a marble rocke asunder could not riue.

6

Thereto a great aduantage eke he has
Through his three double hands thrice multiplide,
Besides the double strength, which in them was:
For, still when fit occasion did betide,
He could his weapon shift from side to side,
From hand to hand, and with such nimblesse sly
Could wield about, that ere it were espide,
The wicked stroke did wound his enemy,
Behind, beside, before, as he it list apply.

7

Which vncouth vse when as the Prince perceiued,
He gan to watch the wielding of his hand,
Least by such sleight he were vnwares deceiued;
And euer ere he sawe the stroke to land,
He would it meet, and warily withstand.
One time, when he his weapon fayn'd to shift,
As he was wont, and chang'd from hand to hand,
He met him with a counter-stroke so swift,
That quite smit off his arme, as he it vp did lift.

There-

8

Therewith, all fraught with fury and disdaine
He brayd aloud for very fell despight;
And lodainely t'auenge himselfe againe,
Gan into one assemble all the might
Of all his hands, and heaued them on hight,
Thinking to pay him with that one for all:
But the sad steele seiz'd not, where it was hight,
Vpon the child, but somewhat short did fall;
And lighting on his horses head, him quite did mall.

9

Downe straight to ground fell his astonisht steed,
And eke to th'earth his burden with him bare:
But he himselfe full lightly from him freed,
And gan him selfe to fight on foot prepare.
Whereof when as the Giant was aware,
He wox right blythe, as he had got thereby,
And laught so loud, that all his teeth wide bare
One might haue seene enraung'd disorderly,
Like to a ranke of piles, that pitched are awry.

10

Eftsoones againe his axe he raught on hie,
Ere he were throughly buckled to his geare;
And can let driue at him so dreadfully,
That had he chaunced not his shield to reare,
Ere that huge stroke arriued on him neare,
He had him surely clouen quite in twaine.
But th'Adamantine shield, which he did beare,
So well was tempred, that (for all his maine)
It would no passage yeeld vnto his purpose vaine.

11

Yet was the stroke so forcibly applide,
That made him stagger with vncertaine sway,
As if he would haue tottered to one side.
Wherewith full wroth, he fiercely gan assay,
That curt'sie with like kindnesse to repay;
And smote at him with so importune might,
That two more of his armes did fall away,
Like fruitlesse branches, which the hatchets slight
Hath pruned from the native tree, and cropped quight.

12

With that, all mad and furious he grew,
Like a fell mastiffe through enraging heat,
And curst, and band, and blasphemies forth threw
Against his gods, and fire to them did threat,
And hell vnto himselfe with horror great.
Thenceforth he car'd no more, which way he strooke,
Nor where it light, but gan to chause and sweat,
And gnash his teeth, and his head at him shooke,
And sternely him beheld with grim and ghastly looke.

13

Nought fear'd the child his lookes, ne yet his threats,
But onely wexed now the more aware,
To saue him selfe from those his furious heats,
And watch aduantage, how to work his care,
The which good Fortune to him offred faire.
For, as he in his rage him ouer-strooke,
He ere he could his weapon backe repaire,
His side all bare and naked ouertooke, (strooke.
And with his mortall steele quite through the bodie

14

Through all three bodies he him strook attonce;
That all the three attonce fell on the Plaine:
Else should he thrice haue needed, for the nonce,
Them to haue stricken, and thrice to haue slaine.
So now all three one senseless lumpe remaine,
Enwallow'd in his owne black bloudy gore,
And byting th'earth for very deaths disdain;
VVho with a clowd of night him couering, bore
Downe to the house of doole, his daies there to deplore.

15

Which when the Lady from the Castle saw,
Where she with her two sonnes did looking stand
Shee towards him in haste her selfe did draw,
To greet him the good fortune of his hand:
And all the people both of towne and land,
Which there stood gazing from the Cities wall
Vpon these warriours, greedy t'vnderstand
To whether should the victory befall:
Now when they sawe it falne, they eke him greeted all.

16

But *Belgé*, with her sonnes prostrated lowe
Before his feet, in all that peoples sight, (wo,
Mongst ioyes mixing some tears, mongst weale some
Him thus bespake; O most redoubted knight,
The which hast me, of all most wretched wight,
That earst was dead, restor'd to life againe,
And these weake impes replanted by thy might;
What guerdon can I giue thee for thy paine,
But euen that which thou sauedst, thine still to remaine?

17

He tooke her vp forby the lilly hand,
And her recomforted the best he might,
Saying, Deare Lady, deeds ought not be scand
By th'authors manhood, nor the doers might,
But by their truth and by the causes right:
That same is it, which fought for you this day.
What other meed then need me to requight,
But that which yeeldeth vertues meed alway?
That is the vertue selfe, which her reward doth pay.

18

She humbly thankt him for that wondrous grace,
And further sayd; Ah Sir, but mote ye please,
Sith ye thus farre haue tendred my poore case,
As from my chiefest foe me to release,
That your victorious arme will not yet cease,
Till ye haue rooted all the relikes out
Of that vile race, and stablished my peace.
What is there else, said he, left of their roote?
Declare it boldly Dame, and doe not stand in dout.

19

Then wote you, Sir, that in this Church hereby
There stands an Idoll, of great note and name,
The which this Giant reared first on hie.
And of his owne vaine fancies thought did frame:
To whom for endlesse horrour of his shame,
He offred vp for daily sacrifize
My children and my people burnt in flame;
With all the tortures that he could deuize,
The more t'aggrate his god with such his bloudy guize.

20

And vnderneath this Idoll there doth lie
An hideous monster, that doth it defend,
And feeds on all the carcasses, that die
In sacrifice vnto that cursed feend:
Whose vgly shape none euer sawe, nor kend,
That euer scap't: for, of a man they say
It has the voice, that speeches forth doth send,
Euen blasphemous words, which she doth bray
Out of her poysnous entrails, fraught with dire decay.

21

Which when the Prince heard tell, his heart gan yearne
For great desire that Monster to assay,
And prayd the place of her abode to learne.
Which being shew'd, he gan himselfe streight way
Thereto addresse, and his bright shield display.
So to the Church he came, where it was tolde,
The Monster vnderneath the Altar lay;
There he that Idoll sawe of massie golde
Most richly made, but there no Monster did behold.

22

Vpon the Image with his naked blade
Three times, as in defiance, there he strooke;
And the third time, out of an hidden shade,
There forth issewd, from vnder th'Altars smooke,
A dreadfull feend, with foule deformed looke,
That stretcht it selfe, as it had long lien still;
And her long taile and feathers strongly shooke,
That all the Temple did with terror fill;
Yet him nought terrifide, that feared nothing gill.

23

An huge great Beast it was, when it in length
Was stretched forth, that nigh fild all the place,
And seem'd to be of infinite great strength;
Horrible, hideous, and of hellish race,
Borne of the brooding of *Echidna* base,
Or other like infernall Furies kinde:
For, of a Mayd she had the outward face,
To hide the horrour, which did lurke behind,
The better to beguile, whom she so fond did finde.

24

Thereto the body of a dog she had,
Full of fell rauin and fierce greedinesse;
A Lions clawes, with powre and rigour clad,
To rend and teare what-so she can oppresse;
A Dragons taile, whose sting without redresse
Full deadly wounds, where-so it is empight;
An Eagles wings for scope and speedinesse,
That nothing may escape her reaching might,
Whereto she euer list to make her hardy flight;

25

Much like in foulnesse and deformity
Vnto that Monster, whom the Theban Knight,
The father of that fatall progeny,
Made kill her selfe for very hearts despight,
That he had read her riddle, which no wight
Could euer loose, but suffred deadly doole.
So also did this Monster vse like slight
To many a one, which came into her school,
Whom she did put to death, deceiued like a fool.

26

She comming forth, when as she first beheld
The armed Prince, with shield so blazing bright,
Her ready to assaile, was greatly queld,
And much dismayd with that dismayfull sight,
That back she would haue turnd for great affright.
But he gan her with courage fierce assay,
That fore't her turne againe in her despight,
To saue her selfe, least that he did her slay:
And sure he had her slaine, had she not turned her way.

27

Tho, when she sawe, that she was forc't to fight,
She flew at him, like to an hellish feend,
And on his shield took hold with all her might,
As if that it she would in peeces rend,
Or reaue out of the hand, that did it hend.
Strongly he stroue out of her greedy gripe
To loose his shield, and long while did contend:
But when he could not quite it, with one stripe
Her Lions clawes he from her feete away did wipe.

28

With that, aloud she gan to bray and yell,
And fowle blasphemous speeches forth did cast,
And bitter curses, horrible to tell;
That euen the Temple wherein she was plac't,
Did quake to heare, and nigh asunder brast.
Tho, with her huge long tayle she at him strooke,
That made him stagger, and stand halfe aghast
With trembling ioynts, as he for terror shooke;
Who nought was terrifide, but greater courage tooke.

29

As when the Mast of some well timbred hulke
Is with the blast of some outrageous storme
Blowne downe, it shakes the bottom of the bulk,
And makes her ribs to crack, as they were torne,
Whil'st still she stands as stonisht and forlorne:
So was he stonn'd with stroke of her huge tayle.
But ere that it she backe againe had borne,
He with his sword it strook, that without faile
He ioynted it, and mard the swinging of her flaile.

30

Then gan she cry much louder then afore,
That all the people (there without) it heard,
And *Belgé* selfe was therewith stonied sore,
As if the onely sound therof she feard.
But then the feend her selfe more fiercely reard
Vpon her wide great wings, and strongly stew
With all her body at his head and beard;
That had he not foreseene with heedfull view,
And thrown his shield atween, she had him done to rew.

31

But as she prest on him with heauy sway,
Vnder her wombe his fatall sword he thrust,
And for her entrailes made an open way,
To issue forth; the which, once being burst,
Like to a great Mill damb forth fiercely gusht,
And powred out of her infernall sinke
Most vgly filth, and poyson therewith rusht,
That him nigh choked with the deadly stinke:
Such loathly matter were small lust to speake or thinke.

32
Then downe to ground fell that deformed Maſſe,
Breathing out clouds of ſulphur fowle and black,
In which a puddle of contagion was,
More loath'd then *Lerna*, or then *Stygian* lake,
That any man would nigh awhaped make.
Whom when he ſawe on ground, he was full glad,
And ſtreight went forth his gladneſſe to partake
With *Belgé*, who watcht all this while full ſad,
Wayting what end would be of that ſame danger drad.

33
Whom when ſhe ſaw ſo ioyouſly come forth,
She gan reioyce, and ſhew triumphant cheare,
Lauding and prayſing his renowmed worth,
By all the names that honorable were.
Then in he brought her, and her ſhewed there
The preſent of his paines, that monſters ſpoyle,
And eke that Idoll deem'd to coſtly deare;
Whom he did all to peeces breake and foyle
In filthy durt, and left ſo in the loathly ſoyle.

34
Then all the people, which beheld that day,
Gan ſhout aloud, that vnto heaven it rong;
And all the damzels of that towne in ray,
Came dauncing forth, and ioyous Carrolles ſong:
So him they led through all their ſtreets along,
Crowned with girlonds of immortall bayes;
And all the vulgar did about them throng,
To ſee the man, whoſe euerlaſting prayſe,
They all were bound to all poſterities to raiſe.

35
There he with *Belgé* did awhile remaine,
Making great feaſt and ioyous merriment,
Vntill he had her ſettled in her raigne,
VVith ſafe aſſurance and eſtabliſhment.
Then to his firſt emprize his mind he lent,
Full loath to *Belgé*, and to all the reſt:
Of whom yet taking leaue, thence forth he went
And to his former iourney him addreſt,
On which long way he rode, ne euer day did reſt.

36
But turne we now to noble *Arthegall*;
Who, hauing left *Mercilla*, ſtreight way went
On his firſt queſt, the which him forth did call,
To weet, to worke *Irenaes* franchiſement,
And eke *Grantortoes* worthy puniſhment.
So forth he fared as his manner was,
With onely *Talus* waiting dihgent,
Through many perils, and much way did paſs,
Till nigh vnto the place at length approch't he has.

37
There as he traueld by the way, he met
An aged wight, wayfaring all alone,
Who through his yeeres long ſince aſide had ſet
The vſe of armes, and battell quite forgone:
To whom as he approch't he knew anone,
That it was he which whilome did attend,
On faire *Irene* in her affliction,
When firſt to Faerie Court he ſaw her wend,
Vnto his ſoueraine Queene her ſuite for to commend.

38
VVhomby his name ſaluting, thus he gan;
Haile good Sir *Sergis*, trueſt Knight aliue,
Well tride in all thy Ladies troubles than,
When her that Tyrant did of Crowne deprriue;
What new occaſion doth thee hither driue,
Whiles ſhe alone is left, and thou here found?
Or is ſhe thrall, or doth ſhe not ſuruiue?
To whom he thus; She liueth ſure and ſound;
But by that Tyrant is in wretched thraldome bound.

39
For, ſhe preſuming on th'appointed tyde,
In which ye promiſt, as ye were a Knight,
To meete her at the ſaluage Iſlands ſyde
(And then and there for tryall of her right
With her vnrighteous enemy to fight)
Did thither come: where ſhe (affraid of nought)
By guilefull treaſon and by ſubtill ſlight
Surpriſed was, and to *Grantorto* brought,
Who her impriſon'd hath, and her life often ſought.

40
And now he hath to her prefixt a day,
By which, if that no Champion doe appeare,
Which will her cauſe in battailous array
Againſt him iuſtifie, and proue her cleare
Of all thoſe crimes, that he gainſt her doth reare,
She death ſhall ſure aby. Thoſe tydings ſad
Did much abaſh Sir *Arthegall* to heare,
And grieued ſore, that through his fault ſhe had
Fallen into that Tyrants hand and vſage bad.

41
Then thus replide; Now ſure and by my life,
Too much am I too blame for that faire Maide,
That haue her drawne to all this troublous ſtrife,
Through promiſe to afford her timely ayde,
Which by default I haue not yet defraid.
But witneſſe vnto me, ye heauens, that knew
How cleare I am from blame of this vpbraid:
For, ye into like thraldome me did throwe,
And kept from compliſhing the faith, which I did owe.

42
But now aread, Sir *Sergis*, how long ſpace
Hath he her lent a Champion to prouide:
Ten daies, quoth he, he granted hath of grace,
For that he weeneth well, before that tide
None can haue tydings to aſſiſt her ſide.
For, all the ſhores, which to the ſea accoſte,
He day and night doth ward both farre and wide,
That none can there arriue without an hoſte:
So her he deemes already but a damned ghoſt.

43
Now turne againe, Sir *Arthegall* then ſaid:
For if I liue till theſe ten dayes haue end,
Aſſure your ſelfe, Sir Knight, ſhe ſhall haue ayd,
Though I this deareſt life for her do ſpend;
So backward he attone with him did wend.
Tho, as they rode together on their way,
A rout of people they before them kend,
Flocking together in confuſde array,
As if that there were ſome tumultous affray.

To

44
To which as they approacht, the cauſe to knowe,
They ſawe a Knight in dangerous diſtreſſe
Of a rude rour, him chaſing to and fro,
That ſought with lawleſſe powre him to oppreſſe,
And bring in bondage of their brutiſhneſſe:
And farre away, amid their rakt-hell bands,
They ſpide a Lady left all ſuccourleſſe,
Crying, and holding vp her wretched hands
To him for ayd, who long in vaine their rage withſtands.

45
Yet ſtill he ſtriues, ne any perill ſpares,
To reſcue her from their rude violence,
And like a Lion wood amongſt them fares,
Dealing his dreadfull blowes with large diſpence;
Gainſt which, the pallid death findes no defence.
But all in vaine; their numbers are ſo great,
That nought may boot to baniſh them from thence:
For, ſoone as he their outrage back doth beat,
They turne afreſh, and oft renew their former threat.

46
And now they do ſo ſharply him aſſay,
That they his ſhield in peeces battered haue,
And forced him to throwe it quite away,
Fro dangers dread his doubtfull life to ſaue;
Albe that it moſt ſafety to him gaue,
And much did magnifie his noble name.
For, from the day that he thus did it leaue,
Amongſt all Knights he blotted was with blame,
And counted but a recreant knight, with endleſſe ſhame.

47
Whom when they thus diſtreſſed did behold,
They drew vnto his aide; but that rude rout
Them alſo gan aſſaile with outrage bold,
And forced them, how-euer ſtrong and ſtout
They were, as well approv'd in many a doubt,
Backe to recule; vntill that iron man
VVith his huge flaile began to lay about;
From whoſe ſterne preſence they diffuſed ran,
Like ſcattered chaffe, the which the wind away doth fan.

48
So when that knight from perill cleare was freed,
He drawing neere, began to greet them faire,
And yeeld great thanks for their ſo goodly deed,
In ſauing him from dangerous deſpaire
Of thoſe, which ſought his life for to empaire.
Of whom Sir *Arthegall* did then enquere
The whole occaſion of his late miſfare,
And who he was, and what thoſe villaines were,
The which with mortall malice him purſu'd ſo neere.

49
To whom he thus; My name is *Burbon* hight,
VVell knowne, and far renowmed heretofore,
Vntill late miſchiefe did vpon me light,
That all my former praiſe hath blemiſht ſore;
And that faire Lady, which in that vprore
Ye with thoſe caytiues ſawe *Flourdelis* hight,
Is mine owne Loue, though me ſhe haue forlore,
Whether with-held from me by wrongfull might,
Or with her owne good will, I cannot read aright.

50
But ſure to me her faith ſhe firſt did plight,
To be my Loue, and take me for her Lord;
Till that a Tyrant, which *Grantorto* hight,
With golden gifts, and many a guilefull word
Entyced her, to him for to accord.
(O! who may not with gifts and words be tempted?)
Sith which, ſhe hath me euer ſince abhord,
And to my foe hath guilefully conſented:
Ay me! that euer guile in women was inuented.

51
And now he hath this troupe of villaines ſent,
By open force to fetch her quite away:
Gainſt whom, my ſelfe I long in vaine haue bent
To reskew her, and daily meanes aſſay,
Yet reskew her thence by no meanes I may:
For, they doe me with multitude oppreſſe,
And with vnequall might doe ouer-lay,
That oft I driuen am to great diſtreſſe,
And forced to forgoe th'attempt remedileſſe.

52
But why haue yee, ſaid *Arthegall*, forborne
Your owne good ſhield in dangerous diſmay;
That is the greateſt ſhame and foulеſt ſcorne,
Which vnto any knight behappen may,
To loſe the badge, that ſhould his deeds diſplay.
To whom Sir *Berbon*, bluſhing halfe for ſhame,
That ſhall I vnto you, quoth he, bewray;
Leaſt ye therefore more happely me blame,
And deem it doen of wil, that through inforcement came.

53
True is, that I at firſt was dubbed knight
By a good knight, the knight of the *Redcroſſe*;
Who, when he gaue me armes, in field to fight,
Gaue me a ſhield, in which he did endoſſe
His deare Redeemers badge vpon the boſſe:
The ſame long while I bore, and therewithall
Fought many battels without wound or loſſe;
Therewith *Grantorto* ſelfe I did appall,
And made him oftentimes in field before me fall.

54
But, for that many did that ſhield enuie,
And cruell enemies encreaſed more;
To ſtint all ſtrife and troublous enmitie,
That bloudy ſcutchin beeing battered ſore,
I laid aſide, and haue of late forbore,
Hoping thereby to haue my Loue obtained:
Yet can I not my Loue haue nathemore;
For, ſhe by force is ſtill fro me detained,
And with corrupted bribes is to vntruth miſt-trained.

55
To whom thus *Arthegall*; Certes Sir knight,
Hard is the caſe, the which ye doe complaine;
Yet not ſo hard (for nought ſo hard may light,
That it to ſuch a ſtraight mote you conſtraine)
As to abandon that which doth containe
Your honours ſtile, that is your warlike ſhield.
All perill ought be leſſe, and leſſe all paine
Then loſſe of fame in diſaduentrous field;
Dye rather, then do ought, that mote diſhonor yeeld.

56

Not so, quoth he; for, yet when time doth serue,
My former shield I may resume againe:
To temporize is not from truth to swerue,
Ne for aduantage terme to entertaine,
When as necessity doth it constraine.
Fie on such forgery, said *Arthegall*,
Vnder one hood to shadow faces twaine.
Knights ought be true, and truth is one in all:
Of all things to dissemble fowly may befall.

57

Yet let me yon of curtesie request,
Said *Burbon*, to assist me now at need
Against these pesants, which haue me oppresst,
And forced me to so infamous deed,
That yet my Loue may from their hands be freed.
Sir *Arthegall*, albe he earst did wyte
His wauering mind, yet to his ayde agreed,
And buckling him eftsoones vnto the fight,
Did set vpon those troupes with all his power and might.

58

Who flocking round about them as a swarme
Of flyes vpon a birchen bough doth cluster,
Did them assault with terrible allarme,
And ouer all the fields themselues did muster,
With bils and glayues making a dreadfull lustre;
That forc't at first those knights back to retire:
As when the wrathfull *Boreas* doth bluster,
Nought may abide the tempest of his yre,
Both man and beast do flie, and succour doe inquire.

59

But when as ouerblowen was that brunt,
Those knights began afresh them to assaile,
And all about the fields like Squirrels hunt;
But chiefly *Talus* with his iron flayle,
Gainst which no flight nor rescue mote auaile,
Made cruell hauocke of the baser crew,
And chaced them both ouer hill and dale:
The rascall many soone they ouerthrew;
But the two knights themselues their captains did subdew.

60

At last, they came wheras that Lady bode,
Whom now her keepers haue forsaken quight,
To saue themselues, and scattered were abrode:
Her halfe dismayd they found in doubtfull plight,
As neither glad nor sory for their sight;
Yet wondrous faire she was, and richly clad
In royall robes, and many Iewels dight,
But that those villens through their visage bad
Them fouly rent, and shamefully defaced had.

61

But *Burbon*, streight dismounting from his steed,
Vnto her ran with greedy great desire;
And catching her fast by her ragged weed,
Would haue embraced her with heart entire.
But shee, back-starting with disdainefull ire,
Bad him auaunt, ne would vnto his lore
Allured be, for prayer nor for meed:
VVhom when those knights so froward and forlore
Beheld, they her rebuked and vpbrayded sore.

62

Said *Arthegall*; What foule disgrace is this,
To so faire Lady, as yee seeme in sight,
To blot your beauty, that vnblemisht is,
With so foule blame, as breach of faith once plight,
Or change of Loue for any worlds delight?
Is ought on earth so precious or deare,
As praise and honour? Or is ought so bright
And beautifull, as glories beames appeare?
Whose goodly light then *Phœbus* lampe doth shine more cleare.

63

VVhy then will ye, fond Dame, attempted be
Vnto a strangers loue, so lightly placed,
For gifts of gold, or any worldly glee,
To leaue the Loue, that ye before embraced,
And let your fame with falshood be defaced?
Fie on the pelfe, for which good name is sold,
And honour with indignity debased:
Dearer is loue then life, and fame then gold;
But dearer then them both, your faith once plighted hold.

64

Much was the Lady in her gentle mind
Abasht at his rebuke, that bit her neare,
Ne ought to answere thereunto did find;
But hanging downe her head with heauy cheare,
Stood long amaz'd, as she amated weare.
Which *Burbon* seeing, her againe assayd,
And clasping twixt his armes, her vp did reare
Vpon his steed, whiles she no whit gainesaid:
So bore her quite away, nor well nor ill apaid.

65

Nath'lesse, the iron man did still pursew
That rascall many with vnpittied spoyle;
Ne ceassed not, till all their scattred crew
Into the sea he droue quite from that soyle,
The which they troubled had with great turmoyle.
But *Arthegall*, seeing his cruell deed,
Commaunded him from slaughter to recoyle,
And to his voyage gan againe proceed,
For that the terme approching fast, required speed.

Canto

Canto XII.

Arthegall doth Sir Burbon ayde,
And blames for changing shield:
He with the great Grantorto fights,
And slayeth him in field.

1

O Sacred hunger of ambitious mindes,
And impotent desire of men to raigne!
Whom neither dread of God, that diuels bindes,
Nor lawes of men, that Common-weals containe,
Nor bands of Nature, that wilde beasts restraine,
Can keepe from outrage, and from dooing wrong,
Where they may hope a kingdome to obtaine.
No faith so firme, no trust can be so strong,
No loue so lasting then, that may enduren long.

2

Witnesse may *Burbon* be, whom all the bands,
Which may a Knight assure, had surely bound,
Vntill the loue of Lordship and of lands
Made him become most faithlesse and vnsound:
And witnesse be *Gerioneo* found,
Who for like cause faire *Belgé* did oppresse,
And right and wrong most cruelly confound:
And so be now *Grantorto*, who no lesse
Then all the rest burst out to all outrageousnesse.

3

Gainst whom Sir *Arthegall*, long hauing since
Taken in hand th'exploit, beeing thereto
Appointed by that mighty Faery Prince,
Great *Gloriane*, that tyrant to fordoo,
Through other great aduentures hithertoo
Had it forslackt. But now time drawing ny,
To him assynd, her high behest to doo,
To the sea shore he gan his way apply,
To weet, if shipping ready he mote there descrie.

4

Tho, when they came to the sea coast, they found
A ship all ready (as good fortune fell)
To put to sea, with whom they did compound,
To passe them ouer, where them list to tell:
The winde and weather serued them so well,
That in one day they with the coast did fall;
VVhereas they ready found, them to repell,
Great hostes of men in order Martiall,
Which them forbad to land, and footing did forstall.

5

But nathemore would they from land refraine:
But when as nigh vnto the shore they drew,
That foot of man might sound the bottom plaine,
Talus into the Sea did forth issew,
Though darts from shore, & stones they at him threw;
And wading through the waues with stedfast sway,
Maugre the might of all those troupes in view,
Did win the shore, whence he them chast away,
And made to fly, like Doves, whom th'Eagle doth affray.

6

The whiles, Sir *Arthegall*, with that old Knight
Did forth descend, there beeing none them neare,
And forward marched to a towne in sight.
By this came tydings to the Tyrants eare,
By those, which earst did flie away for feare
Of their arriuall: where-with troubled sore,
He all his forces streight to him did reare,
And forth issuing with his scouts afore,
Meant them to haue incountred, ere they left the shore.

7

But ere he marched farre, he with them met,
And fiercely charged them with all his force;
But *Talus* sternely did vpon them set,
And brusht, and battered them without remorse,
That on the ground he left full many a corse;
Ne any able was him to withstand,
But he them ouerthrew both man and horse,
That they lay scattered ouer all the land,
As thick as doth the seed after the sowers hand;

8

Till *Arthegall* him seeing so to rage,
Will'd him to stay, and signe of truce did make:
To which all, hearkning, did awhile assuage
Their forces furie, and their terror slake:
Till he an Herauld call'd, and to him spake,
VVilling him wend vnto the Tyrant streight,
And tell him that not for such slaughters sake
He thither came, but for to try the right
Of faire *Irenaes* cause with him in single fight.

9
And willed him for to reclaime with speed
His scattered people, ere they all were slaine,
And time and place conuenient to areed,
In which, they two the combat might darraine.
Which message when *Grantorto* heard, full faine
And glad he was the slaughter so to stay,
And pointed for the combat twixt them twaine
The morrow next, ne gaue him longer day;
So sounded the retrait, and drew his folke away.

10
That night, Sir *Arthegall* did cause his tent
There to be pitched on the open Plaine;
For, he had giuen straight commaundement,
That none should dare him once to entertaine:
Which none durst break, though many would right faine
For faire *Irena*, whom they loued deare.
But yet olde *Sergis* did so well him paine,
That from close friends, that dar'd not to appeare,
He all things did puruay, which for them needful were.

11
The morrow next, that was the dismall day,
Appointed for *Irenas* death before,
So soone as it did to the world display
His chearefull face, and light to men restore,
The heauy Mayd, to whom none tydings bore
Of *Arthegalls* arriuall, her to free,
Lookt vp with eyes full sad, and heart full sore;
VVeening her lifes last houre then neere to bee,
Sith no redemption nigh she did nor heare nor see.

12
Then vp she rose, and on her selfe did dight
Most squalid garments, fit for such a day;
And with dull count'naunce, and with dolefull spright,
She forth was brought in sorrowfull dismay,
For to receiue the doom of her decay.
But comming to the place, and finding there
Sir *Arthegall*, in battailous array
Waiting his foe, it did her dead heart cheare,
And new life to her lent, in midst of deadly feare.

13
Like as a tender Rose in open Plaine,
That with vntimely drought nigh withered was,
And hung the head, soone as few drops of raine
Thereon distill and deaw her dainty face,
Gins to looke vp, and with fresh wonted grace
Displayes the glory of her leaues gay;
Such was *Irenas* countenance, such her case,
VVhen *Arthegall* she sawe in that array,
There waiting for the Tyrant, till it was farre day.

14
Who came at length, with proud presumptuous gate
Into the field, as if he feareless were,
All armed in a coat of iron plate,
Of great defence toward the deadly feare:
And on his head a steele-cap he did weare
Of colour rustie browne, but sure and strong;
And in his hand an huge Polaxe did beare,
VVhose steele was iron studded, but not long,
With which he wont to fight, to iustifie his wrong.

15
Of stature huge, and hideous he was,
Like to a Giant for his monstrous hight,
And did in strength most sorts of men surpasse,
Ne euer any found his match in might;
Thereto he had great skill in single fight;
His face was vgly, and his countenance sterne,
That could haue fraid one with the very sight,
And gaped like a gulfe, when he did gerne,
That whether man or monster one could scarce discerne.

16
Soone as he did within the lists appeare,
With dreadfull looke he *Arthegall* beheld,
As if he would haue daunted him with feare;
And grinning grisly, did against him weld
His deadly weapon, which in hand he held.
But th'Elfin swayne, that oft had seene like sight,
Was with his ghastly count'nance nothing queld,
But gan him straight to buckle to the fight,
And cast his shield about, to be in ready plight.

17
The Trumpets sound, and they together goe,
With dreadfull terror, and with fell intent;
And their huge strokes full dangerously bestowe,
To doe most dammage, where as most they ment.
But with sure force and furie violent,
The Tyrant thundred his thick blowes so fast,
That through the iron walls their way they rent,
And euen to the vitall parts they past,
Ne ought could them endure, but all they cleft or brast.

18
Which cruell outrage, when as *Arthegall*
Did well auize, thenceforth with wary heed
He shund his strokes, where-euer they did fall,
And way did giue vnto their graceless speed:
As when a skilfull Mariner doth reed
A storme approching, that doth perill threat,
He will not bide the danger of such dread,
But strikes his sayles, and vereth his main-sheat,
And lends vnto it leaue the empty ayre to beat.

19
So did the Faery Knight himselfe abeare,
And stouped oft, his head from shame to shield:
No shame to stoupe, ones head more high to reare;
And much to gaine, a little for to yield:
So stoutest knights doen oftentimes in field.
But still the Tyrant sternely at him layd,
And did his iron axe so nimbly wield,
That many wounds into his flesh it made,
And with his burdenous blowes him sore did ouer-lade.

20
Yet, when as fit advantage he did spy,
The whiles the cursed felon high did reare
His cruell hand, to smite him mortally,
Vnder his stroke he to him stepping neare,
Right in the flanke him strooke with deadly dreare,
That the gore-bloud, thence gushing grieuously,
Did vnderneath him like a pond appeare,
And all his armour did with purple die:
Thereat he brayed loud, and yelled dreadfully.

21
Yet the huge stroke, which he before intended,
Kept on his course, as he did it direct,
And with such monstrous poise adowne descended,
That seemed nought could him from death protect:
But he it well did ward with wise respect,
And twixt him and the blowe his shield did cast,
Which thereon seizing, tooke no great effect;
But byting deepe therein, did sticke so fast,
That by no meanes it backe againe forth could wrast.

22
Long while he tugd and stroue, to get it out,
And all his powre applyed thereunto,
That he there-with the Knight drew all about:
Nath'lesse, for all that euer he could doe,
His axe he could not from his shield vndoe.
Which *Arthegall* perceiuing, strooke no more,
But loosing soone his shield, did it forgoe,
And whiles he combred was there-with so sore,
He gan at him let driue more fiercely then afore.

23
So well he him pursew'd, that at the last,
He strooke him with *Chrysaor* on the head,
That with the souse thereof full sore agast,
He staggered to and fro in doubtfull stead.
Againe, whiles he him saw so ill bested,
He did him smite with all his might and maine,
That falling on his mother earth he fed:
Whom when he saw prostrated on the Plaine,
He lightly reft his head, to ease him of his paine.

24
Which when the people round about him saw,
They shouted all for ioy of his successe,
Glad to be quit from that proud Tyrants awe,
Which with strong powre did them long time oppresse;
And running all with greedy ioyfulnesse
To faire *Irena*, at her feet did fall,
And her adored with due humblenesse,
As their true Liege and Princesse naturall;
And eke her champions glory sounded ouer all.

25
Who, straight her leading with meet maiesty
Vnto the Palace where their Kings did raigne,
Did her therein establish peaceably,
And to her kingdomes seat restore againe;
And all such persons as did late maintaine
That Tyrants part, with close or open ayde,
He sorely punished with heauy paine;
That in short space, whiles there with her he staid,
Not one was left, that durst her once haue disobaid.

26
During which time that he did there remaine,
His studie was true Iustice how to deale,
And day and night employ'd his busie paine
How to reforme that ragged Common-weale:
And that same iron man which could reueale
All hidden crimes, through all that Realme he sent,
To search out those that vs'd to rob and steale,
Or did rebell gainst lawfull gouernment;
On whom he did inflict most grieuous punishment.

27
But ere he could reforme it thoroughly,
He through occasion called was away
To Faery-Court, that of necessity
His course of Iustice he was fore'd to stay,
And *Talus* to reuoke from the right way,
In which he was that Realme for to redresse.
But enuies clowd still dimmeth vertues ray.
So hauing freed *Irena* from distresse,
He tooke his leaue of her, there left in heauinesse.

28
Tho, as he backe returned from that land,
And there arriu'd againe whence forth he set,
He had not passed farre vpon the strand,
VVhen-as two old ill fauour'd Hags he met,
By the way side beeing together set,
Two grisly creatures; and, to that their faces
Most foule and filthy were, their garments yet
Beeing all ragd and tatter'd, their disgraces
Did much the more augment, & made most vgly cases.

29
The one of them, that elder did appeare,
With her dull eyes did seeme to looke askew,
That her mishap much helpt; and her foule haire
Hung loose and loathsomely: there-to her hew
Was wan and leane, that all her teeth arew,
And all her bones, might through her cheeks be red;
Her lips were like raw leather, pale and blew:
And as she spake, there-with she slauered;
Yet spake she seldom, but thought more, the lesse she sed.

30
Her hands were foule and durty, neuer washt
In all her life, with long nayles ouer-raught,
Like Puttocks clawes: with th'one of which she
Her cursed head, although it itched naught; (scratcht
The other held a snake with venime fraught,
On which she fed, and gnawed hungerly,
As if that long she had not eaten ought;
That round about her iawes one might descry
The bloody gore and poyson dropping lothsomly.

31
Her name was *Enuy*, knowen well thereby;
VVhose nature is to grieue or grudge at all
That euer she sees done praise-worthily:
Whose sight to her is greatest crosse may fall,
And vexeth so, that makes her eate her gall.
For, when she wanteth other thing to eate,
She feeds on her owne mawe vnnaturall,
And of her owne foule entrailes makes her meat;
Meat fit for such a monsters monsterous dieat.

32
And if she hapt of any good to heare,
That had to any happily betid,
Then would she inly fret, and grieue, and teare
Her flesh for felnesse, which she inward hid:
But if she heard of ill that any did,
Or harme that any had, then would she make
Great cheere, like one vnto a banquet bid;
And in anothers losse great pleasure take,
As she had got thereby, and gained a great stake.

33
The other, nothing better was then shee;
Agreeing in bad will and cankred kind,
But in bad manner they did disagree:
For, what-so *Envy* good or bad did find,
She did conceale, and murder her owne mind;
But this, what-euer euill she conceiued,
Did spread abroad, and throwe in th'open wind.
Yet this in all her words might be perceiued, (reaued.
That all shee sought, was mens goods name to haue be.

34
For, what-soeuer good by any said,
Or doen she heard, she would straight-waies inuent
How to depraue, or slanderously vp-braid,
Or to misconstrue of a mans intent,
And turne to ill the thing that well was ment.
Therefore she vsed often to resort
To common haunts, and companies frequent,
To harke what any one did good report,
To blot the same with blame, or wrest in wicked sort.

35
And if that any ill shee heard of any,
Shee would it eeke, & make much worse by telling,
And take great ioy to publish it to many,
That euery matter worse was for her melling.
Her name was hight *Detraction*, and her dwelling
VVas neere to *Envy*, euen her neighbour next;
A wicked hag, and *Envy* selfe excelling
In mischiefe: for, her selfe she onely vext:
But this same, both her selfe, and others eke perplext.

36
Her face was vgly, and her mouth distort,
Foming with poyson round about her gils,
In which her cursed tongue (full sharp and short)
Appear'd like Aspis sting, that closely kills,
Or cruelly does wound whom-so she wills:
A distaffe in her other hand she had,
Vpon the which shee little spinnes, but spils,
And faines to weaue false tales and leasings bad,
To throwe amongst the good, which others had dispread.

37
These two now had themselues combyn'd in one,
And linkt together gainst Sir *Arthegall*,
For whom they waited as his mortall fone,
How they might make him into mischiefe fall,
For freeing from their snares *Irena* thrall:
Besides, vnto themselues they gotten had
A monster, which the *Blatant Beast* men call;
A dreadfull fiend, of Gods and men ydrad,
Whom they by slights allur'd, and to their purpose lad.

38
Such were these hags, and so vnhandsome dreast:
Whom when they nigh approching had espide
Sir *Arthegall* return'd from his late queast,
They both arose, and at him loudly cryde,
As it had beene two shepheards curres, had scride
A rauenous Wolfe amongst the scattered flocks.
And *Envy* first, as she that first him eyde,
Towards him runnes, and with rude flaring locks
About her eares, does beat her breast, & forhead knocks.

39
Then from her mouth the gobbet she does take,
The which whyleare she was so greedily
Deuouring; euen that halfe-gnawen snake,
And at him throwes it most despightfully.
The cursed Serpent, though she hungrily
Earst chaw'd thereon, yet was not all so dead,
But that some life remained secretly;
And, as he past afore withouten dread,
Bit him behind, that long the marke was to be read.

40
Then, th'other comming neere, gan him reuile,
And foully raile, with all she could invent;
Saying, that he had with vnmanly guile,
And foule abusion both his honour blent,
And that bright sword, the sword of Iustice lent,
Had stained with reprochefull crueltie,
In guiltlesse blood of many an innocent:
As for *Grandtorto*, him with treacherie
And traines hauing surpriz'd, he foully did to die.

41
There-to the *Blatant Beast*, by them set on,
At him began aloud to barke and bay,
VVith bitter rage and fell contention,
That all the woods and rocks, nigh to that way,
Began to quake and tremble with dismay;
And all the ayre rebellowed againe.
So dreadfully his hundred tongues did bray,
And euermore those hags them selues did paine,
To sharpen him, & their owne cursed tongues did straine.

42
And still among, most bitter words they spake,
Most shamefull, most vnrighteous, most vntrew,
That they the mildest man aliue would make
Forget his patience, and yeeld vengeance dew
To her, that so false slaunders at him threw.
And more, to make the pearce & wound more deepe,
Shee with the sting which in her vile tongue grew,
Did sharpen them, and in fresh poyson steepe:
Yet he past on, and seem'd of them to take no keepe.

43
But *Talus*, hearing her so lewdly raile,
And speake so ill of him, that well deserued,
VVould her haue chastiz'd with his iron flaile,
If her Sir *Arthegall* had not preserued,
And him forbidden, who his heast obserued.
So much the more at him still did she scold,
And stones did cast, yet be for nought would swerue
From his right course, but still the way did hold
To Faery Court, where what him fell shall else be told.

Canto

THE SIXT BOOKE OF THE FAERIE QVEENE:

CONTAINING
The Legend of Sir CALIDORE.
OR
Of Curtesie.

1
THe waies, through which my weary steppes I guide,
In this delightfull land of Faery,
Are so exceeding spacious and wide,
And sprinkled with such sweet varietie
Of all that pleasant is to eare or eye,
That I nigh rauisht with rare thoughts delight,
My tedious trauell doe forget thereby;
And when I gin to feele decay of might,
It strength to me supplies, & chears my dulled spright.

2
Such secret comfort, and such heauenly pleasures,
Ye sacred Imps, that on *Pernasso* dwell,
And there the keeping haue of learnings treasures,
Which doe all worldly riches farre excell,
Into the mindes of mortall men doe well,
And goodly furie into them infuse;
Guide ye my footing, and conduct me well
In these strange waies, where neuer foote did vse,
Ne none can find, but who was taught them by the Muses

3
Reueale to me the sacred nourcery
Of vertue, which with you doth there remaine,
VVhere it in siluer bowre does hidden lie
From view of men, and wicked worlds disdaine.
Sith it at first was by the Gods with paine
Planted in earth, being deriu'd at furst
From heauenly seedes of bounty soueraine,
And by them long with carefull labour nurst,
Till it to ripenesse grew, and forth to honour burst.

4
Amongst them all growes not a fairer flowre,
Then is the blossme of comely curtesie;
Which, though it on a lowely stalke doe bowre,
Yet brancheth forth in braue nobilitie,
And spreads it selfe through all ciuilitie:
Of which, though present age doe plentious seeme,
Yet being matcht with plaine Antiquity,
Ye will them all but fained showes esteeme,
Which carry colours faire, that feeble eyes misdeeme.

5
But in the triall of true curtesie,
Its now so farre from that which then it was,
That it indeed is nought but forgery,
Fashion'd to please the eyes of them that pas,
Which see not perfect things but in a glas:
Yet is that glasse so gay, that it can blind
The wisest sight, to thinke gold that is brass
But vertues seat is deepe within the mind,
And not in outward showes, but inward thoughts defin'd.

But

6

But where shall I in all Antiquity
So faire a patterne finde, where may be seene
The goodly praise of Princely curtesie,
As in your selfe, ô soueraigne Lady Queene?
In whose pure mind, as in a mirror sheene,
It showes, and with her brightnesse doth inflame
The eyes of all, which thereon fixed beene;
But merreth indeed an higher name:
Yet to from lowe to high vp-lifted is your name.

7

Then pardon me, most dreaded Soueraigne,
That from your selfe I doe this vertue bring,
And to your selfe do it returne againe:
So from the Ocean all riuers spring,
And tribute back repay, as to their King.
Right so from you all goodly vertues well
Into the rest, which round about you ring,
Faire Lords and Ladies, which about you dwell,
And doe adorne your Court, where courtesies excell.

Canto I.

Calidore saues from Maleffort
a Damzell vsed vilde;
Doth vanquish Crudor, & doth make
Briana wexe more milde.

1

OF Court, it seemes, men Courtesie do call,
For that it there most vseth to abound;
And well beseemeth, that in Princes hall
That vertue should be plentifully found,
Which of all goodly manners is the ground,
And root of ciuill conversation.
Right so in Faery Court it did redound,
Where courteous Knights and Ladies most did won
Of all on earth, and made a matchlesse paragon.

2

But mongst them all was none more courteous Knight,
Then *Calidore*, beloued over all:
In whom, it seemes, that gentlenesse of spright
And manners milde were planted naturall;
To which he adding comely guize withall,
And gracious speech, did steale mens harts away.
Nath'lesse, thereto he was full stout and tall,
And well approv'd in battailous affray,
That him did much renowne, and far his fame display.

3

Ne was there Knight, ne was there Lady found
In Faery Court, but him did deare embrace,
For his faire visage and conditions sound,
The which in all mens liking gained place,
And with the greatest, purchast greatest grace:
Which he could wisely vse, and well apply,
To please the best, and th'euill to embase.
For, he loath'd leasing, and base flattery,
And loued simple truth, and stedfast honesty.

4

And now he was in trauell on his way,
Vpon an hard adventure sore bestad,
When-as by chaunce he met vpon a day
With *Arthegall*, returning yet halfe sad
From his late conquest which he gotten had.
Who, when-as each of other had a sight,
They knew themselues, and both their persons rad:
When *Calidore* thus first: Haile noblest Knight
Of all this day on ground that breathen liuing spright:

5

Now tell, if please you, of the good successe
Which ye haue had in your late enterprize.
To whom Sir *Arthegall* gan to expresse
His whole exploit, and valorous emprize,
In order as it did to him arize.
Now happy man, said then Sir *Calidore*,
Which haue so goodly, as ye can deuize,
Atchieu'd so hard a quest, as few before;
That shall you most renowmed make for euermore.

6

But where ye ended haue, now I begin
To tread an endlesse trace withouten guide,
Or good direction, how to enter in,
Or how to issue forth in waies vntride,
In perils strange, in labours long and wide;
In which, although good fortune mee befall,
Yet shall it not by none be testifide.
What is that quest, quoth then Sir *Arthegall*,
That you into such perils presently doth call?

The

7

The *Blatant Beast*, quoth he, I doe pursew,
And through the world incessantly doe chase,
Till I him overtake, or else subdew:
Yet knowe I not or how, or in what place,
To finde him out, yet still I forward trace.
What is this *Blatant Beast*, then he replyde?
It is a Monster bred of hellish race,
Then answerd he, which often hath annoyd
Good Knights & Ladies true, & many else destroyd.

8

Of *Cerberus* whylome he was begot,
And fell *Chimæra* in her darksome den,
Through foule commixture of his filthy blot:
Where he was fostred long in *Stygian* fen,
Till he to perfect ripenesse grew, and then
Into this wicked world he forth was sent,
To be the plague and scourge of wicked men:
Whom with vile tongue, and venemous intent
He sore doth wound, and bite, and cruelly torment.

9

Then since the saluage Iland I did leaue,
Said *Arthegall*, I such a Beast did see,
The which did seeme a thousand tongues to haue,
That all in spight and malice did agree,
With which he bayd, and loudly barkt at mee,
As if that he attonce would me deuoure.
But I, that knew my selfe from perill free,
Did nought regard his malice nor his powre:
But he the more his wicked poyson forth did poure.

10

That surely is that Beast, said *Calidore*,
Which I pursue, of whom I am right glad
To heare these tydings, which of none afore
Through all my weary trauell I haue had:
Yet now some hope your words vnto me add.
Now God you speed, quoth then Sir *Arthegall*,
And keepe your body from the danger drad:
For, ye haue much adoe to deale withall;
So both tooke goodly leaue, and parted seuerall.

11

Sir *Calidore* thence trauelled not long,
When-as by chaunce a comely Squire he found,
That thorough some more mighty enemies wrong,
Both hand and foot vnto a tree was bound:
Who, seeing him from farre, with pitious sound
Of his shrill cries him called to his ayde.
To whom approching, in that painefull stound
When he him saw, for no demaunds he staid,
But first him loos'd, and afterwards thus to him said;

12

Vnhappy Squire, what hard mishap thee brought
Into this bay of perill and disgrace?
What cruell hand thy wretched thraldome wrought,
And thee captiued in this shamefull place?
To whom he answerd thus; My hapless case
Is not occasiond through my misdesert,
But through misfortune, which did me abase
Vnto this shame, and my young hope subvert,
Ere that I in her guilefull traines was well expert.

13

Not farre from hence, vpon yond rocky hill,
Hard by a straight there stands a Castle strong,
VVhich doth obserue a custome lewd and ill,
And it hath long maintaind with mighty wrong:
For, may no Knight nor Lady passe along
That way (and yet they needs must passe that way)
By reason of the straight, and rocks among,
But they that Ladies locks doe shaue away,
And that knights beard for toll, which they for passage pay.

14

A shamefull vse as euer I did heare,
Said *Calidore*, and to be overthrowne.
But by what meanes did they at first it reare,
And for what cause? tell if thou haue it knowne.
Said then the Squire: The Lady which doth owne
This Castle, is by name *Briana* hight,
Then which a prouder Lady liueth none:
She long time hath deare lov'd a doughty Knight,
And sought to win his loue by all the meanes she might.

15

His name is *Crudor*, who through high disdaine
And proud despight of his selfe-pleasing mind,
Refused hath to yeeld her loue againe,
Vntill a Mantle she for him doe find,
VVith beards of Knights, and locks of Ladies lin'd.
Which to prouide, she hath this Castle dight,
And therein hath a Seneschall assign'd,
Cald *Maleffort*, a man of mickle might,
VVho executes her wicked will, with worse despight.

16

He, this same day, as I that way did come
With a faire Damzell, my beloued deare,
In execution of her lawlesse doome,
Did set vpon vs flying both for feare:
For, little bootes against him hand to reare.
Me first he tooke, vnable to withstond;
And whiles he her pursued euery where,
Till his returne vnto this tree he bond:
Ne wote I surely, whether her he yet haue fond.

17

Thus, whiles they spake, they heard a ruefull shrieke
Of one loud crying, which they straight way ghest,
That it was shee, the which for helpe did seeke.
Tho, looking vp vnto the cry to lest,
They sawe that Carle from farre, with hand vnblest
Haling that mayden by the yellow haire,
That all her garments from her snowy brest,
And from her head her locks he nigh did teare,
Ne would he spare for pitty, nor refraine for feare.

18

VVhich haynous sight when *Calidore* beheld,
Eftsoones he loos'd that Squire, and so him left,
With hearts dismay, and inward dolour queld,
For to pursue that villaine, which had reft
That pitious spoile by so iniurious theft.
Whom overtaking, loude to him he cride:
Leaue faytor quickly that misgotten weft,
To him that hath it better iustifide,
And turne thee soone to him, of whom thou art deside.

Who

19

Who harkning to that voice, himselfe vp-reard,
And seeing him so fiercely towards make,
Against him stoutly ran, as nought afeard,
But rather more enrag'd for those words sake;
And with sterne count'nance thus vnto him spake;
Art thou the caitiue that defiest mee,
And for this Mayd, whose party thou doost take,
Wilt giue thy beard, though it but little be?
Yet shall it not her locks for raunsome fro me free.

20

VVith that, he fiercely at him flew, and layd
On hideous strokes with most importune might,
That oft he made him stagger as vnstayd,
And oft recuile to shunne his sharpe despight.
But *Calidore*, that was well skild in fight,
Him long forbore, and still his spirit spar'd,
Lying in wait how him he damage might,
But when he felt him shrinke, and come to ward,
He greater grew, and gan to driue at him more hard.

21

Like as a water streame, whose swelling sourse
Shall driue a Mill, within strong banks is pent,
And long restrained of his ready course;
So soone as passage is vnto him lent,
Breakes forth, and makes his way more violent.
Such was the fury of Sir *Calidore*,
VVhen once he felt his foe-man to relent;
He fiercely him pursu'd, and pressed sore,
VVho as he still decayd, so he encreased more.

22

The heauy burden of whose dreadfull might
When as the Carle no longer could sustaine,
His hart gan faint, and straight he tooke his flight
Toward the Castle, where if need constraine,
His hope of refuge vsed to remaine.
Whome *Calidore* perceiuing fast to flie,
Hee him pursu'd and chaced through the Plaine,
That he for dread of death gan loude to cry
Vnto the ward, to open to him hastily.

23

They, from the wall him seeing so aghast,
The gate soone opened to receiue him in;
But *Calidore* did follow him so fast,
That euen in the Porch he him did win,
And cleft his head asunder to his chin.
The carcasse tumbling downe within the dore,
Did choke the entrance with a lump of sin,
That it could not be shut, whil'st *Calidore*
Did enter in, and slew the Porter on the flore.

24

With that, the rest, the which the Castle kept,
About him flockt, and hard at him did lay;
But he them all from him full lightly swept,
As doth a Steare, in heat of Sommers day,
With his long tayle the bryzes brush away.
Thence passing forth, into the hall he came,
VVhere, of the Lady selfe in sad dismay
He was ymet: who with vncomely shame
Gan him salute, and foule vpbraid with faulty blame.

25

False traytor Knight, said she, no knight at all,
But scorne of armes, that hast with guilty hand
Murdred my men, and slaine my Seneschall;
Now commest thou to rob my house vnmand,
And spoile my selfe, that cannot thee withstand?
Yet doubt thou not, but that some better Knight
Then thou, that shall thy treason vnderstand,
Will it auenge, and pay thee with thy right:
And if none doe, yet shame shall thee with shame re-

26 quight.

Much was the Knight abashed at that word;
Yet answerd thus; Not vnto me the shame,
But to the shamefull dooer it afford.
Blood is no blemish; for, it is no blame
To punish those that doe deserue the same;
But they that breake bands of ciuilitie,
And wicked customes make, those doe defame
Both noble armes and gentle curtesie.
No greater shame to man, then inhumanitie.

27

Then doe your selfe, for dread of shame forgoe
This euill manner, which ye here maintaine,
And doe in stead thereof mild curt'sie showe
To all that passe. That shall you glory gaine
More then his loue, which thus ye seeke t'obtaine.
Where-with, all full of wrath, she thus replyd;
Vile recreant, knowe that I doe much disdaine
Thy courteous lore, that doost my loue deride,
Who scornes thy idle scoffe, and bids thee be defide.

28

To take defiance at a Ladies word
Quoth hee, I hold it no indignitie;
But were he heere, that would it with his sword
Abett, perhaps he mote it deere aby.
Coward, quoth shee, were not that thou wouldst flie,
Ere he doe come, he should be soone in place.
If I doe so, said he, then liberty
I leaue to you, for aye me to disgrace,
With all those shames that earst ye spake me to deface.

29

With that, a Dwarfe she cald to her in haste,
And taking from her hand a ring of gold
(A priuy token which betweene them past)
Bade him to flie with all the speed he could
To *Crudor*, and desire him that he would
Vouchsafe to reskew her against a Knight,
VVo through strong powre had now herselfe in hold,
Hauing late slaine her Seneschall in fight,
And all her people murdred with outragious might.

33

The Dwarfe his way did haste, and went all night;
But *Calidore* did with her there abide
The comming of that so much threatned Knight,
Where that discourteous Dame with scornful pride,
And foule entreaty him indignifide,
That iron hart it hardly could sustaine:
Yet he, that could his wrath full wisely guide,
Did well endure her womanish disdaine,
And did himselfe from fraile impatience refraine.

The

31

The morrow next, before the lampe of light
Aboue the earth vp-reard his flaming head,
The Dwarfe which bore that message to her knight,
Brought answere back, that ere he tasted bread,
He would her succour; and aliue or dead
Her foe deliuer vp into her hand:
Therefore he willd her doe away all dread;
And that of him shee mote assured stand,
He sent to her his basenet, as a faithfull band.

32

Thereof full blithe the Lady straight became,
And gan t'augment her bitternesse much more:
Yet no whit more appalled for the same,
Ne ought dismaied was Sir *Calidore*,
But rather did more cheerfull seeme therefore.
And hauing soone his armes about him dight,
Did issue forth, to meet his foe afore;
Where long he stayed not, when as a Knight
He spide come pricking on with all his powre & might.

33

Well weend he straight, that he should be the same
Which tooke in hand her quarrell to maintaine;
Ne staid to aske if it were he by name,
But couched his speare, and ran at him amaine.
They been ymett in middest of the Plaine,
VVith so fell fury and despiteous force,
That neither could the others stroke sustaine,
But rudely rowl'd to ground both man and horse,
Neither of other taking pitty nor remorse.

34

But *Calidore* vp-rose againe full light,
Whiles yet his foe lay fast in senseless sound;
Yet would he not him hurt, although he might:
For, shame he weend a sleeping wight to wound.
But when *Briana* saw that direry stound,
There where she stood vpon the Castle wall,
Shee deem'd him sure to haue been dead on ground;
And made such pitious mourning there-withall,
That from the battlements she ready seem'd to fall.

35

Nath'lesse, at length himselfe he did vp-reare
In lustlesse wise; as if against his will,
Ere he had slept his fill, he wakened were,
And gan to stretch his limbes; which feeling ill
Of his late fall, awhile he rested still:
But when he saw his foe before in view,
He shooke off luskishnesse, and courage chill
Kindling afresh, gan battell to renew,
To proue if better foot then horseback would ensew.

36

There then began a fearefull cruell fray
Betwixe them two, for maistery of might.
For, both were wondrous practicke in that play,
And passing well expert in single fight,
And both inflam'd with furious despight:
Which as it still encreast, so still increast
Their cruell strokes and terrible affright;
Ne once for ruth their rigour they releast,
Ne once to breath awhile their angers tempest ceast.

37

Thus long they trac't and trauerst to and fro,
And tryde all waies, how each mote entrance make
Into the life of his malignant foe;
They hew'd their helmes, and plates asunder brake,
As they had pot-sheards been; for nought mote slake
Their greedy vengeance, but goary blood;
That at the last, like to a purple lake
Of bloudy gore congeal'd about them stood,
Which from their riuen sides forth gushed like a flood.

38

At length, it chaunc't, that both their hands on hie
Attonce did heaue, with all their power and might,
Thinking the vtmost of their force to try,
And proue the finall fortune of the fight:
But *Calidore*, that was more quick of sight,
And nimbler handed then his enemie,
Preuented him before his stroke could light,
And on the helmet smote him formerly,
That made him stoope to ground with meeke humility.

39

And ere he could recouer foot againe,
He following that faire aduantage fast,
His stroke redoubled with such might and maine,
That him vpon the ground he groueling cast;
And leaping to him light, would haue vnlac't
His Helme, to make vnto his vengeance way.
Who seeing in what danger he was plac't,
Cryde out, Ah mercy Sir, doe me not slay,
But saue my life, which lot before your foot doth lay.

40

With that, his mortall hand awhile he stayd,
And hauing somewhat calm'd his wrathfull heat
With goodly patience, thus he to him said;
And is the boast of that proud Ladies threat,
That threatned me from the field to beat,
Now brought to this? By this now may ye learne,
Strangers no more so rudely to intreat,
But put away proud looke, and vsage sterne,
The which shall nought to you but foule dishonor earne.

41

For, nothing is more blamefull to a knight,
That court'sie doth as well as armes professe,
How euer strong and fortunate in fight,
Then the reproche of pride and cruelnesse.
In vaine he seeketh others to suppresse,
VVho hath not learnd him selfe first to subdew:
All flesh is fraile, and full of fickleneesse,
Subiect to fortunes chaunce, still changing new;
What haps to day to me, to morrow may to you.

42

VVho will not mercy vnto others shew,
How can he mercy euer hope to haue?
To pay each with his owne, is right and dew.
Yet sith ye mercy now doe need to craue,
I will it graunt, your hopelesse life to saue,
With these conditions, which I will propound:
First, that ye better shall your selfe behaue
Vnto all errant knights, where-so on ground;
Next, that ye Ladies aydein euery stead and stound.

The

43
The wretched man, that all this while did dwell
In dread of death, his heasts did gladly heare,
And promist to performe his precept well,
And what-soeuer else he would requere.
So suffring him to rise, he made him sweare
By his owne sword, and by the crosse thereon,
To take *Briana* for his louing fere,
Vnto him selfe, without dowre or composition;
But to release his former foule condition.

44
All which accepting, and with faithfull oth
Binding himselfe most firmely to obay,
He vp arose, how euer liefe or loth,
And swore to him true fealtie for aye.
Then forth he cald from sorrowfull dismay
The sad *Briana*, which all this beheld:
Who comming forth yet full of late affray,
Sir *Calidore* vp-cheard, and to her teld
All this accord, to which he *Crudor* had compeld.

45
Vnhereof she now more glad, then sory earst,
All ouercome with infinite affect,
For his exceeding courtesie, that peare't
Her stubborne hart with inward deepe effect,
Before his feet her selfe she did proiect,
And him adoring as her liues deare Lord,
Vnto all due thanks, and dutifull respect,
Her selfe acknowledg'd bound for that accord,
By which he had to her both life and Loue restord.

46
So all returning to the Castle, glad,
Most ioyfully she them did entertaine;
Where goodly glee and feast to them she made,
To shew her thankfull mind and meaning faine,
By all the meanes she mote it best explaine:
And after all, vnto Sir *Calidore*
She freely gaue that Castle for his paine,
And her selfe bound to him for euermore;
So wondrously now chang'd from that she was afore.

47
But *Calidore*, himselfe would not retaine
Nor land nor fee for hire of his good deed;
But gaue them straight vnto that Squire againe,
Whom from her Seneschall he lately freed,
And to his damzell, as their rightfull meed,
For recompence of all their former wrong:
There he remaind with them right well agreed,
Till of his wounds he wexed whole and strong,
And then to his first quest he passed forth along.

Canto II.

Calidore sees young Tristram slay a proud discourteous Knight: He makes him Squire, & of him learnes his state and present plight.

1
What vertue is so fitting for a Knight,
Or for a Lady, whom a knight should loue,
As Courtesie, to beare themselues aright
To all of each degree, as doth behoue?
For, whether they be placed high aboue,
Or lowe beneath, yet ought they well to knowe
Their good, that none them rightly may reproue
Of rudenesse, for not yielding what they owe:
Great skill it is such duties timely to bestowe.

2
There-to great helpe Dame Nature selfe doth lend:
For, some so goodly gratious are by kind,
That euery action doth them much commend,
And in the eyes of men great liking find;
Which others, that haue greater skill in mind,
Though they enforce themselues, cannot attaine.
For, euery thing to which one is inclin'd,
Doth best become, and greatest grace doth gaine:
Yet praise likewise deserue good thewes, enforc't with paine.

3
That well in courteous *Calidore* appeares;
Whose euery deed, and word that he did say,
Was like enchauntment, that through both the eyes,
And both the eares did steale the hart away.
He now againe is on his former way,
To follow his first quest, when as he spyde
A tall young man from thence not farre away,
Fighting on foot, as well he him descride,
Against an armed knight, that did on horse-back ride.

And

4
And them beside, a Lady faire he saw,
Standing alone on foot, in foule array:
To whom himselfe he hastily did draw,
To weet the cause of so vncomely fray,
And to depart them, if so be he may.
But ere he came in place, that youth had kild
That armed Knight, that lowe on ground he lay;
Which when he saw, his heart was inly child
With great amazement, & his thought with wonder fild.

5
Him sted fastly he markt, and saw to bee
A goodly youth of amiable grace,
Yet but a slender slip, that scarce did see
Yet seauenteene yeeres, but tall and faire of face,
That sure he deem'd him borne of noble race.
All in a Woodmans iacket he was clad
Of Lincolne greene, belayd with siluer lace;
And on his head a hood with aglets sprad,
And by his side his hunters horne he hanging had.

6
Buskins he wore of costliest cordwaine,
Pinkt vpon gold, and paled part per part,
As then the guize was for each gentle swaine;
In his right hand he held a trembling dart,
Whose fellow he before had sent apart;
And in his left he held a sharpe bore-speare,
With which he wont to launce the saluage hart
Of many a Lion, and of many a Beare
That first vnto his hand in chase did happen neare.

7
Whom *Calidore* awhile well hauing vewed,
At length bespake; What meanes this, gentle swaine?
Why hath thy hand too bold it selfe embrewed
In bloud of Knight, the which by thee is slaine?
By thee no Knight; which armes impugneth plaine.
Certes, said he, loth were I to haue broken
The law of armes; yet breake it should againe,
Rather then let my selfe of wight be stroken,
So long as these two armes were able to be wroken.

8
For, not I him, as this his Lady here
May witnesse well, did offer first to wrong,
Ne surely thus vnarm'd I likely were;
But he me first, through pride and puissance strong
Assaild, not knowing what to armes doth long.
Perdie, great blame, then said Sir *Calidore*,
For armed Knight a wight vnarm'd to wrong.
But then aread, thou gentle child, wherefore
Betwixt you two began this strife and sterne vp-rore.

9
That shall I sooth, said he, to you declare.
I, whose vnriper yeeres are yet vnfit
For thing of weight, or worke of greater care,
Do spend my dayes, and bend my careless wit
To saluage chace, where I thereon may hit
In all this forrest, and wilde woody raine:
Where, as this day I was enranging it,
I chaunc't to meet this Knight, who there lies slaine,
Together with this Lady, passing on the Plaine.

10
The Knight, as ye did see, on horse-back was,
And this his Lady (that him ill became)
On her faire feet by his horse side did pas
Through thick and thin, vnfit for any Dame.
Yet not content, more to increase his shame,
When-so she lagged, as she needs mote so,
He with his speare (that was to him great blame)
Would thumpe her forward, and inforce to goe,
Weeping to him in vaine, and making pittious woe.

11
Which when I saw, as they me passed by,
Much was I moued in indignant mind,
And gan to blame him for such cruelty
Towards a Lady, whom with visage kind
He rather should haue taken vp behind.
Where-with he wroth, and full of proud disdaine,
Tooke in foule scorne that I such fault did find,
And me in lieu thereof reuil'd againe,
Threatning to chastize me, as doth t'a child pertaine.

12
Which I no lesse disdayning, backe returned
His scornfull taunts vnto his teeth againe,
That he straightway with haughty choler burned,
And with his speare strooke me one stroke or twaine;
Which I, enforc't to beare, though to my paine,
Cast to requite; and with a slender dart,
Fellow of this I beare, throwne not in vaine,
Strooke him, as seemeth, vnderneath the hart,
That through the wound his spirit shortly did depart.

13
Much did Sir *Calidore* admire his speach
Tempred so well; but more admir'd the stroke
That through the mailes he made so strong a breach
Into his hart, and had so sternely wroke
His wrath on him, that first occasion broke.
Yet rested not, but further gan inquire
Of that same Lady, whether what he spoke,
Were soothly so, and that th'vnrighteous ire
Of her owne Knight, had giuen him his owne due hire.

14
Of all which, when as she could nought deny,
But cleard that stripling of th'imputed blame;
Said then Sir *Calidore*, neyther will I
Him charge with guilt, but rather do quite clame:
For, what he spake, for you he spake it, Dame;
And what he did, he did himselfe to saue: (shame.
Against both which, that Knight wrought Knightlesse
For, Knights and all men this by nature haue,
Towards all women-kind them kindly to behaue.

15
But, sith that he is gone irreuocable,
Please it you Lady, to vs to aread,
What cause could make him so dishonourable,
To driue you so on foot vnfit to tread
And lackey by him, gainst all womanhead?
Certes, sir Knight, said she, full loth I were
To raise a liuing blame against the dead:
But sith it me concernes my selfe to clere,
I will the truth discouer, as it chaunc't whylere.

16

This day, as he and I together roade
Vpon our way, to which we weren bent,
We chaunc't to come fore-by a couert glade
Within a wood, where-as a Lady gent
Sate with a Knight in ioyous iolliment
Of their franke loues, free from all iealous spies:
Faire was the Lady sure, that mote content
An hart not carried with too curious eyes,
And vnto him did shew all louely curtesies.

17

Whom, when my Knight did see so louely faire,
He inly gan her Louer to enuy,
And wish that he part of his spoyle might share.
Where-to when as my presence he did spy
To be a let, he bade me by and by
For to alight: but when as I was loth,
My Loues owne part to leaue so suddenly,
He with strong hand downe frō his steed me throw'th,
And wth presumptuous powre against that knight straight (go'th.

18

Vnarm'd all was the knight; as then more meete
For Ladies seruice, and for loues delight,
Then fearing any foe-man there to meet:
Wherof he taking odds, straight bids him dight
Himselfe to yeeld his Loue, or else to fight.
Whereat, the other starting vp dismaid,
Yet boldly answer'd, as he rightly might;
To leaue his Loue he should be ill apaid,
In which he had good right gainst all, that it gaine-said.

19

Yet, sith he was not presently in plight
Her to defend, or his to iustifie,
He him requested, as he was a Knight,
To lend him day his better right to trye,
Or stay till he his armes (which were there by)
Might lightly fetch. But he was fierce and hot,
Ne time would giue, nor any tearmes aby,
But at him flew, and with his speare him smote;
From which to thinke to saue himselfe, it booted not,

20

Meane-while, his Lady, which this outrage saw,
Whil'st they together for the quarry stroue,
Into the couert did her selfe withdraw,
And closely hid her selfe within the Groue.
My Knight, hers soone (as seemes) to danger droue,
And left sore wounded: but when her he mist,
He woxe halfe mad, and in that rage gan roue
And range through all the wood, where so he wist
Shee hidden was, and sought her so long as him list.

21

But, when as her he by no meanes could find,
After long search and chauffe, he turned back
Vnto the place where me he left behind:
There gan he me to curse and ban, for lack
Of that faire booty, and with bitter wrack
To wreake on me the guilt of his owne wrong.
Of all which, I yet glad to beare the pack,
Stroue to appease him, and perswaded long:
But still his passion grew more violent and strong.

22

Then, as it were t'auenge his wrath on mee,
When forward we should fare, he flat refused
To take me vp (as this young man did see)
Vpon his steed, for no iust cause accused,
But forc't to trot on foot, and foule misused;
Punching me with the butt end of his speare,
In vaine complayning to be so abused.
For, he regarded neyther plaint nor teare,
But more enforc't my pain, the more my plaints to heare.

23

So passed we, till this young man vs met;
And being moou'd with pitty of my plight,
Spake, as was meet, for ease of my regret:
Whereof befell, what now is in your sight.
Now sure, then said Sir *Calidore*, and right
Me seemes, that him befell by his owne fault:
Who euer thinks through confidence of might,
Or through support of count'nance proud and hault
To wrong the weaker, oft falles in his owne assault.

24

Then, turning backe vnto that gentle boy,
Which had himselfe so stoutly well acquit;
Seeing his face so louely sterne and coy,
And hearing th' answers of his pregnant wit,
He prayse it much, and much admired it;
That sure he weend him borne of noble blood,
With whom those graces did so goodly fit:
And when he long had him beholding stood,
He burst into these words, as to him seemed good:

25

Faire gentle swaine, and yet as stout as faire,
That in these woods amongst the Nymphs doost won,
Which daily may to thy sweet lookes repaire,
As they are wont vnto *Latonaes* son,
After his chace on woody *Cynthus* don:
Well may I, certes, such an one thee read,
As by thy worth thou worthily hast won,
Or surely borne of som Heroick sead,
That in thy face appeares, and gratious goodly-head.

26

But should it not displease thee it to tell
(Vnlesse thou in these woods thy selfe conceale,
For loue amongst the woody gods to dwell;)
I would thy selfe require thee to reueale,
For deare affection and vnfained zeale
Which to thy noble personage I beare,
And wish thee growe in worship and great weale.
For, since the day that armes I first did reare,
I neuer saw in any, greater hope appeare.

27

To whom, then thus the noble youth; May be
Sir Knight, that by discouering my estate,
Harme may arise vnweeting vnto mee;
Nath'lesse, sith ye so courteous seemed late,
To you I will not feare it to relate.
Then wote ye, that I am a Briton borne,
Sonne of a King, how euer thorough fate
Or fortune I my country haue forlorne, (adorne.
And lost the Crowne, which should my head by right And

28

And *Tristram* is my name, the onely heire
Of good King *Meliogras*, which did raigne
In Cornewale, till that he through liues despeire
Vntimely dide, before I did attaine
Ripe yeares of reason, my right to maintaine.
After whose death, his brother seeing mee
An infant, weake a Kingdome to sustaine,
Vpon him tooke the royall high degree,
And sent me, where him list, instructed for to bee.

29

The widdow Queene, my mother, which then hight
Faire *Emiline*, conceiuing then great feare
Of my fraile safety, resting in the might
Of him, that did the Kingly Sceptre beare,
Whose iealous dread enduring not a peare,
Is wont to cut off all that doubt may breed,
Thought best away me to remoue some-where
Into some forraine Land, where-as no need
Of dreaded danger might his doubtfull humor feed.

30

So, taking counsell of a wise man red,
She was by him aduiz'd, to send me quight
Out of the Country wherein I was bred,
The which the fertile *Lionesse* is hight,
Into the Land of *Faery*, where no wight
Should weet of mee, or worke me any wrong.
To whose wise read she hearkning, sent me straight
Into this Land, where I haue wond thus long,
Since I was ten yeares old, now growen to stature strong.

31

All which my dayes I haue not lewdly spent,
Nor spilt the blossome of my tender yeares
In idlesse; but as was conuenient,
Haue trained beene with many noble feres
In gentle thewes, and such like seemly leres.
Mongst which, my most delight hath alwayes been
To hunt the saluage chace amongst my peres,
Of all that rangeth in the forrest greene;
Of which, none is to me vnknowne, that ev'r was seene.

32

Ne is there hauke which mantleth her on pearch,
Whether high towring, or accoasting lowe,
But I the measure of her flight do search,
And all her prey, and all her diet knowe.
Such be our ioyes, which in these forrests growe:
Onely the vse of armes, which most I ioy,
And fitteth most for noble swaine to knowe,
I haue not tasted yet, yet past a boy,
And being now high time these strong ioynts to imploy.

33

Therefore, good sir, sith now occasion fit
Doth fall, whose like hereafter sildome may;
Let me this craue, vnworthy though of it,
That ye will make me Squire without delay,
That from henceforth in battailous array
I may beare armes, and learne to vse them right;
The rather, sith that fortune hath this day
Giuen to me the spoyle of this dead Knight,
These goodly gilden armes, which I haue won in fight.

34

All which, when well Sir *Calidore* had heard,
Him much more now, then earst he gan admire,
For the rare hope which in his yeares appear'd,
And thus replide; Faire child, the high desire
To loue of armes, which in you doth aspire,
I may not certes without blame denie;
But rather wish, that some more noble hire
(Though none more noble then is cheualrie)
I had, you to reward with greater dignitie.

35

There, him he caus'd to kneele, and made to sweare
Faith to his Knight, and truth to Ladies all;
And neuer to be recreant, for feare
Of perill, or of ought that might befall:
So he him dubbed, and his Squire did call.
Full glad and ioyous then young *Tristram* grew,
Like as a flowre, whose silken leaues small,
Long shut vp in the bud from heauens view, (hew.
At length breakes forth, and brode displayes his smiling

36

Thus, when they long had treated to and fro,
And *Calidore* betooke him to depart,
Child *Tristram* prayd, that he with him might goe
On his aduenture; vowing not to start,
But wait on him in euery place and part.
Whereat Sir *Calidore* did much delight,
And greatly ioy'd at his so noble hart,
In hope he sure would proue a doughty Knight:
Yet for the time this answere he to him behight;

37

Glad would I surely be, thou courteous Squire,
To haue thy presence in my present quest,
That mote thy kindled courage set on fire,
And flame forth honour in thy noble brest:
But I am bound by vow, which I profest
To my drad Soueraigne, when I it assayd,
That in atchieuement of her high behest,
I should no creature ioyne vnto mine ayde,
For-thy, I may not grant that ye so greatly prayd.

38

But, since this Lady is all desolate,
And needeth safegard now vpon her way,
Ye may do well in this her needfull state
To succour her, from danger of dismay;
That thankfull guerdon may to you repay.
The noble Impe, of such new seruice faine,
It gladly did accept, as he did say.
So taking courteous leaue, they parted twaine,
And *Calidore* forth passed to his former paine.

39

But *Tristram*, then despoyling that dead Knight
Of all those goodly ornaments of praise,
Long fed his greedy eyes with the faire sight
Of the bright metall, shining like Sunne rayes;
Handling and turning them a thousand wayes.
And after, hauing them vpon him dight,
He tooke that Lady, and her vp did raise
Vpon the steed of her owne late dead Knight:
So with her marched forth, as she did him behight.

40
There, to their fortune, leaue we them awhile,
And turne we backe to good Sir *Calidore*;
Who, ere he thence had trauail'd many a mile,
Came to the place, where-as ye heard afore,
This Knight, whom *Triſtram* ſlew, had wounded ſore
Another Knight in his deſpiteous pride;
There he that Knight found lying on the flore,
With many wounds full perilous and wide,
That all his garments, and the graſſe in vermeil dide.

41
And there beſide him, ſate vpon the ground
His wofull Lady, pittiouſly complayning
With loud laments that moſt vnluckie ſtound,
And her ſad ſelfe with carefull hand conſtrayning
To wipe his wounds, and eaſe their bitter payning.
Which ſory ſight when *Calidore* did view
With heauy eyne, from teares vneath refrayning,
His mighty hart their mournefull caſe can rew,
And for their better comfort to them nigher drew.

42
Then ſpeaking to the Lady, thus he ſaid:
Ye dolefull Dame, let not your griefe empeach
To tell, what cruell hand hath thus arraid
This Knight vnarm'd, with ſo vnknightly breach
Of armes, that if I yet him nigh may reach,
I may auenge him of ſo foule deſpight.
The Lady, hearing his ſo courteous ſpeach,
Gan reare hir eyes as to the chearefull light,
And from her ſory hart few heauy words forth ſigh't.

43
In which ſhe ſhew'd, how that diſcourteous Knight
(Whom *Triſtram* ſlew) them in that ſhadow found,
Ioyning together in vnblam'd delight,
And him vnarm'd, as now he lay on ground,
Charg'd with his ſpeare, and mortally did wound
Withouten cauſe, but onely her to reaue
From him, to whom ſhe was for euer bound:
Yet when ſhe fled into that couert greaue,
He her not finding, both them thus nigh dead did leaue.

44
When *Calidore* this ruefull ſtorie had
Well vnderſtood, he gan of her demaund,
What manner wight he was, and how yclad,
Which had this out-rage wrought with wicked hand.
She then, like as ſhe beſt could vnderſtand,
Him thus deſcrib'd, to be of ſtature large,
Clad all in gilden armes, with azure band
Quartred athwart, and bearing in his targe
A Lady on rough waues, row'd in a ſommer barge.

45
Then gan Sir *Calidore* to gheſſe ſtraightway,
By many ſignes which ſhe deſcribed had,
That this was he, whom *Triſtram* earſt did ſlay,
And to her ſaid; Dame be no longer ſad:
For, he that hath your Knight ſo ill beſtad,
Is now himſelfe in much more wretched plight;
Theſe eyes him ſaw vpon the cold earth ſprad,
The meed of his deſert for that deſpight,
Which to your ſelfe he wrought, & to your loued Knight.

46
Therefore, faire Lady, lay aſide this griefe,
Which ye haue gathered to your gentle hart
For that diſpleaſure; and thinke what reliefe
Were beſt deuiſe for this your Louers ſmart,
And how ye may him hence, and to what part
Conuay to be recur'd. She thankt him deare,
Both for that newes he did to her impart,
And for the courteous care which he did beare
Both to her Loue, and to her ſelfe in that ſad dreare.

47
Yet could ſhe not deuiſe by any wit,
How thence ſhe might conuay him to ſome place.
For, him to trouble ſhe it thought vnfit,
That was a ſtranger to her wretched caſe;
And him to beare, ſhe thought it thing too baſe.
Which when as he perceiu'd, he thus beſpake;
Faire Lady, let it not you ſeeme diſgrace,
To beare this burden on your dainty backe;
My ſelfe will beare a part, coportion of your packe.

48
So, off he did his ſhield, and downeward layd
Vpon the ground, like to an hollow beare;
And pouring balme, which he had long puruaid,
Into his wounds, him vp thereon did reare,
And twixt them both with parted paines did beare,
Twixt life and death, not knowing what was donne.
Thence they him carried to a Caſtle neare,
In which a worthy auncient Knight did wonne:
Where what enſu'd, ſhall in next Canto be begonne.

Canto

Canto III.

Calidore brings Priſcilla home,
Purſues the Blatant Beaſt:
Saues Serena, whil'ſt Calepine
By Turpine is oppreſt.

1
TRue is, that whilome that good Poet ſaid,
The gentle mind by gentle deeds is knowne.
For, a man by nothing is ſo well bewrayd,
As by his manners; in which plaine is ſhowne
Of what degree and what race he is growne.
For, ſeldome ſeene, a trotting Stalion get
An ambling Colt, that is his proper owne:
So ſeldome ſeene, that one in baſeneſſe ſet
Doth noble courage ſhew, with courteous manners met.

2
But euermore contrary hath been tryde,
That gentle blood will gentle manners breed;
As well may be in *Calidore* deſcride,
By late enſample of that courteous deed,
Done to that wounded Knight in his great need,
Whom on his backe he bore, till he him brought
Vnto the Caſtle where they had decreed.
There of the Knight, the which that Caſtle ought,
To make abode that night he greatly was beſought.

3
He was to weet a man of full ripe yeares;
That in his youth had been of mickle might,
And borne great ſway in armes amongſt his peares:
But now weak age had dimd his candle light.
Yet was he courteous ſtill to euery wight,
And loued all that did to armes incline,
And was the father of that wounded Knight,
Whom *Calidore* thus carried on his chine,
And *Aldus* was his name, and his ſonne's *Aladine*.

4
Who when he ſawe his ſonne ſo ill bedight,
With bleeding wounds, brought home vpon a Beare,
By a faire Lady, and a ſtranger Knight,
Was inly touched with compaſſion deare,
And deare affection of ſo doolefull dreare,
That he theſe words burſt forth; Ah ſory boy,
Is this the hope that to my hoary heare
Thou brings? aye me! is this the timely ioy,
Which I expected long, now turn'd to ſad annoy?

5
Such is the weakeneſſe of all mortall hope;
So tickle is the ſtate of earthly things,
That ere they come vnto their aymed ſcope,
They fall too ſhort of our fraile reckonings,
And bring vs bale and bitter ſorrowings,
In ſtead of comfort, which we ſhould embrace.
This is the ſtate of Keaſars and of Kings.
Let none therefore, that is in meaner place,
Too greatly grieue at any his vnlucky caſe.

6
So well and wiſely did that good old Knight
Temper his griefe, and turned it to cheare,
To cheare his gueſts, whom he had ſtayd that night,
And make their welcome to them well appeare:
That to Sir *Calidore* was eaſie geare;
But that faire Lady would be cheard for nought,
But ſigh't and ſorrow'd for her louer deare,
And inly did afflict her penſiue thought, (brought.
With thinking to what caſe her name ſhould now be

7
For, ſhe was daughter to a noble Lord,
Which dwelt thereby, who ſought her to affie
To a great Peere: but ſhe did diſaccord,
Ne could her liking to his loue apply,
But lov'd this freſh young Knight, who dwelt her nie,
The luſty *Aladine* though meaner borne,
And of leſſe liuelood and hability;
Yet full of valour, the which did adorne
His meaneneſs much, & make her th' others riches ſcorne.

8
So hauing both found fit occaſion,
They met together in that luckleſſe glade;
Where that proud Knight in his preſumption
The gentle *Aladine* did earſt inuade,
Being vnarm'd, and ſet in ſecret ſhade.
Whereof ſhe now bethinking, gan t'aduize,
How great a hazard ſhe at earſt had made
Of her good fame; and further gan deuize,
How ſhe the blame might ſalue with coloured diſguize.

9

But *Calidore* with all good courteſie
Fain'd her to frolicke, and to put away
The penſiue fit of her melancholy;
And that old Knight by all meanes did aſſay,
To make them both as merry as he may.
So they the euening paſt, till time of reſt;
Then *Calidore* in ſeemely good array
Vnto his bowre was brought, and there vndreſt,
Did ſleepe all night through weary trauell of his queſt.

10

But faire *Priſcilla* (ſo that Lady hight)
Would not to bed, nor take no kindly ſleepe,
But by her wounded Loue did watch all night,
And all the night for bitter anguiſh weepe,
And with her teares his wounds did waſh and ſteepe.
So well ſhe waſht them, and ſo well ſhe watcht him,
That of the deadly ſwoun, in which full deepe
He drenched was, ſhe at the length diſpatcht him,
And droue away the ſtound, which mortally attach't him.

11

The morrow next when day gan to vp-look,
He alſo gan vp-look with drery eye,
Like one that out of deadly dreame awooke:
Where when he ſaw his faire *Priſcilla* by,
He deeply ſigh't, and groaned inwardly,
To thinke of this ill ſtate, in which ſhe ſtood,
To which ſhe for his ſake had weetingly
Now brought her ſelfe, and blam'd her noble bloud:
For firſt, next after life, he tendered her good.

12

Which ſhe perceiuing, did with plentious teares
His care more then her owne compaſſionate,
Forgetfull of her owne, to minde his feares:
So both conſpiring, gan to intimate
Each others griefe with zeale affectionate,
And twixt them twaine with equall care to caſt,
How to ſalue whole her hazarded eſtate;
For which the onely helpe now left them laſt
Seem'd to be *Calidore*: all other helps were paſt.

13

Him they did deeme, as ſure to them he ſeemed,
A courteous Knight, and full of faithfull truſt:
Therefore to him their cauſe they beſt eſteemed
Whole to commit, and to his dealing iuſt.
Earely, ſo ſoone as *Titans* beams forth burſt
Through the thicke clouds, in which they ſteeped lay
All night in darkneſſe, duld with iron ruſt,
Calidore riſing vp as freſh as day,
Gan freſhly him addreſſe vnto his former way.

14

But firſt him ſeemed fit, that wounded Knight
To viſite, after this nights perillous paſſe,
And to ſalute him, if he were in plight,
And eke that Lady his faire louely Laſſe.
There he him found much better then he was,
And moued ſpeech to him of things of courſe,
The anguiſh of his paine to ouer-paſſe:
Mongſt which he namely did to him diſcourſe,
Of former dayes miſhap, his ſorrowes wicked ſourſe.

15

Of which occaſion *Aldine* taking hold,
Gan breake to him the fortunes of his Loue,
And all his diſaduentures to vnfold;
That *Calidore* it dearely deep did moue.
In th' end his kindly courteſie to proue,
He him by all the bands of loue beſought,
And as it mote a faithfull friend behoue,
To ſafe-conduct his Loue, and not for ought
To leaue, till to her fathers houſe he had her brought.

16

Sir *Calidore* his faith thereto did plight,
It to performe: ſo, after little ſtay,
That ſhe her ſelfe had to the iourney dight,
He paſſed forth with her in faire array,
Feareleſſe, who ought did think, or ought did ſay,
Sith his own thought he knew moſt cleare from wite.
So as they paſt together on their way,
He gan deuize this counter-caſt of ſlight,
To giue faire colour to that Ladies cauſe in ſight.

17

Streight to the carcaſſe of that Knight he went,
The cauſe of all this euill, who was ſlaine
The day before by iuſt auengement
Of noble *Triſtram*, where it did remaine:
There he the necke thereof did cut in twaine,
And tooke with him the head, the ſigne of ſhame,
So forth he paſſed thorough that dayes paine,
Till to that Ladies fathers houſe he came,
Moſt penſiue man, throgh fear, what of his child became.

18

There he arriuing boldly, did preſent
The fearfull Lady to her father deare,
Moſt perfect pure, and guiltleſſe innocent
Of blame, as he did on his Knighthood ſweare,
Since firſt he ſawe her, and did free from feare
Of a diſcourteous Knight, who had her reft,
And by outrageous force away did beare:
Witneſſe thereof he ſhew'd his head there left,
And wretched life forlorne for vengement of his theft.

19

Moſt ioyfull man her Sire was her to ſee,
And heare th' aduenture of her late miſchance;
And thouſand thankes to *Calidore* for fee
Of his large paines in her deliuerance
Did yeeld; Ne leſſe the Lady did aduance.
Thus hauing her reſtored truſtily,
As he had vow'd, ſome ſmall continuance
He there did make, and then moſt carefully
Vnto his firſt exploit he did himſelfe apply.

20

So as he was purſuing of his queſt,
He chaunc't to come whereas a iolly knight,
In couert ſhade himſelfe did ſafely reſt,
To ſolace with his Lady in delight:
His warlike armes he had from him vndight;
For that himſelfe he thought from danger free,
And far from enuious eyes that mote him ſpight,
And eke the Lady was full faire to ſee,
And courteous withall, becomming her degree.

To

21

To whom Sir *Calidore* approaching nie,
Ere they were well aware of liuing wight,
Them much abaſht, but more himſelfe thereby,
That he ſo rudely did vpon them light,
And troubled had their quiet loues delight.
Yet ſince it was his fortune, not his fault,
Himſelfe thereof he laboured to acquite,
And pardon crau'd for his ſo raſh default,
That he gainſt courteſie ſo fowly did default.

22

With which his gentle words and goodly wit,
He ſoon allayd that Knights conceiu'd diſpleaſure,
That he beſought him downe by him to ſit,
That they mote treat of things abroad at leaſure;
And of aduentures, which had in his meaſure
Of ſo long wayes to him befallen late.
So downe he ſate, and with delightfull pleaſure
His long aduentures gan to him relate,
Which he endured had through dangerous debate.

23

Of which whil'ſt they diſcourſed both together,
The faire *Serena* (ſo his Lady hight)
Allur'd with mildneſſe of the gentle weather,
And pleaſance of the place, the which was dight
With diuers flowres diſtinct with rare delight;
Wandred about the fields, as liking led
Her wauering luſt after her wandring ſight,
To make a garland to adorne her head,
Without ſuſpect of ill or danger hidden dread.

24

All ſodainly out of the forreſt neere
The *Blatant Beaſt*, forth ruſhing vnaware,
Caught her thus looſely wandring here and there,
And in his wide great mouth away her bare.
Crying aloud, to ſhew her ſad misfare
Vnto the Knights, and calling oft for ayde;
Who with the horrour of her hapleſſe care
Haſtily ſtarting vp, like men diſmaide,
Ran after faſt, to reſcue the diſtreſſed mayde.

25

The Beaſt, with their purſuit incited more,
Into the wood was bearing her apace
For to haue ſpoyled her, when *Calidore*
Who was more light of foot and ſwift in chace,
Him ouer-tooke in middeſt of his race:
And fiercely charging him with all his might,
Forc't to forgoe his prey there in the place,
And to betake himſelfe to fearefull flight;
For, he durſt not abide with *Calidore* to fight.

26

Who natheleſſe, when he the Lady ſawe
There left on ground, though in full euill plight,
Yet knowing that her Knight now neere did draw,
Staide not to ſuccour her in that affright,
But follow'd faſt the Monſter in his flight:
Through woods and hils he follow'd him ſo faſt,
That he n'ould let him breath nor gather ſpright,
But forc't him gape and gaſpe, with dread aghaſt,
As if his lungs and lites were nigh aſunder braſt.

27

And now by this, Sir *Calepine* (ſo hight)
Came to the place, where he his Lady found
In dolorous diſmay and deadly plight,
All in gore bloud there tumbled on the ground,
Hauing both ſides through grip't with grieſly wound.
His weapons ſoone from him he threw away;
And ſtouping downe to her in drery ſwound,
Vprear'd her from the ground, whereon ſhe lay,
And in his tender armes her foreed vp to ſtay.

28

So well he did his buſie paines apply,
That the faint ſprite he did retuoke againe,
To her fraile manſion of mortality.
Then vp he tooke her twixt his armes twaine,
And ſetting on his ſteed, her did ſuſtaine
With carefull hands ſofting foot her beſide,
Till to ſome place of reſt they mote attaine,
Where ſhe in ſafe aſſurance mote abide,
Till ſhe recured were of thoſe her woundes wide.

29

Now when as *Phœbus* with his fiery waine
Vnto his Inne began to drawe apace;
Tho, wexing weary of that toyleſome paine,
In trauelling on foot ſo long a ſpace,
Not wont on foot with heauy armes to trace,
Downe in a dale forby a riuers ſide,
He chaunc't to ſpy a faire and ſtately Place,
To which he meant his weary ſteps to guide,
In hope there for his Loue ſome ſuccour to prouide.

30

But comming to the riuers ſide, he found
That hardly paſſable on foot it was:
Therefore there ſtill he ſtood as in a ſtound,
Ne wiſt which way he through the foord mote paſs.
Thus whil'ſt he was in this diſtreſſed caſe,
Deuiſing what to do, he nigh eſpide
An armed Knight approaching to the place,
With a faire Lady linked by his ſide,
The wch themſelues prepar'd thorough the foord to ride.

31

Whom *Calepine* ſaluting (as became)
Beſought of courteſie in that his need
(For ſafe conducting of his ſickly Dame,
Through that ſame perillous foord with better heed)
To take him vp behinde vpon his ſteed:
To whom that other did this taunt returne;
Perdy, thou peaſant Knight might ſt rightly reed
Me then to be full baſe and euill borne,
If I would beare behinde a burden of ſuch ſcorne.

32

But as thou haſt thy ſteed forlorne with ſhame,
So fare on foote till thou another gaine,
And let thy Lady likewiſe do the ſame,
Or beare her on thy backe with pleaſing paine,
And proue thy manhood on the billowes raine.
With which rude ſpeech his Lady much diſpleaſed,
Did him reproue, yet could him not reſtraine,
And would on her owne Palfrey him haue eaſed,
And nis rad Lady left a, whom ſhe ſawe ſo diſeaſed.

Sir

33
Sir *Calepine* her thankt; yet inly wroth
Against her Knight, her gentlenesse refused,
And carelesly into the riuer goth,
As in despight to be so foule abused
Of a rude churle, whom often he accused
Of foule discourtesie, vnfit for Knight;
And strongly wading through the waues vnused,
With Speare in th' one hand, stayd himselfe vpright,
With th' other stayd his Lady vp with steddy might.

34
And all the while, that same discourteous Knight
Stood on the further banke beholding him.
At whose calamity, for more despight,
He laught, and mockt to see him like to swim.
But when as *Calepine* came to the brim,
And sawe his carriage past that perill well,
Looking at that same Carle with count'nance grim,
His heart with vengeance inwardly did swell,
And forth at last did breake in speeches sharpe and fell.

35
Vnknightly Knight, the blemish of that name,
And blot of all that armes vpon them take,
Which is the badge of honour and of fame,
Loe I defie thee, and here challenge make,
That thou for euer do those armes forsake;
And be for euer held a recreant knight,
Vnlesse thou dare for thy deare Ladies sake,
And for thine owne defence on foot alight,
To iustifie thy fault gainst me in equall fight.

36
The dastard, that did heare himselfe defide,
Seem'd not to waigh his threatful words at all,
But laught them out, as if his greater pride
Did scorne the challenge of so base a thrall:
Or had no courage, or else had no gall.
So much the more was *Calepine* offended,
That him to no reuenge he forth could call,
But both his challenge and himselfe contemned,
Ne cared as a coward so to be condemned.

37
But he, nought weighing what he said or did,
Turned his steed about another way,
And with his Lady to the Castle rid,
Where was his won; ne did the other stay,
But after went directly as he may,
For his sicke charge some harbour there to seeke;
Where he arriuing with the fall of day,
Drew to the gate, and there with prayers meeke,
And milde entreaty, lodging did for her beseeke.

38
But the rude Porter, that no manners had,
Did shut the gate against him in his face,
And entrance boldly vnto him forbad.
Natheless the Knight, now in so needy case,
Gan him entreat euen with submission base,
And humbly prayd to let them in that night:
Who to him answer'd, that there was no place
Of lodging fit for any errant Knight,
Vnlesse that with his Lord he former[illegible]
rowes wicked sourse.

39
Full loth am I, quoth he, as now at earst,
When day is spent, and rest vs needeth most,
And that this Lady, both whose sides are pearc't
With wounds, is ready to forgoe the ghost:
Ne would I gladly combate with mine host,
That should to me such courtesie afford,
Vnlesse that I were thereunto enforc't.
But yet aread to me, how hight thy Lord,
That doth thus strongly ward the Castle of the ford.

40
His name, quoth he, if that thou list to learne,
Is hight Sir *Turpine*, one of mickle might,
And manhood rare, but terrible and sterne
In all assayes to euery errant Knight,
Because of one, that wrought him fowle despight.
Ill seemes, said he, if he so valiant be,
That he should be so sterne to stranger wight:
For, seldome yet did liuing creature see,
That curtesie and manhood euer disagree.

41
But goe thy wayes to him, and fro me say,
That here is at the gate an errant Knight,
That house-roome craues, yet would be loth t' assay
The proofe of battell, now in doubtfull night,
Or courtesie with rudenesse to requite:
Yet if he needs will fight, craue leaue till morne,
And tell (withall) the lamentable plight,
In which this Lady languisheth forlorne,
That pitty craues, as he of woman was yborne.

42
The groome went streightway in, and to his Lord
Declar'd the message, which that Knight did moue:
Who, sitting with his Lady then at bord,
Not onely did not his demand approue,
But both himselfe reuil'd, and eke his Loue;
Albe his Lady, that *Blandina* hight,
Him of vngentle vsage did reproue
And earnestly entreated that they might
Finde fauour to be lodged there for that same night.

43
Yet would he not perswaded be for ought,
Ne from his curlish will awhit reclame.
Which answer when the groome, returning, brought
To *Calepine*, his heart did inly flame
With wrathfull fury for so foule a shame,
That he could not thereof auenged bee:
But most for pitty of his dearest Dame,
Whom now in deadly danger he did see;
Yet had no meanes to comfort, nor procure her glee.

44
But all in vaine; for why, no remedy
He sawe, the present mischiefe to redresse,
But th' vtmost end perforce for to aby,
Which that nights fortune would for him addresse.
So downe he tooke his Lady in distresse,
And layd her vnderneath a bush to sleepe,
Couer'd with cold, and wrapt in wretchednesse,
Whiles he himselfe all night did nought but weep,
And wary watch about her for her safegard keepe.

The

45
The morrow next, so soone as ioyous day
Did shew it selfe in sunny beames bedight,
Serena full of dolorous dismay,
Twixt darknesse drad, and hope of liuing light,
Vprear'd her head to see that cheerfull sight.
Then *Calepine*, how-euer inly wroth,
And greedy to auenge that vile despight;
Yet for the feeble Ladies sake, full loth
To make there lenger stay, forth on his iourney goth.

46
He goth on foote all armed by her side,
Vpstaying still her selfe vpon her steed,
Being vnable else alone to ride;
So sore her sides, so much her wounds did bleed:
Till that at length, in his extreamest need,
He chaunc't far off an armed Knight to spie,
Pursuing him apace with greedy speed;
Whom well he wist to be some enemy,
That meant to make aduantage of his misery.

47
Wherefore he stayd, till that he neerer drew,
To weet what issue would thereof betide.
Tho, when as he approched nigh in view,
By certaine signes he plainely him descride
To be the man, that with such scornefull pride
Had him abusde, and shamed yesterday.
Therefore misdoubting, least he should misguide
His former malice to some new assay,
He cast to keepe him selfe so safely as he may.

48
By this, the other came in place likewise;
And couching close his speare and all his powre,
As bent to some malicious enterprise,
He bad him stand, t' abide the bitter stoure
Of his sore vengeance, or to make auoure
Of the lewd words and deeds, which he had done:
With that ran at him, as he would deuoure
His life attonce; who nought could do, but shun
The perill of his pride, or else be ouer-run.

49
Yet he him still pursewd from place to place,
With full intent him cruelly to kill;
And like a wilde goate round about did chase,
Flying the fury of his bloudy will.
But his best succour and refuge was still
Behinde his Ladies backe; who to him cride,
And called oft with prayers loud and shrill,
As euer he to Lady was affide,
To spare her Knight, and rest with reason pacifide.

50
But he the more thereby enraged was,
And with more eager felnesse him pursew'd:
So that at length, after long weary chace,
Hauing by chance a close aduantage vew'd,
He ouer-raught him, hauing long eschew'd
His violence in vaine; and with his speare
Strook through his shoulder, that the bloud ensew'd
In great aboundance, as a Well it were,
That forth out of an hill fresh gushing did appeare.

51
Yet ceast he not for all that cruell wound,
But chac't him still, for all his Ladies crie;
Not satisfide till on the fatall ground
He saw his life pourd forth despiteously:
The which was certes in great ieopardie,
Had not a wondrous chance his reskew wrought,
And saued from his cruell villany.
Such chances oft exceed all humane thought:
That in another Canto shall to end be brought.

Canto IIII.

Calepine by a saluage man
From Turpine reskewed is;
And whil'st an Infant from a Beare
He saues, his Loue doth misse.

1
LIke as a ship with dreadfull storme long tost,
Hauing spent all her mastes and her ground-hold,
Now farre from harbour likely to be lost,
At last some fisher barke doth neere behold,
That giueth comfort to her courage cold:
Such was the state of this most courteous Knight,
Being oppressed by that faytour bold,
That he remayned in most perilous plight,
And his sad Lady left in pittifull affright;

Till

2
Till that by fortune, passing all foresight,
A saluage man, which in those woods did wonne,
Drawne with that Ladies loud and pitious shright,
Toward the same incessantly did ronne,
To vnderstand what there was to be donne.
There he this most discourteous crauen found,
As fiercely yet, as when he first begonne,
Chasing the gentle *Calepine* around,
Ne sparing him the more for all his grieuous wound.

3
The saluage man, that neuer till this houre
Did taste of pittie, neyther gentlesse knew,
Seeing his sharpe assault and cruell stoure
Was much emmoued at his perils view;
That euen his ruder heart began to rew,
And feele compassion of his euill plight,
Against his foe, that did him so pursew:
From whom he meant to free him, if he might,
And him auenge of that so villenous despight.

4
Yet armes or weapon had he none to fight,
Ne knew the vse of warlike instruments,
Saue such as sudden rage him lent to smite;
But naked without needfull vestiments,
To clad his corpse with meet habiliments,
He cared not for dint of sword nor speare,
No more then for the strokes of strawes or bents:
For, from his mothers wombe, which him did beare,
He was invulnerable made by Magicke leare.

5
He stayd not to aduize, which way were best
His foe t'assaile, or how himselfe to gard;
But with fierce fury and with force infest
Vpon him ran: who, being well prepar'd:
His first assault full warily did ward,
And with the push of his sharpe pointed speare
Full on the breast him strook, so strong and hard,
That fore't him backe recoyle, and reele areare;
Yet in his body made no wound nor bloud appeare.

6
With that, the wilde man more enraged grew,
Like to a Tygre that hath mist his pray,
And with mad mood againe vpon him flew,
Regarding neyther speare that mote him slay,
Nor his fierce steed, that mote him much dismay.
The saluage nation doth all dread despise:
Tho, on his shield he griple hold did lay,
And held the same so hard, that by no wise
He could him force to loose, or leaue his enterprise.

7
Long did he wrest and wring it to and fro,
And euery way did try, but all in vaine:
For he would not his greedy gripe for-goe,
But hal'd and pull'd with all his might and maine,
That from his steed him nigh he drew againe.
Who hauing now no vse of his long speare,
So nigh at hand, nor force his shield to straine,
Both speare and shield, as things that needlesse were,
He quite forsooke, and fled himselfe away for feare.

8
But after him the wilde man ran apace,
And him pursewed with importune speed:
(For, he was swift as any Bucke in chace)
And had he not in his extreamest need,
Beene helped through the swiftnesse of his steed,
He had him ouertaken in his flight.
Who, euer as he sawe him nigh succeed,
Gan cry aloud with horrible affright,
And shrieked out; a thing vncomely for a Knight.

9
But when the Saluage saw his labour vaine,
In following of him that fled so fast,
He weary woxe, and back return'd againe
With speed vnto the place, where as he last
Had left that couple, neere their vtmost cast.
There he that Knight full sorely bleeding found,
And eke the Lady tearefully aghast,
Both for the perill of the present stound,
And also for the sharpenesse of her rankling wound.

10
For, though she were full glad, so rid to bee
From that vile lozell, which her late offended;
Yet now no lesse encombrace she did see,
And perill by this saluage man pretended;
Gainst whom she saw no meanes to be defended,
By reason that her Knight was wounded sore.
Therefore her selfe she wholly recommended
To Gods sole grace, whom she did oft implore,
To send her succour, being of all hope forlore.

11
But the wild man, contrary to her feare,
Came to her, creeping like a fawning hound,
And by rude tokens made to her appeare
His deepe compassion of her dolefull stound,
Kissing his hands, and crouching to the ground;
For, other language had he none nor speech,
But a soft murmure, and confused sound
Of senselesse words, which Nature did him teach,
T'expresse his passions, which his reason did empeach.

12
And comming likewise to the wounded Knight,
When he beheld the streames of purple blood
Yet flowing fresh; as moued with the sight,
He made great mone, after his saluage mood:
And running streight into the thickest wood,
A certaine herbe from thence vnto him brought,
Whose vertue he by vse well vnderstood:
The iuice whereof into his wound he wrought,
And stopt the bleeding straight, ere he it stanched thought.

13
Then taking vp that Reereants shield and speare,
Which earst he left, he signes vnto them made,
With him to wend vnto his wonning neare:
To which he easily did them perswade.
Farre in the forrest by a hollow glade,
Couered with mossie shrubs, which spredding broad
Did vnderneath them make a gloamy shade;
Where foot of liuing creature neuer trod, (bode.
Ne scarse wild beasts durst come, there was this wights a-

Thither

14
Thither he brought these vnacquainted guests;
To whom faire semblance, as he could, he shewed
By signes, by lookes and all his other gests.
But the bare ground, with hoary mosse bestrowed,
Must be their bed, their pillow was vnsowed,
And the fruits of the forrest was their feast:
For, their bad Stuard neyther plough'd nor sowed,
Ne fed on flesh, ne euer of wilde beast
Did taste the bloud, obeying Natures first behest.

15
Yet howsoeuer base and meane it were,
They tooke it well, and thanked God for all;
Which had them fre'ed from that deadly feare,
And sau'd from being to that caitive thrall.
Here they of force (as fortune now did fall)
Compelled were themselues awhile to rest,
Glad of that easement, though it were but small;
That hauing there their wounds awhile redrest,
They mote the abler be to passe vnto the rest.

16
During which time, that wilde man did apply
His best endeuour, and his daily paine,
In seeking all the woods both farre and nye
For herbs to dresse their wounds; still seeming faine,
When ought he did, that did their liking gaine.
So as ere long he had that Knightes wound
Recured well, and made him whole againe:
But that same Ladies hurt no herbe he found,
Which could redresse, for it was inwardly vnsound.

17
Now when as *Calepine* was woxen strong,
Vpon a day he cast abroad to wend,
To take the ayre, and heare the thrushes song,
Vnarm'd, as fearing neyther foe nor friend,
And without sword his person to defend.
There him befell, vnlooked for before,
An hard aduenture with vnhappy end,
A cruell Beare, the which an infant bore
Betwixt his blooody iawes, besprinkled all with gore.

18
The little babe did loudly scricke and squall,
And all the woods with pittious plaints did fill,
As if his crie did meane for helpe to call
To *Calepine*, whose eares those shrieches shrill
Pearcing his heart with pities point did thrill;
That after him, he ran with zealous haste,
To rescue th'infant, ere he did him kill:
Whom though he sawe now somewhat ouer-past,
Yet by the cry he follow'd, and pursewed fast.

19
Well then him chaunc't his heauy armes to want,
Whose burden mote impeach his needfull speed,
And hinder him from libertie to pant:
For, hauing long time, as his daily weed,
Them wont to weare, and wend on foot for need;
Now wanting them he felt himselfe so light,
That like an Hauke, which feeling her selfe freed
From bels and iesses, which did let her flight,
Him seem'd his feet did fly, and in their speed delight.

20
So well he sped him, that the weary Beare
Ere long he ouer-tooke, and forc't to stay;
And without weapon him assayling neare,
Compeld him soone the spoyle adowne to lay.
Wherewith the beast enrag'd to lose his prey,
Vpon him turn'd, and with greedy force
And fury, to be crossed in his way,
Gaping full wide, did thinke without remorse
To be aueng'd on him, and to deuoure his corse.

21
But the bold Knight no whit thereat dismayd:
But catching vp in hand a ragged stone,
Which lay thereby (so fortune him did ayde)
Vpon him ran, and thrust it all attone
Into his gaping throte, that made him grone
And gaspe for breath, that he nigh choked was,
Being vnable to digest that bone;
Ne could it vpward come, nor downeward pass:
Ne could he brook the coldnesse of the stony mass.

22
Whom when as he thus cumbred did behold,
Striuing in vaine that nigh his bowels brast,
He with him clos'd: and laying mighty hold
Vpon his throte, did gripe his gorge so fast,
That wanting breath, him downe to ground he cast;
And then oppressing him with vrgent paine,
Ere long enforc't to breath his vtmost blast,
Gnashing his cruell teeth at him in vaine, (straine.
And threatning his sharpe clawes, now wanting powre to

23
Then tooke he vp betwixt his armes twaine
The little babe, sweet relicks of his pray;
Whom pittying to heare so sore complaine,
From his soft eyes the teares he wyp't away,
And from his face the filth that did it ray:
And euery little limbe he searcht around,
And euery part, that vnder sweath-bands lay,
Least that the beasts sharpe teeth had any wound
Made in his tender flesh; but whole them all he found.

24
So hauing all his bands againe vp-tyde,
He with him thought backe to returne againe:
But when he look't about on euery side,
To weet which way were best to entertaine,
To bring him to the place where he would faine,
He could no path nor tract of foot descry,
Ne by inquiry learne, nor ghesse by ayme.
For, nought but woods and forrests farre and nye,
That all about did close the compasse of his eye.

25
Much was he then encombred, ne could tell
Which way to take: now West he went awhile,
Then North; then neyther, but as fortune fell.
So vp and downe he wandred many a mile,
With weary trauell and vncertaine toyle,
Yet nought the nearer to his iourneyes end;
And euermore his lonely little spoyle
Crying for food did greatly him offend.
So all that day in wandring vainely he did spend.

At

26
At last, about the setting of the Sunne,
Himselfe out of the forest he did winde,
And by good fortune the plaine Champain wonne:
Where looking all about, where he mote find
Some place of succour to content his mind,
At length he heard vnder the forests side
A voyce, that seemed of some woman-kinde,
Which to her selfe lamenting loudly cride,
And oft complain'd of Fate, and Fortune oft defide.

27
To whom approching, when as she perceiued
A stranger wight in place, her plaint she stayd,
As if she doubted to haue been deceiued,
Or loth to let her sorrowes be bewrayed.
Whom when as *Calepine* saw so dismayd,
He to her drew, and with faire blandishment
Her chearing vp, thus gently to her said;
What be you wofull Dame, which thus lament?
And for what cause declare, so mote ye not repent.

28
To whom she thus; What need me Sir to tell
That which your selfe haue earst ared so right?
A wofull Dame ye haue me tearmed well;
So much more wofull, as my wofull plight
Cannot redressed be by liuing wight.
Nath'lesse, quoth he, of need do not you bind,
Doe it disclose, to ease your grieued spright:
Oft-times it haps, that sorrowes of the mind
Find remedy vnsought, which seeking cannot find.

29
Then thus began the lamentable Dame;
Sith then ye needs will knowe the griefe I hoord,
I am th'vnfortunate *Matilde* by name,
The wife of bold Sir *Bruin*, who is Lord
Of all this land, late conquer'd by his sword
From a great Giant, called *Cormoraunt*;
Whom he did ouerthrowe by yonder foord,
And in three battailes did so deadly daunt,
That he dare not returne for all his daily vaunt.

30
So is my Lord now seiz'd of all the land,
And in his fee, with peaceable estate,
And quietly doth hold it in his hand,
Ne any dares with him for it debate.
But to those happy fortunes, cruell Fate
Hath ioyn'd one euill, which doth ouer-throwe
All these our ioyes, and all our blisse abate;
And like in time to further ill to growe,
And all this land with endlesse losse to ouer-flowe.

31
For, th' heauens, enuying our prosperity,
Haue not vouchsafe to grant vnto vs twaine
The gladfull blessing of posterity,
Which we might see after our selues remaine
In th' heritage of our vnhappy paine:
So that for want of heires it to defend,
All is in time like to returne againe
To that foule feend, who daily doth attend
To leape into the same after our liues end.

32
But most my Lord is grieued herewithall,
And makes exceeding mone, when he does thinke
That all this land vnto his foe shall fall,
For which he long in vaine did sweat and swinke,
That now the same he greatly doth for-thinke.
Yet was it said, there should to him a sonne
Begotten, not begotten, which should drinke
And drie vp all the water, which doth ronne
In the next brook, by whom that feend should be fordon.

33
Well hop't he then, when this was propheside,
That from his side some noble childe should rise,
The which, through fame should farre be magnifide,
And this proud Giant should with braue empryse
Quite ouerthrowe, who now ginnes to despise
The good Sir *Bruin*, growing farre in yeares;
Who thinkes from me his sorrow all doth rise.
Lo, this my cause of griefe to you appeares;
For which I thus do mourn, & poure forth ceaseless teares.

34
Which when he heard, he inly touched was
With tender ruth for her vnworthy griefe:
And when he had deuized of her case,
He gan in mind conceiue a fit relsete
For all her paine, if please her make the priefe.
And hauing cheared her, thus said; Faire Dame,
In euils, counsell is the comfort chiefe:
Which though I be not wise enough to frame,
Yet as I well it meane, vouchsafe it without blame.

35
If that the cause of this your languishment
Be lacke of children, to supply your place;
Lo, how good fortune doth to you present
This little babe, of sweet and louely face,
And spotlesse spirit, in which ye may enchace
What-euer formes ye list thereto apply,
Being now soft and fit them to embrace;
Whether ye list him traine in cheualry,
Or nourture vp in lore of learn'd Philosophy.

36
And certes it hath often-times been seene,
That of the like whose linage was vnknowne,
More braue and noble Knights haue raised beene
(As their victorious deeds haue often showen,
Being with fame through many Nations blowen)
Then those, which haue been dandled in the lap.
Therefore some thought, that those braue imps were sowen
Here by the gods, and fed with heauenly sap,
That made them grow so high t'all honorable hap.

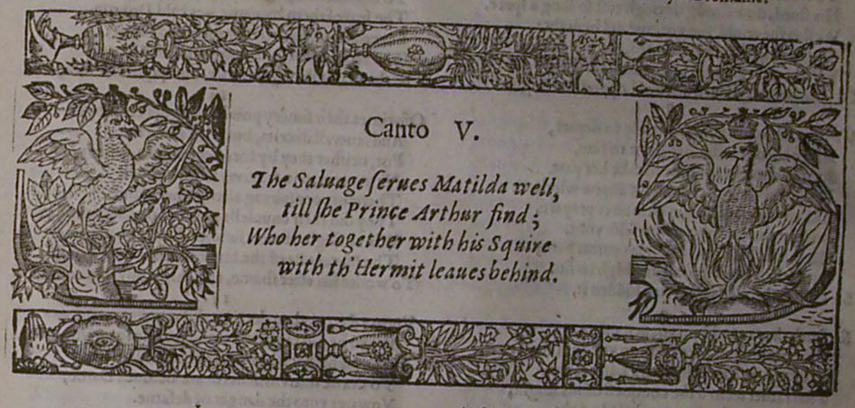
37
The Lady, hearkning to his sensefull speech,
Found nothing that he said, vnmeet nor geason,
Hauing oft seene it tride, as he did teach.
Therefore inclining to his goodly reason,
Agreeing well both with the place and season,
She gladly did of that same babe accept,
As of her owne by lnery and seisin;
And hauing ouer it a little wept,
She bore it thence, and euer as her owne it kept.

Right

38
Right glad was *Calepine* to be so rid
Of his young charge, whereof he skilled nought:
Ne she lesse glad; for, she so wisely did,
And with her husband vnder hand so wrought,
That when that infant vnto him she brought,
She made him thinke it surely was his owne,
And it in goodly thewes so well vp-brought,
That it became a famous Knight well knowne,
And did right noble deeds, the which elswhere are shown.

39
But *Calepine*, now beeing left alone
Vnder the green-woods side in sorry plight,
VVithouten armes or steed to ride vpon,
Or house to hide his head from heauens spight,
Albe that Dame (by all the meanes she might)
Him oft desired home with her to wend;
And offred him (his courtesie to requite)
Both horse and armes, and what-so else to lend;
Yet he them all refus'd, though thankt her as a friend.

40
And for exceeding griefe which inly grew,
That he his Loue so luckelesse now had lost,
On the cold ground, maugre himselfe he threw,
For fell despight, to be so sorely crost;
And there all night himselfe in anguish toss;
Vowing, that neuer he in bed againe
His limbes would rest, ne lig in ease emboss,
Till that his Ladies sight he mote attaine,
Or vnderstand, that she in safety did remaine.



Canto V.

The Saluage serues Matilda well,
till she Prince Arthur find;
Who her together with his Squire
with th'Hermit leaues behind.

1
What an easie thing is to deserie
The gentle bloud, how-euer it be wrapt
In sad misfortunes foule deformity, (hapt?
And wretched sorrowes, which haue often
For, howsoeuer it may growe mis-shap't
(Like this wyld man, beeing vndisciplyn'd)
That to all vertue it may seeme vnapt,
Yet will it shewe some sparks of gentle mind,
And at the last breake forth in his owne proper kind.

2
That plainly may in this wyld man be red,
Who though he were still in this desert wood,
Mongst saluage beasts, both rudely borne and bred,
Ne euer sawe faire guize, ne learned good,
Yet shew'd some token of his gentle blood,
By gentle vsage of that wretched Dame.
For, certes he was borne of noble blood,
How-euer by hard hap he hither came:
As ye may know, when time shall be to tell the same.

3
VVho, when as now long time he lacked had
The good Sir *Calepine*, that farre was strayd,
Did wexe exceeding sorrowfull and sad,
As he of some misfortune were afrayd:
And leauing there this Lady all dismayd,
Went forth straight-way into the forrest wide,
To seeke, if he perchance asleepe were layd,
Or what-so else were vnto him betide:
He sought him far & neere, yet him no where he spyde.

4
Tho, back returning to that sory Dame,
He shewed semblant of exceeding mone,
By speaking signes, as he them best could frame;
Now wringing both his wretched hands in one,
Now beating his hard head vpon a stone,
That ruth it was to see him so lament.
By which she well perceiuing what was done,
Gan teare her hayre, and all her garments rent,
And beat her breast, and pitiously her selfe torment.

5
Vpon the ground her selfe she fiercely threw,
Regardlesse of her wounds, yet bleeding rife,
That with their bloud did all the floore imbrew,
As if her breast, new launc't with murdrous knife,
Would straight dislodge the wretched weary life.
There she long groueling, and deep groning lay,
As if her vitall powers were at strife
With stronger death, and feared their decay:
Such were this Ladies pangs and dolorous assay.

6

Whom when the Saluage saw so sore distrest,
He reared her vp from the bloudy ground,
And sought by all the meanes that he could best
Her to recure out of that stony swound,
And staunch the bleeding of her dreary wound.
Yet n'ould she be recomforted for nought,
Ne cease her sorrowe and impatient stound,
But day and night did vexe her carefull thought,
And euer more and more her owne affliction wrought.

7

At length, when as no hope of his returne
She sawe now left, she cast to leaue the place,
And wend abroad, though feeble and forlorne,
To seeke some comfort in that sory case.
His steed, now strong through rest so long a space,
Well as she could, she got, and did bedight:
And beeing thereon mounted, forth did pase,
VVithouten guide her to conduct aright,
Or gard her to defend from bold oppressors might.

8

VVhom when her Host saw ready to depart,
He would not suffer her alone to fare,
But gan himselfe addresse to take her part.
Those warlike armes, which *Calepine* whyleare
Had left behind, he gan eftsoones prepare,
And put them all about him selfe vnfit,
His shield, his helmet, and his curats bare;
But without sword vpon his thigh to sit:
Sir *Calepine* himselfe away had hidden it.

9

So forth they traueld, an vneuen payre,
That mote to all men seem an vncouth sight;
A saluage man matcht with a Lady fayre,
That rather seem'd the conquest of his might,
Gotten by spoile, then purchased aright.
But he did her attend most carefully,
And faithfully did serue both day and night,
VVithouten thought of shame or villeny,
Ne euer shewed signe of foule disloyaltie.

10

Vpon a day as on their way they went,
It chaunc't some furniture about her steed
To be disordered by some accident:
Which to redresse, she did th'assistance need
Of this her groome: which he by signes did reed;
And straight his combrous armes aside did lay
Vpon the ground, withouten doubt or dreed,
And in his homely wize began to assay
T'amend what was amisse, and put in right array.

11

Bout which whil'st he was busied thus hard,
Lo, where a knight together with his Squire,
All arm'd to point, came riding thitherward,
VVhich seemed by their portance and attire,
To be two errant knights, that did enquire
After adventures, where they mote them get.
Those were to weet (if that ye it require)
Prince *Arthur* and young *Timias*, which met
By strange occasion, that heere needs forth be set.

12

After that *Timias* had againe recured
The fauour of *Belphœbé*, (as ye heard)
And of her grace did stand againe assured,
To happy blisse he was full high vprear'd,
Neither of envy, nor of change afeard,
Though many foes did him maligne therefore,
And with vniust detraction him did beard;
Yet he him selfe so well and wisely bore,
That in her soueraine liking he dwelt euermore.

13

But of them all which did his ruine seeke,
Three mightie en'mies did him most despight;
Three mighty ones, and cruell minded eeke,
That him not onely sought by open might
To ouerthrowe, but to supplant by slight.
The first of them by name was cald *Despetto*,
Exceeding all the rest in powre and hight;
The second not so strong, but wise, *Decetto*;
The third, nor strong nor wise, but spightfullest *Defetto*.

14

Oft-times their sundry powers they did employ,
And seuerall deceits, but all in vaine:
For, neither they by force could him destroy,
Ne yet entrap in treasons subtill traine.
Therefore conspiring all together plaine,
They did their counsells now in one compound;
Where singled forces faile, conioynd may gaine.
The *Blatant Beast* the fittest meanes they found,
To worke his vtter shame, and throughly him confound.

15

Vpon a day, as they the time did wait,
When he did range the wood for saluage game,
They sent that *Blatant Beast* to be a baite,
To drawe him from his deare beloued Dame,
Vnwares vnto the danger of defame.
For, well they wist, that Squire to be so bold,
That no one beast in forrest wild or tame,
Met him in chase, but he it challenge would,
And pluck the prey oft-times out of their greedy hold.

16

The hardy boy, as they deuised had,
Seeing the vgly Monster passing by,
Vpon him set, of perill nought adrad,
Ne skilfull of the vncouth icopardy;
And charged him so fierce and furiously,
That (his great force vnable to endure)
He forced was to turne from him and flie:
Yet ere he fled, he with his tooth impure
Him heedlesse bit, the whiles he was thereof secure.

17

Securely he did after him pursew,
Thinking by speed to ouertake his flight; (drew,
Who through thick wood & brakes and briers him
To weary him the more, and waste his spight;
So that he now has almost spent his spright.
Till that at length vnto a woody glade
He came, whose couert stopt his further sight:
There his three foes, shrowded in guilefull shade,
Out of their ambush broke, and gan him to inuade.

Sharply

18

Sharply they all attonce did him assayle,
Burning with inward rancour and despight,
And heaped strokes did round about him haile
VVith so huge force, that seemed nothing might
Beare off their blowes from pearcing thorough quite.
Yet he them all so warily did ward,
That none of them in his soft flesh did bite,
And all the while his back for best safegard,
He leant against a tree, that backward onset bard.

19

Like a wilde Bull, that being at a bay,
Is baited of a mastiffe and a hound,
And a curre-dog: that doe him sharpe assay
On euery side, and beat about him round;
But most that curre, barking with bitter sound,
And creeping still behind, doth him incomber,
That in his chauffe he digs the trampled ground,
And threats his horns, & bellowes like the thonder;
So did that Squire his foes disperse, and driue asonder.

20

Him well behoued so; for, his three foes
Sought to encompasse him on euery side,
And dangerously did round about enclose;
But most of all *Defetto* him annoyd,
Creeping behind, him stil to haue destroyd:
So did *Decetto* eke him circumvent:
But stout *Despetto*, in his greater pride,
Did front him face to face against him bent;
Yet he them all withstood, and often made relent.

21

Till that at length nigh tyr'd with former chace,
And weary now with carefull keeping ward,
He gan to shrinke, and somewhat to giue place,
Full like ere long to haue escaped hard;
When-as vnwares he in the forrest heard
A trampling steed, that with his neighing fast
Did warne his rider be vpon his gard;
With noise whereof the Squire, now nigh aghast,
Reuiued was, and sad despaire away did cast.

22

Eftsoones he spyde a Knight approching nie:
Who seeing one in so great danger set
Mongst many foes, himselfe did faster hie,
To reskue him, and his weak part abet,
For pitty so to see him ouer-set.
Whom soone as his three enemies did view,
They fled, and fast into the wood did get:
Him booted not to think them to pursew,
The couert was so thick, that did no passage shew.

23

Then turning to that swaine, him well he knew
To be his *Timias*, his owne true Squire:
Whereof exceeding glad he to him drew,
And him embracing twixt his armes entire,
Him thus bespake; My liefe, my lifes desire,
VVhy haue ye me alone thus long ylest?
Tell me what worlds despight, or heauens yre
Hath you thus long away from me bereft? (weft?
Where haue ye all this while bin wandring, where bin

24

With that, he sighed deep for inward tyne:
To whom the Squire nought answered againe;
But shedding few soft teares from tender eyne,
His deare affect with silence did restraine,
And shut vp all his plaint in priuie paine.
There they awhile some gracious speeches spent,
As to them seemed fit, time to entertaine.
After all which, vp to their steeds they went,
And forth together rode a comely couplement.

25

So now they be arriued both in sight
Of this wilde man, whom they full busie found
About the sad *Serena* things to dight,
With those braue armours lying on the ground,
That seem'd the spoyle of some right well renowned.
Which when the Squire beheld, he to them stept,
Thinking to take them from that hilding hound:
But he it seeing, lightly to him lept,
And sternely with strong hand it from his handling kept.

26

Gnashing his grinded teeth with griesly looke,
And sparkling fire out of his furious eyne,
Him with his fist vnwares on th'head he strooke,
That made him downe vnto the earth enclyne;
Whence soone vpstarting, much he gan repine,
And laying hand vpon his wrathfull blade,
Thought therewithall forthwith to haue him slaine;
VVho it perceiuing, hand vpon him layd,
And greedily him griping, his auengement stayd.

27

VVith that, aloud the faire *Serena* cryde
Vnto the Knight them to dispart in twaine:
VVho to them stepping did them soone diuide,
And did from further violence restraine,
Albe the wilde-man hardly would refraine.
Then gan the Prince, of her for to demaund,
VVhat and from whence she was, and by what traine
She fell into that saluage villaines hand,
And whether free with him she now were, or in band.

28

To whom she thus; I am, as now ye see,
The wretchedst Dame, that liues this day on ground;
VVho both in mind, the which most grieueth mee,
And body, haue receiv'd a mortall wound,
That hath me driuen to this drery stound.
I was erewhile, the Loue of *Calepine*:
Who whether he aliue be to be found,
Or by some deadly chance be done to pine,
Sith I him lately lost, vneath is to define.

29

In saluage forrest I him lost of late,
VVhere I had surely long ere this been dead,
Or else remained in most wretched state,
Had not this wilde man in that wofull stead
Kept, and deliuered me from deadly dread.
In such a saluage wight, of brutish kind,
Amongst wilde beasts in desert forrest bred,
It is most strange and wonderfull to find
So milde humanity, and perfect gentle mind.

30
Let me therefore this fauor for him finde,
That ye will not your wrath vpon him wreake,
Sith he cannot expreſſe his ſimple minde,
Ne yours conceiue, ne but by tokens ſpeake:
Small praiſe to proue your powre on wight ſo weake.
VVith ſuch faire words ſhe did their heat aſſwage,
And the ſtrong courſe of their diſpleaſure breake,
That they to pitty turnd their former rage,
And each ſought to ſupply the office of her page.

31
So hauing all things well about her dight,
She on her way caſt forward to proceed;
And they her forth conducted, where they might
Finde harbour fit to comfort her great need.
For, now her wounds corruption gan to breed;
And eke this Squire, who likewiſe wounded was
Of that ſame Monſter late, for lack of heed,
Now gan to faint, and further could not paſs
Through feebleneſſe, which all his limbes oppreſſed has.

32
So forth they rode together all in troupe,
To ſeek ſome place, the which mote yeeld ſome eaſe
To theſe ſicke twaine, that now began to droupe:
And all the way the Prince ſought to appeaſe
The bitter anguiſh of their ſharpe diſeaſe,
By all the courteous meanes he could inuent;
Somewhile with merry purpoſe fit to pleaſe,
And otherwhile with good encouragement,
To make them to endure the pains did them torment.

33
Mongſt which, *Serena* did to him relate
The foule diſcourt'ſies and vnknightly parts,
VVhich *Turpine* had vnto her ſhewed late,
Without compaſſion of her cruell ſmarts:
Although *Blandina* did with all her arts
Him otherwiſe perſwade, all that ſhee might;
Yet he of malice, without her deſarts,
Not onely her excluded late at night,
But alſo traiterouſly did wound her weary knight.

34
Wherewith the Prince ſore moued, there avoud,
That ſoone as he returned backe againe,
He would avenge th'abuſes of that proud
And ſhamefull knight, of whom ſhe did complaine.
This wize did they each other entertaine,
To paſſe the tedious trauell of the way;
Till toward night they came vnto a Plaine,
By which a little hermitage there lay,
Far from all neighbourhood, the which annoy it may.

35
And nigh thereto a little Chappell ſtood,
Which beeing all with Yuy ouer-ſpred,
Deckt all the roofe; and ſhadowing the rood,
Seem'd like a groue faire branched ouer-head:
Therein the Hermite, which his life here led
In ſtraight obſeruance of religious vow,
VVas wont his howres and holy things to bed;
And therein he likewiſe was praying now, (how?
When-as theſe knights arriv'd, they wiſt not where nor

36
They ſtayd not there, but ſtraight way in did paſs.
VVhom when the Hermite preſent ſawe in place,
From his deuotion ſtraight he troubled was;
VVhich breaking off, he toward them did paſe,
With ſtayed ſteps, and graue beſeeming grace:
For, well it ſeem'd, that whylome he had beene
Some goodly perſon and of gentle race;
That could his good to all, and well did weene,
How each to entertaine with curt'ſie well beſeene.

37
And ſoothly it was ſaid by common fame,
So long as age enabled him thereto,
That he had been a man of mickle name,
Renowmed much in armes and derring doe:
But being aged now and weary to
Of warres delight, and worlds contentious toyle,
The name of knighthood he did diſavow,
And hanging vp his armes and warlike ſpoile,
From all this worlds incombrauce did himſelfe aſſoile.

38
He thence them led into his Hermitage,
Letting their ſteeds to graze vpon the Green:
Small was his houſe, and like a little cage,
For his owne turne, yet inly neat and cleane,
Deckt with greene boughes, and flowers gay beſeene,
Therein he them full faire did entertaine
Not with ſuch forged ſhowes, as fitter been
For courting fooles, that courteſies would faine,
But with intire affection and appearance plaine.

39
Yet was their fare but homely, ſuch as hee
Did vſe, his feeble body to ſuſtaine;
The which full gladly they did take in gree,
Such as it was, ne did of want complaine,
But beeing well ſuffiz'd, them reſted faine.
But faire *Serene* all night could take no reſt,
Ne yet that gentle Squire, for grieuous paine
Of their late wounds, the which the *Blatant Beaſt*
Had giuen thē, whoſe grief throgh ſuffrance ſore increaſt.

40
So all that night they paſt in great diſeaſe,
Till that the morning, bringing early light
To guide mens labours, brought them alſo eaſe,
And ſome aſſwagement of their painfull plight.
Then vp they roſe, and gan themſelues to dight
Vnto their iourney; but that Squire and Dame
So faint and feeble were, that they ne might
Endure to trauell, nor one foot to frame: (lame.
Their harts were ſick, their ſides were ſore, their feet were

41
Therefore the Prince, whom great affaires in mind
Would not permit to make there lenger ſtay,
Was forced there to leaue them both behind,
In that good Hermits charge, whom he did pray
To tend them well. So forth he went his way,
And with him eke the Saluage (that whylere
Seeing his royall vſage and array,
Was greatly growne in loue of that braue pere)
Would needs depart, as ſhall declared be elſe-where.

Canto VI.

The Hermit heales both Squire & Dame of their ſore maladies: He Turpine doth defeate, and ſhame for his late villanies.

1
NO wound, which warlike hand of enemy
Inflicts with dint of ſword, ſo ſore doth light,
As doth the poyſnous ſting, which Infamy
Infixeth in the name of noble wight:
For, by no art, nor any Leaches might
It euer can recured be againe:
Ne all the ſkill, which that immortall ſpright
Of *Podalyrius* did in it retaine,
Can remedy ſuch hurts: ſuch hurts are helliſh paine.

2
Such were the wounds, the which that *Blatant Beaſt*
Made in the bodies of that Squire and Dame;
And beeing ſuch, were now much more increaſt,
For want of taking heed vnto the ſame,
That now corrupt and cureleſſe they became:
How-be that carefull Hermite did his beſt,
With many kinds of medicines meet, to tame
The poyſnous humour, which did moſt infeſt
Their rankling wounds, & euery day them duely dreſt.

3
For, he right well in Leaches craft was ſeene;
And through the long experience of his daies,
Which had in many fortunes toſſed beene,
And paſt through many perillous aſſaies,
He knew the diuerſe went of mortall waies,
And in the mindes of men had great inſight;
Which, with ſage counſell, when they went aſtray,
He could enforme, and them reduce aright,
And al the paſſions heale, which woūd the weaker ſpright.

4
For, whylome, he had been a doughty Knight,
As any one that liued in his daies,
And proued oft in many perilous fight;
In which he grace and glory won alwaies,
And in all battels bore away the baies.
But beeing now attacht with timely age,
And weary of this worlds vnquiet waies,
He tooke himſelfe vnto this Hermitage,
In which he liu'd alone, like careleſſe bird in cage.

5
One day, as he was ſearching of their wounds,
He found that they had feſtred priuily,
And rankling inward with vnruly ſtounds,
The inner parts now gan to putrifie,
That quite they ſeem'd paſt help of ſurgery;
And rather needed to be diſciplinde
With wholeſome reede of ſad ſobriety,
To rule the ſtubborne rage of paſſion blind:
Giue ſalues to euery ſore, but counſell to the mind.

6
So, taking them apart into his Cell,
He to that point fit ſpeeches gan to frame,
As he the art of words knew wondrous well,
And eke could doe, as well as ſay the ſame;
And thus he to them ſaid, Faire daughter Dame,
And you faire ſonne, which heere thus long now lie
In pitious languor, ſince ye hither came,
In vaine of me ye hope for remedie,
And I likewiſe in vaine doe ſalues to you apply.

7
For, in your ſelfe your onely helpe doth lie,
To heale your ſelues, and muſt proceed alone
From your owne will, to cure your maladie.
Who can him cure, that will be cur'd of none?
If therefore health yee ſeeke, obſerue this one;
Firſt, learne your outward ſenſes to refraine
From things that ſtirre vp fraile affection:
Your eyes, your eares, your tongue, your talk reſtrain,
From that they moſt affect, and in due termes contain.

8
For, from thoſe outward ſenſes ill affected,
The ſeed of all this euill firſt doth ſpring,
Which at the firſt before it had infected,
Mote eaſie be ſuppreſt with little thing:
But beeing growen ſtrong, it forth doth bring
Sorrow, and anguiſh, and impatient paine
In th'inner parts, and laſtly ſcattering
Contagious poyſon cloſe through euery vaine,
It neuer reſts, till it haue wrought his finall bane.

9

For, that beasts teeth, which wounded you to-fore,
Are so exceeding venemous and keene,
Made all of rusty iron, rankling sore,
That where they bite, it booteth not to weene
With salue, or antidote, or other meane
It euer to amend: ne maruaile ought;
For, that same beast was bred of hellish strene,
And long in darksome *Stygian* den vp-brought,
Begot of foule *Echidna*, as in bookes is taught.

10

Echidna is a Monster direfull dred,
Whom Gods doe hate, and heauens abhor to see;
So hideous in her shape, so huge her head,
That euen the hellish fiends affrighted bee
At sight thereof, and from her presence flee:
Yet did her face and former parts professe
A faire young Maiden, full of comely glee:
But all her hinder parts did plaine expresse
A monstrous Dragon, full of fearefull vglinesse.

11

To her the Gods, for her so dreadfull face
(In fearefull darkenesse, furthest from the skie,
And from the earth) appointed haue her place
Mongst Rocks and Caues, where she enrold doth lie
In hideous horrour and obscurity,
Wasting the strength of her immortall age.
There did *Typhaon* with her company;
Cruell *Typhaon*, whose tempestuous rage
Make th'heauens tremble oft, & him with vowes assuage.

12

Of that commixtion they did then beget
This hellish dog, that hight the *Blatant Beast*;
A wicked Monster, that his tongue doth whet
Gainst all, both good and bad, both most and least,
And poures his poysnous gall forth, to infect
The noblest wights with notable defame:
Ne euer knight, that bore so lofty creast,
Ne euer Lady of so honest name,
But he them spotted with reproche, or secret shame.

13

In vaine therefore it were, with medicine
To goe about to salue such kind of sore,
That rather needs wise read and discipline,
Then outward salues, that may augment it more.
Aye me! said then *Serena*, sighing sore,
What hope of helpe doth then for vs remaine,
If that no salues may vs to health restore?
But, sith we need good counsell, said the swaine,
Aread good sire, some counsell, that may vs sustaine.

14

The best, said he, that I can you aduise,
Is to auoide the occasion of the ill:
For, when the cause whence euill doth arise,
Removed is, th'effect surceaseth still.
Abstaine from pleasure, and restraine your will,
Subdue desire, and bridle loose delight,
Vse scanted diet, and forbeare your fill,
Shun secrecie, and talke in open sight:
So shall you soone repaire your present euill plight.

15

Thus hauing said, his sickly Patients
Did gladly harken to his graue beheast,
And kept so well his wise commaundements,
That in short space their malady was ceast;
And eke the byting of that harmefull Beast
Was throughly heal'd. Tho, when they did perceaue
Their wounds recur'd, and forces reincreast,
Of that good Hermite both they tooke their leaue,
And went both on their way, ne each would other leaue.

16

But each the other vow'd t'accompany:
The Lady, for that she was much in dred,
Now left alone in great extremity;
The Squire, for that he courteous was indeed,
Would not her leaue alone in her great need.
So both together traueld, till they met
With a faire Maiden clad in mourning weed,
Vpon a mangy Iade vnmeetly set,
And a lewd foole her leading thorough dry and wet.

17

But by what meanes that shame to her befell,
And how thereof her selfe she did acquite,
I must awhile forbeare to you to tell;
Till that, as comes by course, I doe recite
What fortune to the Briton Prince did light,
Pursuing that proud Knight, the which why leare,
Wrought to Sir *Calidore* so foule despight;
And eke his Lady, though she sickly were,
So lewdly had abus'd, as ye did lately heare.

18

The Prince, according to the former token,
Which faire *Serene* to him deliuered had,
Pursu'd him straight, in mind to been ywroken
Of all the vile demeane, and vsage bad,
With which he had those two so ill bestad:
Ne wight with him on that adventure went,
But that wilde man; whom though he oft forbad,
Yet for no bidding, nor for being shent,
Would he restrained be from his attendement.

19

Arriuing there, as did by chaunce befall,
He found the gate wide ope, and in he rode,
Ne stayd, till that he came into the hall:
Where soft dismounting like a weary lode,
Vpon the ground with feeble feete he trode,
As he vnable were for very need
To moue one foot, but there must make abode;
The whiles the saluage man did take his steed,
And in some stable neere did set him vp to feed.

20

Ere long, to him a homely groome there came,
That in rude wise him asked what he was,
That durst so boldly, without let or shame,
Into his Lords forbidden hall to passe.
To whom, the Prince (him fayning to embase)
Mild answer made; he was an errant Knight,
The which was fall'n into this feeble case,
Through many wounds, which lately he in fight,
Receiued had, and pray'd to pitty his ill plight.

But

21

But he, the more outrageous and bold,
Sternely did bid him quickly thence auaunt,
Or deare aby; for why, his Lord of old
Did hate all errant Knights which there did haunt,
Ne lodging would to any of them graunt:
And therefore lightly bade him packe away,
Not sparing him with bitter words to taunt;
And there-withall, rude hand on him did lay,
To thrust him out of doore, dooing his worst assay.

22

Which, when the Saluage comming now in place
Beheld, eftsoones he all enraged grew;
And running straight vpon that villaine base,
Like a fell Lion at him fiercely flew,
And with his teeth and nailes, in present view
Him rudely rent, and all to peeces tore:
So, miserably him all helplesse slew,
That with the noyse, whil'st he did loudly rore,
The people of the house rose forth in great vp-rore.

23

Who, when on ground they saw their fellow slaine,
And that same Knight and Saluage standing by,
Vpon them two they fell with might and maine,
And on them laid so huge and horribly,
As if they would haue slaine them presently.
But the bold Prince defended him so well,
And their assault withstood so mightily,
That maugre all their might, he did repell
And beat them back, whil'st many vnderneath him fell.

24

Yet he them still so sharply did pursew,
That few of them he left aliue, which fled,
Those euill tidings to their Lord to shew.
Who hearing how his people badly sped,
Came forth in haste: where, when as with the dead
He saw the ground all strow'd, and that same Knight
And Saluage with their bloud fresh steeming red,
He woxe nigh mad with wrath and fell despight,
And with reprochefull words him thus bespake on hight;

25

Art thou he, traytor, that with treason vile
Hast slaine my men in this vnmanly manner,
And now triumphest in the pittious spoile
Of these poore folk, whose soules with black dishonor
And foule defame, doe deck thy bloudy banner?
The meed whereof shall shortly be thy shame,
And wretched end, which still attendeth on her.
With that, him selfe to battell he did frame;
So did his forty yeomen, which there with him came.

26

With dreadfull force they all did him assaile,
And round about with boystrous strokes oppresse,
That on his shield did rattle like to haile
In a great tempest; that in such distresse,
He wist not to which side him to addresse.
And euermore that crauen coward Knight,
VVas at his back with hartlesse heedinesse,
Waiting if he vnwares him murther might:
For, cowardize doth still in villany delight.

27

VVhereof when as the Prince was well aware,
He to him turnd with furious intent,
And him against his powre gan to prepare;
Like a fierce Bull, that seeing busie bent
To fight with many foes about him ment,
Feeling some curre behind his heeles to bite,
Turnes him about with fell auengement:
So likewise turnd the Prince vpon the Knight,
And layd at him amaine with all his will and might.

28

Who, when he once his dreadfull strokes had tasted,
Durst not the fury of his force abide,
But turnd aback, and to retire him hasted
Through the thick preace, there thinking him to hide.
But when the Prince had once him plainly eyde,
He foot by foot him followed alway,
Ne would him suffer once to shrinke aside;
But ioyning close, huge load at him did lay:
Who flying still did ward, and warding flie away.

29

But, when his foe he still so eager saw,
Vnto his heeles himselfe he did betake,
Hoping vnto some refuge to with-draw:
Ne would the Prince him euer foote forsake,
Where-so he went, but after him did make.
He fled from roome to roome, from place to place,
Whil'st euery ioynt for dread of death did quake,
Still looking after him that did him chase:
That made him euermore increase his speedy pase.

30

At last, he vp into the chamber came,
VVhere-as his Loue was sitting all alone,
Wayting what tydings of her folke became.
There did the Prince him ouer-take anone,
Crying in vaine to her, him to bemone;
And with his sword him on the head did smite,
That to the ground he fell in senseless swone:
Yet whether thwart or flatly it did lite,
The tempred steele did not into his braine-pan bite.

31

VVhich when the Lady saw, with great affright
She starting vp, began to shrieke aloud;
And with her garment couering him from sight,
Seem'd vnder her protection him to shroud;
And falling lowely at his feet, her bow'd
Vpon her knee, intreating him for grace,
And often him besought, and pray'd, and vow'd;
That with the ruth of her so wretched case,
He staid his second stroake, and did his hand abase.

32

Her weed she then with-drawing, did him discouer:
Who now come to himselfe, yet would not rise,
But still did lie as dead, and quake and quiuer,
That euen the Prince his basenesse did despise;
And eke his Dame him seeing in such guise,
Gan him recomfort, and from ground to reare.
VVho rising vp at last in ghastly wise,
Like troubled ghost did dreadfully appeare,
As one that had no life him left through former feare.

Whom

33
VVhom when the Prince so deadly saw dismaid,
He for such baseneſſe shamefully him shent,
And with sharp words did bitterly vpbraid;
Vile coward dog, now doe I much repent,
That euer I this life vnto thee lent,
Whereof thou caitiue so vnworthy art;
That both thy Loue, for lack of hardiment,
And eke thy selfe, for want of manly hart, (part.
And eke all Knights hast shamed with this knightleſſe

34
Yet further hast thou heaped shame to shame,
And crime to crime, by this thy coward feare.
For, first it was to thee reprochefull blame,
To erect this wicked custome, which I heare,
Gainst errant Knights and Ladies thou doost reare;
Whom when thou maist, thou dost of armes despoile,
Or of their vpper garment which they weare:
Yet doost thou not with manhood, but with guile,
Maintaine this euill vse, thy foes thereby to foile.

35
And lastly, in approuance of thy wrong,
To shew such faintneſſe and foule cowardize,
Is greatest shame: for oft it falles, that strong
And valiant knights doe rashly enterprize,
Either for fame, or elſe for exercize,
A wrongfull quarrell to maintaine by fight;
Yet haue, through proweſſe & their braue emprize,
Gotten great worship in this worldes sight. (right.
For, greater force there needs to maintaine wrong then

36
Yet sith thy life vnto this Lady faire
I giuen haue, line in reproche and scorne;
Ne euer armes, ne euer knighthood dare
Hence to profeſſe: for, shame is to adorne
VVith so braue badges one so basely borne;
But onely breathe, sith that I did forgiue.
So, hauing from his crauen body torne
Those goodly armes, he them away did giue,
And onely suffred him this wretched life to liue.

37
There, whil'st he thus was settling things about,
Atweene that Lady milde and recreant Knight,
To whom his life he granted for her Loue,
He gan bethinke him in what perillous plight
He had behind him left that saluage wight,
Amongst so many foes, whom sure he thought
By this quite slaine in so vnequall fight:
Therefore, descending back in haste, he sought
If yet he were aliue, or to destruction brought.

38
There he him found environed about
With slaughtred bodies, which his hand had slaine;
And laying yet afresh with courage stout
Vpon the rest that did aliue remaine;
VVhom he likewiſe right sorely did constraine,
Like scattred sheepe, to seeke for safety,
After he gotten had with buſie paine
Some of their weapons, which thereby did lie,
With which he layd about, and made them fast to flie.

39
VVhom when the Prince so felly saw to rage,
Approching to him neere, his hand he staid,
And sought, by making signes, him to asswage:
Who, him perceiuing, straight to him obaid,
As to his Lord, and downe his weapons layd,
As if he long had to his heasts been trained.
Thence he him brought away, and vp conuaid
Into the chamber, where the Dame remained
With her vnworthy knight, who ill him entertained.

40
Whom, when the Saluage saw from danger free,
Sitting beside his Lady there at eaſe,
He well remembred that the same was hee,
Which lately sought his Lord for to displeaſe:
Tho, all in rage, he on him straight did seaze,
As if he would in peeces him haue rent;
And were not that the Prince did him appeaze,
He had not left one limbe of him vnrent:
But straight he held his hand, at his commaundement.

41
Thus, hauing all things well in peace ordained,
The Prince himselfe there all that night did rest;
VVhere him *Blandina* fairely entertained,
With all the courteous glee and goodly feast,
The which for him she could imagine best.
For, well she knew the waies to win good will
Of euery wight, that were not too infest;
And how to pleaſe the minds of good and ill, (skill.
Through tempering of her words & looks by wondrous

42
Yet were her words and lookes but falſe and fained,
To some hid end to make more eaſie way,
Or to allure such fondlings, whom she trained
Into her trap vnto their owne decay:
There-to when needed, she would weepe and pray:
And when her lifted, she could fawne and flatter;
Now smiling smoothly, like to sommers day,
Now glooming sadly, so to cloke her matter;
Yet were her words but wind, and all her tears but water.

43
VVhether such grace were giuen her by kind,
As women wont their guilefull wits to guide;
Or learn'd the art to pleaſe, I doe not find.
This well I wote, that she so well applide
Her pleasing tongue, that soone she pacifide
The wrathfull Prince, & wrought her husbands peace:
VVho natheleſſe, not there-with satisfide,
His rancorous deſpight did not releaſe,
Ne secretly from thought of fell revenge surceaſſe.

44
For, all that night, the whiles the Prince did rest
In careleſſe couch, not weeting what was ment,
He watcht in close await with weapons prest,
Willing to worke his villainous intent
On him that had so shamefully him shent:
Yet durst he not for very cowardize
Effect the same, whil'st all the night was spent.
The morrow next, the Prince did early riſe,
And paſſed forth, to follow his first enterprize.

Canto

Canto VII.

Turpine is baffuld: his two knights doe gaine their treasons meed: Faire Mirabellaes puniſhment for loues diſdaine decreed.

1
LIke as a gentle hart it selfe bewraies,
In dooing gentle deeds with franke delight:
Euen so the baſer mind it selfe displayes,
In cancred malice and reuengefull spight.
For, to maligne, t'envie, t'vse shifting slight,
Be arguments of a vile dunghill-mind:
Which what it dare not doe by open might,
To worke by wicked treaſon wayes doth find,
By such diſcourteous deeds diſcouering his base kind.

2
That well appeares in this diſcourteous knight,
The coward *Turpine*, whereof now I treat;
VVho notwithſtanding that in former fight
He of the Prince his life receiued late,
Yet in his mind malicious and ingrate
He gan deuize, to be aveng'd anew
For all that shame, which kindled inward hate.
Therefore, so soone as he was out of view,
Himselfe in haſt he arm'd, and did him faſt purſew.

3
VVell did he tract his steps as he did ride,
Yet would not neere approche in dangers eye,
But kept aloofe, for dread to be deſcride,
Vntill fit time and place he mote eſpy,
Where he mote worke him scath and villeny.
At laſt, he met two knights, to him vnknowne,
The which were armed both agreeably,
And both combin'd, what-euer chaunce were blowne,
Betwixt them to diuide, and each to make his owne.

4
To whom falſe *Turpine* comming courteously,
To cloke the miſchiefe which he inly ment,
Gan to complaine of great diſcourteſie,
Which a strange knight, that neere afore him went,
Had doen to him, and his deere Lady shent:
VVhich, if they would afford him ayd at need,
For to avenge in time conuenient,
They should accompliſh both a knightly deed,
And for their paines obtaine of him a goodly meed.

5
The knights beleeu'd, that all he said, was trew;
And beeing freſh, and full of youthly spright,
VVere glad to heare of that adventure new,
In which they mote make tryall of their might,
VVhich neuer yet they had approv'd in fight:
And eke deſirous of the offred meed:
Said then the one of them; Where is that wight,
The which hath doen to thee this wrongfull deed,
That we may it avenge, and puniſh him with speed?

6
He rides, said *Turpine*, there not farre afore,
VVith a wilde man soft footing by his side,
That if ye liſt to haſte a little more,
Ye may him over-take in timely tide:
Eftſoones they pricked forth with forward pride;
And ere that little while they ridden had,
The gentle Prince not farre away they spide,
Riding a softly paſe with portance sad,
Deuizing of his Loue, more then of danger drad.

7
Then one of them aloud vnto him cride,
Bidding him turne againe, falſe traytor knight,
Foule woman-wronger; for, he him defide.
With that, they both attonce with equall spight
Did bend their speares, and both with equall might
Againſt him ranne; but th'one did miſſe his marke:
And beeing carried with his force forth-right,
Glauſt swiftly by; like to that heauenly sparke,
Which glyding through the aire, lights all the heauens (darke,

8
But th'other, ayming better, did him smite
Full in the shield, with so impetuous powre,
That all his launce in peeces shiuered quite,
And (scattered all about) fell on the flowre.
But the stout Prince, with much more steddy stowre
Full on his beuer did him strike so sore,
That the cold steele, through-pearcing, did deuoure
His vitall breath, and to the ground him bore,
Where still he bathed lay in his owne bloody gore.

As

9
As when a caſt of Faulcons make their flight
At an Herneſhaw, that lyes aloft on wing,
The whiles they ſtrike at him with heedleſſe might,
The wary fowle his bill doth backward wring;
On which the firſt, whoſe force her firſt doth bring,
Her ſelfe quite through the body doth engore,
And falleth downe to ground like ſenſeleſſe thing;
But th'other, not ſo ſwift as ſhe before,
Failes of her ſoule, and paſſing by, doth hurt no more.

10
By this, the other which was paſſed by,
Himſelfe recouering, was return'd to fight;
Where, when he ſaw his fellow lifeleſſe ly,
He much was daunted with ſo diſmall ſight;
Yet nought abating of his former ſpight,
Let driue at him with ſo malicious mind,
As if he would haue paſſed through him quight:
But the ſteele-head no ſtedfaſt hold could find,
But glauncing by, deceiu'd him of that he deſyn'd.

11
Not ſo the Prince: for, his well learned ſpeare
Tooke ſurer hold, and from his horſes backe
Aboue a launces length him forth did beare,
And gainſt the cold hard earth ſo ſore him ſtrake,
That all his bones in peeces nigh hee brake.
VVhere ſeeing him ſo lie, he left his ſteed,
And to him leaping, vengeance thought to take
Of him, for all his former follies meed,
With flaming ſword in hand his terror more to breed.

12
The fearefull ſwaine, beholding death ſo nie,
Cryde out aloud for mercy him to ſaue;
In lieu whereof, he would to him deſcry
Great treaſon to him meant, his life to reaue.
The Prince ſoone harkned, and his life forgaue.
Then thus, ſaid he; There is a ſtranger Knight,
The which for promiſe of great meed, vs draue
To this attempt, to wreake his hid deſpight,
For that himſelfe thereto did want ſufficient might.

13
The Prince much muſed at ſuch villenie,
And ſaid; Now ſure ye well haue earn'd your meed:
For, th'one is dead, and th'other ſoone ſhall die,
Vnleſſe to me thou hither bring with ſpeed
The wretch, that hir'd you to this wicked deed.
He glad of life, and willing eke to wreake
The guilt on him, which did this miſchiefe breed,
Swore by his ſword, that neither day nor weeke
He would ſurceaſe, but him, where-ſo he were, would ſeek.

14
So, vp he roſe, and forth ſtraight way he went
Back to the place where *Turpine* late he lore;
There he him found in great aſtoniſhment,
To ſee him ſo bedight with bloody gore,
And grieſly wounds that him appalled ſore.
Yet thus at length he ſaid; How now, Sir knight?
What meaneth this which heere I ſee before?
How fortuneth this foule vncomely plight,
So different from that, which earſt ye ſeem'd in ſight?

15
Perdy, ſaid he, in euill houre it fell,
That euer I for meed did vndertake
So hard a taske, as life for hire to ſell;
The which I earſt aduentur'd for your ſake.
VVitneſſe the wounds, and this wide bloudy lake,
Which yee may ſee yet all about me ſteeme.
Therefore now yield, as ye did promiſe make,
My due reward; the which right well I deeme
I earned haue, that life ſo dearly did redeeme.

16
But where then is, quoth he, halfe wrathfully,
Where is the booty which therefore I bought;
That curſed caitiue, my ſtrong enemy,
That recreant knight, whoſe hated life I ſought?
And where is eke your friend, which halfe it ought?
He lies, ſaid he, vpon the cold bare ground,
Slaine of that errant knight, with whom he fought;
VVhom afterwards, my ſelfe with many a wound
Did ſley againe, as ye may ſee there in the ſtound.

17
Thereof falſe *Turpine* was full glad and faine,
And needs with him ſtraight to the place would ride,
VVhere he himſelfe might ſee his foe-man ſlaine;
For, elſe his feare could not be ſatisfide.
So, as they rode, he ſaw the way all dide
With ſtreames of blood; which tracking by the traile,
Ere long they came, where-as in euill tide,
That other ſwaine, like aſhes deadly pale,
Lay in the lap of death, rewing his wretched bale.

18
Much did the Crauen ſeeme to mone his caſe,
That for his ſake his deare life had forgone;
And, him bewailing with affection baſe,
Did counterfeit kind pitty, where was none:
For, where's no courage, there's no ruth nor mone.
Thence paſſing forth, not farre away he found,
VVhere-as the Prince himſelfe lay all alone,
Looſly diſplayd vpon the graſſie ground,
Poſſeſſed of ſweet ſleepe, that luld him ſoft in ſwound.

19
VVeary of trauell ſo his former fight,
He there in ſhade himſelfe had laid to reſt,
Hauing his armes and warlike things vndight,
Feareleſſe of foes that mote his peace moleſt;
The whiles his ſaluage Page, that wont be preſt,
VVas wandred in the wood another way,
To doe ſome thing that ſeemed to him beſt,
The whiles his Lord in ſiluer ſlumber lay,
Like to the Euening ſtarre, adorn'd with deawy ray.

20
Whom when as *Turpine* ſaw ſo looſely layd,
He weened well that he indeed was dead,
Like as that other knight to him had ſaid:
But when he nigh approch't, he mote aread
Plaine ſignes in him of life and liuelihead.
Where-at much grieu'd againſt that ſtranger knight,
That him too light of credence did miſlead,
He would haue back retired from that ſight,
That was to him on earth the deadlieſt deſpight.

21
But that ſame knight would not once let him ſtart,
But plainly gan to him declare the caſe
Of all his miſchiefe, and late luckleſſe ſmart;
How both he and his fellow there in place
VVere vanquiſhed, and put to foule diſgrace,
And how that he in lieu of life him lent,
Had vow'd vnto the Victor, him to trace
And follow through the world, where-ſo he went,
Till that he him deliuered to his puniſhment.

22
He, there-with much abaſhed and affraid,
Began to tremble euery limbe and vaine;
And ſoftly whiſpering him, entirely praid,
T'advize him better, then by ſuch a traine
Him to betray vnto a ſtranger ſwaine:
Yet rather counſeld him contrariwiſe,
Sith he likewiſe did wrong by him ſuſtaine,
To ioyne with him and vengeance to deuiſe,
Whil'ſt time did offer meanes him ſleeping to ſurprize.

23
Nath'leſſe, for all his ſpeech, the gentle knight
VVould not be tempted to ſuch villeny,
Regarding more his faith, which he did plight;
All were it to his mortall enemy,
Then to entrap him by falſe treachery:
Great ſhame in Lieges blood to be embrew'd,
Thus, whilſt they were debating diuerſly,
The Saluage forth out of the wood iſſew'd
Back to the place, where-as his Lord he ſleeping view'd.

24
There, when he ſaw thoſe two ſo neere him ſtand,
Hee doubted much what mote their meaning bee:
And throwing downe his load out of his hand
(To weet, great ſtore of forreſt fruite, which hee
Had for his food late gathered from the tree)
Himſelfe vnto his weapon he betooke,
That was an oaken plant, which lately hee
Rent by the root; which he ſo ſternly ſhooke,
That like an hazell wand it quiuered and quooke.

25
VVhere-at, the Prince awaking, when he ſpide
The traytor *Turpine* with that other knight,
He ſtarted vp; and ſnatching neere his ſide
His truſtie ſword, the ſeruaunt of his might,
Like a fell Lion leaped to him light,
And his left hand vpon his collar laid.
There-with, the coward deaded with affright,
Fell flat to ground, ne word vnto him ſaid,
But holding vp his hands, with ſilence mercy praid.

26
But he ſo full of indignation was,
That to his prayer nought he would incline,
But as he lay vpon the humbled graſs,
His foot he ſet on his vile necke, in ſigne
Of ſeruile yoke, that nobler harts repine.
Then, letting him ariſe like abiect thrall,
He gan to him obiect his hainous crime,
And to reuile, and rate, and recreant call,
And, laſtly, to deſpoile of knightly bannerall.

27
And after all, for greater infamy,
He by the heeles him hung vpon a tree,
And baffuld ſo, that all which paſſed by,
The picture of his puniſhment might ſee,
And by the like enſample warned bee,
How euer they through treaſon doe treſpaſſe.
But turne we now back to that Lady free,
Whom late we left riding vpon an Aſſe,
Led by a Carle and foole, which by her ſide did paſſe.

28
She was a Lady of great dignitie,
And lifted vp to honourable place,
Famous through all the land of Faery,
Though of meane parentage and kindred baſe,
Yet deckt with wondrous gifts of Natures grace,
That all men did her perſon much admire,
And praiſe the feature of her goodly face,
The beames whereof did kindle louely fire
In th'harts of many a knight, and many a gentle Squire.

29
But ſhee thereof grew proud and inſolent,
That none ſhe worthy thought to be her fere,
But ſcornd them all that loue vnto her ment:
Yet was ſhe lou'd of many a worthy pere;
Vnworthy ſhe to be belov'd ſo dere,
That could not weigh of worthineſſe aright.
For, beautie is more glorious, bright and clere,
The more it is admir'd of many a wight,
And nobleſt ſhe, that ſerued is of nobleſt knight.

30
But this coy Damzell thought contrariwiſe,
That ſuch proud looks would make her praiſed more;
And that the more ſhe did all loue deſpiſe,
The more would wretched Louers her adore.
What cared ſhe who ſighed for her ſore,
Or who did waile, or watch the weary night?
Let them that liſt, their luckleſſe lot deplore;
Shee was borne free, not bound to any wight,
And ſo would euer liue, and loue her owne delight.

31
Through ſuch her ſtubborne ſtifnes, and hard hart,
Many a wretch, for want of remedy,
Did languiſh long in life-conſuming ſmart,
And at the laſt, through dreare dolour die:
VVhil'ſt ſhee (the Lady of her liberty)
Did boaſt, her beauty had ſuch ſoueraine might,
That with the onely twinkle of her eye,
She could or ſaue, or ſpill, whom ſhe would hight.
What could the Gods do more, but do it more aright?

32
But loe, the Gods, that mortall follies view,
Did worthily reuenge this Maidens pride;
And nought regarding her ſo goodly hew,
Did laugh at her, that many did deride,
Whil'ſt ſhe did weepe, of no man merciſide.
For, on a day, when *Cupid* kept his Court,
As he is wont at each Saint Valentide,
Vnto the which all Lovers doe reſort,
That of their loues ſucceſſe they there may make report;

33

It fortun'd then, that when the rolles were read,
In which the names of all Loues folke were filed,
That many there were missing, which were dead,
Or kept in bands, or from their Loues exiled,
Or by some other violence despoiled.
Which when as *Cupid* heard, he wexed wroth,
And doubting to be wronged, or beguiled,
He bade his eyes to be vnblindfold both,
That he might see his men, and muster them by oth.

34

Then found he many missing of his crew,
Which wont doe suit and seruice to his might;
Of whom what was becomen, no man knew.
Therefore a Iurie was impaneld straight,
T'enquire of them, whether by force or sleight,
Or their owne guilt, they were away conuaid.
To whom soule *Iusamy* and fell *Despight*
Gaue euidence, that they were all betraid,
And murdred cruelly by a rebellious Maid.

35

Faire *Mirabella* was her name, whereby
Of all those crimes she there indited was:
All which when *Cupid* heard, he by and by
In great displeasure, will'd a *Capias*
Should issue forth, t'attach that scornefull Lasse.
The Warrant straight was made, and there-withall
A Bailieffe errant forth in post did passe,
VVhom they by name their *Portamore* did call;
He which doth summõ Louers to Loues iudgement hall.

36

The Damzell was attach't, and shortly brought
Vnto the Barre, where-as she was arrained:
But she there-to nould plead nor answere ought
Euen for stubborne pride, which her restrained.
So iudgement past, as is by law ordained
In cases like; which when at last she saw,
Her stubborne hart, which loue before disdained,
Gan stoupe, and falling downe with humble awe,
Cryde mercy, to abate the extremity of law.

37

The sonne of *Venus*, who is milde by kind
But where he is prouok't with peeuishnesse,
Vnto her prayers pitiously enclin'd,
And did the rigour of his doome represse;
Yet not so freely, but that natheless
He vnto her a penance did impose:
Which was, that through the worlds wide wildernes
She wander should in company of those,
Till she had sau'd so many Loues as she did lose.

38

So now shee had been wandring two whole yeares
Throughout the world, in this vncomely case,
VVasting her goodly hew in heauy teares,
And her good dayes in dolorous disgrace:
Yet had she not, in all these two yeares space,
Saued but two; yet in two yeeres before,
Through her despiteous pride, whil'st loue lackt place,
She had destroied two and twenty more. (fore
Aye me! how could her loue make halfe amends there-

39

And now she was vpon the weary way,
When as the gentle Squire, with faire *Serene*,
Met her in such misseeming foule array;
The whiles, that mighty man did her demeane
With all the euill tearmes and cruell meane
That he could make; And eeke that angry foole,
VVhich follow'd her, with curst hands vncleane
Whipping her horse, did with his smarting toole
Oft whip her dainty selfe, and much augment her doole.

40

Ne ought it mote availe her to entreat
The one or th'other, better her to vse:
For, both so wilfull were and obstinate,
That all her pittious plaint they did refuse,
And rather did the more her beat and bruse.
But most, the former villaine, which did lead
Her tyreling lade, was bent her to abuse;
Who though she were with wearinesse nigh dead,
Yet would not let her lite, nor rest a little stead.

41

For, he was sterne, and terrible by nature,
And eke of person huge and hideous,
Exceeding much the measure of mans stature,
And rather like a Giant monstruous.
For sooth he was descended of the house
Of those old Giants, which did warres darraine
Against the heauen in order battailous,
And sib to great *Orgolio*, which was slaine
By *Arthur*, when as *Vnas* knight he did maintaine.

42

His lookes were dreadfull, and his fiery eyes
(Like two great Beacons) glared bright and wide,
Glauncing askew, as if his enemies
He scorned in his ouerweening pride;
And stalking stately, like a Crane, did stride
At euery step vpon the tip-toes hie:
And all the way he went, on euery side
He gaz'd about, and stared horribly,
As if he with his lookes would all men terrifie.

43

He wore no armour, ne for none did care,
As no whit dreading any liuing wight;
But in a Iacket quilted richly rare,
Vpon checklaton, he was strangely dight,
And on his head a roll of linnen plight,
Like to the Moores of Malaber he wore;
With which, his locks, as black as pitchy night,
Were bound about, and voyded from before,
And in his hand a mighty iron club he bore.

44

This was *Disdaine*, who led that Ladies horse
Through thick & thin, through mountains & through
Cõpelling her, where she would not by force (plaines,
Haling her Palfrey by the hempen reines.
But that same foole, which most increast her paines,
Was *Scorne*, who hauing in his hand a whip,
Her there-with yirks, and still when she complaines,
The more he laughes, and does her closely quip,
To see her sore lament, and bite her tender lip.

Whose

45

Whose cruell handling when that Squire beheld,
And saw those villaines her so vilely vse,
His gentle hart with indignation swelld,
And could no longer beare so great abuse,
As such a Lady so to beate and bruse;
But, to him stepping, such a stroke him lent,
That forc't him th'halter from his hand to loose,
And natiuger all his might, backe to relent:
Else had he surely there beene slaine, or foully shent.

46

The villaine, wroth for greeting him so sore,
Gathered himselfe together soone againe;
And with his iron baton which he bore,
Let driue at him so dreadfully amaine,
That for his safety he did him constraine
To giue him grouud, and shift to euery side,
Rather then once his burden to sustaine:
For, bootlesse thing him seemed to abide
So mighty blowes, or proue the puissance of his pride.

47

Like as a Mastiffe, hauing at a bay
A saluage Bull, whose cruell hornes do threat
Desperate danger, if he them assay,
Taketh his ground, and round about doth beat,
To spy where he may some aduantage get;
The whiles the beast doth rage and loudly rore:
So did the Squire, the whiles the Carle did fret,
And fume in his disdainefull mind the more,
And oftentimes by Turmagant and Mahound swore.

48

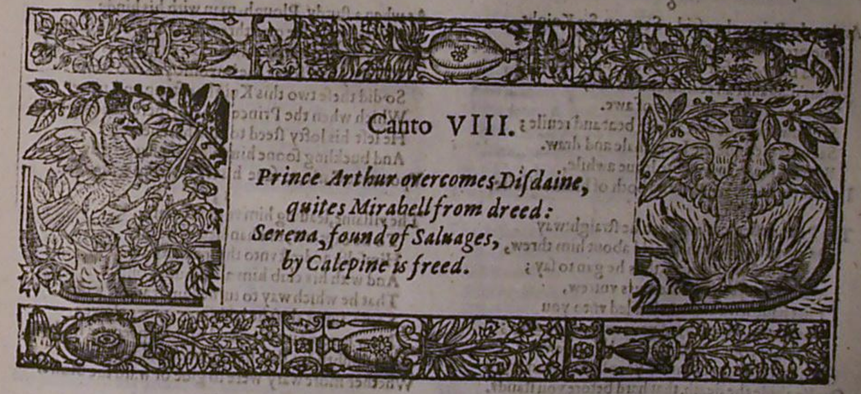
Nath'lesse, so sharply still he him pursew'd,
That at aduantage him at last he tooke,
When his foot slipt (that slip he dearely rew'd)
And with his iron club to ground him stroke;
Where still he lay, ne out of swoune awooke,
Till he any hand the Carle vpon him layd.
And bound him fast: Tho, when he vp did looke,
And saw himselfe captiu'd, he was dismaid,
Ne powre had to withstand, ne hope of any ayd.

49

Then vp he made him rise, and forward fare,
Led in a rope, which both his hands did bind:
Ne ought that foole for pitty did him spare;
But with his whip him following behind,
Him often scourg'd, and forc't his feet to find:
And other-whiles, with bitter mocks and mowes
He would him scorne, that to his gentle mind
Was much more grieuous then the others blowes:
Words sharpely wound, but greatest griefe of scorning (growes.

50

The faire *Serena*, when she saw him fall
Vnder that villaines club, then surely thought
That staine he was, or made a wretched thrall,
And fled away with all the speed she mought,
To seeke for safety, which long time she sought;
And past through many perils by the way,
Ere she againe to *Calepine* was brought:
The which discourse as now I must delay,
Till *Mirabellaes* fortunes I doe further say.



1

YE gently Ladies, in whose soueraine powre
Loue hath the glory of his Kingdome left;
And th'harts of men, as your eternall dowre,
In iron chaynes, of liberty bereft,
Deliuered hath into your hands by gift;
Be well aware, how ye the same do vse,
That pride do not to tyranny you lift;
Least if men you of cruelty accuse,
He from you take that chiefedome which ye doe abuse.

2

And as ye soft and tender are by kind,
Adorn'd with goodly gifts of beauties grace,
So be ye soft and tender eke in mind;
But cruelty and hardnesse from you chace,
That all your other praises will deface,
And from you turne the loue of men, to hate.
Ensample take of *Mirabellaes* case,
Who from the high degree of happy state,
Fell into wretched woes, which she repented late.

3
Who after thraldome of the gentle Squire,
Which she beheld with lamentable eye,
Was touched with compassion entire,
And much lamented his calamity,
That for her sake fell into misery:
Which booted not for prayers, nor for threat,
To hope for to release or mollifie;
For, aye the more that she did them intreat,
The more they him misus'd, and cruelly did beat.

4
So as they forward on their way did pass,
Him still reuiling and afflicting sore,
They met Prince *Arthur* with Sir *Enias*,
(That was that courteous Knight, whom he before
Hauing subdew'd, yet did to life restore)
To whom as they approch't, they gan augment
Their cruelty, and him to punish more,
Scourging and haling him more vehement;
As if it them should grieue to see his punishment.

5
The Squire himselfe, when as he saw his Lord,
The witnesse of his wretchednesse, in place,
Was much asham'd, that with an hempen cord
He like a dog was led in captiue case;
And did his head for bashfulnesse abase,
As loth to see, or to be seene at all:
Shame would be hid. But when as *Enias*
Beheld two such, of two such villaines thrall,
His manly mind was much emmoued there-withall,

6
And to the Prince thus said; See you, Sir Knight,
The greatest shame that euer eye yet saw?
Yond Lady and her Squire with foule despight
Abus'd, against all reason and all law,
Without regard of pitty or of awe.
See how they doe that Squire beat and reuile;
See how they doe the Lady hale and draw.
But if ye please to lend me leaue awhile,
I will them soone acquite, and both of blame assoile.

7
The Prince assented: and then he straightway
Dismounting light, his shield about him threw,
With which approching, thus he gan to say;
Abide ye caytiue treachetours vntrew,
That haue with treason thralled vnto you
These two, vnworthy of your wretched bands;
And now your crime with cruelty pursew.
Abide, and from them lay your loathly hands;
Or else abide the death, that hard before you stands.

8
The villaine staid not, answere to inuent,
But with his iron club preparing way,
His mindes sad message backe vnto him sent;
The which descended with such dreadfull sway,
That seemed nought the course thereof could stay:
No more then lightning from the lofty sky.
Ne list the Knight the powre thereof assay,
Whose doome was death; but lightly slipping by,
Vnwares defrauded his intended destiny.

9
And to requite him with the like againe,
With his sharpe sword he fiercely at him flew,
And strooke so strongly, that the Carle with paine
Saued himselfe, but that he there him slew:
Yet sav'd not so, but that the blond it drew,
And gaue his foe good hope of victory.
Who there-with fiesht, vpon him set anew,
And with the second stroke, thought certainly
To haue supplide the first, and paid the vsury.

10
But Fortune answerd not vnto his call;
For, as his hand was heaued vp on hight,
The villaine met him in the middle fall,
And with his club bet backe his brandiron bright:
So forcibly, that with his owne hands might
Rebeaten backe vpon himselfe againe,
He driuen was to ground in selfe despight;
From whence ere he recouery could gaine,
He in his necke did set his foote with fell disdaine.

11
With that, the foole, which did that end await,
Came running in; and whil'st on ground he lay,
Laid heauy hands on him, and held so strait,
That downe he kept him with his scornefull sway,
So as he could not wield him any way.
The whiles, that other villaine went about
Him to haue bound, and thrald without delay;
The whiles, the foole did him reuile and flout, (stout,
Threatning to yoke them two, and tame their courage

12
As when a sturdy Plough-man with his hinde
By strength haue ouerthrowne a stubborne steare,
They downe him hold, and fast with cords do binde
Till they him force the buxome yoke to beare:
So did these two this Knight oft tug and teare.
Which when the Prince beheld, there standing by,
He left his lofty steed to aide him neare;
And buckling soone himselfe gan fiercely fly
Vpon that Carle, to saue his friend from ieopardie.

13
The villaine, leauing him vnto his mate
To be captiu'd, and handled as he list,
Himselfe addrest vnto this new debate,
And with his club him all about so blist,
That he which way to turne him scarcely wist:
Some-times aloft he laid, some-times alowe;
Now here, now there, and oft him neere he mist;
So doubtfully, that hardly one could knowe
Whether more wary were to giue or ward the blowe.

14
But yet the Prince so well enured was
With such huge strokes, approued oft in fight,
That way to them he gaue forth-right to pass;
Ne would endure the danger of their might,
But wait aduantage, when they downe did light.
At last, the caytiue after long discourse,
When all his strokes he saw auoided quite,
Resolv'd in one t'assemble all his force,
And make one end of him without ruthe or remorse.

His

15
His dreadfull hand he heaued vp aloft;
And with his dreadfull instruments of ire,
Thought sure haue powned him to powder soft,
Or deepe emboweld in the earth entire:
But Fortune did not with his will conspire.
For, ere his stroke attained his intent,
The noble child preuenting his desire,
Vnder his club with wary boldnesse went,
And smote him on the knee, that neuer yet was bent.

16
It neuer yet was bent, ne bent it now,
Albe the stroke so strong and puissant were,
That seem'd a marble pillour it could bow:
But all that leg which did his body beare,
It crakt through-out, yet did no bloud appeare;
So as it was vnable to support
So huge a burden on such broken geare,
But fell to ground, like to a lumpe of durt;
Whence he assaid to rise, but could not for his hurt.

17
Eftsoones the Prince to him full nimbly stept;
And, least he should recouer foot againe,
His head meant from his shoulders to haue swept.
Which when the Lady sawe, she cride amaine;
Stay, stay, Sir Knight for loue of God abstaine,
From that vnwares yee weetlesse doe intend;
Slay not that Carle, though worthy to be slaine:
For, more on him doth then himselfe depend;
My life will by his death haue lamentable end.

18
He staid his hand according her desire,
Yet nathemore him suffred to arise;
But still suppressing, gan of her inquire,
What meaning mote those vncouth words comprize,
That in that villaines health her safety lies:
That, were no might in man, nor hart in Knights,
Which durst her dreaded reskew enterprize,
Yet heauens themselues, that fauour feeble rights,
Would for it selfe redresse, and punish such despights.

19
Then, bursting forth in teares, which gushed fast
Like many water streames, awhile she staid;
Till the sharpe passion beeing ouer-past,
Her tongue to her restor'd, then thus she said;
Nor heauens, nor men, can me most wretched maid
Deliuer from the doome of my desart;
The which the God of Loue hath on me laid,
And damned to endure this direfull smart,
For penance of my proud and hard rebellious hart.

20
In prime of youthly yeares, when first the flowre
Of beauty gan to bud, and bloosme delight,
And Nature me endu'd with plentious dowre
Of all her gifts that pleas'd each liuing sight,
I was belou'd of many a gentle Knight,
And sude and sought with all the seruice dew:
Full many a one for me deep groand, and sigh't,
And to the doore of death for sorrow drew,
Complayning out on me, that would not on them rew.

21
But let them loue that list, or liue or die:
Me list not die for any Louers doole:
Ne list me leaue my loued liberty,
To pitty him that list to play the foole:
To loue my selfe I learned had in schoole.
Thus I triumphed long in Louers paine,
And sitting careless on the scorners stoole,
Did laugh at those that did lament and plaine:
But all is now repaid with interest againe.

22
For, loe, the winged God, that woundeth harts,
Caus'd me be called to account therefore;
And for reuengement of those wrongfull smarts,
Which I to others did inflict afore,
Addeem'd me to endure this penaunce sore;
That in this wise, and this vnmeet array,
With these two lewd companions, and no more,
Disdaine and *Scorne*, I through the world should stray,
Till I haue sav'd so many as I earst did slay.

23
Certes, said then the Prince, the God is iust,
That taketh vengeance of his peoples spoyle:
For, were no law in loue, but all that lust
Might them oppresse, and painfully turmoile,
His kingdome would continue but a while.
But tell me Lady, wherefore doe you beare
This bottle thus before you with such toyle,
And eke this wallet at your backe areare,
That for these Carles to carry much more comely were?

24
Heere, in this bottle, said the sory Maid,
I put the teares of my contrition,
Till to the brim I haue it full defraid:
And in this bag which I behind me don,
I put repentance for things past and gon.
Yet is the bottle leake, and bag so torne,
That all which I put in, fals out anon;
And is behind me trodden downe of *Scorne*,
Who mocketh all my paine, & laughs the more I mourn.

25
The Infant harkned wisely to her tale,
And wondred much at *Cupids* iudgement wise,
That could so meekly make proud harts auale,
And wreake himselfe on them that him despise.
Then suffred he *Disdaine* vp to arise,
Who was not able vp himselfe to reere,
By meanes his leg, through his late luckelesse prise,
Was crackt in twaine; but by his foolish feere
Was holpen vp, who him supported standing neere.

26
But, beeing vp, he lookt againe aloft,
As if he neuer had receiued fall;
And with sterne eye-browes stared at him oft,
As if he would haue daunted him with-all:
And, standing on his tip-toes to seeme tall,
Downe on his golden feet he often gazed,
As if such pride the other could apall;
Who was so far from being ought amazed,
That he his lookes despised, and his boast dispraised.

27

Then, turning backe vnto that captiue thrall,
Who all this while stood there beside them bound,
Vnwilling to be knowne, or seene at all,
Hee from those bands weend him to haue vnwound.
But when approching neare, he plainly found,
It was his owne true groome, the gentle Squire,
He thereat wext exceedingly astound,
And him did oft embrace, and oft admire;
Ne could, with seeing, satisfie his great desire.

28

Meane-while, the saluage man, when he beheld
That huge great foole oppressing th' other Knight,
Whom with his weight vnwieldy downe he held,
He flew vpon him, like a greedy Kight
Vnto some carrion offered to his sight:
And downe him plucking, with his nailes and teeth
Gan him to hale and teare, and scratch, and bite;
And from him taking his owne whip, there-with
So sore him scourgeth, that the bloud down followeth.

29

And sure, I weene, had not the Ladies cry
Procur'd the Prince his cruell hand to stay,
He would with whipping, him haue done to die:
But beeing checkt, he did abstaine straightway,
And let him rise. Then thus the Prince gan say;
Now Lady sith your fortunes thus dispose,
That if ye list haue liberty, ye may,
Vnto your selfe I freely leaue to chose,
Whether I shall you leaue, or from these villaines lose.

30

Ah! nay, Sir Knight, said she, it may not be,
But that I needs must by all meanes fulfill
This penance, which enioyned is to me,
Least vnto me betide a greater ill;
Yet no lesse thankes to you for your good will.
So humbly taking leaue, she turn'd aside:
But *Arthur*, with the rest, went onward still
On his first queste: in which did him betide
A great aduenture, which did him from them diuide.

31

But first, it falleth me by course to tell
Of faire *Serena*: who as earst you heard,
When first the gentle Squire at variance fell
With those two Carles, fled fast away, afeard
Of villany to be to her inferd:
So fresh the image of her former dread,
Yet dwelling in her eye, to her appeard,
That euery foot did tremble, which did tread;
And euery body two, and two she foure did read.

32

Through hils & dales, through bushes, & through breres
Long thus she fled, till that at last she thought
Her selfe now past the perill of her feares.
Then looking round about, and seeing nought,
Which doubt of danger to her offer mought,
She from her palfrey lighted on the Plaine;
And sitting downe, her selfe awhile bethought
Of her loog trauell, and turmoyling paine;
And often did of loue, and oft of lucke complaine.

33

And euermore, she blamed *Calepine*,
The good Sir *Calepine*, her owne true Knight,
As th' onely author of her wofull tine:
For being of his loue to her so light,
As her to leaue in such a pittious plight.
Yet neuer Turtle truer to his Make,
Then he was tride vnto his Lady bright:
Who all this while endured, for her sake,
Great perill of his life, and restlesse paines did take.

34

Tho, when as all her plaints she had displayd,
And well disburdened her engrieued brest,
Vpon the grasse her selfe adowne she laid;
Where being tyrde with trauell, and opprest
With sorrow, she betooke her selfe to rest.
There, whil'st in *Morpheus* bosome safe she lay,
Feareless of ought that mote her peace molest,
False Fortune did her safety betray,
Vnto a strange mischaunce, that menac't her decay.

35

In these wilde deserts, where she now abode,
There dwelt a saluage Nation, which did liue
Of stealth and spoyle, and making nightly rode
Into their neighbours borders; ne did giue
Themselues to any trade (as for to driue
The painefull plough, or cattell for to breed,
Or by aduentrous merchandize to thriue)
But on the labours of poore men to feed,
And serue their owne necessities with others need.

36

There-to they vs'd one most accursed order,
To eate the flesh of men, whom they mote find,
And strangers to deuour, which on their border
Were brought by errour, or by wreckfull wind;
A monstrous cruelty gainst course of kind.
They towards euening wandring euery way,
To seeke for booty, came (by Fortune blind)
Where-as this Lady, like a sheepe astray,
Now drowned in the depth of sleepe all fearelesse lay.

37

Soone as they spide her, Lord what gladfull glee
They made amongst themselues! but when her face
Like the faire Iuory shining they did see,
Each gan his fellow solace and embrace,
For ioy of such good hap by heauenly grace.
Then gan they to deuise what course to take:
Whether to slay her there vpon the place,
Or suffer her out of her sleepe to wake,
And then her eate attonce; or many meales to make.

38

The best aduizement was of bad, to let her
Sleepe out her fill, without encomberment:
For, sleepe (they said) would make her battill better.
Then, when she wak't, they all gaue one consent,
That sith by grace of God she there was sent,
Vnto their God they would her sacrifize;
Whose share, her guiltlesse bloud they would present;
But, of her dainty flesh they did deuize
To make a common feast, and feed with gurmandize.

39

So, round about her they themselues did place
Vpon the grasse, and diuersly dispose,
As each thought best to spend the lingring space.
Some with their eyes the daintiest morsels chose;
Some praise her paps, some praise her lips and nose;
Some whet their kniues, and strip their elbowes bare:
The Priest himselfe a garland doth compose
Of finest flowres, and with full busie care
His bloudy vessels wash, and holy fire prepare.

40

The Damzell wakes: then all attonce vp-start,
And round about her flocke, like many flies,
Whooping, and hollowing on euery part,
As if they would haue rent the brasen skies.
Which when she sees with ghastly grieffull eyes,
Her heart does quake, and deadly pallid hew
Benumbes her cheekes: Then out aloud she cries,
Where none is nigh to heare, that will her rew,
And rends her golden locks, and snowy brests embrew.

41

But all boots not: they hands vpon her lay;
And first they spoyle her of her iewels deare,
And afterwards of all her rich array;
The which amongst them they in peeces teare,
And of the prey each one a part doth beare.
Now being naked to their sordid eyes
The goodly threasures of Nature appeare:
Which as they view with lustfull fantasies,
Each wisheth to himselfe, and to the rest envies.

42

Her yuory necke, her alabaster breast,
Her paps, which like white silken pillowes were,
For Loue in soft delight thereon to rest;
Her tender sides, her belly white and cleare,
Which like an Altar did it selfe vp-reare,
To offer sacrifice diuine thereon;
Her goodly thighes, whose glory did appeare
Like a triumphall Arch, and thereupon
The spoyls of Princes hangd, which were in battell won:

43

Those dainty parts, the dearlings of delight,
Which mote not be profan'd of common eyes,
Those villeins view'd with loose lasciuious sight,
And closely tempted with their crafty spies;
And som of them gan mongst themselues deuise,
Thereof by force to take their beastly pleasure.
But them the Priest rebuking did aduise
To dare not to pollute so sacred threasure,
Vow'd to the gods: religion held euen theeues in measure.

44

So being stayd, they her from thence directed
Vnto a little groue not farre aside,
In which an altar shortly they erected,
To slay her on. And now the euentide
His broad black wings had through the heauens wide
By this dispred, that was the time ordained
For such a dismall deed, their guilt to hide:
Of few greene turfes an altar soone they fayned,
And deckt it al with flowrs, wch they nigh hand obtained.

45

Tho, when as all things ready were aright,
The Damzell was before the Altar set,
Being already dead with fearefull fright.
To whom the Priest with naked armes full net
Approaching nigh, and murdrous knife well whet,
Gan mutter close a certaine secret charme,
With other diuelish ceremonies met:
Which doen, he gan aloft t' aduance his arme,
Whereat they shouted all, and made aloud alarme.

46

Then gan the bag-pipes and the hornes to shrill,
And shrieke aloud, that with the peoples noyce
Confused, did the ayre with terror fill,
And made the wood to tremble at the noyce:
The whyles she wayld, the more they did reioyce.
Now more ye vnderstand that to this groue
Sir *Calepine* by chance, more then by choyce,
The selfe same euening fortune hither droue,
As he to seek *Serena* through the woods did rone.

47

Long had he sought her, and through many a soyle
Had trauelled still on foot in heauy armes,
Ne ought was tyred with his endlesse toyle,
Ne ought was feared of his certaine harmes:
And now all weetlesse of the wretched stormes,
In which his Loue was lost, he slept full fast,
Till being waked with these loud alarmes,
He lightly started vp like one aghast,
And catching vp his arms, streight to the noise forth past.

48

There by th' vncertaine glimse of starry night,
And by the twinkling of their sacred fire,
He mote perceiue a little dawning sight
Of all, which there was doing in that quire:
Mongst whom, a woman spoyld of all attire
He spide lamenting her vnlucky strife,
And groning sore from grieued heart entire;
Eftsoones he sawe one with a naked knife
Ready to launce her breast, and let out loued life.

49

With that he thrusts into the thickest throng,
And euen as his right hand adowne descends,
He him preuenting, layes on earth along,
And sacrificeth to th' infernall feends.
Then to the rest his wrathfull hand he bends:
Of whom he makes such hauocke and such hew,
That swarmes of damned soules to hell he sends:
The rest, that scape his sword and death eschew,
Fly like a flocke of doues before a Faulcons view.

50

From them returning to that Ladie backe,
Whom by the Altar he doth sitting finde,
Yet fearing death, and next to death the lacke
Of clothes to couer what shee ought by kinde,
He first her hands beginneth to vnbinde;
And then to question of her present woe;
And afterwards to cheare with speeches kinde.
But she, for nought that he could say or doe,
One word durst speake, or answer him awhit thereto.

51
So inward shame of her vncomely case
She did conceiue, through care of womanhood,
That though the night did couer her disgrace,
Yet she in so vnwomanly a mood,
Would not bewray the state in which shee stood.
So, all that night to him vnknowen she past.
But day that doth discouer bad and good,
Ensewing, made her knowen to him at last:
The end whereof Ile keep vntill another cast.

Canto IX.

Calidore hostes with Melibee, and loues faire Pastorell; Coridon enuies him, yet he for ill rewards him well.

1
NOw turne again my teme thou iolly swain,
Backe to the furrow which I lately left;
I lately left a furrow, one or twaine (cleft:
Vnplough'd, the wch my coulter hath not
Yet seem'd the soile both fair & fruitful eft,
As I it past; that were too great a shame,
That so rich fruit should be from vs bereft;
Besides the great dishonour and defame,
Which should befall to *Calidores* immortall name.

2
Great trauell hath the gentle *Calidore*
And toyle endured, sith I left him last
Sewing the *Blatant Beast*; which I forbore
To finish then, for other present haste.
Full many paths, and perils he hath past, (Plains,
Through hils, through dales, throgh forrests & throgh
In that same quest, which Fortune on him cast;
Which he atchieued to his owne great gaines,
Reaping eternall glory of his restlesse paines.

3
So sharply he the monster did pursew,
That day nor night he suffred him to rest:
Ne rested he himselfe (but Natures dew)
For dread of danger, not to be redrest,
If he for slouth forslackt so famous quest.
Him first from court he to the cities coursed,
And from the cities to the townes him prest,
And from the townes into the country forced,
And from the country back to priuate farms he scorsed.

4
From thence into the open fields he fled,
Whereas the Heards were keeping of their neat,
And shepheards singing to their flockes, that fed,
Layes of sweet loue and youthes delightfull heat:
Him thither eke (for all his fearefull threat)
He followed fast, and chaced him so nie,
That to the folds, where sheep at night do seat,
And to the little cotes, where shepheards lie
In winters wrathfull time, he forced him to flie.

5
There on a day as he pursew'd the chace,
He chaunc't to spy a sort of shepheard groomes,
Playing on pipes, and caroling apace,
The whiles their beasts there in the budded broomes
Beside them fed, and nipt the tender bloomes:
For other worldly wealth they cared nought.
To whom Sir *Calidore* yet sweating comes,
And them to tell him curteously besought,
If such a beast they saw, which he had thither brought.

6
They answer'd him, that no such beast they sawe,
Nor any wicked feend, that mote offend
Their happy flockes, nor danger to them drawe:
But if that such there were (as none they kend)
They prayd high God him farre from them to send.
Then one of them him seeing so to sweat,
After his rusticke wise (that well he weend)
Offred him drinke, to quench his thirsty heat,
And if he hungry were, him offred eke to eat.

7
The Knight was nothing nice, where was no need,
And tooke their gentle offer: so adowne
They prayd him sit, and gaue him for to feed
Such homely what, as serues the simple clowne,
That doth despise the dainties of the towne.
Tho, hauing fed his fill, he there beside
Sawe a faire damzell, which did weare a crowne
Of sundry flowres, with silken ribbands tyde,
Yclad in home-made green that her own hands had dyde.

Vpon

8
Vpon a little hillocke she was placed
Higher then all the rest, and round about
Enuiron'd with a girlond, goodly graced,
Of louely lasses: and them all without
The lusty shepheard swaines sate in a rout,
The which did pipe and sing her prayses dew,
And oft reioyce, and oft for wonder shout,
As if some miracle of heauenly hew
Were downe to them descended in that earthly view.

9
And soothly sure she was full faire of face,
And perfectly well shap't in euery lim;
Which she did more augment with modest grace,
And comely carriage of her count'nance trim,
That all the rest like lesser lamps did dim:
Who, her admiring as some heauenly wight,
Did for their soueraine goddesse her esteeme,
And caroling her name both day and night,
The fairest *Pastorella* her by name did hight.

10
Ne was there Heard, ne was there shepheards swaine
But her did honour, and eke many a one
Burnt in her loue, and with sweet pleasing paine
Full many a night for her did sigh and grone:
But most of all the shepheard *Coridon*
For her did languish, and his deare life spend;
Yet neyther she for him, nor other none
Did care a whit, ne any liking lend:
Though meane her lot, yet higher did her mind ascend.

11
Her whiles Sir *Calidore* there viewed well,
And markt her rare demeanure, which him seemed
So farre the meane of shepheards to excell,
As that he in his mind her worthy deemed,
To be a Princes Paragone esteemed;
He was vnwares surpriz'd in subtill bands
Of the blind Boy, ne thence could be redeemed
By any skill out of his cruell hands,
Caught like the bird, which gazing still on others stands.

12
So stood he still long gazing thereupon,
Ne any will had thence to moue away,
Although his quest were farre afore him gone:
But after he had fed, yet did he stay,
And sate there still, vntill the flying day
Was farre-forth spent, discoursing diuersly
Of sundry things, as fell, to worke delay;
And euermore his speech he did apply
To th' heards, but meant them to the damzels fantasie.

13
By this, the moystie night approching fast,
Her deawy humour gan on th' earth to shed,
That warn'd the shepheards to their homes to haste
Their tender flockes, now being fully fed,
For feare of wetting them before their bed.
Then came to them a good olde aged Syre,
Whose siluer lockes bedeckt his beard and head,
With shepheards hook in hand, and fit attire,
That will'd the Damzell rise; the day did now expire.

14
He was to weet by common voyce esteemed
The father of the fairest *Pastorell*,
And of her selfe in very deed so deemed;
Yet was not so, but as old stories tell
Found her by fortune, which to him befell,
In th' open fields an Infant left alone,
And taking vp brought home, and noursed well
As his owne childe; for other he had none,
That she in tract of time accounted was his owne.

15
She at his bidding meekly did arise,
And streight vnto her little flocke did fare:
Then all the rest about her rose likewise,
And each his sundry sheep with seuerall care
Gathered together, and them home-ward bare:
Whil'st euery one with helping hands did striue
Amongst themselues, and did their labours share,
To helpe faire *Pastorella* home to driue
Her fleecy flocke; but *Coridon* most helpe did giue.

16
But *Melibee* (so hight that good old man)
Now seeing *Calidore* left all alone,
And night arriued hard at hand, began
Him to inuite vnto his simple home:
Which though it were a cottage clad with lome,
And all things therein meane; yet better so
To lodge, then in the saluage fields to rome.
The Knight full gladly soone agreed thereto,
Being his hearts owne wish, and home with him did goe.

17
There he was welcom'd of that honest Syre,
And of his aged Beldame homely well;
Who him besought himselfe to disattyre,
And rest himselfe, till supper time befell;
By which, home came the fairest *Pastorell*,
After her flock she in their fold had tyde:
And, supper ready dight, they to it fell
With small adoe, and nature satisfide,
The which doth little craue, contented to abide.

18
Tho, when they had their hunger slaked well,
And the faire mayd the table ta'ne away;
The gentle Knight, as he that did excell
In courtesie, and well could doe and say,
For so great kindnesse as he found that day,
Gan greatly thanke his host and his good wife;
And drawing thence his speech another way,
Gan highly to commend the happy life,
Which Shepheards lead, without debate or bitter strife.

19
How much said he, more happy is the state,
In which ye father here doe dwell at ease,
Leading a life so free and fortunate,
From all the tempests of these worldly seas,
Which tosse the rest in dangerous disease?
Where warres, and wreckes, and wicked enimitie
Doe them afflict, which no man can appease;
That certes I your happinesse enuie,
And wish my lot were plac't in such felicitie.

Surely

20

Surely my sonne (then answer'd he againe)
If happy, then it is in this intent,
That hauing small, yet doe I not complaine
Of want, ne wish for more it to augment,
But doe my selfe, with that I haue, contente;
So taught of Nature, which doth little need
Of forreine helps to lifes due nourishment.
The fields my food, my flock my rayment breed;
No better do I weare, no better do I feed.

21

Therefore I doe not any one enuy,
Nor am entride of any one therefore;
They that haue much, feare much to lose thereby,
And store of cares doth follow riches store.
The little that I haue growes daily more
Without my care but onely to attend it.
My lambs do euery yeare increase their score,
And my flockes father daily doth amend it.
What haue I, but to praise th'Almighty, that doth send it?

22

To them, that list the worlds gay shewes I leaue,
And to great ones such follies do forgiue,
Which oft through pride do their owne perill weaue,
And through ambition downe themselues do driue
To sad decay, that might contented liue.
Me no such cares nor combrous thoughts offend,
Ne once my minds vnmoued quiet grieue;
But all the night in siluer sleepe I spend,
And all the day, to what I list, I doe attend.

23

Sometimes I hunt the Fox, the vowed foe
Vnto my lambes, and him dislodge away;
Sometime the Fawne I practice from the Doe,
Or from the Goat her kidde how to conuay;
Another while I baits and nets display,
The birds to catch or fishes to beguile:
And when I weary am, I downe do lay
My limbs in euery shade, to rest from toyle, (boile.
And drinke of euery brooke, when thirst my throte doth

24

The time was once, in my first prime of yeeres,
When pride of youth forth pricked my desire,
That I disdain'd among mine equall peeres
To follow sheepe and shepheards base attire:
For further fortune then I would inquire.
And leauing home, to royall court I fought;
Where I did sell my selfe for yearly hire,
And in the Princes garden daily wrought:
There I beheld such vaineness, as I neuer thought.

25

With sight whereof soone cloyd, and long deluded
With idle hopes, which them do entertaine,
After I had ten yeares my selfe excluded
From native home, and spent my youth in vaine,
I gan my follies to my selfe to plaine,
And this sweet peace, whose lacke did then appeare.
Tho, backe returning to my sheep againe,
I from thence forth haue learn'd to loue more deare
This lowely quiet life, which I inherite here.

26

Whil'st thus he talkt, the Knight with greedy care
Hong still vpon his melting mouth attent;
Whose sensefull words empierc't his heart so neare,
That he was rapt with double rauishment,
Both of his speech that wrought him great content,
And also of the obiect of his view,
On which his hungry eye was alwayes bent;
That twixt his pleasing tongue, and her faire hew,
He lost himselfe, and like one halfe entranced grew.

27

Yet to occasion meanes, to worke his minde,
And to insinuate his hearts desire,
He thus replide; Now surely syre I finde,
That all this worlds gay shewes, which we admire,
Be but vaine shadowes to this safe retire
Of life, which here in lowlinesse ye lead,
Fearelesse of foes, or Fortunes wrackfull yre,
Which tosseth states, and vnder foot doth tread
The mighty ones, affraid of euery changes dread:

28

That euen I which daily do behold
The glory of the great, mongst whom I won;
And now haue prov'd, what happinesse ye hold
In this small plot of your dominion,
Now loath great Lordship and ambition;
And wish the heauens so much had graced me,
As grant me liue in like condition;
Or that my fortunes might transposed be
From pitch of higher place, vnto this lowe degree.

29

In vaine, said then old *Melibee*, doe men
The heauens of their fortunes fault accuse;
Sith they know best, what is the best for them:
For, they to each such fortune doe diffuse,
As they do knowe each can most aptly vse.
For, not that, which men couet most, is best,
Nor that thing worst, which men do most refuse:
But fittest is, that all contented rest
With that they hold: each hath his fortune in his brest.

30

It is the mind, that maketh good or ill,
That maketh wretch or happy, rich or poore:
For some, that hath abundance at his will,
Hath not enough, but wants in greatest store;
And other, that hath little, asks no more,
But in that little is both rich and wise.
For, wisedome is most riches; fooles therefore
They are, which fortunes do by vowes deuize,
Sith each vnto himselfe his life may fortunize.

31

Since then in each mans selfe, said *Calidore*,
It is, to fashion his owne lifes estate,
Giue leaue awhile, good father, in this shore
To rest my barke, which hath been beaten late
With stormes of fortune and tempestuous fate,
In seas of troubles and of toylesome paine;
That whether quite from them for to retreate
I shall resolue, or backe to turne againe,
I may here with your selfe some small repose obtaine.

Not

32

Not that the burden of so bold a gueste
Shall chargefull be, or change to you at all;
For, your meane food shall be my daily feast,
And this your cabin both my bowre and hall.
Besides, for recompence hereof, I shall
You well reward, and golden guerdon giue,
That may perhaps you better much withall,
And in this quiet make you safer liue.
So, forth he drew much golde, and toward him it driue.

33

But the good man, nought tempted with the offer
Of his rich mould, did thrust it farre away,
And thus bespake; Sir Knight, your bountious proffer
Be farre fro me, to whom ye ill display
That mucky masse, the cause of mens decay,
That mote empayre my peace with dangers dread.
But if ye algates couet to assay
This simple sort of life, that Shepheards lead,
Be it your owne: our rudenesse to your selfe aread.

34

So there that night Sir *Calidore* did dwell,
And long while after, whil'st him list remaine,
Daily beholding the faire *Pastorell*,
And feeding on the bayt of his owne bane.
During which time, he did her entertaine
With all kinde courtesies, he could inuent;
And euery day her company to gaine,
When to the field she went, he with her went:
So, for to quench his fire, he did it more augment.

35

But she that neuer had acquainted beene
With such queint vsage, fit for Queenes and Kings,
Ne euer had such knightly seruice seene
(But being bred vnder base Shepheards wings,
Had euer learn'd to loue the lowely things)
Did little whit regard his courteous guize:
But cared more for *Colins* carolings
Then all that he could doe, or ev'r deuize:
His layes, his loues, his lookes she did them all despize.

36

Which *Calidore* perceyuing, thought it best
To change the manner of his lofty looke;
And doffing his bright armes, himselfe addrest
In Shepheards weed, and in his hand he took,
In stead of steele-head speare, a Shepheards hook;
That who had seene him then, would haue bethought
On *Phrygian Paris* by *Plexippus* brook,
When he the loue of faire *Benoné* sought,
What time the golden apple was vnto him brought.

37

So being clad, vnto the fields he went
With the faire *Pastorella* euery day,
And kept her sheep with diligent attent,
Watching to driue the rauenous Wolfe away,
The whil'st at pleasure she mote sport and play;
And euery euening helping them to fold:
And otherwhiles for need, he did assay
In his strong hand their rugged teats to hold,
And out of them to presse the milk: loue so much could.

38

Which seeing *Coridon*, who her likewise
Long time had lov'd, and hop't her loue to gaine,
He much was troubled at that strangers guize,
And many iealous thoughts conceiu'd in vaine,
That this of all his labour and long paine
Should reap the haruest, ere it ripened were;
That made him scoule, and pout, and oft complaine
Of *Pastorell* to all the shepheards there,
That she did loue a stranger swaine then him more dere.

39

And euer when he came in company,
Where *Calidore* was present, he would loure,
And byte his lip, and euen for iealousie
Was ready oft his owne heart to deuoure,
Impatient of any Paramoure:
Who on the other side did seem so farre
From malicing, or grudging his good houre,
That all he could, he graced him with her,
Ne euer shewed signe of rancour or of iarre.

40

And oft, when *Coridon* vnto her brought
Or little sparrowes, stolen from their nest,
Or wanton squirrils, in the woods farre sought,
Or other dainty thing for her addrest;
He would commend his gift, and make the best:
Yet she no whit his presents did regard,
Ne him could finde to fancy in her brest:
This new come shepheard had his market mard.
Old loue is little worth, when new is more prefard.

41

One day when as the shepheard swaynes together
Were met, to make their sports and merry glee,
As they are wont in faire sun-shiny weather,
The whiles their flockes in shadowes shrouded be,
They fell to dance: then did they all agree,
That *Colin Clout* should pipe, as one most fit;
And *Calidore* should lead the ring, as he
That most in *Pastorellaes* grace did sit.
Thereat frown'd *Coridon*, and his lip closely bit.

42

But *Calidore*, of courteous inclination,
Took *Coridon*, and set him in his place,
That he should lead the dance, as was his fashion;
For, *Coridon* could dance, and trimly trace.
And when as *Pastorella*, him to grace,
Her flowry garlond tooke from her owne head,
And plac't on his, he did it soone displace,
And did it put on *Coridons* in stead:
Then *Coridon* woxe frollicke, that earst seemed dead.

43

Another time, when as they did dispose
To practice games, and masteries to trie,
They for their Iudge did *Pastorella* chose;
A garland was the meed of victory.
There *Coridon*, forth stepping openly,
Did challenge *Calidore* to wrestling game:
For, he through long and perfect industry,
Therein well practiz'd was, and in the same (shame.
Thought sure t'auenge his grudge, & work his foe great

But

44
But *Calidore* he greatly did mistake;
For,he was strong and mightily stiffe pight,
That with one fall his necke he almost brake:
And had he not vpon him fallen light,
His deerest ioynt he sure had broken quight.
Then was the oaken crowne by *Pastorell*
Giuen to *Calidore*,as his due right;
But he,that did in courtesie excell,
Gaue it to *Coridon*,and said he wonne it well.

45
Thus did the gentle Knight himselfe abeare
Amongst that rusticke rout in all his deeds,
That euen they the which his riuals were,
Could not maligne him,but commend him needs:
For,courtesie amongst the rudest breeds
Good will and fauour. So it surely wrought
With this faire Mayd,and in her mind the seeds
Of perfect loue did sowe,that last forth brought
The fruit of ioy & bliss,though long time dearly bought.

46
Thus *Calidore* continu'd there long time,
To win the loue of the faire *Pastorell*;
Which hauing got,he vsed without crime
Or blamefull blot; but menaged so well,
That he of all the rest,which there did dwell,
Was fauoured,and to her grace commended.
But what strange fortunes vnto him befell,
Ere he attain'd the point by him intended,
Shall more conueniently in other place be ended.

Canto X.

Calidore sees the Graces daunce,
to Colins melody:
The whiles his Pastorell is led,
into captiuitie.

1
WHo now does follow the foule *Blatant Beast*,
Whil'st *Calidore* does follow that faire Mayd,
Vnmindfull of his vowe and high behest,
Which by the Faery Queen was on him layd,
That he should neuer leaue,nor be delayed
From chasing him,till he had it atchieued?
But now,entrapt of loue,which him betrayd,
He mindeth more,how he may be relieued (grieued;
With grace from her,whose loue his heart hath sore en-

2
That from henceforth he meanes no more to sew
His former quest,so full of toyle and paine;
Another quest,another game in view
He hath,the guerdon of his loue to gaine:
With whom he mindes for euer to remaine,
And set his rest amongst the rusticke sort,
Rather then hunt still after shadowes vaine
Of courtly fauour,fed with light report
Of euery blaste,and saying alwayes in the port.

3
Ne certes mote he greatly blamed be,
From so high step to stoupe vnto so lowe.
For,who had tasted once (as oft did he)
The happy peace,which there doth ouer-flowe,
And prou'd the perfect pleasures which do growe
Amongst poore hindes,in hils,in woods,in dales,
Would neuer more delight in painted showe
Of such false blisse,as there is set for stales,
T' entrap vnwary fooles in their eternall bales.

4
For,what hath all that goodly glorious gaze
Like to one sight,which *Calidore* did view?
The glaunce whereof their dimmed eyes would daze,
That neuer more they should endure the shew
Of that sunne-shine,that makes them looke askew:
Ne ought in all that world of beauties rare
(Saue onely *Glorianaes* heauenly hew;
To which what can compare?) can it compare;
The which,as commeth now by course,I will declare.

5
One day as he did range the fields abroad,
Whil'st his faire *Pastorella* was elsewhere,
He chaunc't to come,far from all peoples troad,
Vnto a place,whose pleasance did appeare
To passe all others,on the earth which were:
For,all that euer was by natures skill
Deuiz'd to worke delight,was gathered there,
And there by her were poured forth at fill,
As if this to adorne,she all the rest did pill.

6
It was an hill,plac't in an open Plaine,
That round about was bordered with a wood,
Of matchlesse height,that seem'd th' earth to disdaine;
In which all trees of honour stately stood,
And did all winter as in sommer bud,
Spredding pauilions for the birds to bowre,
Which in their lower branches sung aloud,
And in their tops the soaring hauke did towre,
Sitting like king of fowles,in maiestie and powre.

7
And at the foote thereof,a gentle flud
His siluer waues did softly tumble downe,
Vnmard with ragged mosse or filthy mud;
Ne mote wilde beasts,ne mote the ruder clowne
Thereto approach,ne filth mote therein drowne:
But Nymphes and Faeries by the banks did sit,
In the woods shades,which did the waters crowne,
Keeping all noysome things away from it,
And to the waters fall tuning their accents fit.

8
And on the top thereof a spacious Plaine
Did spred it selfe,to serue to all delight,
Eyther to dance,when they to dance would faine,
Or else to course about their bases light;
Ne ought there wanted,which for pleasure might
Desired be,or thence to banish bale:
So pleasantly the hill,with equall hight,
Did seeme to ouer-look the lowly vale;
Therefore it rightly cleeped was mount *Acidale*.

9
They say that *Venus*,when she did dispose
Her selfe to pleasance,vsed to resort
Vnto this place,and therein to repose
And rest her selfe as in a gladsome port,
Or with the Graces there to play and sport;
That euen her owne Cytheron,though in it
She vsed most to keepe her royall Court,
And in her soueraine maiesty to sit,
She in regard hereof refusde and thought vnfit.

10
Vnto this place when as the Elfin knight
Approached,him seemed that the merry sound
Of a shrill pipe he playing heard on hight,
And many feet fast thumping th' hollow ground,
That through the woods their Eccho did rebound.
He nigher drew,to weet what mote it bee;
There he a troupe of Ladies dancing found
Full merrily,and making gladfull glee,
And in the midst a Shepheard piping he did see.

11
He durst not enter into th' open Greene,
For dread of them vnwares to be descride,
For breaking of their dance,if he were seene;
But in the couert of the wood did bide,
Beholding all,yet of them vnespide.
There he did see,that pleased much his sight,
That euen he himselfe his eyes enuide,
An hundred naked maydens lilly white,
All ranged in a ring,and dancing in delight.

12
All they without were ranged in a ring,
And danced round; but in the midst of them
Three other Ladies did both dance and sing,
The whil'st the rest them round about did hemme,
And like a girlond did in compasse stemme:
And in the midst of those same there was placed
Another Damzell,as a precious gemme
Amidst a ring most richly well enchaced,
That with her goodly presence all the rest much graced.

13
Looke how the Crowne,which *Ariadné* wore
Vpon her yuory forehead that same day
That *Theseus* her vnto his bridale bore
(When the bold *Centaures* made that bloudy fray
With the fierce *Lapithes* which did him dismay)
Being now placed in the firmament,
Through the bright heauen doth her beams display,
And is vnto the stars an ornament,
Which round about her moue in order excellent:

14
Such was the beauty of this goodly band,
Whose sundry parts were here too long to tell:
But she that in the midst of them did stand,
Seem'd all the rest in beauty to excell,
Crownd with a rosie girlond,that right well
Did her beseeme. And euer,as the crew
About her daunc't,sweet flowres,that far did smell,
And fragrant odours they vpon her threw;
But most of all,those three did her with gifts endew.

15
Those were the Graces,daughters of delight,
Handmayds of *Venus*,which are wont to haunt
Vpon this hill,and dance there day and night:
Those three to men all gifts of grace do graunt,
And all,that *Venus* in her selfe doth vaunt,
Is borrowed of them. But that faire one,
That in the midst was placed paravant,
Was she to whom that shepheard pyp't alone,
That made him pipe so merrily,as neuer none.

16
She was to weet that iolly Shepheards lasse,
Which piped there vnto that merry rout:
That iolly shepheard,which there piped,was
Poore *Colin Clout* (who knowes not *Colin Clout*?)
He pyp't apace,whil'st they him daunc't about.
Pype iolly shepheard,pype thou now apace
Vnto thy Loue,that made thee lowe to lout;
Thy Loue is present there with thee in place,
Thy Loue is there aduaunc't to be another Grace.

17
Much wondred *Calidore* at this strange sight,
Whose like before his eye had neuer seene:
And standing long astonished in spright,
And rapt with pleasance,wist not what to weene;
Whether it were the traine of beauties Queene,
Or Nymphes,or Faeries,or enchanted showe,
With which his eyes mote haue deluded beene.
Therefore resoluing,what it was to knowe,
Out of the wood he rose,and toward them did go.

18
But soone as he appeared to their view,
They vanisht all away out of his sight,
And cleane were gone, which way he neuer knew;
All saue the Shepheard, who for fell despight
Of that displeasure, broke his bag-pipe quight,
And made great mone for that vnhappy turne.
But *Calidore*, though no lesse sory wight,
For that mis-hap, yet seeing him to mourne,
Drew neere, that he the truth of all by him mote learne.

19
And first him greeting, thus vnto him spake;
Haile iolly Shepheard, which thy ioyous dayes
Here leadest in this goodly merry-make,
Frequented of these gentle Nymphes alwayes,
Which to thee flocke, to heare thy louely layes;
Tell me, what mote these dainty Damzels be,
Which here with thee do make their pleasant playes?
Right happy thou, that maist them freely see:
But why, when I them saw, fled they away from me?

20
Not I so happy, answer'd then that swaine,
As thou vnhappy, which them thence didst chace,
Whom by no meanes thou canst recall againe.
For, being gone, none can them bring in place,
But whom they of themselues list so to grace.
Right sory I, said then Sir *Calidore*,
That my ill fortune did them hence displace.
But since things passed none may now restore,
Tell me, what were they all, whose lacke thee grieues so sore.

21
Tho, gan that Shepheard thus for to dilate;
Then wote thou Shepheard, whatsoeuer thou be,
That all those Ladies, which thou saw'st late,
Are *Venus* Damzels, all within her fee,
But differing in honour and degree:
They all are Graces which on her depend,
Besides a thousand more, which ready be
Her to adorne, when-so she forth doth wend:
But those three in the midst do chiefe on her attend.

22
They are the daughters of sky-ruling Ioue,
By him begot of faire *Eurynomé*,
The Oceans daughter, in this pleasant groue,
As he this way comming from feastfull glee
Of *Thetis* wedding with *Aeacidee*,
In sommers shade himselfe here rested weary.
The first of them hight mylde *Euphrosyné*,
Next faire *Aglaia*, last *Thalia* merry,
Sweet goddesses all three which me in mirth do cherry.

23
These three on men all gracious gifts bestowe,
Which deeke the body or adorne the minde,
To make them louely or well fauoured showe:
As, comely carriage, entertainment kind,
Sweet semblant, friendly offices that binde,
And all the complements of courtesie:
They teach vs, how to each degree and kinde
We should our selues demeane, to lowe, to hie;
To friends, to foes: which skill men call Ciuility.

24
Therefore they alwayes smoothly seeme to smile,
That we likewise should milde and gentle be;
And also naked are, that without guile
Or false dissemblance all them plaine may see,
Simple and true from couert malice free:
And eke themselues so in their dance they bore,
That two of them still froward seem'd to be,
But one still towards shew'd her selfe afore;
That good should from vs go, then com, in greater store.

25
Such were those goddesses, which ye did see;
But that fourth Maid, which there amidst them traced,
Who can aread, what creature mote she be,
Whether a creature or a goddesse graced
With heauenly gifts from heauen first enraced?
But what-so sure she was, she worthy was
To be the fourth, with those three other placed:
Yet was she certes but a country lasse,
Yet she all other country lasses farre did passe.

26
So farre as doth the daughter of the day,
All other lesser lights in light exceil,
So farre doth she in beautifull array,
Aboue all other lasses beare the bell:
Ne lesse in vertue that beseemes her well,
Doth she exceed the rest of all her race;
For which, the Graces that here wont to dwell,
Haue for more honour brought her to this place,
And graced her so much to be another Grace.

27
Another Grace she well deserues to be,
In whom so many Graces gathered are,
Excelling much the meane of her degree;
Diuine resemblance, beauty soueraine rare,
Firme Chastitie, that spight ne blemish dare;
All which she with such courtesie doth grace,
That all her Peers cannot with her compare,
But quite are dimmed, when she is in place.
She made me often pipe and now to pipe apace.

28
Sunne of the world, great glory of the skie,
That all the earth do'st lighten with thy rayes,
Great *Gloriana*, greatest Maiesty,
Pardon thy Shepheard mongst so many layes,
As he hath sung of thee in all his dayes,
To make one minime of thy poore handmayd,
And vnderneath thy feet to place her praise;
That when thy glory shall be farre displayd
To future age, of her this mention may be made;

29
When thus that Shepheard ended had his speech,
Said *Calidore*; Now sure it yrketh mee,
That to thy bliss I made this luckelesse breach,
As now the Authour of thy bale to be,
Thus to bereaue thy Loues deare sight from thee:
But gentle Shepheard pardon thou my shame,
Who rashly sought that, which I mote not see.
Thus did the courteous Knight excuse his blame,
And to recomfort him, all comely meanes did frame.

In

29
In such discourses they together spent
Long time, as fit occasion forth them led;
With which, the Knight himselfe did much content,
And with delight his greedy fancie fed,
Both of his words, which he with reason red;
And also of the place, whose pleasures rare
With such regard his senses rauished,
That thence he had no will away to fare, (share.
But wisht, that with that shepheard hee mote dwelling

30
But that envenimd sting, the which of yore,
His poysnous point deep fixed in his heart
Had left, now gan afresh to rankle sore,
And to renue the rigour of his smart:
VVhich to recure, no skill of Leaches art
Mote him auaile, but to returne againe
To his wounds worker, that with louely dart
Dinting his breast, had bred his restlesse paine,
Like as the wounded Whale to shore flies frō the maine.

31
So, taking leaue of that same gentle swaine,
He back returned to his rustick wonne,
VVhere his faire *Pastorella* did remaine:
To whom in sort, as he at first begonne,
He daily did apply himselfe to donne
All dewfull seruice, void of thoughts impure:
Ne any paines ne perill did he shonne,
By which he might her to his loue allure,
And liking in her yet vntamed heart procure.

32
And euermore the Shepheard *Coridon*,
VVhat-euerthing he did to her aggrate,
Did striue to match, with strong contention,
And all his paines did closely emulate;
VVhether it were to caroll, as they sate
Keeping their sheepe, or games to exercise,
Or to present her with their labours late;
Through which if any grace chaunc't to arize
To him, the Shepheard streight with iealousie did frize.

33
One day, as they all three together went
To the greene wood, to gather strawberies,
There chaunc't to them a dangerous accident;
A Tigre forth out of the wood did rise,
That with fell clawes full of fierce gourmandize,
And greedy mouth, wide gaping like hell gate,
Did runne at *Pastorell*, her to surprize:
Whom she beholding, now all desolate
Gan cry to them aloud, to helpe her all too late.

34
VVhich *Coridon* first hearing, ran in haste
To rescue her: but when he sawe the feend,
Through coward feare he fled away as fast,
Ne durst abide the danger of the end;
His life he steemed dearer then his friend.
But *Calidore* soone comming to her ayde,
When he the beast sawe ready now to rend
His Loues deare spoile, in which his hart was praide,
He ran at him enrag'd, in stead of beeing fraide.

35
Hee had no weapon, but his shepheards hooke,
To serue the vengeance of his wrathfull will;
With which so sternely he the monster strooke,
That to the ground astonished he fell:
Whence ere he could recov'r, he did him quell;
And hewing off his head, it presented
Before the feet of the faire *Pastorell*;
VVho, scarcely yet from former feare exempted,
A thousand times him thanke, that had her death preuented.

36
From that day forth she gan him to affect,
And daily more her fauour to augment;
But *Coridon* for cowardize reiect,
Fit to keepe sheepe, vnfit for loues content:
The gentle hart scornes base disparagement.
Yet *Calidore* did not despise him quight,
But vide him friendly for further intent,
That by his fellowship, he colour might
Both his estate, and loue, from skill of any wight.

37
So well he woo'd her, and so well he wrought her,
With humble seruice, and with daily sute,
That at the last vnto his will he brought her;
Which he so wisely well did prosecute,
That of his loue he reapt the timely fruit,
And ioyed long in close felicity;
Till Fortune fraught with malice, blind, and brute,
That envies Louers long prosperitie,
Blew vp a bitter storme of foule aduersity.

38
It fortuned one day, when *Calidore*
Was hunting in the woods (as was his trade)
A lawlesse people, *Brigants* hight of yore,
That neuer vide to liue by plough nor spade,
But fed on spoile and booty, which they made
Vpon their neighbours, which did nigh them border,
The dwelling of these shepheards did invade,
And spoild their houses, and themselues did murder;
And droue away their flocks with other much disorder.

39
Amongst the rest, the which they then did pray,
They spoyld old *Melibæ* of all he had,
And all his people captiue led away;
Mongst which this luckelesse mayd away was lad,
Faire *Pastorella*, sorrowfull and sad,
Most sorrowfull, most sad, that euer sigh't,
Now made the spoile of thieues and *Brigants* bad,
Which was the conquest of the gentlest Knight,
That euer liv'd, and th'onely glory of his might.

40
With them also was taken *Coridon*,
And caried captiue by those thieues away;
Who in the couert of the night, that none
Mote them descry, nor rescue from their prey,
Vnto their dwelling did them close conuay.
Their dwelling in a little Iland was,
Couered with shrubby woods, in which no way
Appeard for people in nor out to passe,
Nor any footing find for ouer-growen grasse.

41
For vnderneath the ground their way was made,
Through hollow Caues, that no man mote discouer
For the thick shrubs, which did them alwaies shade
From view of liuing wight, and couered ouer:
But darknesse drad and daily night did houer
Through all the inner parts, wherein they dwelt.
Ne lighted was with window, nor with louer,
But with continuall candle-light, which dealt
A doubtfull sense of things, not to well seene, as felt.

42
Hither those *Brigants* brought their present pray,
And kept them with continuall watch and ward;
Meaning so soone, as they conuenient may,
For slaues to sell them for no small reward,
To Merchants, which them kept in bondage hard,
Or sold againe. Now when faire *Pastorell*
Into this place was brought, and kept with gard
Of griesly thieues, she thought her selfe in hell,
Where with such damned fiends she should in darknes (dwell.

43
But for to tell the dolefull dreriment,
And pittifull complaints which there she made
(VVhere day & night she nought did but lament
Her wretched life, shut vp in deadly shade,
And waste her goodly beauty, which did fade
Like to a flowre, that feeles no heat of sunne,
VVhich may her feeble leaues with comfort glade)
And what befell her in that theemish wonne,
VVill in another Canto better be begonne.

Canto XI.

The thieues fall out for Pastorell,
Whilest Melibœ is slaine:
Her, Calidore from them redeemes,
And bringeth backe againe.

1
HE ioyes of loue, if they should euer last,
VVithout affliction or disquietnesse,
That worldly chances do amongst the cast,
Would be on earth too great a blessednes,
Liker to heauen then mortall wretchednes.
Therefore the winged god, to let men weet,
That heere on earth is no sure happinesse,
A thousand sowres hath tempred with one sweet,
To make it seem more deare and dainty, as is meet.

2
Like as is now befalne to this faire maide,
Faire *Pastorell*, of whom is now my song:
VVho beeing now in dreadfull darknes layd,
Amongst those thieues, which her in bondage strong
Detaind; yet Fortune, not with all this wrong
Contented, greater mischiefe on her threw,
And sorrowes heapt on her in greater throng;
That who-so heares her heauinesse, would rew
And pitty her sad plight, so chang'd from pleasant hew.

3
VVhil'st thus she in these hellish dennes remained,
Wrapped in wretched cares and hearts vnrest,
It so befell (as Fortune had ordained)
That he, which was their Capitaine profest,
And had the chiefe commaund of all the rest,
One day as he did all his prisoners view,
VVith lustfull eyes beheld that louely guest,
Faire *Pastorella*; whose sad mournfull hew
Like the faire Morning clad in misty fog did shew.

4
At sight whereof his barbarous hart was fired,
And inly burnt with flames most raging hot,
That her alone he for his part desired
Of all the other prey, which they had got,
And her in minde did to him selfe allot.
From that day forth he kindenesse to her shewed,
And sought her loue, by all the meanes he mote;
With looks, with words, with gifts he oft her wowed:
And mixed threats among, and much vnto her vowed.

5
But all that euer he could doe or say,
Her constant mind could not a whit remoue,
Nor draw vnto the lure of his lewd lay,
To grant him fauour, or afford him loue.
Yet ceast he not to sew and all waies proue,
By which he mote accomplish his request,
Saying and doing all that mote behoue:
Ne day nor night he suffred her to rest,
But her all night did watch, and all the day molest.

6
At last, when him she so importune sawe,
Fearing least he at length the reanes would lend
Vnto his lust, and make his will his lawe,
Sith in his powre she was to foe or friend;
She thought it best, for shadow to pretend
Some shew of fauour, by him gracing small,
That she thereby mote either freely wend,
Or at more ease continue there his thrall;
A little well is lent that gaineth more withall.

7
So from thenceforth, when loue he to her made,
VVith better tearmes shee did him entertaine:
Which gaue him hope, and did him halfe perswade,
That he in time her ioyance should obtaine.
But when she sawe, through that small fauours gaine,
That further then she willing was, he prest;
She found no meanes to barre him, but to faine
A sodaine sickenesse, which her sore oppresst,
And made vnfit to serue his lawlesse minds beheast.

8
By meanes whereof, she would not him permit
Once to approach to her in priuity,
But onely mongst the rest by her to sit,
Mourning the rigour of her malady,
And seeking all things meet for remedy.
But she resolv'd no remedy to finde,
Nor better cheare to shew in misery,
Till Fortune would her captiue bonds vnbinde.
Her sickenesse was not of the body, but the minde.

9
During which space that she thus sick did ly,
It chaunc't a sort of Merchants which were wont
To skim those coastes, for bondmen there to buy,
And by such traffique after gaines to hunt,
Arriued in this Ile (though bare and blunt)
T'inquire for slaues; where beeing ready met
By some of these same thieues at th'instant brunt,
Were brought vnto their Captaine, who was set
By his faire Patients side with sorrowfull regret.

10
To whom they shewed, how those Merchants were
Arriu'd in place, their bondslaues for to buy;
And therefore pray'd, that those same captiues there
Mote to them for their most commodity
Be sold, and mongst them shared equally.
This their request the Captaine much appalled;
Yet could he not their iust demaund deny,
And willed straight the slaues should forth be called,
And sold for most aduantage not to be forstalled.

11
Then forth the good old *Melibœ* was brought,
And *Coridon*, with many other moe,
Whom they before in diuerse spoiles had caught:
All which he to the Merchants sale did shewe;
Till some, which did the sundry prisoners knowe,
Gan to inquire for the faire Shepherdesse,
Which with the rest they tooke not long agoe,
And gan her forme and feature to expresse, (nes.
The more t'augment her price, through praise of comli-

12
To whom the Captaine in full angry wize
Made answere, that the Mayd of whom they spake,
Was his owne purchase and his onely prize:
VVith which none had to doe, ne ought partake,
But he himselfe which did that conquest make;
Little for him to haue one silly lasse:
Besides, through sickenesse now to wan and weake,
That nothing meet in marchandise to pass.
So shew'd them her, to proue how pale & weake she was.

13
The sight of whom, though now decayd and mard,
And eke but hardly seene by candle-light:
Yet like a Diamond of rich regard,
In doubtfull shadow of the darksome night,
VVith starry beames about her shining bright,
These Merchants fixed eyes did so amaze,
That what through wonder, & what through delight,
Awhile on her they greedily did gaze,
And did her greatly like, and did her greatly praize.

14
At last, when all the rest them offred were,
And prices to them placed at their pleasure,
They all refused in regard of her,
Ne ought would buy, how-euer pris'd with measure,
VVithouten her, whose worth aboue all threasure
They did esteeme, and offred store of gold.
But then the Captaine fraught with more displeasure,
Bade them be still, his Loue should not be sold:
The rest take if they would, he her to him would hold.

15
Therewith, some other of the chiefest thieues
Boldly him bade such iniury forbeare;
For, that same maid, how-euer it him grieues,
Should with the rest be sold before him there,
To make the prices of the rest more deare.
That with great rage he stoutly doth denay;
And fiercely drawing forth his blade, doth sweare,
That who-so hardy hand on her doth lay,
It dearely shall aby, and death for handsell pay.

16
Thus as they words amongst them multiply,
They fall to strokes, the fruit of too much talke:
And the mad steele about doth freely flie,
Not sparing wight, ne leauing any balke,
But making way for death at large to walke;
Who, in the horror of the griesly night,
In thousand dreadful shapes doth mongst them stalke,
And makes huge hauock, whiles the candle light
Out-quenched, leaues no skill nor difference of wight.

17
Like as a sort of hungry dogs ymet
About some carcasse by the common way,
Doe fall together, striuing each to get
The greatest portion of the greedy prey;
All on confused heapes themselues assay,
And snatch, and bite, and rend, and rug, and teare;
That who them sees, would wonder at their fray;
And who sees not, would be afraid to heare:
Such was the conflict of those cruell *Brigants* there.

18

But first of all, their captiues they do kill,
Least they should ioyne against the weaker side,
Or rise against the remnant at their will:
Old *Melibœ* is slaine, and him beside
His aged wife, with many others wide:
But *Coridon*, escaping craftily,
Creeps forth of dores, whilst darknes him doth hide,
And flies away as fast as he can hie,
Ne stayeth leaue to take, before his friends doe die.

19

But *Pastorella*, wofull wretched Elfe,
VVas by the Captaine all this while defended:
Who minding more her safety then himselfe,
His target alwaies ouer her pretended;
By meanes whereof, that mote not be amended,
He at the length was slaine, and layd on ground;
Yet holding fast twixt both his armes extended
Faire *Pastorell*, who with the selfe same wound
Lanc't through the arme, fell downe with him in drery (swound.

20

There lay she couered with confused preasse
Of carcases, which dying on her fell.
Tho, when as he was dead, the fray gan ceasse,
And each to other calling, did compell
To stay their cruell hands from slaughter fell,
Sith they that were the cause of all, were gone.
Thereto they all at once agreed well,
And lighting candles new, gan search anone,
How many of their friends were slaine, how many fone.

21

Their Captaine there they cruelly found kild,
And in his armes the drery dying maid,
Like a sweet Angell twixt two clowds vp-held:
Her louely light was dimmed and decayd,
VVith clowd of death vpon her eyes displaid:
Yet did the clowd make euen that dimmed light
Seeme much more louely in that darknes layd,
And twixt the twinkling of her eye-lids bright,
To sparke out little beames, like starres in foggy night.

22

But when they mou'd the carcases aside,
They found that life did yet in her remaine:
Then all their helps they busily applide,
To call the soule back to her home againe;
And wrought so well with labour and long paine,
That they to life recouered her at last.
VVho sighing sore, as if her hart in twaine
Had riuen been, and all her hart-strings brast,
With drery drouping eyne lookt vp like one aghast.

23

There she beheld, that sore her griev'd to see,
Her father and her friends about her lying,
Her selfe sole left, a second spoile to be
Of those, that hauing saued her from dying,
Renew'd her death by timely death denying:
What now is left her but to waile and weepe,
Wringing her hands, and ruefully loud crying?
Ne cared she her wound in teares to steepe
Albe with all their might those *Brigants* her did keepe.

24

But when they sawe her now reviu'd againe,
They left her so, in charge of one the best
Of many worst, who with vnkind disdaine
And cruell rigour her did much molest;
Scarce yeelding her due foode, or timely rest,
And scarcely suffring her infestred wound,
That sore her payn'd, by any to be drest.
So leaue we her in wretched thraldome bound,
And turne we back to *Calidore*, where we him found.

25

Who when he backe returned from the wood,
And saw his shepheards cottage spoiled quight,
And his Loue reft away, he wexed wood,
And halfe enraged at that ruefull sight;
That euen his hart for very fell despight,
And his owne flesh he ready was to teare:
He chaufft, he grieu'd, he fretted, and he sigh't,
And fared like a furious wilde Beare,
Whose whelps are stolne away, she being other-where.

26

Ne wight he found, to whom he might complaine,
Ne wight he found of whom he might inquire;
That more increast the anguish of his paine.
He sought the woods; but no man could see there:
He sought the Plaines; but could no tydings heare.
The woods did nought but ecchoes vaine rebound;
The Plaines all waste and empty did appeare:
Where wont the shepheards oft their pipes resound,
And feed an hundred flocks, there now not one he found.

27

At last, as there he romed vp and downe,
He chanc't one comming towards him to spy,
That seem'd to be some sory simple clowne,
With ragged weeds, and locks vp-staring hie,
As if he did from some late danger flie,
And yet his feare did follow him behind:
VVho as he vnto him approched nie,
He mote perceiue by signes, which he did finde,
That *Coridon* it was, the silly shepheards hind.

28

Tho, to him running fast, he did not stay
To greet him first, but askt where were the rest;
Where *Pastorell*? who full of fresh dismay,
And gushing forth in teares, was so oppresst,
That he no word could speak, but smit his brest,
And vp to heauen his eyes fast streaming threw.
Whereat the Knight amaz'd, yet did not rest,
But askt againe, what meant that ruefull hew:
Where was his *Pastorell*? where all the other crew?

29

Ah well away, said he then sighing sore,
That euer I did liue, this day to see,
This dismall day, and was not dead before,
Before I sawe faire *Pastorella* die.
Die? out alas then *Calidore* did cry:
How could the death dare euer her to quell?
But read thou shepheard, read what destiny,
Or other direfull hap from heauen or hell
Hath wrought this wicked deed; doe feare away, and tell.

Tho

30

Tho, when the shepheard breathed had awhile,
He thus began: VVhere shall I then commence
This wofull tale? or how those *Brigants* vile,
With cruell rage, and dreadfull violence
Spoild all our cots, and carried vs from hence?
Or how faire *Pastorell* should haue been sold
To Marchants, but was sau'd with strong defence?
Or how those thieues, whil'st one sought her to hold,
Fell all at ods, and fought through fury fierce and bold.

31

In that same conflict (woe is me) befell
This fatall chaunce, this dolefull accident,
Whose heauy tydings now I haue to tell.
First, all the captiues which they here had hent,
VVere by them slaine by generall consent;
Old *Melibœ*, and his good wife withall
These eyes sawe die, and dearely did lament:
But when the lot to *Pastorell* did fall,
Their Captaine long withstood, & did her death forstall.

32

But what could he gainst all them doe alone?
It could not boote; needs mote she die at last:
I onely scap't through great confusion
Of cries and clamors, which amongst them past,
In dreadfull darknes, dreadfully aghast;
That better were with them to haue been dead,
Then here to see all desolate and waste,
Despoiled of those ioyes and iollyhead
Which with those gentle shepheards here I wont to lead.

33

VVhen *Calidore* these ruefull newes had raught,
His hart quite deaded was with anguish great,
And all his wits with doole were nigh distraught;
That he his face, his head, his breast did beat,
And death it selfe vnto himselfe did threat;
Oft cursing th'heauens, that so cruell were
To her, whose name he often did repeat;
And wishing oft, that he were present there,
VVhen she was slaine, or had been to her succour nere.

34

But after griefe awhile had had his course,
And spent it selfe in mourning, he at last
Began to mitigate his swelling sourse,
And in his mind with better reason cast,
How he might saue her life, if life did last;
Or if that dead, how he her death might wreake,
Sith otherwise he could not mend thing past;
Or if it to reuenge he were too weake,
Then for to die with her, & his liues threed to breake.

35

Tho, *Coridon* he prayd, sith he well knew
The ready way vnto that thieuish wonne,
To wend with him, and be his conduct trew
Vnto the place, to see what should be donne.
But he, whose hart through feare was late fordonne,
Would not for ought be drawne to former dreed;
But by all meanes the danger knowne did shonne:
Yet *Calidore*, so well him wrought with meed,
And faire bespoke with words, that he at last agreed.

36

So, forth they goe together (God before)
Both clad in shepheards weeds agreeably,
And both with shepheards hookes: But *Calidore*
Had vnderneath, him armed priuily.
Tho, to the place when they approched nie,
They chaunc't vpon an hill, not farre away,
Some flocks of sheepe and shepheards to espy;
To whom they both agreed to take their way,
In hope there newes to learne, how they mote best assay.

37

There did they find, that which they did not feare,
The selfe same flocks, the which those thieues had reft
From *Melibœ* and from themselues why leare,
And certaine of the thieues there by them left,
The which for want of heards themselues then kept.
Right well knew *Coridon* his owne late sheepe,
And seeing them, for tender pitty wept:
But when he saw the thieues which did them keepe,
His hart gan faile, albe he saw them all asleepe.

38

But *Calidore* recomforting his griefe,
Though not his feare: for, nought may fear dissuade;
Him hardly forward drew, wher-as the thiefe
Lay sleeping soundly in the bushes shade,
Whom *Coridon* him counseld to inuade
Now all vnwares, and take the spoyle away:
But he, that in his mind had closely made
A further purpose, would not so them slay,
But gently waking them, gaue them the time of day.

39

Tho, sitting downe by them vpon the Greene,
Of sundry things he purpose gan to faine;
That he by them might certaine tydings weene
Of *Pastorell*, were she aliue or slaine.
Mongst which, the thieues them questioned againe,
What mister men, and eke from whence they were.
To whom they answer'd, as did appertaine, (ere
That they were poore heard-grooms, the which whil-
Had frō their maisters fled, & now sought hire elsewhere.

40

Whereof right glad they seem'd, and offer made
To hire them well, if they their flocks would keepe:
For, they themselues, were euill groomes, they said,
Vnwont with heards to watch, or pasture sheepe,
But to forray the Land, or scoure the deepe.
There-to they soone agreed, and earnest tooke,
To keepe their flocks for little hire and chepe:
For, they for better hire did shortly looke:
So there all day they bode, till light the sky forsooke.

41

Tho, when-as towards darksome night it drew,
Vnto their hellish dennes those thieues thē brought;
Where shortly they in great acquaintance grew,
And all the secrets of their entrailes sought.
There did they find (contrary to their thought)
That *Pastorell* yet liv'd; but all the rest
Were dead, right so as *Coridon* had taught:
Whereof they both full glad and blithe did rest,
But chiefely *Calidore*, whom griefe had most possest.

42

At length, when they occasion fittest found,
In dead of night, when all the theeues did rest
After a late forray, and slept full sound,
Sir *Calidore* him arm'd, as he thought best,
Hauing of late (by diligent inquest)
Prouided him a sword of meanest sort:
With which he straight went to the Captaines nest.
But *Coridon* durst not with him consort,
Ne durst abide behind, for dread of worse effort.

43

VVhen to the Caue they came, they found it fast:
But *Calidore*, with huge resistlesse might,
The dores assailed, and the locks vp-brast.
With noyse whereof the theefes awaking light,
Vnto the entrance ran: where the bold Knight
Encountring him with small resistance slew;
The whiles faire *Pastorell* through great affright
VVas almost dead, misdoubting least of new
Some vp-rore were like that, which lately she did view.

44

But when as *Calidore* was comen in,
And gan aloud for *Pastorell* to call:
Knowing his voice (although not heard long sin)
She suddaine was reuiued there-withall,
And wondrous ioy felt in her spirits thrall:
Like him that being long in tempest tost,
Looking each howre into deaths mouth to fall,
At length, espies at hand the happy coast,
On which he safety hopes, that earst feard to be lost.

45

Her gentle hart, that now long season past
Had neuer ioyance felt, nor chearefull thought,
Began some smack of comfort now to taste,
Like lifefull heat to nummed senses brought,
And life to feele, that long for death had sought:
Ne lesse in hart reioyced *Calidore*
When he her found; but like to one distraught
And robd of reason, towards her him bore,
A thousand times embrac't, and kist a thousand more.

46

But now by this, with noyse of Late vp-rore,
The hue and cry was raised all about:
And all the *Brigants*, flocking in great store,
Vnto the Caue gan preace, nought hauing doubt
Of that was done, and entred in a rout.
But *Calidore*, in th'entry close did stand,
And entertaining them with courage stout,
Still slew the formost that came first to hand,
So long, till all the entry was with bodies mand.

47

Tho, when no more could nigh to him approche,
He breath'd his sword, and rested him till day:
Which when he spide vpon the earth t'encroche,
Through the dead carcasses he made his way;
Mongst which he found a sword of better say,
With which he forth went into th'open light;
Where all the rest for him did ready stay,
And fierce assailing him, with all their might
Gan all vpon him lay: there gan a dreadfull fight.

48

How many flies in hottest Sommers day
Doe seize vpon some beast, whose flesh is bare,
That all the place with swarmes doe ouer-lay,
And with their little stings right felly fare;
So many thieues about him swarming are,
All which doe him assaile on euery side,
And sore oppresse, ne any him doth spare:
But hee doth with his raging brond diuide
Their thickest troups, and round about him scattereth (wide.

49

Like as a Lion mongst an heard of Dere,
Disperseth them to catch his choicest pray;
So did he flie amongst them here and there,
And all that neere him came, did hewe and slay,
Till he had strow'd with bodies all the way;
That none his danger daring to abide,
Fled from his wrath, and did themselues conuay
Into their Caues, their heads from death to hide,
Ne any left, that victory to him envide.

50

Then back returning to his dearest Deare,
He her gan to recomfort all he might,
With gladfull speeches, and with louely cheare;
And forth her bringing to the ioyous light,
Whereof she long had lackt the wishfull sight,
Deuiz'd all goodly meanes, from her to driue
The sad remembrance of her wretched plight.
So, her vneath at last he did reuiue,
That long had lien dead, and made againe aliue.

51

This doen, into those threuish dennes he went,
And thence did all the spoiles and threasures take,
Which they from many long had robd and rent,
But fortune now the Victors meed did make;
Of which the best he did his Loue betake:
And also all those flocks, which they before
Had reft from *Melibœ*, and from his Make,
He did them all to *Coridon* restore.
So, droue them all away, and his Loue with him bore.

Canto

Canto XII.

Faire Pastorella, by great hap,
her parents vnderstands:
Calidore doth the Blatant Beast
subdew, and bind in bands.

1

Like as a ship, that through the Ocean wide
Directs her course vnto one certaine coast,
Is met of many a counter wind and tide,
With which her winged speed is let & crost,
And she her selfe in stormie surges tost;
Yet making many a borde, and many a bay,
Still winneth way, ne hath her compasse lost:
Right so it fares with me in this long way,
Whose course is often staid, yet neuer is astray.

2

For, all that hitherto hath long delaid
This gentle Knight, from sewing his first quest,
Though out of course, yet hath not been mis-said,
To shew the courtesie by him profest,
Euen vnto the lowest and the least.
But now I come vnto my course againe,
To his atchiuement of the *Blatant Beast*;
Who all this while at will did range and raine,
Whil'st none was him to stop, nor none him to restraine.

3

Sir *Calidore*, when thus he now had raught
Faire *Pastorella* from those *Brigants* powre,
Vnto the Castle of *Belgard* her brought,
Whereof was Lord the good Sir *Bellamoure*;
Who whylome was in his youths freshes flowre
A lustie Knight, as euer wielded speare,
And had endured many a dreadfull stoure
In bloudy battell for a Lady deare,
The fairest Lady then of all that liuing were.

4

Her name was *Caribell*: whose father hight
The Lord of *Many Ilands*, farre renownd
For his great riches, and his greater might.
He, through the wealth wherein he did abound,
This daughter thought in wedlock to haue bound
Vnto the Prince of *Pictland*, bordering nere;
But shee, whose sides before with secret wound
Of loue to *Bellamoure* empearced were,
By all meanes shund to match with any forraine feere.

5

And *Bellamoure* againe so well her pleased,
With daily seruice and attendance dew,
That of her loue he was entirely seized,
And closely did her wed, but knowne to few:
Which when her father vnderstood, he grew
In so great rage, that them in dungeon deepe
VVithout compassion cruelly he threw;
Yet did so straightly them asunder keepe,
That neither could to company of th'other creepe.

6

Nath'lesse, Sir *Bellamoure*, whether through grace
Or secret gifts, so with his Keepers wrought,
That to his Loue sometimes he came in place;
VVherof, her wombe vnwist to wight was fraught,
And in due time a maiden child forth brought,
Which she straight way (for dread least it her Sire
Should know thereof, to slay he would haue sought)
Deliuer'd to her handmaid, that (for hire)
She should it cause be fostred vnder strange attire.

7

The trustie Damzell, bearing it abroad
Into the emptie fields, where liuing wight
Mote not bewray the secret of her lode,
She forth gan lay vnto the open light
The little babe, to take thereof a sight,
VVhom, whil'st she did with watry eyne behold,
Vpon the little breast (like crystall bright)
She mote perceiue a little purple mold,
That like a Rose, her silken leaues did faire vnfold.

8

VVell she it markt, and pittied the more,
Yet could not remedie her wretched case;
But closing it againe like as before,
Bedeaw'd with teares there left it in the place:
Yet left not quite, but drew a little space
Behind the bushes, where she her did hide,
To weet what mortall hand, or heauens grace
Would for the wretched infants helpe prouide,
For which it loudly cald, and pittifully cride.

At

9

At length, a Shepheard, which there-by did keepe
His fleecie flock vpon the Plaines around,
Led with the infants cry, that loud did weepe,
Came to the place; where when he wrapped found
Th'abandond spoile, he softly it vnbound:
And seeing there that did him pitty sore,
He tooke it vp, and in his mantle wound;
So, home vnto his honest wife it bore,
Who as her owne it nurst, and named euermore.

10

Thus long continu'd *Claribell* a thrall,
And *Bellamoure* in bands, till that her sire
Departed life, and left vnto them all.
Then all the stormes of Fortunes former ire
VVere turnd, and they to freedome did retire.
Thence-forth, they ioy'd in happinesse together,
And liued long in peace and loue entire,
Without disquiet or dislike of either,
Till time that *Calidore* brought *Pastorella* thither.

11

Both whom they goodly well did entertaine;
For, *Bellamoure* knew *Calidore* right well,
And loued for his prowesse, sith they twaine
Long since had fought in field. Als *Claribell*,
No lesse did tender the faire *Pastorell*,
Seeing her weake and wan, through durance long.
There they awhile together thus did dwell
In much delight, and many ioyes among,
Vntill the damzell gan to wex more sound and strong.

12

Tho, gan Sir *Calidore* him to advise
Of his first quest, which he had long forlore;
Asham'd to thinke, how he that enterprise,
The which the Faery Queene had long afore
Bequeath'd to him, forslacked had so sore;
That much he feared, least reprocheful blame,
With foule dishonour him mote blot therefore;
Besides the losse of so much praise and fame,
As through the world there-by should glorifie his name.

13

Therefore resoluing to returne in haste
Vnto so great atchieuement, he bethought
To leaue his Loue, now perill beeing past,
VVith *Claribell*, whil'st he that monster sought
Throughout the world, & to destruction brought.
So taking leaue of his faire *Pastorell*
(Whom to recomfort, all the means he wrought)
VVith thanks to *Bellamoure* and *Claribell*,
He went forth on his quest, and did that him befell.

14

But first, ere I doe his adventures tell,
In this exploit, me needeth to declare
VVhat did betide to the faire *Pastorell*,
During his absence left in heauy care,
Through daily mourning, and nightly misfare:
Yet did that auncient Matrone all she might,
To cherish her with all things choice and rare;
And her owne hand-maid, that *Melissa* hight,
Appointed to attend her duely day and night.

15

VVho, in a morning, when this Maiden faire
Was dighting her (hauing her snowie breast
As yet not laced, nor her golden haire
Into their comely tresses duely dresst)
Chaunc't to espy vpon her Ivorie chest
The rosie marke, which she remembred well
That little Infant had, which forth she kest,
The daughter of her Lady *Claribell*,
The which she bore, the whiles in prison she did dwell.

16

VVhich well avizing, straight she gan to cast
In her conceitfull mind, that this faire Maid,
Was that same infant, which so long since past
Shee in the open fields had loosely laid
To Fortunes spoile, vnable it to aide.
So, full of ioy, straight forth she ran in haste
Vnto her Mistresse, beeing halfe dismaid,
To tell her, how the heauens had her grac't,
To saue her child, which in misfortunes mouth was (plac't.

17

The sober mother, seeing such her mood
(Yet knowing not what meant that suddaine thro)
Askt her, how mote her words be vnderstood,
And what the matter was that moou'd her so.
My liefe, said she, ye know, that long ygo,
Whil'st yee in durance dwelt, ye to me gaue
A little maid, the which ye childed tho:
The same againe if now ye list to haue,
The same is yonder Lady, whom high God did saue.

18

Much was the Lady troubled at that speach,
And gan to question streight how she it knew.
Most certaine marks, said she, doe me it teach;
For, on her brest I with these eyes did view
The little purple rose, which there-on grew,
VVhere-of her name ye then to her did giue.
Besides, her countenaunce, and her likely hew,
Matched with equall yeeres, doe surely prieue,
That yond same is your daughter sure, which yet doth liue.

19

The Matron staid no lenger to enquire,
But forth in haste ran to the stranger Maid;
VVhom catching greedily for great desire,
Rent vp her brest, and bosome open layd;
In which that Rose she plainly saw displaid.
Then her embracing twixt her armes twaine,
She long so held, and softly weeping said;
And liuest thou my daughter now againe?
And art thou yet aliue, whom dead I long did faine?

20

Tho, further asking her of sundry things,
And times comparing with their accidents,
She found at last, by very certaine signes,
And speaking markes of passed monuments,
That this young Maid, whom chance to her presents,
Is her owne daughter, her owne infant deare.
Tho, wondring long at those so strange euents,
A thousand times she her embraced neare,
With many a ioyfull kis, and many a melting teare.

VVho

21

VVho-euer is the mother of one child,
Which hauing thought long dead, she findes aliue,
Let her by proofe of that which she hath fild
In her owne breast, this mothers ioy deserue:
For, other none such passion can contriue
In perfect forme, as this good Lady felt,
When she so faire a daughter sawe survive,
As *Pastorella* was, that nigh she twelt
For passing ioy, which did all into pitty melt.

22

Thence running forth vnto her loued Lord,
She vnto him recounted all that fell:
Who, ioyning ioy with her in one accord,
Acknowledg'd for his owne faire *Pastorell*.
There leaue we them in ioy, and let vs tell
Of *Calidore*: who seeking all this while
That monstrous Beast by finall force to quell,
Through euery place, with restlesse paine and toile
Him follow'd, by the track of his outrageous spoile.

23

Through all estates he found that he had past,
In which he many massacres had left,
And to the Clergie now was come at last;
In which such spoile, such hauock, and such theft
He wrought, that thence all goodnes he bereft,
That endlesse were to tell. The Elfin Knight,
Who now no place besides vnsought had left,
At length into a Monastere did light,
Where he him found despoiling all with maine & might.

24

Into their Cloysters now he broken had,
Through which the Monkes he chaced here & there,
And them pursu'd into their dortours sad,
And searched all their Cels and secrets neare;
In which, what filth and ordure did appeare,
VVere irkesome to report; Yet that foule Beast,
Nought sparing them, the more did tosse and teare,
And ransack all their dennes from most to least,
Regarding nought religion, nor their holy heast.

25

From thence, into the sacred Church he broke,
And robd the Chancell, and the deskes downe threw,
And Altars fouled, and blasphemy spoke;
And th'Images, for all their goodly hew,
Did cast to ground, whil'st none was them to rew;
So all confounded and disordered there.
But seeing *Calidore*, away he flew,
Knowing his fatall hand by former feare;
But he him fast pursuing, soone approched neare.

26

Him in a narrow place he ouertooke,
And fierce assayling, forc't him turne againe:
Sternely he turnd againe, when he him strooke
VVith his sharpe steele, and ran at him amaine
VVith open mouth, that seemed to containe
A full good peck within the vtmost brim,
All set with iron teeth in ranges twaine,
That terrifide his foes, and armed him,
Appearing like the mouth of *Orcus*, grisly grim.

27

And therein were a thousand tongues empight,
Of sundry kindes, and sundry quality:
Some were of dogs, that barked day and night,
And some of cats, that wrawling still did cry:
And some of Beares, that grounded continually;
And some of Tigres, that did teeme to gren,
And snar at all, that euer passed by:
But most of them were tongues of mortall men,
Which spake reprochefully, not caring where nor when.

28

And them amongst, were mingled here and there,
The tongues of Serpents, with three forked stings,
That spat out poyson and gore bloudy gere
At all that came within his rauenings,
And spake licentious words, and hatefull things
Of good and bad alike, of lowe and hie;
Ne Kesar spared he a whit, nor Kings,
But either blotted them with infamy,
Or bit them with his banefull teeth of iniury.

29

But *Calidore*, thereof no whit afraid,
Re-encountred him with so impetuous might,
That th'outrage of his violence he stild,
And bet abacke, threatning in vaine to bite,
And spetting forth the poyson of his spight,
That fomed all about his bloudy iawes.
Tho, rearing vp his former feet on hight,
He rampt vpon him with his rauenous pawes,
As if he would haue rent him with his cruell clawes.

30

But he, right well aware his rage to ward,
Did cast his shield atwixt; and therewithall,
Putting his puissance forth, pursu'd so hard,
That backward he enforced him to fall:
And beeing downe, ere he new helpe could call,
His shield he on him threw, and fast downe held;
Like as a bullock, that in bloudy stall
Of butchers balefull hand to ground is feld,
Is forcibly kept downe, till he be throughly queld.

31

Full cruelly the Beast did rage and rore,
To be downe held, and mastred so with might,
That he gan fret and fome out bloudy gore,
Striuing in vaine to reare him selfe vp-right.
For, still the more he stroue, the more the Knight
Did him surpasse, and forcibly subdew;
That made him almost mad for fell despight.
He grind, he bit, he scratcht, he venim threw,
And fared like a fiend, right horrible in hew.

32

Or like the bell-borne *Hydra*, which they faine
That great *Alcides* whylome ouerthrew,
After that he had labourd long in vaine,
To crop his thousand heads, the which still new
Forth budded, and in greater number grew.
Such was the fury of this hellish Beast,
Whil'st *Calidore* him vnder him downe threw;
Who nathemore his heauy load release;
But aye the more he rag'd, the more his powre increast.

Tho,

33

Tho, when the Beast saw he mote nought availe
By force, he gan his hundred tongues apply,
And sharply at him to revile and raile,
With bitter tearmes of shamefull infamy;
Oft interlacing many a forged lie,
VVhose like he neuer once did speake, nor heare,
Nor euer thought thing so vnworthily:
Yet did he nought, for all that, him forbeare,
But strained him so straightly, that he choakt him neare.

34

At last, when as he found his force to shrinke,
And rage to quaile, he tooke a muzzell strong
Of surest iron, made with many a linke;
There-with he mured vp his mouth along,
And therein shut vp his blasphemous tong,
For neuer more defaming gentle Knight,
Or any louely Lady dooing wrong:
And there-vnto a great long chaine he tight,
With which he drew him forth, euen in his own despight.

35

Like as whylome that strong *Tirynthian* swaine,
Brought forth with him the dreadfull dog of hell,
Against his will fast bound in iron chaine;
And roring horribly, did him compell
To see the hatefull sunne; that he might tell
The griesly *Pluto*, what on earth was donne,
And to the other damned ghosts, which dwell
For aye in darkenesse, which day light doth shonne:
So led this Knight his captiue, with like conquest wonne.

36

Yet greatly did the Beast repine at those
Strange bands, whose like till then he neuer bore,
Ne euer any durst till then impose,
And chaufed inly, seeing now no more
Him liberty was left aloud to rore:
Yet durst he not draw back; nor once withstand
The proued powre of noble *Calidore*,
But trembled vnderneath his mighty hand,
And like a fearfull dog him followed through the land.

37

Him through all Faery Land he follow'd so,
As if he learned had obedience long,
That all the people where-so he did goe,
Out of their townes did round about him throng,
To see him lead that Beast in bondage strong;
And seeing it, much wondred at the sight:
And all such persons, as he earst did wrong,
Reioyced much to see his captiue plight, (Knight.
And much admir'd the Beast, but more admir'd the

38

Thus was this Monster, by the maistring might
Of doughty *Calidore*, supprest and tamed,
That neuer more he mote endamage wight
VVith his vile tongue, which many had defamed,
And many causeless caused to be blamed:
So did he eke long after this remaine,
Vntill that (whether wicked fate so framed,
Or fault of men) he broke his iron chaine,
And got into the world at liberty againe.

39

Thence-forth, more mischiefe & more scathe he wrought
To mortall men, then he had done before;
Ne euer could by any more be brought
Into like bands, ne maistred any more:
Albe that long time after *Calidore*,
The good Sir *Pelleas* him tooke in hand;
And after him, Sir *Lamoracke* of yore,
And all his brethren borne in Britaine land;
Yet none of them could euer bring him into band.

40

So now he raungeth through the world againe,
And rageth sore in each degree and state;
Ne any is that may him now restraine,
He growen is so great and strong of late,
Barking, and byting all that him doe bate,
Albe they worthy blame, or cleare of crime:
Ne spareth he most gentle wits to rate,
Ne spareth he the gentle Poets rime,
But rends without regard of person or of time.

41

Ne may this homely verse, of many meanest,
Hope to escape his venemous despite,
More then my former writs, all were they clearest
From blamefull blot, and free from all that wite
With which some wicked tongues did it backbite,
And bring into a mightie Peeres displeasure,
That neuer so deserued to endite.
Therfore do you my rimes keep better measure, (sure.
And seeke to please, that now is counted wise mens trea-

The end of the Sixt Booke.

TWO

TWO CANTOS OF *MVTABILITIE:*

VVhich, both for Forme and Matter, appeare to be parcell of some following Booke of the *Faerie Queene*,

VNDER THE LEGEND OF *Constancie*.

Neuer before imprinted.

Canto VI.

Proud Change (*not pleasd, in mortall beneath the Moone, to raigne*) (*things,*
Pretends, as well of Gods, as Men,
to be the Soueraine.

1

WHat man that sees the euer-whirling wheele
Of *Change*, the which all mortall things doth sway,
But that therby doth find, & plainly feele,
How MVTABILITY in them doth play
Her cruell sports, to many mens decay?
VVhich that to all may better yet appeare,
I will rehearse that whylome I heard say,
How shee at first her selfe began to reare, (beare,
Gainst all the Gods, and th'empire sought from them to

2

But first, here falleth fittest to vnfold
Her antique race and lineage ancient,
As I haue found it registred of old,
In *Faery* Land mongst records permanent:
She was, to weet, a daughter by descent
Of those old *Titans*, that did whylome striue
With *Saturnes* sonne for heauens regiment.
Whom; though high *Ioue* of kingdome did depriue,
Yet many of their sternme long after did suruiue.

And

3
And many of them afterwards obtain'd
Great power of *Ioue*, and high authority;
As *Hecaté*, in whose almighty hand,
He plac't all rule and principalitie,
To be by her disposed diuersly,
To Gods, and men, as she them list diuide:
And drad *Bellona*, that doth sound on hie
VVarres and allarums vnto Nations wide,
That makes both heauen & earth to tremble at her pride.

4
So likewise did this *Titanesse* aspire,
Rule and dominion to her selfe to gaine;
That as a Goddesse, men might her admire,
And heauenly honors yeeld, as to them twaine.
And first, on earth she sought it to obtaine;
Where shee such proose and sad examples shewed
Of her great power, to many ones great paine,
That not men onely (whom she soone subdewed)
But eke all other creatures, her bad dooings rewed.

5
For, she the face of earthly things so changed,
That all which Nature had establisht first
In good estate, and in meet order ranged,
She did pervert, and all their statutes burst:
And all the worlds fair frame (which none yet durst
Of Gods or men to alter or misguide)
She alter'd quite, and made them all accurst
That God had blest, and did at first prouide
In that still happy state for euer to abide.

6
Ne shee the lawes of Nature onely brake,
But eke of Iustice, and of Policie;
And wrong of right, and bad of good did make,
And death for life exchanged foolishlie:
Since which, all liuing wights haue learn'd to die,
And all this wold is woxen daily worse.
O pittious worke of MVTABILITY!
By which, we all are subiect to that curse,
And death in stead of life haue sucked from our Nurse.

7
And now, when all the earth she thus had brought
To her behest, and thralled to her might,
She gan to cast in her ambitious thought,
T'attempt the empire of the heauens hight,
And *Ioue* himselfe to shoulder from his right.
And first, she past the region of the ayre,
And of the fire, whose substance thin and slight,
Made no resistance, ne could her contraire,
But ready passage to her pleasure did prepaire.

8
Thence, to the Circle of the Moone she clambe,
Where *Cynthia* raignes in euerlasting glory:
To whose bright shining palace straight she came,
All fairely deckt with heauens goodly storie;
Whose siluer gates (by which there sate an hory
Old aged Sire, with hower-glasse in hand,
Hight *Time*) she entred, were he liefe or sory:
Ne staide till she the highest stage had scand,
Where *Cynthia* did sit, that neuer still did stand.

9
Her sitting on an Ivory throne she found,
Drawne of two steeds, th'one black, the other white,
Environd with tenne thousand starres around,
That duly her attended day and night:
And by her side, there ran her Page, that hight
Vesper, whom we the Euening-starre intend,
That with his Torch, still twinkling like twylight,
Her lightened all the way where she should wend,
And ioy to weary wandring trauailers did lend:

10
That when the hardy *Titanesse* beheld
The goodly building of her Palace bright,
Made of the heauens substance, and vp-held
With thousand Crystall pillors of huge hight,
She gan to burne in her ambitious spright,
And t'envy her that in such glory raigned.
Eftsoones she cast by force and tortious might,
Her to displace, and to her selfe to haue gained
The kingdome of the Night, and waters by her wained.

11
Boldly she bid the Goddesse downe descend,
And let her selfe into that Ivory throne;
For, she her selfe more worthy thereof wend,
And better able it to guide alone:
Whether to men, whose fall she did bemone,
Or vnto Gods, whose state she did maligne,
Or to th'infernall Powers, her need giue lone
Of her faire light, and bounty most benigne,
Her selfe of all that rule she deemed most condigne.

12
But she that had to her that soueraigne seat
By highest *Ioue* assign'd, therein to beare
Nights burning lampe, regarded not her threat,
Ne yeelded ought for fauour or for feare;
But with sterne count'naunce and disdainfull cheare,
Bending her horned browes, did put her back:
And boldly blaming her for comming there,
Bade her attonce from heauens coast to pack,
Or at her perill bide the wrathfull Thunders wrack.

13
Yet nathemore the *Gianteesse* forbare:
But boldly preacing-on, raught forth her hand
To pluck her downe perforce from off her chaire;
And there-with lifting vp her golden wand,
Threatned to strike her if she did with-stand.
Where-at the starres which round about her blazed,
And eke the Moones bright wagon, still did stand,
All beeing with so bold attempt amazed,
And on her vncouth habit and sterne looke still gazed.

14
Meane-while, the lower World, which nothing knew
Of all that chaunced heere, was darkned quite;
And eke the heauens, and all the heauenly crew
Of happy wights, now vnpurvaid of light,
VVere much afraid, and wondred at that sight;
Fearing least *Chaos* broken had his chaine,
And brought againe on them eternall night:
But chiefely *Mercury*, that next doth raigne,
Ran forth in haste, vnto the king of Gods to plaine.

All

15
All ran together with a great out-cry,
To *Ioues* faire Palace, fixt in heauens hight;
And beating at his gates full earnestly,
Gan call to him aloud with all their might,
To know what meant that suddaine lacke of light.
The father of the Gods when this he heard,
Was troubled much at their so strange affright,
Doubting least *Typhon* were againe vprear'd,
Or other his old foes, that once him sorely fear'd.

16
Eftsoones the sonne of *Maia* forth he sent
Downe to the Circle of the Moone, to knowe
The cause of this so strange astonishment,
And why she did her wonted course forslowe;
And if that any were on earth belowe
That did with charmes or Magick her molest,
Him to attache, and downe to hell to throwe:
But, if from heauen it were, then to arrest
The Author, and him bring before his presence prest.

17
The wingd-foot God, so fast his plumes did beat,
That soone he came where-as the *Titanesse*
Was striuing with faire *Cynthia* for her seat:
At whose strange sight, and haughty hardinesse,
He wondred much, and feared her no lesse.
Yet laying feare aside to doe his charge,
At last, he bade her (with bold stedfastnesse)
Ceasse to molest the Moone to walke at large,
Or come before high *Ioue*, her dooings to discharge.

18
And there-with-all, he on her shoulder laid
His snaky-wreathed Mace, whose awfull power
Doth make both Gods and hellish fiends affraid:
Where-at the *Titanesse* did sternly lower,
And stoutly answer'd, that in euill hower
He from his *Ioue* such message to her brought,
To bid her leaue faire *Cynthia's* siluer bower;
Sith shee his *Ioue* and him esteemed nought,
No more then *Cynthia's* selfe; but all their Kingdoms (sought.

19
The Heauens Herald staid not to reply,
But past away, his doings to relate
Vnto his Lord; who now in th'highest sky,
Was placed in his principall Estate,
With all the Gods about him congregate:
To whom when *Hermes* had his message told,
It did them all exceeding'ly amate, (bold,
Saue *Ioue*; who, changing nought his count'nance
Did vnto them at length these speeches wise vnfold;

20
Harken to mee awhile yee heauenly Powers.
Ye may remember since th'Earths cursed seed
Sought to assaile the heauens eternall towers,
And to vs all exceeding feare did breed:
But how we then defeated all their deed,
Yee all do knowe, and them destroyed quite;
Yet not so quite, but that there did succeed
An off-spring of their bloud, which did alite
Vpon the fruitfull earth, which doth vs yet despite.

21
Of that bad seed is this bold woman bred,
That now with bold presumption doth aspire
To thrust faire *Phœbe* from her siluer bed,
And eke our selues from heauens high Empire,
If that her might were match to her desire:
Wherefore, it now behoues vs to aduise
What way is best to driue her to retire;
Whether by open force, or counseli wise,
Arced ye sonnes of God, as best ye can deuise.

22
So hauing said, he ceast; and with his brow
(His black eye-brow, whose doomefull dreaded beck
Is wont to wield the world vnto his vow,
And euen the highest Powers of heauen to check)
Made signe to them in their degrees to speak:
Who straight gan cast their counsell graue and wise.
Mean-while, th'Earths daughter, though she nought did reck
Of *Hermes* message; yet gan now aduise,
What course were best to take in this hot bold emprize.

23
Eftsoones she thus resolu'd; that whil'st the Gods
(After returne of *Hermes* Embassie)
Were troubled, and amongst themselues at ods,
Before they could new counsels re-allie,
To set vpon them in that extasie;
And take what fortune time and place would lend:
So, forth she rose, and through the purest sky
To *Ioues* high Palace straight cast to ascend,
To prosecute her plot: Good on-set boads good end.

24
Shee there arriuing, boldly in did pass;
Where all the Gods she found in counsell close,
All quite vnarm'd, as then their manner was.
At sight of her they suddaine all arose,
In great amaze, ne wist what way to chose.
But *Ioue*, all fearlesse, forc't them to aby;
And in his soueraine throne gan straight dispose
Himselfe more full of grace and Maiestie,
That more encheare his friends, and foes more terrifie.

25
That, when the haughty *Titanesse* beheld,
All were she fraught with pride and impudence,
Yet with the sight thereof was almost queld;
And inly quaking, seem'd as reft of sense,
And voyd of speech in that drad audience;
Vntill that *Ioue* himselfe, her selfe bespake:
Speake thou fraile woman, speake with confidence,
Whence art thou, & what doost thou here now make?
What idle errand hast thou, earths mansion to forsake?

26
She, halfe confused with his great commaund,
Yet gathering spirit of her natures pride,
Him boldly answer'd thus to his demaund:
I am a daughter, by the mothers side,
Of her that is Grand-mother magnifide
Of all the Gods, great *Earth*, great *Chaos* child:
But by the fathers (be it not enuide)
I greater am in bloud (whereon I build)
Then all the Gods, though wrongfully fro heauen exil'd.

27

For, *Titan* (as ye all acknowledge must)
Was *Saturnes* elder brother by birth-right;
Both, sonnes of *Vranus*: but by vniust
And guilefull meanes, through *Corybantes* slight,
The younger thrust the elder from his right:
Since which, thou *Ioue*, iniuriously hast held
The Heauens rule from *Titans* sonnes by might;
And them to hellish dungeons downe hast feld:
Witnesse ye Heauens the truth of all that I haue teld.

28

Whil'st she thus spake, the Gods that gaue good eare
To her bold words, and marked well her grace,
Beeing of stature tall as any there
Of all the Gods, and beautifull of face,
As any of the Goddesses in place,
Stood all astonied, like a sort of Steeres,
Mongst whom, some beast of strange & forraine race,
Vnwares is chaunc't, far straying from his peeres:
So did their ghastly gaze bewray their hidden feares.

29

Till hauing pauz'd awhile, *Ioue* thus bespake;
Will neuer mortall thoughts ceasse to aspire,
In this bold sort, to Heauen claime to make,
And touch celestiall seats with earthly mire?
I would haue thought, that bold *Procustes* hire,
Or *Typhons* fall, or proud *Ixions* paine,
Or great *Prometheus*, tasting of our ire,
Would haue suffiz'd, the rest for to restraine;
And warn'd all men by their example to refraine:

30

But now, this off-scum of that cursed fry,
Dare to renew the like bold enterprize,
And chalenge th'heritage of this our skie;
Whom what should hinder, but that we likewise
Should handle as the rest of her allies,
And thunder-driue to hell? With that, he shooke
His Nectar-deawed locks, with which the skyes
And all the world beneath for terror quooke,
And est his burning levin-brond in hand he tooke.

31

But, when he looked on her louely face,
In which, faire beames of beauty did appeare,
That could the greatest wrath soone turne to grace
(Such sway doth beauty euen in Heauen beare)
He staid his hand: and hauing chang'd his cheare,
He thus againe in milder wise began;
But ah! if Gods should striue with flesh yfere,
Then shortly should the progeny of Man
Be rooted out, if *Ioue* should do still what he can.

32

But thee faire *Titans* child, I rather weene,
Through some vaine errour or inducement light,
To see that mortall eyes haue neuer seene;
Or through ensample of thy sisters might,
Bellona; whose great glory thou doost spight,
Since thou hast seene her dreadfull power belowe,
Mongst wretched men (dismaide with her affright)
To bandie Crownes and Kingdoms to bestowe:
And sure thy worth, no less then hers, doth seem to showe.

33

But wote thou this, thou hardy *Titanesse*,
That not the worth of any liuing wight
May challenge ought in Heauens interesse;
Much lesse the Title of old *Titans* Right:
For, we by conquest of our soueraine might,
And by eternall doome of Fates decree,
Haue wonne the Empire of the Heauens bright;
Which to our selues we hold, and to whom wee
Shall worthy deeme partakers of our blisse to bee.

34

Then ceasse thy idle claime thou foolish gerle,
And seeke by grace and goodnesse to obtaine
That place from which by folly *Titan* fell;
There-to thou maist perhaps, if so thou faine
Haue *Ioue* thy gracious Lord and Soueraine.
So, hauing said, she thus to him replide;
Ceasse *Saturnes* sonne, to seeke by proffers vaine
Of idle hopes t'allure me to thy side,
For to betray my Right, before I haue it tride.

35

But thee, O *Ioue*, no equall Iudge I deeme
Of my desert, or of my dewfull Right;
That in thine owne behalfe maist partiall seeme:
But to the highest him, that is behight
Father of Gods and men by equall might;
To weet, the God of Nature, I appeale.
There-at *Ioue* wexed wroth, and in his spright
Did inly grudge, yet did it well conceale,
And bade *Dan Phœbus* Scribe her Appellation seale.

36

Eftsoones the time and place appointed were,
Where all, both heauenly Powers, and earthly wights,
Before great Natures presence should appeare,
For triall of their Titles and best Rights:
That was, to weet, vpon the highest hights
Of *Arlo-hill* (Who knowes not *Arlo hill*?)
That is the highest head (in all mens sights)
Of my old father *Mole*, whom Shepheards quill
Renowmed hath with hymnes fit for a rurall skill.

37

And, were it not ill fitting for this file,
To sing of hilles & woods, mongst warres & Knights,
I would abate the sternenesse of my stile,
Mongst these sterne stounds to mingle soft delights;
And tell how *Arlo* through *Dianaes* spights
(Beeing of old the best and faire st Hill
That was in all this holy-Islands hights)
Was made the most vnpleasant, and most ill.
Meane while, O *Clio*, lend *Calliope* thy quill.

38

Whylome, when IRELAND florished in fame
Of wealths and goodnesse, far aboue the rest
Of all that beare the *British* Islands name,
The Gods then vs'd (for pleasure and for rest)
Oft to resort there-to, when seem'd them best:
But none of all there-in more pleasure found,
Then *Cynthia*; that is soueraine Queene profest
Of woods and forrests, which therein abound,
Sprinkled wth wholsom waters, more then most on ground

But

39

But mongst them all, as fittest for her game,
Eyther for chace of beasts with hound or boawe,
Or for to shrowde in shade from *Phœbus* flame,
Or bathe in fountaines that do freshly flowe,
Or from high hilles, or from the dales belowe,
She chose this *Arlo*; where she did resort
With all her Nymphes enranged on a rowe,
With whom the woody Gods did oft consort:
For, with the Nymphes, the Satyres loue to play & sport.

40

Amongst the which, there was a Nymph that hight
Molanna; daughter of old father *Mole*,
And sister vnto *Mulla* faire and bright:
Vnto whose bed false *Bregog* whylome stole,
That Shepheard *Colin* dearely did condole,
And made her luckelesse loues well knowne to be.
But this *Molanna*, were she not so shole,
Were no lesse faire and beautifull then shee:
Yet as she is, a fayrer flood may no man see.

41

For, first she springs out of two marble Rocks,
On which, a groue of Oakes high mounted growes;
That as a girlond seemes to deck the locks (showes
Of some faire Bride, brought forth with pompous
Out of her bowre, that many flowers strowes:
So, through the flowry Dales she tumbling downe,
Through many woods, and shady couerts flowes
(That on each side her siluer channell crowne)
Till to the Plaine she come, whose Valleyes she doth (drowne.

42

In her sweet streames, *Diana* vsed oft
(After her sweaty chace and toylesome play)
To bathe her selfe; and after, on the soft
And downy grasse, her dainty limbes to lay
In couert shade, where none behold her may:
For, much she hated sight of liuing eye.
Foolish God *Faunus*, though full many a day
He saw her clad, yet longed foolishly
To see her naked mongst her Nymphes in priuity.

43

No way he found to compasse his desire,
But to corrupt *Molanna*, this her maid,
Her to discouer for some secret hire:
So, her with flattering words he first assaid;
And after, pleasing gifts for her purvaid,
Queene-apples, and red Cherries from the tree,
With which he her allured and betrayd,
To tell what time he might her Lady see
When she her selfe did bathe, that he might secret bee.

44

There-to he promist, if shee would him pleasure
With this small boone, to quit her with a better;
To weet, that where-as shee had out of measure
Long lou'd the *Faunchin*, who by nought did set her,
That he would vndertake, for this to get her
To be his Loue, and of him liked well:
Besides all which, he vow'd to be her debter
For many moe good turnes then he would tell;
The least of which, this little pleasure should excell.

45

The simple mayd did yield to him anone;
And eft him placed where he close might view
That neuer any saw, saue onely one;
Who, for his hire to so foole-hardy dew,
Was of his hounds deuour'd in Hunters hew.
Tho, as her manner was on sunny day,
Diana, with her Nymphes about her, drew
To this sweet spring; where, doffing her array,
She bath'd her louely limbes, for *Ioue* a likely pray.

46

There *Faunus* saw that pleased much his eye,
And made his hart to tickle in his brest,
That for great ioy of some-what he did spy,
He could him not containe in silent rest;
But breaking forth in laughter, loud profest
His foolish thought. A foolish *Faune* indeed,
That couldst not hold thy selfe so hidden blest,
But wouldest needs thine owne conceit areed,
Babblers vnworthy been of so diuine a meed.

47

The Goddesse, all abashed with that noise,
In hast forth started from the guilty brooke;
And running straight where-as she heard his voyce,
Enclos'd the bush about, and there him tooke,
Like darred Larke; not daring vp to looke
On her whose sight before so much he sought.
Thence, forth they drew him by the hornes, & shooke
Nigh all to peeces, that they left him nought;
And then into the open light they forth him brought.

48

Like as an huswife, that with busie care
Thinks of her Dairy to make wondrous gaine,
Finding where-as some wicked beast vnware
That breakes into her Dayr'house, there doth draine
Her creaming pannes, and frustrate all her paine;
Hath in some snare or gin set close behind,
Entrapped him, and caught into her traine,
Then thinkes what punishment were best assign'd,
And thousand deathes deuiseth in her vengefull mind:

49

So did *Diana* and her maydens all
Vse silly *Faunus*, now within their baile:
They mocke and scorne him, and him foule miscall;
Some by the nose him pluckt, some by the taile,
And by his goatish beard some did him haile:
Yet he (poore soule) with patience all did beare;
For, nought against their wils might countervaile:
Ne ought he said what-euer he did heare;
But hanging downe his head, did like a Mome appeare.

50

At length, when they had flouted him their fill,
They gan to cast what penaunce him to giue.
Some would haue gelt him, but that same would spill
The Wood-gods breed, which must for euer liue:
Others would through the riuer him haue driue,
And ducked deepe: but that seem'd penaunce light;
But most agreed and did this sentence giue,
Him in Deares skin to clad; & in that plight, (might.
To hunt him with their hounds, him selfe saue how hee

51
But *Cynthia's* selfe more angry then the rest,
Thought not enough, to punish him in sport,
And of her shame to make a gamesome iest;
But gan examine him in straighter sort,
Which of her Nymphes, or other close consort,
Him thither brought, and her to him betraid.
He, much affeard, to her confessed short,
That 't was *Molanna* which her so bewrayd.
Then all attonce their hands vpon *Molanna* laid.

52
But him (according as they had decreed)
With a Deeres-skin they couered, and then chast
With all their hounds, that after him did speed;
But he more speedy, from them fled more fast
Then any Deere: so sore him dread aghast,
They after follow'd all with shrill out-cry,
Shouting as they the heauens would haue brast:
That all the woods and dales where he did flie,
Did ring againe, and loud reecho to the skie.

53
So they him follow'd till they weary were;
When, back returning to *Molann'* againe,
They, by command'ment of *Diana*, there
Her whelm'd with stones. Yet *Faunus* (for her paine)
Of her beloued *Fanchin* did obtaine,
That her he would receiue vnto his bed.
So now her waues passe through a pleasant Plaine,
Till with the *Fanchin* she her selfe do wed,
And (both combin'd) themselues in one faire riuer spred.

54
Nath'lesse, *Diana*, full of indignation,
Thence-forth abandond her delicious brooke;
In whose sweet streame, before that bad occasion,
So much delight to bathe her limbes she tooke:
Ne onely her, but also quite forsooke
All those faire forrests about *Arlo* hid,
And all that Mountaine, which doth ouer-looke
The richest champain that may else be rid,
And the faire *Shure*, in which are thousand Salmons bred.

55
Them all, and all that she so deare did way,
Thence-forth she left; and parting from the place,
There-on an heauy hapless curse did lay,
To weet, that Wolues, where she was wont to space,
Should harbour'd be, and all those Woods deface,
And Thieues should rob and spoile that Coast around,
Since which, those Woods, and all that goodly Chase,
Doth to this day with Wolues and Thieues abound:
Wch too-too true that lands in-dwellers since haue found

Canto VII.

Pealing, from Ioue, *to* Nature's *Bar*,
bold Alteration *pleades*
Large Euidence: but Nature *soone*
her righteous Doome areads.

1
AH! whither dost thou now thou greater Muse
Me frō these woods & pleasing forrests bring?
And my fraile spirit (that dooth oft refuse
This too high flight, vnfit for her weak wing)
Lift vp aloft, to tell of heauens King
(Thy soueraine Sire) his fortunate successe,
And victory, in bigger notes to sing,
Which he obtain'd against that *Titanesse*,
That him of heauens Empire sought to dispossesse?

2
Yet sith I needs must follow thy behest,
Do thou my weaker wit with skill inspire,
Fit for this turne; and in my sable brest
Kindle fresh sparks of that immortall fire,
Which learned minds inflameth with desire
Of heauenly things: for, who but thou alone,
That art yborne of heauen and heauenly Sire,
Can tell things doen in heauen so long ygone;
So farre past memory of man that may be knowne.

3
Now, at the time that was before agreed,
The Gods assembled all on *Arlo* hill;
As well those that are sprung of heauenly seed,
As those that all the other world do fill,
And rule both sea and land vnto vnto their will:
Onely th' infernall Powers might not appeare;
Aswell for horror of their counʳnance ill,
As for th' vnruly fiends which they did feare;
Yet *Pluto* and *Proserpina* were present there.

And

4
And thither also came all other creatures,
What-euer life or motion do retaine,
According to their sundry kinds of features;
That *Arlo* scarsly could them all containe;
So full they filled euery hill and Plaine:
And had not *Natures* Sergeant (that is *Order*)
Them well disposed by his busie paine,
And raunged faire abroad in euery border,
They would haue caused much confusion and disorder.

5
Then forth issewed (great goddesse) great dame *Nature*,
With goodly port and gracious Maiesty;
Being far greater and more tall of stature
Then any of the gods or Powers on hie:
Yet certes by her face and physnomy,
Whether she man or woman inly were,
That could not any creature well descry:
For, with a veile that wimpled euery where,
Her head and face was hid, that more to none appeare.

6
That some do say was so by skill deuized,
To hide the terror of her vncouth hew,
From mortall eyes that should be sore agrized;
For that her face did like a Lion shew,
That eye of wight could not indure to view:
But others tell that it so beautious was,
And round about such beames of splendor threw,
That if the Sunne a thousand times did pass,
Ne could be seene, but like an image in a glass.

7
That well may seemen true: for, well I weene
That this same day, when she on *Arlo* sat,
Her garment was so bright and wondrous sheene,
That my fraile wit cannot deuize to what
It to compare, nor find like stuffe to that,
As those three sacred *Saints*, though else most wise,
Yet on mount *Thabor* quite their wits forgat,
When they their glorious Lord in strange disguise
Transfigur'd saw; his garments so did daze their eyes.

8
In a faire Plaine vpon an equall Hill,
She placed was in a pauilion;
Not such as Craftes-men by their idle skill
Are wont for Princes states to fashion:
But th' earth her selfe of her owne motion,
Out of her fruitfull bosome made to growe
Most dainty trees; that, shooting vp anon,
Did seeme to bow their blossming heads full lowe,
For homage vnto her, and like a throne did showe.

9
So hard it is for any liuing wight,
All her array and vestiments to tell,
That old *Dan Geffrey* (in whose gentle spright
The pure well-head of Poesie did dwell)
In his *Foules parley* durst not with it mel,
But it transferd to *Alane*, who he thought
Had in his *Plaint of kindes* describ'd it well:
Which who will read set forth so as it ought,
Go seeke he out that *Alane* where he may be sought.

10
And all the earth far vnderneath her feete
Was dight with flowres, that voluntary grew
Out of the ground, and sent forth odours sweet,
Tenne thousand mores of sundry sent and hew,
That might delight the smell, or please the view:
The which, the Nymphes, from all the brooks thereby
Had gathered, which they at her foot-stoole threw;
That richer seem'd then any tapestry,
That Princes bowres adorne with painted imagery.

11
And *Mole* himselfe, to honour her the more,
Did deck himselfe in freshest faire attire,
And his high head, that seemeth alwayes hore
With hardned frosts of former winters ire,
He with an Oaken girlond now did tire,
As if the Ioue of some new Nymph late seene,
Had in him kindled youthfull fresh desire,
And made him change his gray attire to greene;
Ah gentle *Mole!* such ioyance hath thee well beseene.

12
Was neuer so great ioyance since the day
That all the gods wholy assembled were,
On *Hæmus* hill in their diuine array,
To celebrate the solemne bridall cheare,
Twixt *Peleus*, and dame *Thetis* pointed there;
Where *Phœbus* selfe, that god of Poets hight,
They say did sing the spousall hymne full cleere,
That all the gods were ratisht with delight
Of his celestiall song, and Musicks wondrous might.

13
This great Grandmother of all creatures bred
Great *Nature*, euer young, yet full of eld,
Still mouing, yet vnmoued from her sted;
Vnseene of any, yet of all beheld;
Thus sitting in her throne as I haue told,
Before her came dame *Mutability*;
And being lowe before her presence feld,
With meek obeysance and humilitie,
Thus gan her plaintif Plea, with words to amplifie;

14
To thee O greatest goddesse, onely great,
An humble suppliant loe, I lowely fly
Seeking for Right, which I of thee entreat;
Who Right to all dost deale indifferently,
Damning all Wrong and tortious Iniurie,
Which any of thy creatures do to other
(Oppressing them with power, vnequally)
Sith of them all thou art the equall mother,
And knittest each to each, as brother vnto brother.

15
To thee therefore of this same *Ioue* I plaine,
And of his fellow gods that faine to be,
That challenge to themselues the whole worlds raign;
Of which, the greatest part is due to me,
And heauen it selfe by heritage in Fee:
For, heauen and earth are both alike to deeme,
Sith heauen and earth are both alike to thee;
And, gods no more then men thou doest esteeme:
For, euen the gods to thee, as men to gods do seeme.

16

Then weigh, O soueraigne goddesse, by what right
These gods do claime the worlds whole soueranty;
And that is onely due vnto my might
Arrogate to themselues ambitiously:
As for the gods owne principality,
Which *Ioue* vsurpes vniustly; that to be
My heritage, *Ioue's* selfe cannot denie,
From my great Grandsire *Titan*, vnto mee,
Deriu'd by dew descent; as is well knowen to thee.

17

Yet maugre *Ioue*, and all his gods beside,
I do possesse the world most regiment;
As, if ye please it into parts diuide,
And euery parts inholders to conuent,
Shall to your eyes appeare incontinent.
And first, the Earth (great mother of vs all)
That only seemes vnmou'd and permanent,
And vnto *Mutabilitie* not thrall;
Yet is she chang'd in part, and eeke in generall.

18

For, all that from her springs, and is ybredde,
How-euer faire it flourish for a time,
Yet see we soone decay; and, being dead,
To turne againe vnto their earthly slime:
Yet, out of their decay and mortall crime,
We daily see new creatures to arize;
And of their Winter spring another Prime,
Vnlike in forme, and chang'd by strange disguise:
So turne they still about, and change in restlesse wise.

19

As for her tenants; that is, man and beasts,
The beasts we daily see massacred dy,
As thralls and vassals vnto mens beheasts:
And men themselues do change continually,
From youth to eld, from wealth to pouerty,
From good to bad, from bad to worst of all.
Ne doe their bodies onely flit and fly:
But eeke their minds (which they immortall call)
Still change and vary thoughts, as new occasions fall.

20

Ne is the water in more constant case;
Whether those same on high, or these belowe.
For, th' Ocean moueth still, from place to place;
And euery Riuer still doth ebbe and flowe:
Ne any Lake, that seemes most still and slowe,
Ne Poole so small, that can his smoothnesse holde,
When any winde doth vnder heauen blowe;
With which, the clouds are also tost and roll'd;
Now like great Hills; &, streight, like sluces, them vnfold.

21

So likewise are all watry liuing wights
Still tost, and turned, with continuall change,
Neuer abiding in their stedfast plights.
The fish, still floting, doe at random range,
And neuer rest; but euermore exchange
Their dwelling places, as the streames them carrie:
Ne haue the watry foules a certaine grange,
Wherein to rest, ne in one stead do tarry;
But flitting still do flie, and still their places vary.

22

Next is the Ayre; which who feeles not by sense
(For, of all sense it is the middle meane)
To flit still? and, with subtrill influence
Of his thin spirit, all creatures to maintaine,
In state of life? O weake life! that does leane
On thing so tickle as th' vnsteady ayre;
Which euery bowre is chang'd, and altred cleane
With euery blast that bloweth fowle or faire:
The faire doth it prolong; the fowle doth it impaire.

23

Therein the changes infinite beholde,
Which to her creatures euery minute chaunce;
Now, boyling hot: streight, friezing deadly cold:
Now, faire sun-shine, that makes all skip and daunce:
Streight, bitter stormes and balefull countenance,
That makes them all to shiuer and to shake:
Raine, haile, and snowe do pay them sad penance,
And dreadfull thunder-claps (that make them quake)
With flames and flashing lights that thousand changes make.

24

Last is the fire: which, though it liue for euer,
Ne can be quenched quite; yet, euery day,
We see his parts, so soone as they do seuer,
To lose their heat, and shortly to decay;
So, makes himself his owne consuming pray.
Ne any liuing creatures doth he breed:
But all, that are of others bredd, doth slay;
And, with their death, his cruell life dooth feed;
Nought leauing, but their barren ashes, without seede.

25

Thus, all these fower (the which the ground-work bee
Of all the world, and of all liuing wights)
To thousand sorts of *Change* we subiect see:
Yet are they chang'd (by other wondrous slights)
Into themselues, and lose their natiue mights;
The Fire to Ayre, and th' Ayre to Water sheere,
And Water into Earth: yet Water fights
With Fire, and Ayre with Earth approaching neere:
Yet all are in one body, and as one appeare.

26

So, in them all raignes *Mutabilitie*;
How-euer these, that Gods themselues do call,
Of them do claime the rule and soueranty:
As, *Vesta*, of the fire æthereall;
Vulcan, of this, with vs so vsuall;
Ops, of the earth; and *Iuno* of the Ayre;
Neptune, of Seas; and Nymphes, of Riuers all.
For, all those Riuers to me subiect are:
And all the rest, which they vsurp, be all my share.

27

Which to approuen true, as I haue told,
Vouchsafe, O goddesse, to thy presence call
The rest which doe the world in being hold:
As, times and seasons of the yeare that fall;
Of all the which, demand in generall,
Or iudge thy selfe, by verdit of thine eye,
Whether to me they are not subiect all.
Nature did yeeld thereto; and by-and-by,
Bade *Order* call them all, before her Maiesty.

So,

28

So, forth issew'd the Seasons of the yeare;
First, lusty *Spring*, all dight in leaues of flowres
That freshly budded and new bloosmes beare
(In which a thousand birds had built their bowres,
That sweetly sung, to call forth Paramours):
And in his hand a iauelin he did beare,
And on his head (as fit for warlike stoures)
A gilt engrauen morion he did weare;
That as some did him loue, so others did him feare.

29

Then came the iolly *Sommer*, being dight
In a thin silken cassock coloured greene,
That was vnlyned all, to be more light:
And on his head a girlond well beseene
He wore, from which as he had chaufféd been
The sweat did drop; and in his hand he bore
A boawe and shafts, as he in forrest greene
Had hunted late the Libbard or the Bore,
And now would bathe his limbes, with labor heated sore.

30

Then came the *Autumne* all in yellow clad,
As though he ioyed in his plentious store,
Laden with fruits that made him laugh, full glad
That he had banisht hunger, which to-fore
Had by the belly oft him pinched sore.
Vpon his head a wreath, that was enrold
With eares of corne of euery sort, he bore:
And in his hand a sickle he did holde,
To reape the ripened fruits the which the earth had yold.

31

Lastly came *Winter* cloathed all in frize,
Chattering his teeth for cold that did him chill,
Whil'st on his hoary beard his breath did freese;
And the dull drops that from his purpled bill
As from a limbeck did adowne distill.
In his right hand a tipped staffe he held,
With which his feeble steps he stayed still:
For, he was faint with cold, and weak with eld;
That scarse his loosed limbes he able was to weld.

32

These, marching softly, thus in order went,
And after them, the Months all riding came;
First, sturdy *March* with brows full sternly bent,
And armed strongly, rode vpon a Ram,
The same which ouer *Hellespontus* swam:
Yet in his hand a spade he also hent,
And in a bag all sorts of seeds ysame,
Which on the earth he strowed as he went,
And fild her wombe with fruitfull hope of nourishment.

33

Next came fresh *Aprill* full of lustyhed,
And wanton as a Kid whose horne new buds:
Vpon a Bull he rode, the same which led
Europa floting through th' *Argolick* fluds:
His hornes were gilden all with golden studs
And garnished with garlonds goodly dight
Of all the fairest flowres and freshest buds
Which th' earth brings forth, & wet he seem'd in sight
With waues, through wch he waded for his loues delight.

34

Then came faire *May* the fayrest maid on ground,
Deckt all with dainties of her seasons pryde,
And throwing flowres out of her lap around:
Vpon two brethrens shoulders she did ride,
The twinnes of *Leda*; which on eyther side
Supported her like to their soueraigne Queene.
Lord! how all creatures laught when her they spide,
And leapt and daunc't, as they had rauisht beene!
And *Cupid* selfe about her fluttred all in greene.

35

And after her, came iolly *Iune*, arrayd
All in greene leaues, as he a Player were;
Yet in his time, he wrought as well as playd,
That by his plough-yrons mote right well appeare:
Vpon a Crab he rode, that him did beare
With crooked crawling steps an vncouth pase,
And backward yode, as Bargemen wont to fare
Bending their force contrary to their face,
Like that vngracious crew which faines demurest grace.

36

Then came hot *July*, boyling like to fire,
That all his garments he had cast away:
Vpon a Lyon raging yet with ire
He boldly rode and made him to obay:
It was the beast that whylome did forray
The Nemæan forrest, till th' *Amphytrionide*
Him slew, and with his hide did him array:
Behinde his back a sithe, and by his side
Vnder his belt he bore a sickle circling wide.

37

The sixt was *August*, being rich arrayd
In garment all of gold downe to the ground:
Yet rode he not, but led a louely Mayd
Forth by the lilly hand, the which was crownd
With eares of corne, and full her hand was found;
That was the righteous Virgin, which of old
Liv'd here on earth, and plenty made abound;
But, after Wrong was lov'd and Iustice solde,
She left th' vnrighteous world and was to heauen extold.

38

Next him, *September* marched eeke on foot;
Yet was he heauy laden with the spoyle
Of haruests riches, which he made his boot,
And him enricht with bounty of the soyle:
In his one hand, as fit for haruests toyle,
He held a knife-hook; and in th' other hand
A paire of waights, with which he did assoyle
Both more and lesse, where it in doubt did stand,
And equall gaue to each as Iustice duly scann'd.

39

Then came *October* full of merry glee:
For, yet his noule was totty of the must,
Which he was treading in the wine-fats see,
And of the ioyous oyle, whose gentle gust
Made him so frollick and so full of lust:
Vpon a dreadfull Scorpion he did ride,
The same which hy *Dianaes* doom vniust
Slew great *Orion*: and eeke by his side
He had his ploughing share, and coulter ready tyde.

Next

40

Next was *November*, he full grosse and fat,
As fed with lard, and that right well might seeme;
For, he had been a fatting hogs of late,
That yet his browes with sweat, did reek and steem,
And yet the season was full sharp and breem;
In planting eeke he tooke no small delight:
Whereon he rode, not easie was to deeme;
For it a dreadfull *Centaure* was in sight,
The seed of *Saturne*, and faire *Nais*, *Chiron* hight.

41

And after him, came next the chill *December*:
Yet he through merry feasting which he made,
And great bonfires, did not the cold remember;
His Sauiours birth his mind so much did glad:
Vpon a shaggy-bearded Goat he rode,
The same wherewith *Dan Ioue* in tender yeares,
They say, was nourisht by th' *Idean* mayd;
And in his hand a broad deepe bowle he beares;
Of which, he freely drinks an health to all his peeres.

42

Then came old *Ianuary*, wrapped well
In many weeds to keepe the cold away;
Yet did he quake and quiuer like to quell,
And blowe his nayles to warme them if he may:
For, they were numbd with holding all the day
An hatchet keene, with which he felled wood,
And from the trees did lop the needlesse spray:
Vpon an huge great Earth-pot steane he stood; (sloud.
From whose wide mouth, there flowed forth the Roman

43

And lastly, came cold *February*, sitting
In an old wagon, for he could not ride;
Drawne of two fishes for the season fitting,
Which through the flood before did softly slyde
And swim away: yet had he by his side
His plough and harnesse fit to till the ground,
And tooles to prune the trees, before the pride
Of hasting Prime did make them burgein round:
So past the twelue months forth, & their dew places found

44

And after these, there came the *Day* and *Night*,
Riding together both with equall pase,
Th' one on a Palfrey blacke, the other white;
But *Night* had couered her vncomely face
With a blacke veile, and held in hand a mace,
On top whereof the moon and stars were pight,
And sleep and darknesse round about did trace:
But *Day* did beare, vpon his scepters hight,
The goodly Sun, encompast all with beames bright.

45

Then came the *Howres*, faire daughters of high *Ioue*,
And timely *Night*, the which were all endewed
With wondrous beauty fit to kindle loue;
But they were Virgins all, and loue eschewed
That might forslack the charge to them fore-shewed
By mighty *Ioue*; who did them Porters make
Of heauens gate (whence all the gods issued)
Which they did daily watch, and nightly wake
By euen turnes, ne euer did their charge forsake.

46

And after all came *Life*, and lastly *Death*;
Death with most grim and grieslly visage seene,
Yet is he nought but parting of the breath;
Ne ought to see, but like a shade to weene,
Vnbodied, vnsoul'd, vnheard, vnseene.
But *Life* was like a faire young lusty boy,
Such as they faine *Dan Cupid* to haue beene,
Full of delightfull health and liuely ioy,
Deckt all with flowres, and wings of gold fit to employ.

47

When these were past, thus gan the *Titanesse*;
Lo, mighty mother, now be iudge and say,
Whether in all thy creatures more or lesse
CHANGE doth not raign & beat the greatest sway:
For, who sees not, that *Time* on all doth pray?
But *Times* do change and moue continually.
So nothing heere long standeth in one stay:
Wherefore, this lower world who can deny
But to be subiect still to *Mutability*?

48

Then thus gan *Ioue*; Right true it is, that these
And all things else that vnder heauen dwell
Are chaung'd of *Time*, who doth them all dissolue
Of being: But, who is it (to me tell)
That *Time* himselfe doth moue and still compell
To keepe his course? Is not that namely wee
Which poure that vertue from our heauenly cell,
That moues them all, and makes them changed be?
So them we gods do rule, and in them also thee.

49

To whom, thus *Mutability*: The things
Which we see not how they are mov'd and swayd,
Ye may attribute to your selues as Kings,
And say they by your secret powre are made:
But what we see not, who shall vs perswade?
But were they so, as ye them faine to be,
Mov'd by your might, and ordred by your ayde;
Yet what if I can proue, that euen yee
Your selues are likewise chang'd, and subiect vnto mee?

50

And first, concerning her that is the first,
Euen you faire *Cynthia*, whom so much ye make
Ioues dearest darling, she was bred and nurst
On *Cynthus* hill, whence she her name did take:
Then is she mortall borne, how-so ye crake;
Besides, her face and countenance euery day
We changed see, and sundry formes partake, (gray:
Now horned, now round, now bright, now browne and
So that *as changefull as the Moone* men vse to say.

51

Next, *Mercury*, who though he lesse appeare
To change his hew, and alwayes seeme as one;
Yet, he his course doth alter euery yeare,
And is of late far out of order gone:
So *Venus* eeke, that goodly Paragone,
Though faire all night, yet is she darke all day;
And *Phœbus* selfe, who lightsome is alone,
Yet is he oft eclipsed by the way,
And fills the darkned world with terror and dismay.

Now

52

Now *Mars* that valiant man is changed most:
For, he sometimes so far runnes out of square,
That he his way doth seem quite to haue lost,
And cleane without his vsuall spheere to fare;
That euen these Star-gazers stonisht are
At sight thereof and damne their lying bookes:
So likewise, grim Sir *Saturne* oft doth spare
His sterne aspect, and calme his crabbed lookes:
So many turning cranks these haue, so many crookes.

53

But you *Dan Ioue*, that onely constant are,
And King of all the rest, as ye doe clame,
Are you not subiect eeke to this misfare?
Then let me aske you this withouten blame,
Where were ye borne? Some say in *Crete* by name,
Others in *Thebes*, and others other-where:
But whereso euer they comment the same,
They all consent that ye begotten were,
And borne here in this world, ne other can appeare.

54

Then are ye mortall borne, and thrall to me,
Vnlesse the Kingdome of the sky yee make
Immortall, and vnchangeable to be;
Besides, that power and vertue which ye spake,
That ye here worke, doth many changes take,
And your owne natures change: for, each of you
That vertue haue, or this, or that to make,
Is checkt and changed from his nature trew,
By others opposition or obliquid view.

55

Besides, the sundry motions of your Spheares,
So sundry wayes and fashions as clerkes faine,
Some in short space, and some in longer yeares;
What is the same but alteration plaine?
Onely the starry skie doth still remaine:
Yet doe the Starres and Signes therein still moue,
And euen it selfe is mov'd, as wizards faine.
But all that moueth, doth mutation loue:
Therefore both you and them to me I subiect proue.

56

Then since within this wide great *Vniuerse*
Nothing doth firme and permanent appeare,
But all things tost and turned by transuerse:
What then should let, but I aloft should reare
My Trophee, and from all, the triumph beare?
Now iudge then (O thou greatest goddesse trew!)
According as thy selfe doest see and heare,
And vnto me addoom that is my dew;
That is the rule of all, all being rul'd by you.

57

So hauing ended, silence long ensewed,
Ne *Nature* to or fro spake for a space,
But with firme eyes affixt, the ground still viewed.
Meane while, all creatures, looking in her face,
Expecting th' end of this so doubtfull case,
Did hang in long suspence what would ensew,
To whether side should fall the soueraine place:
At length, she looking vp with chearefull view,
The silence brake, and gaue her doome in speeches few.

58

I well consider all that ye haue said,
And find that all things stedfastnesse do hate
And changed be: yet being rightly wayd
They are not changed from their first estate;
But by their change their being do dilate:
And turning to themselues at length againe,
Do worke their owne perfection so by fate:
Then ouer them Change doth not rule and raigne;
But they raigne ouer change, & do their states maintaine.

59

Cease therefore daughter further to aspire,
And thee content thus to be rul'd by mee:
For thy decay thou seekst by thy desire;
But time shall come that all shall changed bee,
And from thenceforth, none no more change shal see.
So was the *Titanesse* put downe and whist,
And *Ioue* confirm'd in his imperiall see.
Then was that whole assembly quite dismist,
And *Natur*'s selfe did vanish; whither, no man wist.

The VIII. Canto, vnperfite.

1

When I bethinke me on that speech whyleare,
Of *Mutabilitie*, and well it way:
Me seemes, that though she all vnworthy were
Of the Heav'ns Rule; yet very sooth to say,
In all things elfe she beares the greatest sway.
Which makes me loath this state of life so tickle,
And loue of things so vaine and cast away;
Whose flowring pride, so fading and so fickle,
Short *Time* shall soon cut down with his cõsuming sickle.

2

Then gin I thinke on that which Nature said,
Of that same time when no more *Change* shall be,
But stedfast rest of all things firmely stayd
Vpon the pillours of Eternity,
That is contrayr to *Mutabilitie*:
For, all that moueth, doth in *Change* delight:
But thence-forth all shall rest eternally
With Him that is the God of Sabaoth hight: (sight.
O that great Sabaoth God, graunt me that Sabaoths

FINIS.

1612.

LONDON,
Printed by *H.L.* for *Matthew Lownes*.

A LETTER OF THE AVthors, expounding his whole intention in the *course of this worke: which for that it giueth great* light to the Reader, for the better vnderstanding is herevnto annexed.

To the right noble and valorous, Sir *Walter Raleigh, Knight, Lo: Wardein of the Stanneries, &* *her Maiesties Lieutenaunt of the Countie of Cornewayll.*

SIR, knowing how doubtfully all Allegories may be construed, and this booke of mine, which I haue entituled *The Faery Queene*, being a continued Allegorie, or darke conceit, I haue thought good, as well for auoyding of iealous opinions & misconstructions, as also for your better light in reading thereof, (being so by you commaunded) to discouer vnto you the generall intention and meaning, which in the whole course thereof I haue fashioned, without expressing of any particular purposes or by-accidents therein occasioned. The generall end therefore of all the booke, is to fashion a gentleman or noble person in vertuous and gentle discipline. Which for that I conceiued should be most plausible and pleasing, being coloured with an historicall fiction, the which the most part of men delight to read, rather for varietie of matter, then for profit of the ensample: I chose the historie of King *Arthure*, as most fit for the excellencie of his person, being made famous by many mens former workes, and also furthest from the danger of enuie, and suspicion of present time. In which I haue followed all the antique Poets historicall: first *Homer*, who in the persons of *Agamemnon* and *Vlysses*, hath ensampled a good Gouernour and a vertuous man, the one in his *Iliads*,

the other in his *Odysseis*: then *Virgil*, whose like intention was to doe in the person of *Aeneas*: after him *Ariosto* comprised them both in his *Orlando:* and lately *Tasso* disseuered them againe, and formed both parts in two persons, namely, that part which they in Philosophy call *Ethice*, or vertues of a priuate man, coloured in his *Rinaldo:* The other named *Politice* in his *Godfredo*. By ensample of which excellent Poets, I labour to pourtraict in *Arthure*, before he was King, the image of a braue Knight, perfected in the twelue priuate morall vertues, as *Aristotle* hath deuised, the which is the purpose of these first twelue bookes: which if I find to be well accepted, I may be perhaps encouraged, to frame the other part of politike vertues in his person, after that he came to bee King.

To some I knowe this method will seeme displeasant, which had rather haue good discipline deliuered plainly in way of precepts, or sermoned at large, as they vse, then thus clowdily enwrapped in Allegoricall deuises. But such, mee seeme, should be satisfied with the vse of these dayes, seeing all things accounted by their showes, and nothing esteemed of, that is not delightfull and pleasing to common sense. For this cause is *Xenophon* preferred before *Plato*, for that the one in the exquisite depth of his iudgement, formed a Common-wealth such as it should be; but the other, in the person of *Cyrus* and the *Persians*, fashioned a gouernment such as might best be: So much more profitable and gracious is doctrine by ensample, then by rule. So haue I laboured to doe in the person of *Arthure:* whom I conceiue, after his long education by *Timon* (to whom hee was by *Merlin* deliuered to be brought vp, so soone as hee was borne of the Lady *Igrayne*) to haue seene in a dreame or vision the *Faerie Queene*, with whose excellent beautie rauished, hee awaking, resolued to seeke her out: and so beeing by *Merlin* armed, and by *Timon* throughly instructed, he went to seek her forth in *Faery Land*. In that *Faery Queene*, I meane glory in my generall intention: but in my particular, I conceiue the most excellent and glorious person of our soueraigne the Queene, and her kingdome in *Faery Land*. And yet in some places else, I doe otherwise shadow her. For considering shee beareth two persons, the one of a most royall Queene or Empresse, the other of a most vertuous and beautifull Lady, this latter part in some places I doe expresse in *Belphœbe*, fashioning her Name according to your owne excellent conceit of *Cynthia*, (*Phœbe* and *Cynthia* beeing both names of *Diana*.) So in the person of Prince *Arthure*, I sette foorth *Magnificence* in particular, which vertue, for that (according to *Aristotle* and the rest) it is the perfection of all the rest, and containeth in it them all, therefore in the whole course I mention the deedes of *Arthure* appliable to that vertue, which I write of in that Booke. But of the twelue other vertues, I make xii other Knights the Patrons, for the more varietie of the historie: Of which these three bookes containe three. The first, of the Knight of the *Redcrosse*, in whō I expresse *Holinesse:* The second of Sir *Guyon*, in whom I set foorth *Temperance:*

Temperance: The third of *Britomartis*, a Lady Knight, in whom I picture *Chastitie*. But because the beginning of the whole worke seemeth abrupt, and as depending vpon other antecedents, it needs that yee know the occasion of these three Knights seuerall aduentures. For the methode of a Poet historicall, is not such as of an Historiographer. For an Historiographer discourseth of affaires orderly as they were done, accounting as well the times as the actions; but a Poet thrusteth into the middest, euen where it most concerneth him, and there recoursing to the things forepast, and diuining of things to come, maketh a pleasing Analysis of all. The beginning therefore of my historie, if it were to be told by an Historiographer, should be the twelfth booke, which is the last; where I deuise that the *Faery Queene* kept her Annuall feast twelue daies: vpon which twelue seuerall dayes, the occasions of the twelue seuerall aduentures hapned, which beeing vndertaken by twelue seuerall Knights, are in these twelue books seuerally handled and discoursed.

The first was this: In the beginning of the feast, there presented himselfe a tall clownish young man, who falling before the *Queen of Faeries*, desired a boone (as the manner then was) which during that feast she might not refuse: which was, that hee might haue the atchieuement of any aduenture, which during that feast should happen; that beeing granted, he rested himselfe on the floore, vnfit through his rusticitie for a better place. Soone after entred a faire Ladie in mourning weedes, riding on a white Asse, with a Dwarfe behind her leading a warlike steed, that bore the armes of a Knight, and his speare in the Dwarfes hand. She falling before the *Queene of Faeries*, complayned that her father and mother, an ancient King & Queene, had been by an huge Dragon many yeeres shut vp in a brazen Castle, who thence suffered them not to issue: and therfore besought the *Faery Queene* to assigne her some one of her Knights to take on him that exploit. Presently that clownish person vpstarting, desired that aduenture: whereat the Queene much wondering, and the Lady much gaine-saying, yet he earnestly importuned his desire. In the end, the Lady told him, vnlesse that Armour which shee brought, would serue him (that is, the armour of a Christian man specified by Saint Paul, v. Ephes.) that hee could not succeed in that enterprise: which beeing forth-with put vpon him with due furnitures therevnto, he seemed the goodliest man in all that company, and was well liked of the Lady. And eftsoones taking on him knighthood, & mounting on that strange Courser, hee went forth with her on that aduenture: vvhere beginneth the first booke, viz.

A gentle Knight was pricking on the Plaine, &c.

The second day there came in a Palmer bearing an Infant with bloodie hands, whose Parents he complained to haue been slaine by an Enchaunteresse called *Acrasia*: and therefore craued of the *Faery Queene*, to appoint him some Knight, to performe that aduenture, which beeing assigned to

Sir *Guyon*, he presently went foorth with that same Palmer: which is the beginning of the second booke and the whole subiect thereof. The third day there came in a Groome, who complained before the *Faery Queene*, that a vile Enchaunter called *Busirane*, had in hand a most faire Lady called *Amoretta*, whom he kept in most grieuous torment, because she would not yeeld him the pleasure of her body. Whereupon Sir *Scudamour* the louer of that Lady presently tooke on him that aduenture. But beeing vnable to performe it by reason of the hard Enchauntments, after long sorrow, in the end met with *Britomartis*, who succoured him, and reskewed his loue.

But by occasion heereof, many other aduentures are intermedled, but rather as Accidents, then intendments: As, the loue of *Britomart*, the ouerthrow of *Marinell*, the miserie of *Florimell*, the vertuousnesse of *Belphœbe*, the lasciuiousnes of *Hellenora*, and many the like.

Thus much Sir, I haue briefely ouer-run to direct your vnderstanding to the wel-head of the History, that from thence gathering the whole intention of the conceit, ye may as in a handfull gripe all the discourse, which otherwise may happely seeme tedious and confused. So humbly crauing the continuance of your honourable fauour towards me, and th'eternall establishment of your happines, I humbly take leaue.

23. Ianuarie. 1589.

Yours most humbly affectionate,

Edm. Spenser.

A VISION VPON THIS conceit of the *Faery Queene*.

ME thought I saw the graue where *Laura* lay,
Within that Temple, where the Vestall flame
Was wont to burne; and passing by that way,
To see that buried dust of liuing fame,
Whose tombe faire loue, and fairer vertue kept,
All suddenly I saw the *Faery Queene*:
At whose approach the soule of *Petrarch* wept,
And from thence-forth those Graces were not seene.
For they this Queene attended; in whose steed
Obliuion laid him downe on *Lauras* herse:
Heereat the hardest stones were seene to bleed,
And grones of buried ghosts the heauens did perse.
Where *Homers* spright did tremble all for griefe,
And curst th'accesse of that celestiall thiefe.

Another of the same.

THE praise of meaner wits this worke like profit brings,
As doth the Cuckoes song delight when Philumena sings.
If thou hast formed right true vertues face heerein:
Vertue her selfe can best discerne, to whom they written bin.
If thou hast beauty praisd, let her sole lookes diuine,
Iudge if ought therein be amisse, and mend it by her eyne.
If Chastitie want ought, or Temperance her dew,
Behold her Princely mind aright, and write thy Queene anew.
Meane-while she shall perceiue, how far her vertues sore
Aboue the reach of all that liue, or such as wrote of yore:
And thereby will excuse and fauour thy good will:
Whose vertue cannot be expresst, but by an Angels quill.
Of me no lines are lou'd, nor letters are of price,
Of all which speake our English tongue, but those of thy deuice.

W. R.

To the learned Shepheard.

COLLIN, I see by thy new taken taske,
some sacred fury hath enricht thy braines,
That leades thy Muse in haughty verse to maske,
and loathe the laies that long to lowely swaines.
That lifts thy notes from Shepheards vnto Kings,
So like the lowly Larke that mounting sings.
Thy lowely ROSALIND seemes now forlorne,
and all thy gentle flocks forgotten quight:
Thy changed hart now holds thy pipes in scorne,
those prety pipes that did thy mates delight;
Those trustie mates, that loued thee so well,
Whom thou gau'st mirth: as they gaue thee the bell.

To the learned Shepheard.

Yet as thou earst with thy sweete roundelayes,
didst stirre to glee our laddes in homely bowers:
So moughtst thou now in these refined layes,
delight the daintie eares of higher powers.
And so mought they in their deepe skanning skill,
Allow and grace our COLLINS flowing quill.

And faire befal that *Faerie Queene* of thine,
in whose faire eyes loue linkt with vertue sits:
Enfusing by those beauties fiers diuine,
such high conceits into thy humble wits,
As raised hath poore pastors oaten reedes,
From rustick tunes, to chaunt heroick deedes.

So mought thy *Redcrosse-Knight* with happy hand
victorious be in that faire Ilands right:
Which thou doost veile in Type of *Faery Land*,
ELYZAS blessed field, that *Albyon* hight.
That shields her friends, and warres her mighty foes,
Yet still with people, peace, and plentie flowes.

But (iolly shepheard) though with pleasing stile,
thou feast the humour of the Courtly traine:
Let not conceit thy settled sense beguile,
ne daunted be through enuy or disdaine.
Subiect thy doome to her Empyring spright,
From whence thy Muse, and all the world takes light.

Hobbynoll.

FAyre *Thamis* streame, that from LVDS stately towne,
vnst paying tribute to the Ocean seas,
Let all thy Nymphes and Syrens of renowne
Be silent, while this Bryttane ORPHEVS playes:
Neere thy sweet banks, there liues that sacred crowne,
Whose hand strowes Palme and neuer-dying bayes,
Let all at once, with thy soft murmuring sowne
Present her with this worthy Poets prayes.
For he hath taught hie drifts in shepheards weeds,
And deepe conceits now sings in *Faeries* deeds.

R. S.

GRaue Muses, march in tryumph and with praises,
Our Goddesse heere hath giuen you leaue to land:
And bids this rare dispenser of your graces
Bow downe his brow vnto her sacred hand.
Deserts finds due in that most princely doome,
In whose sweet brest are all the Muses bredde:
So did that great AVGVSTVS earst in Roome
With leaues of fame adorne his Poets hedde.
Faire be the guerdon of your *Faery Queene*,
Euen of the fairest that the world hath seene.

H. B.

WHen stout *Achilles* heard of *Helens* rape,
And what reuenge the States of Greece deuis'd:
Thinking by sleight the fatall warres to scape,
In womans weedes himselfe he then disguis'd:
But this deuise *Vlysses* soone did spy,
And brought him forth, the chance of war to try.

When *Spenser* saw the fame was spred so large,
Through *Faery-Land*, of their renowned Queene:
Loth that his Muse should take so great a charge,
As in such haughty matter to be seene,
To seeme a shepheard then he made his choice,
But *Sidney* heard him sing, and knew his voice.

And as *Vlysses* brought faire *Thetis* sonne
From his retyred life to menage armes:
So *Spenser* was by *Sidneys* speeches wonne,
To blaze her fame, not fearing future harmes:
For well he knew, his Muse would soone be tyred
In her high praise, that all the world admired.

Yet as *Achilles* in those warlike frayes,
Did win the Palme from all the Grecian Peeres:
So *Spenser* now to his immortall praise,
Hath wonne the Laurell quite from all his feeres.
What though his taske exceed a humaine wit,
He is excus'd, sith *Sidney* thought it fit.

W. L.

TO looke vpon a worke of rare deuise
The which a workman setteth out to view,
And not to yeeld it the deserued prise,
That vnto such a workmanship is dew,
Doth either proue the iudgement to be naught,
Or else doth shew a mind with enuy fraught.

To labour to commend a peece of worke,
Which no man goes about to discommend,
Would raise a iealous doubt, that there did lurke
Some secret doubt, whereto the praise did tend.
For when men know the goodnes of the wine,
T'is needlesse for the hoast to haue a signe.

Thus then to shew my iudgement to be such
As can discerne of colours black, and white,
As alls to free my mind from enuies tuch,
That neuer giues to any man his right,
I heere pronounce this workmanship is such,
As that no pen can set it forth too much.

And thus I hang a garland at the dore,
Not for to shew the goodnes of the ware:
But such hath been the custome heeretofore,
And customes very hardly broken are.
And when your taste shall tell you this is trew,
Then looke you giue your hoast his vtmost dew.

Ignoto.

To the right honourable the Earle *of Cumberland.*

REdoubted Lord, in whose courageous mind
The flowre of cheualry now blooming faire,
Doth promise fruit worthy the noble kind,
Which of their praises haue left you the haire;
To you this humble present I prepare,
For loue of vertue and of Martiall praise.
To which though nobly ye inclined are,
As goodly well ye shewd in late assaies,
Yet braue ensample of long passed daies,
In which true honour ye may fashiond see,
To like desire of honour may ye raise,
And fill your mind with magnanimitee.
Receiue it Lord therefore as it was ment,
For honor of your name and high descent.

E. S.

To the most honourable and excellent Lord, the Earle of Essex, Great Maister of the Horse to her Highnesse, and Knight of the Noble order of the Garter, &c.

MAgnificke Lord, whose vertues excellent
Doe merit a most famous Poets wit,
To be thy liuing praises instrument
Yet doe not disdeigne, to let thy name be writ
In this base Poëme, for thee far vnfit.
Nought is thy worth disparaged thereby:
But when my Muse, whose feathers nothing flit
Doe yet but flagge, and lowly learne to fly
With bolder wing shall dare aloft to sty
To the last praises of this Faery Queene,
Then shall it make more famous memory
Of thine Heroïcke parts, such as they beene.
Till then vouchsafe thy noble countenaunce,
To these first labours needed furtherance.

E. S.

To the right honourable the Earle of *Ormond and Ossorie*.

REceiue most noble Lord a simple taste
Of the wilde fruit, which sauage soyle hath bred,
Which beeing through long wars left almost waste,
With brutish barbarisme is ouerspred:
And in so faire a Land, as may be red,
Not one *Parnassus*, nor one *Helicon*
Left for sweet Muses to be harboured,
But where thy selfe hast thy braue mansion;
There in deed dwell faire Graces many one,
And gentle Nymphes, delights of learned wits,
And in thy person without Paragone
All goodly bounty and true honour sits.
Such therefore, as that wasted soyle doth yield,
Receiue deare Lord in worth, the fruit of barren field.

E. S.

To the right honourable the Lo. Ch. Howard, *Lo.* high Admirall of England, Knight of the noble order of the Garter, and one of her Maiesties priuie Councell, &c.

ANd yee, braue Lord, whose goodly personage,
And noble deeds each other garnishing,
Make you ensample to the present age,
Of th'old Heroës, whose famous ofspring
The antique Poets wont so much to sing,
In this same Pageant haue a worthy place,
Sith those huge castles of Castilian *king,*
That vainly threatned kingdoms to displace,
Like flying Doues ye did before you chace;
And that proud people woxen insolent
Through many victories, didst first deface:
Thy praises euerlasting monument
Is in this verse engrauen semblably,
That it may liue to all posterity.

E. S.

To the right honourable Sir *Christopher Hatton*, *Lord high Chauncelor of England, &c.*

(***)

THose prudent heads, that with their counsels wise
Whilome the pillours of th'earth did sustaine,
And taught ambitious *Rome* to tyrannise,
And in the neck of all the world to raine,
Oft from those graue affaires were wont abstaine,
With the sweet Lady Muses for to play:
So *Ennius* the elder Africane,
So *Maro* oft did *Cæsars* cares allay.
So you great Lord, that with your counsell sway
The burden of this kingdome mightily,
With like delights sometimes may eke delay
The rugged brow of carefull Policie:
And to these idle rimes lend little space,
Which for their titles sake may find more grace.

E. S.

To the right honourable the Lo. *Burleigh*, Lord high Treasurer of England.

TO you right noble Lord, whose carefull brest
To menage of most graue affaires is bent,
And on whose mightie shoulders most doth rest
The burden of this kingdomes gouernment,
As the wide compasse of the firmament,
On Atlas *mighty shoulders is vpstaid;*
Vnfitly I these idle rimes present,
The labour of lost time, and wit vnstaid:
Yet if their deeper sense be inly waid,
And the dim veile, with which from common view
Their fairer parts are hid, aside be laid,
Perhaps not vaine they may appeare to you.
Such as they be, vouchsafe them to receaue,
And wipe their faults out of your eensure graue.

E. S.

To the right honourable the Earle of *Oxenford*, *Lord high Chamberlaine of England.*

REceiue most noble Lord, in gentle gree,
The vnripe fruite of an vnready wit:
Which by thy countenaunce doth craue to bee
Defended from foule Enuies poysnous bit.
Which so to doe may thee right well besit,
Sith th'antique glory of thine ancestry
Vnder a shady veile is therein writ,
And eke thine owne long liuing memory,
Succeeding them in true nobility:
And also for the loue, which thou doost beare
To th'*Heliconian* Imps, and they to thee;
They vnto thee, and thou to them most deare:
Deare as thou art vnto thy selfe, so loue
That loues and honours thee, as doth behoue.

E. S.

To the right honourable the Earle of *Northumberland.*

THe sacred Muses haue made alwaies clame
To be the Nourses of Nobility,
And Registres of euerlasting fame,
To all that armes professe and cheualry.
Then by like right the noble Progeny,
Which them succeed in fame and worth, are tyde
T'embrace the seruice of sweet Poetry,
By whose endeuours they are glorifide,
And eke from all, of whom it is enuide,
To patronize the authour of their praise,
Which giues them life, that else would soone haue dide,
And crownes their ashes with immortall baies.
To thee therefore, right noble Lord, I send
This present of my paines, it to defend.

E. S.

To the right honourable the Lord of *Hunsdon*, *High Chamberlaine to her Maiestie.*

REnowned Lord, that for your worthinesse
And noble deeds haue your deserued place,
High in the fauour of that Empresse,
The worlds sole glory, and her sexes grace,
Heere eke of right haue you a worthy place,
Both for your neerenes to that *Faery Queene*,
And for your owne high merit in like case:
Of which, apparant proofe was to be seene,
When that tumultuous rage and fearefull deene
Of Northerne rebels ye did pacifie,
And their disloyall powre defaced clene,
The record of enduring memory.
Liue Lord for euer in this lasting verse,
That all posteritie thy honor may reherse.

E. S.

To the most renowned and valiant Lord, the *Lord Grey of Wilton, Knight of the noble* order of the Garter, &c.

MOst noble Lord, the pillor of my life,
And Patrone of my Muses pupillage,
Through whose large bountie poured on me rife,
In the first season of my feeble age,
I now doe liue, bound yours by vassalage:
Sith nothing euer may redeeme, nor reaue
Out of your endlesse debt so sure a gage,
Vouchsafe in worth this small gift to receaue,
Which in your noble hands for pledge I leaue
Of all the rest, that I am tyde t'account:
Rude rimes, the which a rustick Muse did weaue
In sauage soyle, far from Parnasso *mount,*
And roughly wrought in an vnlearned Loome:
The which vouchsafe, deere Lord, your fauourable doome.

E. S.

To the right honourable the Lord of *Buckhurſt*, *one of her Maieſties priuie Councell.*

IN vaine I thinke (right honourable Lord)
By this rude rime to memorize thy name;
Whoſe learned Muſe hath writ her owne record,
In golden verſe, worthy immortall fame:
Thou much more fit, (were leiſure to the ſame)
Thy gracious Soueraignes praiſes to compile.
And her imperiall Maieſtie to frame,
In loftie numbers and heroïck ſtile.
But ſith thou maiſt not ſo, giue leaue a while
To baſer wit, his power therein to ſpend,
Whoſe groſſe defaults thy daintie pen may file,
And vnaduiſed ouerſights amend.
But euermore vouchſafe it to maintaine
Againſt vile *Zoylus* backbitings vaine.

E. S.

¶ To the right honourable Sir *Fr. Walſingham*, *Knight, principall Secretarie to her Maieſtie, and* of her honourable priuie Councell.

THat Mantuane *Poets incompared ſpirit,*
Whoſe girland now is ſet in higheſt place,
Had not Mecœnas *for his worthy merit,*
It firſt aduaunſt to great Auguſtus *grace,*
Might long (perhaps) haue lien in ſilence bace,
Ne been ſo much admir'd of later age.
This lowely Muſe, that learnes like ſteps to trace,
Flies for like aide vnto your Patronage,
That are the great Mecœnas *of this age;*
As well to all that ciuill artes profeſſe,
As thoſe that are inſpir'd with Martiall rage;
And craues protection of her feebleneſſe:
Which if ye yeeld, perhaps ye may her raiſe
In bigger tunes to ſound your liuing praiſe.

E. S.

TO THE RIGHT NOBLE Lord and moſt valiant Captaine, Sir *Iob. Norris*, Knight, Lord Preſident of Mounſter.

WHo euer gaue more honourable prize
To the ſweet Muſe, then did the Martiall crew;
That their braue deeds ſhe might immortalize
In her ſhrill tromp, and ſound their praiſes dew?
Who then ought more to fauour her, then you
Moſt noble Lord, the honor of this age,
And Precedent of all that Armes enſue?
Whoſe warlike proweſſe and manly courage,
Tempred with reaſon and aduizement ſage
Hath fild ſad *Belgick* with victorious ſpoile,
In *France* and *Ireland* left a famous gage,
And lately ſhak't the *Luſitanian* ſoile.
Sith then each where thou haſt diſſpred thy fame,
Loue him, that hath eternized your name.

E. S.

To the noble and valorous Knight, Sir Wal. Raleigh, Lo. Wardein of the Stanneryes, and Lieutenaunt of Cornwaile.

TO thee that art the Sommers Nightingale,
Thy ſoueraigne Goddeſſes moſt deare delight,
Why doe I ſend this ruſtick Madrigale,
That may thy tunefull eare vnſeaſon quite?
Thou onely fit this Argument to write,
In whoſe high thoughts Pleaſure hath built her bowre,
And dainty loue learnd ſweetly to endite.
My rimes I knowe vnſauory and ſowre,
To taſte the ſtreames, that like a golden ſhowre
Flowe from thy fruitfull head, of thy Loues praiſe,
Fitter perhaps to thunder Martiall ſtowre,
When ſo thee liſt thy loftie Muſe to raiſe:
Yet till that thou thy Poeme wilt make knowne,
Let thy faire Cinthias *praiſes be thus rudely ſhowne.*

E. S.

TO THE RIGHT HONORA-
ble and moſt vertuous Lady, the Counteſſe *of Penbroke*.

REmembrance of that moſt Heroick ſpirit,
The heauens pride, the glory of our daies,
Which now triumpheth through immortall merit
Of his braue vertues, crownd with laſting baies
Of heauenly bliſs and euerlaſting praies;
Who firſt my Muſe did lift out of the flore,
To ſing his ſweet delights in lowlie laies;
Bids me moſt noble Lady to adore
His goodly image liuing euermore,
In the diuine reſemblance of your face;
Which with your vertues ye embelliſh more,
And natiue beautie deck with heauenly grace:
For his, and for your owne eſpeciall ſake,
Vouchſafe from him this token in good worth to take.

E. S.

THE SHEPHEARDS CALENDER:

CONTAINING

TVVELVE ÆGLOGVES, PROPORTIONABLE TO THE TWELVE MONETHS.

ENTITVLED,

To the Noble and vertuous Gentleman, most *worthy of all titles, both of learning and chiualrie, Maſter* Philip Sidney.

AT LONDON,
Printed by *H. L.* for *Mathew Lownes*, and are to *be ſold at the ſigne of the Biſhops head in* Paules Church-yard. 1611.

TO HIS BOOKE.

Goe, little Booke: thy ſelfe preſent,
As child whoſe parent is vnkent,
To him that is the preſident
Of nobleneſſe and chiualrie:
And if that Enuy barke at thee,
As ſure it will, for ſuccour flee
Vnder the ſhadow of his wing.
And, asked who thee forth did bring,
A ſhepheards ſwaine ſay did thee ſing,
All as his ſtraying flocke he fedde;
And when his honor hath thee redde,
Craue pardon for thy hardy-head.
But if that any aske thy name,
Say thou wert baſe begot with blame:
For why thereof thou takeſt ſhame.
And when thou art paſt ieopardie,
Come tell me what was ſaid of mee,
And I will ſend more after thee.

Immeritò.

TO THE MOST EXCELLENT and learned, both Oratour and Poet, maſter *Gabriel Haruey*, his verie ſpeciall and ſingular good friend, *E. K.* commendeth the good liking of this his good labour, and the patronage of the new Poet.

Vncouth, vnkiſt, ſaide the old famous Poet *Chaucer*: whom for his excellencie and wonderfull skill in making, his ſcholler *Lidgate*, a woorthy ſcholler of ſo excellent a maſter, calleth the loadſtarre of our language: and whom our *Colin Clout* in his Eglogue calleth *Tytirus*, the God of Shepheards; comparing him to the worthineſs of the Roman *Tytirus*, *Virgil*. Which prouerbe, mine owne good friend M. *Haruey*, as in that good old poet, it ſerued well *Pindarus* purpoſe, for the bolſtering of his bawdie brocage, ſo very well taketh place in this our new Poet, who for that he is vncouth (as ſaid *Chaucer*) is vnkiſt; and vnknown to moſt men, is regarded but of a fewe. But I doubt not, ſo ſoone as his name ſhall come into the knowledge of men, and his worthineſſe be ſounded in the trumpe of Fame, but that he ſhall be not onely kiſt, but alſo beloued of all, embraced of the moſt, and wondred at of the beſt. No leſſe, I thinke, deſerueth his wittineſſe in deuiſing, his pithineſſe in vttering, his complaint of loue ſo louely, his diſcourſes of pleaſure ſo pleaſantly, his paſtorall rudeneſſe, his morall wiſeneſſe, his due obſeruing of *Decorum* euerie where, in perſonages, in ſeaſons, in matter, in ſpeech, and generally, in all ſeemelie ſimplicitie of handling his matters, and framing his words: the which of many things that in him be ſtrange, I know will ſeeme the ſtrangeſt; the wordes themſelues beeing ſo ancient, the knitting of them ſo ſhort and intricate, and the whole period and compaſſe of his ſpeech ſo delightſome for the roundneſſe, and ſo graue for the ſtrangeneſſe. And firſt of the words to ſpeake, I grant they be ſomething hard, and of moſt men vnvſed, yet both Engliſh, and alſo vſed of moſt excellent Authours, and moſt famous poets. In whom, when as this our poet hath beene much trauailed and throughly read, how could it be (as that worthy Oratour ſaid) but that walking in the Sunne, although for other cauſe hee walked, yet needes hee muſt be ſunne-burnt; and hauing the ſound of thoſe ancient poets ſtill ringing in his eares, hee moughte needs in ſinging, hit out ſome of their tunes. But whether hee vſeth them by ſuch caſualtie and cuſtome, or of ſet purpoſe

and choiſe, as thinking thē fitteſt for ſuch ruſticall rudeneſſe of Shepheards; either for that their rough ſound would make his rimes more ragged and ruſticall: or elſe becauſe ſuch old and obſolete words are moſt vſed of Country folke; ſure I thinke, and thinke I thinke not amiſſe, that they bring great grace, and as one would ſay, authoritie to the verſe. For albe, amongſt many other faults, it ſpecially be obiected of *Valla*, againſt *Liuie*, and of other againſt *Saluſt*, that with ouer-much ſtudie they affect antiquitie, as couering thereby credence, and honour of elder yeeres; yet I am of opinion, and eke the beſt learned are of the like, that thoſe ancient ſolemne words, are a great ornament, both in the one, and in the other: the one labouring to ſet foorth in his worke an eternall image of antiquitie, and the other carefully diſcourſing matters of grauitie and importance. For, if my opinion faile not, *Tully* in that booke, wherein he endeuoureth to ſet forth the patterne of a perfect Orator, ſaith, that oft-times an ancient word maketh the ſtile ſeeme graue, and as it were reuerend, no otherwiſe then we honour and reuerence gray haires, for a certaine religious regard, which we haue of old age. Yet neither euery where muſt old wordes be ſtuffed in, nor the common Dialect, & maner of ſpeaking ſo corrupted thereby, that as in old buildings, it ſeeme diſorderlie and ruinous. But as in moſt exquiſite pictures, they vſe to blaze and portrait, not onely the daintie lineaments or beautie, but alſo round about it to ſhadow the rude thickets and craggie clifts, that by the baſeneſſe of ſuch parts, more excellencie may accrew to the principall (for oftentimes wee finde our ſelues, I know not how, ſingularly delighted with the ſhew of ſuch naturall rudeneſſe, and take great pleaſure in that diſorderly order): euen ſo doe thoſe rough and harſh tearmes, enlumine and make more cleerely to appeare the brightneſſe of braue and glorious words. So, oftentimes, a diſcord in muſicke maketh a comely concordance: ſo great delight tooke the worthie poet *Alceus*, to behold a blemiſh in the ioynt of a well-ſhaped bodie. But if any will raſhly blame ſuch his purpoſe in choice of old & vnwonted words, him may I more iuſtly blame and condemne, either of witleſſe headineſſe in iudging, or of heedleſſe hardineſſe in condemning: for not marking the compaſſe of his bent, he will iudge of the length of his caſt. For in my opinion, it is one eſpeciall praiſe of many, which are due to this poet, that he hath laboured to reſtore as to their rightfull heritage, ſuch good and naturall Engliſh words, as haue been long time out of vſe, and almoſt cleane diſherited. Which is the onely cauſe, that our mother tongue, which trulie of it ſelfe is both full enough for proſe, & ſtately enough for verſe, hath long time been counted moſt bare and barren of both. Which default, when as ſome endeuoured to ſalue and recure, they patched vp the holes with peeces and ragges of other languages; borrowing heere of the French, there of the Italian, euery where of the Latine; not weighing how ill thoſe tongues accord with themſelues, but much worſe with ours: So now they haue made our Engliſh tongue a gallimaufrey, or hodgepodge of all other ſpeeches.

Other

Other-ſome, not ſo well ſeene in the Engliſh tongue, as perhaps in other languages, if they happen to heare an old word, albeit very natural and ſignificant, cry out ſtraight way, that we ſpeake no Engliſh, but gibberiſh, or rather, ſuch as in old time *Euanders* mother ſpake: whoſe firſt ſhame is, that they are not aſhamed, in their owne mother tongue, to bee counted ſtrangers, and aliens. The ſecond ſhame no leſſe then the firſt, that what they vnderſtand not, they ſtraightway deeme to be ſenſeleſſe, & not at all to be vnderſtood: Much like to the Mole in *Aeſops* fable, that beeing blind herſelfe, would in no wiſe be perſwaded that any beaſt could ſee. The laſt, more ſhamefull then both, that of their owne country and naturall ſpeech (which together with their Nurſes milke they ſucked) they haue ſo baſe and baſtard iudgement, that they will not onely thēſelues not labour to garniſh & beautifie it, but alſo repine, that of other it ſhould be embelliſhed; Like to the dog in the maunger, that himſelfe can eate no hay, & yet barketh at the hungrie bullock, that ſo faine would feed: whoſe curriſh kinde, though it cannot bee kept frō barking, yet I conne them thank that they refraine from byting.

Now, for the knitting of ſentences, which they call the ioynts & members thereof, & for all the compaſſe of the ſpeech, it is round without roughneſſe, and learned without hardneſſe, ſuch indeed as may be perceiued of the leaſt, vnderſtood of the moſt, but iudged onely of the learned. For what in moſt Engliſh writers vſeth to be looſe, and as it were vnright, in this Author is well grounded, finely framed, and ſtronglie truſſed vp together. In regard whereof I ſcorne and ſpew out the rakehelly rout of our ragged rymers (for ſo themſelues vſe to hunt the letter) which without learning boaſt, without iudgement iangle, without reaſon rage and fome, as if ſome inſtinct of poeticall ſpirit had newly rauiſhed them aboue the meanneſſe of common capacitie. And beeing in the midſt of all their brauerie, ſuddenly, either for want of matter, or rime, or hauing forgotten their former conceit, they ſeeme to be ſo pained & trauailed in their remembrance, as it were a woman in childbirth, or as that ſame Pythia, when the traunce came vpon her: *Os rabidum fera corda domans, &c.*

Neuertheleſſe, let them a Gods name feed on their owne folly, ſo they ſeeke not to darken the beames of others glorie. As for *Colin*, vnder vvhoſe perſon the Authors ſelfe is ſhadowed, how farre he is from ſuch vaunted titles, and glorious ſhewes, both himſelfe ſheweth, where he ſaith:

Of Muſes Hobbinoll, *I conne no skill.* And
Enough is me to paint out my vnreſt, &c.

And alſo appeareth by the baſeneſſe of the name, wherein it ſeemeth hee choſe rather to vnfold great matter of argument couertly, then profeſsing it, not ſuffice thereto accordingly. Which moued him rather in Aeglogues thē otherwiſe to write; doubting perhaps his ability, which he little needed; or minding to furniſh our tongue with this kind, wherein it faulteth: or following one example of the beſt & moſt ancient poets, which deuiſed this kinde

of

of writing, beeing both ſo baſe for the matter, and homely for the maner, at the firſt to trie their habilities: like as young birds, that be newlie crept out of the neſt, by little and little firſt prooue their tender wings, before they make a greater flight. So flew *Theocritus*, as you may perceiue hee was alreadie full fledged. So flew *Virgil*, as not yet well feeling his wings. So flew *Mantuane*, as not beeing full ſomd. So *Petrarque*. So *Boccace*. So *Marot*, *Sanazarui*, and alſo diuerſe other excellent both Italian and French poets, whoſe footing this Authour euery where followeth: yet ſo as few, but they be well ſented, can trace him out. So finally flieth this our new Poet, as a bird whoſe principals be ſcarce growne out, but yet as one that in time ſhall be able to keepe wing with the beſt.

Now, as touching the generall drift and purpoſe of his Aeglogues, I mind not to ſay much, himſelfe labouring to cõceale it. Onely this appeareth, that his vnſtaied youth had long wandered in the common Labyrinth of Loue, in which time, to mitigate & allay the heate of his paſsion, or elſe to warne (as hee ſaith) the young ſhepheards [his equals and companions] of his vnfortunate folly, he compiled theſe twelue Aeglogues; which for that they be proportioned to the ſtate of the twelue Moneths, he tearmeth it the *Shepheards Calender*, applying an old name to a new worke. Heerevnto haue I added a certaine Gloſſe or ſcholion, for the expoſition of old wordes, & harder phraſes; which manner of gloſsing and commenting, well I wote, will ſeeme ſtrange and rare in our tongue: yet, for ſo much as I knew, many excellent and proper deuiſes, both in words and matter, would paſſe in the ſpeedie courſe of reading, either as vnknowne, or as not marked; & that in this kind, as in other wee might be equall to the learned of other nations, I thought good to take the paines vpon me, the rather for that by meanes of ſome familiar acquaintance I was made priuie to his counſaile & ſecret meaning in thē, as alſo in ſundry other works of his. Which albeit I knowe hee nothing ſo much hateth, as to promulgate, yet thus much haue I aduentured vpon his friendſhip, himſelfe being for long time far eſtranged, hoping that this will the rather occaſion him, to put foorth diuerſe other excellent works of his, which ſleep in ſilence, as his Dreams, his Legends, his Court of *Cupid*, & ſundry others, whoſe cõmendation to ſet out, were very vaine, the things though worthy of many, yet beeing knowne to few. Theſe my preſent paines, if to any they be pleaſurable, or profitable, be you iudge, mine owne maiſter *Haruey*, to whom I haue both in reſpect of your worthineſſe generally, & otherwiſe vpon ſome particular & ſpeciall conſiderations, vowed this my labour, & the maidenhead of this our common friends poetrie, himſelfe hauing already in the beginning dedicated it to the Noble and worthy Gentleman, the right worſhipfull maiſter *Philip Sidney*, a ſpeciall fauourer & maintainer of all kinde of learning. Whoſe cauſe, I pray you ſir, if enuie ſhall ſtirre vp any wrongfull accuſation, defend with your mighty Rhetoricke, and other your rath gifts of learning, as you can, and ſhield with

with your good will, as you ought, againſt the malice & outrage of ſo many enemies, as I know will be ſet on fire with the ſparks of his kindled glorie. And thus recommending the Authour vnto you, as vnto his moſt ſpeciall good friend, and my ſelfe vnto you both, as one making ſingular account of two ſo very good & ſo choiſe friends, I bid you both moſt hartily farewell, & commit you & your commendable ſtudies to the tuition of the greateſt.

Your owne aſſuredly to be commaunded, E. K.

Poſt ſcr.

NOw I truſt, M. *Haruey*, that vpon ſight of your ſpeciall friends and fellow poets dooings, or elſe for enuie of ſo many worthy Quidams, which catch at the garland which to you alone is due, you will be perſwaded to pluck out of the hateful darkneſs, thoſe ſo many excellent Engliſh poems of yours, which lie hid, and bring them foorth to eternall light. Truſt me, you doe them great wrong, in depriuing them of the deſired ſunne, and alſo your ſelfe, in ſmothering your deſerued praiſes, and all men generally, in with-holding from them ſo diuine pleaſures, which they might conceiue of your gallant Engliſh verſes, as they haue already done of your Latine poems, which in my opinion, both for inuention and elocution, are very delicate and ſuperexcellent. And thus againe, I take my leaue of my good M. *Haruey*. From my lodging at London, the tenth of Aprill. 1579.

The generall Argument of the *whole Booke*.

LIttle, I hope, needeth me at large to discourse the first originall of Aeglogues, hauing alreadie touched the same. But, for the word Aeglogues, I knowe is vnknowne to most, and also mistaken of some the best learned (as they thinke) I will say somewhat thereof, beeing not at all impertinent to my present purpose.

They were first of the Greekes, the inuentours of them, called Aeglogas, as it were, Aegon, or Aeginomonlogi, that is Goteheards tales. For although in Virgil and others, the speakers be more Shepheards, then Goatheards, yet Theocritus, in whom is more ground of authoritie then in Virgil, this specially from that deriuing, as from the first head & well-spring the whole inuention of these Aeglogues, maketh Goateheards the persons and Authors of his tales. This beeing, who seeth not the grosnesse of such as by colour of learning would make vs beleeue, that they are more rightly tearmed Eclogai, as they would say, extraordinarie discourses of vnnecessarie matter: which definition, albe in substance and meaning it agree with the nature of the thing, yet no whit answereth with the Analysis & interpretation of the word. For they be not tearmed Eglogæ, Aeglogues: which sentence this Authour verie well obseruing, vpon good iudgement, though indeede fewe Goatheards haue to doe herein, neuertheless doubteth not to call them by the vsed and best knowne name. Other curious discourses heereof I reserue to greater occasion.

These twelue Aeglogues euery where answering to the seasons of the twelue Moneths, may be well diuided into three formes or rankes. For either they be Plaintiue, as the first, the sixt, the eleuenth, and the twelfth: or Recreatiue, such as all those be, which containe matter of loue, or commendation of speciall personages: or Morall, which for the most part be mixed with some Satyricall bitternesse; namely, the second of reuerence due to old age, the fift of coloured deceit, the seauenth and ninth of dissolute Shepheards and Pastors, the tenth of contempt of Poetrie and pleasant wits. And to this diuision may euerie thing heerein be reasonably applied: a few onely except, whose special purpose and meaning I am not priuie to. And thus much generally of these twelue

Aeglogues.

Aeglogues. Now will we speake particularly of all, and first of the first, which he calleth by the first Monethes name, Ianuarie: wherein to some he may seeme fowly to haue faulted, in that he erroniously beginneth with that Moneth, which beginneth not the yeere. For it is well knowne, and stoutly maintained with strong reasons of the learned, that the yeere beginneth in March: for then the sunne renueth his finished course, and the seasonable Spring refresheth the earth, and the pleasaunce thereof beeing buried in the sadnesse of the dead Winter, now worne away, reuiueth.

This opinion maintaine the old Astrologers and Philosophers, namelie, the reuerend Andalo, and Macrobius, in his holy daies of Saturne: which account also was generally obserued, both of Grecians & Romans. But sauing the leaue of such learned heads, we maintaine a custome of counting the seasons from the Moneth Ianuary, vpon a more speciall cause then the heathen Philosophers euer could conceiue: that is, for the incarnation of our mightie Sauiour, & eternall Redeemer the Lord Christ, who as thē renewing the state of the decaied World, and returning the compasse of expired yeeres, to their former date, and first commencement, left to vs his Heires a memoriall of his byrth, in the end of the last yeere and beginning of the next. Which reckoning, beside that eternall Monument of our saluation, leaneth also vpon good proofe of speciall iudgement.

For albeit that in elder times, when as yet the count of the yeere was not perfected, as afterward it was by Iulius Cæsar, they beganne to tell the Moneths from Marches beginning; and according to the same, God (as is said in Scripture) cōmaunded the people of the Iewes to count the Moneth Abib, that which we call March, for the first Moneth, in remembrance that in that Moneth hee brought them out of the Land of Aegypt: yet, according to tradition of latter times it hath beene otherwise obserued, both in gouernment of the Church, and rule of mightiest Realmes. For from Iulius Cæsar, who first obserued the leape yeere, which he called Bissextilem Annum, and brought into a more certaine course the odde wandring daies, which of the Greekes were called Hyperbainontes, of the Romanes Intercalares (for in such matter of learning I am forced to vse the tearmes of the learned) the Moneths haue beene numbred twelue, which in the first ordinance of Romulus were but tenne, counting but 304 daies in euery yeere, and beginning with March. But Numa Pompilius, who was the father of all the Romane Ceremonies, and Religion, seeing that reckoning to agree neither with the course of the Sunne, nor the Moone, thereunto added two Moneths, Ianuarie and Februarie: wherein it seemeth, that wise king minded vpon good reason to beginne the yeere at Ianuarie, of him therefore so called tanquam Ianua anni, the gate & enterance of the yeere, or of the name of the god Ianus: to which god, for that the old Paynims attributed the birth and beginning of all creatures new cōming into the world, it seemeth that he therefore to him assigned, the beginning and first entrance of the yeere. Which account for the most part hath hitherto continued. Notwithstanding,

ding, that the Egyptians beginne their yeere at September, for that according to the opinion of the best Rabbines, and very purpose of the Scripture it selfe, God made the world in that Moneth, that is called of them Tisri. *And therefore he cõmaunded them to keepe the feast of Pauilions, in the end of the yeere, in the xv. day of the seuenth Moneth, which before that time was the first.*

But our Authour, respecting neither the subtiltie of the one part, nor the antiquitie of the other, thinketh it fittest, according to the simplicitie of common vnderstanding, to beginne with Ianuarie; weening it perhaps no decorum *that shepheards should be seene in matter of so deepe insight, or canuase cease of so doubtfull iudgement. So therefore beginneth hee, and so continueth hee throughout.*

Aegloga prima.

ARGVMENT.

IN this first Aeglogue, *Colin Clout*, a Shepheards boy, complaineth himselfe of his vnfortunate loue, beeing but newly (as it seemeth) enamoured of a countrey Lasse called *Rosalind:* with which strong affection being verie sore trauelled, hee compareth his carefull case to the sad season of the yeere, to the frostie ground, to the frozen trees, and to his owne vvinter-beaten flocke. And lastly, finding himselfe robbed of all former pleasance and delight, he breaketh his Pipe in peeces, & casteth himselfe to the ground.

COLIN CLOVT.

A Shepheards boy (no better doe him call)
When Winters wastefull spight was almost spent,
All in a sunshine day, as did befall,
Led forth his flocke, that had been long ypent.
So faint they woxe, and feeble in the fold,
That now vnnethes their feet could them vphold.

All as the sheepe, such was the shepheards looke,
For pale and wanne he was, (alas the while!)
May seeme he lov'd, or else some care he tooke:
Well couth he tune his Pipe, and frame his stile.
Tho to a hill his fainting flock he led,
And thus him plainde, the while his sheepe there fed.

Yee gods of loue, that pittie louers paine,
(If any gods the paine of louers pittie:)
Looke from aboue, where you in ioyes remaine,
And bow your eares vnto my dolefull dittie.
And PAN thou shepheards God, that once did loue,
Pittie the paines, that thou thy selfe didst proue.

Thou barren ground whõ Winters wrath hath wasted,
Art made a mirrour, to behold my plight:
Whilom thy fresh spring flowr'd, and after hasted
Thy Sommer proude, with Daffadillies dight.
And now is come thy Winters stormie stare,
Thy mantle mard, wherein thou maskedst late.

Such rage as Winters, raigneth in my heart,
My life-blood freezing, with vnkindly cold:
Such stormie stoures, doe breed my balefull smart,
As if my yeeres were waste, and woxen old.
And yet, alas, but now my spring begonne,
And yet, alas, it is already donne.

You naked trees, whose shadie leaues are lost,
Wherein the birds were wont to build their bowre,
And now are cloath'd with mosse and hoarie frost,
Instead of blossoms, wherewith your buds did flowre,
I see your teares, that from your boughs doe raine,
Whose drops in drerie ysicles remaine.

Also my lustfull leafe is dry and seare,
My timely buds with wailing all are wasted:
The blossome, which my branch of youth did beare,
With breathed sighs is blowne away, and blasted.
And from mine eyes the drizling teares descend,
As on your boughs the ysicles depend.

Thou feeble flocke, whose fleece is rough and rent,
Whose knees are weake, through fast, and euill fare:
Maist witnesse well by thy ill gouernment,
Thy Maisters mind is ouercome with care.
Thou weake, I wanne: thou leane, I quite forlorne,
With mourning pine I, you with pining mourne.

A thousand sithes I curse that carefull houre,
Wherein I longd the neighbour towne to see:
And eke ten thousand sithes I blesse the stoure,
Wherein I saw so faire a sight as shee.
Yet all for nought: such sight hath bred my bane:
Ah God, that loue should breed both ioy and paine!

It is not HOBBINOL, wherefore I plaine,
Albee my loue he seeke with daily suit:
His clownish gifts and curtesies I disdaine,
His kiddes, his cracknels, and his early fruit.
Ah, foolish HOBBINOL, thy gifts been vaine:
COLIN them giues to ROSALINDE againe.

I loue thilke Lasse, (alas, why doe I loue?)
And am forlorne, (alas, why am I lorne?)
Shee deignes not my good will, but doth reproue,
And of my rurall musick holdeth scorne.
Shepheards deuise she hateth as the snake, (make.
And laughes the songs, that COLIN CLOVT doth

Wherefore my Pipe, albee rude PAN thou please,
Yet for thou pleasest not where most I would,
And thou vnluckie Muse, that woontst to ease
My musing minde, yet canst not, when thou should,
Both Pipe and Muse, shall sore the while abie.
So broke his Oaten Pipe, and downe did lie.

By that, the welked PHOEBVS gan auaile
His wearie waine, and now the frostie NIGHT,
Her mantle blacke through heauen gan ouerhaile.
Which seene, the pensiue boy halfe in despight
Arose, and homeward droue his sunned sheepe,
Whose hanging heads did seem his careful case to weepe.

Colins Embleme.

Anchora Speme.

GLOSSE.

Colin Clout, is a name not greatlie vsed, and yet haue I seene a poesie of *M. Skeltons*, vnder that title. But indeede the word *Colin* is French, and vsed of the French poet *Marot* (if he be worthy the name of a poet) in a certaine Æglogue. Vnder which name this poet secretly shadoweth himselfe, as sometime did *Virgil* vnder the name of *Tytirus*, thinking it much fitter then such Latine names, for the great vnlikelihood of the language.

Vnnethes, scarcely.

Couth, commeth of the verbe *Conne*, that is, to knowe, or to haue skill. As wel interpreteth the same, the worthy sir *Tho. Smith*, in his booke of gouernment: whereof I haue a perfect copie in writing, lent me by his kinsman, and my very singular good friend, *M. Gabriel Haruey*, as also of some other his most graue and excellent writings.

Sith, time. *Neighbour-towne*, the next towne: expressing the Latine, *Vicinia*.

Stoure, a fit. *Seare*, withered.

His clownish gifts, imitateth *Virgils* verse:

Rusticus es Corydon, nec munera curat Alexis.

Hobbinol, is a fained country name, wherby, it being so common & vsuall, seemeth to be hidden the person of some his very speciall & most familiar friend, whom he intirely and extraordinarily loued, as peraduenture shall be more largely declared heereafter. In this place seemeth to be some sauour of disorderly loue, which the learned call *Paderastice*: but it is gathered beside his meaning. For who that hath read

read *Plato* his Dialogue called *Alcibiades*, *Xenophon* & *Maximus Tyrius* of *Socrates* opinions, may easily perceiue, that such loue is to be allowed and liked of, specially so meant, as *Socrates* vsed it: who saith, that indeed he loued *Alcybiades* extreamly; yet not *Alcibiades* person, but his soule, which is *Alcibiades* owne selfe. And so is *Pederastice* much to bee preferred before *Gyneratice*, that is, the loue which inflameth men with lust toward womankinde. But yet let no man thinke, that heerein I stand with *Lucian*, or his diuelish disciple *Vnico Aretino*, in defence of execrable and horrible sinnes, of forbidden and vnlawfull fleshlinesse. Whose abhominable error is fully confuted of *Perionius*, and others.

I loue: a pretie Epanorthosis in these two verses, and withall, a Paronomasia, or playing with the word, where he saith, *I loue thilke Lasse, alasse, &c.*

Rosainde, is also a fained name, which beeing well ordered, will bewray the verie name of his loue and Mistresse, whom by that name hee coloureth. So as *Ouid* shadoweth his loue vnder the name of *Corynna*, which of some is supposed to be *Iulia*, the Emperour *Augustus* his daughter, and wife to *Agrippa*: so doth *Aruntius Stella*, euery where call his Ladie *Asteris* & *Ianthes*, albeit it is well knowne that her right name was *Violantilla*: as witnesseth *Stutius* in his *Epithalamium*. And so the famous paragon of Italy, *Madonna Cœlia*, in her letters, enuelopeth her selfe vnder the name of *Zima*, and *Petrona* vnder the name of *Bellochia*. And this generally hath been a common custome of counterfaiting the names of secret personages.

Auaile, bring downe.

Ouerhaile, draw ouer.

Embleme.

His Embleme or Posie is heere-vnder added in Italian, *Anchora speme*: the meaning whereof is, that notwithstanding his extreame passion and luckelesse loue, yet leaning on hope, hee is somewhat recomforted.

Aegloga Secunda.

ARGVMENT.

THis Aeglogue is rather morall and generall, then bent to any secret or particular purpose. It specially containeth a discourse of old age, in the person of *Thenot*, an old shepheard, who for his crookednesse and vnlustfulnesse, is scorned of *Cuddie*, an vnhappy heardmans boy. The matter very well accordeth with the season of the moneth, the yeere now drooping, and as it were drawing to his last age. For as in this time of yeere, so then in our bodies, there is a dry and withering cold, which congealeth the crudled blood, and freezeth the weather-beaten flesh, with stormes of fortune, and hoare frosts of care. To which purpose, the old man telleth a tale of the Oake and the Breere, so liuely, and so feelingly, as if the thing were set forth in some picture before our eies, more plainly could not appeare.

CVDDY.

AH for pittie, will ranke Winters rage
These bitter blasts neuer gin t'asswage?
The keene cold blowes through my beaten hide,
All as I were through the body gride.
My ragged ronts all shiuer and shake,
As done high towers in an earthquake:
They wont in the wind wagge their wriggle tailes,
Pearke as a Peacocke: but now it auailes.

THENOT.

Lewdly complainest, thou lasie ladde,
Of Winters wracke for making thee sad.
Must not the world wend in his common course,
From good to bad, and from bad to worse,
From worse, vnto that is worst of all,
And then returne to his former fall?
Who will not suffer the stormie time,
Where will he liue till the lustie prime?
Selfe haue I worne out thrice thirtie yeeres,

THENOT.

Some in much ioy, many in many teares:
Yet neuer complained of cold nor heate,
Of Sommers flame, nor of Winters threat:
Ne neuer was to Fortune foe-man,
But gently tooke, that vngently came.
And euer my flock was my chiefe care,
Winter or Sommer they mought well fare.

CVDDY.

No maruaile THENOT, if thou can beare
Cheerefully the Winters wrathfull cheare.
For age and winter accord full nie,
This chill, that cold, this crooked, that wrie:
And as the lowring weather lookes downe,
So seemest thou like good-Friday to frowne.
But my flowring youth is foe to frost,
My ship vnwont in stormes to be tost.

THENOT.

The Soueraigne of Seas he blames in vaine,

That once Sea-beat, will to sea againe.
So loytring liue you little-heard-groomes,
Keeping your beasts in the budded broomes.
And when the shining sunne laugheth once,
You deemen, the Spring is come at once.
Tho ginne you, fond flies, the cold to scorne,
And crowing in Pipes made of greene corne,
You thinken to be Lords of the yeare:
But eft, when ye count you freed from feare,
Comes the breme Winter with chamfred browes,
Full of wrinkles and frostie furrowes,
Dreerily shooting his stormie dart,
Which cruddles the blood, and prickes the heart.
Then is your careless courage accoyed,
Your carefull heards with cold be annoyed.
Then pay you the price of your surquedrie,
With weeping, and wayling, and miserie.

CVDDIE.

Ah foolish old man, I scorne thy skill,
That wouldest me, my springing youth to spill.
I deeme thy braine emperished bee,
Through rustie eld, that hath rotted thee:
Or siker thy head very tottie is,
So on thy corbe shoulder it leanes amisse.
Now thy selfe hath lost both lop and top,
Als my budding branch thou wouldest crop:
But were thy yeeres greene, as now been mine,
To other delights they would encline.
Tho wouldest thou learne to caroll of loue,
And hery with hymnes thy Lasses gloue.
Tho wouldest thou pipe of PHILLIS praise:
But PHILLIS is mine for many daies.
I wonne her with a girdle of gelt,
Embost with bugle about the belt.
Such an one shepheards would make full faine:
Such an one would make thee young againe.

THENOT.

Thou art a fon, of thy loue to bost:
All that is lent to loue will be lost.

CVDDY.

Seest, how brag yond bullocke beares,
So smirke, so smooth, his pricked eares?
His hornes been as brade, as rainebowe bent,
His dewlap as lithe, as Lasse of Kent.
See how he venteth into the winde,
Weeneth of loue is not his minde?
Seemeth thy flocke thy counsell can,
So lustlesse been they, so weake, so wan,
Clothed with cold, and hoarie with frost,
Thy flocks father his courage hath lost.
Thy Ewes that wont to haue blowne bags,
Like wailefull widdowes hangen their crags.
The rather Lambes been starued with cold,
All for their maister is lustlesse and old.

THENOT.

CVDDY, I wot thou kenst little good,
So vainly to aduance thy headlesse hood.
For youth is a bubble blowne vp with breath,
Whose wit is weakenesse, whose wage is death,
Whose way is wilderнesse, whose Inne Penance,
And stoopegallant Age the host of Greenance.

But shall I tell thee a tale of truth,
Which I cond of TYTIRVS in my youth,
Keeping his sheepe on the hills of Kent?

CVDDY.

To nought more, THENOT, my mind is bent,
Then to heare novels of his deuise:
They been so well thewed, and so wise,
What euer that good old man bespake.

THENOT.

Many meete tales of youth did he make,
And some of loue, and some of chiualrie:
But none fitter then this to apply.
Now listen awhile and harken the end.

THere grew an aged Tree on the greene,
A goodly Oake sometime had it beene,
With armes full strong and largely displaide,
But of their leaues they were disarraid:
The body big and mightily pight,
Throughly rooted, and of wondrous height:
Whilome had been the king of the field,
And mochel mast to the husband did yeeld,
And with his nuts larded many swine.
But now the gray mosse marred his rine,
His bared boughes were beaten with stormes,
His top was bald, and wasted with wormes,
His honour decayed, his branches sere.
Hard by his side grew a bragging Breere,
Which proudly thrust into th'element,
And seemed to threat the Firmament.
It was embellisht with blossoms faire:
And thereto aye wonned to repaire
The shepheards daughters to gather flowres,
To paint their garlonds with his coloures.
And in his small bushes vsed to shrowde
The sweet Nightingale singing so lowde:
Which made this foolish Breere wexe so bold,
That on a time he cast him to scold,
And snebbe the good Oake, for he was old.
Why standst there (quoth he) thou brutish blocke?
Nor for fruite, nor for thadow serues thy stocke:
Seest how fresh my flowres been spred,
Died in Lilly white, and Crimsin red,
With leaues engrained in lustie greene,
Colours meet to cloathe a maiden Queene.
Thy waste bigнesse but cumbers the ground,
And dirkes the beautie of my blossoms round.
The mouldie mosse, which thee accloieth,
My Cinamon smell too much annoyeth.
Wherefore I rede thee hence to remoue,
Least thou the price of my displeasure proue.
So spake this bold Breere with great disdaine:
Little him answered the Oake againe,
But yeelded, with shame and greefe adawed,
That of a weede he was ouergrawed.
It chanced after vpon a day,
The husbandmans selfe to come that way,
Of custome to surview his ground,
And his trees of state in compasse round.
Him when the spightfull Breere had espied,
Causelesse complained, and lowdly cried

Vnto his Lord, ſtirring vp ſterne ſtrife:
O my liege Lord, the God of my life,
Pleaſeth you pond your ſuppliants plaint,
Cauſed of wrong, and cruell compliant,
Which I your poore Vaſſall daily endure:
And but your goodneſſe the ſame recure,
Am like for deſperate dole to die,
Through felonous force of mine enemie.
Greatly aghaſt with this pitious plea,
Him reſted the good-man on the lea,
And bad the Brere in his plaint proceed.
With painted words tho gan this proude weed,
(As moſt vſen ambitious folke)
His coloured crime with craft to cloke.
Ah my ſoueraigne, Lord of Creatures all,
Thou placer of plants both humble and tall,
Was not I planted of thine owne hand,
To be the Primroſe of all thy land.
With flowring bloſſoms, to furniſh the prime,
And skarlet berries in Sommer time?
How falls it then, that this faded Oake,
Whoſe bodie is ſere, whoſe branches broke,
Whoſe naked armes ſtretch vnto the fire,
Vnto ſuch tyrannie doth aſpire?
Hindring with his ſhade my louely light,
And robbing me of the ſweet ſunnes ſight?
So beate his old boughs my tender ſide,
That oft the blood ſpringeth from wounds wide:
Vntimely my flowres forced to fall,
That been the honour of your Coronall.
And oft hee lets his canker-wormes light,
Vpon my branches, to worke me more ſpight:
And oft his hoarie locks downe doth caſt,
Wherewith my freſh florets been defaſt.
For this, and many more ſuch outrage,
Craving your goodlyhead to aſſwage
The rancorous rigour of his might.
Nought aske I, but onely to hold my right:
Submitting me to your good ſufferance,
And praying to be garded from greeuance.
To this, this Oake caſt him to reply
Well as he couth: but his enemie
Had kindled ſuch coles of diſpleaſure,
That the good man nould ſtay his leaſure,
But home him haſted with furious heate,
Encreaſing his wrath with many a threat,
His harmefull hatchet he hent in hand,
(Alas, that it ſo ready ſhould ſtand)
And to the field alone he ſpeedeth.
(Aye little help to harme there needeth)
Anger nould let him ſpeake to the tree,
Enaunter his rage mought cooled bee:
But to the root bent his ſturdie ſtroake,
And made many wounds in the waſte Oake.
The axes edge did oft turne againe,
As halfe vnwilling to cut the graine:
Seemed, the ſenſeleſſe iron did feare,
Or to wrong holy eld did forbeare.
For it had been an auncient tree,
Sacred with many a myſteree.
And often croſt with the Prieſts crew,
And often hallowed with holy water dew.
But ſike fanſies weren foolerie,
And broughten this Oake to this miſerie.
For nought mought they quitten him from decay:
For fiercely the good man at him did lay.
The blocke oft groned vnder the blowe,
And ſighed to ſee his neere ouerthrowe.
In fine, the ſteele had pierced his pith,
Tho downe to the ground he fell forthwith.
His wonderous weight made the ground to quake,
Th'earth ſhrunke vnder him, and ſeemed to ſhake.
There lieth the Oake, pittied of none.
Now ſtands the Breere like a Lord alone,
Puffed vp with pride and vaine pleaſance:
But all this glee had no continuance.
For eftſoones Winter gan to approch,
The bluſtering Boreas did encroch,
And beat vpon the ſolitarie Breere:
For now no ſuccour was him neere.
Now gan he repent his pride too late,
Yore naked left and diſconſolate.
The byting froſt nipt his ſtalke dead,
The watrie wet weighed downe his head,
And heaped ſnowe burdned him ſo ſore,
That now vpright he can ſtand no more:
And beeing downe, is trode in the durt,
Of cattell, and brouzed, and ſorely hurt.
Such was th'end of this ambitious Breere,
For ſcorning Eld.

CVDDIE.

Now I pray thee Shepheard, tell it not forth:
Heere is a long tale, and little worth.
So long haue I liſtened to thy ſpeech,
That graffed to the ground is my breech:
My heart blood is wellnigh froſne I feele,
And my galage growne faſt to my heele:
But little eaſe of thy lewde tale I taſted,
Hie thee home ſhepheard, the day is nigh waſted.

Thenots Embleme.
Iddio perche è vecchio,
Fa ſuoi al ſuo eſſempio.

Cuddies Embleme.
Niuno vecchio,
Spauenta Iddio.

GLOSSE.

GLOSSE.

Keene, ſharpe.

Gride, pierced: an old word much vſed of *Lidgate*, but not found (that I knowe of) in *Chaucer*.

Ronts, young bullocks.

Wracke, ruine or violence, whence commeth ſhipwracke: and not wreake, that is vengeance or wrath.

Foman, a foe.

Thenot, the name of a Shepheard in *Marot* his Æglogues.

The Soueraigne of Seas, is *Neptune*, the God of the Seas. The ſaying is borrowed of *Mimus Publianus*, which vſed this prouerbe in a verſe:

Improbè Neptunum accuſat, qui iterum naufragium facit.

Heardgroomes, *Chaucers* verſe almoſt whole.

Fond flies, He compareth careleſſe ſluggards, or ill husbandmen to flies, that ſoone as the Sunne ſhineth, or it waxeth any thing warme, begin to flie abroad, when ſuddenly they be ouertaken with cold.

But eft when: a very excellent and liuely deſcription of Winter, ſo as may bee indifferently taken, either for old age, or for winter ſeaſon.

Breme, Chill, bitter. *Chamfred*, chapt, or wrinkled.
Accoied, plucked downe and daunted. *Surquedrie*, pride.
Eld, old age. *Siker*, ſure. *Tottie*, wauering.
Corbe, crooked. *Herie*, worſhip.

Phyllis, the name of ſome maid vnknowne, whom *Cuddie* (whoſe perſon is ſecret) loued. The name is vſuall in *Theocritus*, *Virgil*, and *Mantuane*.

Belt, a girdle, or waſte band. *A fon*, a foole. *Lythe*, ſoft and gentle.
Venteth, ſnuffeth in the wind. *Thy flocks father*, the ram. *Crags*, necks.
Rather Lambes, that be ewed early in the beginning of the yeere.

Youthis, a verie morall and pithy Allegorie of youth, and the luſts thereof, compared to a wearie wayfaring man.

Tytirus, I ſuppoſe he meanes *Chaucer*, whoſe praiſe for pleaſant tales cannot die, ſo long as the memorie of his name ſhall liue, and the name of poetrie ſhall endure.

Well thawed, that is, *Bene morata*, full of morall wiſeneſſe.

There grew. This tale of the Oake and the Breere, he telleth as learned of *Chaucer*, but it is cleane in another kind, and rather like to *Æſops* fables. It is very excellent for pleaſant deſcriptions, beeing altogether a certaine Icon, or Hypotypoſis of diſdainefull yonkers. *Embelliſht*, beautified and adorned.

To wonne, to haunt or frequent. *Sneb*, checke.

Woy ſtandſt, the ſpeech is ſcornefull and verie preſumptuous.

Engrained, died in graine.

Accloieth, accumbreth. *Adawed*, daunted and confounded.

Trees of ſtate, taller trees, fit for timber wood. *Sterne ſtrife*, ſaid *Chaucer*, ſ. fell and ſturdie. *O my liege*, a manner of ſupplication, wherein is kindlie coloured the affection and ſpeech of ambitious men.

Coronall, garland. *Flourets*, young bloſſoms.

The Primroſe, the chiefe and worthieſt.

Naked armes, metaphorically meant of the bare boughs, ſpoiled of leaues. This colourably he ſpeaketh, as adiudging him to the fire.

The blood, ſpoken of a blocke, as it were of a liuing creature, figuratiuely, and (as

(as they say) *Kat'exochen.*

Hoarie lockes, metaphorically for withered leaues.

Hent, caught. *Noula*, for would not. *Aye*, euermore.

Wounds, gashes. *Enaunter*, least that.

The Priests crew, holy-water pot, wherewith the popish priests vsed to sprinkle & hallow the trees from mischance. Such blindnesse was in those times: which the poet supposeth to haue been the finall decay of this ancient Oake.

The blocke oft groaned: a liuely figure, which giueth sense and feeling to vnsensible creatures, as *Virgil* also saith: *Saxa gemunt grauido, &c.*

Boreas, the Northren wind, that bringeth the most stormy weather.

Glee, Cheare and iollitie.

For scorning eld, And minding (as should seeme) to haue made rime to the former verse.

Galage, a startup or clownish shooe.

Embleme.

This Embleme is spoken of *Thenot*, as a morall of his former tale: namelie, that God, which is himselfe most aged, beeing before all ages, and without beginning, maketh those whom he loueth, like to himselfe, in heaping yeeres vnto their daies, and blessing them with long life. For the blessing of age is not giuen to all, but vnto whom God will so blesse. And albeit that many euill men reach vnto such fulnesse of yeeres, and some also waxe old in miserie and thraldome, yet therefore is not age euer the lesse blessing. For euen to such euill men, such number of yeeres is added, that they may in their last daies repent, and come to their first home: So the old man checketh the raw-headed boy, for despising his gray and frostie haires.

Whom *Cuddie* doth counterbuffe with a byting and bitter prouerbe, spoken in deed at the first in contempt of old-age generally. For it was an old opinion, & yet is continued in some mens conceit, that men of yeeres haue no feare of God at all, or not so much as younger folke: For that beeing ripened with long experience, & hauing passed many bitter brunts, and blasts of vengeance, they dread no stormes of Fortune, nor wrath of God, nor danger of men; as beeing either by long and ripe wisedome armed against all mischances and aduersities, or with much trouble hardned against all troublesome tides. Like vnto the Ape, of which is said in Æsops fables, that oftentimes meeting the Lion, he was at first sore agast, and dismaid at the grimnesse and austeritie of his countenaunce; but at last, beeing acquainted with his lookes, he was so farre from fearing him, that he would familiarly gybe and iest at him: Such long experience breedeth in some men securitie. Although it please *Erasmus*, a great clarke, and good old father, more fatherly and fauourably, to construe it in his Adages, for his owne behoofe; That by the prouerbe, *Nemo senex metuit Iouem*, is not meant, that old men haue no feare of God at all, but that they be far from superstition and idolatrous regard of false gods, as is *Iupiter*. But his great learning notwithstanding, it is too plaine, to be gaine-said, that old men are much more inclined to such fond fooleries, then younger heads.

Aegloga tertia.

ARGVMENT.

IN this Aeglogue, two shepheards boyes, taking occasion of the season, beginne to make purpose of loue and other pleasance, which to Springtime is most agreeable. The speciall meaning heereof, is to giue certaine marks and tokens, to knowe *Cupid*, the Poets God of loue. But more particularly I thinke, in the person of *Thomalin*, is meant some secret friend, who scorned loue and his Knights so long, till at length himselfe was entangled, and vnwares wounded with the dart of some beautifull regard, which is *Cupids* arrow.

WILLIE.

THOMALIN, why sitten wee so,
As weren ouerwent with wo,
Vpon so faire a morrow?
The ioyous time now nigheth fast,
That shall alegge this bitter blast,
And slake the Winter sorrow.

THOMALIN.

Siker WILLIE, thou warnest well:
For Winters wrath begins to quell,
And pleasant Spring appeareth.
The grasse now ginnes to be refresht:
The Swallow peepes out of her nest,
And clowdie Welkin cleareth.

WILLIE.

Seest not thilke same Hawthorne studde,
How bragly it begins to budde,
And vtter his tender head?
FLORA now calleth forth each flower,
And bids make ready MAIAS bower,

THOMALIN.

That new is vprist from bed.
Tho shall we sporten in delight,
And learne with LETTICE to wexe light,
That scornefully lookes askaunce:
Tho will we little Loue awake,
That now sleepeth in LETHE lake,
And pray him leaden our daunce.

THOMALIN.

WILLIE, I weene thou be assot:
For lustie Loue still sleepeth not,
But is abroad at his game.

WILLIE.

How kenst thou that he is awoke?
Or hast thy selfe his slumber broke?
Or made priuie to the same?

THOMALIN.

No, but happily I him spide,
Where in a bush he did him hide,
With wings of purple and blew.

And were not, that my sheepe would stray,
The priuie markes I would bewray,
Whereby by chaunce I him knew.

WILLIE.

THOMALIN, haue no care for thy,
My selfe will haue a double eye,
Ylike to my flocke and thine:
For als at home I haue a syre,
A stepdame eke as hote as fyre,
That duly adaies counts mine.

THOMALIN.

Nay, but thy seeing will not serue,
My sheepe for that may chance to swerue,
And fall into some mischiefe.
For sithens is but the third morrow,
That I chaunst to fall asleep with sorrow,
And waked againe with griefe:
The while thilke same vnhappy Ewe,
Whose clouted legge her hurt doth shew,
Fell headlong into a dell,
And there vnioynted both her bones:
Mought her necke been ioynted attones,
Shee should haue need no more spell.
Th'elfe was so wanton and so wood,
(But now I trowe can better good)
She mought ne gang on the greene.

WILLY.

Let be, as may be, that is past:
That is to come, let be forecast.
Now tell vs what thou hast seene.

THOMALIN.

It was vpon a holy day,
When shepheards groomes han leaue to play,
I cast to goe a shooting:
Long wandring vp and downe the land,
With bowe and bolts in either hand,
For birds in bushes tooting:
At length, within the Ivie todde,
(There shrouded was the little God)
I heard a busie bustling.
I bent my bolt against the bush,
Listning if any thing did rush,
But then heard no more rustling.
Tho peeping close into the thicke,
Might see the mooving of some quicke,
Whose shape appeared not:
But were it faerie, feend, or snake,
My courage earnd it to awake,
And manfully thereat shot.
With that sprang forth a naked swaine,
With spotted wings like Peacocks traine,
And laughing lope to a tree,
His gilden quiuer at his backe,
And siluer bowe which was but slacke,
Which lightly he bent at mee.
That seeing, I leueld againe,
And shot at him with might and maine,
As thicke, as it had hailed.
So long I shot, that all was spent,
Tho pumie stones I hastely hent,
And threw: but nought auailed.
He was so wimble and so wight,
From bough to bough he leaped light,
And oft the pumies latched.
Therewith affraid, I ranne away:
But he, that earst seem'd but to play,
A shaft in earnest snatched,
And hit me running, in the heele:
For then I little smart did feele,
But soone it sore increased.
And now it rankleth more and more,
And inwardly it festreth sore,
Ne wote I, how to cease it.

WILLY.

THOMALIN, I pittie thy plight,
Perdy with Loue thou diddest fight:
I know him by a token.
For once I heard my father say,
How he him caught vpon a day,
(Whereof he will be wroken)
Entangled in a fowling net,
Which he for carrion crowes had set,
That in our Peare-tree haunted:
Tho said, he was a winged lad,
But bowe and shafts as then none had:
Else had he sore be daunted.
But see, the Welkin thicks apace,
And stouping PHOEBVS steepes his face:
Its time to haste vs homeward.

Willies Embleme.

To be wise, and eke to loue,
Is granted scarce to God aboue.

Thomalins Embleme.

Of honie and of gaul, in loue there is store.
The honie is much, but the gaul is more.

GLOSSE.

This Æglogue seemeth somewhat to resemble that same of *Theocritus*, wherein the boy likewise telling the old man, that he had shotte at a winged boy in a tree, was by him warned to beware of mischiefe to come.

Ouerwent, ouergone. *Alegg*, to lessen or asswage.
To quell, to abate. *Welkin*, the skie.

The Swallow, which bird vseth to be counted the messenger, and as it were the fore-runner of the Spring.

Flora, the Goddesse of flowers, but indeed (as saith *Tacitus*) a famous harlot, which with the abuse of her body hauing gotten great riches, made the people of Rome her heire: who in remembrance of so great beneficence, appointed a yearely feast for the memoriall of her, calling her, not as she was, nor as some doe thinke, *Andronica*, but *Flora*: making her the goddesse of all flowers, and dooing yeerely to her solemne sacrifice.

Maias bower, that is, the pleasant field, or rather the May bushes. *Maia* is a goddesse, and the mother of *Mercurie*, in honour of whom the moneth of May is of her name so called, as saith *Macrobius*.

Lettice, the name of some Country Lasse.
Ascaunce, askew, or asquint. *For thy*, therefore.

Lethe, is a lake in hell, which the poets call the lake of forgetfulnesse: (For *Lethe* signifieth forgetfulnesse) wherein the soules beeing dipped, did forget the cares of their former life. So that by sleeping in *Lethe* lake, hee meaneth hee was almost forgotten, and out of knowledge, by reason of Winters hardnesse, when all pleasures, as it were, sleepe and weare out of mind.

Assotte, to dote.

His slumber: to breake Loues slumber, to excercise the delights of loue and wanton pleasures.

Wings of purple, so is he fained of the poets.

For als, he imitateth *Virgils* verse:

Est mihi namque domi pater, est iniusta nouerca, &c.

A dell, a hole in the ground.

Spell, is a kind of verse or charme, that in elder times they vsed often to say ouer euery thing that they would haue preserued: as the night-spell for theeues, and the wood-spell. And heere-hence, I thinke, is named the Gospell, or word. And so saith *Chaucer*, Listen Lordings to my spell.

Gang, goe. *An Ivie todde*, a thicke bush.

Swaine, a boy: For so is he described of the Poets, to be a boy. s. alwaies fresh and lustie, blindfolded, because hee maketh no difference of personages, with diuerse coloured wings, s. full of flying fancies, with bowe and arrow, that is with glaunce of beautie, which pricketh as a forked arrow. Hee is said also to haue shafts, some leaden, some golden: that is, both pleasure for the gracious and loued, and sorrow for the loue that is disdained or forsaken. But who list more at large to behold *Cupids* colours and furniture, let him reade either *Propertius*, or *Moschus* his *Idyllion* of winged loue, beeing now most excellently translated into Latine, by the singular learned man *Angelus Politianus*: Which worke I haue seene, amongst other of this poets dooings, very well translated also into English rimes.

Wimble and wight, quicke and deliuer.

In

Latched, caught.

In the heele, is very poetically ſpoken, and not without ſpeciall iudgement. For I remember that in *Homer* it is ſaid of *Thetis*, that ſhee tooke her young babe *Achilles* beeing newly borne, and holding him by the heele, dipped him in the riuer of *Stix*. The vertue whereof is, to defend & keepe the bodies waſhed therein, from any mortall wound. So *Achilles* beeing waſhed all ouer ſaue onely his heele, by which his mother held, was in the reſt invulnerable: therefore by *Paris* was fained to be ſhot with a poyſoned arrow in the heele, while he was buſie about the marrying of *Polixena*, in the Temple of *Apollo*. Which myſticall fable *Euſtathius* vnfolding, ſaith: that by wounding in the heele, is meant luſtfull loue. For from the heele (as ſay the beſt Phyſitions) to the priuie parts, there paſſe certaine veines and ſlender ſinewes, as alſo the like come from the head, and are caried like little pipes behind the eares: ſo that (as ſaith *Hypocrates*) if thoſe veines there be cut aſunder, the partie ſtraight becommeth cold & vnfruitfull. Which reaſon our poet well weighing, maketh this ſhepheards boy of purpoſe to be wounded in the heele.

Wroken, reuenged.

For once. In this tale is ſet out the ſimplicitie of ſhepheards opinion of loue.

Stouping Phœbus, is a Periphraſis of the ſunne ſetting.

Embleme.

Heereby is meant, that all the delights of loue, wherein wanton youth vvalloyveth, bee but follie mixt with bitterneſſe, and ſorrowe ſawced with repentance. For beſides that the verie affection of Loue it ſelfe tormenteth the mind, & vexeth the bodie many waies, with vnreſtfulneſſe all night, and wearineſſe all day, ſeeking for that wee cannot haue, & finding that we vvould not haue: euen the ſelfe things which beſt before vs liked, in courſe of time, and change of riper yeeres, which alſo there-withall changeth our wonted liking & former fantaſies, will then ſeem loathſome, and breed vs annoyance, when youths flower is withered, and we find our bodies and wits anſwere not to ſuch vaine iollitie and luſtfull pleaſance.

Aegloga quarta.

ARGVMENT.

THis Aeglogue is purpoſely intended to the honor & praiſe of our moſt gratious Soueraigne, Queene *Elizabeth*. The ſpeakers heereof be *Hobbinoll* and *Thenot*, two ſhepheards: the which *Hobbinoll* beeing before mentioned, greatly to haue loued *Colin*, is heere ſet forth more largely, complaining him of that boyes great miſaduenture in loue, whereby his mind was alienated, and withdrawne not onely from him, who moſt loued him, but alſo from all former delights and ſtudies, as well in pleaſant piping, as cunning ryming and ſinging, and other his laudable exerciſes. Whereby hee taketh occaſion, for proofe of his more excellencie and skill in poetrie, to record a ſong, which the ſaid *Colin* ſometime made in honour of her Maieſtie, whom abruptly he tearmeth *Eliſa*.

THENOT.

TEll me good HOBBINOL, what gars thee greet?
What? hath ſome Wolfe thy tender Lambs ytorne?
Or is thy Bagpipe broke, that ſounds ſo ſweet?
Or art thou of thy loued Laſſe forlorne?

Or beene thine eyes attempred to the yeere,
Quenching the gaſping furrowes thirſt with raine?
Like Aprill ſhowre, ſo ſtreames the trickling teares
Adowne thy cheeke, to quench thy thirſtie paine.

HOBBINOLL.

Nor this, nor that, ſo much doth make me mourne,
But for the lad, whom long I loued ſo deere,
Now loues a Laſſe, that all his loue doth ſcorne:
He plung'd in paine, his treſſed lockes doth teare.

HOBBINOLL.

Shepheards delights hee doth them all forſweare.
His pleaſant Pipe, which made vs merriment,
He wilfully hath broke, and doth forbeare
His wonted ſongs, wherein he all out-went.

THENOT.

What is he for a Lad, you ſo lament?
Is loue ſuch pinching paine, to them that proue?
And hath he skill to make ſo excellent,
Yet hath ſo little skill to bridle loue?

HOBBINOLL.

COLIN thou kenſt the Southerne ſhepheards boy:
Him loue hath wounded with a deadly dart.
Whilome on him was all my care and ioy,
Forcing with gifts to winne his wanton hart.

But now from me his madding mind is start,
And wooes the widdowes daughter of the glenne:
So now faire ROSALINDE hath bred his smart,
So now his friend is changed for a fren.

THENOT.

But if his ditties be so trimly dight,
I pray thee HOBBINOLL record some one,
The whiles our flocks doe graze about in sight,
And we close shrowded in this shade alone.

HOBBINOLL.

Contented I: then will I sing his lay,
Of faire ELISA, Queene of Shepheards all:
Which once he made, as by a spring he lay,
And tuned it vnto the waters fall.

YE daintie Nymphs, that in this blessed brooke,
do bathe your brest,
Forsake your watrie bowres, and hither looke,
at my request.
And eke you virgins that on *Parnasse* dwell,
Whence floweth *Helycon*, the learned Well,
Helpe me to blaze
Her worthy praise,
Which in her sexe doth all excell.

Of faire ELISA be your silver song,
that blessed wight:
The flowre of Virgins, may she flourish long,
in princely plight.
For she is SYRINX daughter without spot:
Which PAN the shepheards God of her begot:
So sprung her grace
Of heauenly race,
No mortall blemish may her blot.

See, where she sits vpon the grassie greene,
(O seemely sight)
Yclad in Scarlet, like a mayden Queene,
and Ermines white.
Vpon her head a Crimosin Coronet,
With damaske Roses, and Daffadillies set:
Bayleaues betweene,
And Primroses greene,
Embellish the sweet Violet.

Tell me, haue yee seene her angel-like face,
like PHOEBE faire?
Her heauenly haviour, her princely grace,
can you well compare?
The Red rose medled with the White yfere,
In either cheeke depeincten liuely cheere:
Her modest eye,
Her Maiestie,
Where haue you seene the like but there?

I saw PHOEBVS thrust out his golden hed,
vpon her to gaze:
But when he saw, how broad her beames did spred
it did him amaze.
He blusht to see another Sunne belowe,
Ne durst againe his fierie face out-showe:
Let him, if he dare,
His brightnesse compare
With hers, to haue the ouerthrowe.

Shew thy selfe CYNTHIA, with thy siluer raies,
and be not abasht:
When she the beames of her beautie displaies,
O how art thou dasht?
But I will not match her with LATONAES seede:
Such follie, great sorrow to NIOBE did breede.
Now she is a stone,
And makes daily mone,
Warning all other to take heede.

PAN may be proude, that euer he begot,
such a Bellibone,
And SYRINX reioyce, that euer was her lot
to beare such an one.
Soone as my younglings cryen for the dam,
To her will I offer a milke white Lambe:
Shee is my Goddesse plaine,
And I her shepheards swaine,
Albee forswonke and forswat I am.

I see CALLIOPE speed her to the place,
where my Goddesse shines:
And after her the other Muses trace
with their Violines.
Beene they not Bay-branches, which they doe beare,
All for ELISA in her hand to weare?
So sweetly they play:
And sing all the way,
That it a heauen is to heare.

Lo, how finely the Graces can it foote
to the Instrument:
They daunce deftly, and singen soote,
in their merriment.
Wants not a fourth Grace, to make the daunce euen?
Let that rowme to my Lady be yeuen.
Shee shall be a Grace
To fill the fourth place,
And raigne with the rest in heauen.

And whither rennes this beuie of Ladies bright,
raunged in a rowe?
They been all Ladies of the Lake behight,
that vnto her goe.
CHLORIS, that is the chiefest Nymph of all,
Of Oliue branches beares a Coronall:
Olives been for peace,
When warres doe surcease:
Such for a Princesse beene principall.

Ye shepheards daughters, that dwell on the greene,
hie you there apace:
Let none come there but that Virgins been,
to adorne her grace.
And when you come, whereas she is in place,
See, that your rudenesse doe not you disgrace:
Bind your fillets fast,

And gird in your waste,
For more fineneſſe with a tawdrie lace.

Bring hither the Pinke, and purple Cullumbine,
with Gilliflowres:
Bring Coronations, and Sops in vvine,
worne of Paramours.
Strowe me the ground with Daffadowndillies,
And Cowslips, and Kingcups, and loued Lillies:
The prettie Pawnce,
And the Cheuisaunce,
Shall match with the faire flowre Delice.

Now rise vp ELIZA, decked as thou art,
in royall ray:
And now ye daintie Damsels may depart
each one his way.
I feare, I haue troubled your troupes too long:
Let dame ELIZA thanke you for her song.
And if you come heather,
When Damsins I gather,
I will part them all you among.

THENOT.

And was thilke same song of COLINS owne making?
Ah foolish boy, that is with loue yblent:
Great pittie is, he be in such taking,
For naught caren, that been so lewdly bent.

HOBBINOLL.

Siker I hold him for a greater fon,
That loues the thing he cannot purchase.
But let vs homeward: for night draweth on,
And twinkling starres the dailight hence chase.

Thenots Embleme.

O quam te memorem virgo!

Hobbinols Embleme.

O dea certè.

GLOSSE.

Gars thee greet, causeth thee vveep & complaine. *Forlorne*, left & forsaken.

Attempred to the yeere, agreeable to the season of the yeere, that is Aprill, vvhich moneth is most bent to showers and seasonable raine: to quench, that is, to delay the drought, caused through drinesse of March winds.

The Lad, Colin Clout. *The Lasse*, Rosalinda. *Tressed locks*, vvithered and curled.

Is he for a lad? A strange maner of speaking, s. vvhat manner of lad is he?

To make, to rime and versifie. For in this word, making, our old English Poets were wont to comprehend all the skill of Poetrie, according to the Greeke vvord *Poiein*, to make, whence commeth the name of Poets.

Colin thou kenst, knowest. Seemeth heereby that Colin pertaineth to some Southern Noble man, and perhaps in Surrey or Kent; the rather, because he so often nameth the Kentish downes: and before, *As lithe*, as lasse of Kent.

The vvidowes. He calleth Rosalind the widowes daughter of the Glenne, that is, of a countrey Hamlet or borough, which I thinke is rather said to colour and conceale the person, then simply spoken. For it is vvell knowne, euen in spight of *Colin* and *Hobbinoll*, that she is a gentlewoman of no meane house, nor endued with any vulgar and common gifts, both of nature and maners: but such indeed, as need neither *Colin* be ashamed to haue her made knowne by his verses, nor *Hobbinoll* be grieued that so she should be commended to immortalitie for her rare and singular vertues: Specially deseruing it no lesse, then either *Myrto* the most excellent Poet *Theocritus* his darling, or *Lauretta* the diuine *Petrarches* goddesse, or *Himera* the vvorthy poet *Stesichorus* his Idol: vpon whom hee is said so much to haue doted, that in regard of her excellencie, hee scorned and wrote against the beautie of *Helena*. For which his presumptuous and vnheedie hardinesse, hee is said by vengeance of the gods, (thereat beeing offended) to haue lost both his eyes.

Frenne, a stranger. The word I thinke was first poetically put, and afterward vsed in common custome of speech for forrenne.

Dight, adorned. *Laye*, a song, as Roundelayes, or Virelayes.

In all this song, is not to be respected vvhat the vvorthinesse of her Maiestie deserueth, nor what to the highnesse of a Prince is agreeable, but vvhat is most comely for the meannesse of a shepheards wit, or to conceiue, or to vtter. And therefore he calleth her *Elisa*, as through rudenesse tripping in her name: and a shepheards daughter; it beeing very vnfit, that a shepheards boy, brought vp in the sheepfold, should know, or euer seeme to haue heard of a Queenes royaltie.

Ye daintie, is as it vvere an *Exordium ad præparandos animos*.

Virgins, the nine Muses, daughters of *Apollo*, and Memorie, vvhose abode the Poets feigne to be on Parnassus, a hill in Greece, for that in that countrey specially flourished the honour of all excellent studies.

Helicon, is both the name of a fountaine at the foote of Parnassus, and also of a mountaine in Boætia, out of the vvhich floweth the famous spring Castalius, dedicate also to the Muses: of vvhich spring it is said, that vvhen Pegasus the vvinged horse of Perseus (vvhereby is meant fame, and flying renowne) strooke the ground with his hoofe, suddainly thereout sprang a vvell of most cleare and pleasant vvater, vvhich from thence was consecrate to the Muses and Ladies of learning.

Your siluer song, seemeth to imitate the like in Hesyodus *argurion melos*.

Syrinx, is the name of a Nymph of Arcadie, vvhom when Pan being in loue pursued, she flying from him, of the Gods vvas turned into a reed. So that Pan catching at the reeds, in stead of the Damosell, and puffing hard, (for hee was almost out of vvinde) with his breath made the reedes to pipe; vvhich he seeing, tooke of them, and in remembrance of his lost loue, made him a pipe thereof. But heere by Pan and Syrinx is not to be thought, that the shepheards plainly meant those poeticall Gods: but rather supposing (as seemeth) her graces progenie to be diuine & immortall (so as the Paynims were vvont to iudge of all Kings and Princes, according to Homers saying;

Thumos de megas esti diotrepheos basileos.
Time d'ek dios esti, philes de emetieta Zeus,)

could deuise no parents in his iudgement so vvoorthy for her, as Pan the shepheards God, and his best beloued Syrinx. So that by Pan is heere meant the most famous and victorious king, her highnesse father late of vvoorthie memorie, King Henrie the eight. And by that name, oftentimes (as heereafter appeareth) be noted kings and mightie potentates: And in some place, Christ himselfe, who is the verie Pan and God of shepheards.

Crimosin Coronet: he deuiseth her crovvne to bee of the finest and most delicate flowers, in stead of pearles and precious stones wherevvith Princes diademes vse to be adorned and embost.

Embellisht, beautified and set out. *Phebe*, the Moone, vvhom the Poets feigne to be sister vnto Phœbus, that is the Sunne. *Medled*, mingled.

Yfere, together. By the mingling of the Redde rose and the White, is meant the vniting of the two principall houses of Lancaster & Yorke: by whose long discord and deadly debate, this realme many yeeres vvas sore trauailed, and almost cleane decaied: Till the famous Henry the seauenth, of the line of Lancaster, taking to wife the most vertuous princesse Elizabeth, daughter to the fourth Edward of the house of Yorke, begat the most royall Henrie the eight aforesaid, in whom was the first vnion of the White rose, and the Redde.

Calliope, one of the nine Muses: to vvhom they assigne the honour of all poeticall inuention, & the first glory of the Heroical verse. Other say, that she is the Goddesse of Rhetoricke: but by Virgil it is manifest, that they mistake the thing. For there

there is in his Epigrams, that Art seemeth to be attributed to Polymnia, saying:

Signat eunctamanu, loquiturque Polymnia gestu.

Which seemeth specially to be meant of Action, and Elocution, both speciall parts of Rhetorick: beside that her name, vvhich (as some construe it) importeth great remembrance, containeth another part. But I hold rather with them, which call her Polymnia, or Polyhimnia, of her good singing.

Bay branches, be the signe of honour and victorie, and therefore of mighty conquerours worne in their triumphs; and eke of famous Poets, as saith Petrarch in his Sonets.

Arbor vittoriosa trionphale,
Honor d' Imperadori & di Poeti, &c.

The Graces, be three sisters, the daughters of *Iupiter*, (vvhose names are *Aglaia*, *Thalia*, *Euphrosine*: and *Homer* onely addeth a fourth. i. *Pasithea*) otherwise called *Charites*, that is, thanks. VVhom the Poets fained to be goddesses of all beautie & comlinesse; vvhich therefore (as saith *Theodontius*) they make three, to weete, that men ought to be gracious and bountifull to other freely: then to receiue benefits at other mens hands curteously: and thirdly, to requite them thankfully: vvhich are three sundry actions in liberalitie. And *Boccace* saith, that they be painted naked (as they vvere indeed on the tombe of C. Iulius Cæsar) the one hauing her back tovvards vs, and her face fromvvard, as proceeding from vs: the other two tovvard vs: noting double thank to be due for the benefit we haue done.

Deftly, finely and nimbly. *Soote*, sweete. *Meriment*, mirth.

Beuie. A beuie of Ladies, is spoken figuratiuely for a companie or a troup, the tearm is taken of Larkes. For they say a beuie of Larks, euen as a couey of Partriges, or an eye of Pheasants.

Ladies of the lake, be Nymphs. For it was an old opinion among the ancient heathen, that of euery spring and fountaine was a goddesse the Soueraigne. Which opinion stuck in the minds of men not many yeares since, by means of certain fine fablers, & loude lyers, such as were the authors of king Arthur the great, & such like, vvho tell many an vnlawfull leasing of the Ladies of the lake, that is, the Nymphes. For the vvord Nymph in Greeke, signifieth vvell-water; or otherwise, a Spouse or Bride.

Behight, called or named.

Chloris, the name of a Nymph, and signifieth greennesse: of vvhom is said, that Zephyrus the VVestern wind being in loue with her, & couting her to vvife, gaue her for a dowrie, the chiefedome and soueraigntie of all flovvres, and green hearbs, grovving on the earth.

Oliues beene. The Oliue was wont to be the Ensigne of peace and quietnesse, either for that it cannot be planted and pruned, and so carefully looked to as it ought, but in time of peace: or else, for that the Oliue tree, they say, will not grovve neare the Firre tree, vvhich is dedicate to Mars the God of battaile, and vsed most for speares, and other instruments of vvarre. VVherevpon is finely fained, that when Neptune and Minerua stroue for the naming of the Citty of Athens, Neptune striking the ground vvith his Mace, caused a horse to come forth, that importeth war; but at Mineruaes stroke, sprung out an Oliue, to note that it should be a nurse of learning, & such peaceable studies.

Bind your, spoken rudely, and according to shepheards simplicitie.

Bring: all these be names of flowers. *Sops in wine*; a flower in colour much like to

a Carnation, but differing in ſmell and quantitie. Flovvre delice, that which they vſe to miſtearme, flowre deluce, beeing in Latine called *Flos deliciarum.*

A bellibone, or a Bonnibel, homely ſpoken for a faire maid, or bonilaſſe.

Forſwonke, and forſwat, ouer-laboured and ſunne-burnt.

I ſaw Phœbus, the Sunne. A ſenſible narration, and a preſent view of the thing mentioned, which they call *Parouſia.*

Cynthia, the Moone, ſo called of *Cinthus* a hill, vvhere ſhe was honoured.

Latonaes ſeede, was *Apollo* and *Diana.* Whom vvhen as *Niobe* the wife of *Amphion* ſcorned, in reſpect of the noble fruite of her wombe, namely, her ſeauen ſonnes, and ſo many daughters, *Latona* beeing therewith diſpleaſed, commaunded her ſon *Phœbus* to ſlay all the ſonnes, and *Diana* all the daughters: vvhereat the vnfortunate *Niobe* beeing ſore diſmaied, and lamenting out of meaſure, was fained by the Poets to be turned into a ſtone, vpon the Sepulchre of her children: for which cauſe, the Shepheard ſaith, he will not compare her to them, for feare of misfortune.

Now riſe, is the concluſion. For hauing ſo decked her with praiſes and compariſons, he returneth all the thanke of his labour, to the excellencie of her maieſtie.

When Damſins, A baſe reward of a clowniſh giuer.

Tblent, Y is a poeticall addition, blent, blended.

Embleme.

This poeſie is taken out of *Virgil*, & there of himſelfe vſed in the perſon of *Æneas* to his mother *Venus*, appearing to him in likeneſſe of one of *Diannes* damoſels, beeing there moſt diuinely ſet foorth. To which ſimilitude of diuinitie, *Hobbinoll* comparing the excellencie of *Eliſa*, and being through the vvorthineſſe of *Colins* ſong, as it were, ouercome with the huge neſſe of his imagination, burſteth out in great admiration (*O quàm te memorem virgo!*) beeing otherwiſe vnable, then by ſudden ſilence, to expreſſe the vvorthineſſe of his conceit. Whom *Thenot* anſwereth with another part of the like verſe, as confirming by his grant and approuance, that *Eliſa* is no whit inferior to the Maieſtie of her, of who the poet ſo boldly pronounced, *O dea certè.*

Aegloga quinta.

ARGVMENT.

IN this fift Aeglogue, vnder the perſon of two ſhepheards, *Piers* and *Palinode*, be repreſented two formes of Paſtours or Miniſters, or the Proteſtant and the Catholike: whoſe chiefe talke ſtandeth in reaſoning, whether the life of the one muſt be like the other: with whom hauing ſhewed, that it is dangerous to maintaine any fellowſhip, or giue too much credite to their colourable and fained good will, hee telleth him a tale of the Foxe, that by ſuch a counterpoint of craftineſſe, deceiued and deuoured the credulous Kidde.

PALINODE.

IS not this the merrie month of May,
When loue-lads masken in freſh aray?
How falls it then, we no merrier beene,
Ylike as others, girt in gawdie greene?
Our blonket liueries been all too ſad
For thilke ſame ſeaſon, when all is yclad
With pleaſance, the ground with graſſe, the woods
With greene leaues, the buſhes with bloſſoming buds.
Youths folke now flocken in euery where,
To gather May-buskets, and ſmelling Breere:
And home they haſten the poſts to dight,
And all the Kirke pillers ere day light,
With Hawthorne buds, and ſweet Eglantine,
And girlonds of Roſes, and Sops in wine.
Such merrie-make holy Saints doth queme:
But we heere ſitten as drowned in a dreme.

PIERS.

For yonkers PALINODE ſuch follies fit,
But we tway beene men of elder wit.

PIERS.

PALINODE.

Siker, this morrow, no longer ago,
I ſaw a ſhole of Shepheards outgo,
With ſinging, and ſhouting, and iolly cheere:
Before them yode a luſtie Tabrere,
That to the meynie a horne-pipe plaid,
Whereto they dauncen each one with his maide.
To ſee theſe folkes make ſuch iouiſaunce,
Made my hart after the pipe to daunce.
Tho to the greene wood they ſpeeden them all,
To fetchen home May with their muſicall:
And home they bringen in a royall throne,
Crowned as king: and his Queene attone
Was Ladie FLORA, on whom did attend
A faire flocke of Faeries, and a freſh bend
Of louely Nymphs. (O that I were there,
To helpen the Ladies their May-buſh beare!)
Ah PIERS, been thy teeth on edge, to thinke,
How great ſport they gaynen with little ſwinke?

PIERS.

Perdie, so farre am I from enuie,
That their sondnesse inly I pitie:
Those faytours little regarden their charge,
While they letting their sheepe runne at large,
Passen their time, that should be sparely spent,
In lustinesse, and wanton merriment.
I hilke same been shepheards for the diuels stedde,
That playen while their flocks be vnfedde.
Well it is seene their sheepe is not their owne,
That letten them runne at random alone.
But they been hired for little pay,
Of other, that caren as little as they,
What fallen the flock, so they han the fleece,
And get all the gaine, paying but a peece.
I muse, what account both these will make,
The one for the hire, which he doth take,
And th'other for leauing his Lords taske,
When great PAN account of shepheards shall aske.

PALINODE.

Siker, now I see thou speakest of spight,
All for thou lackest somedele their delight.
I (as I am) had rather be enuied,
All were it of my foe, then sonly pitied:
And yet, if need were, pittied would be,
Rather then other should scorne at me:
For pittied, is mishap, that nas remedie,
But scorned, been deeds of fond foolerie.
What shoulden shepheards other things tend,
Then sith their God his good does them send,
Reapen the fruite thereof, that is pleasure,
The while they here liuen, at ease and leasure?
For when they be dead, their good is ygone,
They sleepen in rest, well as other moe:
Tho with them wends, what they spent in cost,
But what they left behind them, is lost.
Good is no good, but if it be spend:
God giueth good for none other end.

PIERS.

Ah PALINODE, thou art a worlds childe:
Who touches pitch mought needs be defilde.
But Shepheards (as Algrind vsed to say)
Mought not liue ylike, as men of the lay.
With them it sits to care for their heire,
Enaunter their heritage doe impaire:
They must prouide for meanes of maintenance,
And to continue their wont countenance.
But shepheard must walke another way,
Sike worldly souenance he must fore-say.
The sonne of his loynes why should he regard,
To leaue enriched with that he hath spar'd?
Should not thilke God, that gaue him that good,
Eke cherish his childe, if in his waies he stood?
For if he misliue, in lewdnesse and lust,
Little bootes all the wealth and the trust,
That his father left by inheritance,
All will be soone wasted with misgouernance.
But through this, and other their miscreance,
They maken many a wrong cheuisance,
Heaping vp waues of wealth and woe,
The floods whereof shall them ouerflowe.
Sike mens follie I cannot compare
Better, then to the Apes foolish care,
That is so enamoured of her young one,
(And yet God wote, such cause hath she none)
That with her hard hold, and straight embracing,
She stoppeth the breath of her youngling.
So often times, when as good is ment,
Euill ensueth of wrong entent.
The time was once, and may againe retorne,
(For oft may happen that hath been beforne)
When shepheards had none inheritance,
Ne of land, nor fee in sufferance:
But what mught arise of the bare sheepe,
(Were it more or lesse) which they did keepe.
Well ywis was it with shepheards tho:
Nought hauing, nought feared they to forgo,
For PAN himselfe was their inheritance,
And little them serued for their maintenance.
The shepheards God so well them guided,
That of nought they were vnprouided:
Butter enough, hony, milke, and whay,
And their flock fleeces them to array.
But tract of time, and long prosperitie,
(That, nource of vice, this of insolencie)
Lulled the Shepheards in such securitie,
That not content with loyall obeysance,
Some gan to gape for greedy gouernance,
And match themselfe with mightie potentates,
Louers of Lordships, and troublers of states.
Tho gan shepheards swaines to looke aloft,
And leaue to liue hard, and learne to ligge soft.
Tho vnder colour of shepheards, some-while,
There crept in Wolues, full of fraude and guile,
That often deuoured their owne sheepe,
And often the shepheards that did them keepe.
This was the first sourse of shepheards sorrow,
That now nill be quit with bale, nor borrow.

PALINODE.

Three things to beare, been very burdenous,
But the fourth to forbeare, is outrageous.
Women that of loues longing once lust,
Hardly forbearen, but haue it they must:
So when choler is enflamed with rage,
Wanting reuenge, is hard to assuage:
And who can counsell a thirstie soule,
With patience to forbeare the offred boule?
But of all burdens, that a man can beare,
Most is, a fooles talke to beare and to heare.
I weene the giant has not such a weight,
That beares on his shoulders the heauens height.
Thou findest fault, where nys to be found,
And buildest strong warke vpon a weake ground:
Thou railest on right, without reason,
And blamest hem much, for small encheason.
How woulden shepheards liue, if not so?
What, should they pynen in paine and wo?
Nay, say I thereto, by my deare borrow,
If I may rest, I nill liue in sorrow.
Sorrow ne need to be hastened on:
For he will come without calling anone.
While times enduren of tranquillitie,

Vsen we freely our felicitie:
For when approchen the stormie stowres,
We mought with our shoulders beare off the sharpe
And sooth to saine, nought seemeth sike strife, (showres.
That shepheards so twiten each others life,
And layen their faults the world beforne,
The while their foes done each of them scorne.
Let none mislike of that may not be amended:
So conteck, soone by concord, mought be ended.

PIERS.

Shepheard, I list no accordance make
With shepheard, that does the right way forsake.
And of the twaine, if choise were to me,
Had leuer my foe, then my friend he be.
For what concord han light and darke sam?
Or what peace has the Lion with the Lambe?
Such faitors, when their false harts been hid,
Will do, as did the Foxe by the Kid.

PALINODE.

Now PIERS, of fellowship, tell vs that saying:
For the Lad can keepe both our flocks from straying.

PIERS.

THilke same Kidde (as I can well deuise)
Was too very foolish and vnwise.
For, on a time, in Sommer season,
The Goat her dame, that had good reason,
Yode forth abroad vnto the greene wood,
To brouze, or play, or what she thought good:
But, for she had a motherly care
Of her young sonne, and wit to beware,
She set her youngling before her knee,
That was both fresh and louely to see,
And full of fauour, as Kidde mought bee.
His veluet head began to shoote out,
And his wreathed hornes gan newly sprout:
The blossomes of lust to bud did begin,
And sprung forth rankly vnder his chin.
My sonne (quoth she) and with that gan weepe:
(For carefull thoughts in her hart did creepe)
God blesse thee poore Orphane, as he mought me,
And send thee ioy of thy iollitie.
Thy father (that word she spake with paine,
For a sigh had nigh rent her hart in twaine)
Thy father, had he liued this day,
To see the branches of his body display,
How would he haue ioyed at this sweet sight?
But ah, false Fortune such ioy did him spight,
And cut off his daies with vntimely wo,
Betraying him vnto the traines of his fo.
Now I a wailefull widow behight,
Of my old age haue this one delight,
To see thee succeede in thy fathers stead,
And flourish in flowers of lustiehead.
For euen so thy father his head vpheld,
And so his hautie hornes did he weld.
Tho marking him with melting eyes,
A thrilling throb from her hart did arise,
And interrupted all her other speech,
With some old sorrow that made a new breach:
Seemed she saw (in her younglings face)
The old lineaments of his fathers grace.
At last, her sullen silence she broke,
And gan his new budded beard to stroke.
Kiddie (quoth she) thou kenst the great care,
I haue of thy health and thy welfare,
Which many wilde beasts liggen in waite,
For to intrap in thy tender state:
But most the Foxe, maister of collusion:
For he has vowed thy last confusion.
For thy my Kiddie, be ruled by me,
And neuer giue trust to his trecherie:
And if he chaunce come when I am abroad,
Sparre the yate fast, for feare of fraude.
Ne for all his worst, nor for his best,
Open the doore at his request.
So schooled the Goate her wanton sonne,
That answered his mother, all should be done.
Tho went the pensiue Dame out of doore,
And chaunst to stumble at the threshold floore:
Her stumbling step somewhat her amazed,
(For such as signes of ill lucke hath been dispraised)
Yet forth she yode, thereat halfe agast,
And Kiddie the doore sparred after her fast.
It was not long after she was gone,
But the false Foxe came to the doore anone.
Not as a Foxe, for then he had be kend,
But all as a poore pedler he did wend:
Bearing a trusse of trifles at his back,
As belles, and babies, and glasses in his pack.
A biggen he had got about his braine,
For in his headpeece he felt a sore paine.
His hinder heele was wrapt in a clout,
For with great cold he had got the gout.
There at the doore he cast me downe his packe,
And laid him downe, and groned, alack, alacke:
Ah deere Lord, and sweet Saint Charitie,
That some good body would once pittie me.
Well heard Kiddie all this sore constraint,
And lengd to know the cause of his complaint:
Tho creeping close, behind the Wickets clinke,
Priuily he peeped out through a chinke:
Yet not so priuily but the Foxe him spied,
For deceitfull meaning is double eyed.
Ah, good young Maister (then gan he cry)
Iesus blesse that sweet face I espie,
And keepe your corps from the carefull stounds
That in my carrion carkas abounds.
The Kidde, pittying his heauinesse,
Asked the cause of his great distresse,
And also who, and whence that he were.
Tho he, that had wel ycond his lere,
Thus medled his talke with many a teare:
Sicke, sicke, alas, a little lacke of dead,
But I be relieued by your beastlie-head.
I am a poore sheepe, albe my colour dunne:
For with long trauaile I am brent in the sunne.
And if that my Grandsire me said, be true,
Siker I am very sybbe to you:
So be your goodlihead doe not disdaine
The base kinred of so simple swaine.
Of mercie and fauour then I you pray.
With your ayde to forestall my neere decay.

Tho out of his packe a glaſſe he tooke:
Wherein while Kiddie vnwares did looke,
Hee was ſo enamoured with the newel,
That nought he deemed deare for the Iewel.
Tho opened he the dore, and in came
The falſe Foxe, as he were ſtarke lame.
His taile he clapt betwixt his legs twaine,
Leſt he ſhould be deſcried by his traine.
Beeing within, the Kidde made him good glee,
All for the loue of the glaſſe he did ſee.
After his cheare, the Pedler gan chat,
And tell many leſings of this, and that:
And how he could ſhew many a fine knack.
Tho ſhewed his ware, and opened his packe,
All ſaue a bell, which he left behind
In the basket, for the Kidde to find.
Which when the Kidde ſtouped downe to catch,
He popt him in, and his basket did latch:
Ne ſtayed he once, the doore to make faſt,
But ranne away with him in all haſt.
Home when the doubtfull Dame had her hide,
She mought ſee the dore ſtand open wide.
All agaſt, lowdly ſhe gan to call
Her Kidde: but he nould anſwere at all.
Tho on the flore ſhe ſaw the marchandiſe,
Of which her ſonne had ſet too deare a price.
What helpe? her Kidde ſhe knew well is gone:
She weeped and wailed, and made great mone.
Such end had the Kidde: for he nould warned be
Of craft coloured with ſimplicitie:
And ſuch end pardie does all hem remaine,
That of ſuch falſers friendſhip been faine.

PALINODE.

Truly PIERS, thou art beſide thy wit,
Furtheſt frō the marke, weening it to hit.
Now I pray thee, let me thy tale borrow
For our ſir IOHN, to ſay to morrow,
At the Kirke, when it is holiday:
For well he meanes, but little can ſay.
But and if Foxes beene ſo craftie, as ſo,
Much needeth all Shepheards hem to know.

PIERS.

Of their falſhood more could I recount,
But now the bright ſunne ginneth to diſmount:
And for the deawie night now draw'th nie,
I hold it beſt for vs home to hie.

Palinodes Embleme.
Pas men apiſtos apiſtei.

Piers his Embleme.
Tis d'ara piſtis apiſto.

GLOSSE.

Thilke, this ſame moneth. It is applied to the ſeaſon of the moneth, when all men delight themſelues with the pleaſance of fields, and gardens and garments.
Blonket lineries, gray coats. *Tolld*, arrayed. Y, redowndeth, as before.
In euery where, a ſtrange, yet proper kind of ſpeaking.
Buskets, a diminutiue. i. little buſhes of hawthorne.
Kirke, Church. *Queme*, pleaſe.
A ſhole, a multitude: taken of fiſh, whereof ſome going in great companies, are ſaid to ſwim in a ſhole.
Tode, vvent. *Iouiſaunce*, ioy. *Swinke*, labour. *Inly*, entirely.
Faytours, vagabonds.
Great Pan, is Chriſt, the very God of all ſhepheards, which calleth himſelfe the great and good ſhepheard. The name is moſt rightly (mee thinks) applied to him, for *Pan* ſignifieth all, or omnipotent, which is onely the Lord Ieſus. And by that name (as I remember) he is called of *Euſebius*, in his fift booke *De præparat. Euange.* who thereof telleth a proper ſtorie to that purpoſe. Which ſtorie is firſt recorded of *Plutarch*, in his booke of the ceaſing of miracles: and of *Lauatère* tranſlated, in his booke of walking ſpirits. Who ſaith, that about the ſame time that our Lord ſuffered his moſt bitter paſſion, for the redemption of man, certaine perſons ſayling frō Italie to Cyprus, and paſſing by certaine Iles called *Paxa*, heard a voyce calling aloud, *Thamus, Thamus*, (now *Thamus* was the name of an Ægyptian, which was Pylot

Pylot of the ſhip) who giuing eare to the cry, was bidden, vvhen hee came to *Palodes*, to tell that the great *Pan* was dead: vvhich he doubting to doe, yet for that whē he came to *Palodes* there ſuddenly was ſuch a calme of vvind, that the ſhip ſtood ſtil in the ſea vnmooued, he was forced to cry aloud, that *Pan* vvas dead: vvherevvith all, there was heard ſuch pitious outcries, and dreadfull ſhriking, as hath not beene the like. By vvhich *Pan*, though of ſome bevnderſtood the great Sathanas, vvhoſe kingdome vvas at that time by Chriſt conquered, the gates of hell broken vp, and Death by death deliuered to eternall death, (for at that time, as hee ſaith, all Oracles ſurceaſed; and enchaunted ſpirits, that were wont to delude the people, thenceforth held their peace:) and alſo at the demaund of the Emperour *Tiberius*, who that *Pan* ſhould be, anſwere was made him by the wiſeſt and beſt learned, that it was the ſonne of *Mercurie*, and *Penelope*: yet I thinke it more properly meant of the death of Chriſt, the onely and verie *Pan*, then ſuffering for his flocke.

I am I am, ſeemeth to imitate the common prouerbe, *Malim inuidere mihi omnes, quam miſereſcere.*

Nas, is a ſyncope, for ne has, or has not: as nould for would not.

Tho with them, doth imitate the Epitaph of the ryotous king, *Sardanapalus*, which he cauſed to be vvritten on his tombe in Greeke: which verſes be thus tranſlated by *Tullie*.

"*Hæc habui quæ edi, quæque exaturata libido*
"*Hauſit: at illa manent multa ac præclara relicta.*

Which may thus be turned into Engliſh.

"All that I eate, did I ioy; and all that I greedily gorged:
"As for thoſe many goodly matters, left I for others.

Much like the Epitaph of a good Earle of Deuonſhire, which though much more vviſedome bewraieth then *Sardanapalus*, yet hath a ſmacke of his ſenſuall delights and beaſtlineſſe; the rimes be theſe:

"Ho, ho, who lies heere?
"I the good Earle of Deuonſhire,
"And Mauld my wife that was full deare:
"We liued together lv. yeare.
"That we ſpent, we had:
"That we gaue, we haue:
"That we left, we loſt.

Algrind, the name of a ſhepheard. *Men of the lay*, Lay men.
Enanter, leaſt that.
Souenance, remembrance. *Miſcreance*, diſpraiſe, or misbeliefe.
Cheuiſaunce, ſometimes of Chaucer vſed for gaine: ſomtime of other, for ſpoile, or bootie, or enterpriſe, and ſometime for chiefedome.
Pan himſelfe, God: according as is ſaid in Deuteronomie, that in diuiſion of the land of *Canaan*, to the tribe of *Leui* no portion of heritage ſhould be allotted, for God himſelfe was their inheritance.
Some gan, meant of the Pope, and his Antichriſtian prelates, which vſurpe a tyrannicall dominion in the Church, and with Peters counterfeit keyes, open a wide gate to all wickedneſſe and inſolent gouernment. Nought heere ſpoken, as of purpoſe to denie fatherlie rule and gouernance (as ſome malicioully of late haue done, to the great vnreſt and hinderance of the Church) but to diſplay the pride & diſorder of ſuch, as in ſtead of feeding their ſheepe, in deed feed of their ſheepe.
Sourſe, vvell-ſpring and originall. *Borrow*, pledge or ſuretie.

The

The Giant, is the great Atlas, vvhom the poets faine to be a huge Giant, that beareth heauen on his ſhoulders: beeing indeed a maruailous high mountaine in Mauritania, that now is Barbarie, vvhich to mans ſeeming pearceth the cloudes, & ſeemeth to touch the heauens. Other thinke, and they not amiſſe, that this fable vvas meant of one Atlas, King of the ſame country, vvho (as the Greekes ſay) did firſt find out the hidden courſe of the ſtarres, by an excellent imagination; vvherefore the poets fained, that he ſuſtained the firmament on his ſhoulders. Many other cõiectures needleſſe be told heereof.

Warke, vvorke. *Encheaſon*, cauſe, occaſion.
Deare borow, that is our Sauiour, the common pledge of all mens debts to death.
Twiten, blame. *Nought ſeemeth*, is vnſeemely.
Contecke, ſtrife, contention. *Her*, their, as vſeth Chaucer.
Han, for haue. *Sam*, together.

This tale is much like to that in Æſops fables: but the Cataſtrophe and end is farre different. By the Kidde, may be vnderſtood the ſimple ſort of the faithful and true Chriſtians. By his damme, Chriſt; that hath alreadie vvith carefull vvatchvvords (as heere doth the Gote) vvarned his little ones, to beware of ſuch doubling deceit. By the Fox, the falſe and faithleſſe Papiſts, to vvhom is no credite to be giuen, nor felowſhip to be vſed.

The Gate, the Gote: Northrenly ſpoken, to turne O into A.
Yode, went, aforeſaid.
She ſet, A figure called *Fictio*, vvhich vſeth to attribute reaſonable actions, and ſpeeches, to vnreaſonable creatures.
The bloſſomes of luſt, be the young and moſſie haires, vvhich then begin to ſprout and ſhoote forth, when luſtfull heat beginneth to kindle.

And with, a very poeticall *Pathos*.
Orphane, a youngling or pupill, that needeth a tutor or gouernour.
That word, a patheticall parentheſis, to encreaſe a carefull Hyperbaton.
The branch of the fathers body, is the child.
For euen ſo, alluded to the ſaying of Andromache to Aſcanius in Virgil.

Sic oculos, ſic ille manus, ſic ora ferebat.

A thrilling throb, a pearcing ſigh. *Liggen*, lie.
Maiſter of colluſion, i. coloured guile, becauſe the Foxe of all beaſts is moſt wilie and craftie.
Sparre the yate, ſhut the doore.
For ſuch: the Gotes ſtumbling, is here noted as an euill ſigne. The like to be marked in all hiſtories: and that not the leaſt of the Lord Haſtings in King Richard the third his daies. For beſide his dangerous dreame (which was a ſhrewd propheſie of his miſhap that followed) it is ſaid, that in the morning riding towards the tower of London, there to ſit vpon matters of counſell, his horſe ſtumbled twice or thrice by the way: vvhich of ſome, that (riding vvith him in his company) were priuy to his neere deſtinie, vvas ſecretly marked, and afterwarde noted for memorie of his great miſhappe that enſued. For, beeing then as merrie as man might be, & leaſt doubting any mortall danger, he vvas vvithin two houres after, of the Tyrant put to a ſhamefull death.
As belles: by ſuch trifles are noted, the reliques and ragges of popiſh ſuperſtition, vvhich put no ſmall religion in Belles, and babies. i. Idoles, and glaſſes, ſ. Paxes, & ſuch like trumperies.
Great cold, for they boaſt much of their outward patience, and voluntarie ſuffe-

rance, as a worke of merit, and holy humbleneſſe.
Sweet S. Charitie, the Catholiques common oath, and onely ſpeech, to haue charitie alwaies in their mouth, and ſometime in their outward actions, but neuer inwardly in faith and godly zeale.
Clinke, a key-hole: vvhoſe diminutiue is clicket, vſed of Chaucer for a key.
Stounds, fittes: aforeſaid. *His lere*, his leſſon.
Medled, mingled. *Beaſtlihead*, a greeting to the perſon of a beaſt.
Sibbe, akinne. *Newell*, a new thing.
To foreſtall, to preuent. *Glee*, cheare: aforeſaid.
Deare a price, his life which he loſt for thoſe toyes.
Such end, is an Epiphonema, or rather the morall of the whole tale; whoſe purpoſe is to warne the Proteſtant to beware, how he giueth credit to the vnfaithful Catholique: vvhereof we haue daily proofes ſufficient, but one moſt famous of all, practiſed of late yeeres by Charles the ninth.
Faine, glad or deſirous.
Our ſir Iohn, a popiſh prieſt. A ſaying fit for the groſneſſe of a ſhepheard, but ſpoken to taunt vnlearned prieſts.
Diſmount, deſcend or ſet. *Nie*, draweth neere.

Embleme.

Both theſe Emblemes make one vvhole Hexametre. The firſt ſpoken of Palinode, as in reproach of them that be diſtruſtfull, is a peece of Theognis verſe, intending, that who doth moſt miſtruſt, is moſt falſe. For ſuch experience in falſhood, breedeth miſtruſt in the mind, thinking no leſſe guile to lurk in others, then in himſelfe. But Piers thereto ſtrongly replieth with another peece of the ſame verſe, ſaying as in his former fable, vvhat faith then is there in the faithleſſe? For, if faith be the ground of Religion, which faith they daily falſe, what hold is there of their Religion? And this is all that they ſay.

Aegloga Sexta.

ARGVMENT.

THis Aeglogue is whollie vowed to the complaining of *Collins* ill succesſe in his loue. For beeing (as is aforeſaid) enamoured of a countrey Laſſe, *Roſalinde*, and hauing (as ſeemeth) found place in her heart, he lamenteth to his deere friend *Hobbinoll*, that he is now forſaken vnfaithfully, and in his ſtead, *Menalcas* another ſhepheard receiued diſloyallie. And this is the whole Argument of this Aeglogue.

HOBBINOLL.

LO COLIN, heere the place, whoſe pleaſant ſight
From other ſhades hath weand my wandring mind:
Tell me, what wants mee heere, to worke delight?
The ſimple aire, the gentle warbling wind,
So calme, ſo coole, as no where elſe I find:
The graſſie ground with daintie Daiſies dight,
The Bramble buſh, where Birds of euery kind
To th'waters fall their tunes attemper right.

COLIN.

O happy HOBBINOLL, I bleſſe thy ſtate,
That Paradiſe haſt found which ADAM loſt.
Here wander may thy flocke early or late,
Without dread of Wolues to been ytoſt:
Thy louely layes heere maiſt thou freely boſte:
But I, vnhappy man, whom cruell fate,
And angry Gods purſue from coſte to coſte,
Can no where finde, to ſhroud my luckleſſe pate.

HOBBINOLL.

Then if by me thou liſt aduiſed be,
Forſake thy ſoyle, that ſo doth thee bewitch:
Leaue me thoſe hilles, where harbrough nis to ſee,
Nor holy-buſh, nor brere, nor winding vvitch.

COLIN CLOVT.

And to the dales reſort, where ſhepheards ritch,
And fruitful flocks been euery where to ſee:
Heere no night Rauens lodge, more black then pitch,
Nor eluiſh ghoſts, nor gaſtly Owles doe flee.

But friendly Faeries, met with many Graces,
And lightfoote Nymphs can chaſe the lingring night,
With heydegiues, and trimly trodden traces,
Whilſt ſiſters nine, which dwell on *Parnaſſe* hight,
Do make them muſick, for their more delight:
And PAN himſelfe to kiſſe their cryſtall faces,
Will pipe and daunce, when PHOEBE ſhineth bright:
Such pierleſſe pleaſures haue we in theſe places.

COLIN.

And I, whilſt youth, and courſe of careleſſe yeeres,
Did let me walke withouten links of loue,
In ſuch delights did ioy amongſt my peeres:
But riper age ſuch pleaſures doth reproue,
My fanſie eke from former follies moue
To ſtayed ſteps: for time in paſſing weares
(As garments doen, which wexen old aboue)
And draweth new delights with hoarie haires.

The

Tho couth I ſing of loue, and tune my pipe
Vnto my plaintiue pleas in verſes made:
Tho would I ſeeke for Queene-apples vnripe,
To giue my ROSALINDE, and in Sommer ſhade
Dight gaudie Girlonds, was my common trade,
To crowne her golden locks: but yeeres more ripe,
And loſſe of her, whoſe loue as life I wayde,
Thoſe weary wanton toyes away did wipe.

HOBBINOLL.

COLIN, to heare thy rimes and roundelaies,
Which thou wert wont on waſteful hils to ſing,
I more delight, then Larke in Sommer dayes:
Whoſe Eccho made the neighbour groues to ring,
And taught the byrds, which in the lower ſpring
Did ſhroude in ſhady leaues from ſunny rayes,
Frame to thy ſong their cheerfull cheriping,
Or hold their peace, for ſhame of thy ſweet layes.

I ſawe CALLIOPE with Muſes moe,
Soone as thy Oaten pipe began to ſound,
Their Iuorie Lutes and Timburins forgoe:
And from the fountaine, where they ſate around,
Renne after haſtily thy ſiluer ſound.
But when they came, where thou thy skill didſt ſhowe,
They drewe aback, as halfe with ſhame confound,
Shepheard to ſee, them in their art out-goe.

COLIN.

Of Muſes HOBBINOLL, I conne no skill,
For they been daughters of the higheſt IOVE,
And holden ſcorne of homely ſhepheards quill:
For ſith I heard, that PAN with PHOEBVS ſtroue,
Which him to much rebuke and danger droue,
I neuer liſt preſume to *Parnaſſe* hill,
But piping lowe, in ſhade of lowely groue,
I play to pleaſe my ſelfe, albeit ill.

Nought weigh I, who my ſong doth praiſe or blame,
Ne ſtriue to winne renowne, or paſſe the reſt:
With ſhepheard ſits not, followe flying fame:
But feede his flocke in fields, where falls hem beſt.

I wote my rimes been rough, and rudely dreſt,
The fitter they, my careſull caſe to frame:
Enough is me to paint out my vnreſt,
And powre my pitious plaints out in the ſame.

The God of Shepheards TITYRVS is dead,
Who taught me homely, as I can, to make:
He, whilſt he liued, was the ſouereigne head
Of ſhepheards all, that been with loue ytake.
Well couth he wayle his woes, and lightly ſlake
The flames, which loue within his hart had bredde,
And tell vs merry tales, to keepe vs wake,
The while our ſheepe about vs ſafely fedde.

Then ſhould my plaints, cauſde of diſcurteſee,
As meſſengers of my painfull plight,
Fly to my loue, where euer that ſhe bee,
And pearce her heart with point of worthy wight:
As ſhee deſerues, that wrought ſo deadly ſpight.
And thou MENALCAS, that by trecherie
Didſt vnderfong my Laſſe, to wexe ſo light,
Should'ſt well be knowne for ſuch thy villanie.

But ſince I am not, as I wiſh I were,
Ye gentle ſhepheards, which your flocks doe feed,
Whether on hilles, or dales, or other where,
Beare witneſſe all of thus ſo wicked deede:
And tell the Laſſe, whoſe flowre is woxe a weed,
And faultleſſe faith, is turned to faithleſſe feere,
That ſhe the trueſt ſhepheards hart made bleed,
That liues on earth, and loued her moſt deere.

HOBBINOLL.

O carefull COLIN, I lament thy caſe,
Thy teares would make the hardeſt flint to flowe.
Ah faithleſſe ROSALINDE, and void of grace,
That art the roote of all this ruthfull woe.
But now is time, I geſſe, homeward to goe:
Then riſe ye bleſſed flocks, and home apace,
Leaſt night with ſtealing ſteppes do you foreſtoe,
And wet your tender Lambes, that by you trace.

Colins Embleme.

Gia ſpeme ſpenta.

GLOSSE.

Syte, ſituation and place.

Paradiſe, A Paradiſe in Greeke, ſignifieth a Garden of pleaſure, or place of delights. So he compared the ſoile, wherein *Hobbinoll* made abode, to that earthly Paradiſe, in Scripture called *Eden*, wherein *Adam* in his firſt creation was placed. Which of the moſt learned is thought to be in *Meſopotamia*, the moſt fertile pleaſant countrey in the world (as may appeare by *Diodorus Syculus* deſcription of it, in the hiſtorie of *Alexanders* conqueſt thereof) lying betweene the two famous Riuers (vvhich are ſaid in Scripture to flowe out of Paradiſe) *Tygris* and *Euphrates*, whereof it is denominate.

Forſake the ſoyle. This is no poeticall fiction, but vnfainedly ſpoken of the

Poet ſelfe, vvho for ſpeciall occaſion of priuate affaires (as I haue been partlie of himſelfe informed) and for his more preferment, remoued out of the North partes, came into the South, as *Hobbinoll* indeed aduiſed him priuately.

Thoſe hilles, that is, in the North countrey, vvhere he dwelt. *Nis*, is not.

The dales. The South parts, where he now abideth; vvhich though they be full of hilles and vvoods (for Kent is very hilly and vvoody, and therfore ſo called: (for *Kantſh* in the Saxons tongue, ſignifieth vvoody) yet in reſpect of the North parts, they be called dales. For indeed, the North is counted the higher countrey.

Night Rauens, &c. By ſuch hatefull birdes, he meaneth all misfortunes (whereof they be tokens) flying euery where.

Friendly Faeries. The opinion of Faeries and Elfes is very old, and yet ſticketh verie religiouſly in the minds of ſome. But to roote that ranke opinion of Elfes out of mens harts, the truth is, that there be no ſuch things, nor yet the ſhadowes of the things, but onely by a ſort of bald Friers and knauiſh ſhauelings ſo faigned; vvhich as in other things, ſo in that, ſought to nouſell the common people in ignorance, leaſt being once acquainted vvith the truth of things, they vvould in time ſmell out the vntruth of their packed pelfe, and Maſſe-peny religion. But the ſooth is, that vvhen all Italy was diſtract into the factions of the Guelfes and the Gibelyns, beeing tvvo famous houſes in Florence, the name began through their great miſchiefes & many outrages, to be ſo odious, or rather dreadfull in the peoples eares, that if their children at any time were froward and wanton, they vvould ſay to them that the Guelfe or the Gibelyne came. Which vvords now from them (as many things elſe) be come into our vſage, and for Guelfes and Gibelynes, vve ſay Elfes and Goblyns. No otherwiſe then the Frenchmen vſed to ſay of that valiant captaine, the verie ſcourge of Fraunce, the Lord Thalbot, aftervvard Earle of Shrewsbury, whoſe noblenеſſe bred ſuch a terror in the harts of the French, that oft times great armies were defaicted and put to flight at the onely hearing of his name: Inſomuch that the French vvomen, to affray their children, would tell them that the Talbot commeth.

Many Graces, though there be indeed but three Graces or *Charites* (as afore is ſaid) or at the vtmoſt but foure; yet in reſpect of many gifts of bountie, there may be ſaid more. And ſo Muſæus ſaith, that in Heroes either eye there ſate a hundreth Graces. And by that authoritie, this ſame Poet in his Pageants, ſaith, An hundreth Graces on her eye-lid ſate. &c.

Haydegues, A countrey daunce or round. The conceit is, that the Graces and Nymphes doe daunce vnto the Muſes, and Pan his muſicke, all night by Moone-light. To ſignifie the pleaſantneſſe of the ſoyle.

Peeres, Equals and fellow ſhepheards. *Queene-apples vnripe*, immitating Virgils verſe:

Ipſe ego cana legam tenera lanugine mala.

Neighbour groues, a ſtrange phraſe in Engliſh, but vvord for vvord expreſſing the Latine, *vicina nemora*.

Spring, not of vvater, but of young trees ſpringing.

Calliope, aforeſaid. This ſtaffe is full of very poeticall inuention.

Tamburines, an old kind of inſtrument, which of ſome is ſuppoſed to be the Clarion.

Pan with *Phœbus*. The tale is well knowne, how that Pan and Apollo ſtriuing for excellencie in muſicke, choſe Midas for their Iudge: who being corrupted with partiall affection, gaue the victory to Pan, vndeſerued: for vvhich, Phœbus ſet a paire of

of Aſles eares vpon his head, &c.

Tityrus: that by Tityrus is meant Chaucer, hath been already ſufficiently ſaid, & by this more plaine appeareth, that he ſaith, he told merie tales. Such as be his Canterbury tales; whom he calleth God of the Poets for his excellencie: ſo as Tullie calleth Lentulus, *Deum vitæ ſuæ*. I. the God of his life.

To make, to verſifie. *Ovvbr*, A pretie Epanorthoſis or correction.

Diſcurteſie: he meaneth the falſeneſs of his louer Roſalinde, who forſaking him, had choſen another.

Point of vvorthy wit, the pricke of deſerued blame.

Menalcas, the name of a ſhepheard in Virgil: but heere is meant a perſon vnknovvne and ſecret, againſt vvhom he often bitterly inueyeth.

Vnderfong, vndermine and deceiue by falſe ſuggeſtion.

Embleme.

You remember, that in the firſt Aeglogue, Colins Poeſie was *Anchora ſpeme*: for as then there was hope of fauour to be found in time. But now beeing cleane forlorne and reiected of her, as whoſe hope, that was, is cleane extinguiſhed & turned into deſpaire, he renounceth all comfort and hope of goodneſſe to come: vvhich is all the meaning of this Embleme.

IVLY.

Aegloga ſeptima.

ARGVMENT.

THis Aeglogue is made in the honour & commendation of good ſhepheards, and to the ſhame and diſpraiſe of proude & ambitious Paſtors; Such as Morrell is heere imagined to be.

THOMALIN.

IS not thilke same a Goteheard prowde
that sits on yonder banke:
Whose straying heard themselfe doth shrowde
emong the bushes ranke?

MORREL.

What ho, thou iolly shepheards swaine,
come vp the hill to mee:
Better is, then the lowly plaine,
als for thy flocke, and thee.

THOMALIN.

Ah, God shield, man, that I should clime,
and learne to looke aloft:
This reade is rife, that oftentime
great c mbers fall vnsoft.
In humble dales is footing fast,
the trode is not so tickle:
And though one fall through heedlesse hast,
yet is his misse not mickle.
And now the sun hath reared vp,
his fierie-footed teme,
Making his way betweene the Cup
and golden Diademe:
The rampant Lion hunts he fast,
with dogges of noisome breath,
Whose baiefull barking brings in hast,
pine, plagues, and dreerie death.
Against his cruell scorching heate
where thou hast couerture:
The wastfull hilles vnto his threat
is a plaine ouerture.
But if thee lust, to holden chat
with seely shepheards swaine:
Come downe, and learne the little what,
that THOMALIN can saine.

MORREL.

Siker, thous but a laesie loord,
and rekes much of thy swinke,
That with fond termes, and witlesse words
to blere mine eyes doost thinke.
In euill houre thou hentst in hond
thus holy hils to blame,
For sacred vnto Saints they stond,
and of them han their name.
S. Michels mount who does not knowe,
that wards the Westerne coast?
And of S. Bridgets bowre I trowe,
all Kent can rightly boast:
And they that con of Muses skill,
saine most what, that they dwell
(As Gotheards wont) vpon a hill,
beside a learned well.
And wonned not the great God PAN,
vpon mount *Oliues*:
Feeding the blessed flocke of DAN,
which did himselfe beget?

THOMALIN.

O blessed sheepe, O shepheard great,
that bought his flocke so deare:
And them did saue with bloudie sweat,
from Wolues that would them teare.

MORRELL.

Beside, as holy fathers saine,
there is a holy place:
Where TITAN riseth from the maine,
to ren his daily race.
Vpon whose top the starres been staied,
and all the skie doth leane,
There is the caue where PHOEBE laied,
the shepheard long to dreame.
Whilome there vsed shepheards all
to feed their flocks at will,
Till by his folly one did fall,
that all the rest did spill.
And sithence shepheards beene foresaid
from places of delight:
For thy, I ween thou be afraid,
to clime this hilles hight.
Of *Synah* can I tell thee more,
and of our Ladies bowre:
But little needs to strowe my store,
suffice this hill of our.
Heere han the holy FAVNES recourse,
and SYLVANES haunten rathe,
Heere has the salt Medway his sourse,
wherein the Nymphes doe bathe:
The salt Medway that trickling streames
adowne the dales of Kent,
Till with the elder brother Themes,
his brackish waues be meynt.
Here growes *Melampode* euery where,
and *Terebinth*, good for Gotes:
The one, my madding Kids to smere,
the next, to heale their throtes.
Hereto, the hilles been nigher heauen,
and thence the passage ethe:
As well can proue the pearcing leuin,
that seldome falles beneath.

THOMALIN.

Siker thou speakest like a lewd lorell,
of heauen to deemen so:
How be I am but rude and borrell,
yet nearer waies I know.
To Kirke the narre, to God more farre,
has been an old said saw,
And he that striues to touch a starre,
oft stumbles at a straw.
Alsoone may shepheards clime to skie,
that leades in lowly dales:
As Gotheards proud that sitting hie,
vpon the mountaine sailes.
My seely sheepe like well belowe,
they need not *Melampode*,
For they been hale enough, I trowe,
and liken their abode.
But if they with thy Gotes should yede,
they soone might be corrupted:
Or like not of the frowie fede,
or with the weeds be glutted.
The hills where dwelled holy Saints,
I reuerence and adore:
Not for themselfe, but for the Saints,

which

which han been dead of yore.
And now they been to heauen forewent,
their good is with them go:
Their sample onely to vs lent,
that als we mought do so.
Shepheards they weren of the best,
and liued in lowly leas:
And with their soules be now at rest,
what done we them disease?
Such one he was (as I haue heard)
old ALGRIND, often saine)
That whilome was the first shepheard,
and liued with little gaine:
And meeke he was, as meeke mought be,
simple, as simple sheepe,
Humble, and like in each degree
the flock which he did keepe.
Often he vsed of his sheepe,
a sacrifice to bring,
Now with a Kidde, now with a sheepe,
the Altars hallowing.
So louted he vnto the Lord,
Such fauour couth he find,
That neuer sithens was abhord
the simple shepheards kind.
And such I weene the brethren were,
that came from *Canaan*:
The brethren twelue, that kept yfere
the flocks of mighty PAN.
But nothing such thilke shepheard was,
whom *Ida* hill did beare,
That left his flock to fetch a Lasse,
whose loue he bought too deare:
For he was proud, that ill was paid,
(no such mought shepheards bee)
And with lowd lust was ouer-laid:
tway things doen ill agree:
But shepheards mought be meeke and mild,
well eyed, as ARGVS was,
With fleshly follies vndefilde,
and stout as steed of brasse.
Sike one (said ALGRIND) MOSES was,
that saw his Makers face,
His face more cleare, then crystall glasse,
and spake to him in place.
This had a brother, (his name I knowe)
the first of all his cote:
A shepheard true, yet not so true,
as he that earst I hote.
Whilome all these were lowe, and leese,
and loued their flocks to feede,
They neuer strouen to be chiefe:
and simple was their weede.
But now (thanked be God therefore)
the world is well amend:
Their weeds bene not so nighly wore,
such simplesse mought them shend.
They been yclad in purple and pall,
so hath their God them blist:
They raigne and rulen ouer all,
and Lord it as they list:
Ygirt with belts of glitter and gold,
(mought they good shepheards been)
Their PAN their sheepe to them has sold,
I say, as some haue seene.
For PALINODE (if thou him ken)
yode late on pilgrimage
To Rome, (if such be Rome) and then
he saw thilke misvsage.
For shepheards (said he) there doen lead,
as Lords done otherwhere:
Their sheepe han crusts, and they the bread:
the chips, and they the cheere:
They han the fleece, and eke the flesh,
(O silly sheepe the while)
The corne is theirs, let others thresh,
their hands they may not file.
They han great store, and thriftie flocks,
great friends, and feeble foes:
What need hem caren for their flocks,
their boyes can looke to those.
These Wisards welter in wealths waues,
pampred in pleasures deepe:
They han fat kernes, and leany knaues,
their fasting flocks to keepe.
Sike master men been all misgone,
they heapen hilles of wrath:
Sike silie sheepheards han we none,
they keepen all the path.

MORRELL.

Heere is a great deale of good matter,
lost for lacke of telling:
Now siker I see thou doost but clatter:
harme may come of melling.
Thou medlest more then shall haue thanke
to witen shepheards wealth:
When folke been fat, and riches ranke,
it is a signe of health.
But say me, what is ALGRIND, he
that is so oft bynempt?

THOMALIN.

He is a shepheard great in gree,
but hath been long ypent:
One day he sate vpon a hill,
(as now thou wouldest mee,
But I am taught by ALGRINDS ill,
to loue the lowe degree.)
For sitting so with bared scalpe,
an Eagle sored hie,
That weening his white head was chalke
a shell fish downe let flie.
She weend the shell fish to haue broke,
but therewith bruzde his braine:
So now astonied with the stroke,
he lies in lingring paine.

MORREIL.

Ah good ALGRIND, his hap was ill,
but shall be better in time:
Now farewell shepheard, sith this hill
thou hast such doubt to clime.

Palinodes Embleme. *In medio virtus.* Morrels Embleme. *In summo felicitas.*

GLOSSE.

A Goteheard, by Gotes in ſcripture bee repreſented the vvicked and reprobate, vvhoſe Paſtour alſo muſt needs be ſuch.

Banke, is the ſeate of honour. *Straying heard*, vvhich wander out of the way of truth. *Als*, for alſo. *Climbe*, ſpoken of ambition.

Great climbers, according to Seneca his verſe,

Decidunt celſa grauiore lapſu. *Mickle*, much.

The ſunne: a reaſon vvhy he refuſed to dwell on the mountaines, becauſe there is no ſhelter againſt the ſcorching Sunne, according to the time of the yeere, vvhich is the hoteſt moneth of all.

The Cup and Diademe, be two ſignes in the firmament, through which the ſunne maketh his courſe in the moneth of Iuly.

Lion, this is poetically ſpoken, as if the Sunne did hunt a Lion with one dog. The meaning vvhereof is, that in Iuly the Sun is in Leo. At which time, the Dog ſtarre, which is called Syrius, or Canicula, raigneth, vvith immoderate heate cauſing peſtilence, drought, and many diſeaſes.

Ouerture, an open place: the vvord is borrovved of the French, and vſed in good Writers. *To holden chat*, to talke and prate.

A loorde, vvas wont among the old Britons to ſignifie a Lord. And therefore the Danes, that long time vſurped their tyrannie heere in Britannie, were called for more dread then dignitie, Lurdans. i. Lord Danes. At vvhich time it is ſaid, that the inſolencie and pride of that nation vvas ſo outrageous in this Realme, that if it fortuned a Briton to be going ouer a bridge, & ſaw the Dane ſet foote vpon the ſame, he muſt returne back, till the Dane vvere cleane ouer, or elſe abide the price of his diſpleaſure, vvhich vvas no leſſe then preſent death. But beeing afterward expelled, the name of Lurdane became ſo odious vnto the people, vvhom they had long oppreſſed, that euen at this day they vſe for more reproche, to call the quartane Ague the feauer-Iurdane.

Recks much of thy ſwinke, counts much of thy paines.

Weetleſſe, not vnderſtood.

S. Michaels mount, is a promontorie in the Weſt part of England.

A hill, Parnaſſus aforeſaid. *Pan*, Chriſt.

Dan, one tribe is put for the whole nation, *per Synecdochen*.

Where Titan, the Sunne. Which ſtorie is to be read in Diodorus Syc. of the hill Ida, from vvhence he ſaith, all night time is to be ſeene a mightie fire, as if the skie burned, vvhich toward morning beginneth to gather a round forme, and thereof riſeth the Sunne, vvhom the Poets call Titan.

The ſhepheard, is Endymion, vvhom the Poets faine to haue beene ſo beloued of Phœbe. i. the Moone, that he vvas by her kept aſleepe in a caue by the ſpace of thirtie yeeres, for to enioy his company.

There, that is, in Paradiſe; vvhere, through errour of the ſhepheards vnderſtanding, he ſaith, that all ſhepheards did vſe to feed their flocks, till one, (that is) Adam, by his folly and diſobedience, made all the reſt of his ofspring to be debarred, and ſhut out from thence.

Sinah, a hill in Arabia, vvhere God appeared.

Our Ladies bowre, a place of pleaſure ſo called.

Faunes, or Syluanes, be of Poets fained to be Gods of the vvood.

Medway,

Medway, the name of a riuer in Kent, vvhich running by Rocheſter, meeteth vvith Thames: vvhom he calleth his elder brother, both becauſe he is greater, and alſo falleth ſooner into the ſea.

Meint, mingled. *Melampode, and Terebinth*, be hearbs good to cure diſeaſed Goats, of the one ſpeaketh Mantuan: and of the other, Theocritus.

Terminthou tragoon eikaton acremonia.

Nigher heauen: note the ſhepheards ſimpleneſſe, vvhich ſuppoſeth that from the hilles is nigher vvay to heauen.

Leuin, lightning; vvhich he taketh for an argument, to proue the nighneſſe to heauen, becauſe the lightning doth commonly light on high mountaines, according to the ſaying of the Poet:

Feriuntque ſummos fulmina montes.

Lorrell, a loſell. *A borrell*, a plaine fellow.

Narre, nearer. *Hale*, for hole.

Yede, go. *Frowye*, muſtie or moſſie.

Of yore, long ago. *Forewent*, gone afore.

The firſt ſhepheard, vvas Abell the righteous, vvho (as Scripture ſaith) bent his mind to keeping of ſheep, as did his brother Caine to tilling the ground.

His keepe, his charge. i. his flocke. *Lowted*, did honour and reuerence.

The brethren, the twelue ſonnes of Iaacob, vvhich were ſheepmaſters, and liued onely thereupon.

Whom Ida, Paris, vvhich (being the ſonne of Priamus king of Troy) for his mother Hecubas dreame, (vvhich being vvith child of him, dreamed ſhe brought foorth a fire-brand, that ſet the towne of Ilium on fire) vvas caſt forth on the hill Ida; where beeing foſtred of ſhepheards, he eke in time became a ſhepheard, and laſtly came to the knowledge of his parentage.

A Laſſe, Helena, the vvife of Menelaus king of Lacedemonia, vvas by Venus for the golden apple to her giuen, then promiſed to Paris: vvho thereupon, with a ſort of luſtie Troyans, ſtole her out of Lacedemonia, and kept her in Troy; which vvas the cauſe of the tenne yeeres warre in Troy, and the moſt famous Cittie of all Aſia, lamentably ſacked and defaced.

Argus, vvas of the Poets deuiſed to be full of eyes, and therefore to him was cõmitted the keeping of the transformed Cow, Io: ſõ called, becauſe that in the print of the Cowes foote, there is figured an I in the midſt of an O.

His name, he meaneth Aaron: vvhoſe name, for more *Decorum*, the ſhepheard ſaith hee hath forgot, leaſt his remembrance and skill in antiquities of holy writ, ſhould ſeeme to exceed the meaneneſſe of the perſon.

Not ſo true: for Aaron in the abſence of Moſes ſtarted aſide, and committed Idolatrie.

In purple, Spoken of the Popes and Cardinals, vvhich vſe ſuch tyrannicall colours and pompous painting. *Belts*, girdles.

Glitterand, glittering; a participle, vſed ſometimes in Chaucer, but altogether in Ioh. Goore.

Their Pan, that is, the Pope, vvhom they count their God and greateſt ſhepheard.

Palinode, a ſhepheard, of vvhoſe report he ſeemeth to ſpeake all this.

Wiſards, great learned heads. *Welter*, vvallow.

Kerne, a Churle or Farmer. *Sike miſter men*, ſuch kind of men.

Surly, ſtately and proude. *Melling*, medling.

Bett,

Bett, Better. *Benempt*, named. *Gree*, for degree.
Algrind, the name of a ſhepheard aforeſaid, vvhoſe miſhappe he alludeth to the chaunce that happened to the Poet *Aeſchylus*, that was brained with a ſhell fiſh.

Embleme.

By this poeſie Thomalin confirmeth that, vvhich in his former ſpeech by ſundry reaſons he had prooued: for beeing both himſelfe ſequeſtred from all ambition, and alſo abhorring it in others of his cote, he taketh occaſion to praiſe the meane & lowly ſtate, as that wherein is ſafetie without feare, and quiet without danger, according to the ſaying of old Philoſophers, that Vertue dwelleth in the midſt, beeing enuironed with two contrarie vices: vvhereto Morrell replieth with continuance of the ſame Philoſophers opinion, that albeit all bountie dwelleth in mediocritie, yet perfect felicitie dwelleth in ſupremacie. For, they ſay, and moſt true it is, that happineſſe is placed in the higheſt degree: ſo as if any thing be higher or better, then that way ceaſeth to be perfect happineſſe. Much like to that which once I heard alledged in defence of humilitie, out of a great Doctor, *Suorum Chriſtus humillimus:* vvhich ſaying, a gentleman in the company taking at the rebound, beat backe againe with a like ſaying of another Doctor, as he ſaid, *Suorum Deus altiſſimus.*

AVGVST.

Aegloga octaua.

ARGVMENT.

IN this Aeglogue is ſet forth a delectable controuerſie, made in imitation of that in Theocritus: whereto alſo Virgil faſhioned his third & ſeauenth Aeglogue. They choſe, for Vmpere of their ſtriſe, Cuddy a neat-heards boy: who hauing ended their cauſe, reciteth alſo himſelfe a proper ſong, whereof Colin he ſaith was Author.

WILLY.

WILLY. PERIGOT. CVDDY.

TEll me PERIGOT, what ſhall be the game,
Wherefore with mine thou dare thy muſick match?
Or been thy Bagpipes renne farre out of frame?
Or hath the Crampe thy ioynts benumd with ach?

PERIGOT.

Ah WILLY, when the hart is ill aſſaide,
How can Bagpipe or ioynts be well apaide?

WILLY.

What the foule euill hath thee ſo beſtad?
Whilome thou waſt peregall to the beſt,
And wont to make the iolly ſhepheards glad,
With pyping and dauncing, did paſſe the reſt.

PERIGOT.

Ah, WILLY, now I haue learnd a new daunce:
My old muſick marde by a new miſchaunce.

WILLY.

Miſchiefe mought to that miſchaunce befall,
That ſo hath raft vs of our meriment:
But rede me, what paine doth thee ſo appall?
Or loueſt thou, or been thy yonglings miſwent?

PERIGOT.

Loue hath misled both my younglings and mee:
I pine for paine, and they my plaint to ſee.

WILLY.

Perdie and wele away: ill may they thriue:
Neuer knew I louers ſheepe in good plight:
But and if rimes with me thou dare ſtriue,
Such fond fantaſies ſhall ſoone be put to flight.

PERIGOT.

That ſhall I doe, though mochel worſe I fared:
Neuer ſhall be ſaid that PERIGOT was dared.

WILLY.

Then loe PERIGOT, the pledge which I plight,
A mazer ywrought of the Maple warre:
Wherein is enchaſed many a faire ſight,
Of Beares and Tygers, that maken fierce warre:
And ouer them ſpred a goodly wilde Vine,
Entrailed with a wanton Ivie twine.

Thereby is a Lambe in the Wolues iawes:
But ſee, how faſt renneth the ſhepheards ſwaine,
To ſaue the innocent from the beaſts pawes:
And heere with his ſheephooke hath him ſlaine.
Tell me, ſuch a cup haſt thou euer ſeene?
Well mought it beſeeme any harueſt Queene.

PERIGOT.

Thereto will I pawne yonder ſpotted Lambe,
Of all my flocke there nis ſike another:
For I brought him vp without the Dambe:
But COLIN CLOVT raft me of his brother,
That he purchaſt of me in the plaine field:
Sore againſt my will was I forſt to yeeld.

WILLY.

Siker make like account of his brother.
But who ſhall iudge the wager wonne or loſt?

PERIGOT.

That ſhall yonder heardgroome, and none other,
Which ouer the pouſſe hitherward doth poſt.

WILLY.

But for the Sunnebeame ſo ſore doth vs beate,
Were not better, to ſhunne the ſcorching heate?

PERIGOT.

Well agreed WILLY: then ſit thee downe ſwaine:
Sike a ſong neuer heardeſt thou, but COLIN ſing.

CVDDY.

Ginne, when ye liſt, ye iolly ſhepheards twaine:
Sike a iudge, as CVDDY, were for a king.

PER. IT fell vpon a holy eue,
WILL. hey ho holiday,
PER. When holy fathers wont to ſhriue:
WILL. now ginneth this roundelay.
PER. Sitting vpon a hill ſo hie,
WILL. hey ho the high hill,
PER. The while my flocke did feede thereby,
WILL. the while the ſhepheard ſelfe did ſpill:
PER. I ſaw the bouncing Bellibone:
WILL. hey ho Bonibell,
PER. Tripping ouer the dale alone,
WILL. ſhe can trip it very well.
PER. Well decked in a frock of gray,
WILL. hey ho gray is greet,
PER. And in a kirtle of greene Say,
WILL. the greene is for maidens meet.
PER. A chaplet on her head ſhe wore,
WILL. hey ho chapelet,
PER. Of ſweet Violets therein was ſtore,
WILL. ſhe ſweeter then the Violet.
PER. My ſheepe did leaue their wonted foode,
WILL. hey ho ſeely ſheepe,
PER. And gazde on her, as they were wood,
WILL. wood as he, that did them keepe.
PER. As the bonilaſſe paſſed by,
WILL. hey ho bonilaſſe,
PER. She rovde at me with glauncing eye,
WILL. as cleare as the cryſtall glaſſe:
PER. All as the ſunny beame ſo bright,
WILL. hey ho the ſunne beame,
PER. Glaunceth from PHOEBVS face forthright,
WILL. ſo loue into thy hart did ſtreame:
PER. Or as the thunder cleaues the clowdes,
WILL. hey ho the thunder,
PER. Wherein the lightſome leuin ſhroudes,
WILL. ſo cleaues thy ſoule aſunder:
PER. Or as Dame CYNTHYAS ſiluer ray,
WILL. hey ho the Moone light,
PER. Vpon the glittering waue doth play:
WILL. ſuch play is a pitteous plight.
PER. The glaunce into my heart did glide,
WILL. hey ho the glider,
PER. Therewith my ſoule was ſharply gride,
WILL. ſuch wounds ſoone wexen wider.
PER. Haſting to raunch the arrowe out,
WILL. hey ho PERIGOT,
PER. I left the head in my hart roote:
WILL. it was a deſperate ſhot.
PER. There it rankleth aye more and more,
WILL. hey ho the arrow,
PER. Ne can I find ſalue for my ſore:
WILL. loue is a careleſſe ſorrow.
PER. And though my bale with death I bought,

WILL.

WILL. hey ho heauy cheere,
PER. Yet should thilke Lasse not from my thought:
WILL. so you may buy gold too deere.
PER. But whether in painfull loue I pine,
WILL. hey ho pinching paine,
PER. Or thriue in wealth, she shalbe mine.
WILL. but if thou can her obtaine.
PER. And if for graceleſſe griefe I die,
WILL. hey ho graceleſſe griefe,
PER. Witneſſe, she ſlue me with her eye,
WILL. let thy folly be the priefe.
PER. And you that ſaw it, ſimple ſheepe,
WILL. hey ho the faire flock,
PER. For priefe thereof, my death ſhall weepe,
WILL. and mone with many a mock.
PER. So learn'd I loue on a holy eue,
WILL. hey ho holy day,
PER. That euer ſince my hart did grieue,
WILL. now endeth our roundelay.

CVDDY.

Siker, ſike a roundle neuer heard I none,
Little lacketh PERIGOT of the beſt,
And WILLIE is not greatly ouer-gone,
So weren his vnder-ſongs well addreſt.

WILLY.

Heardgrome, I feare me, thou haue a ſquint eye,
Areede vprightly, who has the victorie?

CVDDY.

Faith of my ſoule, I deeme each haue gained.
For thy, let the Lambe be WILLY his owne:
And for PERIGOT ſo well hath him pained,
To him be the wroughten Mazer alone.

PERIGOT.

PERIGOT is well pleaſed with the doome:
Ne can WILLY wite the witeleſſe heardgroome.

WILLY.

Neuer dempt more right of beautie I weene,
The ſhepheard of *Ida*, that iudg'd beauties Queene.

CVDDY.

But tell me ſhepheards, ſhould it not yſhend
Your roundels freſh, to heare a doleſull verſe
Of ROSALINDE, (who knowes not ROSALINDE?)
That COLIN made? ylke can I you rehearſe.

PERIGOT.

Now ſay it CVDDY, as thou art a ladde:
With mery thing its good to meddle ſad.

WILLY.

Faith of my ſoule, thou ſhalt ycrowned be
In COLINS ſteed, if thou this ſong areed:
For neuer thing on earth ſo pleaſeth me,
As him to heare, or matter of his deed.

CVDDY.

Then liſten each vnto my heauie lay,
And tune your pipes as ruthfull, as ye may.

YE waſtfull woods beare witneſſe of my woe,
Wherein my plaints did oftentimes reſound:
Ye careleſſe birds are priuie to my cries,
Which in your ſongs were wont to make apart:
Thou pleaſant ſpring haſt luld me oft aſleep,
Whoſe ſtreams my trickling teares did oft augment.
Reſort of people doth my griefes augment,
The walled townes doe worke my greater woe:
The forreſt wide is fitter to reſound
The hollow Eccho of my carefull cries,
I hate the houſe, ſince thence my loue did part,
Whoſe wailefull wants debars mine eyes of ſleepe.
Let ſtreames of teares ſupply the place of ſleep:
Let all that ſweet is, voide: and all that may augment
My dole, draw neere. More meet to waile my woe,
Beene the wilde woods, my ſorrowes to reſound,
Then bed, nor bowre, both which I fill with cries,
When I them ſee ſo waſte, and find no part
Of pleaſure paſt. Heere will I dwell apart
In gaſtfull groue therefore, till my laſt ſleep
Doe cloſe mine eyes: ſo ſhall I not augment
With ſight of ſuch as change my reſtleſſe woe:
Helpe me ye baneful birds, whoſe ſhrieking ſound
Is ſigne of dreery death, my deadly cries
Moſt ruthfully to tune. And as my cries
(Which of my woe cannot bewray leaſt part)
You heare all night, when nature craueth ſleepe,
Increaſe, ſo let your yrkſome yelles augment.
Thus all the nights in plaints, the day in woe,
I vowed haue to waſte, till ſafe and ſound
She home returne, whoſe voices ſiluer ſound
To cheerfull ſongs can change my cheereleſſe cries.
Hence, with the Nightingale will I take part,
That bleſſed bird, that ſpends her time of ſleep
In ſongs and plaintiue pleas, the more t'augment
The memory of his miſdeed, that bred her woe.
And you that feele no woe, when as the ſound
Of theſe my nightly cries ye heare apart,
Let breake your ſounder ſleepe, and pittie augment.

PERIGOT.

O COLIN, COLIN, the ſhepheards ioy,
how I admire each turning of thy verſe:
And CVDDY, freſh CVDDY, the liefeſt boy,
how doleſully his dole thou didſt rehearſe.

CVDDY.

Then blow your pipes ſhepheards, till you be at home:
The night higheth faſt, its time to be gone.

Perigot his Embleme.

Vincenti gloria victi.

Willies Embleme.

Vinto non vitto.

Cuddies Embleme.

Felice chi puo.

GLOSSE.

GLOSSE.

Beſtadde, diſpoſed, ordered. *Peregall*, equall. *Wailome*, once.
Raſt, bereft, depriued. *Miſwent*, gone aſtray. *Ill may*, according to Virgill:

Infelix ô ſemper ouis pecus.

A Mazer. So alſo doe Theocritus and Virgil feigne pledges of their ſtrife.

Enchaſed, engrauen. Such prettie deſcriptions euery where vſeth Theocritus, to bring in his Idyllia. For which ſpeciall cauſe indeed, he by that name tearmeth his Aeglogues: for Idyllion in Greek, ſignifieth the ſhape or picture of any thing, wherof his booke is full. And not as I haue heard ſome fondly gueſſe, that they be called, not Idyllia, but Hædilia, of the Goteheards in them.

Entrailed, vvrought betweene.

Harueſt Queene, The manner of countrey folke in harueſt time.

Pouſſe, Peaſe.

It fell vpon. Perigot maketh all his ſong in praiſe of his Loue, to whom Willy anſwereth euery vnder verſe. By Perigot, vvho is meant, I cannot vprightly ſay: but if it be, who is ſuppoſed his Loue, ſhee deſerueth no leſſe praiſe, then hee giueth her.

Greet, vveeping and complaint. *Chaplet*, a kinde of Garland like a crovvne.

Leuin, Lightning. *Cynthia*, vvas ſaid to be the Moone.

Gryde, pearced.

But if, not vnleſſe. *Squint eye*, partiall iudgement. *Each haue*, ſo ſaith Virgil:

Et vitula tu dignus, & hic &c.

Doome, iudgement. *Dempt*, for deemed, iudged.

Wite the witeleſſe, blame the blameleſſe.

The ſhepheard of Ida, vvas ſaid to be Paris.

Beauties Queene, Venus, to vvhom Paris adiudged the golden Apple, as the price of her beautie.

Embleme.

The meaning heereof is very ambiguous: for Perigot by his poeſie claiming the conqueſt, and Willie not yeelding, Cuddie the Arbitrer of their cauſe, and Patron of his ovvne, ſeemeth to challenge it, as his due: ſaying, that he is happie vvhich can ſo abruptly ending; but he meaneth either him, that can vvin the beſt, or moderate himſelfe beeing beſt, and leaue off with the beſt.

Aegloga nona.

ARGVMENT.

HEerein Diggon Dauie is deuiſed to be a ſhepheard, that in hope of more gaine, draue his ſheepe into a farre countrey. The abuſes whereof, & looſe liuing of popiſh Prelates, by occaſion of Hobbinols demaund, he diſcourſeth at large.

HOBBINOLL. DIGGON DAVIE.

HOBBINOLL.

DIGGON DAVIE, I bid her God day:
Or DIGGON her is, or I miſſay.

DIGGON.

Her was her, while it was day light,
But now her is a moſt wretched wight.
For day that was, is wightly paſt,
And now at earſt the darke night doth haſt.

HOBBINOLL.

DIGGON, areede who has thee ſo dight?
Neuer I wiſt thee in ſo poore a plight.
Where is the faire flocke, thou waſt wont to leade?
Or been they chaffred? or at miſchiefe dead?

DIGGON.

Ah for loue of that, is to thee moſt leefe,
HOBBINOLL, I pray thee gall not my old greefe:
Sike queſtion rippeth vp cauſe of new woe;
For one opened, mote vnfold many mo.

HOBBINOLL.

Nay, but ſorrow cloſe ſhrowded in hart,
I knowe, to keepe is a burdenous ſmart.
Each thing imparted, is more eath to beare:
When the raine is fallen, the clouds wex cleare.
And now ſithence I ſaw thy head laſt,
Thrice three Moones been fully ſpent and paſt:

DIGGON DAVIE.

Since when thou haſt meaſured much ground,
And wandred weele about the world round,
So as thou can many things relate:
But tell me firſt of thy flocks eſtate.

DIGGON.

My ſheepe been waſted. (woe is me therefore)
The iolly ſhepheard that was of yore,
Is now nor iolly, nor ſhepheard more.
In forreine coaſts men ſaid, was plentie:
And ſo there is, but all of miſery.
I dempt there much to haue eeked my ſtore,
But ſuch eeking hath made my hart ſore.
In tho countries where I haue been,
No beeing for thoſe, that truly meane:
But for ſuch as of guile maken gaine,
No ſuch countrey as there to remaine.
They ſetten to ſale their ſhops of ſhame,
And maken a market of their good name.
The ſhepheards there robben one another,
And layen baites to beguile her brother.
Or they will buy his ſheepe forth of the cote,
Or they will caruen the ſheepheards throte.
The ſhepheards ſwaine you cannot well ken,
But it be by his pride, from other men:

They looken bigge, as Bulles that been bate,
And bearen the cragge ſo ſtiffe and ſo ſtate,
As Cocke on his dunghill, crowing cranke.

HOBBINOLL.

DIGGON, I am ſo ſtiffe and ſo ſtanke,
That vnneth may I ſtand any more:
And now the Weſterne wind bloweth ſore,
That is in his chiefe ſoueraigntee,
Beating the withered leafe from the tree.
Sit we downe heere vnder the hill:
Tho may we talke and tellen our fill,
And make a mocke at the bluſtering blaſt:
Now ſay on DIGGON what euer thou haſt.

DIGGON.

HOBBIN, ah HOBBIN, I curſe the ſtound,
That euer I caſt to haue lorne this ground.
Wele-away the while I was ſo fond,
To leaue the good, that I had in hond,
In hope of better that was vncouth:
So loſt the dogge the fleſh in his mouth.
My ſeely ſheepe (ah ſeely ſheepe)
That heereby there I whilome vſde to keepe,
All were they luſtie, as thou diddeſt ſee,
Been all ſterued with pine and penurie:
Hardly my ſelfe eſcaped thilke paine,
Driuen for need to come home againe.

HOBBINOLL.

Ah ſon, now by thy looſe art taught,
That ſeldome change the better brought.
Content who liues with tried ſtate,
Need feare no change of frowning fate:
But who will ſeeke for vnknowne gaine,
Oft liues by loſſe, and leaues with paine.

DIGGON.

I wote ne HOBBIN how I was bewitcht,
With vaine deſire, and hope to be enritcht.
But ſiker ſo it is, as the bright ſtarre
Seemeth a greater, when it is farre:
I thought the ſoyle would haue made me rich:
But now I wote it is nothing ſich.
For either the ſhepheards been idle and ſtill,
And led of their ſheepe, what way they will:
Or they been falſe, and full of couetiſe,
And caſten to compaſſe many wrong Empriſe.
But more been fraught with fraude and ſpight,
Ne in good nor goodneſſe taken delight:
But kindle coales of conteck and yre,
Wherewith they ſet all the world on fire:
Which when they thinken againe to quench,
With holy water they doen hem all drench,
They ſay they con to heauen the high way:
But by my ſoule I dare vndertay,
They neuer ſet foote in that ſame trode,
But balke the right way, and ſtrayen abroad.
They boaſt they han the diuell at commaund:
But aske them, therefore what they haue paund.
Marry that great PAN bought with great borrow,
To quite it from the blacke bowre of ſorrow.
But they han ſold thilke ſame long agoe:
For they would draw with hem many moe.
But let hem gang alone a Gods name:
As they han brewed, ſo let hem beare blame.

HOBBINOLL.

DIGGON, I pray thee ſpeake not ſo dirke.
Such myſter ſaying me ſeemeth to mirke.

DIGGON.

Then plainly to ſpeake of ſhepheards moſt what:
Bad is the beſt (this Engliſh is flat)
Their ill hauiour garres men miſſay,
Both of their doctrine, and their fay.
They ſay the world is much war then it woont,
All for her ſhepheards is beaſtly and bloont.
Other ſaine, but how truly I note,
All for they holden ſhame of their cote.
Some ſtick not to ſay (hote cole on her tongue)
That ſike miſchiefe graſeth hem emong,
All for they caſten too much of worlds care,
To decke her Dame, and enrich her heire:
For ſuch encheaſon, if you goe nie,
Few chimnyes reeken you ſhall eſpie:
The fat Oxe that woont ligge in the ſtall,
Is now faſt ſtalled in her crumenall.
Thus chatten the people in their ſteads,
Ylike as a Monſter of many heads.
But they that ſhooten neereſt the prick,
Saine, other the fat from their beards doe licke.
For big Buls of Baſan brace hem about,
That with their hornes butten the more ſtoute:
But the leane ſoules treaden vnder foote,
And to ſeeke redreſſe mought little boote:
For liker been they to pluck away more,
Then ought of the gotten good to reſtore.
For they been like foule wagmoires ouergraſt,
That if thy galage once ſticketh faſt,
The more to winde it out thou doeſt ſwinke,
Thou mought aye deeper and deeper ſinke.
Yet better leaue off with a little loſſe,
Then by much wreſtling to leeſe the groſſe.

HOBBINOLL.

Nov DIGGON, I ſee thou ſpeakeſt too plaine:
Better it were, a little to faine,
And cleanly couer that cannot be cured.
Such ill, as is forced, mought needs be endured.
But of ſike Paſtors how done the flocks creepe?

DIGGON.

Sike as the ſhepheards, ſike been her ſheepe,
For they nill liſten to the ſhepheards voice:
But if he call hem, at their good choice.
They wander at will, and ſtray at pleaſure,
And to their folds yead at their owne leaſure.
But they had be better come at their call:
For many han vnto miſchiefe fall,
And been of rauenous wvolues yrent,
All for they nould be buxome and bent.

HOBBINOLL.

Fie on thee DIGGON, and all thy foule leaſing,
Well is knowne that ſince the Saxon king,
Neuer was Woolfe ſeene, many nor ſome,
Nor in all Kent, nor in Chriſtendome:
But the fewer Wolues (the ſooth to ſaine,)
The more been the Foxes that heere remaine.

Miſs Metcalfe.

DIGGON.

Yes, but they gang in more secret wise,
And with sheepes clothing doen hem disguise.
They talke not widely as they were woont,
For feare of raungers and the great hoont:
But priuily prolling to and fro,
Enaunter they mought be inly know.

HOBBINOLL.

Or priuie or pert if any bin,
We haue great bandogs will teare their skin.

DIGGON.

Indeed thy Ball is a bold bigge cur,
And could make a iolly hole in their fur.
But not good dogs hem needeth to chase,
But heedy shepheards to discerne their face:
For all their craft is in their countenaunce,
They been so graue, and full of maintenaunce.
But shall I tell thee what my selfe know,
Chaunced to ROFFIN not long ygoe?

HOBBINOLL.

Say it out, DIGGON, what euer it hight,
For not but well mought him betight.
He is so meeke, wise, and mercíable,
And with his word his worke is conuenable.
COLIN CLOVT I weene be his selfe boy,
(Ah for COLIN he whilome my ioy)
Shepheards sich, God mought vs many send,
That doen so carefully their flocks tend.

DIGGON.

Thilke same shepheard mought I well marke:
He has a dogge to bite or to barke,
Neuer had shepheard so keene a cur,
That waketh, and if but a leafe stur.
Whilome there wonned a wicked Wolfe,
That with many a Lambe had glutted his gulfe,
And euer at night wont to repaire
Vnto the flock, when the Welkin shone faire,
Yclad in clothing of seely sheepe,
When the good old man vsed to sleepe.
Tho at midnight he would barke and ball,
(For he had eft learned a curres call)
As if a Wolfe were among the sheepe.
With that the shepheard would breake his sleep,
And send out Lowder (for so his dog hote)
To raunge the fields with open throte.
Tho when as Lowder was farre away,
This woluish sheepe would catchen his pray,
A Lambe, or a Kid, or a weanell wast:
With that to the wood would he speed him fast.
Long time he vsed this slippery pranke,
Ere ROFFY could for his labour him thanke.
At end, the shepheard his practise spied,
(For ROFFY is wise, and as ARGVS eied)
And when at euen he came to the flock,
Fast in their folds he did them locke,
And tooke out the Woolfe in his counterfeit cote,
And let out the sheepes blood at his throte.

HOBBINOLL.

Marry DIGGON, what should him affray
To take his owne where euer it lay?
For had his weasand been a little widder,
He would haue deuoured both hidder and shidder.

DIGGON.

Mischiefe light on him, and Gods great curse,
Too good for him had been a great deale wurse:
For it was a perillous beast aboue all,
And eke had he cond the shepheards call:
And oft in the night came to the sheepcote,
And called Lowder, with a hollowe throte,
As if the old mans selfe had been,
The dogge his masters voice did it ween,
Yet halfe in doubt he opened the doore,
And ranne out, as he was wont of yore.
No sooner was out, but swifter then thought,
Fast by the hide the Wolfe Lowder caught:
And had not ROFFY renne to the steuen,
Lowder had been slaine thilke same euen.

HOBBINOLL.

God shield man, he should so ill haue thriue,
All for he did his deuoire belriue.
If sike been Wolues, as thou hast told,
How mought we, DIGGON, hem behold.

DIGGON.

How, but with heed and watchfulnesse,
Forstallen hem of their wilinesse?
For thy with shepheard fittes not play,
Or sleepe, as some doen, all the long day:
But euer liggen in watch and ward,
From suddaine force their flocks for to gard.

HOBBINOLL.

Ah DIGGON, thilke same rule were too straight,
All the cold season to watch and waite.
We beene of flesh, men as other bee,
Why should we be bound to such miserie?
What-euer thing lacketh changeable rest,
Mought needes decay, when it is at best.

DIGGON.

Ah, but HOBBINOLL, all this long tale
Nought easeth the care, that doth me forhaile,
What shall I doe? what way shall I wend,
My pitious plight and losse to amend?
Ah good HOBBINOLL, mought I thee pray,
Of ayde or counsell in my decay.

HOBBINOLL.

Now by my soule, DIGGON, I lament
The hapelesse mischiefe, that has thee hent:
Netheless thou seest my lowly saile,
That froward fortune doth euer auaile.
But were HOBBINOLL, as God mought please,
DIGGON should soone find fauour and ease.
But if to my cottage thou wilt resort,
So as I can, I will thee comfort:
There maist thou ligge in a vetchy bed,
Till fairer Fortune shew forth his head.

DIGGON.

Ah HOBBINOLL, God mought it thee requite,
DIGGON on few such friends did euer lite.

Diggons Embleme.

Inopem me copia fecit. GLOSSE.

GLOSSE.

The Dialect and phrase of speech in this Dialogue, seemeth somewhat to differ from the common. The cause whereof is supposed to be, by occasion of the partie heerein meant, who being verie friend to the Authour heereof, had beene long in forreine countries, and there seene many disorders, which he heere recounteth to Hobbinoll.

Bidde her, Bidde good morrow. For to bidde, is to pray, whereof cõmeth beads for prayers; and so they say, To bidde his beades. i. to say his prayers.

Wightly, quickly, or suddainly. *Chaffred*, sold. *Dead at mischiefe*, an vnusuall speech, but much vsurped of Lidgate, and sometime of Chaucer.

Leefe, Deare. *Ethe*, easie. *Thrice three Moones*, nine Moneths.

Measured, for trauailed.

Wae, woe. Northernly. *Eeked*, encreased. *Caruen*, cut.

Kenne, knowe. *Cragge*, necke. *State*, stoutly. *Stanke*, wearie or faint.

And now, he applieth it to the time of the yeere, which is in the end of harueſt, which they call the fall of the leafe: at which time the Westerne wind beareth most sway.

A mocke, Imitating Horace, *Debes ludibrium ventis.*

Lorne, left. *Soote*, sweet. *Vncouth*, vnknowne. *Heerby, there*, heere and there.

As the bright, translated out of Mantuan. *Emprise*, for enterprise. Per Syncopen.

Conteeke, strife. *Trode*, path.

Marre thair, that is, their soules, which by Popish Exorcismes and practises they damne to hell.

Blacke, hell. *Gang*, goe. *Moder*, maner. *Mirke*, obscure. *Warre*, worse.

Crumenall, purse. *Brace*, compasse. *Eucheson*, occasion. *Quengrasse*, ouergrowne with grasse. *Galage*, shooe. *The grosse*, the whole.

Buxome and bent, meeke and obedient.

Saxon King. King Edgar that raigned here in Britannie in the yeere of our Lord. Which King caused all the Wolues, whereof then was store in this country, by a proper policie to be destroied. So as neuer since that time, there haue been Wolues heere found, vnlesse they were brought from other countries. And therefore Hobbinoll rebuketh him of vntruth, for saying that there be Wolues in England.

Nor in Christendome. This saying seemeth to be strange and vnreasonable: but indeed it was wont to be an old prouerbe and common phrase. The originall whereof was, for that the most part of England in the raigne of King Ethelbert was christened, Kent onely except, which remained long after in misbeliefe, and vnchristened: So that Kent was counted no part of Christendome.

Great hunt, Executing of lawes and iustice.

Enaunter, least that. *Inly*, inwardly: aforesaid.

Priuy or pert, openly saith Chaucer.

Roffy, the name of a shepheard in Marot his Aeglogue of Robin & the King. Who he heere commendeth for great care and wise gouernaunce of his flock.

Colin Clout. Now I thinke no man doubteth, but by Colin is meant the Authors selfe, whose especiall good friend Hobbinoll saith hee is, or more rightly Maister Gabriell

Gabriell Haruey: of vvhoſe eſpeciall commendation, as well in Poetrie as Rhetoricke and other choice learning, vvee haue lately had a ſufficient triall in diuers his vvorks, but ſpecially in his *Muſarum Lachrymæ*, and his late *Gratulationum Valdinenſium*: vvhich booke in the progreſſe at Audley in Eſſex, he dedicated in writing to her Maieſtie; afterward, preſenting the ſame in print to her Highneſſe at the worſhipfull Maiſter Capels in Hertfordſhire. Beſide other his ſundry moſt rare and very notable writings, partly vnder vnknowne titles, and partly vnder counterfeit names: as his Tyrannomaſtix, his Old Natalitia, his Rameidos, and eſpecially that part of Philomuſus, his diuine Anticoſmopolita, and diuers other ſi[illegible]

From PLVTOES balefull Bowre withouten leaue:
His muſicks might the helliſh hound did tame.

CVDDY.

So prayſen babes the Peacocks ſpotted traine,
And wondren at bright ARGVS blazing eye:
But who rewards him ere the more for thy?
Or feedes him once the fuller by a graine?
Sike praiſe is ſmoke, that ſheddeth in the skye,
Sike words been winde, and waſten ſoone in vaine.

PIERS.

Abandon then the baſe and viler clowne,
Lift vp thy ſelfe out of the lowly duſt:
And ſing of bloody MARS, of warres, of guſts,
Turne thee to thoſe, that weld the awfull crowne,
To doubted knights, whoſe woundleſſe armour ruſts,
And helmes vnbruzed, wexen daily browne.

There may thy Muſe diſplay her fluttering wing,
And ſtretch her ſelfe at large from Eaſt to Weſt:
Whither thou liſt in faire ELISA reſt,
Or if thee pleaſe in bigger notes to ſing,
Aduance the worthy whom ſhe loueth beſt,
That firſt the white Beare to the ſtake did bring.

And when the ſtubborne ſtroke of ſtronger ſtounds,
Has ſomewhat ſlackt the tenor of thy ſtring:
Of loue and luſtihead tho maiſt thou ſing,
And carroll lowde, and lead the Millers round,
All were ELISA one of thilke ſame ring,
So mought our CVDDIES name to heauen ſound.

CVDDY.

Indeed the Romiſh TITYRVS, I heare,
Through his MECOENAS left his Oaten reed,
Whereon he earſt had taught his flocks to feed,
And laboured lands to yeeld the timely eare,
And eſt did ſing of warres and deadly dreed,
So as the heauens did quake his verſe to heare.

But ah! MECOENAS is yclad in clay,
And great AVGVSTVS long ygoe is dead:
And all the Worthies liggen wrapt in lead,
That matter made for Poets on to play.
For euer, who in derring doe were dead,
The loftie verſe of hem was loued aye.

But after vertue gan for age to ſtoupe,
And mighty manhood brought a bedde of eaſe:
The vaunting Poets found nought worth a peaſe,
To put in preace among the learned troupe:
Tho gan the ſtreames of flowing wits to ceaſe,
And ſunbright honour pend in ſhamefull coupe.

And if that any buddes of Poëſie,
Yet of the old ſtocke gan to ſhoote againe:
Or it mens follies mote to force to faine,
And roll with reſt in rimes of ribaudry:
Or as it ſprung, it wither muſt againe:
Tom Piper makes vs better melodie.

PIERS.

O peerleſſe poeſie, where is then thy place?
If not in Princes palace thou dooſt ſit
(And yet is Princes palace the moſt fit)
Ne breſt of baſer birth doth thee in brace;
Then make thee wings of thine aſpiring wit,
And, whence thou camſt, flie back to heauen apace.

CVDDY.

Ah PERCY, it is all too weake and wanne,
So high to ſore and make ſo large a flight:
Her peeced pineons been not ſo in plight,
For COLIN ſits ſuch famous flight to ſcanne:
He, were he not with loue ſo ill bedight,
Would mount as high, and ſing as ſoote as Swanne.

PIERS.

Ah ſon, for loue does teach him climbe ſo hie,
And lifts him vp out of the loathſome mire:
Such immortall mirror, as he doth admire,
Would raiſe ones minde aboue the ſtarry skie,
And cauſe a caitiue courage to aſpire:
For loftie loue doth lothe a lowly eye.

CVDDY.

All otherwiſe the ſtate of Poet ſtands,
For lordly loue is ſuch a tyranne fell:
That where he rules, all power he doth expell,
The vaunted verſe a vacant head demands,
Ne wont with crabbed care the Muſes dwell:
Vnwiſely weaues, that takes two webs in hand.

Who euer caſts to compaſſe waightie priſe,
And thinks to throwe out thundring words of threat:
Let powre in lauiſh cups and thriftie bits of meate.
For BACCHVS fruit is friend to PHOEBVS wiſe:
And when with Wine the braine begins to ſweat,
The numbers flowe as faſt as ſpring doth riſe.

Thou kenſt not PERCIE how the rime ſhould rage.
O if my temples were diſtaind with wine,
And girt in Girlonds of wilde Iuie twine,
How I could reare the Muſe on ſtately ſtage,
And teach her tread aloft in buskin fine,
With queint BELLONA in her equipage.

But ah, my courage cooles ere it be warme,
For thy content vs in this humble ſhade:
Where no ſuch troublous tides han vs aſſaide,
Here we our ſlender pipes may ſafely charme.

PIERS.

And when my Gates ſhall han their bellies laide,
CVDDY ſhall haue a Kidde to ſtore his farme.

Cuddies Embleme.

Agitante caleſcimus illo, &c.

GLOSSE.

GLOSSE.

This Aeglogue is made in imitation of Theocritus his 16 Idilion, wherein hee reproued the Tyranne Hiero of Syracuſe for his niggardiſe toward Poets, in vvhom is the povver to make men immortall for their good deedes, or ſhamefull for their naughtie life. And the like alſo is in Mantuane. The like heereof, as alſo that in Theocritus, is more loftie then the reſt, and applied to the height of poeticall wit.

Cuddy. I doubt vvhether by Cuddy be ſpecified the Authours ſelfe, or ſome other. For in the eight Aeglogue the ſame perſon vvas brought in, ſinging a Cantion of Colins making, as he ſaith. So that ſome doubt, that the perſons be different.

Whylome, ſometime. *Oaten reedes*, Auenæ.

Ligge ſo laid, lye ſo faint and vnluſtie. *Dapper*, pretie.

Frye, is a bold Metaphore, forced from the ſpavvning fiſhes, for the multitude of young fiſh be called the Frye.

To reſtraine. This place ſeemeth to conſpire vvith Plato, vvho in his firſt booke *de Legibus* ſaith, that the firſt inuention of Poetrie vvas of very vertuous intent. For at vvhat time an infinit number of youth vſually came to their great ſolemne feaſtes called Panegyrica, vvhich they vſed euery fiue yeares to hold, ſome learned man beeing more able then the reſt, for ſpeciall gifts of vvit and Muſick, vvould take vpon him to ſing fine verſes to the people, in praiſe either of vertue or of victorie, or of immortalitie, or ſuch like. At vvhoſe vvonderfull gift all men beeing aſtonied, and as it vvere rauiſhed vvith delight, thinking (as it vvas indeed) that he vvas inſpired from aboue, called him *Vatem:* vvhich kinde of men aftervvard, framing their verſes to lighter muſick (as of Muſicke there be many kinds, ſome ſadder, ſome lighter, ſome martiall, ſome heroicall: and ſo diuerſly eke affect the minds of men) found out lighter matter of Poeſie alſo, ſome playing vvith loue, ſome ſcorning at mens faſhions, ſome powred out in pleaſure, & ſo were called Poets, or makers.

Senſe bereaue. What the ſecret vvorking of muſick is in the minds of men, as wel appeareth heereby, that ſome of the ancient Philoſophers, and thoſe the moſt vviſe, as Plato and Pythagoras, held for opinion, that the mind vvas made of a certain harmonie and muſicall numbers, for the great compaſſion, and likeneſſe of affection in the one and the other, as alſo by that memorable hiſtory of Alexander: to whom vvhen as Timotheus the great Muſician played the Phrygian melody, it is ſaid that he vvas diſtraught vvith ſuch vnwonted furie, that ſtraightway riſing from the table in great rage, he cauſed himſelfe to be armed, as ready to go to vvar (for that muſick is very vvar-like.) And immediatly, vvhen as the Muſitian changed his ſtroke into the Lydian and Ionique harmony, he vvas ſo far from vvarring, that he ſate as ſtill, as if he had been in matters of counſell. Such might is in muſick. Wherefore Plato and Ariſtotle, forbid the Arabian Melody from children and youth. For that being altogether on the fift and ſeauenth tone, it is of great force to mollifie and quench the kindly courage, vvhich vſeth to burne in our young breaſts. So that it is not incredible vvhich the Poet heer ſaith, that the muſick can bereaue the ſoule of ſenſe.

The ſhepheard that, Orpheus: of vvhom it is ſaid, that by his excellent skil in Muſick and Poetry, he recouered his vvife Eurydice from hell.

Argus eyes. Of Argus is before ſaid, that Iuno to him committed her husband Iupiter his Paragon Io, becauſe he had an hundreth eyes: but afterward Mercurie with his muſick lulling Argus aſleep, ſlevv him, and brought Io avvay; whoſe eyes it is ſaid that Iuno for his eternall memory, placed in her byrd the Peacocks taile, for thoſe coloured ſpots indeed reſemble eyes.

Wounde-

Woundlesse armour, vnwounded in war, do ruſt through long peace.

Diſplay. A poeticall metaphore, vvhereof the meaning is, that if the Poet liſt ſhew his skill in matter of more dignitie, then is the homely Aeglogue, good occaſion is him offered of higher veine and more Heroicall argument, in the perſon of our moſt gratious Soueraigne, vvhom (as before) he calleth *Elyſa*. Or if matter of knighthood and chiualry pleaſe him better, that there be many noble and valiant men, that are both vvorthy of his paines in their deſerued praiſes, and alſo fauourers of his skill and facultie.

The worthy, he meaneth (as I gheſſe) the moſt honorable and renowned the Earle of Leiceſter, vvhom by his cogniſance (although the ſame be alſo proper to other) rather then by his name he bewraieth, being not likely that the names of vvorthy Princes be known to countrey clownes.

Slack, that is, vvhen thou changeſt thy verſe to ſtately courſe, to matter of more pleaſance and delight.

The Millers, a kind of daunce. *Ring*, company of dauncers.

The Romiſh Tityrus, vvell knevv noble Virgil, vvho by Mecænas meanes vvas brought into the fauour of the Emperour Auguſtus, and by him mooued to write in loftier kind, then he earſt had done.

Whereon: in theſe three verſes are the three ſeuerall vvorks of Virgil intended, for in teaching his flock to feed, is meant his Æglogue. In labouring of lands, is his Georgiques. In ſinging of vvarres and deadly dread, is his diuine Æneis figured.

In derring do, in manhood and chiualrie.

For euer. He ſhevveth the cauſe vvhy Poets vvere wont to be had in ſuch honour of noble men, that is, that by them their vvoorthineſſe and valour ſhould through their famous poeſies be commended to all poſterities. Wherefore it is ſaid, that Achilles had neuer been ſo famous, as he is, but for Homers immortall verſes, which is the onely aduantage, which he had of Hector. And alſo that Alexander the great, comming to his tombe in Sigues, vvith naturall teares bleſſed him, that euer it vvas his hap to be honoured with ſo excellent a Poets vvorke as ſo renowned & ennobled onely by his meane. VVhich being declared in a moſt eloquent Oration of Tullies, is of Petrarch no leſſe worthily ſet forth in a Sonnet.

Giunto Aleſſandro à la famoſa tomba,
Del fero Achillo ſoſpirando diſſe
O fortunato che ſi chiaro tromba *Trouaſti, &c.*

And that ſuch account hath been alway made of Poets, as vvell ſheweth this, that the vvorthy Scipio in all his vvarres againſt Carthage and Numantia, had euermore in his company, and that in moſt familiar ſort, the good old Poet Ennius: as alſo that Alexander deſtroying Thebes, vvhen he was enformed, that the famous Lyrick poet Pindarus vvas borne in that Citty, not onely commaunded ſtraightly, that no man ſhould vpon paine of death, do any violence to that houſe, or othervviſe: but alſo ſpecially ſpared moſt, and ſome highly revvarded that vvere of his kinne. So fauoured he the onely name of a Poet. Which praiſe otherwiſe was in the ſame man no leſſe famous, then when he came to ranſacking of king Darius coffers, whom he lately had ouerthrowne, he found in a little coffer of ſiluer the two bookes of Homers vvorks, as laid vp there for ſpeciall Iewels & riches: vvhich he taking thence, put one of them daily in his boſome, and the other euery night lay vnder his pillow. Such honour haue Poets alwaies found in the ſight of Princes & noble men, which this Authour heere very well ſheweth, as elſe where more notably.

But after: he ſheweth the cauſe of contempt of poetrie to be idleneſſe and baſeneſſe

neſſe of mind.

Pent, ſhut vp in ſloth, as in a coope or cage.

Tom Piper, an ironicall Sarcaſmus, ſpoken in deriſion of theſe rude vvits, vvhich make more account of a ryming ribaud, then of skill grounded vpon learning and iudgement.

Ne breſt, the meaner ſort of men. *Her peeced pinions*, vnperfect skill: Spoken vvith humble modeſtie.

As ſoote as Swanne. The compariſon ſeemeth to be ſtrange: for the ſwan hath euer vvonne ſmall commendation for her ſvveet ſinging: but it is ſaid of the learned, that the Svvanne a little before her death, ſingeth moſt pleaſantly, as prophecying by a ſecret inſtinct her neere deſtinie, as vvell ſaith the Poet elſewhere in one of his Sonets:

The ſiluer Svvan doth ſing before her dying day,
As ſhe that feeles the deep delight that is in death, &c.

Immortall mirrour, Beautie, vvhich is an excellent obiect of poeticall ſpirits, as appeareth by the vvorthy Petrarch, ſaying:

Fiorir faceua il mio debile ingegno.
Ala ſua ombra, & creſcer ne gli affanni.

A caytiue courage, A baſe and abiect mind.

For loſtie loue. I thinke this playing vvith the letter, be rather a fault then a figure, as well in our Engliſh tongue, as it hath been alvvaies in the Latin, called *Cacozelon*.

A vacant, imitateth Mantuans ſaying, *Vacuum curis diuina cerebrum Poſcit*.

Lauiſh cups, Reſembleth the common verſe, *Facundi calices quæ non fecere diſertũ*.

O if my: he ſeemeth heere to be rauiſhed vvith a poeticall furie. For (if one rightly marke) the numbers riſe ſo full, and the verſe grovveth ſo bigge, that it ſeemeth hee had forgot the meanneſſe of ſhepheards ſtate and ſtile.

Wild Ivie: for it is dedicate to Bacchus, and therefore it is ſaid, that the Mænades (that is, Bacchus frantick prieſts) vſed in their ſacrifice to carrie Thyrſos, which were pointed ſtaues or Iauelins, vvrapped about with Ivie.

In buskin. It vvas the manner of poets and players in Tragedies, to vvere buskins, as alſo in Comedies to vſe ſocks and light ſhooes. So that the buskin in poetrie, is vſed for tragicall matter, as is ſaid in Virgill, *Sola Sophocleo tua carmina digna cothurno*. And the like in Horace, *Magnum loqui, nitique cothurno*.

Queint, ſtrange. Bellona the goddeſſe of battell, that is Pallas: vvhich may therefore vvell be called queint, for that (as Lucian ſaith) vvhen Iupiter her father vvas in trauaile of her, he cauſed his ſonne Vulcan with his axe to heaw his head. Out of vvhich leaped out luſtily a valiant Damſell armed at all points: vvhom Vulcan ſeeing ſo faire and comely, lightly leaping to her, proferred her ſome curteſie, vvhich the Lady diſdaining, ſhaked her ſpeare at him, and threatned his ſaucineſſe. Therefore ſuch ſtrangeneſſe is vvell applied to her.

Equipage, order. *Tydes*, ſeaſons.

Charme, temper and order. For charmes vvere wont to be made by verſes, as Ouid ſaith: *Aut ſi carminibus.*

Embleme.

Heereby is meant, as alſo in the vvhole courſe of this Æglogue, that poetrie is a diuine inſtinct, and vnnaturall rage paſſing the reach of common reaſon. Whom Piers anſwereth *lipiphonematicos*, as admitting the excellencie of the skill, whereof in Cuddie he had alreadie had a taſte.

Nouember.

Aegloga vndecima.

ARGVMENT.

IN this xi. Aeglogue hee bewaileth the death of some maiden of great blood, whom he calleth Dido. The personage is secret, and to me altogether vnknowne, albeit of himselfe I often required the same. This Aeglogue is made in imitation of Marot his song, which hee made vpon the death of Loyes the French Queene. But farre passing his reach, and in mine opinion, all other the Aeglogues of this booke.

THENOT. COLIN.

COLIN, my deare, when shall it please thee sing,
As thou wert wont, songs of some iouissunce?
Thy Muse too long slumbreth in sorrowing,
Lulled asleepe through loues mis-gouernance.
Now somewhat sing, whose endlesse souenaunce,
Among the shepheards swaines may aye remaine:
Whether thee list thy loued Lasse aduaunce,
Or honour PAN with hymnes of higher vaine.

COLIN.

THENOT, now nis the time of mery-make,
Nor PAN to herie, nor with loue to play:
Sike mirth in May is meetest for to make,
Or Sommer shade, vnder the cocked hay.
But now sad Winter welked hath the day,
And PHOEBVS weary of his yeerely taske,
Ystablisht hath his steeds in lowely lay,
And taken vp his Inne in Fishes haske,
Thilke sullen season sadder plight doth aske,
And loatheth sike delights, as thou doost praise:
The mournfull Muse in mirth now list ne maske,
As she was wont in youngth and sommer dayes.
But if thou algate lust light virelayes,
And looser songs of loue to vnderfong:

COLIN.

Who but thy selfe deserues like Poets praise?
Relieue thy Oaten pypes, that sleepen long.

THENOT.

The Nightingale is soueraigne of song,
Before him sits the Titmouse silent be:
And I, vnfit to thrust in skilfull throng,
Should COLIN make iudge of my foolerie?
Nay, better learne of hem, that learned bee,
And han been watred at the Muses well:
The kindly deaw drops from the higher tree,
And wets the little plants that lowly dwell.
But if sad winters wrath, and season chill,
Accord not with thy Muses meriment:
To sadder times thou maist attune thy quill,
And sing of sorrow and deaths dreriment.
For dead is DIDO, dead alas and drent,
DIDO the great shepheard his daughter sheene:
The fairest May she was that euer went,
Her like she has not left behind I weene.
And if thou wilt bewaile my wofull teene,
I shall thee giue yond Cosset for thy paine:
And if thy rymes as round and rufull been,
As those that did thy ROSALINDE complaine,

Much

Much greater gifts for guerdon thou shalt gaine,
Then Kid or Cosset, which I thee benempt:
Then vp I say, thou iolly shepheard swaine.
Let not my small demaund be so contempt.

COLIN.

THENOT, to that I chose, thou dost me tempt,
But ah! too vvell I wote my humble vaine,
And how my rimes been rugged and vnkempt:
Yet as I con, my cunning I will straine.

VP then MELPOMENE, the mournfull Muse of (nine,
Such cause of mourning neuer hadst afore:
Vp grisly ghosts, and vp my rufull rime,
Matter of mirth now shalt thou haue no more:
For dead she is, that mirth thee made of yore,
DIDO my deare, alas is dead,
Dead, and lieth wrapt in lead:
O heauie herse,
Let streaming teares be poured out in store:
O carefull verse.

Shepheards, that by your flocks on Kentish downes abide,
Waile ye this wofull waste of Natures warke:
Waile we the wight, whose presence was our pride:
Waile we the wight, whose absence is our carke.
The sunne of all the world is dimme and darke:
The earth now lacks her wonted light,
And all we dwell in deadly night:
O heauie herse,
Breake we our pipes, that shrild as loude as Larke,
O carefull verse.

Why doe we longer liue, (ah why liue we so long)
Whose better daies death hath shut vp in woe?
The fairest flowre our girlond all among,
Is faded quite, and into dust ygoe.
Sing now ye shepheards daughters, sing no mo
The songs that COLIN made you in her praise,
But into weeping turne your wanton layes.
O heauie hearse:
Now is time to die. Nay, time was long ygoe,
O carefull verse.

Whence is it, that the flowret of the field doth fade,
And lyeth buried long in Winters bale?
Yet soone as Spring his mantle doth display,
It flowreth fresh, as it should neuer faile.
But thing on earth that is of most auaile,
As vertues branch and beauties bud,
Reliuen not for any good.
O heauie herse,
The branch once dead, the bud eke needs must quaile,
O carefull verse.

She while she was, (that was, a wofull word to saine)
For beauties praise and pleasance had no peere:
So well she couth the shepheards entertaine,
With cakes and cracknells, and such countrey cheere,
Ne would she scorne the simple shepheards swaine:
For she would call him often heame,
And gine him Curds and clouted Creame.
O heauie herse:
Als COLIN CLOVT she would not once disdaine,
O carefull verse.

But now sike happy cheere is turnd to heary chaunce,
Such pleasance now displast by dolors dint:
All Musicke sleepes, where death doth lead the daunce,
And shepheards wonted solace is extinct.
The blewe in blacke, the greene in gray is tinct:
The gaudy girlonds deckt her graue,
The faded flowres her Corse embraue,
O heauie herse,
Mourne now my Muse, now mourne with teares bespreint,
O carefull verse.

O thou great shepheard LOBBIN, how great is thy grief
Where bin the nosegaies that she dight for thee?
The coloured chaplets wrought with a chiefe,
The knotted rush-rings, and gilt Rosemaree?
For shee deemed nothing too deere for thee.
Ah, they been all yclad in clay,
One bitter blast blew all away.
O heauie herse,
Thereof nought remaines but the memoree,
O carefull verse.

Aye me that dreerie death should strike so mortal stroke,
That can vndoe Dame Natures kindely course:
The faded locks fall from the loftie Oke,
The flouds do gaspe, for dryed is their sourse,
And flouds of teares flowe in their stead perforce.
The mantled medowes mourne,
Their sundry colours tourne.
O heauie herse,
The heauens doe melt in teares without remorse,
O carefull verse.

The feeble flocks in field refuse their former foode,
And hang their heads, as they would learne to weepe:
The beasts in forrest waile as they were woode,
Except the Wolues, that chase the wandring flocke:
Now shee is gone that safely did hem keepe.
The Turtle on the bared braunch,
Laments the wound, that death did launch,
O heauie herse:
And PHILOMELE her song with teares doth steepe,
O carefull verse.

The water Nymphs, that wont with her to sing & daunce,
And for her girlond Oliue branches beare,
Now balefull boughs of Cypres done aduaunce:
The Muses that were wont greene bayes to weare,
Now bringen bitter Eldre branches sere:
The fatall sisters eke repent,
Her vitall threed so soone was spent.
O heauie herse,
Mourne now my Muses, now mourne with heauie cheare,
O carefull verse.

O trustlesse state of earthly things, and slipper hope
Of mortall men, that swinke and sweat for nought,

And

So was the husbandman left to his losse,
And they vnto their fortunes change to tosse.
After which sort they wandered long while,
Abusing many through their cloaked guile;
That at the last they gan to be descried
Of euery one, and all their sleights espied.
So as their begging now them failed quite;
For none would giue, but all men would them wyte:
Yet would they take no paines to get their liuing,
But seeke some other way to gaine by giuing,
Much like to begging, but much better named;
For many beg, which are thereof ashamed.
And now the Foxe had gotten him a gowne,
And th'Ape a cassocke side-long hanging downe;
For they their occupation meant to change,
And now in other state abroad to range:
For, since their souldiers Pas no better spedd,
They forg'd another, as for Clerks, booke-redd.
VVho passing forth, as their adventures fell,
Through many haps, which needs not here to tell;
At length, chaunc't with a formall Priest to meete,
VVhom they in ciuill manner first did greete,
And after askt an almes for Gods deare loue.
The man straight-way his choler vp did moue,
And with reproachfull tearmes gan them reuile,
For following that trade so base and vile;
And askt what Licence, or what Pas they had?
Ah (said the Ape, as sighing wondrous sad)
It's an hard case, when men of good deseruing
Must either driuen be perforce to steruing,
Or asked for their Pas by euery squib,
That list at will them to reuile or snib:
And yet (God wote) small oddes I often see
Twixt them that aske, and them that asked bee.
Natheless, because you shall not vs misdeeme,
But that we are as honest as we seeme,
Yee shall our Pasport at your pleasure see,
And then ye will (I hope) well mooued bee.
Which when the Priest beheld, he view'd it nere,
As if therein some Text he studying were;
But little else (God wote) could thereof skill:
For, read he could not Evidence, nor Will,
Ne tell a written word, ne write a letter,
Ne make one title worse, ne make one better:
Of such deepe learning little had he neede,
Ne yet of Latine, ne of Greeke, that breede
Doubts mongst Diuines, and difference of Texts,
From whence arise diuersitie of Sects,
And hatefull heresies of God abhorr'd:
But this good Sir did follow the plaine Word,
Ne medled with their controuersies vaine,
All his care was, his seruice well to saine,
And to read Homelies on holidayes,
VVhen that was done, he might attend his playes;
An easie life, and fit high God to please.
He, hauing ouer-lookt their Pas at ease,
Gan at the length them to rebuke againe,
That no good trade of life did entertaine,
But lost their time in wandring loose abroad,
Seeing the world, in which they bootlesse boad,
Had waies enow for all therein to liue;
Such grace did God vnto his creatures giue.
Said then the Fox; Who hath the world not tride,
From the right way full eath may wander wide.
VVe are but Nouices, new come abroad,
VVe haue not yet the tract of any troad,
Nor on vs taken any state of life,
But ready are of any to make priefe,
Therefore, might please you, which the world haue (proued,
Vs to advise, which forth but lately moued,
Of some good course, that we might vndertake:
Ye shall for euer vs your bondmen make.
The Priest gan wexe halfe proud to be so praide,
And thereby willing to affoord them ayde;
It seemes (said he) right well that ye be Clerks,
Both by your witty words, and by your werkes.
Is not that name enough to make a liuing
To him that hath a whit of Natures giuing?
How many honest men see yee arize
Daily thereby, and growe to goodly prize?
To Deanes, to Archdeacons, to Commissaries,
To Lords, to Principalls, to Prebendaries;
All iolly Prelates, worthy rule to beare,
Who euer them envie: yet spight bites neare.
Why should ye doubt then, but that ye likewise
Might vnto some of those in time arise?
In the meane time to liue in good estate,
Louing that loue, and hating those that hate;
Beeing some honest Curate, or some Vicker,
Content with little in condition sicker.
Ah! but (said th'Ape) the charge is wondrous great,
To feede mens soules, and hath an heauy threat.
To feed mens soules (quoth he) is not in man:
For, they must feed themselues, doe what we can.
We are but charg'd to lay the meat before:
Eate they that list, we need to doe no more.
But God it is that feeds them with his grace,
The bread of life pour'd downe from heauenly place.
Therefore said he, that with the budding rod
Did rule the Iewes, *All shall be taught of God.*
That same hath Iesus Christ now to him raught,
By whom the flock is rightly fed and taught:
He is the Shepheard, and the Priest is hee;
We but his shepheard swaines ordain'd to bee.
Therefore heere-with doe not your selfe dismay;
Ne is the paines so great, but beare ye may;
For not so great as it was wont of yore,
It's now adayes, ne halfe so straight and sore.
They whylome vsed duly euery day
Their seruice and their holy things to say,
At noone and euen, besides their Anthemes sweet,
Their peny Masses, and their Complynes meet,
Their Diriges, their Trentals, and their shrifts,
Their memories, their singings, and their gifts.
Now all those needlesse works are laid away;
Now once a weeke vpon the Sabbath day,
It is enough to doe our small deuotion,
And then to follow any merry motion.
Ne are we tyde to fast, but when we list,
Ne to weare garments base of wollen twist,

But with the finest silks vs to aray,
That before God we may appeare more gay,
Resembling *Aarons* glory in his place:
For farre vnfit it is, that person bace
Should with vile cloathes approach Gods maiestie,
Whom no vncleannes may approachen nie:
Or that all men which any master serue,
Good garments for their seruice should deserue;
But he that serues the Lord of hoasts most high,
And that in highest place, t'approach him nigh,
And all the peoples prayers to present
Before his throne, as on ambassage sent
Both to and fro, should not deserue to weare
A garment better, than of wooll or haire.
Beside, we may haue lying by our sides
Our louely Lasses, or bright shining Brides:
VVe be not tyde to wilfull chastitie,
But haue the Gospell of free libertie.
By that he ended had his ghostly sermon,
The Foxe was well induc'd to be a Parson;
And of the Priest eftsoones gan to enquire,
How to a Benefice he might aspire.
Marie there (said the Priest) is art indeede.
Much good deepe learning one thereout may reed,
For, that the ground-worke is, and end of all,
How to obtaine a Beneficiall.
First therefore, when ye haue in handsome wise
Your selfe attired, as you can deuise,
Then to some Noble man your selfe apply,
Or other great one in the worldes eye,
That hath a zealous disposition
To God, and so to his religion:
There must thou fashion eke a godly zeale,
Such as no carpers may contrayre reueale:
For, each thing fained ought more warie bee.
There thou must walke in sober grauitee,
And seeme as Saint-like as Saint *Radegund*:
Fast much, pray oft, looke lowely on the ground,
And vnto euery one doe curtesie meeke:
These lookes (nought saying) doe a Benefice seeke,
And be thou sure one not to lack ere long.
But if thee list vnto the Court to throng,
And there to hunt after the hoped pray,
Then must thou thee dispose another way:
For there thou needs must learne, to laugh, to lie,
To face, to forge, to scoffe, to companie,
To crouche, to please, to be a beetle stock
Of thy great Masters will, to scorne, or mock:
So maist thou chaunce mock out a Benefice,
Vnlesse thou canst one coniure by deuice,
Or cast a figure for a Bishoprick:
And if one could, it were but a schoole-trick.
These be the waies, by which without reward
Liuings in Court be gotten, though full hard.
For nothing there is done without a fee:
The Courtier needs must recompenced bee
With a Beneuolence, or haue in gage
The *Primitias* of your Parsonage:
Scarce can a Bishoprick forpas them by,
But that it must be gelt in priuitie.
Doe not thou therefore seeke a liuing there,
But of more priuate persons seeke elswhere,
Where-as thou maist compound a better penie,
Ne let thy learning question'd be of any.
For some good Gentleman that hath the right
Vnto his Church for to present a wight,
Will cope with thee in reasonable wise;
That if the liuing yeerely doe arise
To fortie pound, that then his yongest sonne
Shall twenty haue, and twenty thou hast wonne:
Thou hast it wonne, for it is of franke gift,
And he will care for all the rest to shift;
Both, that the Bishop may admit of thee,
And that therein thou maist maintained bee.
This is the way for one that is vnlearn'd
Liuing to get, and not to be discern'd.
But they that are great Clerks, haue nearer wayes,
For learning sake to liuing them to raise:
Yet many eke of them (God wote) are driuen,
T'accept a Benefice in peeces riuen.
How sai'st thou (friend) haue I not well discourst
Vpon this Common place (though plaine, not wourst)?
Better a short tale, then a bad long shriuing.
Needes any more to learne to get a liuing?
Now sure and by my hallidome (quoth he)
Ye a great master are in your degree:
Great thanks, I yeeld you for your discipline,
And doe not doubt, but duly to encline
My wits thereto, as ye shall shortly heare.
The Priest him wisht good speed, and well to fare.
So parted they, as eithers way them led.
But th'Ape and Foxe ere long so well them sped,
Through the Priests wholsome counsell lately tought,
And through their owne faire handling wisely wrought,
That they a Benefice twixt them obtained;
And crafty Reynold was a Priest ordained;
And th'Ape his Parish Clarke procur'd to bee.
Then made they reuell route and goodly glee.
But ere long time had passed, they so ill
Did order their affaires, that th'euill will
Of all their Parishners they had constrain'd;
Who to the Ordinarie of them complain'd,
How fouly they their offices abus'd,
And them of crimes and heresies accus'd;
That Pursiuants he often for them sent:
But they neglecting his commaundement
So long persisted obstinate and bold,
Till at the length he published to hold
A Visitation, and them cyted thither:
Then was high time their wits about to gather;
VVhat did they then, but made a composition
With their next neighbour Priest for light condition,
To whom their liuing they resigned quight
For a few pence, and ran away by night.
So passing through the Countrey in disguize,
They fled far off, where none might them surprize,
And after that long straied heere and there,
Through euery field and forrest farre and nere;
Yet neuer found occasion for their tourne,
But almost steru'd, did much lament and mourne.

At last, they chaunc't to meet vpon the way
The Mule, all deckt in goodly rich aray,
VVith bells and bosses, that full lowdly rung,
And costly trappings, that to ground downe hung.
Lowly they him saluted in meeke wise:
But he through pride and fatnes gan despise
Their meann. sse; scarce vouchsafte them to requite.
Whereat the Fox deepe groning in his sprite,
Said, Ah! sir Mule, now blessed be the day,
That I see you so goodly and so gay
In your attyres, and eke your silken hyde
Fill'd with round flesh, that euery bone doth hide.
Seemes that in fruitfull pastures you doe liue,
Or Fortune doth you secret fauour giue.
Foolish Fox (said the Mule) thy wretched need
Praiseth the thing that doth thy sorrow breed.
For well I weene, thou canst not but envie
My wealth, compar'd to thine owne misery,
Th. art so leane and meagre waxen late,
That scarce thy legs vphold thy feeble gate.
Ay me (said then the Fox) whom euill hap
Vnworthy in such wretchednes doth wrap,
And makes the scorne of other beasts to bee:
But read (faire Sir, of grace) from whence come yee?
Or what of tydings you abroad doe heare?
Newes may perhaps some good vnweeting beare.
From royall Cowrt I lately came (said he)
VVhere all the brauerie that eye may see,
And all the happinesse that hart desire,
Is to be founds; he nothing can admire,
That hath not seene that heauens portracture:
But tydings there is none I you assure,
Saue that which common is, and knowne to all,
That Courtiers as the tyde doe rise and fall.
But, tell vs (said the Ape) we doe you pray,
Who now in Court doth beare the greatest sway.
That if such fortune doe to vs befall,
VVe may seeke fauour of the best of all.
Marie (said he) the highest now in grace,
Be the wilde beasts, that swiftest are in chase;
For in their speedie course and nimble flight
The Lion now doth take the most delight:
But chiefelie, ioyes on foote them to behold,
Enchaste with chaine and circulet of gold:
So wilde a beast so tame y taught to bee,
And buxome to his bands is ioy to see.
So well his golden Circlet him beseemeth:
But his late chaine his Liege vnmeet esteemeth;
For so braue beasts hee loueth best to see
In the wilde forrest raunging fresh and free.
Therefore if fortune thee in Court to liue,
In case thou euer there wilt hope to thriue,
To some of these thou must thy selfe apply:
Else, as a thistle-downe in th'ayre doth flie,
So, vainelie shalt thou to and fro be tost,
And lose thy labour and thy fruitlesse cost.
And yet full few that follow them I see,
For vertues hare regard aduaunced bee,
But either for some gainefull benefit,
Or that they may for their owne turnes be fit.
Nath'lesse, perhaps, ye things may handle so,
That ye may better thriue then thousands mo.
But (said the Ape) how shall we first come in,
That after we may fauour seeke to win?
How else (said he) but with a good bold face,
And with big words, and with a stately pace,
That men may thinke of you in generall,
That to be in you, which is not at all:
For, not by that which is, the world now deemeth
(As it was wont) but by that same it seemeth.
Ne doe I doubt, but that ye well can fashion
Your selues there-to, according to occasion:
So fare ye well, good Courtiers may ye bee;
So proudly neighing, from them parted hee.
Then gan this craftie couple to deuize,
How for the Court themselues they might aguize:
For thither they themselues meant to addresse,
In hope to finde there happier successe;
So well they shifted, that the Ape anon
Him selfe had clothed like a Gentleman,
And the slie Fox, as like to be his groome,
That to the Court in seemely sort they come.
VVhere the fond Ape himselfe vprearing hy
Vpon his tiptoes, stalketh stately by,
As if he were some great *Magnifico*,
And boldly doth amongst the boldest go.
And his man Reynold with fine counterfesaunce
Supports his credite and his countenaunce.
Then gan the Courtiers gaze on euery side,
And stare on him, with big lookes based wide,
Wondring what mister wight he was, and whence:
For he was clad in strange accoustrements,
Fashion'd with queint deuises neuer seene
In Court before, yet there all fashions beene:
Yet he them in newfangleneesse did pass:
But his behauiour altogether was
Alla Turchesca, much the more admyr'd,
And his lookes loftie, as if he aspyr'd
To dignitie, and disdeign'd the lowe degree;
That all which did such strangenesse in him see,
By secret meanes gan of his state enquire,
And priuily his seruant thereto hire:
VVho, throughly arm'd against such couerture,
Reported vnto all, that he was sure
A noble Gentleman of high regard,
Which through the world had with long trauell far'd,
And seene the manners of all beasts on ground;
Now heere arriu'd, to see if like he found.
Thus did the Ape at first him credit gaine,
Which afterwards he wisely did maintaine
VVith gallant showe, and daily more augment
Through his fine feats and Courtly complement:
For he could play, and daunce, and vaute, and spring,
And all that else pertaines to reuelling,
Onely through kindly aptnes of his ioynts.
Besides, he could doe many other poynts,
The which in Court him serued to good stead:
For, he mongst Ladies could their fortunes read
Out of their hands, and merie leasings tell,
And iuggle finely, that became him well:

But he so light was at legier-demaine,
That what he toucht, came not to light againe;
Yet would he laugh it out, and proudly looke,
And tell them, that they greatly him mistooke:
So would he scoffe them out with mockerie,
For he therein had great felicitie;
And with sharp quips ioy'd others to deface,
Thinking that their disgracing did him grace:
So whilst that other like vaine wits he pleased,
And made to laugh, his hart was greatly eased.
But the right gentle mind would bite his lip,
To heare the Iuell so good men to nip:
For though the vulgar yeeld an open eare,
And common Courtiers loue to gybe and fleare
At euery thing, which they beare spoken ill,
And the best speeches with ill meaning spill;
Yet the braue Courtier, in whose beautious thought
Regard of honour harbours more than ought,
Doth loath such base condition, to backbite
Anies good name for enuie or despite:
He stands on tearmes of honourable mind,
Ne will be carried with the common wind
Of Courts inconstant mutabilitie,
Ne after euery tittling fable flie;
But heares, and sees the follies of the rest,
And thereof gathers for himselfe the best:
He will not creepe, nor crouch with fained face,
But walks vpright with comely stedfast pace,
And vnto all doth yeeld due curtesie;
But not with kissed hand belowe the knee,
As that same Apish crue is wont to do:
For he disdaines himselfe t'embase there-to.
He hates foule leasings, and vile flatterie,
Two filthy blots in noble Gentrie;
And lothefull idlenes he doth detest,
The canker-worme of euery gentle breast:
The which to banish with faire exercise
Of knightly feates, he daily doth deuise:
Now managing the mouthes of stubborne steedes,
Now practising the proofe of warlike deedes,
Now his bright armes assaying, now his speare,
Now the nigh-aymed ring away to beare;
At other times he casts to sew the chace
Of swift wilde beasts, or runne on foote a race,
T'enlarge his breath (large breath in armes most needfull)
Or else by wrestling to wex strong and heedful,
Or his stiffe armes to stretch with Eughen bowe,
And manly legs, still passing to and fro,
VVithout a gowned beast him fast beside;
A vaine ensample of the *Persian* pride,
VVho after he had wonne th'*Assyrian* foe,
Did euer after scorne on foote to goe.
Thus when this Courtly Gentleman with toyle
Himselfe hath wearied, he doth recoyle
Vnto his rest, and there with sweet delight
Of Musicks skill reuiues his toyled spright;
Or else with Loues, and Ladies gentle sports,
The ioy of youth, himselfe he recomforts:
Or lastly, when the body list to pause,
His minde vnto the Muses he with-drawes;
Sweet Lady Muses, Ladies of delight,
Delights of life, and ornaments of light:
With whom he close conferes with wise discourse,
Of Natures workes, of heauens continuall course,
Of forraine lands, of people differing,
Of kingdoms change, of diuers gouernment,
Of dreadfull battailes, of renowned Knights;
With which he kindleth his ambitious sprights
To like desire and praise of noble fame,
The onely vpshot whereto he doth aime:
For all his minde on honour fixed is,
To which he leuels all his purposes,
And in his Princes seruice spends his daies,
Not so much for to gaine, or for to raise
Himselfe to high degree, as for his grace,
And in his liking to winne worthy place,
Through due deserts and comely carriage,
In what so please employ his personage,
That may be matter meet to gaine him praise;
For he is fit to vse in all assayes,
Whether for Armes and warlike amenaunce,
Or else for wise and ciuill gouernaunce.
For he is practiz'd well in policie,
And there-to doth his courting most apply;
To learne the esterdeale of Princes strange,
To marke th'intent of Counsells, and the change
Of states, and eke of priuate men some-while,
Supplanted by fine falsehood and faire guile;
Of all the which he gathereth what is fit
T'enrich the storehouse of his powrfull wit,
Which through wise speeches, and graue conference
He daily eekes, and brings to excellence.
Such is the right ciuill Courtier in his kind:
But vnto such the Ape lent not his mind;
Such were for him no fit companions,
Such would descry his lewd conditions:
But the young lustie gallants he did chose
To follow, meet to whom he might disclose
His wicklesse pleasance, and ill-pleasing vaine,
A thousand wayes he them could entertaine,
With all the thriftlesse games that may be found,
With mumming and with masking all around,
VVith dice, with cards, with ballards far vnfit,
VVith shuttlecocks, misseeming manly wit,
VVith courtizans, and costly notize,
VVhereof still some what to his share did rize:
Ne, them to pleasure, would he sometimes scorne
A Pandars coate (so basely was he borne);
There-to he could fine louing verses frame,
And play the Poet oft. But ah! for shame,
Let not sweet Poets praise, whose onely pride
Is vertue to aduaunce, and vice deride,
Be with the worke of losels wit defamed,
Ne let such verses Poetry be named:
Yet he the name on him would rashly take,
Maugre the sacred Muses, and it make
A seruaunt to the vile affection
Of such, as he depended most vpon,
And with the sugry sweet thereof allure
Chaste Ladies eares to fantasies impure.

To such delights the noble wits he led
Which him relieu'd, and their vaine humors fed
With fruitlesse follies, and vnsound delights.
But if perhaps into their noble sprights
Desire of honour, or braue thought of armes
Did euer creepe, then with his wicked charmes
And strong conceits he would it driue away,
Ne suffer it to house there halfe a day.
And when-so loue of letters did inspire
Their gentle wits, and kindly wise desire
That chiefly doth each noble mind adorne,
Then he would scoffe at learning, and ekescorne
The Sectaries thereof, as people base,
And simple men, which neuer came in place
Of worlds affaires, but in darke corners mewd,
Muttred of matters, as their bookes them shewd,
Ne other knowledge euer did attaine,
But with their gownes their grauitie maintaine.
From them he would his impudent lewd speach
Against Gods holy Ministers oft reach,
And mock Diuines and their profession:
What else then did he by progression,
But mock high God himselfe, whom they professe?
But what car'd he for God or godlinesse?
All his care was himselfe how to aduaunce,
And to vphold his courtly countenaunce
By all the cunning meanes he could deuise;
Were it by honest waies, or otherwise,
He made small choice: yet sure his honestie
Got him small gaines, but shamelesse flattery,
And filthy brocage, and vnseemly shifts,
And borowe base, and some good Ladies gifts:
But the best help, which chiefely him sustain'd,
Was his man Raynolds purchase which he gain'd.
For he was school'd by kind in all the skill
Of close conueyance, and each practise ill
Of coosinage and cleanly knauerie,
Which oft maintain'd his masters brauery.
Besides, he vs'd another slippery slight,
In taking on himselfe in common sight,
False personages, fit for euery sted,
With which he thousands cleanly coosined:
Now like a Merchant, Merchants to deceaue,
With whom his credite he did often leaue
In gage, for his gay Masters hopelesse dett:
Now like a Lawyer, when he land would lett,
Or sell fee-simples in his Masters name,
Which he had neuer, nor ought like the same:
Then would he be a Broker, and draw in
Both wares and money, by exchange to win:
Then would he seeme a Farmer, that would sell,
Bargaines of woods, which he did lately fell,
Or corne, or cattle, or such other ware,
There-by to coosin men not well aware;
Of all the which there came a secret fee
To th'Ape, that he his countenaunce might bee.
Besides all this, he vs'd oft to beguile
Poore suters, that in Court did haunt some while:
For he would learne their busines secretly,
And then informe his Master hastily,
That he by meanes might cast them to prevent,
And beg the sute the which the other ment.
Or otherwise, false Reynold would abuse
The simple Suter, and wish him to chuse
His Master, being one of great regard
In Court, to compas any sute not hard,
In case his paines were recompenc't with reason:
So would he worke the silly man by treason
To buy his Masters friuolous good will,
That had not power to doe him good or ill.
So pittifull a thing is Suters state.
Most miserable man, whom wicked fate
Hath brought to Court, to sue for had-ywist,
That few haue found, and many one hath mist;
Full little knowest thou that hast not tride,
What hell it is, in suing long to bide:
To loose good dayes that might be better spent;
To waste long nights in pensiue discontent:
To speed to day, to be put back to morrow;
To feed on hope, to pine with feare and sorrow;
To haue thy Princes grace, yet want her Peeres;
To haue thy asking, yet waite many yeeres;
To fret thy soule with crosses and with cares;
To eate thy hart through comfortlesse despaires;
To fawne, to crouche, to wait, to ride, to ronne;
To spend, to giue, to want, to be vndonne.
Vnhappy wight, borne to desastrous end,
That doth his life in so long tendance spend.
Who euer leaues sweet home, where meane estate
In safe assurance, without strife or hate,
Findes all things needfull for contentment meeke;
And will to Court for shadowes vaine to seeke,
Or hope to gaine, himselfe a daw will try:
That curse God send vnto mine enemy.
For none but such as this bold Ape vnblest,
Can euer thriue in that vnlucky quest;
Or such as hath a Reynold to his man,
That by his shifts his Master furnish can.
But yet this Foxe could not so closely hide
His crafty feates, but that they were descride
At length, by such as sate in iustice seat,
Who for the same him fouly did entreat;
And hauing worthily him punished,
Out of the Court for euer banished,
And now the Ape wanting his huckster man,
That wont prouide his necessaries, gan
To growe into great lack, ne could vp-holde
His countenaunce in those his garments olde;
Ne new ones could he easily prouide,
Though all men him vncased gan deride,
Like as a Puppit placed in a play,
Whose part once past, all men bid take away:
So that he driuen was to great distresse,
And shortly brought to hopelesse wretchednesse.
Then closely as he might, he cast to leaue
The Court, not asking any Pas or leaue;
But ran away in his rent rags by night,
Ne euer stayd in place, ne spake to wight,
Till that the Foxe his copesmate he had found,
To whom complayning his vnhappy stound,

At last againe with him in trauell ioynd,
And with him far'd some better chaunce to finde.
So in the world long time they wandered,
And mickle want and hardnesse suffered;
That them repented much so foolishly
To come so farre to seeke for misery,
And leaue the sweetnes of contented home,
Though eating hips, and drinking watry some.
Thus as they them complained to and fro,
Whilst through the forest restlesse they did goe,
Lo where they spide, how in a gloomy glade,
The Lion sleeping lay in secret shade,
His Crowne and Scepter lying him beside,
And hauing doft for heat his dreadfull hide:
Which when they sawe, the Ape was sore afraide,
And would haue fled with terror all dismaide.
But him the Foxe with hardy words did stay,
And bad him put all cowardize away:
For now was time (if euer they would hope)
To ayme their counsels to the fairest scope,
And them for euer highly to aduaunce,
In case the good which their owne happy chaunce
Them freely offred, they would wisely take.
Scarce could the Ape yet speake, so did he quake,
Yet as he could, he askt how good might growe,
Where nought but dread & death do seeme in showe.
Now (said he) whiles the Lion sleepeth sound,
May we his Crowne and Mace take from the ground,
And eke his skinne, the terror of the wood,
Where-with we may our selues (if we thinke good)
Make Kings of beasts, and Lords of forests all,
Subiect vnto that powre imperiall.
Ah! but (said th'Ape) who is so bold a wretch,
That dare his hardy hand to those out-stretch;
When as he knowes his meed, if he be spide,
To be a thousand deathes, and shame beside?
Fond Ape (said then the Foxe) into whose brest
Neuer crept thought of honour, nor braue gest,
Who will not venture life a King to bee,
And rather rule and raigne in soueraigne see,
Than dwell in dust inglorious and base,
Where none shall name the number of his place?
One ioyous houre in blisfull happinesse,
I chuse before a life of wretchednes.
Be therefore counselled heerein by me,
And shake off this vile-harted cowardree.
If hee awake, yet is not death the next,
For we may coulor it with some pretext
Of this, or that, that may excuse the crime:
Else we may flye; thou to a tree mayst clime,
And I creepe vnder ground; both from his reach:
Therefore be rul'd to doo as I doe teach.
The Ape, that earst did nought but chill and quake,
Now gan some courage vnto him to take,
And was content to attempt that enterprise,
Tickled with glory and rash couetise;
But first gan question, whether should assay
Those royall ornaments to steale away.
Mary that shall your selfe (quoth he thereto)
For ye be fine and nimble it to doo;
Of all the beasts which in the forests bee,
Is not a fitter for this turne than yee:
Therefore, mine owne deare brother take good hart,
And euer thinke a kingdome is your part.
Loath was the Ape (though praised) to aduenture,
Yet faintly gan into his worke to enter,
Afraid of euery leafe that stirr'd him by,
And euery stick, that vnderneath did ly;
Vpon his tiptoes nicely he vp went,
For making noyse, and still his eare he lent
To euery sound, that vnder heaven blew,
Now went, now stept, now crept, now backward drew,
That it good sport had been him to haue eyde:
Yet at the last (so well he him applyde,)
Through his fine handling, and his cleanly play,
He all those royall signes had stolne away,
And with the Foxes helpe them borne aside,
Into a secret corner vnespide.
Whither when as they came, they fell at words,
Whether of them should be the Lord of Lords:
For th'Ape was stryfull, and ambicious;
And the Foxe guilefull, and most couetous,
That neither pleased was, to haue the raine
Twixt them diuided into euen twaine,
But either (algates) would be Lords alone:
For Loue and Lordship bide no paragone.
I am most worthy (said the Ape) leth I
For it did put my life in ieopardy:
There-to I am in person and in stature
Most like a man, the Lord of euery creature,
So that it seemeth I was made to raigne,
And borne to be a kingly Soueraigne.
Nay (said the Foxe) Sir Ape you are astray:
For though to steale the Diademe away
Were the worke of your nimble hand, yet I
Did first deuise the plot by policie;
So that it wholly springeth from my wit:
For which also I claime my selfe more fit
Than you, to rule: for gouernment of state
Will without wisedome soone be ruinate.
And where you claime your selfe for outward shape
Most like a man, Man is not like an Ape
In his chiefe parts, that is, in wit and spirit;
But I therein most like to him doe merite
For my slie wyles and subtill craftinesse,
The title of the kingdome to possesse.
Nath'lesse (my brother) since we passed are
Vnto this poynt, we will appeale our iarre,
And I with reason meet will rest content,
That ye shall haue both crowne and gouernment,
Vpon condition that ye ruled bee
In all affaires, and counselled by mee;
And that ye let none other euer drawe
Your minde from mee, but keepe this as a lawe:
And hereupon an oath vnto me plight.
The Ape was glad to end the strife so light,
And there-to swore: for who would not sticke,
And oft vnsweare, a Diademe to beare?
Then freely vp those royall spoyles hee tooke,
Yet at the Lions skin he inly quooke;

But

But it dissembled, and vpon his head
The Crowne, and on his back the skin he did,
And the false Foxe him helped to array.
Then when he was all dight, he tooke his way
Into the forrest, that he might be seene
Of the wilde beasts in his new glory sheene.
There the two first, whom he encountred, were
The Sheepe and th'Asse, who striken both with feare
At sight of him, gan fast away to flye,
But vnto them the Foxe aloud did cry,
And in the Kings name bad them both to stay,
Vpon the paine that thereof follow may.
Hardly nath'lesse were they restrained so,
Till that the Foxe forth toward them did go,
And there disswaded them from needlesse feare,
For that the King did fauour to them beare;
And therefore dreadlesse bad them come to Corte:
For no wilde beasts should doe them any totte
There or abroad, ne would his maiestie
Vse them but well, with gracious clemencie,
As whom he knew to him both fast and true;
So he perswaded them with homage due
Themselues to humble to the Ape prostrate,
VVho gently to them bowing in his gate,
Receiued them with chearfull entertaine.

Thence, forth proceeding with his princely traine,
He shortly met the Tygre, and the Bore,
Which with the simple Camell raged sore
In bitter words, seeking to take occasion,
Vpon his fleshy corps to make invasion:
But soone as they this mock-King did espy,
Their troublous strife they stinted by and by,
Thinking indeed that it the Lion was.
He then to proue whether his power would pass
As currant, sent the Foxe to them straight way,
Commaunding them their cause of strife bewray;
And if that wrong on either side there were,
That he should warne the wronger to appeare
The morrow next at Court, it to defend;
In the meane time vpon the King t'attend.

The subtile Foxe so well his message said,
That the proud beasts him readily obayd:
Whereby the Ape in wondrous stomack woxe,
Strongly encourag'd by the crafty Foxe;
That King indeed himselfe he shortly thought,
And all the beasts him feared as they ought:
And followed vnto his Palace hie,
Where taking Conge, each one by and by
Departed to his home in dreadfull awe,
Full of the feated sight which late they sawe.

The Ape thus seized of the Regall throne,
Efsoones by counsell of the Foxe alone,
Gan to provide for all things in assurance,
That so his rule might lenger haue endurance.
First, to his Gate he pointed a strong gard,
That none might enter but with issue hard:
Then for the safegard of his personage,
He did appoint a warlike equipage
Of forraine beasts, not in the forrest bred,
But part by land, and part by water fed;
For tyrannie is with strange ayde supported.
Then vnto him all monstrous beasts resorted
Bred of two kindes, as Griffons, Minotaures,
Crocodiles, Dragons, Beauers, and Centaures:
With those himselfe he strengthned mightilie,
That feare he need no force of enemy.
Then gan he rule and tyrannize at will,
Like as the Foxe did guide his graceless skill,
And all wilde beasts made vassals of his pleasures,
And with their spoyles enlarg'd his priuate treasures.
No care of iustice, nor no rule of reason,
No temperance, nor no regard of season
Did thenceforth euer enter in his minde,
But crueltie, the signe of currish kinde,
And sdeignfull pride, and wilfull arrogance;
Such followes those whom fortune doth aduance.

But the false Fox most kindly plaid his part:
For, whatsoeuer mother wit, or arte
Could worke, he put in proofe: no practise slie,
No counterpoint of cunning policie,
No reach, no breach, that might him profit bring,
But he the same did to his purpose wring.
Nought suffered he the Ape to giue or graunt,
But through his hand must passe the Fiaunt.
All offices, all Leases by him lept,
And of them all what-so he likte, he kept.
Iustice he solde inustice for to buy,
And for to purchase for his progeny.
Ill might it prosper, that ill gotten was:
But so he got it, little did he pass.
He fed his cubs with fat of all the soyle,
And with the sweet of others sweating toyle,
He crammed them with crums of Benefices,
And fild their mouthes with meeds of malefices,
He cloathed them with all colours saue white,
And loaded them with Lordships and with might,
So much as they were able well to beare,
That with the weight their backs nigh broken were;
He chaffred Chayres in which Churchmen were set,
And breach of lawes to priuie ferme did let.
No statute so established might be,
Nor ordinaunce so needfull, but that he
VVould violate, though not with violence,
Yet vnder colour of the confidence
The which the Ape repos'd in him alone,
And reckned him the kingdoms corner-stone.
And euer when he ought would bring to pass,
His long experience the platforme was:
And when he ought not pleasing would put by,
The cloke was care of thrift, and husbandry,
For to encrease the common treasures store;
But his owne treasure he encreased more,
And lifted vp his lofty towres therby,
That they began to threat the neighbour sky;
The whiles the Princes Palaces fell fast
To ruine: (for what thing can euer last?)
And whil'st the other Peeres for pouertie
VVere fore't their auncient houses to let lie,
And their old Castles to the ground to fall,
VVhich their forefathers (famous ouer all)

Had founded for the Kingdoms ornament,
And for their memories long moniment.
But he no count made of Nobilitie,
Nor the wilde beasts whom armes did glorifie,
The Realmes chiefe strength & girlond of the Crowne;
All these through fained crimes he thrust adowne,
Or made them dwell in darknes of disgrace:
For none, but whom he list might come in place.
Of men of armes he had but small regard,
But kept them lowe, and streightned very hard.
For men of learning little he esteemed;
His wisedome he aboue their learning deemed.
As for the rascall Commons least he cared;
For not so common was his bounty shared;
Let God (said he) if please, care for the many,
I for my selfe must care before else any:
So did he good to none, to many ill,
So did he all the kingdome rob and pill,
Yet none durst speak, nor none durst of him plaine;
So great he was in grace, and rich through gaine.
Ne would he any let to haue accesse
Vnto the Prince, but by his owne addresse:
For all that else did come, were sure to faile,
Yet would he further none but for availe.
For, on a time the Sheepe, to whom of yore
The Fox had promised of friendship store,
VVhat time the Ape the kingdome first did gaine,
Came to the Court, her case there to complaine,
How that the Wolfe her mortall enemy
Had sithence slaine her Lambe most cruelly;
And therefore crau'd to come vnto the King,
To let him knowe the order of the thing.
Soft gooddy Sheepe (then said the Foxe) not so:
Vnto the King so rash ye may not goe,
He is with greater matter busied,
Than a Lamb, or the Lambs owne mothers hed.
Ne certes may I take it well in part,
That ye my cousin Wolfe so fouly thwart,
And secke with slaunder his good name to blot:
For there was cause, else doe it he would not.
Therefore surcease good Dame, and hence depart.
So went the Sheepe away with heauie hart.
So many moe, so euery one was vsed,
That to giue largely to the boxe refused.

Now when high *Ioue*, in whose almighty hand
The care of Kings, and power of Empires stand,
Sitting one day within his turret hie,
From whence he viewes with his black-lidded eye,
VVhat-so the heauen in his wide vawte containes,
And all that in the deepest earth remaines,
And troubled kingdome of wilde beasts beheld,
Whom not their kindly Souereigne did weld,
But an vsurping Ape with guile suborn'd,
Had all subuerst, he disdeignfully it scorn'd
In his great hart, and hardly did refraine,
But that with thunder-bolts he had him slaine,
And driuen downe to hell, his dewest meed:
But him auizing, he that dreadfull deed
Forbore, and rather chose with scornfull shame
Him to auenge, and blot his brutish name
Vnto the world, that neuer after any
Should of his race be voyd of infamy:
And his false counsellor, the cause of all,
To damne to death, or dole perpetuall,
From whence he neuer should be quit, nor stall'd,
Forth-with he *Mercurie* vnto him call'd,
And bad him flie with neuer-resting speed
Vnto the forrest, where wilde beasts doe breed,
And there enquiring priuily, to learne,
VVhat did of late chaunce to the Lion sterne,
That he rul'd not the Empire, as he ought;
And whence were all those plaints vnto him brought
Of wrongs and spoiles, by saluage beasts committed;
VVhich done, he bad the Lion be remitted
Into his seat, and those same treachours vile
Be punished for their presumptuous guile.
The sonne of *Maia* soone as he receiu'd
That word, straight with his azure wings he cleau'd
The liquid clowdes, and lucid firmament;
Ne staid, till that he came with steepe descent
Vnto the place, where his prescript did showe.
There stouping like an arrowe from a bowe,
He soft arrined on the grassie Plaine,
And fairely passed forth with easie paine,
Till that vnto the Palace nigh he came.
Then gan he to himselfe new shape to frame,
And that faire face, and that Ambrosiall hew,
Which wonts to deck the Gods immortall crew,
And beautifie the shinie firmament,
He doft, vnfit for that rude rabblement.
So standing by the gates in strange disguize,
He gan enquire of some in secret wize,
Both of the King, and of his gouernment,
And of the Foxe, and his false blandishment:
And euermore he heard each one complaine
Of foule abuses both in realme and raigne.
Which yet to proue more true, he meant to see,
And an eye-witnes of each thing to bee.
Tho, on his head his dreadfull hat he dight,
VVhich maketh him inuisible in sight,
And mocketh th'eyes of all the lookers on,
Making them thinke it but a vision. (swerds;
Through power of that, hee runnes through enemies
Through power of that, he passeth through the herds
Of rauenous wilde beasts, and doth beguile
Their greedie mouthes of the expected spoile;
Through power of that, his cunning theeueries
He wonts to worke, that none the same espies;
And through the power of that, he putteth on,
VVhat shape he list in apparition.
That on his head he wore: and in his hand
He tooke *Caduceus* his snakie wand,
With which the damned ghosts he gouerneth,
And furies rules, and Tartare tempereth.
VVith that he causeth sleepe to seize the eyes,
And feare the hatts of all his enemies;
And when him list, an vniuersall night
Throughout the world he makes on euery wight;
As when his Sire with *Alcumena* lay.
Thus dight, into the Court he tooke his way,

Both through the gard, which neuer him deſcride,
And through the watchmen, who him neuer ſpide:
Thence, forth he paſt into each ſecret part,
Whereas he ſawe (that ſorely grieu'd his hart)
Each place abounding with foule iniuries,
And hid with treaſure rackt with robberies:
Each place defilde with blood of guiltleſs beaſts,
Which had beene ſlaine to ſerue the Apes beheaſts;
Gluttony, malice, pride, and couetize,
And lawleſnes raigning with riotize;
Beſides the infinite extortions,
Done through the Foxes great oppreſſions,
That the complaints thereof could not be tolde.
VVhich when he did with lothfull eyes behold,
He would no more endure, but came his way,
And caſt to ſeeke the Lion where he may,
That he might worke the auengement for this ſhame,
On thoſe two caytiues, which had bred him blame.
And ſeeking all the forreſt buſily,
At laſt he found, where ſleeping he did ly:
The wicked weed, which there the Foxe did lay,
From vnderneath his head he tooke away,
And then him waking, forced vp to rize.
The Lion looking vp, gan him avize,
As one late in a traunce, what had of long
Become of him: for fantaſie is ſtrong.
Ariſe (ſaid *Mercurie*) thou ſluggiſh beaſt,
That heere lieſt ſenſeleſſe, like the corpſe deceaſt,
The whil'ſt thy kingdome from thy head is rent,
And thy throne royall with diſhonor blent:
Ariſe, and doe thy ſelfe redeeme from ſhame,
And be aveng'd on thoſe that breed thy blame.
There-at enraged, ſoone he gan vp-ſtart,
Grinding his teeth, and grating his great hart,
And rouzing vp himſelfe, for his rough hide
He gan to reach; but no where it eſpide.
There-with he gan full terribly to rore,
And chauſt at that indignity right ſore.
But when his Crowne and ſcepter both he wanted
Lord how he ſum'd, and ſweld, and rag'd and panted;
And threatned death, and thouſand deadly dolours
To them that had purloyn'd his Princely honours!
With that in haſte, diſroabed as he was,
He toward his owne Palace forth did paſs;
And all the way he roared as he went,
That all the forreſt with aſtoniſhment
Thereof did tremble, and the beaſts therein
Fled faſt away from that ſo dreadfull din.
At laſt, he came vnto his manſion,
Where all the gates he found faſt lockt anon,
And many warders round about them ſtood.
With that he roar'd aloud, as he were wood;
That all the Palace quaked at the ſtound,
As if it quite were riuen from the ground,
And all within were dead and hartleſſe left;
And th'Ape himſelfe, as one whoſe wits were reft,
Fled heere and there, and euery corner ſought,
To hide himſelfe from his owne feared thought.
But the falſe Fox, when he the Lion heard,
Fled cloſely forth, ſtraight-way of death afeard,
And to the Lion came full lowly creeping,
With fained face, and watry eyne halfe weeping,
T'excuſe his former treaſon and abuſion,
And turning all vnto the Apes confuſion:
Nath'leſſe, the royall Beaſt forbore beleeuing,
But bad him ſtay at eaſe till further preeuing.
Then when he ſawe no entrance to him graunted,
Roaring yet lowder that all harts it daunted,
Vpon thoſe gates with force he fiercely flewe,
And rending them in peeces, felly ſlewe
Thoſe warders ſtrange, and all that elſe he met.
But th'Ape ſtill flying, he no where might get:
From roume to roume, from beame to beame he fled
All breathleſſe, and for feare now almoſt ded:
Yet him at laſt the Lion eſpide, and caught,
And forth with ſhame vnto his iudgement brought.
Then all the beaſts he caus'd aſſembled bee,
To heare their doome, and ſad enſample ſee.
The Foxe, firſt Author of that treacherie,
He did vncaſe, and then abroad let flie.
But th'Apes long taile (which then he had) he quight
Cut off, and both eares pared of their hight;
Since which, all Apes but halfe their eares haue left,
And of their tailes are vtterly bereft.

So Mother *Hubberd* her diſcourſe did end:
VVhich pardon me, if I amiſſe haue pend;
For, weake was my remembrance it to hold,
And bad her tongue that it ſo bluntly told.

FINIS.

COLIN CLOVTS

COME HOME AGAINE.

By *Edm. Spencer.*

AT LONDON,
Printed by *H. L.* for *Mathew Lownes.*

COLIN CLOVTS
COME HOME
AGAINE.

By Edm. Spenser.

AT LONDON
Printed by H. L. for Matbew Lownes.

TO THE RIGHT WORTHY
and noble Knight, Sir *Walter Raleigh*, Captaine
of her Maiesties Guard, Lord Wardein of the Stanneries, and Lieutenant of the Countie
of Cornwall.

SIR, that you may see that I am not alwaies idle as yee thinke, though not greatly well occupied, nor altogether vndutifull, though not precisely officious; I make you present of this simple Pastorall, vnworthy of your higher conceipt for the meaneneſſe of the ſtile, but agreeing with the truth in circumſtance and matter. The vvhich I humbly beſeech you to accept in part of payment of the infinite debt in which I acknowledge my ſelfe bounden vnto you (for your ſingular fauours, and ſundry good turnes ſhewed to me at my late being in England) and with your good countenaunce protect againſt the malice of euill mouthes, which are alwaies wide open to carpe at and miſconſtrue my ſimple meaning. I pray continually for your happineſſe. From my houſe at Kilcolman, the 27. of December. 1591.

Yours euer humbly.

Ed. Sp.

COLIN CLOVTS
come home againe.

THE ſhepheards boy (beſt knowen by that name)
That after TITYRVS firſt ſung his lay,
Laies of ſweet loue, without rebuke or blame,
Sate (as his cuſtome was) vpon a day,
Charming his oaten pipe vnto his peres,
The ſhepheard ſwaines that did about him play:
Who all the while with greedy liſtfull eares,
Did ſtand aſtoniſht at his curious skill,
Like hartleſſe Deare, diſmaid with thunders ſound.
At laſt, when as he piped had his fill,
He reſted him: and ſitting then around,
One of thoſe groomes (a iolly groome was hee,
As euer piped on an oaten reed,
And lou'd this ſhepheard deareſt in degree,
Hight HOBBINOLL) gan thus to him areed:
COLIN, my liefe, my life, how great a loſſe
Had all the ſhepheards nation by thy lacke?
And I, poore ſwaine, of many, greateſt croſſe:
That ſith thy Muſe firſt ſince thy turning back
Was heard to ſound as ſhe was wont on hie,
Haſt made vs all ſo bleſſed and ſo blythe.
Whilſt thou waſt hence, all dead in dole did lie:
The woods were heard to waile full many a ſythe,
And all their birds with ſilence to complaine:
The fields with faded flowers did ſeeme to mourne,
And all their flocks from feeding to refraine:
The running waters wept for thy returne,
And all their fiſh with languour did lament:
But now both woods and fields, and floods reviue,
Sith thou art come, their cauſe of meriment,
That vs late dead, haſt made againe aliue:
But were it not too painefull to repeate
The paſſed fortunes which to thee befell
In thy late voyage, we thee would intreat,
Now at thy leiſure them to vs to tell.
To whom the ſhepheard gently anſwered thus,
HOBBIN, thou temptеſt me to that I couet:
For of good paſſed, newly to diſcus,
By double vſurie doth twiſe renew it.
And ſince I ſaw that Angels bleſſed eye,
Her worlds bright ſun, her heauens faireſt light,
My mind full of my thoughts ſatietie,
Doth feed on ſweet contentment of that ſight:
Since that ſame day in nought I take delight,
Ne feeling haue in any earthly pleaſure,
But in remembrance of that glorious bright,
My liſes ſole bliſſe, my hearts eternall treaſure.
Wake then my pipe, my ſleepie Muſe awake,
Till I haue told her praiſes laſting long:
HOBBIN deſires, thou maiſt it not forſake,
Harke then ye iolly ſhepheards to my ſong.
With that, they all gan throng about him neare,
With hungry eares to heare his harmonie:
The whiles their flocks, deuoid of dangers feare,
Did round about them feede at libertie.
One day (quoth he) I ſate (as was my trade)
Vnder the foote of MOLE, that mountaine hore,
Keeping my ſheepe amongſt the cooly ſhade,
Of the greene alders by the MYLLAES ſhore:
There a ſtrange ſhepheard chaunſt to find me out,
Whether allured with my pipes delight,
Whoſe pleaſing ſound yſhrilled far about,
Or thither led by chaunce, I know not right:
Whom when I asked from what place he came,
And how he hight: himſelfe he did ycleepe,
The ſhepheard of the OCEAN by name,
And ſaid he came far from the main-ſea deepe.
He ſitting me beſide in that ſame ſhade,
Prouoked me to play ſome pleaſant fit.
And when he heard the muſicke which I made,
He found himſelfe full greatly pleaſd at it:
Yet, æmuling my pipe, he tooke in hond
My pipe, before that æmuled of many,
And plaid thereon: (for well that skill he cond)
Himſelfe as skilfull in that art as any.
He pip't, I ſung: and when he ſang, I piped,
By change of turnes, each making other merry,
Neither enuying other, nor enuied,
So piped we, vntill we both were wearie.
There interrupting him, a bonny ſwaine,
That CVDDY hight, him thus atweene beſpake:
And ſhould it not thy ready courſe reſtraine,
I would requeſt thee COLIN, for my ſake,
To tell what thou didſt ſing, when he did play.
For well I weene it worth recounting was,
Whether it were ſome hymne, or morall lay,
Or caroll made to praiſe thy loued Laſſe.
Nor of my loue, nor of my Laſſe, quoth he,
I then did ſing, as then occaſion fell:
For loue had me forlorne, forlorne of me,
That made me in that deſart chooſe to dwell.
But of my riuer BREGOGS loue I ſoong.

Which to the shiny MYLLA he did beare,
And yet doth beare, and euer will, so long
As water doth within his banks appeare.
Of fellowship, said then that bonny Boy,
Record to vs that louely lay againe:
The stay whereof, shall nought these eares annoy,
Who all that COLIN makes, do couet faine.
Heare then, quoth he, the tenor of my tale,
In sort as I it to that shepheard told:
No leasing new, nor Grandams fable stale,
But ancient truth, confirm'd with credence old.
Old father MOLE, (MOLE hight that mountain gray
That wall's the Northside of ARMYLLA dale)
He had a daughter fresh as flowre of May,
Which gaue that name vnto that pleasant vale:
MYLLA the daughter of old MOLE, so hight
The Nymph, which of that water course has charge,
That springing out of MOLE, doth run downe right
To BYTTEVANT, where spreading forth at large,
It giueth name vnto that auncient Citie,
Which KIENEMYLLAH cleped is of old:
Whose cragged ruines breed great ruth and pittie,
To trauellers, which it from farre behold.
Full faine she lou'd, and was belou'd full faine.
Of her owne brother riuer, BREGOG hight,
So hight because of this deceitfull traine,
Which he with MYLLA wrought to win delight.
But her old sire, more careful of her good,
And meaning her much better to preferre,
Did thinke to match her with the neighbour flood,
Which ALLO hight, Broad-water called farre:
And wrought so well with his continuall paine,
That he that riuer for his daughter wonne:
The dowre agreed, the day assigned plaine,
The place appointed where it should be donne.
Nath'lesse the Nymph her former liking held;
For loue will not be drawne, but must be ledde,
And BREGOG did so well her fancie weld,
That her good will he got, her first to wedde.
But for her father sitting still on hie,
Did warily still watch which way she went,
And eke from farre obseru'd with iealous eye,
Which way his course the wanton BREGOG bent,
Him to deceiue for all his watchfull ward,
The wily louer did deuise this slight:
First into many parts his streame he shar'd,
That whilst the one was watcht, the other might
Passe vnespide to meet her by the way;
And then besides, those little streames so broken,
He vnder ground so closely did conuay,
That of their passage doth appeare no token,
Till they into the MYLLAES water slide.
So, secretly did he his loue enioy:
Yet not so secret but it was descride,
And told her father by a shepheards boy.
Who wondrous wroth for that so foule despight,
In great auenge did roll downe from his hill
Huge mightie stones, the which encomber might
His passage, and his water-courses spill.
So of a Riuer, which he was of old,
He none was made, but scattred all to nought,
And lost emong those rocks into him rold,
Did lose his name: so deare his loue he bought.
Which hauing said, him THESTYLIS bespake,
Now by my life, this was a merry lay:
Worthy of COLINS selfe, that did it make.
But read now eke of friendship I thee pray,
What dittie did that other shepheard sing?
For I doe couet most the same to heare,
As men vse most to couet forraine thing.
That shall I eke, quoth he, to you declare.
His song was all a lamentable lay,
Of great vnkindnesse, and of vsage hard,
Of CYNTHIA the Lady of the Sea,
Which from her presence, faultlesse him debard.
And euer and anon with singults rise,
He cried out, to make his vndersong,
Ah my loues Queene, and Goddesse of my life,
Who shall me pittie, when thou doost me wrong?
Then gan a gentle bonylasse to speake,
That MARTIN hight, Right well he sure did plaine,
That could great CYNTHIAES sore displeasure break;
And moue to take him to her grace againe.
But tell on further COLIN, as befell
Twixt him and thee, that thee did hence dissuade.
When thus our pipes we both had wearied well,
Quoth he, and each an end of singing made,
He gan to cast great liking to my lore,
And great disliking to my luckelesse lot,
That banisht had my selfe, like wight forlore,
Into that waste, where I was quite forgot.
The which to leaue, thenceforth he counseld mee,
Vnmeet for man, in whom was ought regardfull,
And wend with him, his CYNTHIA to see:
Whose grace was great, & bountie most rewardfull.
Besides her peerlesse skill in making well,
And all the ornaments of wondrous wit,
Such as all womankind did farre excell:
Such as the world admyr'd, and praised it:
So what with hope of good, and hate of ill,
He me perswaded forth with him to fare:
Nought tooke I with me, but mine oaten quill,
Small needments else need shepheards to prepare.
So to the sea we came; the sea? that is,
A world of waters heaped vp on hie,
Rolling like mountaines in wide wilderneſſe,
Horrible, hideous, roaring with hoarse cry.
And is the sea, quoth CORIDON, so fearefull?
Feareful much more, quoth he, then hart can feare:
Thousand wilde beasts, with deep mouthes gaping dire.
Therin still wait, poore passengers to teare.
Who life doth loath, and longs death to behold,
Before he die, already dead with feare,
And yet would liue with heart halfe stony cold,
Let him to sea, and he shall see it there.
And yet as ghastly dreadfull as it seemes,
Bold men, presuming life for gaine to sell,
Dare tempt that gulfe, and in those wandring streames
Seeke waies vnknowne, waies leading downe to hell.
For as we stood there waiting on the strond,
Behold, an huge great vessell to vs came,
Dauncing vpon the waters back to lond,

As if it scorned the danger of the same;
Yet was it but a wooden frame and fraile,
Glewed together with some subtile matter,
Yet had it armes and wings, and head and taile,
And life to moue it selfe vpon the water.
Strange thing, how bold & swift the monster was,
That neither car'd for wind, nor haile, nor raine,
Nor swelling waues, but thorough them did passe
So proudly, that she made them roare againe.
The same aboord vs gently did receaue,
And without harme, vs farre away did beare,
So farre, that land our mother vs did leaue,
And nought but sea and heauen to vs appeare.
Then hartlesse quite and full of inward feare,
That shepheard I besought to me to tell,
Vnder what skie, or in what world we were,
In which I saw no liuing people dwell.
Who me recomforting all that he might,
Told me that that same was the Regiment
Of a great shepheardesse, that CYNTHIA hight,
His liege, his Ladie, and his lifes Regent.
If then, quoth I, a shepheardesse she bee,
Where be the flocks and heards, which she doth keepe?
And where may I the hills and pastures see,
On which she vseth for to feed her sheepe?
These be the hills, quoth he, the surges hie,
On which faire CYNTHIA her heards doth feed:
Her heards be thousand fishes with their frie,
Which in the bosome of the billowes breed.
Of them the shepheard which hath charge in chiefe,
Is TRITON, blowing loud his wreathed horne:
At sound whereof, they all for their reliefe
Wend to and fro at euening and at morne.
And PROTEVS eke with him does driue his heard
Of stinking Seales and Porcpiscees togither,
With hoary head and deawie dropping beard,
Compelling them which way he list, and whither.
And I among the rest of many least,
Haue in the Ocean charge to me assigned:
Where I will liue or die at her beheast,
And serue and honour her with faithfull mind.
Besides, an hundred Nymphs all heauenly borne,
And of immortall race, do still attend, (shorne,
To wash faire CYNTHIAES sheepe, when they be
And fold them vp, when they haue made an end.
Those be the Shepheards which my CYNTHIA serue,
At sea, beside a thousand moe at land:
For land and sea my CYNTHIA doth deserue
To haue in her commandement at hand.
Thereat I wondred much, till wondring more
And more, at length we land far off descride:
Which sight much gladded me; for much afore
I feard, least land we neuer should haue eyde:
Thereto our ship her course directly bent,
As if the way she perfectly had knowne.
We LYNDA passe; by that same name is ment
An Iland, which the first to West was showne.
From thence another world of land we kend,
Floting amid the sea in icopardie,
And round about with mightie white rocks hemd,
Against the seas encroching crueltie.
Those same the shepheard told me, were the fields
In which dame CYNTHIA her land-heards fed,
Faire goodly fields, then which ARMYLLA yeelds
None fairer, nor more fruitfull to be red.
The first to which we nigh approched, was
An high head-land, thrust far into the sea,
Like to an horne, whereof the name it has,
Yet seem'd to be a goodly pleasant lea:
There did a loftie mount at first vs greet,
Which did a stately heape of stones vpreare,
That seemd amid the surges for to fleet,
Much greater then that frame, which vs did beare:
There did our ship her fruitfull wombe vnlade,
And put vs all ashore on CYNTHIAS land.
What land is that thou meanst, then CYDDY said,
And is there other, then whereon we stand?
Ah CYDDY, then quoth COLIN, thou's a fon,
That hast not seene least part of Natures worke:
Much more there is vnkend, then thou doost kon,
And much more that does from mens knowledge lurke.
For that same land much larger is then this,
And other men and beasts and birds doth feed:
There fruitfull corne, faire trees, fresh herbage is
And all things else that liuing creatures need.
Besides, most goodly riuers there appeare,
No whit inferiour to thy FVNCHINS praise,
Or vnto ALLO, or to MYLLA cleare:
Nought hast thou foolish boy seene in thy daies.
But if that land be there, quoth he, as here,
And is their heauen likewise there all one?
And if like heauen, be heauenly graces there,
Like as in this same world where we do won?
Both heauen and heauenly graces doe much more,
Quoth he, abound in that same land, then this.
For there all happy peace and plentious store
Conspire in one to make contented blisse:
No wayling there nor wretchednesse is heard,
No bloodie issues, nor no leprosies,
No grieſly famine, nor no raging sweard,
No nightly bodrags, nor no hue and cries;
The shepheards there abroad may safely lie,
On hills and downes, withouten dread or danger:
No rauenous Wolues the good mans hope destroy,
Nor outlawes fell affray the forest ranger.
There learned Arts do florish in great honor,
And Poets wits are had in peerelesse price:
Religion hath lay powre to rest vpon her,
Aduauncing vertue, and suppressing vice.
For end, all good, all grace there freely growes,
Had people grace it gratefully to vse:
For God his gifts there plentiously bestowes,
But graceless men them greatly doe abuse.
But say on further, then said CORYLAS,
The rest of thine aduentures, that betyded.
Forth on our voyage we by land did passe,
Quoth he, as that same shepheard still vs guided,
Vntill that we to CYNTHIAS presence came:
Whose glory, greater then my simple thought,
I found much greater then the former fame;
Such greatnes I cannot compare to ought:
But if I her like ought on earth might read,

I would

I would her liken to a crowne of Lillies,
Vpon a virgin brides adorned head,
With Roses dight, and Goolds and Daffadillies,
Or like the circlet of a Turtle true,
In which all colours of the Rainebowe bee;
Or like faire PHOEBES garlond shining new,
In which all pure perfection, one may see.
But vaine it is to thinke by paragone
Of earthly things, to iudge of things diuine:
Her power, her mercy, & her wisedome, none
Can deeme, but who the Godhead can define.
Why then do I base shepheard bold and blind,
Presume the things so sacred to prophane?
More fit it is t'adore with humble mind,
The image of the heauens in shape humane.
With that, ALEXIS broke his tale asunder,
Saying, By wondring at thy CYNTHIAES praise:
COLIN, thy selfe thou mak'st vs more to wonder,
And her vpraising, doost thy selfe vpraise.
But let vs heare what grace she shewed thee,
And how that shepheard strange, thy cause aduaunced?
The shepheard of the Ocean (quoth he)
Vnto that Goddesse grace me first enhanced:
And to mine oaten pipe enelin'd her eare,
That she thenceforth therein gan take delight,
And it desir'd at timely houres to heare,
All were my notes but rude and roughly dight.
For not by measure of her owne great mind,
And wondrous worth she mott my simple song,
But ioyd that country shepheard ought could find
Worth harkening to, emongst that learned throng.
Why? said ALEXIS then, what needeth shee
That is so great a shepheardesse her selfe,
And hath so many shepheards in her see,
To heare thee sing, a simple silly Elfe?
Or be the shepheards which doe serue her laesie?
That they list not their mery pipes apply,
Or be their pipes vntunable and craesie,
That they cannot her honour worthily?
Ah nay, said COLIN, neither so, nor so.
For better shepheards be not vnder skie,
Nor better able, when they list to blow
Their pipes aloude, her name to glorifie.
There is good HARPALVS, now woxen aged,
In faithfull seruice of faire CYNTHIA,
And there is CORIDON, but meanly waged,
Yet ablest wit of most I knowe this day.
And there is sad ALCYON, bent to mourne,
Though fit to frame an euerlasting dittie,
Whose gentle spright for DAPHNES death doth tourn
Sweet layes of loue, to endlesse plaints of pittie.
Ah pensiue boy pursue that braue conceipt,
In thy sweet Eglantine of MERIELYRE,
Lift vp thy notes vnto their wonted height,
That may thy Muse and mates to mirth allure.
There eke is PALIN, worthy of great praise,
Albe he enuie at my rusticke quill:
And there is pleasing ALCON, could he raise
His tunes from layes, to matter of more skill.
And there is old PALEMON, free from spight,
Whose carefull pipe may make the hearer rew:
Yet he himselfe may rewed be more right,
That sung so long vntill quite hoarse he grew.
And there is ALABASTER throughly taught
In all his skill, though knowen yet to few:
Yet were he knowne to CYNTHIA as he ought,
His Elisei's would be redde anew.
Who liues that can match that heroick song,
Which he hath of that mightie Princesse made?
O dreaded Dread, doe not thy selfe that wrong,
To let thy fame lie so in hidden shade:
But call it forth, ô call him forth to thee,
To end thy glory, which he hath begun:
That when he finisht hath as it should be,
No brauer Poeme can be vnder Sun.
Nor PO nor TYBVRS swans, so much renowned,
Nor all the brood of Greece so highly praised,
Can match that Muse, when it with Bayes is crowned,
And to the pitch of her perfection raised.
And there is a new shepheard late vp sprong,
The which doth all afore him far surpasse:
Appearing well in that well tuned song,
Which late he sung vnto a scornfull Lasse.
Yet doth his trembling Muse but lowely flie,
As daring not too rashly mount on hight,
And doth her tender plumes as yet but trie,
In loues soft layes, and looser thoughts delight.
Then rouze thy feathers quickly DANIELL,
And to what course thou please thy selfe aduaunce:
But most, me seemes, thy accent will excell,
In Tragicke plaints and passionate mischance.
And there that shepheard of the OCEANIS,
That spends his wit in loues consuming smart:
Full sweetly tempred is that Muse of his,
That can empierce a Princes mightie hart.
There also is (ah no, he is not now)
But since I said he is, he quite is gone,
AMYNTAS quite is gone and lies full lowe,
Hauing his AMARILLIS left to mone.
Helpe, ô ye shepheards, helpe ye all in this,
Helpe AMARILLIS this her losse to mourne:
Her losse is yours, your losse AMYNTAS is,
AMYNTAS, flowre of shepheards pride forlorne:
He, whilst he liued, was the noblest swaine,
That euer piped on an oaten quill:
Both did he other, which could pipe, maintaine,
And eke could pipe himselfe with passing skill.
And there, though last not least is AETION,
A gentler shepheard may no where be found:
Whose Muse, full of high thoughts inuention,
Doth like himselfe heroically sound.
All these, and many others moe remaine,
Now after ASTROFELL is dead and gone.
But while as ASTROFELL did liue and raigne,
Amongst all these was none his Paragone:
All these do florish in their sundry kind,
And doe their CYNTHIA immortall make:
Yet found I liking in her royall mind,
Not for my skill, but for that shepheards sake.
Then spake a louely Lasse, hight LVCIDA:
Shepheard, enough of shepheards thou hast told,
Which fauour thee, and honour CYNTHIA,

But

But of so many Nymphs which she doth hold
In her retinew, thou hast nothing said,
That seemes, with none of them thou fauour foundest,
Or art ingratefull to each gentle maid,
That none of all their due deserts resoundest.
Ah far be it, quoth COLIN CLOVT, fro me,
That I of gentle Mayds should ill deserue:
For that my selfe I doe professe to be
Vassall to one, whom all my dayes I serue.
The beame of beautie sparkled from aboue,
The flowre of vertue and pure chastitie:
The blossome of sweet ioy and perfect loue,
The pearle of peerelesse grace and modestie,
To her my thoughts I daily dedicate,
To her my hart I nightly martyrize:
To her my loue I lowely do prostrate,
To her my life I wholly sacrifice,
My thought, my heart, my loue, my life is shee:
And I hers euer onely, euer one:
One euer I, all vowed hers to bee,
One euer I, and others neuer none.
Then thus MELISSA said; Thrice happy Mayd,
Whom thou doost so enforce to deifie:
That woods, and hills, and valleyes, thou hast made
Her name to eccho vnto heauen hie.
But say, who else vouchsafed thee of grace?
They all, quoth he, me graced goodly well,
That all I praise: but in the highest place,
VRANIA, sister vnto ASTROFELL,
In whose braue mind, as in a golden coffer,
All heauenly gifts and riches locked are:
More rich then pearles of INDE, or gold of OPHER,
And in her sex more wonderfull and rare.
Ne lesse praise worthy I THEANA read,
Whose goodly beames though they be ouer-dight
With mourning stole of carefull widowhead,
Yet through that darksome vale do glister bright.
She is the vvell of bountie and braue mind,
Excelling most in glorie and great light:
She is the ornament of woman-kind,
And Courts chiefe garlond, with all vertues dight.
Therefore great CYNTHIA her in chiefest grace
Doth hold, and next vnto her selfe aduance,
Well worthie she of so honourable place:
For her great worth and noble gouernance.
Ne lesse praise-worthy is her sister deare,
Faire MARIAN, the Muses onely darling:
Whose beautie shineth as the morning cleare,
With siluer deawe vpon the Roses pearling.
Ne lesse praise-worthy is MANSILIA,
Best knowne by bearing vp great CYNTHIAES traine:
That same is she to whom DAPHNAIDA
Vpon her neeces death I did complaine.
She is the patterne of true womanhead,
And onely mirrhor of feminitie:
Worthy next after CYNTHIA to tread,
As she is next her in nobilitie.
Ne lesse praise-worthy GALATHEA seemes,
Then best of all that honourable crew,
Faire GALATHEA with bright shining beames,
Inflaming feeble eyes that her doe view.
She there then waited vpon CYNTHIA,
Yet there is not her won, but heere with vs
About the borders of our rich COSHMA,
Now made of MAA, the Nymph delitious.
Ne lesse praise-worthy faire NEAERA is,
NEAERA, ours, not theirs, though there she be;
For of the famous SHVRE, the Nymph shee is,
For high desert, aduaunst to that degree.
She is the blossome of grace and curtesie,
Adorned with all honourable parts:
She is the branch of true nobilitie,
Belou'd of high and lowe with faithfull harts.
Ne lesse praise-worthy STELLA do I read,
Though nought my praises of her needed are,
Whom verle of noblest shepheard lately dead
Hath praisd and raisd aboue each other starre.
Ne lesse praise-worthy are the sisters three,
The honour of the noble familie:
Of which I meanest boast my selfe to be,
And most, that vnto them I am so nie.
PHYLLIS, CHARILLIS, & sweet AMARILLIS,
PHYLLIS the faire is eldest of the three:
The next to her is bountifull CHARILLIS.
But th'youngest is the highest in degree.
PHYLLIS, the flowre of rare perfection,
Faire spreading forth her leaues with fresh delight,
That with their beauties amorous reflexion,
Bereaue of sense each rash beholders sight.
But sweet CHARILLIS is the Paragone
Of peerlesse price, and ornament of praise,
Admyr'd of all, yet enuied of none,
Through the mylde temperance of her goodly raies.
Thrice happy doe I hold thee noble swaine,
The which art of so rich a spoile possest,
And it embracing deare without disdaine,
Hast sole possession in so chaste a brest:
Of all the shepheards daughters which there bee,
(And yet there be the fairest vnder skie,
Or that elsewhere I euer yet did see)
A fairer Nymph yet neuer saw mine eye:
She is the pride and primrose of the rest,
Made by the Maker selfe to be admired:
And like a goodly beacon high addrest,
That is with sparks of heauenly beautie fired.
But AMARILLIS, whether fortunate,
Or else vnfortunate may I aread,
That freed is from CVPIDS yoke by fate,
Since which, he doth new bands aduenture dread.
Shepheard what euer thou hast heard to be
In this or that prayse diuersly apart,
In her thou maist them all assembled see,
And seald vp in the treasure of her hart.
Ne thee lesse worthy gentle FLAVIA,
For thy chaste life and vertue I esteeme:
Ne thee lesse worthy corteous CANDIDA,
For thy true loue and loyaltie I deeme.
Besides yet many mo that CYNTHIA serue,
Right noble Nymphs, & high to be commended.
But if I all should praise as they deserue,
This sun would faile me ere I halfe had ended.
Therefore in closure of a thankfull mind,

I deeme

I deeme it best to hold eternally,
Their bountious deeds & noble fauours shrynd,
Then by discourse them to indignifie.
So hauing said, AGLAVRA him bespake:
COLIN, well worthy were those goodly fauours
Bestowd on thee, that so of them doost make,
And them requitest with thy thankfull labours.
But of great CYNTHIAES goodnesse and high grace
Finish the storie which thou hast begunne.
More eath, quoth he, it is in such a case,
How to begin, then knowe how to haue done.
For euery gift, and euery goodly meed,
Which she on me bestowd, demaunds a day;
And euery day, in which she did a deed,
Demaunds a yeere, it duly to display.
Her words were like a streame of honny fleeting,
The which doth softly trickle from the hiue,
Able to melt the hearers hart vnweeting,
And eke to make the dead, againe aliue.
Her deeds were like great clusters of ripe grapes,
Which load the bunches of the fruitfull Vine:
Offring to fall into each mouth that gapes,
And fill the same with store of timely Wine.
Her lookes were like beames of the morning Sunne,
Forth-looking through the windowes of the East:
When first the fleecie cattell haue begun
Vpon the perled grasse to make their feast.
Her thoughts are like the fume of Frankincence,
Which from a golden Censer forth doth rise:
And throwing forth sweet odours mounts fro thence
In rolling globes vp to the vauted skies.
There she beholds with high aspiring thought,
The cradle of her owne creation:
Emongst the seats of Angels heauenly wrought,
Much like an Angell in all forme and fashion.
COLIN, said CYDDY then, thou hast forgot
Thy selfe, me seemes, too much, to mount so hie:
Such loftie flight, base shepheard seemeth not,
From flocks and fields, to Angels and to skie.
True, answered he: but her great excellence,
Lifts me aboue the measure of my might:
That beeing fild with furious insolence,
I feele my selfe like one yrapt in spright.
For when I thinke of her, as oft I ought,
Then want I words to speake it fitly forth:
And when I speake of her what I haue thought,
I cannot thinke according to her worth.
Yet will I thinke of her, yet will I speake,
So long as life my limbs doth hold together,
And when as death these vitall bands shall breake,
Her name recorded I will leaue for euer.
Her name in euery tree I will endosse,
That as the trees doe growe, her name may growe:
And in the ground each where will it engrosse,
And fill with stones, that all men may it knowe.
The speaking woods, & murmuring waters fall,
Her name Ile teach in knowen termes to frame:
And eke my lambs when for their dams they call,
Ile teach to call for CYNTHIA by name.
And long while after I am dead and rotten,
Amongst the shepheards daughters dauncing round,
My layes made of her shall not be forgotten,
But sung by them with flowrie gyrlonds crownd.
And ye, who so ye be, that shall surviue,
When as ye heare her memorie renewed,
Be witnesse of her bountie here aliue,
Which she to COLIN her poore shepheard shewed.
Much was the whole assembly of those heards
Moov'd at his speech, so feelingly he spake:
And stood awhile astonisht at his words,
Till THESTYLIS at last their silence brake,
Saying, Why COLIN, since thou foundst such grace
With CYNTHIA, and all her noble crew:
Why didst thou euer leaue that happy place,
In which such wealth might vnto thee accrew?
And backe returnedst to this barren soile,
Where cold and care and penurie doe dwell,
Here to keepe sheepe, with hunger and with toile:
Most wretched he, that is and cannot tell.
Happy indeed, said COLIN, I him hold,
That may that blessed presence still enioy,
Of fortune and of enuy vncontrold,
Which still are wont most happy states t'annoy:
But I by that which little while I prooued,
Some part of those enormities did see,
The which in Court continually hooued,
And followd those which happy seemd to bee.
Therefore I silly man, whose former dayes
Had in rude fields been altogether spent,
Durst not aduenture such vnknowen waies,
Nor trust the guile of fortunes blandishment,
But rather chose back to my sheepe to tourne,
Whose vtmost hardnesse I before had tride,
Then hauing learnd repentance late, to mourne
Emongst those wretches which I there descride.
Shepheard, said THESTYLIS, it seemes of spight
Thou speakest thus gainst their felicitie,
Which thou enuiest, rather then of right
That ought in them blame-worthy thou doost spie.
Cause haue I none, quoth he, of cancred will
To quite them ill, that me demeand so well:
But selfe-regard of priuate good or ill,
Moues me of each, so as I found, to tell,
And eke to warne young shepheards wandring wit,
Which through report of that lifes painted blisse,
Abandon quiet home, to seeke for it,
And leaue their lambes to losse, misled amisse.
For sooth to say, it is no sort of life,
For shepheard fit to lead in that same place,
Where each one seeks with malice and with strife,
To thrust downe other into foule disgrace,
Himselfe to raise: and he doth soonest rise
That best can handle his deceitfull wit,
In subtill shifts, and finest sleights deuise,
Either by slaundring his well deemed name,
Through leasings lewd, and fained forgerie:
Or else, by breeding him some blot of blame,
By creeping close into his secrecie;
To which him needs, a guilefull hollow hart,
Masked with faire dissembling curtesie,
A filed tongue, furnisht with tearmes of art;
No art of schoole, but Courtiers schoolery.

For

For arts of schoole haue there small countenance,
Counted but toyes to busie idle braines:
And there professors find small maintenance,
But to be instruments of others gaines.
Ne is there place for any gentle wit,
Vnlesse to please, it selfe it can apply:
But shouldred is, or out of doore quite shit,
As base, or blunt, vnmeet for melodie.
For each mans worth is measur'd by his weede,
As Harts by hornes, or Asses by their eares:
Yet Asses been not all whose eares exceed,
Nor yet all Harts, that hornes the highest beares.
For highest lookes haue not the highest mind,
Nor haughtie words most full of highest thoughts:
But are like bladders blowen vp with wind,
That beeing prickt doe vanish into noughts.
Euen such is all their vaunted vanitie,
Nought elsse but smoke, that fumeth soone away:
Such is their glorie that in simple eye
Seeme greatest, when their garments are most gay.
So they themselues for praise of fooles doe sell,
And all their wealth for painting on a wall;
With price whereof, they buy a golden bell,
And purchase highest roomes in bower and hall:
Whiles single Truth and simple Honestie
Do wander vp and downe despysd of all;
Their plaine attire such glorious gallaptry
Disdaines so much, that none them in doth call.
Ah COLIN, then said HOBBINOL, the blame
Which thou imputest, is too generall,
As if not any gentle wit of name,
Nor honest mind might there be found at all.
For well I wot, sith I my selfe was there,
To wait on LOBBIN (LOBBIN well thou knewest)
Full many worthy ones then waiting were,
As euer elsse in Princes Court thou viewest.
Of which, among you many yet remaine,
Whose names I cannot readily now ghesse:
Those that poore Suters papers doe retaine,
And those that skill of medicine professe.
And those that do to CYNTHIA expound
The leaden of strange languages in charge:
For CYNTHIA doth in Sciences abound,
And giues to their professors stipends large.
Therefore vniustly thou doost wite them all,
For that which thou misliked st in a few.
Blame is, quoth he, more blameless generall,
Then that which priuate errours doth pursew:
For well I wote, that there amongst them be
Full many persons of right worthy parts,
Both for report of spotlesse honestie,
And for profession of all learned arts;
Whose praise hereby no whit impaired is,
Though blame doe light on those that faultie be;
For all the rest doe most-what fare amis,
And yet their owne misfaring will not see:
For either they be puffed vp with pride,
Or fraught with enuie, that their galls doe swell,
Or they their daies to idlenesse diuide,
Or drowned lie in pleasures wastefull well,
In which like Moldwarps nousling still they lurke,
Vnmindfull of chiefe parts of manlinesse,
And doe themselues for want of other worke,
Vaine votaries of laesie loue professe,
Whose seruice high so basely they esteem,
That CVPID selfe of them ashamed is:
And mustring all his men in VENVS view,
Denies them quite for seruitors of his.
And is loue then, said CORYLAS, once knowne
In Court, and his sweet lore professed there?
I weened sure he was our God alone:
And onely woond in fields and forests here.
Not so, quoth he, loue most aboundeth there.
For all the walls and windowes there are writ,
All full of loue, and loue, and loue my deare,
And all their talke and studieis of it.
Ne any there doth braue or valiant seeme,
Vnlesse that some gay Mistresse badge he beares:
Ne any one himselfe doth ought esteeme,
Vnlesse he swim in loue vp to the eares.
But they of Loue and of his sacred lere,
(As it should be) all otherwise deuise,
Then we poore shepheards are accustomd here,
And him doe sue and serue all otherwise.
For with lewd speeches and licentious deeds,
His mightie mysteries they doe prophane,
And vse his idle name to other needs,
But as a complement for courting vaine.
So him they do not serue as they professe,
But make him serue to them for sordid vses.
Ah my dread Lord, that doost liege harts possesse,
Auenge thy selfe on them for their abuses.
But we poore shepheards, whether rightly so,
Or through our rudenesse into errour led,
Do make religion how we rashly go,
To serue that God, that is so greatly dred:
For him the greatest of the Gods we deeme,
Borne without Syre or couples, of one kind:
For VENVS selfe doth solely couples seeme,
Both male and female, through commixture ioynd.
So, pure and spotlesse CVPID forth she brought,
And in the gardens of ADONIS nurst:
Where growing, he his owne perfection wrought,
And shortly was of all the Gods the first.
Then got he bowe and shafts of gold and lead,
In which so fell and puissant he grew,
That IOVE himselfe his powre began to dread,
And taking vp to heauen, him godded new.
From thence he shootes his arrowes euery where
Into the world, at random as he will,
On vs fraile men, his wretched vassals heere,
Like as himselfe vs pleaseth saue or spill.
So we him worship, so we him adore,
With humble harts to heauen vp-lifted hie,
That to true-loues he may vs euermore
Preferre, and of their grace vs dignifie:
Ne is there shepheard, ne yet shepheards swaine,
What-euer feeds in forest or in field,
That dare with euill deed or leasing vaine,
Blaspheme his power, or termes vnworthy yield.
Shepheard it seemes that some celestiall rage
Of loue, quoth CYDDY, is breath'd into thy breast,

That

That powreth forth these oracles so sage,
Of that high powre, wherewith thou art possest.
But neuer wist I till this present day,
Albe of loue I alwaies humbly deemed,
That he was such an one, as thou doost say,
And so religiously to be esteemed.
Well may it seeme by this thy deepe insight,
That of that God the Priest thou shouldest bee:
So well thou wot'st the mysterie of his might,
As if his godhead thou didst present see.
Of loues perfection perfectly to speake,
Or of his nature rightly to define,
Indeed, said COLIN, passeth reasons reach,
And needs his priest t'expresse his powre diuine.
For long before the world he was y'bore,
And bred aboue in VENVS bosome deare:
For by his powre the world was made of yore,
And all that therein wondrous doth appeare.
For how should else things so far from attone,
And so great enemies as of them bee,
Be euer drawne together into one,
And taught in such accordance to agree?
Through him the cold began to couet heate,
And water fire; the light to mount on hie,
And th'heauie downe to peize; the hungry t'eate,
And voidnesse to seeke full satietie.
So beeing former foes, they wexed friends,
And gan by little learne to loue each other:
So beeing knit, they brought forth other kinds
Out of the fruitfull wombe of their great mother.
Then first gan heauen out of darknesse dread
For to appeare, and brought forth cheerfull day:
Next gan the earth to shewe her naked head,
Out of deepe waters which her drownd alway.
And shortly after, euery liuing wight
Crept forth like wormes out of their slimie nature,
Soone as on them the Suns like giuing light,
Had powred kindlie heat and formall feature,
Thenceforth they gan each one his like to loue,
And like himselfe desire for to beget,
The Lyon chose his mate, the Turtle Doue
Her deare, the Dolphin his owne Dolphinet:
But man that had the sparke of reasons might,
More then the rest to rule his passion,
Chose for his loue the fairest in his sight,
Like as himselfe was fairest by creation.
For beautie is the bayt which with delight
Doth man allure, for to enlarge his kind,
Beautie, the burning lampe of heauens light,
Darting her beames into each feeble mind:
Against whose power, nor God nor man can find
Defence, ne ward the danger of the wound,
But being hurt, seeke to be medicind
Of her that first did stur that mortall stownd.
Then doe they cry and call to loue apace,
With prayers lowd importuning the skie,
Whence he them heares, & when he list shew grace,
Does grant them grace that otherwise would die.
So loue is Lord of all the world by right,
And rules the creatures by his powrfull saw:
All beeing made the vassalls of his might,
Through secret sense which thereto doth them draw.
Thus ought all louers of their Lord to deeme:
And with chaste heart to honour him alway:
But whoso else doth otherwise esteeme,
Are out-lawes, and his lore doe disobay.
For their desire is base, and doth not merit
The name of loue, but of disloyall lust:
Ne mongst true louers they shall place inherit,
But as Exuls out of his court be thrust.
So hauing said, MELISSA spake at will,
COLIN, thou now full deeply hast diuin'd
Of loue and beautie, and with wondrous skill,
Hast CVPID selfe depainted in his kind.
To thee are all true louers greatly bound,
That doost their cause so mightily defend:
But most, all women are thy debtors found,
That doost their bountie still so much commend.
That ill, said HOBBINOLL, they him requite:
For hauing loued euer one most deare,
He is repayd with scorne and foule despite,
That yrkes each gentle heart which it doth heare.
Indeed, said LYCID, I haue often heard
Faire ROSALINDE of diuers sowly blamed:
For beeing to that swaine too cruell hard,
That her bright glorie else hath much defamed.
But who can tell what cause had that faire Mayd
To vse him so that loued her so well:
Or who with blame can iustly her vpbrayd,
For louing not? for who can loue compell?
And sooth to say, it is foolehardie thing,
Rashly to wyten creatures so diuine,
For demigods they be, and first did spring
From heauen, though graft in frailnesse feminine.
And well I wote, that oft I heard it spoken,
How one that fairest HELENE did reuile:
Through iudgement of the gods to been ywroken,
Lost both his eyes, and so remaind long while,
Till he recanted had his wicked rimes,
And made amends to her with trebble praise:
Beware therefore, ye groomes, I read betimes,
How rashly blame of ROSALINDE ye raise.
Ah shepheards, then said COLIN, ye ne weet
How great a guilt vpon your heads ye draw:
To make so bold a doome with words vnmeet,
Of thing celestiall, which ye neuer saw.
For she is not like as the other crew
Of shepheards daughters which emongst you bee,
But of diuine regard and heauenly hew,
Excelling all that euer ye did see.
Not then to her, that scorned thing so base,
But to my selfe the blame, that lookt so hie:
So hie her thoughts as she her selfe haue place,
And loath each lowly thing with lofty eye.
Yet so much grace let her vouchsafe to grant
To simple swaine, sith her I may not loue:
Yet that I may her honour paravant,
And praise her worth, though far my wit aboue.
Such grace shall be some guerdon for the griefe,
And long affliction which I haue endured.
Such grace sometimes shall giue me some reliefe,
And ease of paine which cannot be recured.

And ye my fellow Shepheards, which doe see
And heare the languours of my too long dying,
Vnto the world for euer witnesse bee,
That hers I die, nought to the world denying,
This simple trophee of her great conquest.

So, hauing ended, he from ground did rise,
And after him vprose eke all the rest:
All loth to part, but that the glooming skies
Warnd them to draw their bleating flocks to rest.

FINIS.

ASTROPHEL.

A Pastorall Elegie vpon the death of the most Noble and valorous Knight, Sir Philip Sidney.

DEDICATED
To the most beautifull and vertuous Ladie, the Countesse of *Essex*.

ASTROPHEL.

SHepheards that wont on pipes of oaten reede,
Oft-times to plaine your loues concealed smart:
And with your pitious layes haue learnd to breed
Compassion in a country-lasses hart;
Harken ye gentle shepheards to my song,
And place my dolefull plaint, your plaints emong.

To you alone I sing this mournfull verse,
The mournfulst verse that euer man heard tell:
To you whose softned hearts it may empierse,
With dolours dart, for death of *Astrophel*.
To you I sing, and to none other wight:
For well I wot my rimes been rudely dight.

Yet as they beene, if any nycer wit
Shall hap to heare, or couet them to read:
Thinke he, that such are for such ones most fit,
Made not to please the liuing, but the dead.
And if in him found pittie euer place,
Let him be moou'd to pittie such a case.

A Gentle Shepheard borne in ARCADY,
Of gentlest race that euer shepheard bore:
About the grassie banks of HAEMONY,
Did keepe his sheepe, his little stock and store.
Full carefully he kept them day and night,
In fairest fields, and ASTROPHEL he hight.

Young ASTROPHEL, the pride of shepheards praise,
Young ASTROPHEL, the rusticke Lasses loue:
Far passing all the Pastors of his dayes,
In all that seemely shepheard might behoue.
In one thing onely fayling of the best,
That he was not so happy as the rest.

For from the time that first the Nymph his mother
Him forth did bring, and taught her lambes to feed,
A slender swaine, excelling farre each other,
In comely shape, like her that did him breed,
He grew vp fast in goodnesse and in grace,
And doubly faire wox both in mind and face.

Which daily more and more he did augment,
With gentle vsage, and demeanure mild:
That all mens harts with secret rauishment
He stole away, and weetingly beguild.
Ne spight it selfe, that all good things doth spill,
Found ought in him, that she could say was ill.

His sports were faire, his ioyance innocent,
Sweet without sowre, and honny without gall:
And he himselfe seemd made for meriment,
Merily masking both in bowre and hall.
There was no pleasure nor delightfull play,
When ASTROPHEL so-euer was away.

For he could pipe and daunce, and caroll sweet,
Emongst the shepheards in their shearing feast:
As Sommers larke, that with her song doth greet
The dauning day, forth comming from the East.
And layes of loue he also could compose.
Thrice happy she, whom he to praise did chose.

Full many Maydens often did him woo,
Them to vouchsafe emongst his rimes to name,
Or make for them as he was wont to doo,
For her that did his hart with loue inflame.
For which they promised to dight, for him,
Gay chapelets of flowers and gyrlonds trim.

And many a Nymph, both of the wood and brooke,
Soone as his oaten pipe began to shrill:
Both crystall vvells and shadie groues forsooke,
To heare the charmes of his enchanting skill.
And brought him presents, flowers if it were prime,
Or mellow fruite, if it were haruest time.

But he, for none of them did care a whit,
Yet wood Gods for them often sighed sore:
Ne for their gifts, vnworthy of his wit,
Yet not vnworthie of the countries store.
For one alone he car'd, for one he sigh't,
His lifes desire, and his deare loues delight.

STELLA the faire, the fairest starre in skie,
As faire as VENVS, or the fairest faire:
(A fairer starre saw neuer liuing eye)
Shot her sharpe pointed beames through purest ayre.
Her he did loue, her he alone did honor,
His thoughts, his rimes, his songs were all vpon her.

To her he vowd the seruice of his daies,
On her he spent the riches of his wit:
For her he made hymnes of immortall praise,
Of onely her he sung, he thought, he writ.
Her, and but her, of loue he worthy deemed,
For all the rest but little he esteemed.

Ne her with idle words alone he wowed,
And verses vaine, (yet verses are not vaine)
But with braue deeds to her sole seruice vowed,
And bold atchieuements her did entertaine.
For both in deeds and words he nourtred was,
Both wise and hardie (too hardie alas)

In wrestling, nimble; and in running, swift;
In shooting, steddie; and in swimming, strong:
Well made to strike, to throw, to leape, to lift,
And all the sports that shepheards are emong.
In euery one, he vanquisht euery one,
He vanquisht all, and vanquisht was of none.

Besides, in hunting, such felicitie,
Or rather, infelicitie he found:
That euery field, and forest farre away,
He sought, where saluage beasts do most abound.
No beast so saluage but he could it kill,
No chace so hard, but he therein had skill.

Such skill matcht with such courage as he had,
Did pricke him forth with proud desire of praise:
To seeke abroad, of danger nought ydrad,
His Mistresse name, and his owne fame to raise.
What needeth perill to be sought abroad,
Sith round about vs, it doth make aboad?

It fortuned, as he that perilous game
In forraine soile pursued far away:
Into a forest wide and waste he came,
Where store he heard to be of saluage pray.
So wide a forest, and so waste as this,
Nor famous ARDEYN, nor foule ARLO is.

There his wel-wouen toyles and subtill traines
He laid, the brutish nation to enwrap:
So well he wrought with practise and with paines,
That he of them great troupes did soone entrap.
Full happy man (misweening much) was hee,
So rich a spoyle within his power to see.

Eftsoones all heedlesse of his deerest hale,
Full greedily into the heard he thrust,
To slaughter them, and worke their finall bale,
Least that his toyle should of their troupes be burst.
Wide wounds emongst them many one he made,
Now with his sharpe bore-speare, now with his blade.

His

His care was all, how he them all might kill,
That none might scape (so partiall vnto none)
Ill mind, so much to mind anothers ill,
As to become vnmindfull of his owne.
But pardon that vnto the cruell skies,
That from himselfe to them withdrew his eyes.

So as he rag'd emongst that beastly rout,
A cruell beast of most accursed brood:
Vpon him turnd (despaire makes cowards stout)
And with fell tooth, accustomed to blood,
Launched his thigh with so mischieuous might,
That it both bone and muscles riued quight.

So deadly was the dint, and deepe the wound,
And so huge streames of blood there-out did flow,
That he endured not the direfull stound,
But on the cold deare earth himselfe did throw:
The whiles the captiue heard his nets did rend,
And hauing none to let, to wood did wend.

Ah! where were ye this while his shepheard peares,
To whom aliue was nought so deare as hee:
And ye faire Maydes, the matches of his yeares,
Which in his grace did boast you most to bee?
Ah! where were ye, when he of you had need,
To stop his wound that wondrously did bleed?

Ah wretched boy! the shape of drerie head,
And sad ensample of mans sudden end:
Full little faileth but thou shalt be dead,
Vnpitied, vnplaynd, of foe or friend.
Whilst none is nigh, thine eye-lids vp to close,
And kisse thy lips like faded leaues of rose.

A sort of Shepheards sewing of the chace,
As they the forrest ranged on a day:
By fate or fortune came vnto the place,
Whereas the luckelesse boy yet bleeding lay:
Yet bleeding lay, and yet would still haue bled,
Had not good hap those shepheards thither led.

They stopt his wound (too late to stop it was)
And in their armes them softly did him reare:
Tho (as he wild) vnto his loued Lasse,
His dearest loue him dolefully did beare.
The dolefulst beare that euer man did see,
Was ASTROPHEL, but dearest vnto mee.

She when she sawe her loue in such a plight,
With crudled blood and filthy gore deformed:
That wont to be with flowers and girlonds dight,
And her deare fauours dearely well adorned,
Her face, the fairest face that eye mote see,
She likewise did deforme, like him to bee.

Her yellowe locks, that shone so bright and long,
As sunny beames in fairest sommers day:
She fiercely tore, and with outrageous wrong
From her red cheeks the roses rent away.
And her faire brest, the treasurie of ioy,
She spoyld thereof, and filled with annoy.

His palled face, impictured with death,
She bathed oft with teares, and dried oft:
And with sweet kisses suckt the wasting breath,
Out of his lips, like Lillies, pale and soft.
And oft she cald to him, who answerd nought,
But onely by his lookes did tell his thought.

The rest of her impatient regreet,
And pitious mone the which she for him made,
No tongue can tell, nor any forth can set,
But he whose hart like sorrow did inuade.
At last, when paine his vitall powres had spent,
His wasted life her weary lodge forwent.

Which when she saw, she staied not awhit,
But after him did make vntimely haste:
Forth-with her ghost out of her corps did flit,
And followed her make, like Turtle chaste:
To proue that death their harts cannot diuide,
Which liuing were in loue so firmly tide.

The Gods which all things see, this same beheld,
And pittying this paire of louers trew,
Transformed them there lying on the field,
Into one flowre, that is both red and blew.
It first growes red, and then to blew doth fade,
Like ASTROPHEL, which thereunto was made.

And in the midst thereof a starre appeares,
As fairly formd as any starre in skyes:
Resembling STELLA in her freshest yeeres,
Forth darting beames of beautie from her eyes.
And all the day it standeth full of deow,
Which is the teares, that from her eyes did flow.

That hearbe of some, Starlight is call'd by name,
Of others, PENTHIA, though not so well:
But thou, where euer thou doost find the same,
From this day forth doe call it ASTROPHEL.
And when soeuer thou it vp doost take,
Doe pluck it softly for that shepheards sake.

Heereof when tydings far abroad did passe,
The shepheards all which loued him full deare
(And sure full deare of all he loued was)
Did thither flocke, to see what they did heare.
And when that pitious spectacle they vewed,
The same with bitter teares they all bedewed.

And euery one did make exceeding mone,
With inward anguish, and great griefe opprest:
And euery one did weepe, and waile, and mone,
And meanes deuis'd to shew his sorrow best:
That from that houre since first on grassie greene
Shepheard kept sheepe, was not like mourning seene.

But first, his sister, that CLORINDA hight,
The gentlest shepheardesse that liues this day:
And most resembling both in shape and spright
Her brother deare, began this dolefull lay.
Which, least I marre the sweetnesse of the verse,
In sort as she it sung, I will rehearse.

AY me! to whom shall I my case complaine,
That may compassion my impatient griefe?
Or where shall I vnfold my inward paine,
That my enriuen heart may find reliefe?
Shall I vnto the heauenly powres it show?
Or vnto earthly men, that dwell below?

To heauens? ah! they alas the Authors were,
And workers of my vnremedied wo:
For they foresee what to vs happens here,
And they foresaw, yet suffred this be so.
From them comes good, from them comes also ill,
That which they made, who can them warne to spill.

To men? ah! they alas like wretched bee,
And subiect to the heauens ordinance:
Bound to abide what euer they decree.
Their best redresse, is their best sufferance.
How then can they, like wretched, comfort mee,
The which no lesse, need comforted to bee?

Then to my selfe will I my sorrowe mourne,
Sith none aliue like sorrowfull remaines:
And to my selfe my plaints shall back retourne,
To pay their vsury with double paines.
The woods, the hills, the riuers shall resound
The mournfull accent of my sorrowes ground.

Woods, hills and riuers, now are desolate,
Sith he is gone the which them all did grace:
And all the fields do waile their widow state,
Sith death their faire flowre did late deface.
The faire flowre in field that euer grew,
Was ASTROPHEL that was, we all may rew.

What cruell hand of cursed foe vnknowne,
Hath cropt the stalke which bore so faire a flowre?
Vntimely cropt, before it well were growne,
And cleane defaced in vntimely howre.
Great losse to all that euer him did see,
Great losse to all, but greatest losse to mee.

Breake now your girlonds, ô ye shepheards lasses,
Sith the faire flowre, which them adornd, is gon:
The flowre, which them adornd, is gone to ashes,
Neuer againe let Lasse put girlond on.
In stead of girlond, weare sad Cypres now,
And bitter Elder, broken from the bow.

Ne euer sing the loue-layes which he made:
Who euer made such layes of loue as hee?
Ne euer read the riddles, which he said
Vnto your selues, to make you mery glee.
Your mery glee is now laid all abed,
Your mery maker now alasse is dead.

Death the deuourer of all worlds delight,
Hath robbed you, and reft fro me my ioy:
Both you and me, and all the world he quight
Hath robd of ioyance, and left sad annoy.
Ioy of the world, and shepheards pride was hee,
Shepheards hope, neuer like againe to see.

Oh Death that hast vs of such riches reft,
Tell vs at least, what hast thou with it done?
What is become of him whose flowre here left
Is but the shadow of his likenesse gone.
Scarse like the shadow of that which he was,
Nought like, but that he like a shade did pas.

But that immortall spirit, which was deckt
With all the dowries of celestiall grace:
By soueraine choice from th'heauenly quires select,
And lineally deriu'd from Angels race,
O what is now of it become, aread,
Aye me! can so diuine a thing be dead?

Ah no: it is not dead, ne can it die,
But liues for aye, in blisfull Paradise:
Where like a new-borne babe it soft doth lie,
In bed of Lillies, wrapt in tender wise,
And compast all about with Roses sweet,
And daintie Violets from head to feet.

There thousand birds all of celestiall brood,
To him doe sweetly caroll day and night:
And with strange notes, of him well vnderstood,
Lull him asleepe in Angel-like delight;
Whilst in sweet dreame to him presented bee
Immortall beauties, which no eye may see.

But he them sees, and takes exceeding pleasure
Of their diuine aspects, appearing plaine,
And kindling loue in him aboue all measure,
Sweet loue, still ioyous, neuer feeling paine.
For what so goodly forme he there doth see,
He may enioy from iealous rancor free.

There liueth he in euerlasting blis,
Sweet spirit, neuer fearing more to die:
Ne dreading harme from any foes of his,
Ne fearing sauage beasts more cruelty.
Whilst we heere wretches waile his priuate lack,
And with vaine vowes doe often call him back.

But liue thou there still happy, happy spirit,
And giue vs leaue thee heere thus to lament:
Not thee that doost thy heauens ioy inherit,
But our owne selues, that heere in dole are drent.
Thus doe we weepe and waile, and weare our eyes,
Mourning in others, our owne miseries.

Which when she ended had, another swaine,
Of gentle wit, and daintie sweet deuice:
Whom ASTROPHEL full deare did entertaine,
Whilst heere he liu'd, and held in passing price;
Hight THESTYLIS, began his mournful tourne,
And made the Muses in his song to mourne.

And after him full many other moe,
And euery one in order lou'd him best,
Gan dight themselues t'expresse their inward woe,
With dolefull layes vnto the time addrest.
The which I here in order will rehearse,
As fittest flowres to deck his mournfull hearse.

The mourning Muse of *Thestylis*.

COme forth ye Nymphs, come forth,
forsake your watry bowres,
Forsake your mosy caues,
and help me to lament:
Helpe me to tune my dolefull notes
to gurgling sound
Of LIFFIES tumbling streames:
Come let fale teares of ours,
Mixe with his waters fresh.
ô come, let one consent
Ioyne vs to mourne with wailefull plaints
the deadly wound
Which fatall clap hath made;
decreed by higher powres.
The dreery day in which
they haue from vs yrent
The noblest plant that might
from East to West be found.
Mourne, mourne, great PHILIP'S fall,
mourne we his wofull end,
Whom spightfull death hath pluckt
vntimely from the tree,
Whiles yet his yeares in flowre
did promise worthy fruite.
Ah dreadfull MARS!
why didst thou not thy knight defend?
What wrathfull mood,
what fault of ours hath mooued thee
Of such a shining light
to leaue vs destitute?
Thou with benigne aspect
sometime didst vs behold,
Thou hast in BRITONS valour
tane delight of old,
And with thy presence oft
vouchsaft to attribute
Fame and renowne to vs
for glorious martiall deeds.
But now their irefull beames
haue chill'd our harts with cold,
Thou hast estrang'd thy selfe,
and deignest not our land:
Farre off to others now,
thy fauour honour breeds,
And high disdaine doth cause
thee shunne our Clime (I feare)
For hadst thou not been wroth,
or that time neere at hand,
Thou wouldst haue heard the cry
that wofull ENGLAND made,
Eke ZELANDS pitious plaints,
and HOLLANDS toren haire
Would haply haue appeasd
thy diuine angry mind:
Thou shouldst haue seene the trees
refuse to yeeld their shade,
And wailing, to let fall
the honour of their head,
And birds in mournfull tunes
lamenting in their kind:
Vp from his tombe
the mightie CORINEVS rose,
Who cursing oft the Fates
that this mishap had bred,
His hoary locks he tare,
calling the heauens vnkind.
The THAMES was heard to roare,
the REYNE and eke the MOSE,
The SCHALD, the DANOVV selfe
this great mischance did rue,
With torment and with griefe:
their fountaines pure and cleare
Were troubled, and with swelling floods
declar'd their woes.
The Muses comfortlesse,
the Nymphs with paled hue,
The SYLVAN Gods likewise
came running farre and neare,
And all with teares bedeawd,
and eyes cast vp on hie,
O help, ô help ye Gods,
they ghastly gan to cry.
O change the cruell fate
of this so rare a wight,
And grant that Natures course
may measure out his age.
The beasts their foode forsooke,
and trembling fearefully,
Each sought his caue or den,
this cry did them so fright.
Out from amid the waues,
by storme then stirr'd to rage,
This crie did cause to rise
th'old father OCEAN hoare,
Who graue with eld,
and full of maiestie in sight,
Spake in this wise;
Refraine, quoth hee, your tears & plaints,
Cease these your idle words,
make vaine requests no more.

No humble ſpeech nor mone,
may moue the fixed ſtint
Of deſtinie or death:
Such is his will that paints
The earth with colours freſh;
the darkeſt skies with ſtore
Of ſtarry lights: And though
your teares a hart of flint
Might tender make,
yet nought heerein they will preuaile.
Whiles thus he ſaid,
the noble Knight, who gan to feele
His vitall force to faint,
and death with cruell dint
Or direfull dart
his mortall body to aſſaile,
With eyes lift vp to heau'n,
and courage franke as ſteele,
With cheerefull face,
where valour liuely was expreſt,
But humble mind, he ſaid;
O Lord, if ought this fraile
And earthly carkaſſe haue
thy ſeruice ſought t'aduance,
If my deſire haue been
ſtill to relieue th'oppreſt:
If iuſtice to maintaine
that valour I haue ſpent
Which thou me gau'ſt;
or if henceforth I might aduance
Thy name, thy truth,
then ſpare me (Lord) if thou think beſt
Forbeare theſe vnripe yeeres.
But if thy will be bent,
If that prefixed time
be come which thou haſt ſet,
Through pure and feruent faith,
I hope now to be plaſt
In th'euerlaſting bliſſe,
which with thy precious blood
Thou purchaſe didſt for vs.
With that a ſigh he fet,
And ſtraight a cloudie miſt
his ſenſes ouer-caſt,
His lips waxt pale and wan,
like damaske roſes bud
Caſt from the ſtalke,
or like in field to purple flowre,
Which languiſheth beeing ſhred
by culter as it paſt.
A trembling chilly cold
ranne through their veines, which were
With eyes brim-full of teares
to ſee his fatall howre,
Whoſe bluſtring ſighes
at firſt their ſorrow did declare,
Next, murmuring enſude;
at laſt they not forbeare
Plaine out-cries, all againſt
the heau'ns, that enuiouſly
Depriu'd vs of a ſpright
ſo perfect and ſo rare.
The Sun his lightſome beames
did ſhrowd, and hide his face
For griefe, whereby the earth
feard night eternally:
The mountaines each where ſhooke,
the riuers turnd their ſtreames,
And th'ayre gan winter-like
to rage and fret apace:
And griſly ghoſts by night were ſeene,
and fierie gleames,
Amid the cloudes
with claps of thunder, that did ſeeme
To rent the skies,
and made both man & beaſt afeard:
The birds of ill preſage
this luckleſſe chance fore-told,
By dernfull noiſe, and dogs
with howling made man deeme
Some miſchiefe was at hand:
for ſuch they doe eſteeme
As tokens of miſhap,
and ſo haue done of old.
Ah that thou hadſt but heard
his louely STELLA plaine
Her grieuous loſſe,
or ſeene her heauie mourning cheere,
While ſhe with woe oppreſt,
her ſorrowes did vnfold.
Her haire hung looſe neglect,
about her ſhoulders twaine,
And from thoſe two bright ſtarres,
to him ſometime ſo deere,
Her hart ſent drops of pearle,
which fell in foyſon downe
Twixt Lilly and the Roſe.
She wrong her hands with paine,
And pitiouſly gan ſay,
My true and faithfull pheere,
Alas, and woe is mee,
why ſhould my fortune frowne
On me thus frowardly
to rob me of my ioy?
What cruell enuious hand
hath taken thee away,
And with thee my content,
my comfort and my ſtay?
Thou onely waſt the eaſe
of trouble and annoy:
When they did me aſſaile,
in thee my hopes did reſt.
Alas, what now is left but griefe,
that night and day
Afflicts this wofull life,
and with continuall rage
Torments ten thouſand waies
my miſerable breſt?
O greedie enuious heau'n,
what needed thee to haue
Enricht with ſuch a Iewell
this vnhappy age,

To take it backe againe ſo ſoone?
Alas, when ſhall
Mine eyes ſee ought that may
content them, ſince thy graue
My onely treaſure hides
the ioyes of my poore hart?
As here with thee on earth I liu'd,
euen ſo equall
Me thinks it were with thee
in heau'n I did abide:
And as our troubles all
we heere on earth did part,
So reaſon would that there
of thy moſt happy ſtate
I had my ſhare.
Alas, if thou my truſtie guide
Were wont to be,
how canſt thou leaue me thus alone
In darkneſſe and aſtray;
weake, wearie, deſolate,
Plung'd in a world of woe,
refuſing for to take
Me with thee, to the place of reſt
where thou art gone.
This ſaid, ſhe held her peace,
for ſorrow tide hir toong;
And inſteed of more words,
ſeemd that her eyes a lake
Of teares had been, they flow'd
ſo plentiouſly therefro:
And with her ſobs and ſighes,
th'ayre round about her roong.
If VENVS when ſhe waild
her deare ADONIS ſlaine,
Ought moou'd in thy fierce hart
compaſsion of her woe,
His noble ſiſters plaints,
her ſighes and teares emong,
Would ſure haue made thee mild,
and inly rue her paine:
AVRORA halfe ſo faire,
her ſelfe did neuer ſhow,
When from old TITHONS bed,
ſhee weeping did ariſe.
The blinded archer-boy,
like Larke in ſhowre of raine
Sate bathing of his wings,
and glad the time did ſpend
Vnder thoſe cryſtall drops,
which fell from her faire eyes,
And at their brighteſt beames
him proynd in louely wiſe.
Yet ſorie for her griefe,
which he could not amend,
The gentle boy gan wipe her eyes,
and cleere thoſe lights,
Thoſe lights through which,
his glory and his conqueſts ſhine.
The Graces tuckt her haire,
which hung like threds of gold,
Along her Ivorie breſt
the treaſure of deliights.
All things with her to weep,
it ſeemed, did encline,
The trees, the hills, the dales,
the caues, the ſtones ſo cold.
The ayre did helpe them mourne,
with darke clowds, raine and miſt,
Forbearing many a day
to cleare it ſelfe againe,
Which made them eftſoones feare
the dayes of PIRRHA ſhould,
Of creatures ſpoile the earth,
their fatall threds vntwiſt.
For PHOEBVS gladſome raies
were wiſhed for in vaine,
And with her quiuering light
LATONAS daughter faire,
And CHARLES-VVAINE eke refus'd
to be the ſhipmans guide.
On NEPTVNE warre was made,
by AEOLVS and his traine,
Who letting looſe the winds,
toſt and tormented th'ayre,
So that on eu'ry coaſt
men ſhipwrack did abide,
Or elſe were ſwallowed vp
in open ſea with waues,
And ſuch as came to ſhoare,
were beaten with deſpaire.
The Medwaies ſiluer ſtreames,
that wont ſo ſtill to ſlide,
Were troubled now and wroth:
whoſe hidden hollowe caues
Along his banks with fog
then ſhrowded from mans eye,
Aye PHILIP did reſound,
aye PHILIP they did cry.
His Nymphs were ſeene no more
(though cuſtome ſtill it craues)
With haire ſpread to the wind
themſelues to bathe or ſport,
Or with the hooke or net,
barefooted wantonly
The pleaſant daintie fiſh
to entangle or deceiue.
The ſhepheards left
their wonted places of reſort,
Their bagpipes now were ſtill;
their louing merry layes
Were quite forgot; and now
their flocks, men might perceiue
To wander and to ſtray,
all careleſſly neglect.
And in the ſtead of mirth,
and pleaſure, nights and dayes,
Nought els was to be heard,
but woes, complaints and mone.
But thou (ô bleſſed ſoule)
dooſt haply not reſpect,
Theſe teares we ſhead,
though full of louing pure aſpect,

Hauing affixt thine eyes
on that moſt glorious throne,
Where full of maieſtie
the high Creator raignes,
In whoſe bright ſhining face
thy ioyes are all complete,
Whoſe loue kindles thy ſpright;
where happy alwaies one,
Thou liu'ſt in bliſſe
that earthly paſſion neuer ſtaines;
Where from the pureſt ſpring
the ſacred Nectar ſweet
Is thy continuall drinke:
where thou dooſt gather now
Of well emploied life,
th'ineſtimable gaines.
There VENVS on thee ſmiles,
APOLLO giues thee place,
And MARS in reuerent wiſe
doth to thy vertue bow,
And decks his fiery ſphere,
to doe thee honour moſt.
In higheſt part whereof,
thy valour for to grace,
A chaire of gold he ſetts to thee,
and there doth tell
Thy noble acts arew,
whereby euen they that boaſt
Themſelues of auncient fame,
as PYRRHVS, HANNIBALL,
SCIPIO and CAESAR,
with the reſt that did excell
In martiall proweſſe,
high thy glory do admire.
All haile therefore.
ô worthy PHILLIP immortall,
The flowre of SYDNEYS race,
the honour of thy name,
Whoſe worthy praiſe to ſing,
my Muſes not aſpire;
But ſorrowfull and ſad
theſe teares to thee let fall,
Yet wiſh their verſes might
ſo farre and wide thy fame
Extend, that enuies rage,
nor time might end the ſame.

A Pa

A Paſtorall Æglogue vpon the death of Sir *Philip Sidney*, Knight, &c.

(··)

Lycon. *Colin.*

COLIN, vvell fits thy ſad cheare this ſad ſtownd,
This wofull ſtownd, wherein all things complaine
This great miſhap, this greeuous loſſe of owres.
Hear'ſt thou the OROVVN? how with hollow ſownd
He ſlides away, and murmuring doth plaine,
And ſeemes to ſay vnto the fading flowres,
Along his bankes, vnto the bared trees;
PHILLISIDES is dead. Vp iolly ſwaine,
Thou that with skill canſt tune a dolefull lay,
Helpe him to mourne. My hart with griefe doth freeſe,
Hoarſe is my voice with crying, elſe a part
Sure would I beare, though rude: But as I may,
With ſobs and ſighes I ſecond will thy ſong,
And ſo expreſſe the ſorrowes of my hart. (teach
COLIN. Ah LYCON, LYCON, what need skill to
A grieued mind poure forth his plaints? how long
Hath the poore Turtle gone to ſchoole (ween'ſt thou)
To learne to mourne her loſt Make? No, no, each
Creature by nature can tell how to waile.
Seeſt not theſe flocks, how ſad they wander now?
Seemeth their leaders bell their bleating tunes
In dolefull ſound. Like him, not one doth faile
With hanging head to ſhew a heauie cheare.
What bird, I pray thee, haſt thou ſeene, that prunes
Himſelfe of late? did any cheerfull note
Come to thine eares, or gladſome ſight appeare
Vnto thine eyes, ſince that ſame fatall howre?
Hath not the ayre put on his mourning coate,
And teſtified his griefe with flowing teares?
Sith then, it ſeemeth each thing to his powre
Doth vs inuite to make a ſad conſort;
Come let vs ioyne our mournfull ſong with theirs.
Griefe will endite, and ſorrow will enforce
Thy voice, and Eccho will our words report.
LYC. Though my rude rimes, ill with thy verſes (frame,
That others farre excell; yet will I force
My ſelfe to anſwere thee the beſt I can,
And honour my baſe words with his high name.
But if my plaints annoy thee where thou ſit
In ſecret ſhade or caue; vouchſafe, ô PAN,
To pardon me, and heare this hard conſtraint
With patience while I ſing, and pittie it.
And eke ye rurall Muſes, that doe dwell
In theſe wilde woods; if euer pitious plaint
We did endite, or taught a wofull mind
With words of pure affect, his griefe to tell,
Inſtruct me now. Now COLIN then goe on,
And I will follow thee, though farre behind.
COL. PHILLISIDES is dead. O harmful death,
O deadly harme. Vnhappy ALBION,
When ſhalt thou ſee emong thy ſhepheards all,
Any ſo ſage, ſo perfect? Whom vneath
Enuie could touch for vertuous life and skill;
Curteous, valiant, and liberall.
Behold the ſacred PALES, where with haire
Vntruſt ſhe ſits, in ſhade of yonder hill.
And her faire face bent ſadly downe, doth ſend
A ſtoud of teares to bathe the earth; and there
Doth call the heauens deſpightfull, enuious,
Cruell his fate, that made ſo ſhort an end
Of that ſame life, well worthy to haue been
Prolongd with many yeeres, happy and famous.
The Nymphs and OREADES her round about
Doe ſit lamenting on the graſſie greene;
And with ſhrill cries, beating their whiteſt breſts,
Accuſe the direfull dart that death ſent out
To giue the fatall ſtroke. The ſtarres they blame,
That deafe or careleſſe ſeeme at their requeſt.
The pleaſant ſhade of ſtately groues they ſhun;
They leaue their cryſtall ſprings, where they wont frame
Sweet bowres of Myrtle twigs and Laurell faire,
To ſport themſelues free from the ſcorching Sun.
And now the hollowe caues where horror darke
Doth dwell, whence baniſhet is the gladſome aire
They ſeeke; and there in mourning ſpend their time
With wailefull tunes, whiles wolues do howle & barke,
And ſeeme to beare a burden to their plaint.
LYC. PHILLISIDES is dead. O doſefull rime.
Why ſhould my tongue expreſſe thee? who is left
Now to vphold thy hopes, when they doe faint,
LYCON vnfortunate? What ſpightfull fate,
What luckleſſe deſtinie hath thee bereft
Of thy chiefe comfort, of thy onely ſtay?
Where is become thy wonted happie ſtate,
(Alas) wherein through many a hill and dale,
Through pleaſant woods, & many an vnknowne way,

Along

Along the banks of many siluer streames,
Thou with him yodest: and with him didst scale
The craggy rocks of th'Alpes and APPENINE?
Still with the Muses sporting, while those beames
Of vertue kindled in his noble brest,
Which after did so gloriously forth shine?
But (woe is me) they now yquenched are
All suddainly, and death hath them oppresst.
Loe father NEPTVNE, with sad countenance,
How he sits mourning on the strond now bare,
Yonder, where th'Ocean with his rolling waues
The white feete washeth (wayling this mischance)
Of DOVER-cliffes. His sacred skirt about
The Sea-gods all are set; from their moist caues
All for his comfort gather'd there they be.
The THAMIS rich, the HVMBER rough & stout,
The fruitfull SEVERNE, with the rest are come
To helpe their Lord to mourne, and eke to see
The dolefull sight, and sad pomp funerall
Of the dead corps passing through his kingdome.
And all their heads with Cypres gyrlonds crown'd
With wofull shrikes salute him great and small.
Eke wailefull Eccho, forgetting her deare
NARCISSVS, their last accents, doth resound.

COL. PHILLISIDES is dead. O luckelesse age;
O widow world; ô brookes and fountaines cleere;
O hills, ô dales, ô woods that oft haue rong
With his sweet caroling, which could asswage
The fiercest wrath of Tygre or of Beare.
Ye Syluans, Fawnes, and Satyres, that emong
These thickets oft haue daunst after his pipe,
Ye Nymphs and Nayades with golden haire,
That oft haue left your purest crystall springs
To harken to his layes, that coulden wipe
Away all griefe and sorrow from your harts.
Alas! who now is left that like him sings?
When shall you heare againe like harmonie?
So sweet a sound, who to you now imparts?
Loe, where engraued by his hand yet liues
The name of STELLA, in yonder Bay tree.
Happy name, happy tree, faire may you grow,
And spred your sacred branch, which honour giues,
To famous Emperours, and Poets crowne.
Vnhappy flocke that wander scattred now,
What marueil if through griefe ye woxen leane,
Forsake your foode, and hang your heads adowne?
For such a shepheard neuer shall you guide,
Whose parting, hath of weale bereft you cleane.

LYC. PHILLISIDES is dead. O happy sprite,
That now in heau'n with blessed soules doost bide:
Looke downe awhile from where thou sitst aboue,
And see how busie shepheards be to endite
Sad songs of griefe, their sorrowes to declare,
And gratefull memory of their kind loue.
Behold my selfe with COLIN, gentle swaine
(Whose learned Muse thou cherisht most whyleare)
Where we thy names recording, seeke to ease,
The inward torment and tormenting paine,
That thy departure to vs both hath bred;
Ne can each others sorrow yet appease.
Behold the fountaines now left desolate,
And withred grasse with Cypres boughes bespred,
Behold these flowres which on thy graue we strew;
Which faded, shew the giuers faded state,
Though eke they shew their feruent zeale and pure
Whose onely comfort on thy welfare grew.
Whose prayers importune shall the heau'ns for aye,
That to thy ashes, rest they may assure:
That learnedst shepheards honour may thy name
With yeerely praises, and the Nymphs alway
Thy tombe may decke with fresh & sweetest flowres;
And that for euer may endure thy fame.

COL. The Sun (lo) hastned hath his face to steepe
In Western waues: and th'ayre with stormie showres
Warnes vs to driue homewards our silly sheepe,
LYCON, let's rise, and take of them good keepe.

Virtute summa: cætera fortuna.

L. B.

An

AN ELEGIE, OR FRIENDS PASsion, for his *Astrophell.*

VVritten vpon the death of the right Honourable Sir *Phillip Sydney, Knight, Lord Gouernour* of Flushing.

AS then, no winde at all there blew,
No swelling cloude, accloid the ayre,
The skie, like grasse of watchet hew,
Reflected PHOEBVS golden haire,
The garnisht tree, no pendant stird,
No voice was heard of any bird.

There might you see the burly Beare,
The Lion King, the Elephant,
The maiden Vnicorne was there,
So was ACTEONS horned plant,
And what of wilde or tame are found,
Were coucht in order on the ground.

ALCIDES speckled Poplar tree,
The palme that Monarchs doe obtaine,
With loue-inyce staind the Mulberie,
The fruite that dewes the Poets braine,
And PHILLIS philbert there away,
Comparde with Myrtle and the Bay.

The tree that coffins doth adorne,
With stately height threatning the skie,
And for the bed of Loue forlorne,
The blacke & dolefull Ebonie,
All in a circle compast were,
Like to an Ampitheater.

Vpon the branches of those trees,
The airie-winged people sat,
Distinguished in od degrees,
One sort is this, another that,
Here PHILOMELL, that knowes ful well,
What force and wit in loue doth dwell.

The skie-bred Eagle, royall bird,
Percht there vpon an Oake aboue,
The Turtle by him neuer stird,
Eximple of immortall loue.
The Swan, that sings about to die,
Leauing MEANDER, stood thereby.

And that which was of wonder most,
The Phœnix left sweet Arabie:
And on a Ceader in this coast,
Built vp her tombe of spicerie,
As I coniecture by the same,
Prepard to take her dying flame.

In midst and centre of this plot,
I saw one groueling on the grasse:
A man or stone, I knew not that.
No stone: of man the figure was,
And yet I could not count him one,
More then the image made of stone.

At length, I might perceiue him reare
His body on his elbowe end:
Earthly and pale with gastly cheare,
Vpon his knees he vpward tend,
Seeming like one in vncouth stound,
To be ascending out the ground.

A grieuous sigh forthwith he throwes,
As might haue torne the vitall strings,
Then downe his cheekes the teares so flowes,
As doth the streame of many springs.
So thunder rends the clowd in twaine,
And makes a passage for the raine.

Incontinent, with trembling sound,
He wofully gan to complaine,
Such were the accents as might wound,
And teare a diamond rocke in twaine.
After his throbs did some-what ray,
Thus heauily he gan to say.

O fame.

O sunne, said he, seeing the sunne,
On wretched me why doost thou shine?
My starre is falne, my comfort done,
But as the apple of mine eine,
  Shine vpon those possesse delight,
  And let me liue in endlesse night.

O griefe that liest vpon my soule,
As heauie as a mount of lead,
The remnant of my life controll,
Consort me quickly with the dead,
  Halfe of this hart, this sprite and will,
  Di'de in the brest of ASTROPHILL.

And you compassionate of my wo,
Gentle birds, beasts, and shadie trees,
I am assurde ye long to kno,
What be the sorrowes me agreeu's,
  Listen ye then to that insu'th,
  And heare a tale of teares and ruth.

You knew, who knew not ASTROPHILL,
(That I should liue to say I knew,
And haue not in possession still)
Things knowne permit me to renew:
  Of him, you know his merit such,
  I cannot say, you heare too much.

Within these woods of ARCADIE,
He chiefe delight and pleasure tooke,
And on the mountaine PARTHENIE,
Vpon the crystall liquid brooke,
  The Muses met him eu'ry day,
  That taught him sing, to write, and say.

When he descended downe the mount,
His personage seem'd most diuine,
A thousand graces one might count,
Vpon his louely cheerefull eine.
  To heare him speake and sweetly smile,
  You were in Paradise the while.

A sweet attractiue kind of grace,
A full assurance giuen by lookes,
Continuall comfort in a face,
The lineaments of Gospell bookes,
  I trowe that count'nance cannot lie,
  Whose thoughts are legible in the eye.

Was neuer eye, did see that face,
Was neuer eare, did heare that tong,
Was neuer mind, did mind his grace,
That euer thought the trauell long:
  But eyes, and eares, and eu'ry thought,
  Were with his sweet perfections caught.

O God, that such a worthy man,
In whom so rare deserts did raigne,
Desired thus, must leaue vs than,
And we to wish for him in vaine,
  O could the starres that bred that wit,
  In force no longer fixed sit?

Then beeing fild with learned dew,
The Muses willed him to loue,
That instrument can aptly shew,
How finely our conceits will moue.
  As BACCHVS opes dissembled harts,
  So loue sets out our better parts.

STELLA, a Nymph within this wood,
Most rare and rich of heau'nly blis,
The highest in his fancie stood,
And she could well demerite this,
  Tis likely they acquainted soone,
  He was a Sun, and she a Moone.

Our ASTROPHILL did STELLA loue,
O STELLA vaunt of ASTROPHILL,
Albeit thy graces gods may moue,
Where wilt thou find and ASTROPHILL,
  The rose and lillie haue their prime,
  And so hath beautie but a time.

Although thy beautie doe exceede,
In common sight of eu'ry eie,
Yet in his Poesies when we reede,
It is apparant more thereby,
  He that hath loue and iudgement to,
  Sees more than any others do.

Then ASTROPHILL hath honord thee,
For when thy body is extinct,
Thy graces shall eternall be,
And liue by vertue of his inke,
  For by his verses he doth giue,
  To short liude beautie, aye to liue.

Aboue all others, this is hee,
Which erst approued in his song,
That loue and honour might agree,
And that pure loue will doe no wrong.
  Sweet saints, it is no sinne nor blame,
  To loue a man of vertuous name.

Did neuer loue so sweetly breath
In any mortall brest before,
Did neuer Muse inspire beneath,
A Poets braine with finer store:
  He wrote of loue with high conceit,
  And beautie reard aboue her height.

Then PALLAS afterward attyrde,
Our ASTROPHILL with her deuice,
Whom in his armor heauen admyrde,
As of the nation of the skies,
  He sparkled in his armes afarrs,
  As he were dight with fiery starrs.

The blaze whereof when MARS beheld,
(An enuious eye doth see afar)
Such maiestie, quoth he, is seld,
Such maiestie my mart may mar,
  Perhaps this may a suter be,
  To set MARS by his deitie.

In this surmize he made with speede
An Iron cane, wherein he put
The thunder that in cloudes doth breed.
The flame and bolt together shut,
  With priuie force burst out againe,
  And so our ASTROPHIL was slaine.

This word (was slain) straightway did moue,
And natures inward life-strings twitch,
The skie immediatly aboue,
Was dimd with hideous clouds of pitch,
  The wrastling winds frō out the ground,
  Fild all the ayre with ratling sound.

The bending trees exprest a grone,
And sigh'd the sorrow of his fall,
The forrest beasts made ruthfull mone,
The birds did tune their mourning call,
  And PHILOMEL for ASTROPHIL,
  Vnto her notes annext a phill.

The Turtle Doue with tunes of ruth,
Shew'd feeling passion of his death,
Me thought she said, I tell the truth,
Was neuer he that drew in breath,
  Vnto his loue more trustie found,
  Than he for whom our griefes abound.

The Swan that was in presence heere,
Began his funerall dirge to sing,
Good things, quoth he, may scarce appeere,
But passe away with speedy wing.
  This mortall life, as death is tride,
  And death giues life, and so he di'de.

The generall sorrow that was made
Among the creatures of each kind,
Fired the Phœnix where she laid,
Her ashes flying with the wind,
  So as I might with reason see,
  That such a Phœnix nere should bee.

Haply the cinders driuen about,
May breed an ofspring neere that kind,
But hardly a peere to that I doubt.
It cannot sinke into my mind,
  That vnder-branches ere can bee
  Of worth and value as the tree.

The Eagle markt with pearcing sight,
The mournfull habite of the place,
And parted thence with mounting flight,
To signifie to IOVE the case,
  What sorrow Nature doth sustaine,
  For ASTROPHILL, by enuie slaine.

And while I follow'd, with mine eye,
The flight the Eagle vpward tooke,
All things did vanish by and by,
And disappeared from my looke,
  The trees, beasts, birds, & grouе was gone,
  So was the friend that made this mone.

This spectacle had firmly wrought,
A deepe compassion in my spright,
My molting hart issude, me thought,
In streames forth at mine eyes aright,
  And heere my pen is forst to shrinke,
  My teares discolour so mine inke.

An Epitaph vpon the right Honourable Sir *Philip Sidney*, Knight: Lord Gouernour of Flushing.

TO praise thy life, or waile thy worthy death,
And want thy wit, thy wit, high, pure, diuine,
  Is far beyond the powre of mortall line,
Nor any one hath worth that draweth breath.

Yet rich in zeale, though poore in learnings lore,
And friendly care obscurde in secret brest,
And loue that enuie in thy life suppreſt,
Thy deere life done, and death, hath doubled more.

And I, that in thy time and liuing state,
Did onely praise thy vertues in my thought,
As one that sild the rising Sun hath sought,
With words and teares now waile thy timelesse fate.

Drawne was thy race, aright from princely line,
Nor lesse then such (by gifts that Nature gaue,
The common mother that all creatures haue,)
Doth vertue shew, and princely linage shine.

A king gaue thee thy name, a kingly mind,
That God thee gaue, who found it now too deere
For this base world, and hath resumde it neere,
To sit in skies, and sort with powers diuine.

Kent thy birth daies, and Oxford held thy youth,
The heauens made hast, and staid nor yeers, nor time,
The fruites of age grew ripe in thy first prime,
Thy will, thy words; thy words the seales of truth.

Great gifts and wisedome rare imployd thee thence,
To treat from kings, with those more great then kings,
Such hope men had to lay the highest things,
On thy wise youth, to be transported hence.

Whence, to sharpe warres sweet honour did thee call,
Thy countries loue, religion, and thy friends:
Of worthy men, the markes, the liues and ends,
And her defence, for whom we labour all.

There didst thou vanquish shame and tedious age,
Griefe, sorrow, sicknes, and base fortunes might:
Thy rising day, saw neuer wofull night,
But past with praise, from off this worldly stage.

Back to the campe, by thee that day was brought,
First thine owne death, and after thy long fame;
Teares to the souldiers, the proud *Castilians* shame;
Vertue expreſt, and honour truly taught.

What hath he loſt, that ſuch great grace hath woon,
Young yeares, for endleſſe yeares, and hope vnſure
Of fortunes gifts, for wealth that ſtill ſhall dure,
Oh happie race with ſo great praiſes runne.

England doth hold thy limmes that bred the ſame,
Flaunders thy valure, where it laſt was tried,
The Campe thy ſorrow, where thy bodie died,
Thy friends, thy want; the world, thy vertues fame.

Nations thy wit, our minds lay vp thy loue,
Letters thy learning, thy loſſe, yeeres long to come,
In worthy harts ſorrow hath made thy tombe,
Thy ſoule and ſpright enrich the heauens aboue.

Thy liberall hart imbalm'd in gratefull teares,
Young ſighes, ſweet ſighes, ſage ſighes bewaile thy fall,
Enuie her ſting, and ſpight hath left her gall,
Malice her ſelfe, a mourning garment weares.

That day their HANNIBAL died, our SCIPIO fell,
SCIPIO, CICERO, & PETRARCH of our time,
Whoſe vertues wounded by my worthleſſe rime,
Let Angels ſpeake, and heauen thy praiſes tell.

An other of the ſame.

SIlence augmenteth griefe,
writing increaſeth rage,
Stald are my thoughts, which lou'd,
and loſt, the wonder of our age:
Yet quickned now with fire,
though dead with froſt ere now,
Enrag'd I write, I knowe not what:
dead, quick, I knowe not how.

Hard-harted minds relent,
and rigors teares abound,
And enuie ſtrangely rues his end,
in whom no fault ſhe found,
Knowledge her light hath loſt,
valor hath ſlaine her knight,
SIDNEY is dead, dead is my friend,
dead is the worlds delight.

Place penſiue wailes his fall,
whoſe preſence was her pride,
Time crieth out, my ebbe is come:
his life was my ſpring tide,
Fame mournes in that ſhe loſt
the ground of her reports,
Each liuing wight laments his lack,
and all in ſundry ſorts.

He was (wo worth that word)
to each well thinking mind,
A ſpotleſſe friend, a matchleſſe man,
whoſe vertue euer ſhind,
Declaring in his thoughts,
his life, and that he writ,
Higheſt conceits, longeſt foreſights,
and deepeſt works of wit.

He onely like himſelfe,
was ſecond vnto none,
Whoſe death (though life) we rue, and
and all in vaine doe mone, (wrong,
Their loſſe, not him waile they,
that fill the world with cries,
Death ſlew not him, but he made death
his ladder to the skies.

Now ſinke of ſorow I,
who liue, the more the wrong,
Who wiſhing death, whom death denies,
whoſe thred is all too long,
Who tied to wretched life,
who lookes for no reliefe,
Muſt ſpend my euer dying dayes,
in neuer ending griefe.

Harts eaſe and onely I,
like parallels runne on,
Whoſe equall length, keepe equall bredth,
and neuer meet in one,
Yet for not wronging him,
my thoughts, my ſorrowes cell,
Shall not run out, though leake they will,
for liking him ſo well.

Farewell to you my hopes,
my wonted waking dreames,
Farewell ſometimes enioyed ioy,
eclipſed are thy beames,
Farewell falſe-pleaſing thoughts,
which quietneſſe brings forth,
And farewell friendſhips ſacred league,
vniting minds of worth.

And farewell merry hart,
the gift of guiltleſſe minds,
And all ſports, which for liues reſtore,
varietie aſſignes,
Let all that ſweet is void;
in me no mirth may dwell,
PHILLIP, the cauſe of all this woe,
my lifes content, farewell.

Now rime, the ſonne of rage,
which art no kin to skill,
And endleſſe griefe, which deads my life,
yet knowes not how to kill,
Goe ſeeke that hapleſſe tombe,
which if ye hap to find,
Salute the ſtones, that keepe the limmes,
that held ſo good a mind.

FINIS.

PROTHALAMION

OR

A SPOVSALL VERSE: MADE by *Edmunde Spenſer*,

In honour of the double mariage of the two Honourable and vertuous Ladies, the Ladie *Elizabeth*, and the Ladie *Katherine Somerſet*; Daughters to the Right Honourable the Earle of *Worceſter:* and eſpouſed to the two worthy Gentlemen, M. *Henry Gilford*, and M. *William Peter*, Eſquires.

AT LONDON
Printed by *H. L.* for *Mathew Lownes.*
1611.

PROTHALA-
MION.

CAlme was the day, & through the trembling ayre,
Sweet-breathing ZEPHYRVS did softly play
A gentle spirit, that lightly did delay
Hot TITANS beames, which then did glyster faire:
When I, whom sullen care,
Through discontent of my long fruitlesse stay
In Princes Court, and expectation vaine
Of idle hopes, which still doe flie away,
Like empty shaddowes, did afflict my braine,
Walkt forth to ease my paine
Along the shoare of siluer streaming THEMMES,
Whose rutty Banke, the which his Riuer hemmes,
Was painted all with variable flowers,
And all the meades adornd with daintie gemmes,
Fit to decke maydens bowres,
And crowne their Paramours,
Against the Bridale day, which is not long:
Sweet THEMMES runne softly, till I end my Song.

There, in a Meadow, by the Riuers side,
A flock of Nymphes I chaunced to espy,
All louely daughters of the Flood thereby,
With goodly greenish locks, all loose vntyde,
As each had been a Bryde,
And each one had a little wicker basket,
Made of fine twigs, entrayled curiously,
In which they gather'd flowers to fill their flasket:
And with fine fingers, cropt full featously
The tender stalkes on hie.
Of euery sort, which in that Meadow grew,
They gathered some; the Violet pallid blew,
The little Dazie, that at euening closes,
The virgin Lillie, and the Primrose trew,
With store of vermeil Roses,
To decke their Bridegroomes posies,
Against the Bridale day, which was not long:
Sweet THEMMES runne softly, till I end my Song.

With that, I saw two Swannes of goodly hewe,
Come softly swimming downe along the Lee;
Two fairer Birds I yet did neuer see:
The snowe which doth the top of PINDVS strewe,
Did neuer whiter shewe,
Nor IOVE himselfe when he a Swan would be,
For loue of LEDA, whiter did appeare:
Yet LEDA was (they say) as white as he,
Yet not so white as these, nor nothing neare;
So purely white they were,
That euen the gentle streame, the which them bare,
Seem'd foule to them, and bad his billowes spare
To wet their silken feathers, least they might
Soyle their faire plumes, with water not so faire,
And marre their beauties bright,
That shone as heauens light,
Against their Bridale day, which was not long:
Sweet THEMMES runne softly, till I end my Song.

Eftsoones the Nymphes, which now had flowers their
Ran all in haste, to see that siluer broode, (fill,
As they came floting on the crystall Flood.
Whom when they sawe, they stood amazed still,
Their wondring eyes to fill,
Them seem'd they neuer saw a sight so fayre,
Of Fowles so louely, that they sure did deeme
Them heauenly borne, or to be that same payre
Which through the Skie draw VENVS siluer Teeme,
For sure they did not seeme
To be begot of any earthly Seede,
But rather Angels, or of Angels breed:
Yet were they bred of SOMMERS-HEAT, they say,
In sweetest Season, when each Flower and weed
The earth did fresh aray,
So fresh they seem'd as day,
Euen as their Bridale day, which was not long:
Sweet THEMMES runne softly, till I end my Song.

Then forth they all out of their baskets drew,
Great store of Flowers, the honour of the field,
That to the sense did fragrant odours yield,
All which, vpon those goodly Birds they threw,
And all the Waues did strew,
That like old PENEVS Waters they did seeme,
When down along by pleasant TEMPES shore (streame,
Scattred with Flowres, through THESSAL-
That they appeare through Lillies plentious store,
Like a Brides Chamber flore:

Two of thoſe Nymphes, mean-while two garlands bound,
Of freſheſt Flowres, which in that Mead they found,
The which preſenting all in trim Array,
Their ſnowie Foreheads therewithall they crownd,
Whil'ſt one did ſing this Lay,
Prepar'd againſt that Day,
Againſt their Bridale day, which was not long:
Sweet THEMMES runne ſoftly, till I end my Song.

Ye gentle Birds, the worlds faire ornament,
And heauens glorie, whom this happy hower
Doth leade vnto your louers blisfull bower,
Ioy may you haue, and gentle hearts content
Of your loues couplement:
And let faire VENVS, that is Queene of loue,
With her hart-quelling Sonne vpon you ſmile,
Whoſe ſmile they ſay, hath vertue to remoue
All loues diſlike, and friendſhips faultie guile
For euer to aſſoile.
Let endleſſe Peace your ſtedfaſt hearts accord,
And bleſſed Plentie waite vpon your bord,
And let your bed with pleaſures chaſte abound,
That fruitfull iſſue may to you afford,
Which may your foes confound,
And make your ioyes redound,
Vpon your Bridale day, which is not long:
Sweet THEMMES runne ſoftly, till I end my Song.

So ended ſhe; and all the reſt around
To her redoubled that her vnderſong,
Which ſaid, their Bridale day ſhould not be long.
And gentle Eccho from the neighbour ground,
Their accents did reſound.
So forth, thoſe ioyous Birdes did paſſe along,
Adowne the Lee, that to them murmurde low,
As he would ſpeake, but that he lackt a tong,
Yet did by ſignes his glad affection ſhow,
Making his ſtreame runne ſlow.
And all the foule which in his flood did dwell
Gan flocke about theſe twaine, that did excell
The reſt, ſo far, as CYNTHIA doth ſhend
The leſſer ſtarres. So they enranged well,
Did on thoſe two attend,
And their beſt ſeruice lend,
Againſt their wedding day, which was not long:
Sweet THEMMES runne ſoftly, till I end my Song.

At length, they all to merry LONDON came,
To merry LONDON, my moſt kindly Nurſe,
That to me gaue this Lifes firſt natiue ſourſe:
Though from another place I take my name,
An houſe of auncient fame.
There when they came, whereas thoſe bricky towres,
The which on THEMMES brode aged back doth ride,
Where now the ſtudious Lawyers haue their bowers,
There whylome wont the Templer Knights to bide,
Till they decayd through pride:
Next wherevnto there ſtands a ſtately place,
Where oft I gained gifts and goodly grace
Of that great Lord, which therein wont to dwell,
Whoſe want too well now feeles my friendleſſe caſe:
But ah! heere fits not well
Old woes, but ioyes to tell
Againſt the Bridale day, which is not long:
Sweet THEMMES runne ſoftly, till I end my Song.

Yet therein now doth lodge a noble Peere,
Great *Englands* glory, and the Worlds wide wonder,
Whoſe dreadfull name, late through all *Spaine* did thunder,
And HERCVLES two pillars ſtanding neere,
Did make to quake and feare:
Faire branch of Honour, flower of Cheualrie,
That filleſt *England* with thy triumphs fame,
Ioy haue thou of thy noble victorie,
And endleſſe happineſſe of thine owne name
That promiſeth the ſame:
That through thy proweſſe and victorious armes,
Thy Country may be freed from forraine harmes:
And great ELISAES glorious name may ring
Through all the world, fill'd with thy wide Alarmes,
Which ſome braue Muſe may ſing
To ages following,
Vpon the Bridale day, which is not long:
Sweet THEMMES runne ſoftly, till I end my Song.

From thoſe high Towers, this noble Lord iſſuing,
Like radiant HESPER, when his golden haire
In th'Ocean billowes he hath bathed faire,
Deſcended to the Riuers open viewing,
With a great traine enſuing.
Aboue the reſt were goodly to be ſeene
Two gentle Knights of louely face and feature
Beſeeming well the bower of any Queene,
With gifts of wit, and ornaments of nature,
Fit for ſo goodly ſtature:
That like the twinnes of IOVE they ſeem'd in ſight,
Which decke the Bauldricke of the Heauens bright.
They two forth paſing to the Riuers ſide,
Receiu'd thoſe two faire Brides, their Loues delight,
Which at th'appointed tide,
Each one did make his Bride,
Againſt their Bridale day, which is not long:
Sweet THEMMES runne ſoftly, till I end my Song.

FINIS.

AMORETTI AND EPITHALAMION.

VVritten by *Edmunde Spenſer*.

AT LONDON
Printed by *H. L.* for *Mathew Lownes*.
1611.

AMORETTI.

G.W. senior, to the Author.

D Arke is the day, whē Phœbus face is shrowded,
And weaker sights may wander soone astray:
But whē they see his glorious raies vnclowded,
With steddy steps they keepe the perfect way:
So while this Muse in forraine Land doth stay,
Inuention weepes, and pennes are cast aside,
The time like night, depriud of chearfull day,
And few doe write, but (ah) too soone may slide.
Then, hie thee home, that art our perfect guide,
And with thy wit illustrate Englands fame,
Daunting therby our neighbors ancient pride,
That do for poesie, challenge chiefest name:
So we that liue, and ages that succeed,
With great applause thy learned works shall reed.

A H Colin, whether on the lowly plaine,
Piping to shepheards thy sweet roundelayes:
Or whether singing in some lofty vaine,
Heroicke deeds, of past, or present dayes:
Or whether in thy lowely Mistresse praise,
Thou list to exercise thy learned quill, (please,
Thy Muse hath got such grace and power to
With rare inuention, beautified by skill:
As who therin can euer ioy their fill!
O therefore let that happy Muse proceed
To clime the height of vertues sacred hill,
Where endlesse honour shall be made thy meed.
Because no malice of succeeding daies,
Can raze those records of thy lasting praise.

G.W.I.

SONNET I.

HAppy ye leaues, when as those lilly hands,
which hold my life in their dead-doing might,
shall handle you, and hold in loues soft bands,
like captiues trembling at the victors sight.
And happy lines, on which with starry light,
those lamping eyes will deigne sometimes to looke
and reade the sorrowes of my dying spright,
written with teares in harts close bleeding booke
And happy rimes bath'd in the sacred brooke,
of HELICON whence she deriued is,
when ye behold that Angels blessed looke,
my soules long lacked foode, my heauens blis.
Leaues, lines, and rimes, seeke her to please alone,
Whom if ye please, I care for other none.

SONNET II.

VNquiet thought, whom at the first I bred,
of th' inward bale of my loue pined hart:
and sithens haue with sighes and sorrowes fed,
till greater then my wombe thou woxen art:
Breake forth at length out of the inner part,
in which thou lurkest like to vipers brood:
and seeke some succour both to ease my smart,
and also to sustaine thy selfe with food.
But if in presence of that fairest proud
thou chance to come, fall lowely at her feet:
and with meeke humblesse and afflicted mood,
pardon for thee, and grace for me intreat.
Which if she grant, then liue, and my loue cherish:
If not, die soone, and I with thee will perish.

SONNET III.

THe soueraigne beautie which I doe admire,
witnesse the world how worthy to be praised:
the light whereof hath kindled heauenly fire,
in my fraile spirit, by her from baseneſſe raised;
That beeing now with her huge brightnes dazed,
base thing I can no more endure to view:
but looking still on her, I stand amazed,
at wondrous sight of so celestiall hew.
So when my tongue would speake her praises dew,
it stopped is with thoughts astonishment:
and when my pen would write her titles true,
it rauisht is with fancies wonderment:
Yet in my hart I then both speake and write
The wonder that my wit cannot endite.

SONNET IIII.

NEw yeare forth looking out of IANVS gate,
doth seeme to promise hope of new delight:

and

and bidding th'old Adieu, his passed date
bids all old thoughts to die in dumpish spright.
And calling forth out of sad Winters night,
fresh loue, that long hath slept in cheerlesse bower:
wils him awake, and soone about him dight
his wanton wings, and darts of deadly power.
For lustie Spring now in his timely howre,
is ready to come forth, him to receiue:
and warnes the Earth, with diuers colourd flowre
to decke her selfe, and her faire mantle weaue.
Then you faire flowre, in whom fresh youth doth raine,
Prepare your selfe, new loue to entertaine.

SONNET V.

RVdely thou wrongest my deare harts desire,
in finding fault with her too portly pride:
the thing which I doe most in her admire,
is of the world vnworthy most enuide.
For in those loftie lookes is close implide,
scorne of base things, & sdeigne of foule dishonor:
threatning rash eyes which gaze on her so wide,
that loosely they ne dare to looke vpon her.
Such pride is praise, such portlinesse is honor,
that boldned innocence beares in her eyes:
and her faire countenance like a goodly banner,
spreads in defiance of all enemies.
Was neuer in this world ought worthy tride,
Without some sparke of such selfe-pleasing pride.

SONNET VI.

BE nought dismayd that her vnmoued mind
doth still persist in her rebellious pride:
such loue not like to lusts of baser kind,
the harder wonne, the firmer will abide.
The durefull Oake, whose sap is not yet dride,
is long ere it conceiue the kindling fire:
but when it once doth burne, it doth diuide
great heate, & makes his flames to heauen aspire.
So hard it is to kindle new desire,
in gentle brest that shall endure for euer:
deepe is the wound, that dints the parts entire
with chaste affects, that nought but death can seuer.
Then thinke not long in taking little paine,
To knit the knot, that euer shall remaine.

SONNET VII.

FAire eyes, the myrrour of my mazed hart,
what wondrous vertue is containd in you,
the which both life and death forth from you dart
into the obiect of your mightie view?
For when ye mildly looke with louely hew,
then is my soule with life and loue inspired:
but when ye lowre, or looke on me askew,
then doe I die, as one with lightning fired.
But since that life is more then death desired,
looke euer louely, as becomes you best,
that your bright beams of my weak eies admired,
may kindle liuing fire within my brest.
Such life should be the honor of your light,
Such death the sad ensample of your might.

SONNET VIII.

MOre then most faire, full of the liuing fire,
kindled aboue vnto the maker neere:
no eyes but ioyes, in which all powers conspire,
that to the world nought else be counted deare.
Through your bright beams doth not the blinded guest
shoote out his darts to base affections wound:
but Angels come to leade fraile minds to rest
in chaste desires, on heauenly beautie bound.
You frame my thoughts, and fashion me within,
you stop my tongue, and teach my hart to speake,
you calme the storme that passion did begin,
strong through your cause, but by your vertue weake.
Darke is the world, where your light shined neuer;
Well is he borne, that may behold you euer.

SONNET IX.

LOng-while I sought to what I might compare
those powrefull eyes, which lighten my dark spright:
yet find I nought on earth, to which I dare
resemble th'image of their goodly light.
Not to the Sun: for they doe shine by night;
nor to the Moone: for they are changed neuer;
nor to the starres: for they haue purer sight;
nor to the fire: for they consume not euer;
Nor to the lightning: for they still perseuer;
nor to the Diamond: for they are more tender;
nor vnto Crystall: for nought may them seuer;
nor vnto glasse: such baseneesse mought offend her.
Then to the Maker selfe they likest bee,
Whose light doth lighten all that heere we see.

SONNET X.

VNrighteous Lord of loue, what law is this,
that me thou makest thus tormented be?
the whiles she lordeth in licentious blisse
of her free-will, scorning both thee and me.
See how the Tyrannesse doth ioy to see
the huge massacres which her eyes do make:
and humbled harts brings captiues vnto thee,
that thou of them mayst mightie vengeance take.
But her proud hart doe thou a little shake
and that high looke, with which she doth controll
all this worldes pride bow to a baser make,
and all her faults in thy blacke booke enroll:
That I may laugh at her in equall sort,
As she doth laugh at me, & makes my paine her sport.

SONNET XI.

DAily when I doe seeke and sue for peace,
and hostages doe offer for my truth:
she cruell warriour doth her selfe addresse
to battell, and the wearie war renew'th.
Ne will be moou'd with reason or with ruth,
to grant small respit to my restlesse toile:
but greedily her fell intent pursu'th,
of my poore life to make vnpittied spoile.
Yet my poore life, all sorrowes to assoile,
I would her yield, her wrath to pacifie:
but then she seekes with torment and turmoile,
to force me liue, and will not let me die.

All

All paine hath end, and euery war hath peace,
But mine, no price nor prayer may surcease.

SONNET XII.

ONe day I sought with her hart-thrilling eyes
to make a truce, and termes to entertaine:
all fearelesse then of so false enemies,
which sought me to entrap in treasons traine.
So, as I then disarmed did remaine,
a wicked ambush which lay hidden long,
in the close couert of her guilefull eyen,
thence breaking forth, did thicke about me throng.
Too feeble I t'abide the brunt so strong,
was forst to yeeld my selfe into their hands:
who me captiuing straight with rigorous wrong,
haue euer since kept me in cruell bands.
So Lady, now to you I doe complaine,
Against your eyes, that iustice I may gaine.

SONNET XIII.

IN that proud port, which her so goodly graceth,
whiles her faire face she reares vp to the skie:
and to the ground her eye-lids lowe embaseth,
most goodly temperature ye may descry,
Mild humblesse, mixt with awfull maiestie.
for looking on the earth whence she was borne,
her minde remembreth her mortalitie,
what so is fairest shall to earth returne.
But that same loftie countenance seemes to scorne
base thing, and thinke how she to heauen may clime:
treading downe earth, as lothsome and forlorne,
that hinders heauenly thoughts with drossie slime.
Yet lowly still vouchsafe to looke on me,
Such lowlinesse shall make you loftie be.

SONNET XIIII.

REturne againe my forces late dismayd,
vnto the siege by you abandon'd quite.
great shame it is to leane, like one afrayd,
so faire a peece, for one repulse so light.
Gainst such strong castles needeth greater might
then those small forces, ye were wont belay;
such haughty minds enur'd to hardy fight,
disdaine to yeeld vnto the first assay.
Bring therefore all the forces that yee may,
and lay incessant battery to her hart,
plaints, prayers, vowes, ruth, sorrow, and dismay,
those engins can the proudest loue conuert:
And if those faile, fall downe and die before her,
So dying liue, and liuing doe adore her.

SONNET XV.

YE tradefull Merchants, that with weary toyle,
doe seek most precious things to make your gaine:
and both the Indias of their treasure spoile,
what needeth you to seeke so farre in vaine?
For loe, my loue doth in herselfe containe
all this worlds riches that may farre be found;
if Saphyres, loe, her eyes be Saphyres plaine,
if Rubies, loe, her lips be Rubies sound:
If Pearles, her teeth be pearles, both pure and round:
if Iuorie, her forhead Iuorie weene,
if Gold, her locks are finest gold on ground;
if Siluer, her faire hands are siluer sheene:
But that which fairest is, but few behold,
Her mind adornd with vertues manifold.

SONNET XVI.

ONe day as I vnwarily did gaze
on those fayre eyes my loues immortall light:
the whiles my stonisht hart stood in a maze,
through sweet illusion of her lookes delight;
I mote perceiue how in her glancing sight,
legions of loues with little wings did flie:
darting their deadly arrowes fierie bright,
at euery rash beholder passing by.
One of those archers closely I did spy,
ayming his arrow at my very hart:
when suddenly with twinkle of her eye,
the Damzell broke his misintended dart.
Had she not so done, sure I had been slaine,
Yet as it was, I hardly scap't with paine.

SONNET XVII.

THe glorious pourtraict of that Angels face,
made to amaze weake mens confused skill:
and this worlds worthlesse glory to embace,
what pen, what pensill can expresse her fill?
For though he colours could deuize at will,
and eke his learned hand at pleasure guide,
least trembling, it his workmanship should spill,
yet many wondrous things there are beside.
The sweet eye-glaunces, that like arrowes glide,
the charming smiles, that rob sense from the hart:
the louely pleasance, and the lofty pride,
cannot expressed be by any art.
A greater craftesmans hand thereto doth need,
That can expresse the life of things indeed.

SONNET XVIII.

THe rolling wheele that runneth often round,
the hardest steele in tract of time doth teare:
and drizling drops that often doe redound,
the firmest flint doth in continuance weare:
Yet cannot I, with many a dropping teare,
and long intreatie, soften her hard hart:
that she wil once vouchsafe my plaint to heare,
or looke with pitty on my painefull smart.
But when I plead, she bids me play my part,
and when I weepe, she sayes, Teares are but water:
and when I sigh, she sayes, I know the art,
and when I waile, she turnes herselfe to laughter.
So doe I weepe and waile, and plead in vaine,
Whiles she as steele and flint doth still remaine.

SONNET XIX.

THe merry Cuckowe, messenger of Spring,
his trumpet shrill hath thrice already sounded:
that warnes all louers waite vpon their king,
who now is comming forth with girland crowned.

With

With noyse whereof the quire of Birds resounded
their anthemes sweet deuized of loues praise,
that all the woods their Ecchoes back rebounded,
as if they knew the meaning of their layes.
But mongst them all, which did Loues honour raise,
no word was heard of her that most it ought,
but she his precept proudly disobayes,
and doth his idle message set at nought.
Therefore, ô loue, vnlesse she turne to thee
Ere Cuckow end, let her a rebell be.

SONNET XX.

IN vaine I seeke and sue to her for grace,
and doe mine humble hart before her poure:
the whiles her foote she in my necke doth place,
and tread my life downe in the lowly floure.
And yet the Lyon that is Lord of power,
and raigneth ouer euery beast in field,
in his most pride disdeigneth to deuoure
the silly Lambe that to his might doth yield.
But she, more cruell and more saluage wilde,
then eyther Lyon, or the Lioness:
shames not to be with guiltlesse bloud defilde,
but taketh glory in her cruelnesse.
Fairer then fairest, let none euer say,
That ye were blooded in a yeelded pray.

SONNET XXI.

VVAs it the worke of Nature or of Art,
which tempred so the feature of her face,
that pride and meeknes mixt by equall part,
doe both appeare t'adorne her beauties grace?
For with mild pleasance, which doth pride displace,
she to her loue doth lookers eyes allure:
and with sterne count'nance backe againe doth chace
their loofer lookes that stir vp lustes impure,
With such strange traines her eyes she doth inure,
that with one looke she doth my life dismay:
and with another doth it straight recure,
her smile me drawes, her frowne me driues away.
Thus doth she traine and teach me with her lookes,
Such art of eyes, I neuer read in bookes.

SONNET XXII.

THis holy season, fit to fast and pray,
men to deuotion ought to be inclind:
therefore, I likewise on so holy day,
for my sweet Saint some seruice fit will find.
Her temple faire is built within my mind,
in which her glorious image placed is,
on which my thoughts doe day and night attend,
like sacred priests that neuer thinke amis:
There I to her, as th'author of my blis,
will build an altar to appease her ire,
and on the same my hart will sacrifice,
burning in flames of pure and chaste desire:
The which vouchsafe, ô goddesse to accept,
Amongst thy deerest relicks to be kept.

SONNET XXIII.

PENELOPE for her VLYSSES sake,
deuiz'd a Web her wooers to deceaue:
in which, the worke that shee all day did make,
the same at night she did againe vnreaue:
Such subtile craft my Damzell doth conceaue,
th'importune sute of my desire to shonne:
for, all that I in many daies doe weaue,
in one short houre I find by her vndonne.
So when I thinke to end that I begonne,
I must begin and neuer bring to end:
for with one looke, she spils that long I sponne,
and with one word my whole yeares work doth rend.
Such labour like the Spyders web I find,
Whose fruitlesse worke is broken with least wind.

SONNET XXIIII.

WHen I behold that beauties wonderment,
and rare perfection of each goodly part:
of natures skill the onely complement,
I honour and admire the makers art.
But when I feele the bitter balefull smart,
which her faire eyes vnwares doe worke in mee:
that death out of their shiny beames doe dart,
I thinke that I a new PANDORA see;
Whom all the Gods in councell did agree,
into this sinfull world from heauen to send:
that she to wicked men a scourge should bee,
for all their faults with which they did offend.
But since ye are my scourge, I will intreat,
That for my faults ye will me gently beat.

SONNET XXV.

HOw long shall this like dying life endure,
and know no end of her owne miserie?
but waste and weare away in termes vnsure,
twixt feare and hope depending doubtfully.
Yet better were attonce to let me die,
and shew the last ensample of your pride:
then to torment me thus with crueltie,
to proue your powre, which I too well haue tride.
But yet if in your hardned brest ye hide
a close intent at last to shew me grace:
then all the woes and wrecks which I abide,
as meanes of blis I gladly will embrace;
And wish that more and greater they might be,
That greater meed at last may turne to me.

SONNET XXVI.

SWeet is the Rose, but growes vpon a brere;
sweet is the Iunipere, but sharpe his bough;
sweet is the Eglantine, but pricketh nere;
sweet is the firbloome, but his branches rough:
Sweet is the Cypresse, but his rind is tough,
sweet is the nut, but bitter is his pill;
sweet is the broome-flowre, but yet sowre enough;
and sweet is Moly, but his roote is ill.
So euery sweet with soure is tempred still,
that maketh it be coueted the more:
for easie things that may be got at will,
most sorts of men doe set but little store.
Why then should I account of little paine,
That endlesse pleasure shall vnto me gaine.

SON-

SONNET XXVII.

FAire proud, now tell me, why should faire be proud,
sith all worlds glory is but drosse vncleane?
and in the shade of death it selfe shall shroud,
how-euer now thereof ye little weene.
That goodly Idoll now so gay beseene,
shall doffe her fleshes borrowd faire attire:
and be forgot as it had neuer been,
that many now much worship and admire.
Ne any then shall after it inquire,
ne any mention shall thereof remaine,
but what this verse, that neuer shall expire,
shall to you purchace with her thankelesse paine.
Faire, be no longer proud of that shall perish,
But that which shall you make immortall, cherish.

SONNET XXVIII.

THe Laurell leafe, which you this day doe weare,
giues me great hope of your relenting mind:
for since it is the badge which I doe beare,
ye bearing it, doe seeme to me inclind:
The powre thereof, which oft in me I find,
let it likewise your gentle brest inspire
with sweet infusion, and put you in mind
of that proud mayd, whom now those leaues attyre.
Proud DAPHNE, scorning Phœbus louely fire,
on the Thessalian shore from him did flie:
for which the gods in their reuengefull ire
did her transforme into a Laurell tree.
Then flie no more faire Loue from Phœbus chace,
But in your brest his leafe and loue embrace.

SONNET XXIX.

SEe how the stubborne damzell doth depraue
my simple meaning with disdainfull scorne:
and by the bay which I vnto her gaue,
accounts my selfe her captiue quite forlorne.
The bay, quoth she, is of the Victors borne,
yeelded them by the vanquisht as their meeds,
and they there-with doe Poets heads adorne,
to sing the glory of their famous deeds.
But sith she will the conquest challenge needs,
let her accept me as her faithfull thrall,
that her great triumph which my skill exceeds,
I may in trump of fame blaze ouer all.
Then would I decke her head with glorious bayes,
And fill the world with her victorious prayse.

SONNET XXX.

MY Loue is like to Ise, and I to fire;
how comes it then that this her cold so great
is not dissolu'd through my so hot desire,
but harder growes the more I her intreat?
Or how comes it that my exceeding heat
is not delayd by her hart frozen cold:
but that I burne much more in boyling sweat,
and feele my flames augmented manifold?
What more miraculous thing may be told,
that fire which all thing melts, should harden Ise:
and Ise, which is congeald with senseless cold,
should kindle fire by wonderfull deuise?
Such is the powre of loue in gentle mind,
That it can alter all the course of kind.

SONNET XXXI.

AH, why hath nature to so hard a hart
giuen so goodly gifts of beauties grace?
whose pride depraues each other better part,
and all those pretious ornaments deface.
Sith to all other beasts of bloody race,
a dreadfull countenance she giuen hath:
that with their terrour all the rest may chace,
and warne to shun the danger of their wrath.
But my proud one doth worke the greater scath,
through sweet allurement of her louely hew:
that she the better may in bloody bath
of such poore thralls, her cruell hands embrew.
But did she knowe how ill these two accord,
Such crueltie she would haue soone abhord.

SONNET XXXII.

THe painfull Smith, with force of feruent heat,
the hardest Iron soone doth mollifie,
that with his heauy sledge he can it beat,
and fashion to what he it list apply.
Yet cannot all these flames in which I fry,
her hart more hard then Iron soft awhit:
ne all the plaints and prayers with which I
doe beat on th'anuile of her stubborne wit:
But still the more she feruent sees my fit,
the more she friezeth in her wilfull pride:
and harder growes the harder she is smit,
with all the plaints which to her be applyde.
What then remaines but I to ashes burne,
And she to stones at length all frozen turne?

SONNET XXXIII.

GReat wrong I doe, I can it not deny,
to that most sacred Empresse my deare dread,
not finishing her Queene of Faëry,
that mote enlarge her liuing prayses dead:
But LODVVICK, this of grace to me aread;
doe ye not thinke th'accomplishment of it,
sufficient worke for one mans simple head,
all were it as the rest, but rudely writ.
How then should I without another wit?
thinke euer to endure so tedious toyle,
sith that this one is tost with troublous fit,
of a proud Loue, that doth my spirit spoyle.
Cease then, till she vouchsafe to grant me rest,
Or lend you me another liuing brest.

SONNET XXXIIII.

LIke as a ship, that through the Ocean wide,
by conduct of some starre doth make her way,
when as a storme hath dimd her trustie guide,
out of her course doth wander far astray:
So I, whose starre, that wont with her bright ray,
me to direct, with cloudes is ouer-cast,
doe wander now in darknesse and dismay,
through hidden perils round about me plast;

Yet hope I well, that when this ſtorme is paſt,
my HELICE, the lodeſtar of my life
will ſhine againe, and looke on me at laſt,
with louely light to cleare my cloudy griefe.
Till then I wander carefull comfortleſs,
In ſecret ſorrow, and ſad penſiueneſs.

SONNET XXXV.

MY hungry eyes through greedy couetice,
ſtill to behold the obiect of their paine,
with no contentment can themſelues ſuffice:
but hauing pine, and hauing not complaine.
For lacking it, they cannot life ſuſtaine,
and hauing it, they gaze on it the more:
in their amazement like NARCISSVS vaine,
whoſe eyes him ſtaru'd: ſo plentie makes me pore.
Yet are mine eyes ſo filled with the ſtore
of that faire ſight, that nothing elſe they brooke,
but lothe the things which they did like before,
and can no more endure on them to looke.
All this worlds glorie ſeemeth vaine to me,
And all their ſhowes but ſhadowes, ſauing ſhe.

SONNET XXXVI.

TEll mee, when ſhall theſe wearie woes haue end,
or ſhall their ruthleſſe torment neuer ceaſe:
but all my daies in pining languor ſpend,
without hope of aſſwagement or releaſe.
Is there no meanes for me to purchaſe peace,
or make agreement with her thrilling eyes:
but that their crueltie doth ſtill increaſe,
and daily more augment my miſeries.
But when ye haue ſhu w'd all extremities,
then thinke how little glory ye haue gained,
by ſlaying him, whoſe life though ye deſpiſe,
mote haue your life in honor long maintained.
But by his death, which ſome perhaps will mone,
Ye ſhall condemned be of many a one.

SONNET XXXVII.

WHat guile is this, that thoſe her golden treſſes
ſhe doth attyre vnder a net of gold:
and with ſlie skill ſo cunningly them dreſſes,
that which is gold or haire, may ſcarce be told?
Is it that mens frayle eyes, which gaze too bold,
ſhee may entangle in that golden ſnare:
and beeing caught, may craftily enfold
their weaker harts, which are not well aware?
Take heede therefore, mine eyes, how ye doe ſtare
henceforth too raſhly on that guilefull net,
in which, if euer ye entrapped are,
out of her bands ye by no meanes ſhall get.
Fondneſſe it were for any beeing free,
To couet fetters, though they golden bee.

SONNET XXXVIII.

ARION, when through tempeſts cruell wrack,
he forth was throwne into the greedy ſeas:
through the ſweet muſick which his harp did make,
allur'd a Dolphin him from death to eaſe.
But my rude muſick, which was wont to pleaſe
ſome daintie eares, cannot with any skill,
the dreadfull tempeſt of her wrath appeaſe,
nor moue the Dolphin from her ſtubborne will,
But in her pride ſhe doth perſeuer ſtill,
all careleſſe how my life for her decayes:
yet with one word ſhe can it ſaue or ſpill.
to ſpill were pitty, but to ſaue were praiſe.
Chuſe rather to be prayſd for dooing good,
Then to be blam'd for ſpilling guiltleſſe blood.

SONNET XXXIX.

SWeet ſmile, the daughter of the Queene of loue,
expreſſing all thy mothers powrefull art,
with which ſhe wonts to temper angry IOVE,
when all the gods he threats with thundring dart.
Sweet is thy vertue, as thy ſelfe ſweet art.
for when on me thou ſhinedſt late in ſadneſſe,
a melting pleaſance ran through euery part,
and me reuiued with hart-robbing gladneſſe.
Whilſt rapt with ioy reſembling heauenly madnes,
my ſoule was rauiſht quite as in a traunce:
and feeling thence no more her ſorrowes ſadneſſe,
fed on the fulneſſe of that chearefull glaunce.
More ſweet then Nectar or Ambroſiall meat,
Seemd euery bit which thenceforth I did eate.

SONNET XL.

MArke when ſhe ſmiles with amiable cheare,
and tell me whereto can ye liken it:
when on each eye-lid ſweetly doe appeare
an hundred Graces as in ſhade to ſit.
Likeſt it ſeemeth in my ſimple wit,
vnto the faire ſunſhine in ſommers day:
that when a dreadfull ſtorme away is flit,
through the broad world doth ſpred his goodly ray:
At ſight whereof, each bird that ſits on ſpray,
and euery beaſt that to his den was fled,
comes forth afreſh out of their late diſmay,
and to the light lift vp their drouping hed.
So my ſtorme-beaten hart likewiſe is cheared,
With that ſun-ſhine when cloudy lookes are cleared.

SONNET XLI.

IS it her nature, or is it her will,
to be ſo cruell to an humbled foe?
if nature, then ſhe may it mend with skill:
if will, then ſhe at will may will forgoe.
But if her nature and her will be ſo,
that ſhe will plague the man that loues her moſt:
and take delight t'encreaſe a wretches woe,
then all her natures goodly gifts are loſt.
And that ſame glorious beauties idle boaſt,
is but a bayt ſuch wretches to beguile,
as beeing long in her loues tempeſt toſt,
ſhe meanes at laſt to make her pittious ſpoile.
O fayreſt faire, let neuer it be named,
That ſo faire beauty was ſo fouly ſhamed.

SONNET XLII.

THe loue which me ſo cruelly tormenteth,
ſo pleaſing is in my extreameſt paine,
that all the more my ſorrow it augmenteth,
the more I loue and doe embrace my bane.
Ne doe I wiſh (for wiſhing were but vaine)
to be acquit fro my continuall ſmart:
but ioy, her thrall for euer to remaine,
and yield for pledge my poore captiued hart;
The which that it from her may neuer ſtart,
let her, if pleaſe her, bind with Adamant chaine:
and from all wandring loues which mote peruart,
in ſafe aſſurance ſtrongly it reſtraine.
Onely let her abſtaine from crueltie,
And doe me not before my time to die.

SONNET XLIII.

SHall I then ſilent be, or ſhall I ſpeake?
and if I ſpeake, her wrath renew I ſhall:
and if I ſilent be, my hart will breake,
or choked be with ouerflowing gall.
What tyrannie is this, both my hart to thrall,
and eke my tongue with proud reſtraint to tie;
that neither I may ſpeake nor thinke at all,
but like a ſtupid ſtock in ſilence die?
Yet I my hart with ſilence ſecretly
will teach to ſpeak, and my iuſt cauſe to plead:
and eke mine eyes with meeke humilitie,
loue-learned letters to her eyes to read:
Which her deepe wit, that true harts thought can ſpell,
Will ſoone conceiue, and learne to conſtrue well.

SONNET XLIIII.

WHen thoſe renoumed noble Peeres of Greece,
through ſtubborne pride among theſelues did iar,
forgetfull of the famous golden fleece,
then ORPHEVS with his harp their ſtrife did bar.
But this continuall, cruell, ciuill war,
the which my ſelfe againſt my ſelfe doe make:
whilſt my weak powres of paſſions warreid are,
no skill can ſtint, nor reaſon can aſſake.
But when in hand my tuneleſſe harpe I take,
then doe I more augment my foes deſpight:
and griefe renew, and paſſions doe awake
to battaile, freſh againſt my ſelfe to fight.
Mongſt whom the more I ſeeke to ſettle peace,
The more I find their malice to increace.

SONNET XLV.

LEaue Lady in your glaſſe of cryſtall cleane,
your goodly ſelfe for euermore to view:
and in my ſelfe, my inward ſelfe I meane,
moſt liuely like behold your ſemblant true.
Within my hart, though hardly it can ſhew
thing ſo diuine to view of earthly eye:
the faire Idea of your celeſtiall hew,
and euery part remaines immortally:
And were it not that through your crueltie,
with ſorrow dimmed and deformd it were,
the goodly image of your viſnomy,
clearer then cryſtall would therein appeare.
But if your ſelfe in me ye plaine will ſee, (bee.
Remoue the cauſe by which your faire beames darkned

SONNET XLVI.

WHen my abodes prefixed time is ſpent,
my cruell faire ſtraight bids me wend away:
but then from heauen moſt hideous ſtormes are ſent,
as willing me againſt her will to ſtay.
Whom then ſhall I, or heauen or her obey?
the heauens knowe beſt what is the beſt for me:
but as ſhe will, whoſe will my life doth ſway,
my lower heauen, ſo it perforce muſt be.
But ye high heauens, that all this ſorrowe ſee,
ſith all your tempeſts cannot hold me back,
aſſwage your ſtormes, or elſe both you and ſhee,
will both together me too ſorely wrack.
Enough it is for one man to ſuſtaine,
The ſtormes, which ſhe alone on me doth raine.

SONNET XLVII.

TRuſt not the treaſon of thoſe ſmiling lookes,
vntill ye haue their guilefull traines well tride:
for they are like but vnto golden hookes,
that from the fooliſh fiſh their bayts doe hide:
So ſhe with flattring ſmyles weake harts doth guide
vnto her loue, and tempt to their decay;
whom beeing caught, ſhe kills with cruell pride,
and feeds at pleaſure on the wretched pray:
Yet euen whilſt her bloody hands them ſlay,
her eyes looke louely, and vpon them ſmile:
that they take pleaſure in her cruell play,
and dying, doe themſelues of paine beguile.
O mightie charme which makes men loue their bane,
And thinke they die with pleaſure, liue with paine.

SONNET XLVIII.

INnocent paper, whom too cruell hand
did make the matter to auenge her ire:
and ere ſhe could thy cauſe well vnderſtand,
did ſacrifize vnto the greedy fire.
Well worthy thou to haue found better hire,
then ſo bad end for hereticks ordained:
yet hereſie nor treaſon didſt conſpire,
but plead thy Maiſters cauſe, vniuſtly pained.
Whom ſhe, all careleſſe of his griefe, conſtrained
to vtter forth the anguiſh of his hart:
and would not heare, when he to her complained
the pittious paſſion of his dying ſmart.
Yet liue for euer, though againſt her will,
And ſpeake her good, though ſhe requite it ill.

SONNET XLIX.

FAyre cruell, why are ye ſo fierce and cruell?
Is it becauſe your eyes haue power to kill?
then knowe that mercy is the Mighties iewell,
and greater glory thinke to ſaue, then ſpill.
But if it be your pleaſure and proud will,
to ſhew the powre of your imperious eyes:
then not on him that neuer thought you ill,
but bend your force againſt your enemies.
Let them feele th'vtmoſt of your cruelties,
and kill with lookes, as Cockatrices doe:
but him that at your footſtoole humbled lies,
with mercifull regard, giue mercy to.

Such mercy shall you make admyr'd to be,
So shall you liue, by giuing life to me.

SONNET L.

LOng languishing in double malady,
of my harts wound, and of my bodies griefe,
there came to me a Leach, that would apply
fit medcines for my bodies best reliefe.
Vaine man, quoth I, that hast but little priefe,
in deepe discouery of the minds disease:
is not the hart of all the body chiefe?
and rules the members as it selfe doth please?
Then with some cordialls seeke first to appease
the inward languor of my wounded hart,
and then my body shall haue shortly ease:
but such sweet cordialls passe Physitions art.
Then my lifes Leach, doe you your skill reueale,
And with one salue, both hart and body heale.

SONNET LI.

DOe I not see that fairest Images,
of hardest Marble are of purpose made?
for that they should endure through many ages,
ne let their famous moniments to fade.
Why then doe I, vntraind in Louers trade,
her hardnesse blame, which I should more commend?
sith neuer ought was excellent assayd,
which was not hard t'atchiue and bring to end.
Ne ought so hard, but he that would attend,
mote soften it and to his wil allure:
so doe I hope her stubborne hart to bend,
and that it then more stedfast will endure.
Onely my paines will be the more to get her,
But hauing her, my ioy will be the greater.

SONNET LII.

SO oft as homeward I from her depart,
I goe like one that hauing lost the field,
is prisoner led away with heauy hart,
despoyld of warlike armes and knowen shield.
So doe I now my selfe a prisoner yield,
to sorrow and to solitarie paine:
from presence of my dearest deare exild,
long-while alone in languour to remaine.
There let no thought of ioy, or pleasure vaine,
dare to approche, that may my solace breed:
but sudden dumps, and drery sad disdaine
of all worlds gladnesse more my torment feed.
So I her absence will my penaunce make,
That of her presence I my meed may take.

SONNET LIII.

THe Panther knowing that his spotted hide
doth please all beasts, but that his looks them fray:
within a bush his dreadfull head doth hide,
to let them gaze, whilst he on them may pray.
Right so my cruell faire with me doth play.
for with the goodly semblance of her hew,
she doth allure me to mine owne decay,
and then no mercy will vnto me shew.
Great shame it is, thing so diuine in view,
made for to be the worlds most ornament:
to make the bayte her gazers to embrew,
good shames to be to ill an instrument.
But mercy doth with beautie best agree,
As in their maker ye them best may see.

SONNET LIIII.

OF this wolds Theater in which we stay,
my Loue like the Spectator, idly sits,
beholding me that all the pageants play,
disguising diuersly my troubled wits.
Sometimes I ioy when glad occasion fits,
and maske in mirth like to a Comedy:
soone after, when my ioy to sorrow flits,
I waile, and make my woes a Tragedie.
Yet she beholding me with constant eye,
delights not in my mirth, nor rues my smart:
but when I laugh, she mocks, and when I cry,
she laughes, and hardens euermore her hart.
What then can moue her? if nor mirth nor mone,
She is no woman, but a senseless stone.

SONNET LV.

SO oft as I her beautie doe behold,
and there-with doe her crueltie compare,
I maruaile of what substance was the mould,
the which her made attonce so cruell faire.
Not earth; for her high thoughts more heu'nly are.
not water; for her loue doth burne like fire:
not ayre; for she is not so light or rare.
not fire; for she doth frieze with faint desire.
Then needs another Element inquire
whereof she mote be made; that is, the skye.
for, to the heauen her haughty lookes aspire:
and eke her loue is pure immortall hie.
Then sith to heauen ye likened are the best,
Be like in mercy as in all the rest.

SONNET LVI.

FAire yee be sure, but cruell and vnkind,
as is a Tygre, that with greedinesse
hunts after blood, when he by chance doth find
a feeble beast, doth felly him oppresse.
Faire be ye sure, but proud and pitilesse,
as is a storme, that all things doth prostrate:
finding a tree alone all comfortlesse,
beats on it strongly, it to ruinate.
Fayre be ye sure, but hard and obstinate,
as is a rocke amidst the raging floods:
gainst which, a ship of succour desolate,
doth suffer wreck both of her selfe and goods.
That ship, that tree, and that same beast am I,
Whom ye doe wreck, doe ruine, and destroy.

SONNET LVII.

SWeet warriour, when shall I haue peace with you?
high time it is this warre now ended were:
which I no longer can endure to sue,
ne your incessant battry more to beare:

So weake my powres, so sore my wounds appeare,
that wonder is how I should liue a iot,
seeing my hart through-launced euery where
with thousand arrowes, which your eyes haue shot:
Yet shoot ye sharply still, and spare me not,
but glory thinke to make these cruell stoures.
ye cruell one, what glory can be got,
in slaying him that would liue gladly yours?
Make peace therfore, and grant me timely grace,
That all my wounds will heale in little space.

SONNET LVIII.

By her that is most assured to her selfe.

WEake is th'assurance that weake flesh reposeth
in her owne powre, and scorneth others ayde:
that soonest fals, when as she most supposeth
her selfe assur'd, and is of nought affraid.
All flesh is fraile, and all her strength vnstayd,
like a vaine bubble blowen vp with ayre:
deuouring time & changefull chance haue prayd,
her glorious pride that none may it repaire.
Ne none so rich or wise, so strong or faire,
but faileth, trusting on his owne assurance:
and he that standeth on the highest stayre
falls lowest: for on earth nought hath endurance.
Why then do ye proud faire, misdeeme so farre,
That to your selfe ye most assured arre.

SONNET LIX.

THrise happy she, that is so well assur'd
vnto her selfe, and setled so in hart:
that neither will for better be allur'd,
ne feard with worse to any chance to start,
But like a steddy ship, doth strongly part
the raging waues, and keepes her course aright:
ne ought for tempest doth from it depart,
ne ought for fayrer weathers false delight.
Such selfe assurance need not feare the spight
of grudging foes, ne fauour seeke of friends:
but in the stay of her owne stedfast might,
neither to one her selfe nor other bends.
Most happy she that most assur'd doth rest,
But he most happy who such one loues best.

SONNET LX.

THey that in course of heauenly spheares are skild,
to euery planet point his sundry yeare:
in which her circles voyage is fulfild,
as MARS in threescore yeeres doth run his spheare.
So since the winged God his planet cleare,
began in me to moue, one yeare is spent:
the which doth longer vnto me appeare,
then all those fortie which my life out-went.
Then by that count, which louers bookes inuent,
the spheare of CVPID fortie yeares containes:
which I haue wasted in long languishment,
that seemd the longer for my greater paines.
But let my Loues faire planet short her waies,
This yeere ensuing, or else short my dayes.

SONNET LXI.

THe glorious image of the Makers beautie,
my soueraigne saint, the Idoll of my thought,
dare not henceforth aboue the bounds of duetie,
t'accuse of pride, or rashly blame for ought.
For, beeing as she is, diuinely wrought,
and of the brood of Angels heau'nly borne:
and with the crew of blessed Saints vpbrought,
each of which did her with their gifts adorne:
The bud of ioy, the blossome of the morne,
the beame of light, whom mortall eyes admire:
what reason is it then but she should scorne
base things, that to her loue too bold aspire?
Such beau'nly formes ought rather worshipt bee,
Then dare be lou'd by men of meane degree.

SONNET LXII.

THe wearie yeere his race now hauing runne,
the new begins his compast course anew:
with shew of morning mylde he hath begun,
betokening peace and plentie to ensew,
So let vs, which this change of weather view,
change eeke our minds, and former liues amend,
the old yeares sinnes forepast let vs eschew,
and flie the faults with which we did offend.
Then shall the new yeeres ioy forth freshly send,
into the glooming world his gladsome ray:
and all these stormes which now his beautie blend,
shall turne to calmes, and timely cleare away.
So, likewise Loue, cheare you your heauy spright,
And change old yeares annoy, to new delight.

SONNET LXIII.

AFter long stormes and tempests sad assay,
which hardly I endured heeretofore,
in dread of death, and dangerous dismay,
with which my silly barke was tossed sore:
I doe at length descry the happy shore,
in which I hope ere long for to arriue:
faire soyle it seemes from far, & fraught with store
of all that deare and daintie is aliue.
Most happy he, that can at last atchiue,
the ioyous safetie of so sweet a rest;
whose least delight sufficeth to depriue
remembrance of all paines which him opprest.
All paines are nothing in respect of this,
All sorrowes short that gaine eternall blis.

SONNET LXIIII.

COmming to kisse her lips (such grace I found)
me seemd I smelt a garden of sweet flowres:
that dainty odours from them threw around,
for damzels fit to decke their louers bowres.
Her lips did smell like vnto Gilliflowers,
her ruddy cheeks, like vnto Roses red:
her snowy browes like budded Bellamoures,
her louely eyes, like Pinks but newly spred,
Her goodly bosome, like a Strawberry bed,
her necke, like to a bunch of Cullambines:
her brest like Lillies, ere their leaues be shed,
her nipples like young blossomd Iessemines:

Such fragrant flowres doe giue most odorous smell,
But her sweet odour did them all excell.

SONNET LXV.

THe doubt which ye misdeeme, faire loue, is vaine,
that fondly feare to lose your libertie,
when losing one, two liberties ye gaine,
and make him bound that bondage earst did flie.
Sweet be the bands, the which true loue doth tie,
without constraint, or dread of any ill:
the gentle bird feeles no captiuity
within her cage, but sings, and feeds her fill.
There pride dare not approche, nor discord spill
the league twixt them, that loyall loue hath bound:
but simple truth and mutuall good will,
seekes with sweet peace to salue each others wound:
There fatth doth feareless dwell in brasen towre,
And spotlesse pleasure builds her sacred bowre.

SONNET LXVI.

TO all those happy blessings which ye haue,
with plentious hand by heauen vpon you throwne,
this one disparagement they to you gaue,
that ye yout loue lent to so meane a one.
Yee whose high worths surpassing paragon,
could not on earth haue found one fit for mate,
ne but in heauen matchable to none,
why did ye stoupe vnto so lowely state?
But ye thereby much greater glorie gate,
then had ye sorted with a Princes peere:
for, now your light doth more it selfe dilate,
and in my darknesse, greater doth appeare.
Yet since your light hath once enlumin'd me,
With my reflex, yours shall encreased be.

SONNET LXVII.

LIke as a huntsman after weary chace,
seeing the game from him escape away,
sits downe to rest him in some shadie place,
with panting hounds beguiled of their pray:
So after long pursute and vaine assay,
when I all wearie had the chace forsooke,
the gentle Deere returnd the selfe-same way,
thinking to quench her thirst at the next brooke:
There she beholding me with milder looke,
sought not to flie, but fearelesse still did bide:
till I in hand her yet halfe trembling tooke,
and with her owne good will, her firmely tyde.
Strange thing me seemd to see a beast so wild,
So goodly wonne, with her owne will beguild.

SONNET LXVIII.

MOst glorious Lord of life, that on this day,
didst make thy triumph ouer death and sin:
and hauing harrowd hell, didst bring away
captiuitie thence captiue, vs to win:
This ioyous day, deare Lord, with ioy begin,
and grant that we for whom thou diddest die,
beeing with thy deare blood cleane washt from sin,
may liue for euer in felicitie:
And that thy loue we weighing worthily,
may likewise loue thee for the same againe:
and for thy sake, that all like deare didst buy,
with loue may one another entertaine.
So let vs loue, deare Loue, like as we ought,
Loue is the lesson which the Lord vs taught.

SONNET LXIX.

THe famous warriors of the anticke world,
vsde trophees to erect in stately wise:
in which they would the records haue enrold,
of their great deedes and valarous emprise.
What trophee then shall I most fit deuise,
in which I may record the memorie
of my loues conquest, peereless beauties prise,
adorn'd with honour, loue, and chastitie.
Euen this verse, vowed to eternitie,
shall be thereof immortall moniment:
and tell her praise to all posteritie,
that may admire such worlds rare wonderment:
The happy purchase of my glorious spoile,
Gotten at last with labour and long toile.

SONNET LXX.

FResh Spring, the herald of loues mightie king,
in whose coat-armour richly are displayd
all sorts of flowres the which on earth do spring,
in goodly colours, gloriously arrayd.
Goe to my loue, where she is careless layd,
yet in her winters bowre not well awake:
tell her the ioyous time will not be staid,
vnlesse she doe him by the forelock take.
Bid her therefore her selfe soone ready make,
to wait on loue amongst his louely crew:
where euery one that misseth then her make,
shall be by him amearst with penance dew.
Make haste therefore sweet loue, whilst it is prime,
For none can call againe the passed time.

SONNET LXXI.

I Ioy to see how in your drawen worke,
your selfe vnto the Bee ye doe compare;
and me vnto the Spyder, that doth lurke
in close await, to catch her vnaware:
Right so your selfe were caught in cunning snare
of a deare foe, and thralled to his loue:
in whose streight bands ye now captiued are
so firmely, that ye neuer may remoue.
But as your worke is wouen all about,
with Woodbind flowers and fragrant Eglantine:
so sweet your prison you in time shall proue,
with many deare delights bedecked fine.
And all thenceforth eternall peace shall see,
Betweene the Spyder and the gentle Bee.

SONNET LXXII.

OFt when my spirit doth spred her bolder wings,
in mind to mount vp to the purest skie:
it downe is weigh'd with thought of earthly things,
and clogd with burden of mortalitie,
Where, when that soueraigne beautie it doth spy,
resembling heauens glory in her light:
drawne with sweet pleasures bayt, it back doth flie,
and vnto heauen forgets her former flight.
There my fraile fancie fed with full delight,
doth bathe in blisse, and mantleth most at ease:
ne thinks of other heauen, but how it might
her harts desire with most contentment please.
Hart need not wish none other happinesse,
But heere on earth to haue such heauens blisse.

SONNET LXXIII.

BEeing my selfe captiued heere in care,
my hart, whom none with seruile bands can tie:
but the faire tresses of your golden haire,
breaking his prison, forth to you doth flie.
Like as a bird, that in ones hand doth spy
desired food, to it doth make his flight:
euen so my hart, that wont on your faire eye
to feed his fill, flies backe vnto your sight.
Doe you him take, and in your bosome bright,
gently encage, that he may be your thrall:
perhaps he there may learne with rare delight,
to sing your name and prayses ouer all.
That it hereafter may you not repent,
Him lodging in your bosome to haue lent.

SONNET LXXIIII.

MOst happy letters fram'd by skilfull trade,
with which that happy name was first desynd,
the which three times thrice happy hath me made,
with gifts of body, fortune, and of mind.
The first, my beeing to me gaue by kind,
from mothers wombe deriu'd by due descent,
the second, is my soueraigne Queene most kind,
that honour and large riches to me lent.
The third, my loue, my liues last ornament,
by whom my spirit out of dust was raised:
to speake her praise and glory excellent,
of all aliue most worthy to be praised.
Ye three ELIZABETHS for euer liue,
That three such graces did vnto me giue.

SONNET LXXV.

ONe day I wrote her name vpon the strand,
but came the waues and washed it away:
againe, I wrote it with a second hand,
but came the tyde, and made my paines his pray.
Vaine man, said she, that doost in vaine assay,
a mortall thing so to immortalize,
for I my selfe shall like to this decay,
and eke my name be wiped out likewise.
Not so, quoth I, let baser things deuise
to die in dust, but you shall liue by fame:
my verse your vertues rare shall eternize,
and in the heauens write your glorious name.
Where, when as death shall all the world subdew,
Our loue shall liue, and later life renew.

SONNET LXXVI.

FAire bosome fraught with vertues riches treasure,
the nest of loue, the lodging of delight,
the bowre of blisse, the paradise of pleasure,
the sacred harbour of that heauenly spright:
How was I rauisht with your louely sight,
and my fraile thoughts too rashly led astray?
whiles diuing deepe through amorous insight,
on the sweet spoile of beautie they did pray.
And twixt her paps, like early fruite in May,
whose harnest seemd to hasten now apace:
they loosely did their wanton wings display,
and there to rest themselues did boldly place.
Sweet thoughts, I enuie your so happy rest,
Which oft I wisht, yet neuer was so blest.

SONNET LXXVII.

WAs it a dreame, or did I see it plaine,
a goodly table of pure Iuorie:
all spred with iuncats, fit to entertaine
the greatest Prince with pompous roialty.
Mongst which, there in a siluer dish did ly
two golden apples of vnualewd price:
far passing those which HERCVLES came by,
or those which ATALANTA did entice.
Exceeding sweet, yet void of sinfull vice,
that many sought, yet none could euer taste,
sweet fruite of pleasure, brought from Paradise:
by Loue himselfe, and in his garden plaste.
Her breast that table was so richly spred,
My thoughts the guests, which would thereon haue fed.

SONNET LXXVIII.

LAcking my loue, I goe from place to place,
like a young Fawne, that late hath lost the Hind:
and seeke each where, where last I saw her face,
whose image yet I carry fresh in mind.
I seeke the fields with her late footing synd,
I seeke her bowre with her late presence deckt,
yet nor in field nor bowre I can her find:
yet field and bowre are full of her aspect:
But when mine eyes I therevnto direct,
they idly backe returne to me againe,
and when I hope to see their true obiect,
I find my selfe but fed with fancies vaine.
Cease then mine eyes, to seeke her selfe to see,
And let my thoughts behold her selfe in mee.

SONNET LXXIX.

MEn call you faire, and you doe credit it,
for that your selfe ye daily such doe see:
but the true faire, that is the gentle wit,
and vertuous mind, is much more praisd of me:
For all the rest, how euer faire it be,
shall turne to nought and lose that glorious hew:
but onely that is permanent and free
from fraile corruption, that doth flesh ensew.
That is true beautie: that doth argue you
to be diuine, and borne of heauenly seed:
deriu'd from that faire Spirit, from whom all true
and perfect beautie did at first proceed:
He onely faire, and what he faire hath made,
All other faire like flowres vntimely fade.

SON-

SONNET LXXX.

After so long a race as I haue runne
through Faery land, which those six books compile,
giue leaue to rest me being halfe foredonne,
and gather to my selfe new breath awhile.
Then as a steed refreshed after toile,
out of my prison I will breake anew:
and stoutly will that second worke assoile,
with strong endeuour and attention due.
Til then giue leaue to me, in pleasant mew
to sport my Muse, and sing my loues sweet praise:
the contemplation of whose heauenly hew,
my spirit to an higher pitch will raise.
But let her praises yet be low and meane,
Fit for the handmayd of the Faery Queene.

SONNET LXXXI.

Faire is my Loue, when her faire golden haires,
with the loose wind ye wauing chance to marke:
faire when the rose in her red cheekes appeares,
or in her eyes the fire of loue doth sparke.
Faire when her brest like a rich laden barke,
with precious merchandize she forth doth lay:
faire when that cloud of pride, which oft doth darke
her goodly light with smiles she driues away.
But fairest she, when so she doth display,
the gate with pearles and rubies richly dight:
through which her words so wise do make their way
to beare the message of her gentle spright:
The rest be works of Natures wonderment,
But this the worke of harts astonishment.

SONNET LXXXII.

Ioy of my life, full oft for louing you
I blesse my lot, that was so lucky placed:
but then the more your owne mishap I rew,
that are so much by so meane loue embased.
For had the equall heauens so much you graced
in this as in the rest, ye mote inuent
some heauenly wit, whose verse could haue enchaced
your glorious name in golden moniment.
But since ye deigned so goodly to relent
to me your thrall, in whom is little worth,
that little that I am, shall all be spent,
in setting your immortall prayses forth:
Whose lofty argument vplifting mee,
Shall lift you vp vnto an high degree.

SONNET LXXXIII.

My hungry eyes, through greedy couetize,
still to behold the obiect of their paine:
with no contentment can themselues suffize,
but hauing pine, and hauing not complaine.
For lacking it, they cannot life sustaine:
and seeing it, they gaze on it the more:
in their amazement like Narcissvs vaine,
whose eyes him staru'd: so plentie makes me pore.
Yet are mine eyes so filled with the store
of that faire sight, that nothing else they brooke:
but loathe the things which they did like before,
and can no more endure on them to looke.
All this worlds glory seemeth vaine to me,
And all their shewes but shadowes, sauing she.

SONNET LXXXIIII.

Let not one sparke of filthy lustfull fire
breake out, that may her sacred peace molest:
ne one light glance of sensuall desire,
attempt to worke her gentle minds vnrest.
But pure affections bred in spotlesse brest,
and modest thoughts breath'd frō wel tempred spirits,
goe visite her, in her chaste bowre of rest,
accompanide with Angel-like delights.
There fill your selfe with those most ioyous sights,
the which my selfe could neuer yet attaine:
but speake no word to her of these sad plights,
which her too constant stiffenesse doth constraine.
Onely behold her rare perfection,
And blesse your fortunes faire election.

SONNET LXXXV.

The world that cannot deeme of worthy things,
when I doe praise her, say I doe but flatter:
so doth the Cuckow, when the Mauis sings,
begin his witlesse note apace to clatter.
But they that skill not of so heauenly matter,
all that they knowe not, enuy or admire,
rather then enuy let them wonder at her,
but not to deeme of her desert aspire.
Deepe in the closet of my parts entire,
her worth is written with a golden quill:
that me with heauenly furie doth inspire,
and my glad mouth with her sweet praises fill.
Which when as Fame in her shrill trump shall thunder,
Let the world chuse to enuie or to wonder.

SONNET LXXXVI.

Venemous tongue, tipt with vile Adders sting,
of that selfe kind with which the Furies fell
their snakie heads doe combe, from which a spring
of poysoned words, and spightfull speeches well:
Let all the plagues and horrid paines of hell,
vpon thee fall for thine accursed hire:
that with false forged lies, which thou didst tell,
in my true loue did stirre vp coales of ire,
The sparkes whereof let kindle thine owne fire,
and catching hold on thine owne wicked hed
consume thee quite, that didst with guile conspire
in my sweet peace such breaches to haue bred.
Shame be thy meed, and mischiefe thy reward,
Due to thy selfe, that it for me prepard.

SONNET LXXXVII.

Since I did leaue the presence of my loue,
many long wearie dayes I haue out-worne:
and many nights, that slowely seemd to moue
their sad protract from euening vntill morne.
For, when as day the heauen doth adorne,
I wish that night the ioyous day would end:
and when as night hath vs of light forlorne,
I wish that day would shortly reascend.
Thus

Thus I the time with expectation spend,
and faine my griefe with changes to beguile,
that further seemes his terme still to extend,
and maketh euery minute seeme a mile.
So sorrow still doth seeme too long to last,
But ioyous houres doe flie away too fast.

SONNET LXXXVIII.

Since I haue lackt the comfort of that light
the which was wont to lead my thoughts astray,
I wander as in darknesse of the night,
affraid of euery dangers least dismay.
Ne ought I see, though in the clearest day,
when others gaze vpon their shadowes vaine:
but th'onely image of that heauenly ray,
whereof some glance doth in mine eye remaine.
Of which beholding the Idæa plaine,
through contemplation of my purest part,
with light thereof I doe my selfe sustaine,
and thereon feed my loue-affamisht hart.
But with such brightnes whilst I fill my mind,
I starue my body, and mine eyes doe blind.

SONNET LXXXIX.

Like as the Culuer on the bared bough,
sits mourning for the absence of her mate:
and in her songs sends many a wishfull vew,
for his returne that seemes to linger late:
So I alone, now left disconsolate,
mourne to my selfe the absence of my loue:
and wandring here and there all desolate,
seeke with my plaints to match that mournfull Doue:
Ne ioy of ought that vnder heauen doth houe,
can comfort me, but her owne ioyous sight:
whose sweet aspect both God and man can moue,
in her vnspotted pleasaunce to delight.
Darke is my day, whiles her faire light I mis,
And dead my life that wants such liuely blis.

In youth, before I wexed old,
The blinded boy, Venvs baby,
For want of cunning made mee bold,
In bitter hiue to grope for honny:
But when he saw me stung and cry,
He tooke his wings and away did flie.

As Diane hunted on a day,
She chaunst to come where Cvpid lay,
his quiuer by his head:
One of his shafts she stole away,
And one of hers did close conuay,
into the others stead:
With that Loue wounded my Loues hart,
But Diane beasts with Cvpids dart.

I Saw, in secret to my Dame
How little Cvpid humbly came:
and said to her, All haile my mother.
But when he saw me laugh, for shame
His face with bashfull blood did flame,
not knowing Venvs from the other.
Then, neuer blush Cvpid, quoth I,
For many haue err'd in this beautie.

Vpon a day, as Loue lay sweetly slumbring
all in his mothers lap:
A gentle Bee with his loud trumpet murm'ring,
about him flew by hap.
Whereof when he was wakened with the noise,
and saw the beast so small:
Whats this (quoth he) that giues so great a voice,
that wakens men withall?
In angry wise he flies about,
And threatens all with courage stout.

To whom his mother closely smiling said,
twixt earnest and twixt game:
See thou thy selfe likewise art little made,
if thou regard the same.
And yet thou suffrest neither gods in skie,
nor men in earth to rest:
But when thou art disposed cruelly,
their steepe thou doost molest.
Then either change thy crueltie,
Or giue like leaue vnto the flie.

Nathlesse, the cruell boy not so content,
would needs the flie pursue:
And in his hand with heedlesse hardiment,
him caught for to subdue.
But when on it he hastie hand did lay,
the Bee him stung therefore:
Now out alas, he cride, and wele-away,
I wounded am full sore:
The flye that I so much did scorne,
Hath hurt me with his little horne.

Vnto his mother straight hee weeping came,
and of his griefe complained:
Who could not chuse but laugh at his fond game,
though sad to see him pained.
Thinke now (quoth she) my sonne, how great the smart
of those whom thou doost wound:
Full many thou hast pricked to the hart,
that pittie neuer found:
Therefore henceforth some pittie take,
When thou doost spoile of Louers make.

Shee

SHe tooke him straight full pittiously lamenting,
and wrapt him in her smock:
Shee wrapt him softly, all the while repenting,
that he the stie did mock.
She drest his wound, and it embaulmed well,
with salue of soueraigne might:
And then she bath'd him in a daintie well,
the well of deare delight.
Who would not oft be stung as this,
To be so bath'd in VENVS blis?

THe wanton boy was shortly well recured
of that his malady:
But hee, soone after, fresh againe enured
his former crueltie.
And since that time he wounded hath my selfe
with his sharpe dart of loue:
And now forgets the cruell careless elfe,
his mothers heast to proue.
So now I languish, till he please
My pining anguish to appease.

FINIS.

EPITHALA-MION.

By *Edmunde Spenser.*

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EPITHALAMION.

YE learned Sisters, which haue oftentimes
Been to me ayding, others to adorne,
Whom ye thought worthy of your gracefull rimes,
That euen the greatest did not greatly scorne
To heare their names sung in your simple layes,
But ioyed in their praise;
And when ye list your owne mishaps to mourne,
Which death, or loue, or fortunes wreck did raise,
Your string could soone to sadder tenor turne,
And teach the woods and waters to lament
Your doleful dreriment:
Now lay those sorrowfull complaints aside,
And hauing all your heads with girlands crownd,
Helpe me mine owne loues prayses to resound,
Ne let the same of any be enuide:
So ORPHEVS did for his owne bride:
So I vnto my selfe alone will sing;
The woods shall to me answer, and my eccho ring.

EArly before the worlds light giuing lampe
His golden beame vpon the hils doth spred,
Hauing dispersed the nights vnchearefull dampe,
Doe ye awake, and with fresh lustiehead,
Go to the bowre of my beloued loue,
My trueft Turtle-doue,
Bid her awake; for HYMEN is awake,
And long since ready forth his maske to moue,
With his bright Tead that flames with many a flake,
And many a bachelor to waite on him,
In their freshly garments trim.
Bid her awake therefore, and soone her dight,
For loe the wished day is come at last,
That shall for all the paines and sorrowes past,
Pay to her vsury of long delight:
And whilst she doth her dight,
Doe ye to her of ioy and solace sing,
That all the woods may answer, and your eccho ring.

BRing with you all the Nymphes that you can heare
Both of the Riuers and the Forrests greene:
And of the Sea that neighbours to her neare,
All with gay girlands goodly well beseene.
And let them also with them bring in hand
Another gay girland,
For my faire Loue, of Lillies and of Roses,
Bound true-loue wise, with a blew silke riband.
And let them make great store of bridale poses,
And let them eke bring store of other flowers
To deck the bridale bowers.
And let the ground whereas her foote shall tread,
For feare the stones her tender foot should wrong,
Be strewed with fragrant flowers all along,
And diapred like the discoloured mead.
Which done, doe at her chamber dore await,
For she will waken strait,
The whiles doe ye this song vnto her sing,
The woods shall to you answer, and your eccho ring.

YE Nymphes of Mulla, which with careful heed
The siluer scaly trouts doe tend full well,
And greedy pikes which vse therein to feed,
(Those trouts and pikes all others doe excell)
And ye likewise which keepe the rushie lake,
Where none doe fishes take,
Bind vp the locks the which hang scatterd light,
And in his waters which your mirror make,
Behold your faces as the crystall bright,
That when you come whereas my Loue doth lie,
No blemish she may spie.
And eke ye lightfoot mayds which keepe the dore,
That on the hoary mountaine vse to towre,
And the wilde Wolues which seek them to deuoure,
With your steele darts doe chace from comming neere,
Be also present heere,
To helpe to deck her, and to helpe to sing,
That all the woods may answer, and your eccho ring.

WAke now my Loue, awake; for it is time,
The rosie Morne long since left TITHONS bed,
All ready to her siluer coach to clime;
And PHOEBVS gins to shew his glorious head.
Harke how the cheerefull birds do chaunt their laies,
And carroll of loues praise.
The merry Larke her mattins sings aloft,
The Thrush replies, the Mauis descant playes,
The Ouzell shrils, the Ruddock warbles soft,
So goodly all agree with sweet consent,
To this daies merriment.
Ah my deere Loue, why doe ye sleepe thus long,
When meeter were that ye should now awake,
T'await the coming of your ioyous make,
And hearken to the birds loue-learned song,
The deawy leaues among:
For they of ioy and pleasance to you sing,
That all the woods them answer, and their eccho ring.

MY Loue is now awake out of her dreame,
And her faire eyes like starres that dimmed were
With darksome cloud, now shew their goodly beames
More bright then HESPERVS his head doth rere.
Come now ye damsels, daughters of delight,
Helpe quickly her to dight,
But first come ye faire houres which were begot
In IOVES sweet paradise, of Day and Night,
Which doe the seasons of the yeare allot,
And all that euer in this world is faire,
Doe make and still repaire.
And ye three handmayds of the Cyprian Queene,
The which doe still adorne her beauties pride,
Helpe to adorne my beautifullest bride:
And as ye her array, still throw betweene
Some graces to be seene:
And as ye vse to VENVS, to her sing,
The whiles the woods shall answer, & your eccho ring.

NOw is my Loue all ready forth to come,
Let all the virgins therefore well await,
And ye freſh boyes that tend vpon her groome,
Prepare your ſelues, for he is comming ſtrait.
Set all your things in ſeemely good aray,
Fit for ſo ioyfull day:
The ioyfulſt day that euer ſunne did ſee.
Faire Sun, ſhew forth thy fauourable ray,
And let thy life-full heat not feruent be,
For feare of burning her ſunſhiny face,
Her beautie to diſgrace.
O faireſt PHOEBVS, father of the Muſe,
If euer I did honour thee aright,
Or ſing the thing, that mote thy mind delight,
Doe not thy ſeruants ſimple boone refuſe,
But let this day, let this one day be mine,
Let all the reſt be thine.
Then I thy ſoueraine prayſes loud will ſing,
That all the woods ſhall anſwere, and their eccho ring.

HArke how the Minſtrils gin to ſhrill aloud
Their merry muſick that reſounds from far,
The pipe, the taber, and the trembling Croud,
That well agree withouten breach or iar.
But moſt of all, the Damzels doe delite,
When they their tymbrels ſmite,
And thereunto doe daunce and carroll ſweet,
That all the ſenſes they doe rauiſh quite,
The whiles the boyes run vp and downe the ſtreet,
Crying aloud with ſtrong confuſed noice,
As if it were one voyce,
HYMEN, iO HYMEN, HYMEN they doe ſhout,
That euen to the heauens their ſhouting ſhrill
Doth reach, and all the firmament doth fill;
To which the people ſtanding all about,
As in approuance doe thereto applaud,
And loud aduaunce her laud,
And euermore they HYMEN HYMEN ſing,
That all the woods them anſwer, and their eccho ring.

LOe where ſhe comes along with portly pace,
Like PHOEBE, from her chamber of the Eaſt,
Ariſing forth to run her mightie race,
Clad all in white, that ſeemes a virgin beſt.
So well it her beſeemes, that ye would weene
Some Angell ſhe had been.
Her long looſe yellow locks like golden wire,
Sprinkled with pearle, & perling flowres atweene,
Doe like a golden mantle her attire:
And being crowned with a girland greene,
Seeme like ſome mayden Queene.
Her modeſt eyes abaſhed to behold
So many gazers, as on her do ſtare,
Vpon the lowly ground affixed are;
Ne dare lift vp her countenance too bold,
But bluſh to heare her prayſes ſung ſo loud,
So farre from being proud.
Nathleſſe doe ye ſtill loud her prayſes ſing,
That all the woods may anſwer, and your eccho ring.

TEll me ye Merchants daughters, did ye ſee
So faire a creature in your towne before?
So ſweet, ſo louely, and ſo mild as ſhee,
Adornd with beauties grace and vertues ſtore:
Her goodly eyes like Saphyres ſhining bright,
Her forehead Iuorie white,
Her cheekes like apples which the ſun hath rudded,
Her lips like cherries charming men to bite,
Her breſt like to a bowle of creame vncrudded,
Her paps like lillies budded,
Her ſnowie necke like to a marble towre,
And all her bodie like a palace faire,
Aſcending vp with many a ſtately ſtaire,
To honours ſeate, and chaſtities ſweet bowre.
Why ſtand ye ſtill ye virgins in amaze,
Vpon her ſo to gaze,
Whiles ye forget your former lay to ſing,
To which the woods did anſwer, and your eccho ring.

BVt if ye ſaw that which no eyes can ſee,
The inward beautie of her liuely ſpright,
Garniſht with heauenly gifts of high degree,
Much more then would ye wonder at that ſight,
And ſtand aſtoniſht like to thoſe which red
MEDVSAES mazefull head.
There dwells ſweet loue and conſtant chaſtitie,
Vnſpotted faith, and comely womanhood,
Regard of honour, and mild modeſtie,
There Vertue raignes as Queene in royall throne,
And giueth lawes alone,
The which the baſe affections doe obey,
And yeeld their ſeruices vnto her will,
Ne thought of thing vncomely euer may
Thereto approach to tempt her mind to ill.
Had ye once ſeene theſe her celeſtiall treaſures,
And vnreuealed pleaſures,
Then would ye wonder, and her prayſes ſing,
That all the woods ſhould anſwer, and your eccho ring.

OPen the temple gates vnto my Loue,
Open them wide that ſhe may enter in,
And all the poſtes adorne as doth behoue,
And all the pillours deck with girlands trim,
For to receiue this Saint with honour dew,
That commeth in to you.
With trembling ſteps and humble reuerence,
She commeth in, before th'almighties view:
Of her ye virgins learne obedience.
When ſo ye come into thoſe holy places,
To humble your proud faces;
Bring her vp to th'high altar, that ſhe may
The ſacred ceremonies there pertake,
The which doe endleſſe matrimony make,
And let the roring Organs loudly play,
The prayſes of the Lord in liuely notes,
The whiles with hollowe throates
The Quoriſters the ioyous Antheme ſing,
That all the woods may anſwer, and their eccho ring.

BEhold, whiles ſhe before the altar ſtands,
Hearing the holy prieſt that to her ſpeakes,
And bleſſeth her with his two happy hands,
How the red roſes fluſh vp in her cheekes,
And the pure ſnowe, with goodly vermill ſtaine,
Like

Like crimſin dyde in graine:
That euen the Angels, which continually
About the ſacred Altar doe remaine,
Forget their ſeruice and about her flie,
Oft peeping in her face, that ſeemes more faire,
The more they on it ſtare.
But her ſad eyes ſtill faſt'ned on the ground,
Are gouerned with goodly modeſtie,
That ſuffers not one looke to glaunce awry,
Which may let in a little thought vnſound.
Why bluſh ye Loue to giue to me your hand,
The pledge of all our band?
Sing ye ſweet Angels, Alleluya ſing,
That all the woods may anſwere, and your eccho ring.

NOw all is done; bring home the Bride againe,
Bring home the triumph of our victorie,
Bring home with you the glory of her gaine,
With ioyance bring her and with iollitie.
Neuer had man more ioyfull day then this,
Whom heauen would heape with bliſs.
Make feaſt therefore now all this liue long day,
This day for euer to me holy is,
Poure out the wine without reſtraint or ſtay,
Poure not by cups, but by the belly full,
Poure out to all that wull,
And ſprinkle all the poſtes and wals with wine,
That they may ſweat, and drunken be withall.
Crowne ye god BACCHVS with a coronall,
And HYMEN alſo crowne with wreathes of vine,
And let the Graces daunce vnto the reſt,
For they can doe it beſt:
The whiles the maydens doe their carroll ſing,
To which the woods ſhall anſwer, & their eccho ring.

RIng ye the bels, ye young men of the towne,
And leaue your wonted labors for this day:
This day is holy; doe you write it downe,
That ye for euer it remember may.
This day the ſunne is in his chiefeſt hight,
With BARNABY the bright,
From whence declining daily by degrees,
He ſomewhat loſeth of his heat and light,
When once the Crab behind his back he ſees.
But for this time it ill ordained was,
To chuſe the longeſt day in all the yeare,
And ſhorteſt night, when longeſt fitter weare:
Yet neuer day ſo long, but late would paſſe.
Ring ye the bels, to make it weare away,
And bonefires make all day,
And daunce about them, and about them ſing:
That all the woods may anſwer, and your eccho ring.

AH! when will this long weary day haue end,
And lend me leaue to come vnto my loue?
How ſlowly doe the houres their numbers ſpend?
How ſlowly doth ſad TIME his feathers moue?
Haſt thee, O faireſt Planet to thy home,
Within the Weſterne fome:
Thy tyred ſteeds long ſince haue need of reſt.
Long though it be, at laſt I ſee it gloome,
And the bright Euening ſtar with golden creſt
Appeare out of the Eaſt.
Faire child of beauty, glorious lampe of loue,
That all the hoſt of heauen in ranks dooſt lead,
And guideſt Louers through the nights ſad dread,
How cheerefully thou lookeſt from aboue,
And ſeem'ſt to laugh atweene thy twinkling light,
As ioying in the ſight
Of theſe glad many, which for ioy doe ſing,
That all the woods them anſwer, and their eccho ring.

NOw ceaſſe ye damſels your delights fore-paſt,
Enough it is that all the day was yours:
Now day is done, and night is nighing faſt,
Now bring the Bride into the bridall bowres.
Now night is come, now ſoone her diſaray,
And in her bed her lay;
Lay her in Lillies and in Violets,
And ſilken curtaines ouer her diſplay,
And odourd ſheets, and Arras couerlets.
Behold how goodly my faire Loue does ly,
In proud humility;
Like vnto MAIA, when as IOVE her tooke,
In Tempe, lying on the flowrie gras,
Twixt ſleepe and wake, after ſhe weary was,
With bathing in the Acidalian brooke.
Now it is night, ye damſels may be gone,
And leaue my Loue alone,
And leaue likewiſe your former lay to ſing:
The woods no more ſhall anſwer, nor your eccho ring.

NOw welcome night, thou night ſo long expected,
That long dayes labour dooſt at laſt defray,
And all my cares, which cruell loue collected,
Haſt ſumd in one, and cancelled for aye:
Spread thy broad wing ouer my Loue and me,
That no man may vs ſee,
And in thy ſable mantle vs enwrap,
From feare of perrill and foule horror free.
Let no falſe treaſon ſeeke vs to entrap,
Nor any drad diſquiet once annoy
The ſafetie of our ioy:
But let the night be calme and quietſome,
Without tempeſtuous ſtormes or ſad affray:
Like as when IOVE with faire ALCMENA lay,
When he begot the great Tirynthian groome:
Or like as when he with thy ſelfe did lie,
And begot Maieſtie.
And let the mayds and young men ceaſe to ſing:
Ne let the woods them anſwer, nor their eccho ring.

LEt no lamenting cries, nor dolefull teares,
Be heard all night within, nor yet without:
Ne let falſe whiſpers, breeding hidden feares,
Breake gentle ſleepe with miſconceiued doubt.
Let no deluding dreames, nor dreadfull ſights,
Make ſudden ſad affrights;
Ne let houſe-fires, nor lightnings, helpleſſe harmes,
Ne let the Ponke, nor other euill ſprights,
Ne let miſchieuous Witches with their charmes,
Ne let Hob-goblins, names whoſe ſenſe we ſee not,

Fray vs with things that be not.
Let not the ſhriech-Owle, nor the Storke be heard,
Nor the night Rauen that ſtill deadly yels,
Nor damned ghoſts cald vp with mightie ſpels,
Nor grieſly vultures make vs once affeard:
Ne let th'vnpleaſant Quyre of Frogs ſtill croking
Make vs to wiſhe their choking.
Let none of theſe their drery accents ſing,
Ne let the woods them anſwer, nor their eccho ring.

BVt let ſtill Silence true night watches keepe,
That ſacred peace may in aſſurance raine,
And timely ſleepe, when it is time to ſleepe,
May poure his limbs forth on your pleaſant plaine,
The whiles an hundred little winged loues,
Like diuers fethered doues,
Shall flie and flutter round about your bed,
And in the ſecret darke, that none reproues,
Their prety ſtealthes ſhall worke, and ſnares ſhall ſpread
To filch away ſweet ſnatches of delight,
Conceald through couert night.
Ye ſonnes of VENVS, play your ſports at will:
For greedy pleaſure, careleſſe of your toyes,
Thinks more vpon her paradiſe of ioyes,
Then what ye do, albe it good or ill.
All night therefore attend your merry play,
For it will ſoone be day:
Now none doth hinder you, that ſay or ſing,
Ne will the woods now anſwer, nor your eccho ring.

VVHo is the ſame, which at my window peeps?
Or whoſe is that faire face which ſhines ſo bright?
Is it not CYNTHIA, ſhee that neuer ſleepes,
But walks about high heauen all the night?
O faireſt goddeſſe, doe thou not enuy
My Loue with me to ſpy:
For thou likewiſe didſt loue, though now vnthought,
And for a fleece of wooll, which priuily,
The Latmian ſhepheard once vnto thee brought,
His pleaſures with thee wrought.
Therefore to vs be fauourable now;
And ſith of womens labours thou haſt charge,
And generation goodly dooſt enlarge,
Encline thy will t'effect our wiſhfull vow,
And the chaſte wombe informe with timely ſeede,
That may our comfort breed:
Till which we ceaſe our hopefull hap to ſing,
Ne let the woods vs anſwere, nor our eccho ring.

ANd thou great IVNO, which with awfull might
The lawes of wedlocke ſtill dooſt patronize,
And the religion of the faith firſt plight
With ſacred rites haſt taught to ſolemnize:
And eke for comfort often called art
Of women in their ſmart,
Eternally bind thou this louely band,
And all thy bleſſings vnto vs impart.
And thou glad Genius, in whoſe gentle hand,
The bridale bowre and geniall bed remaine,
Without blemiſh or ſtaine,
And the ſweet pleaſures of their loues delight
With ſecret ayde dooſt ſuccour and ſupply,
Till they bring forth the fruitfull progeny,
Send vs the timely fruit of this ſame might.
And thou faire HEBE, and thou HYMEN free,
Grant that it may ſo bee.
Till which we ceaſe your further praiſe to ſing,
Ne any woods ſhall anſwere, nor your eccho ring.

ANd ye high heauens, the temple of the gods,
In which a thouſand torches flaming bright
Doe burne, that to vs wretched earthly clods,
In dreadfull darkneſſe lend deſired light;
And all ye powers which in the ſame remaine,
More then we men can faine,
Poure out your bleſſing on vs plentiouſly,
And happy influence vpon vs raine,
That we may raiſe a large poſteritie,
Which from the earth, which they may long poſſeſſe,
With laſting happineſſe,
Vp to your haughty palaces may mount,
And for the guerdon of their glorious merit,
May heauenly tabernacles there inherit,
Of bleſſed Saints for to increaſe the count.
So let vs reſt, ſweet Loue, in hope of this,
And ceaſe till then our timely ioyes to ſing,
The woods no more vs anſwere, nor our eccho ring.

SOng made in lieu of many ornaments,
With which my loue ſhould duly haue been deckt,
Which cutting off through haſty accidents,
Ye would not ſtay your due time to expect,
But promiſt both to recompence,
Be vnto her a goodly ornament,
And for ſhort time an endleſſe moniment.

FINIS.

FOVRE HYMNES,

MADE
By *Edmunde Spenſer.*

AT LONDON
Printed by *H. L.* for *Mathew Lownes.*
1611.

TO THE RIGHT HONOVRA-

ble and moſt vertuous Ladies, the Ladie *Maga-ret*, Counteſſe of Cumberland, and the Lady *Mary*, Counteſſe of Warwicke.

(·.·)

HAuing in the greener times of my youth, compoſed theſe former two Hymnes in the prayſe of Loue and Beautie, and finding that the ſame too much pleaſed thoſe of like age and diſpoſition, which beeing too vehemently caried with that kind of affection, do rather ſucke out poyſon to their ſtrong paſsion, then hony to their honeſt delight; I was mooued by the one of you two moſt excellent Ladies, to call in the ſame. But being vnable ſo to doe, by reaſon that many copies thereof were formerly ſcattered abroad, I reſolued at leaſt to amend, and by way of retractation to reforme them, making (in ſtead of thoſe two Hymnes of earthly or naturall loue and beautie) two others, of heauenly and celeſtiall. The which I doe dedicate ioyntly vnto you two honourable ſiſters, as to the moſt excellent and rare ornaments of all true loue and beautie, both in the one and the other kind: humbly beſeeching you to vouchſafe the patronage of them, and to accept this my humble ſeruice, in lieu of the great graces and honourable fauours which ye daily ſhew vnto mee, vntill ſuch time as I may by better meanes, yeeld you ſome more notable teſtimony of my thankful mind and dutifull deuotion. And euen ſo I pray for your happineſſe. Greenewich, this firſt of September. 1596.

(*.*)

Your Honours moſt bounden euer in all humble ſeruice,

Edm. Sp.

AN HYMNE, IN honour of Loue.

LOVE, that long since hast to thy mightie powre
Perforce subdude my poore captiued hart,
And raging now therein with restlesse stowre,
Doost tyrannize in euery weaker part;
Faine would I seeke to ease my bitter smart,
By any seruice I might do to thee,
Or ought that else might to thee pleasing bee.

And now t'asswage the force of this new flame,
And make thee more propitious in my need,
I meane to sing the prayses of thy name,
And thy victorious conquests ro areed;
By which thou madest many harts to bleed
Of mighty Victors, with wide wounds embrew'd,
And by thy cruell darts to thee subdew'd.

Onely I feare my wits enfeebled late,
Through the sharpe sorrowes, which thou hast me bred,
Should faint, and words should faile me to relate
The wondrous triumphs of thy great god-hed.
But if thou wouldst vouchsafe to ouer-spred
Me with the shadow of thy gentle wing,
I should enabled be thy acts to sing.

Come then, ô come, thou mighty God of loue,
Out of thy siluer bowres and secret blisse,
Where thou doost sit in VENVS lap aboue,
Bathing thy wings in her Ambrosiall kisse,
That sweeter farre then any Nectar is;
Come softly, and my feeble breast inspire
With gentle furie, kindled of thy fire.

And ye sweet Muses, which haue often prou'd
The piercing points of his auengefull darts;
And ye faire Nimphs, which oftentimes haue lou'd
The cruell worker of your kindly smarts,
Prepare your selues, and open wide your harts,
For to receiue the triumph of your glory,
That made you merry oft, when ye were sorie.

And yee faire blossomes of youths wanton breed,
Which in the conquests of your beautie bost,
Wherewith your louers feeble eyes you feed,
But sterue their harts, that needeth nurture most,
Prepare your selues, to march amongst his host,
And all the way this sacred Hymne doe sing,
Made in the honour of your Soueraigne King.

GReat god of might, that reignest in the mind,
And all the bodie to thy hest doost frame,
Victor of gods, subduer of mankind,
That doost the Lions and fell Tygers tame,
Making their cruell rage thy scornfull game,
And in their roring taking great delight;
Who can expresse the glory of thy might?

Or who aliue can perfectly declare
The wondrous cradle of thine infancie?
When thy great mother VENVS first thee bare,
Begot of Plentie and of Penurie,
Though elder then thine owne nativitie;
And yet a child, renewing still thy yeares:
And yet the eldest of the heauenly Peares.

For ere this worlds still mouing mightie masse,
Out of great Chaos vgly prison crept,
In which his goodly face long hidden was
From heauens view, and in deepe darknesse kept;
LOVE, that had now long time securely slept
In VENVS lap, vnarmed then and naked,
Gan reare his head, by CLOTHO beeing waked.

And taking to him wings of his owne heat,
Kindled at first from heauens life-giuing fire,
He gan to moue out of his idle seat,
Weakely at first, but after with desire
Lifted aloft, he gan to mount vp hier,
And like fresh Eagle, made his hardie flight
Through all that great wide waste, yet wanting light.

Yet wanting light to guide his wandring way,
His owne faire mother, for all creatures sake,
Did lend him light from her owne goodly ray:
Then through the world his way he gan to take,
The world that was not, till he did it make;
Whose sundry parts he from themselues did seuer,
The which before had lyen confused euer.

The earth, the ayre, the water, and the fire,
Then gan to range themselues in huge array,
And with contrary forces to conspire
Each against other, by all meanes they may,
Threatning their owne confusion and decay:
Ayre hated earth, and water hated fire,
Till LOVE relented their rebellious ire.

He

He then them tooke, and tempering goodly well,
Their contrary diſlikes with loued meanes,
Did place them all in order, and compell
To keepe themſelues within their ſundry raines,
Together linkt with Adamantine chaines;
  Yet ſo, as that in euery liuing wight
  They mixe themſelues, and ſhew their kindly might.

So euer ſince they firmely haue remain'd,
And duly well obſerued his beheaſt;
Through which, now all theſe things that are contain'd
Within this goodly cope, both moſt and leaſt
Their beeing haue, and daily are increaſt,
  Through ſecret ſparks of his infuſed fire,
  Which in the barraine cold he doth inſpire.

Thereby they all doe liue, and moued are
To multiply the likeneſſe of their kind,
Whilſt they ſeeke onely, without further care,
To quench the flame, which they in burning find:
But Man, that breathes a more immortall mind,
  Not for luſts ſake, but for eternitie,
  Seekes to enlarge his laſting progenie.

For hauing yet in his deducted ſpright,
Some ſparks remaining of that heauenly fire,
He is enlumined with that goodly light,
Vnto like goodly ſemblant to aſpire:
Therefore in choice of loue, he doth deſire
  That ſeemes on earth moſt heauenly, to embrace,
  That ſame is BEAVTY, borne of heauenly race.

For ſure of all, that in this mortall frame
Contained is, nought more diuine doth ſeeme,
Or that reſembleth more th'immortall flame
Of heauenly light, then BEAVTIES glorious beame.
What wonder then, if with ſuch rage extreame,
  Fraile men, whoſe eyes ſeeke heauenly things to ſee,
  At ſight thereof ſo much enrauiſht bee?

Which well perceiuing, that imperious boy,
Doth therewith tip his ſharp empoiſned darts;
Which glancing through the eyes with count'nance coy,
Reſt not, till they haue pierſt the trembling harts,
And kindled flame in all their inner parts,
  Which ſuckes the blood, and drinketh vp the life
  Of carefull wretches with conſuming griefe.

Thenceforth they plaine, and makeful pitious mone
Vnto the author of their balefull bane;
The daies they waſte, the nights they grieue and grone,
Their liues they loathe, and heauens light diſdaine:
No light but that, whoſe lampe doth yet remaine
  Freſh burning in the image of their eye,
  They deigne to ſee, and ſeeing it, ſtill dye.

The whilſt, thou tyrant LOVE dooſt laugh & ſcorne
At their complaints, making their paine thy play:
Whilſt they he languiſhing like thrals forlorne,
The whiles thou dooſt triumph in their decay,
And otherwhiles, their dying to delay,
  Thou dooſt emmarble the proud hart of her,
  Whoſe loue before their life they doe prefer.

So haſt thou often done (aye me the more)
To me thy vaſſall, whoſe yet bleeding hart,
With thouſand wounds thou mangled haſt ſo ſore,
That whole remaines ſcarce any little part:
Yet to augment the anguiſh of my ſmart,
  Thou haſt enfrozend her diſdainfull breſt,
  That no one drop of pittie there doth reſt.

Why then doe I this honour vnto thee,
Thus to ennoble thy victorious name,
Sith thou dooſt ſhew no fauour vnto mee,
Ne once moue ruth in that rebellious Dame,
Somewhat to ſlake the rigour of my flame?
  Certes, ſmall glory dooſt thou winne hereby,
  To let her liue thus free, and me to die.

But if thou be indeede, as men thee call,
The worlds great Parent, the moſt kind preſeruer
Of liuing wights, the ſoueraigne Lord of all,
How falles it then, that with thy furious feruour,
Thou dooſt afflict as well the not deſeruer,
  As him that doth thy louely heaſts deſpiſe,
  And on thy ſubiects moſt dooſt tyrannize?

Yet herein eke thy glorie ſeemeth more,
By ſo hard handling thoſe which beſt thee ſerue,
That ere thou dooſt them vnto grace reſtore,
Thou maiſt well trie if they will euer ſwerue,
And maiſt them make it better to deſerue:
  And hauing got it, may it more eſteeme.
  For things hard gotten, men more deerely deeme.

So hard thoſe heauenly beauties be enfired,
As things diuine, leaſt paſſions doe impreſſe,
The more of ſtedfaſt minds to be admired,
The more they ſtayed be on ſtedfaſtneſſe:
But baſeborne minds ſuch lamps regard the leſſe,
  Which at firſt blowing take not haſtie fire,
  Such fancies feele no loue, but looſe deſire.

For loue is Lord of truth and loyaltie,
Lifting himſelfe out of the lowly duſt,
On golden plumes vp to the pureſt skie,
Aboue the reach of loathly ſinfull luſt,
Whoſe baſe affect through cowardly diſtruſt
  Of his weake wings, dare not to heauen flie,
  But like a moldwarpe in the earth doth lie.

His dunghill thoughts, which do themſelues enure
To durtie droſſe, no higher dare aſpire,
Ne can his feeble earthly eyes endure
The flaming light of that celeſtiall fire,
Which kindleth loue in generous deſire,
  And makes him mount aboue the natiue might
  Of heauie earth, vp to the heauens hight.

Such is the powre of that ſweet paſſion,
That it all ſordid baſeneſſe doth expell,

And

And the refined mind doth newly faſhion
Vnto a fairer forme, which now doth dwell
In his high thought, that would it ſelfe excell;
  Which he beholding ſtill with conſtant ſight,
  Admires the mirrour of ſo heauenly light.

Whoſe image printing in his deepeſt wit,
He thereon feeds his hungry fantaſie,
Still full, yet neuer ſatisfide with it,
Like TANTALE, that in ſtore doth ſtarued ly:
So doth he pine in moſt ſatietie;
  For nought may quench his infinite deſire,
  Once kindled through that firſt conceiued fire.

Thereon his mind affixed wholly is,
Ne thinks on ought, but how it to attaine;
His care, his ioy, his hope is all on this,
That ſeemes in it all bliſſes to containe,
In ſight whereof, all other bliſſe ſeemes vaine.
  Thrice happy man, might he the ſame poſſeſſe,
  He faines himſelfe, and doth his fortune bleſſe.

And though he doe not win his wiſh to end,
Yet thus farre happy he himſelfe doth weene,
That heauens ſuch happy grace did to him lend,
As thing on earth ſo heauenly, to haue ſeene,
His harts enſhrined Saint, his heauens queene,
  Fairer then faireſt, in his fayning eye,
  Whoſe ſole aſpect he counts felicitie.

Then forth he caſts in his vnquiet thought,
What he may doe, her fauour to obtaine;
What braue exploit, what peril hardly wrought,
What puiſſant conqueſt, what aduentrous paine
May pleaſe her beſt, and grace vnto him gaine:
  He dreads no danger, nor misfortune feares,
  His faith, his fortune, in his breaſt he beares.

Thou art his god, thou art his mightie guide,
Thou beeing blind, letſt him not ſee his feares,
But carieſt him to that which he hath eyde,
Through ſeas, through flames, through thouſand ſwords and ſpeares:
  Ne ought ſo ſtrong that may his force withſtand,
  With which thou armeſt his reſiſtleſſe hand.

Witneſſe LEANDER, in the Euxine waues,
And ſtout AENEAS in the Troiane fire,
ACHILLES preaſſing through the Phrygian glaues,
And ORPHEVS, daring to prouoke the ire
Of damned fiends, to get his loue retire:
  For both through heauen and hell thou makeſt way,
  To win them worſhip which to thee obay.

And if by all theſe perils and theſe paines,
He may but purchaſe lyking in her eye,
What heauens of ioy, then to himſelfe he faines,
Eſtſoones he wipes quite out of memory
What euer ill before he did aby:
  Had it been death, yet would he die againe,
  To liue thus happy as her grace to gaine.

Yet when he hath found fauour to his will,
He nathemore can ſo contented reſt,
But forceth further on, and ſtriueth ſtill
T'approach more neare, till in her inmoſt breſt,
He may emboſomd bee, and loued beſt:
  And yet not beſt, but to be lou'd alone:
  For loue cannot endure a Paragone.

The feare whereof, ô how doth it torment
His troubled mind with more then helliſh paine!
And to his fayning fanſie repreſent
Sights neuer ſeene, and thouſand ſhadowes vaine,
To breake his ſleepe, and waſte his idle braine:
  Thou that haſt neuer lou'd canſt not believe
  Leaſt part of th'euils which poore Louers grieue.

The gnawing enuie, the hart-fretting feare,
The vaine ſurmiſes, the diſtruſtfull ſhowes,
The falſe reports that flying tales doe beare,
The doubts, the dangers, the delayes, the woes,
The fained friends, the vnaſſured foes,
  With thouſands more then any tongue can tell,
  Doe make a Louers life a wretches hell.

Yet is there one more curſed then they all,
That canker-worme, that monſter Ieloſie,
Which eates the hart, and feedes vpon the gall,
Turning all loues delight to miſerie,
Through feare of loſing his felicitie.
  Ah Gods, that euer ye that monſter placed
  In gentle loue, that all his ioyes defaced.

By theſe, ô LOVE, thou dooſt thy entrance make,
Vnto thy heauen, and dooſt the more endeere
Thy pleaſures vnto thoſe which them partake,
As after ſtormes when clouds begin to cleare,
The ſunne more bright & glorious doth appeare:
  So thou thy folke, through paines of Purgatorie,
  Dooſt beare vnto thy bliſſe, and heauens glorie.

There thou them placeſt in a Paradiſe
Of all delight, and ioyous happy reſt,
Where they doe feed on Nectar heauenly wiſe,
With HERCVLES and HEBE, and the reſt
Of VENVS dearlings, through her bountie bleſt,
  And lie like gods in Iuory beds arayd,
  With roſe and lillies ouer them diſplayd.

There, with thy daughter PLEASVRE they do play
Their hurtleſſe ſports, without rebuke or blame,
And in her ſnowy boſome boldly lay
Their quiet heads, deuoyd of guilty ſhame,
After full ioyance of their gentle game:
  Then her they crowne their goddeſſe & their Queene,
  And decke with flowres thy altars well beſeene.

Aye me, deare Lord, that euer I might hope,
For all the paines and woes that I endure,
To come at length vnto the wiſhed ſcope
Of my deſire; or might my ſelfe aſſure,
That happy port for euer to recure.

Then

Then would I thinke theſe paines no paines at all,
And all my woes to be but penance ſmall.

Then would I ſing of thine immortall praiſe,
An heauenly Hymne, ſuch as the Angels ſing,
And thy triumphant name then would I raiſe
Boue all the gods, thee onely honouring.
My guide, my God, my victor, and my King;
Till then, drad Lord, vouchſafe to take of mee
This ſimple ſong, thus fram'd in praiſe of thee.

FINIS.

AN HYMNE, IN honour of Beautie.

AH! whither, Loue, wilt thou now carry mee?
What wontleſſe fury dooſt thou now inſpire
Into my feeble breaſt, too full of thee?
Whilſt ſeeking to aſſuage thy raging fire,
Thou in me kindleſt much more great deſire,
And vp aloft aboue my ſtrength doſt raiſe
The wondrous matter of my fire to praiſe.

That as I earſt, in praiſe of thine owne name,
So, now in honour of thy Mother deare,
An honourable Hymne I eke ſhould frame;
And with the brightneſſe of her beautie cleare,
The rauiſht harts of gazefull men might reare,
To admiration of that heauenly light,
From whence proceeds ſuch foule enchaunting might.

Thereto doe thou great Goddeſſe, queen of Beauty,
Mother of Loue, and of all worlds delight,
Without whoſe ſoueraigne grace and kindly deutie,
Nothing on earth ſeemes faire to fleſhly ſight,
Doe thou vouchſafe with thy loue-kindling light,
T' illuminate my dim and dulled eyne,
And beautifie this ſacred Hymne of thine.

That both to thee, to whom I meane it moſt,
And eke to her, whoſe faire immortall beame
Hath darted fire into my feeble ghoſt,
That now it waſted is with woes extreame,
It may ſo pleaſe, that ſhe at length will ſtreame
Some deaw of grace, into my withered hart,
After long ſorrowe and conſuming ſmart.

VVHat time this worlds great workmaiſter did caſt
To make all things, ſuch as we now behold,
It ſeemes that he before his eyes had plac't
A goodly Patterne, to whoſe perfect mould
He faſhiond them as comely as he could;
That now ſo faire and ſeemly they appeare,
As nought may be amended any where.

That wondrous Patterne whereſoere it bee,
Whether in earth layd vp in ſecret ſtore,
Or elſe in heauen, that no man may it ſee
With ſinfull eyes, for feare it to deflore,
Is perfect Beauty, which all men adore:
Whoſe face and feature doth ſo much excell
All mortall ſenſe, that none the ſame may tell.

Thereof, as euery earthly thing partakes
Or more or leſſe by influence diuine,
So it more faire accordingly it makes,
And the groſſe matter of this earthly mine
Which cloſeth it, thereafter doth refine,
Dooing away the droſſe which dims the light
Of that faire beame, which therein is empight.

For through infuſion of celeſtiall powre,
The duller earth it quickneth with delight,
And life-full ſpirits priuily doth poure
Through all the parts, that to the lookers ſight
They ſeeme to pleaſe. That is, thy ſoueraigne might
O Cyprian Queene, which flowing from the beame
Of thy bright ſtarre, thou into them dooſt ſtreame.

That

That is the thing which giueth pleaſant grace
To all things faire, that kindleth liuely fire,
Light of thy lampe, which ſhining in the face,
Thence to the ſoule darts amorous deſire,
And robs the harts of thoſe which it admire,
Therewith thou pointeſt thy ſonnes poyſned arrow,
That wounds the life, & waſtes the inmoſt marrow.

How vainely then doe idle wits inuent,
That beautie is nought elſe, but mixture made
Of colours faire, and goodly temp'rament
Of pure complexions, that ſhall quickly fade
And paſſe away, like to a Sommers ſhade,
Or that it is but comely compoſition,
Of parts well meaſurd, with meet diſpoſition.

Hath white and red in it ſuch wondrous powre,
That it can pierce through th'eyes vnto the hart,
And therein ſtirre ſuch rage and reſtleſſe ſtowre,
As nought but death can ſtint his dolours ſmart?
Or can proportion of the outward part,
Moue ſuch affection in the inward mind,
That it can rob both ſenſe and reaſon blind?

Why doe not then the bloſſoms of the field,
Which are araid with much more orient hew,
And to the ſenſe moſt dainty odours yield,
Worke like impreſſion in the lookers view?
Or why doe not faire pictures like powre ſhew,
In which oft-times, we Nature ſee of Art
Exceld, in perfect limming euery part.

But ah! beleeue me, there is more then ſo,
That workes ſuch wonders in the minds of men.
I that haue often prou'd, too well it know;
And who ſo liſt the like aſſayes to ken,
Shall find by triall, and confeſſe it then,
That Beautie is not, as fond men miſdeeme,
An outward ſhew of things, that onely ſeeme.

For that ſame goodly hew of white and red,
With which the cheekes are ſprinkled, ſhall decay,
And thoſe ſweet roſie leaues ſo fairely ſpred
Vpon the lips, ſhall fade and fall away
To that they were, euen to corrupted clay.
That golden wire, thoſe ſparkling ſtarres ſo bright,
Shall turne to duſt, and loſe their goodly light.

But that faire lampe, from whoſe celeſtiall ray
That light proceeds, which kindleth Louers fire,
Shall neuer be extinguiſht nor decay,
But when the vitall ſpirits doe expire,
Vnto her natiue planet ſhall retire:
For it is heauenly borne and cannot die,
Beeing a parcell of the pureſt skie.

For when the ſoule, the which deriued was
At firſt, out of that great immortall Spright,
By whom all liue to loue, whilome did paſ
Downe from the top of pureſt heauens hight,
To be embodied here, it then tooke light
And liuely ſpirits from that faireſt ſtarre,
Which lights the world forth from his firie carre.

Which powre retayning ſtill or more or leſſe,
When ſhe in fleſhly ſeed is eft enraced,
Through euery part ſhe doth the ſame impreſſe,
According as the heauens haue her graced,
And frames her houſe, in which ſhe will be placed,
Fit for her ſelfe, adorning it with ſpoile
Of th'heauenly riches, which ſhe robd erewhile.

Thereof it comes, that theſe faire ſoules, which haue
The moſt reſemblance of that heauenly light,
Frame to themſelues moſt beautifull and braue
Their fleſhly bowre, moſt fit for their delight,
And the groſſe matter by a ſoueraine might
Tempers ſo trim, that it may well be ſeene,
A palace fit for ſuch a virgin Queene.

So euery ſpirit, as it is moſt pure,
And hath in it the more of heauenly light,
So it the fairer body doth procure
To habit in, and it more fairely dight
With chearefull grace and amiable ſight.
For of the ſoule the bodie forme doth take:
For ſoule is forme, and doth the body make.

Therfore where-euer that thou dooſt behold
A comely corpſe, with beautie faire endewed,
Knowe this for certaine, that the ſame doth hold
A beautious ſoule, with faire conditions thewed,
Fit to receiue the ſeed of vertue ſtrewed.
For all that faire is, is by nature good;
That is a ſigne to knowe the gentle blood.

Yet oft it falles, that many a gentle mind
Dwels in deformed tabernacle drownd,
Either by chaunce, againſt the courſe of kind,
Or through vnaptneſſe in the ſubſtance found,
Which it aſſumed of ſome ſtubborne ground,
That will not yield vnto her formes direction,
But is perform'd with ſome foule imperfection.

And oft it falles, (aye me the more to rew)
That goodly beautie, albe heauenly borne,
Is foule abuſd, and that celeſtiall hew,
Which doth the world with her delight adorne,
Made but the bait of ſinne, and ſinners ſcorne;
Whilſt euery one doth ſeeke and ſue to haue it,
But euery one doth ſeeke, but to deprae it.

Yet nathemore is that faire beauties blame,
But theirs that doe abuſe it vnto ill:
Nothing ſo good, but that through guilty ſhame
May be corrupt, and wreſted vnto will.
Natheleſſe, the ſoule is faire and beautious ſtill,
How euer fleſhes fault it filthy make:
For things immortall nō corruption take.

But ye faire Dames, the worlds deare ornaments,
And liuely images of heauenly light,

Let not your beames with ſuch diſparagements
Be dimd, and your bright glory darkned quight:
But mindfull ſtill of your firſt countries ſight,
Doe ſtill preſerue your firſt informed grace,
Whoſe ſhadow yet ſhines in your beautious face.

Loath that foule blot, that helliſh fierbrand,
Diſloyall luſt, faire BEAVTIES fouleſt blame,
That baſe affections, which your eares would bland,
Commend to you by loues abuſed name;
But is indeed the bond-ſlaue of defame,
Which will the garland of your glory marre,
And quench the light of your bright ſhining ſtarre.

But gentle LOVE, that loyall is and trew,
Will more illumine your reſplendent ray,
And adde more brightneſſe to your goodly hew,
From light of his pure fire, which by like way
Kindled of yours, your likeneſſe doth diſplay,
Like as two mirrours by oppoſd reflexion,
Doe both expreſſe the faces firſt impreſſion.

Therefore to make your beautie more appeare,
It you behoues to loue, and forth to lay
That heauenly riches, which in you ye beare,
That men the more admire their fountaine may.
For elſe what booteth that celeſtiall ray,
If it in darknes be enſhrined euer,
That it of louing eyes be viewed neuer?

But in your choice of Loues, this well aduiſe,
That likeſt to your ſelues ye them ſelect,
The which your formes firſt ſourſe may ſympathiſe,
And with like beauties parts be inly deckt:
For if you looſely loue, without reſpect,
It is not loue, but a diſcordant warre,
Whoſe vnlike parts amongſt themſelues do iarre.

For loue is a celeſtiall harmonie,
Of likely harts compoſd of ſtarres concent,
Which ioyne together in ſweet ſympathy,
To worke each others ioy and true content,
Which they haue harbourd ſince their firſt deſcent
Out of their heauenly bowres, where they did ſee
And knowe each other here belou'd to bee.

Then wrong it were that any other twaine
Should in loues gentle band combined bee,
But thoſe whom heauen did at firſt ordaine,
And made out of one mould the more t'agree:
For all that like the beauty which they ſee,
Straight doe not loue: for loue is not ſo light,
As ſtraight to burne at firſt beholders ſight.

But they which loue indeed, looke otherwiſe,
With pure regard and ſpotleſſe true intent,
Drawing out of the obiect of their eyes,
A more refined forme, which they preſent
Vnto their mind, voyde of all blemiſhment;
Which it reducing to her firſt perfection,
Beholdeth free from fleſhes fraile infection.

And then conforming it vnto the light,
Which in it ſelfe it hath remaining ſtill
Of that firſt Sunne, yet ſparkling in his ſight,
Thereof he faſhions in his higher skill,
An heauenly beautie to his fancies will,
And it embracing in his mind entire,
The mirrour of his owne thought doth admire.

Which ſeeing now ſo inly faire to bee,
As outward it appeareth to the eye,
And with his ſpirits proportion to agree,
He thereon fixeth all his fantaſie,
And fully ſetteth his felicitie,
Counting it fairer, then it is indeed,
And yet indeed her faireneſs doth exceed.

For Louers eyes more ſharply ſighted bee
Then other mens, and in deare loues delight,
See more then any other eyes can ſee,
Through mutuall receipt of the beames bright,
Which carry priuie meſſage to the ſpright,
And to their eyes that inmoſt faire diſplay,
As plaine as light diſcouers dawning day.

Therein they ſee through amorous eye-glaunces,
Armies of loues ſtill flying to and fro,
Which dart at them their little fierie launces:
Whom hauing wounded, backe againe they goe,
Carrying compaſſion to their louely foe;
Who ſeeing her fayre eyes ſo ſharpe effect,
Cures all their ſorrowes with one ſweet aſpect.

In which, how many wonders doe they reed
To their conceit, that others neuer ſee,
Now of her ſmiles, with which their ſoules they feed,
Like Gods with Nectar in their bankets free,
Now of her lookes, which like to Cordials bee;
But when her words embaſſade forth ſhe ſends,
Lord, how ſweet muſick that vnto them lends!

Sometimes vpon her forehead they behold
A thouſand Graces masking in delight,
Sometimes within her eye-lids they vnfold
Ten thouſand ſweet belgards, which to their ſight
Doe ſeeme like twinkling ſtarres in froſty night:
But on her lips, like roſie buds in May,
So many millions of chaſte pleaſures play.

All thoſe, ô CYTHEREA, and thouſands more
Thy handmaids be, which doe on thee attend,
To deck thy beauty with their dainties ſtore,
That may it more to mortall eyes commend,
And make it more admyr'd of foe and friend;
That in mens harts thou mayſt thy throne enſtall,
And ſpread thy louely kingdome ouer all.

Then *Io trymph*, ô great beauties Queene,
Aduance the banner of thy conqueſt hie,
That all this world, the which thy vaſſals beene,
May drawe to thee, and with due fealtie,
Adore the powre of thy great Maieſtie,

Sing-

Singing this Hymne in honour of thy name,
Compyld by me, which thy poore liegeman am.

In lieu whereof, grant, ô great Soueraigne,
That ſhe whoſe conquering beautie doth captiue
My trembling hart in her eternall chaine,
One drop of grace at length will to me giue,
That I her bounden thrall by her may liue:
And this ſame life, which firſt from me ſhe reaued,
May owe to her, of whom I it receaued.

And you faire VENVS dearling, my deare dread,
Freſh flowre of grace, great Goddeſſe of my life,
When your faire eyes theſe fearefull lines ſhall read,
Deigne to let fall one drop of due reliefe,
That may recure my harts long pyning griefe,
And ſhew what wondrous powre your beauty hath,
That can reſtore a damned wight from death.

FINIS.

AN HYMNE, OF heauenly Loue.

LOVE, lift me vp vpon thy golden wings,
From this baſe world vnto thy heauens hight,
Where I may ſee thoſe admirable things,
Which there thou workeſt by thy ſoueraine might,
Farre aboue feeble reach of earthly ſight,
That I thereof an heauenly Hymne may ſing
Vnto the god of LOVE, high heauens King.

Many lewd layes (ah woe is me the more)
In praiſe of that mad fit, which fooles call loue,
I haue in th'heat of youth made heretofore,
That in light wits did looſe affection moue.
But all thoſe follies now I doe reproue,
And turned haue the tenor of my ſtring,
The heauenly praiſes of true loue to ſing.

And ye that wont with greedy vaine deſire,
To read my fault, and wondring at my flame,
To warme your ſelues at my wide ſparkling fire,
Sith now that heat is quenched, quench my blame,
And in her aſhes ſhrowd my dying ſhame:
For who my paſſed follies now purſewes,
Beginnes his owne, and my old fault renewes.

BEfore this worlds great frame, in which all things
Are now containd, found any beeing place,
Ere ſtitting Time could wag his eyas wings
About that mighty bound, which doth embrace
The rolling Sphere, & parts their houres by ſpace,
That high Eternall powre, which now doth moue
In all theſe things, mou'd in it ſelfe by loue.

It lou'd it ſelfe, becauſe it ſelfe was faire;
(For faire is lou'd;) and of it ſelfe begot
Like to it ſelfe his eldeſt ſonne and heire,
Eternall, pure, and void of ſinfull blot,
The firſtling of his ioy, in whom no iot
Of loues diſlike, or pride was to be found,
Whom he therefore with equall honor crownd.

With him he raigned, before all time preſcribed,
In endleſſe glorie and immortall might,
Together with that third from them deriued,
Moſt wiſe, moſt holy, moſt almightie Spright,
Whoſe kingdoms throne, no thoughts of earthly wight
Can comprehend, much leſſe my trembling verſe,
With equall words can hope it to reherſe.

Yet ô moſt bleſſed Spirit, pure lampe of light,
Eternall ſpring of grace and wiſedome true,
Vouchſafe to ſhed into my barren ſpright,
Some little drop of thy celeſtiall dew,
That may my rimes with ſweet infuſe embrew,
And giue me words equall vnto my thought,
To tell the marueiles by thy mercy wrought.

Yet beeing pregnant ſtill with powrefull grace,
And full of fruitfull loue, that loues to get
Things like himſelfe, and to enlarge his race,
His ſecond brood, though not of powre ſo great,
Yet full of beautie, next he did beget
An infinite increaſe of Angels bright,
All gliſtring glorious in their Makers light.

To them the heauens illimitable hight
(Not this round heauen, which wee from hence behold,
Adornd with thouſand lamps of burning light,
And with ten thouſand gemmes of ſhining gold)
He gaue, as their inheritance to hold,
That they might ſerue him in eternall bliſs,
And be partakers of thoſe ioyes of his.

There they in their trinall triplicities
About him wait, and on his will depend,
Either with nimble wings to cut the skies,
When he them on his meſſages doth ſend,
Or on his owne dread preſence to attend,
Where they behold the glory of his light,
And caroll Hymnes of loue both day and night.

Both day and night is vnto them all one,
For he his beames doth vnto them extend,

That

That darknes there appeareth neuer none,
Ne hath their day, ne hath their bliſſe an end,
But there their termeleſſs time in pleaſure ſpend,
Ne euer ſhould their happineſſe decay,
Had not they dar'd their Lord to diſobay.

But pride, impatient of long reſting peace,
Did puffe them vp with greedy bold ambition,
That they gan caſt their ſtate how to increaſe
Aboue the fortune of their firſt condition,
And ſit in Gods owne ſeate without commiſſion:
The brighteſt Angell, euen the Child of light,
Drew millions more againſt their God to fight.

Th' Almighty, ſeeing their ſo bold aſſay,
Kindled the flame of his conſuming ire,
And with his onely breath them blew away
From heauens hight, to which they did aſpire,
To deepeſt hell, and lake of damned fire;
Where they in darknes and drad horror dwell,
Hating the happy light from which they fell.

So that next off-ſpring of the Makers loue,
Next to himſelfe in glorious degree,
Degenering to hate, fell from aboue
Through pride; (for pride and loue may ill agree)
And now of ſinne to all enſample bee:
How then can ſinfull fleſh it ſelfe aſſure,
Sith pureſt Angels fell to be impure?

But that eternall fount of loue and grace,
Still flowing forth his goodnes vnto all,
Now ſeeing left a waſte and emptie place
In his wide Palace, through thoſe Angels fall,
Caſt to ſupply the ſame, and to enſtall
A new vnknowen Colonie therein, (begin.
Whoſe roote from earths baſe ground-worke ſhould

Therefore of clay, baſe, vile, and next to nought,
Yet form'd by wondrous skill, and by his might:
According to an heauenly patterne wrought,
Which he had faſhiond in his wiſe foreſight,
He man did make, and breath'd a liuing ſpright
Into his face, moſt beautifull and faire,
Endewd with wiſedoms riches, heauenly rare.

Such he him made, that he reſemble might
Himſelfe, as mortall thing immortall could;
Him to be Lord of euery liuing wight,
He made by loue out of his owne like mould,
In whom he might his mightie ſelfe behold.
For loue doth loue the thing belou'd to ſee,
That like it ſelfe in louely ſhape may bee.

But Man, forgetfull of his Makers grace,
No leſſe then Angels, whom he did enſew,
Fell from the hope of promiſt heauenly place,
Into the mouth of death, to ſinners dew,
And all his off-ſpring into thraldome threw:
Where they for euer ſhould in bonds remaine,
Of neuer dead, yet euer dying paine.

Till that great Lord of Loue, which him at firſt
Made of meere loue, and after liked well,
Seeing him lie like creature long accurſt,
In that deepe horror of deſpeired hell,
Him wretch in doole would let no longer dwell,
But caſt out of that bondage to redeeme,
And pay the price, all were his debt extreeme.

Out of the boſome of eternall bliſs,
In which he raigned with his glorious ſire,
He downe deſcended, like a moſt demiſs
And abiect thrall, in fleſhes fraile attire,
That he for him might pay ſinnes deadly hire,
And him reſtore vnto that happy ſtate,
In which he ſtood before his hapleſs fate.

In fleſh at firſt the guilt committed was,
Therefore in fleſh it muſt be ſatisfide:
Nor ſpirit, nor Angell, though they man ſurpas,
Could make amends to God for mans miſguide,
But onely man himſelfe, who ſelfe did slide.
So taking fleſh of ſacred Virgins wombe,
For mans deare ſake, he did a man become.

And that moſt bleſſed body, which was borne
Without all blemiſh or reproachfull blame,
He freely gaue to be both rent and torne
Of cruell hands, who with deſpightfull ſhame
Reuiling him, that them moſt vile became,
At length him nayled on a gallow tree,
And ſlew the iuſt, by moſt vniuſt decree.

O huge and moſt vnſpeakeable impreſſion
Of loues deepe wound, that pierſt the pitious hart
Of that deare Lord with ſo entire affection,
And ſharply launcing euery inner part,
Dolours of death into his ſoule did dart;
Dooing him die, that neuer it deſerued,
To free his foes, that from his heaſt had ſwerued.

What hart can feele leaſt touch of ſo ſore launch,
Or thought can thinke the depth of ſo deare wound?
Whoſe bleeding ſourſe their ſtreames yet neuer ſtaunch,
But ſtill do flowe, and freſhly ſtill redound,
To heale the ſores of ſinfull ſoules vnſound,
And clenſe the guilt of that infected crime,
Which was enrooted in all fleſhly ſlime.

O bleſſed well of loue! ô flowre of grace!
O glorious Morning ſtarre! ô lampe of light!
Moſt liuely image of thy fathers face,
Eternall King of glory, Lord of might,
Meeke lambe of God before all world behight,
How can we thee requite for all this good?
Or what can prize that thy moſt precious blood?

Yet nought thou ask'ſt in lieu of all this loue,
But loue of vs, for guerdon of thy paine.
Aye me! what can vs leſſe then that behoue?
Had he required life of vs againe,
Had it beene wrong to aske his owne with gaine?

He

He gaue vs life, he it reſtored loſt;
Then life were leaſt, that vs ſo little coſt.

But he our life hath left vnto vs free,
Free that was thrall, and bleſſed that was band;
Ne ought demaunds, but that we louing bee,
As he himſelfe hath lou'd vs afore-hand,
And bound thereto with an eternall band,
Him firſt to loue, that vs ſo dearly bought,
And next, our brethren to his image wrought.

Him firſt to loue, great right and reaſon is,
Who firſt to vs our life and beeing gaue;
And after, when we fared had amis,
Vs wretches from the ſecond death did ſaue:
And laſt, the food of life, which now we haue,
Euen hee himſelfe in his deare ſacrament,
To feede our hungry ſoules vnto vs lent.

Then next, to loue our brethren, that were made
Of that ſelfe mould, and that ſelfe Makers hand,
That wee, and to the ſame againe ſhall fade,
Where they ſhall haue like heritage of land,
How-euer here on higher ſteps we ſtand;
Which alſo were with ſelfe ſame price redeemed
That we, how-euer of vs light eſteemed.

And were they not, yet ſith that louing Lord
Commaunded vs to loue them for his ſake,
Euen for his ſake, and for his ſacred word,
Which in his laſt bequeſt he to vs ſpake,
We ſhould them loue, & with their needs partake;
Knowing, that whatſoere to them we giue,
We giue to him, by whom we all doe liue.

Such mercy he by his moſt holy reed
Vnto vs taught, and to approue it trew,
Enſampled it by his moſt righteous deed,
Shewing vs mercy (miſerable crew)
That we the like ſhould to the wretches ſhew,
And loue our brethren; thereby to approue,
How much himſelfe that loued vs, we loue.

Then rouze thy ſelfe, ô earth, out of thy ſoyle,
In which thou wallow'ſt like to filthy ſwine,
And dooſt thy mind in durty pleaſures moyle,
Vnmindfull of that deareſt Lord of thine;
Lift vp to him thy heauie clouded eyne,
That thou his ſoueraigne bounty maiſt behold,
And read through loue his mercies manifold.

Begin from firſt, where he encradled was
In ſimple cratch, wrapt in a wad of hay,
Between the toyleſull Oxe and humble Aſſe,
And in what rags, and in how baſe aray,
The glory of our heauenly riches lay,
When him the ſilly Shepheards came to ſee,
Whom greateſt Princes ſought on loweſt knee.

From thence read on the ſtory of his life,
His humble carriage, his vnfaulty waies,
His cancred foes, his ſights, his toyle, his ſtrife,
His paines, his pouerty, his ſharpe aſſaies,
Through which he paſt his miſerable daies,
Offending none, and dooing good to all,
Yet beeing maliſt both of great and ſmall.

And looke at laſt, how of moſt wretched wights
He taken was, betrayd, and falſe accuſed,
How with moſt ſcornfull taunts, & fell deſpights
He was reuil'd, diſgraſt, and foule abuſed,
How ſcourg'd, how crownd, how buffeted, how bruſed;
And laſtly, how twixt robbers crucifide, (ſide
With bitter wounds, throgh hands, throgh feet, throgh

Then let thy flinty hart that feeles no paine,
Empierced be with pittifull remorſe,
And let thy bowels bleed in euery vaine,
At ſight of his moſt ſacred heauenly corſe,
So torne and mangled with malicious force:
And let thy ſoule, whoſe ſinnes his ſorrowes wrought,
Melt into teares, and grone in grieued thought.

With ſenſe whereof, whilſt ſo thy ſoftned ſpirit
Is inly toucht, and humbled with meeke zeale,
Through meditation of his endleſſe merit,
Lift vp thy mind to th' author of thy weale,
And to his ſoueraigne mercy doe appeale;
Learne him to loue, that loued thee ſo deare,
And in thy breaſt his bleſſed image beare.

With all thy hart, with all thy ſoule and mind,
Thou muſt him loue, and his beheaſts embrace:
All other loues, with which the world doth blind
Weake fancies, and ſtirre vp affections baſe,
Thou muſt renounce, and vtterly diſplace,
And giue thy ſelfe vnto him full and free,
That full and freely gaue himſelfe for thee.

Then ſhalt thou feele thy ſpirit ſo poſſeſt,
And raviſht with deuouring great deſire
Of his deare ſelfe, that ſhall thy feeble breſt
Inflame with loue, and ſet thee all on fire
With burning zeale, through euery part entire,
That in no earthly thing thou ſhalt delight,
But in his ſweet and amiable ſight.

Thenceforth, all worlds deſire will in thee die,
And all earths glory, on which men doe gaze,
Seeme durt and droſſe in thy pure ſighted eye,
Compar'd to that celeſtiall beauties blaze,
Whoſe glorious beames all fleſhly ſenſe doth daze
With admiration of their paſſing light,
Blinding the eyes, and lumining the ſpright.

Then ſhall thy raviſht ſoule inſpired bee
With heauenly thoughts, farre aboue humane skill,
And thy bright radiant eyes ſhall plainly ſee
Th' Idee of his pure glory, preſent ſtill
Before thy face, that all thy ſpirits ſhall fill
With ſweet enragement of celeſtiall loue,
Kindled through ſight of thoſe faire things aboue.

AN HYMNE, OF HEA-
uenlie Beautie.

RApt with the rage of mine owne rauisht thought,
Through contemplation of those goodly sights,
And glorious Images in heauen wrought,
Whose wondrous beauty breathing sweet delights,
Doe kindle loue in high conceited sprights:
I faine to tell the things that I behold,
But feele my wits to faile, and tongue to fold.

Vouchsafe then, ô thou most almightie Spright,
From whom all gifts of wit and knowledge flowe,
To shed into my breast some sparkling light
Of thine eternall Truth; that I may showe
Some little beames to mortall eyes belowe,
Of that immortall beautie, there with thee,
Which in my weake distraughted mind I see.

That with the glorie of so goodly sight,
The harts of men, which fondly here admire
Faire-seeming shewes, and feede on vaine delight,
Transported with celestiall desire
Of those faire formes, may lift themselues vp hier,
And learne to loue with zealous humble dewty,
Th'eternall fountaine of that heauenly beautie.

Beginning then belowe, with th'easie view
Of this base world, subiect to fleshly eye,
From thence to mount aloft by order dew,
To contemplation of th'immortall skie.
Of the soare Faulcon so I learne to flie,
That flags awhile her fluttering wings beneath,
Till she herselfe for stronger flight can breath.

Then looke who list, thy gazefull eyes to feed
With sight of that is faire, looke on the frame
Of this wide *Vniuerse*, and therein reed
The endlesse kinds of creatures, which by name
Thou canst not count, much lesse their natures aime:
All which are made with wondrous wise respect,
And all with admirable beauty deckt.

First th'Earth, on Adamantine pillers founded,
Amid the Sea, engirt with brasen bands;
Then th'Ayre still flitting, but yet firmly bounded
On euerie side, with pyles of flaming brands,
Neuer consum'd, nor quencht with mortall hands;
And last, that mightie shining crystall wall,
Wherewith he hath encompassed this All.

By view whereof, it plainly may appeare,
That still as euery thing doth vpward tend,
And further is from earth, so still more cleare
And faire it growes, till to his perfect end
Of purest beautie, it at last ascend:
Ayre more then water, fire much more then ayre,
And heauen then fire appeares more pure and fayre.

Looke thou no further, but affixe thine eye,
On that bright shinie round still mouing Masse,
The house of blessed Gods, which men call SKYE,
All sow'd with glistring starres more thicke then grasse,
Whereof each other doth in brightnesse passe:
But those two most, which ruling night and day,
As King and Queene, the heauens Empire sway.

And tell me then, what hast thou euer seene,
That to their beautie may compared bee,
Or can the sight that is most sharpe and keene,
Endure their Captaines flaming head to see?
How much lesse those, much higher in degree,
And so much fairer, and much more then these,
As these are fairer then the land and seas?

For, farre aboue these heauens which here we see,
Be others, farre exceeding these in light,
Not bounded, not corrupt, as these same bee,
But infinite in largenesse and in hight,
Vnmouing, vncorrupt, and spotlesse bright,
That need no Sunne t'illuminate their spheres,
But their owne natiue light, farre passing theirs.

And as these heauens still by degrees arise,
Vntill they come to their first Mouers bound,
That in his mighty compasse doth comprise,
And carry all the rest with him around;
So those likewise doe by degrees redound,
And rise more faire, till they at last arriue
To the most faire, whereto they all doe striue.

Faire is the heauen, where happy soules haue place,
In full enioyment of felicitie,
Whence they doe still behold the glorious face
Of the diuine eternall Maiestie:
More faire is that, where those IDEES on hie
Enranged be, which PLATO so admired,
And pure INTELLIGENCES from God inspired.

Yet fairer is that heauen, in which doe raigne
The souerain POVVERS & mighty POTENTATES,
Which in their high protections doe containe
All mortall Princes, and imperiall States;
And fayrer yet, whereas the royall Seates
And heauenly DOMINATIONS are set,
From whom all earthly gouernance is fet.

Yet far more faire be those bright CHERVBINS,
Which all with golden wings are ouer-dight,
And those eternall burning SERAPHINS,
Which from their faces dart out fierie light;
Yet fairer then they both, and much more bright
Be th'Angels and Archangels, which attend
On Gods owne person, without rest or end.

These

These thus in faire each other farre excelling,
As to the Highest they approach more neare,
Yet is that Highest farre beyond all telling,
Fairer then all the rest which there appeare,
Though all their beauties ioynd together were:
How then can mortall tongue hope to expresse
The image of such endlesse perfectnesse?

Cease then my tongue, and lend vnto my mind
Leaue to bethinke how great that beautie is,
Whose vtmost parts so beautifull I find:
How much more those essentiall parts of his,
His truth, his loue, his wisedome, and his blis,
His grace, his doome, his mercy and his might,
By which he lends vs of himselfe a sight.

Those vnto all he daily doth display,
And shew himselfe in th'image of his grace,
As in a looking glasse, through which he may
Be seene, of all his creatures vile and base,
That are vnable else to see his face,
His glorious face which glistereth else so bright,
That th'Angels selues cannot endure his sight.

But we fraile wights, whose sight cannot sustaine
The Sun-bright beames, when he on vs doth shine,
But that their points rebutted backe againe
Are duld, how can we see with feeble eyne,
The glory of that Maiestie diuine:
In sight of whom both Sun and Moone are darke,
Compared to his least resplendent sparke?

The meanes therefore which vnto vs is lent
Him to behold, is on his works to looke,
Which he hath made in beautie excellent,
And in the same, as in a brasen booke,
To read enregistred in euery nooke
His goodnes, which his beautie doth declare.
For all thats good, is beautifull and faire.

Thence gathering plumes of perfect speculation,
To impe the wings of thy high flying mind,
Mount vp aloft through heauenly contemplation,
From this darke world, whose damps the soule do blind,
And like the native brood of Eagles kind,
On that bright Sunne of glory fixe thine eyes,
Clear'd from grosse mists of fraile infirmities.

Humbled with feare and awfull reuerence,
Before the footstoole of his Maiestie,
Throwe thy selfe downe with trembling innocence,
Ne dare looke vp with corruptible eye,
On the drad face of that great DEITIE,
For feare, least if he chaunce to looke on thee,
Thou turne to nought, and quite confounded bee.

But lowely fall before his Mercie seate,
Close couered with the Lambes integritie,
From the iust wrath of his auengefull threat,
That sits vpon the righteous throne on hie:
His throne is built vpon Eternitie,
More firme and durable then steele or brasse,
Or the hard Diamond, which them both doth passe.

His sceptre is the rod of Righteousnesse,
With which he bruseth all his foes to dust,
And the great Dragon strongly doth represse,
Vnder the rigour of his iudgement iust:
His seate is Truth, to which the faithfull trust:
From whence proceed her beames so pure & bright,
That all about him sheddeth glorious light.

Light farre exceeding that bright blazing sparke,
Which darted is from TITANS flaming head,
That with his beames enlumineth the darke
The darke damp ayre, whereby all things are red:
Whose nature yet so much is maruelled
Of mortall wits, that it doth much amaze
The greatest Wisards, which thereon doe gaze.

But that immortall light which there doth shine,
Is many thousand times more bright, more cleare,
More excellent, more glorious, more diuine,
Through which to God all mortall actions here,
And euen the thoughts of men, doe plaine appeare:
For from th'eternall Truth it doth proceed,
Through heauenly vertue, which her beams do breed.

With the great glory of that wondrous light,
His throne is all encompassed around,
And hid in his owne brightnesse from the sight
Of all that looke thereon with eyes vnsound:
And vnderneath his feet are to be found
Thunder, and lightning, and tempestuous fire,
The instruments of his auenging ire.

There in his bosome SAPIENCE doth sit,
The soueraine dearling of the DEITIE,
Clad like a Queene in royall robes, most fit
For so great powre and peerelesse maiestie;
And all with gemmes and iewels gorgeously
Adornd, that brighter then the starres appeare,
And make her native brightnes seeme more cleare.

And on her head a crowne of purest gold
Is set, in signe of highest soueraignty,
And in her hand a sceptre she doth hold,
With which she rules the house of God on hie,
And menageth the euer-moouing sky,
And in the same these lower creatures all,
Subiected to her powre imperiall.

Both heauen and earth obey vnto her will,
And all the creatures which they both contain:
For of her fulnesse which the world doth fill,
They all partake, and doe in state remaine,
As their great Maker did at first ordaine,
Through obseruation of her high behest,
By which they first were made, and still increast.

The faireness of her face no tongue can tell,
For she, the daughters of all wemens race,

And

And Angels eke, in beautie doth excell,
Sparkled on her from Gods owne glorious face,
And more increast by her owne goodly grace,
That it doth farre exceed all humane thought,
Ne can on earth compared be to ought.

Ne could that Painter (had he liued yet)
Which pictur'd VENVS with so curious quill,
That all posteritie admired it,
Haue purtrayd this, for all his maistring skill;
Ne she herselfe, had she remained still,
And were as faire, as fabling wits doe faine,
Could once come neare this beautie soueraine.

But had those wits, the wonders of their dayes,
Or that sweet TEIAN Poet, which did spend
His plentious veine in setting forth her praise,
Seene but a glimse of this, which I pretend,
How wondrously would he her face commend,
Aboue that Idole of his fayning thought,
That all the world should with his rimes be fraught?

How then dare I, the nouice of his Art,
Presume to picture so diuine a wight,
Or hope t'expresse her least perfections part,
Whose beautie filles the heauens with her light,
And darkes the earth with shadowe of her sight?
Ah gentle Muse, thou art too weake and faint,
The pourtraict of so heauenly hew to paint.

Let Angels, which her goodly face behold,
And see at will, her soueraigne praises sing,
And those most sacred mysteries vnfold,
Of that faire loue of mightie heauens King.
Enough is me t'admire so heauenly thing:
And beeing thus with her huge loue possest,
In th'onely wonder of her selfe to rest.

But whoso may, thrice happy man him hold,
Of all on earth, whom God so much doth grace,
And lets his owne Beloued to behold:
For in the view of her celestiall face,
All ioy, all blisse, all happinesse haue place,
Ne ought on earth can want vnto the wight,
Who of her selfe can win the wishfull sight.

For shee, out of her secret treasurie,
Plentie of riches forth on him will poure,
Euen heauenly riches, which there hidden lie
Within the closet of her chastest bowre,
Th'eternall portion of her precious dowre,
Which mighty God hath giuen to her free,
And to all those which thereof worthy bee.

None thereof worthy be, but those whom shee
Vouchsafeth to her presence to receiue,
And letteth them her louely face to see,
Whereof such wondrous pleasures they conceiue,
And sweet contentment, that it doth bereaue
Their soule of sense, through infinite delight,
And them transport from flesh into the spright.

In which they see such admirable things,
As carries them into an extasie,
And heare such heauenly notes, and carolings
Of Gods high praise, that filles the brasen sky,
And feele such ioy and pleasure inwardly,
That maketh them all worldly cares forget,
And onely thinke on that before them set.

Ne from thenceforth doth any fleshly sense,
Or idle thought of earthly things remaine:
But all that earst seemd sweet, seemes now offence,
And all that pleased earst, now seemes a paine.
Their ioy, their comfort, their desire, their gaine,
Is fixed all on that which now they see,
All other sights but fained shadowes bee.

And that faire lampe, which vseth to enflame
The harts of men with selfe-consuming fire,
Thenceforth seemes foule, and full of sinfull blame;
And all that pompe to which proud minds aspire
By name of honour, and so much desire,
Seemes to them baseneſſe, and all riches drosse,
And all mirth sadnes, and all lucre losse.

So full their eyes are of that glorious sight,
And senses fraught with such satietie,
That in nought else on earth they can delight,
But in th'aspect of that felicitie,
Which they haue written in their inward eye;
On which they feed, and in their fast'ned mind,
All happy ioy and full contentment find.

Ah then my hungry soule, which long hast fed
On idle fancies of my foolish thought,
And with false beauties flattering bait misled,
Hast after vaine deceitfull shadowes sought,
Which all are fled, and now haue left thee nought,
But late repentance through thy follies prieſe;
Ah! cease to gaze on matter of thy griefe.

And looke at last vp to that soueraigne light,
From whose pure beames all perfect beautie springs,
That kindleth loue in euery godly spright,
Euen the true loue of God, which loathing brings
Of this vile world, and these gay-seeming things;
With whose sweet pleasures beeing so possest,
Thy straying thoughts henceforth for euer rest.

FINIS.

DAPHNAIDA.

AN ELEGIE VPON THE DEATH OF THE NOBLE AND vertuous *Douglas Howard*, daughter and heire of *Henrie Lord Howard, Viscount Byndon, and wife of* Arthur Gorges, Esquire.

(***)

Dedicated

TO THE RIGHT HONOVRABLE THE LADY *Helena*, Marquesse of *North-hampton.*

By *Edmunde Spenser.*

AT LONDON
Printed by *H. L.* for *Mathew Lownes.*
1611.

TO THE RIGHT HONORA-
ble and vertuous Lady *Helena*, Marqueſſe of *North-hampton*.

I Haue the rather preſumed, humbly to offer vnto your Honour, the dedication of this little Poëme, for that the noble and vertuous Gentlewoman of whom it is written, was by match neere allied, and in affection greatly deuoted vnto your Ladiſhip. The occaſion why I wrote the ſame, was as well the great good fame which I heard of her deceaſſed, as the particular good will which I beare vnto her husband Maſter *Arthur Gorges*, a louer of learning & vertue: whoſe houſe, as your Ladiſhip by mariage hath honoured, ſo do I find the name of them by many notable records, to be of great antiquitie in this Realme; and ſuch as haue euer borne themſelues with honourable reputation to the world, and vnſpotted loyaltie to their Prince and country: beſides, ſo lineally are they deſcended from the *Howards*, as that the Ladie *Anne Howard*, eldeſt daughter to *Iohn* Duke of *Norfolke*, was wife to Sir *Edmund*, mother to Sir *Edward*, and grand-mother to Sir *William* and Sir *Thomas Gorges*, Knights. And therefore I doe aſſure my ſelfe, that no due honour done to the white Lyon, but will be moſt gratefull to your Ladyſhip, whoſe husband and children doe ſo neerly participate with the blood of that noble family. So in all dutie I recommend this Pamphlet, and the good acceptance thereof, to your honorable fauour and protection. London this first of Ianuary. 1591.

Your Honors humbly euer,

Edm. Sp.

DAPHNAIDA.

WHat-euer man he be, whose heauy mind
With griefe of mournful great mishap oppresst,
Fit matter for his cares increase would find,
Let read the rufull plaint herein expresst,
Of one (I weene) the wofulst man aliue;
Euen sad ALCYON, whose empierced brest,
Sharpe sorrowe did in thousand peeces riue.

But whoso else in pleasure findeth sense,
Or in this wretched life doth take delight,
Let him be banisht farre away from hence:
Ne let the sacred Sisters here be hight,
Though they of sorrowe heauily can sing;
For euen their heauie song would breed delight:
But here no tunes, saue sobs and grones shall ring.

In stead of them, and their sweet harmonie,
Let those three fatall Sisters, whose sad hands
Doe weaue the direfull threds of destinie,
And in their wrath breake off the vitall bands,
Approach heereto: and let the dreadfull Queene
Of darknes deepe come from the STYGIAN strands,
And grisly Ghosts to heare this dolefull teene.

In gloomie euening, when the wearie Sun,
After his dayes long labour drew to rest,
And sweatie steedes now hauing ouer-run
The compast skie, gan water in the West,
I walkt abroad to breathe the fresning ayre
In open fields, whose flowring pride oppreſt
With early frosts, had lost their beauty faire.

There came vnto my mind a troublous thought,
Which daily doth my weaker wit possess,
Ne lets it rest, vntill it forth haue brought
Her long borne Infant, fruit of heauines,
Which she conceiued hath through meditation
Of this worlds vainnes, and lifes wretchednes,
That yet my soule it deepely doth empassion.

So as I mused on the miserie
In which men liue, and I of many moste,
Most miserable man; I did espy
Where towards me a sory wight did coste,
Clad all in black, that mourning did bewray,
And IAAKOBS staffe in hand deuoutly croſt,
Like to some Pilgrim, come from farre away.

His careles locks, vncombed and vnshorne,
Hung long adowne, and beard all ouer-growne,
That well he seemd to be some wight forlorne;
Downe to the earth his heauie eyes were throwne,
As loathing light: and euer as he went,
He sighed oft, and inly deepe did grone,
As if his hart in peeces would haue rent.

Approaching nigh, his face I viewed nere,
And by the semblant of his countenaunce,
Me seemd I had his person seene elsewhere,
Most like ALCYON seeming at a glaunce;
ALCYON hee, the iolly Shepheard swaine,
That wont full merrily to pipe and daunce,
And fill with pleasance euery wood and plaine.

Yet halfe in doubt, because of his disguise,
I softly said, ALCYON? There-withall
He lookt aside as in disdainfull wise,
Yet stayed not: till I againe did call.
Then turning backe, he said with hollow sound,
Who is it, that doth name mee, wofull thrall,
The wretchedst man that treads this day on ground?

One, whom like wofulnes impressed deepe,
Hath made fit mate thy wretched case to heare,
And giuen like cause with thee to waile and weepe:
Griefe finds some ease by him that like does beare:
Then stay ALCYON, gentle shepheard stay
(Quoth I) till thou haue to my rustie eare
Committed, what thee doth so ill apay.

Cease fooliſt man (said he, halfe wrothfully)
To seeke to heare that which cannot be told:
For the huge anguish, which doth multiply
My dying paines, no tongue can well vnfold:
Ne doe I care, that any should bemone
My hard mishap or any weepe that would,
But seeke alone to weepe, and die alone.

Then be it so, quoth I, that thou art bent
To die alone, vnpittied, vnplained,
Yet ere thou die, it were conuenient
To tell the cause, which thee thereto constrained:
Least that the world thee dead, accuse of guile,
And say, when thou of none shalt be maintained,
That thou for secret crime thy blood hast spilt.

Who life dooes loath, and longs to be vnbound
From the strong shackles of fraile flesh, quoth hee,
Nought cares at all, what they that liue on ground
Deeme the occasion of his death to bee:
Rather desires to be forgotten quight,
Then question made of his calamitie.
For harts deepe sorrowe hates both life and light.

Yet sith so much thou seem'st to rue my griefe,
And car'st for one that for himselfe cares nought,
(Signe of thy loue, though nought for my reliefe:
For my reliefe exceedeth liuing thought)
I will to thee this heauie case relate.
Then harken well till it to end be brought,
For neuer didst thou heare more hapleſſe fate.

Whilome I vsde (as thou right well doost know)
My little flocke on Westerne-downes to keepe,
Not far from whence SABRINAES stream doth flow,
And flowrie banks with siluer liquor steepe:
Nought carde I then for worldly change or chaunce;
For all my ioy was on my gentle sheepe,
And to my pipe to caroll and to daunce.

It there befell, as I the fields did range
Feareleſſe and free, a faire young Lioneſſe,
White as the native Rose before the change,
Which VENVS blood did in her leaues impresse,
I spied playing on the grassie plaine
Her youthfull sports and kindly wantonnesse,
That did all other Beasts in beautie staine.

Much was I mooued at so goodly sight,
Whose like before, mine eye had seldome seene,
And gan to cast, how I her compasse might,
And bring to hand, that yet had neuer beene:
So well I wrought with mildnes and with paine,
That I her caught disporting on the greene,
And brought away fast bound with siluer chaine.

And afterwards, I handled her so faire,
That though by kind she stout and saluage were,
For being borne an ancient Lions heire,
And of the race, that all wild beasts doe feare;
Yet I her fram'd and wan so to my bent,
That shee became so meeke and milde of cheare,
As the least lambe in all my flock that went.

For shee in field, where-euer I did wend,
Would wend with me, and wait by me all day:
And all the night that I in watch did spend,
If cause requir'd, or else in sleepe, if nay,
She would all night by me or watch or sleepe;
And euermore when I did sleepe or play,
She of my flocke would take full wary keepe.

Safe then and safest were my sillie sheepe,
Ne fear'd the Wolfe, ne fear'd the wildest beast:
All were I drown'd in careleſſe quiet deepe:
My louely Lioness without beheast
So carefull was for them, and for my good,
That when I waked, neither most nor least
I found miscaried or in plaine or wood.

Oft did the Shepheards, which my hap did heare,
And oft their Lasses, which my luck enuide,
Daily resort to me from farre and neare,
To see my Lioneſſe, whose praises wide
Were spred abroad; and when her worthinesse
Much greater then the rude report they tride,
They her did praise, and my good fortune blesse.

Long thus I ioyed in my happinesse,
And well did hope my ioy would haue no end:
But oh! fond man, that in worlds fickleness
Repos'dst hope, or weenedst her thy friend,
That glories most in mortall miseries,
And daily doth her changefull counsels bend
To make new matter, fit for Tragedies.

For whilst I was thus without dread or doubt,
A cruell SATYRE with his murdrous dart,
Greedy of mischiefe, ranging all about,
Gaue her the fatall wound of deadly smart:
And reft from me my sweet companion,
And reft from me my loue, my life, my hart:
My Lioneſſe (ah woe is me) is gone.

Out of the world thus was she reft away,
Out of the world, vnworthy such a spoyle;
And borne to heauen, for heauen a fitter prey:
Much fitter then the Lyon, which with toyle
ALCYDES slew, and fixt in firmament:
Her now I seeke throughout this earthly soyle,
And seeking misse, and missing doe lament.

Therewith he gan afresh to waile and weepe,
That I for pitty of his heauy plight,
Could not abstaine mine eyes with teares to steepe:
But when I saw the anguish of his spright
Some deale alayd, I him bespake againe;
Certes ALCYON, painfull is thy plight,
That it in me breeds almost equall paine.

Yet doth not my dull wit well vnderstand
The riddle of thy loued Lioneſſe:
For rare it seemes in reason to be skand,
That man, who doth the whole worlds rule possesse,
Should to a beast his noble hart embase,
And be the vassall of his vassaleſſe:
Therefore more plaine aread this doubtfull case.

Then sighing sore, DAPHNE thou knew'st, quoth he,
She now is dead; ne more endur'd to say:
But fell to ground for great extremitie,
That I beholding it, with deepe dismay
Was much appald, and lightly him vprearing,
Reuoked life, that would haue fled away,
All were my selfe through griefe in deadly drearing.

Than gan I him to comfort all my best,
And with milde counsaile stroue to mitigate

The stormy passion of his troubled breſt;
But he thereby was more empassionate:
As stubborne steed, that is with curbe restrained,
Becomes more fierce and feruent in his gate,
And breaking forth at last, thus dearnly plained;

1 What man henceforth that breatheth vitall ayre,
Will honour heauen, or heauenly powers adore?
Which so vniustly do their iudgements share
Mongst earthly wights, as to afflict so sore
The innocent, as those which doe transgresse,
And doe not spare the best or faireſt, more
Than worst or fowlest, but doe both oppresse.

If this be right, why did they then create
The world so faire, sith faireneſſe is neglected?
Or why be they themselues immaculate,
If pureſt things be not by them respected?
She faire, she pure, most faire, most pure she was,
Yet was by them as thing impure reiected:
Yet she in pureneſſe, heauen it selfe did pas.

In pureneſſe and in all celestiall grace,
That men admire in goodly womankind,
She did excell, and seem'd of Angels race,
Liuing on earth like Angell new diuinde,
Adorn'd with wisedome and with chastitie,
And all the dowries of a noble mind,
Which did her beautie much more beautifie.

No age hath bred (since faire ASTREA left
The sinfull world) more vertue in a wight:
And when she parted hence, with her she reft
Great hope; and robd her race of bounty quight:
Well may the shepheard Lasses now lament,
For double losse by her hath on them light;
To lose both her and bounties ornament.

Ne let ELISA, royall Shepheardesse
The prayses of my parted loue enuy,
For she hath praises in all plentiousneſſe,
Pour'd vpon her, like showers of CASTALY
By her owne Shepheard, COLIN her own Shepheard,
That her with heauenly hymnes doth deifie,
Of rusticke Muse full hardly to be betterd.

She is the Rose, the glory of the day,
And mine the Primrose in the lowely shade,
Mine, ah! not mine; amisse I mine did say:
Not mine, but his, which mine awhile her made:
Mine to be his, with him to liue for aye:
O that so faire a flowre so soone should fade,
And through vntimely tempest fall away.

She fell away in her first ages spring,
Whilst yet her leafe was greene, and fresh her rind,
And whilst her branch faire blossomes forth did bring,
She fell away against all course of kind:
For age to die is right, but youth is wrong;
She fell away like fruite blowne downe with wind:
Weepe Shepheard, weepe, to make my vndersong.

2 What hart so stonie hard, but that would weepe,
And poure forth fountaines of inceſſant teares?
What TIMON, but would let compassion creepe
Into his breast, and pierce his frosen eares?
In stead of teares, whose brackish bitter well
I wasted haue, my hart bloud dropping weares,
To thinke to ground how that faire blossome fell.

Yet fell she not, as one enforst to die,
Ne dyed with dread and grudging discontent,
But as one toyld with trauell, downe doth lye,
So lay she downe, as if to sleepe she went,
And clos'de her eyes with careleſſe quietneſſe;
The whiles soft death away her spirit hent,
And soule assoyld from sinfull fleshlineſſe.

Yet ere that life her lodging did forsake,
She all resolu'd, and ready to remoue,
Calling to me (ay me!) this wise bespake;
ALCYON, ah! my first and lateſt loue,
Ah! why does my ALCYON weepe and mourne,
And grieue my ghost, that ill more him behoue,
As if to me had chaunst some euill tourne?

I, sith the messenger is come for mee,
That summons soules vnto the bridale feast
Of his great Lord, must needs depart from thee,
And straight obey his soueraine beheast:
Why should ALCYON then so sore lament,
That I from misery should be releast,
And freed from wretched long imprisonment?

Our dayes are full of dolour and disease,
Our life afflicted with inceſſant paine,
That nought on earth may leſſen or appease.
Why then should I desire here to remaine?
Or why should he that loues me, sorrie bee
For my deliuerance, or at all complaine
My good to heare, and toward ioyes to see?

I goe, and long desired haue to goe,
I goe with gladnes to my wished rest,
Whereas no worlds sad care, nor wasting woe
May come, their happy quiet to molest,
But Saints and Angels in celestiall thrones
Eternally him praise, that hath them blest;
There shall I be amongst those blessed ones.

Yet ere I goe, a pledge I leaue with thee
Of the late loue, the which betwixt vs past,
My young AMBROSIA, in lieu of mee
Loue her: so shall our loue for euer last.
Thus deare adieu, whom I expect ere long.
So hauing said, away she softly past:
Weepe Shepheard, weepe, to make mine vndersong.

3 So oft as I record those piercing words,
Which yet are deepe engrauen in my breſt,
And those last deadly accents, which like swords
Did wound my hart, and rend my bleeding chest,
With those sweet sugred speeches doe compare,

The which my ſoule firſt conquerd and poſſeſt,
The firſt beginners of my endleſſe care;

And when thoſe pallid cheekes and aſhie hew,
In which ſad death his portraiture had writ,
And when thoſe hollow eyes and deadly view,
On which the cloud of ghaſtly night did ſit,
I match with that ſweet ſmile and cheerefull brow,
Which all the world ſubdued vnto it;
How happy was I then, and wretched now?

How happy was I, when I ſaw her lead
The Shepheards daughters dauncing in a round?
How trimly would ſhe trace and ſoftly tread
The tender graſſe with roſie garland crownd?
And when ſhe liſt aduaunce her heauenly voice,
Both Nymphes & Muſes nigh ſhe made aſtownd,
And flocks and ſhepheards cauſed to reioyce.

But now ye Shepheard Laſſes, who ſhall lead
Your wandring troupes, or ſing your virelayes?
Or who ſhall dight your bowres, ſith ſhe is dead
That was the Lady of your holy dayes?
Let now your bliſſe be turned into bale,
And into plaints conuert your ioyous playes,
And with the ſame fill euery hill and dale.

Let Bagpipe neuer more be heard to ſhrill,
That may allure the ſenſes to delight;
Ne euer Shepheard ſound his Oaten quill
Vnto the many, that prouoke them might
To idle pleaſance: but let ghaſtlineſſe
And drearie horror dim the chearfull light,
To make the image of true heauineſſe.

Let birds be ſilent on the naked ſpray,
And ſhady woods reſound with dreadfull yells:
Let ſtreaming floods their haſtie courſes ſtay,
And parching drouth dry vp the cryſtall wells;
Let th'earth be barren and bring forth no flowres,
And th'ayre be fild with noyſe of dolefull knells,
And wandring ſpirits walke vntimely howres.

And Nature, nurſe of euery liuing thing,
Let reſt her ſelfe from her long wearineſſe,
And ceaſe henceforth things kindly forth to bring,
But hidious monſters full of vglineſſe:
For ſhe it is, that hath me done this wrong,
No Nurſe, but Stepdame, cruell, mercileſſe,
Weepe Shepheard weepe to make my vnderſong.

4 My little flocke, whom earſt I lou'd ſo well,
And wont to feede with fineſt graſſe that grew,
Feede ye henceforth on bitter ASTROPHELL,
And ſtinking Smallage, and vnſauerie Rew;
And when your mawes are with thoſe weeds corrupted,
Be ye the pray of Wolues: ne will I rew,
That with your carkaſſes wild beaſts be glutted.

Ne worſe to you my ſilly ſheepe I pray,
Ne ſorer vengeance wiſh on you to fall
Than to my ſelfe, for whoſe confuſde decay
To careleſſe heauens I doe daily call:
But heauens refuſe to heare a wretches cry,
And cruell death doth ſcorne to come at call,
Or grant his boone that moſt deſires to die.

The good and righteous he away doth take,
To plague th'vnrighteous which aliue remaine:
But the vngodly ones he doth forſake,
By liuing long to multiply their paine:
Elſe ſurely death ſhould be no puniſhment,
As the great Iudge at firſt did it ordaine,
But rather riddance from long languiſhment.

Therefore my DAPHNE they haue tane away;
For worthy of a better place was ſhe:
But me vnworthy willed here to ſtay,
That with her lack I might tormented be.
Sith then they ſo haue ordred, I will pay
Penance to her, according their decree,
And to her ghoſt doe ſeruice day by day.

For I will walke this wandring pilgrimage,
Throughout the world from one to other end,
And in affliction waſte my bitter age.
My bread ſhall be the anguiſh of my mind,
My drinke the teares which fro mine eyes doe raine,
My bed the ground that hardeſt I may find:
So will I wilfully increaſe my paine.

And ſhe my Loue that was, my Saint that is,
When ſhe beholds from her celeſtiall throne
(In which ſhe ioyeth in eternall bliſs)
My bitter penance, will my caſe bemone,
And pittie me that liuing thus doe die:
For heauenly ſpirits haue compaſſion
On mortall men, and rue their miſerie.

So when I haue with ſorrowe ſatisfide
Th'importune fates, which vengeance on me ſeeke,
And th'heauens with long languor pacifide,
She for pure pitie of my ſufferance meeke,
Will ſend for me; for which I daily long,
And will tell then my painfull penance eeke:
Weepe Shepheard, weepe, to make my vnderſong.

5 Henceforth I hate what euer Nature made,
And in her workmanſhip no pleaſure find:
For they be all but vaine, and quickly fade.
So ſoone as on them blowes the Northern wind,
They tarry not, but flit and fall away,
Leauing behind them nought but griefe of mind,
And mocking ſuch as thinke they long will ſtay.

I hate the heauen, becauſe it doth with-hold
Me from my Loue, and eke my Loue from me;
I hate the earth, becauſe it is the mould
Of fleſhly ſlime, and fraile mortalitie;
I hate the fire, becauſe to nought it flies,
I hate the Ayre, becauſe ſighes of it be,
I hate the Sea, becauſe it teares ſupplyes.

I hate the day, becauſe it lendeth light
To ſee all things, and not my Loue to ſee;
I hate the darknes, and the dreary night,
Becauſe they breed ſad balefulneſſe in mee:
I hate all times, becauſe all times doe fly
So faſt away, and may not ſtayed bee,
But as a ſpeedy poſt that paſſeth by.

I hate to ſpeake, my voice is ſpent with crying:
I hate to heare, lowd plaints haue duld mine eares:
I hate to taſte, for foode with-holds my dying:
I hate to ſee, mine eyes are dimd with teares:
I hate to ſmell, no ſweet on earth is left:
I hate to feele, my fleſh is numbd with feares:
So all my ſenſes from me are bereft.

I hate all men, and ſhun all womankind;
The one, becauſe as I they wretched are;
The other, for becauſe I doe not find
My Loue with them, that wont to be their Starre:
And life I hate, becauſe it will not laſt,
And death I hate, becauſe it life doth marre,
And all I hate, that is to come or paſt.

So all the world, and all in it I hate,
Becauſe it changeth euer to and fro,
And neuer ſtandeth in one certaine ſtate,
But ſtill vnſtedfaſt, round about doth goe,
Like a Mill wheele, in midſt of miſerie,
Driuen with ſtreames of wretchednes and woe,
That dying liues, and liuing ſtill does die.

So doe I liue, ſo doe I daily die,
And pine away in ſelfe-conſuming paine:
Sith ſhe that did my vitall powres ſupply,
And feeble ſpirits in their force maintaine
Is fetcht fro me, why ſeeke I to prolong
My wearie dayes in dolour and diſdaine?
Weepe Shepheard weepe to make my vnderſong.

6 Why doe I longer liue in lifes deſpight,
And doe not die then in deſpight of death?
Why doe I longer ſee this loathſome light,
And doe in darknes not abridge my breath,
Sith all my ſorrowe ſhould haue end thereby,
And cares finde quiet; is it ſo vneath
To leaue this life, or dolorous to dye?

To liue I find it deadly dolorous;
For life drawes care, and care continuall woe:
Therefore to die muſt needs be ioyeous,
And wiſhfull thing this ſad life to forgoe.
But I muſt ſtay; I may it not amend,
My DAPHNE hence departing bad me ſo,
She bad me ſtay, till ſhe for me did ſend.

Yet whilſt I in this wretched vale doe ſtay,
My wearie feet ſhall euer wandring be,
That ſtill I may be ready on my way,
When as her meſſenger doth come for me:
Ne will I reſt my feete for feebleneſſe,
Ne will I reſt my limmes for frailtie,
Ne will I reſt mine eyes for heauineſſe.

But as the mother of the Gods, that ſought
For faire EVRYDICE her daughter deere
Throughout the world, with wofull heauy thought;
So will I trauell whilſt I tarry heere,
Ne will I lodge, ne will I euer lin,
Ne when as drouping TITAN draweth neere,
To looſe his teeme, will I take vp my Inne.

Ne ſleepe (the harbenger of wearie wights)
Shall euer lodge vpon mine eye-lids more,
Ne ſhall with reſt refreſh my fainting ſprights,
Nor failing force to former ſtrength reſtore:
But I will wake and ſorrow all the night
With PHILYMENE, my fortune to deplore,
With PHILYMENE, the partner of my plight.

And euer as I ſee the ſtarre to fall,
And vnder ground to goe, to giue them light
Which dwell in darknes, I to mind will call,
How my faire Starre (that ſhin'd on me ſo bright)
Fell ſuddainly, and faded vnder-ground;
Since whoſe departure, day is turnd to night,
And night without a VENVS ſtarre is found.

But ſoone as Day doth ſhewe his deawie face,
And cals forth men vnto their toyſome trade,
I will withdrawe me to ſome darkeſome place,
Or ſome deere caue, or ſolitarie ſhade;
There will I ſigh, and ſorrow all day long,
And the huge burden of my cares vnlade:
Weepe Shepheard, weepe, to make my vnderſong.

7 Henceforth mine eyes ſhall neuer more behold
Faire thing on earth, ne feed on falſe delight
Of ought that framed is of mortall mould,
Sith that my faireſt flower is faded quight:
For all I ſee is vaine and tranſitory,
Ne will be held in any ſtedfaſt plight,
But in a moment loſe their grace and glory.

And ye fond men, on Fortunes wheele that ride,
Or in ought vnder heauen repoſe aſſurance,
Be it riches, beautie, or honours pride:
Be ſure that they ſhall haue no long endurance,
But ere ye be aware will flit away;
For nought of them is yours, but th'only vſance
Of a ſmall time, which none aſcertaine may.

And ye true Louers, whom deſaſtrous chaunce
Hath farre exiled from your Ladies grace,
To mourne in ſorrowe and ſad ſufferaunce,
When ye doe heare me in that deſert place,
Lamenting loud my DAPHNES Elegie,
Helpe me to waile my miſerable caſe,
And when life parts, vouchſafe to cloſe mine eye.

And ye more happy Louers, which enioy
The preſence of your deareſt loues delight,

When ye doe heare my sorrowfull annoy,
Yet pitty me in your empassiond spright,
And thinke that such mishap, as chaunst to me,
May happen vnto the most happiest wight;
For all mens states alike vnstedfast be.

And ye my fellow Shepheards, which do feed
Your carelesse flocks on hils and open plaines,
With better fortune, then did me succeed;
Remember yet my vndeserued paines:
And when ye heare, that I am dead or slaine,
Lament my lot, and tell your fellow swaines;
That sad ALCYON dyde in lifes disdaine.

And ye faire Damsels, Shepheards deare delights,
That with your loues doe their rude harts possesse,
When as my hearse shall happen tō your sights,
Vouchsafe to deck the same with Cypresse;
And euer sprinkle brackish teares among,
In pitty of my vndeseru'd distresse,
The which I wretch endured haue thus long.

And ye poore Pilgrims, that with restlesse toyle
Wearie your selues in wandring desert wayes,
Till that you come, where ye your vowes assoyle,
When passing by, ye read these wofull layes,
On my graue written, rue my DAPHNES wrong,
And mourne for me that languish out my dayes:
Cease Shepheard, cease, and end thy vndersong.

THus when he ended had his heauie plaint,
The heauiest plaint that euer I heard sound,
His cheekes wext pale, and sprights began to faint,
As if againe he would haue fallen to ground;
Which when I saw, I (stepping to him light)
Amooued him out of his stonie swound,
And gan him to recomfort as I might.

But he no way recomforted would be,
Nor suffer solace to approach him nie,
But casting vp a sdeignfull eye at me,
That in his traunce I would not let him lie,
Did rend his haire, and beate his blubbred face,
As one disposed wilfully to die,
That I sore grieu'd to see his wretched case.

Tho when the pang was somewhat ouer-past,
And the outrageous passion nigh appeased,
I him desirde, sith day was ouer-cast,
And darke night fast approached, to be pleased
To turne aside vnto my Cabinet,
An stay with me, till he were better eased
Of that strong stownd, which him so sore beset.

But by no meanes I could him win thereto,
Ne longer him intreat with me to stay;
But without taking leaue he forth did goe
With staggring pase and dismall lookes dismay,
As if that death he in the face had seene,
Or hellish hags had met vpon the way:
But what of him became, I cannot weene.

FINIS.

COM-

COMPLAINTS

CONTAINING SVNDRY SMALL POEMES OF THE Worlds Vanitie.

WHEREOF THE NEXT PAGE following maketh mention.

(***)

By *Edmunde Spenser.*

AT LONDON
Printed by *H. L.* for *Mathew Lownes.*
1611.

A note of the ſundry Poemes contained in this Volume.

1 *The Ruines of Time.*
2 *The Teares of the Muſes.*
3 *Virgils Gnat.*
4 *The Ruines of Rome:* by *Bellay.*
5 *Muiopotmos*, or *The tale of the Butterflie.*
6 *Viſions of the Worlds vanity.*
7 *Bellayes Viſions.*
8 *Petrarches Viſions.*

THE RVINES OF TIME.

DEDICATED

To the right Noble and beautifull Ladie, the *Ladie* Marie, *Counteſſe of* Pembrooke.

MOST Honourable and bountifull Ladie, there be long ſithens deepe ſowed in my breaſt, the ſeedes of moſt entire loue and humble affection vnto that moſt braue Knight your noble brother deceaſed; which taking roote, began in his life time ſomewhat to bud foorth: and to ſhew themſelues to him, as then in the weakneſs of their firſt ſpring; And would in their riper ſtrength (had it pleaſed high God till then to drawe out his daies) ſpired foorth fruite of more perfection. But ſith God hath diſdeigned the world of that moſt noble Spirit, which was the hope of all learned men, and the Patron of my young Muſes; together with him both their hope of any further fruit was cut off, and alſo the tender delight of thoſe their firſt bloſſomes nipped and quite dead. Yet ſithens my late comming into England, ſome friends of mine (which might much preuaile with me, and indeede commaund me) knowing with how ſtraight bands of dutie I was tied to him, and alſo bound vnto that noble Houſe, (of which the cheefe hope then reſted in him) haue ſought to reuiue them by vpbrayding mee, for that I haue not ſhewed any thankful remembrance towards him or any of them; but ſuffer their names to ſleepe in ſilence and forgetfulneſſe. Whom chiefly to ſatisfie, or elſe to auoyd that foule blot of vnthankfulneſſe, I haue conceiued this ſmall Poeme, intituled by a generall name of *The Worlds Ruines:* yet ſpecially intended to the renowning of that noble Race, from which both you and he ſprong, and to the eternizing of ſome of the chiefe of them late deceaſed. The which I dedicate vnto your La. as whom it moſt ſpecially concerneth: and to whom I acknowledge my ſelfe bounden, by many ſingular fauours and great graces. I pray for your Honorable happineſſe: and ſo humbly kiſſe your hands.

Your Ladiſhips euer
humbly at commaund,
Edm. Sp.

THE PRINTER TO THE gentle Reader.

SInce my late setting foorth of the Faerie Queene, *finding that it hath found a fauourable passage amongst you; I haue sithence endeuoured by all good meanes (for the better encrease and accomplishment of your delights,) to get into my hands such small Poëmes of the same Authors, as I heard were dispersed abroad in sundry hands, & not easie to be come by, by himselfe; some of them hauing been diuersly imbeziled and purloyned from him, since his departure ouer Sea. Of the which I haue by good meanes gathered together these fewe parcels present, which I haue caused to be imprinted altogether, for that they all seeme to containe like matter of argument in them: beeing all complaints and meditations of the worlds vanitie, verie graue and profitable. To which effect I vnderstand that he besides wrote sundry others, namely,* Eccleſiastes, *and* Canticum canticorum *translated,* A senights slumber, The hell of Louers, His Purgatorie, *beeing all dedicated to Ladies; so as it may seeme, he meant them all to one volume. Besides, some other Pamphlets loosly scattered abroade: as,* The dying Pellican, The houres of the Lord, The sacrifice of a Sinner, The seauen Psalmes, &c. *Which when I can either by himselfe, or otherwise attaine to, I meane likewise for your fauour sake to set forth.*

In the meane time, praying you gently to accept of these, and graciously to entertaine the new Poet; I take leaue.

THE RVINES OF TIME.

IT chaunced me one day beside the shore
Of siluer-streaming THAMESIS to bee,
Nigh where the goodly VERLAME stood of yore,
Of which there now remaines no memorie,
Nor any little moniment to see,
By which the trauailer, that fares that way,
This once was shee, may warned be to say.

There, on the other side, I did behold
A woman sitting sorrowfully wailing,
Rending her yellowe locks like wirie gold,
About her shoulders careleslie downe trailing,
And streames of teares frō her faire eyes forth railing.
In her right hand a broken rod she held,
Which towards heauen she seemd on high to weld.

Whether she were one of that Riuer Nymphes,
Which did the losse of some deere loue lament,
I doubt; or one of those three fatall Impes,
Which draw the dayes of men forth in extent;
Or th'ancient GENIVS of that Cittie brent:
But seeing her so pittiouslie perplexed,
I (to her calling) askt what her so vexed.

Ah! what delight (quoth she) in earthly thing,
Or comfort can I wretched creature haue?
Whose happinesse the heauens enuying,
From highest staire to lowest step me draue,
And haue in mine owne bowels made my graue,
That of all Nations now I am forlorne,
The worlds sad spectacle, and Fortunes scorne.

Much was I mooued at her pittious plaint,
And felt my hart nigh riuen in my brest
With tender ruth to see her sore constraint,
That shedding teares awhile, I still did rest,
And after, did her name of her request.
Name haue I none (quoth she) nor any beeing,
Bereft of both by Fates vniust decreeing.

I was that Cittie, which the garland wore
Of BRITAINES pride, deliuered vnto me
By ROMANE Victors, which it wonne of yore;
Though nought at all but ruines now I bee,
And lie in mine owne ashes, as ye see:
VERLAME I was; what bootes it that I was,
Sith now I am but weeds and wastefull gras?

O vaine worlds glorie, and vnstedfast state
Of all that liues on face of sinfull earth!
Which from their first vntill their vtmost date,
Taste no one houre of happinesse or merth,
But like as at the ingate of their berth,
They crying creepe out of their mothers wombe;
So wailing, backe goe to their wofull tombe.

Why then doth flesh, a bubble-glas of breath,
Hunt after honour and aduauncement vaine,
And reare a trophee for deuouring death,
With so great labour and long lasting paine,
As if his dayes for euer should remaine?
Sith all that in this world is great or gay,
Doth as a vapour vanish, and decay.

Looke backe, who list, vnto the former ages,
And call to count, what is of them become:
Where be those learned wits and antique Sages,
Which of all wisedome knew the perfect somme:

Where

Where those great Warriors, which did ouercome
The world with conquest of their might and maine,
And made one meare of th'earth and of their raigne?

What now is of th'ASSYRIAN Lyoneſſe,
Of whom no footing now on earth appeares?
What of the PERSIAN Beares outrageouſneſſe,
Whoſe memory is quite worne out with yeares:
Who of the GRECIAN Libbard now ought heares,
That ouer-ran the Eaſt with greedy powre,
And left his whelps their kingdoms to deuoure?

And where is that ſame great ſeuen-headed beaſt,
That made all Nations vaſſals of her pride,
To fall before her feet at her beheaſt,
And in the necke of all the world did ride?
Where doth ſhe all that wondrous wealth now hide?
With her owne weight downe preſſed now ſhe lies,
And by her heapes her hugeneſs teſtifies.

O ROME, thy ruine I lament and rue,
And in thy fall, my fatall ouerthrowe,
That whilom was, whilſt heauens with equall view
Deignd to behold me, and their gifts beſtowe,
The picture of thy pride in pompous ſhewe:
And of the whole world as thou waſt the Empreſſe,
So I of this ſmall Northerne world was Princeſſe.

To tell the beautie of my buildings faire,
Adornd with pureſt gold, and precious ſtone;
To tell my riches, and endowments rare,
That by my foes are now all ſpent and gone:
To tell my forces, matchable to none,
Were but loſt labour, that few would beleeue,
And with rehearſing, would me more agreeue.

High towers, faire temples, goodly theaters,
Strong walles, rich porches, princely palaces,
Large ſtreets, braue houſes, ſacred ſepulchers,
Sure gates, ſweet gardens, ſtately galleries,
Wrought with faire pillours, and fine imageries,
All thoſe (ô pitty) now are turnd to duſt,
And ouer-growne with blacke obliuions ruſt.

Thereto for warlike power, and peoples ſtore,
In BRITANNIE was none to match with mee,
That many often did abie full ſore:
Ne TROYNOVANT, though elder ſiſter ſhee,
With my great forces may compared bee;
That ſtout PENDRAGON to his perill felt,
Who in a ſiege ſeauen yeares about me dwelt.

But long ere this, BVNDVCA, Britonneſſe
Her mightie hoaſt againſt my bulwarks brought,
BVNDVCA, that victorious conquereſſe,
That lifting vp her braue heroick thought
Boue womens weaknes, with the ROMANS fought,
Fought, and in field againſt them thrice preuailed:
Yet was ſhe foyld, when as ſhe me aſſailed.

And though at laſt, by force I conquer'd were
Of hardie SAXONS, and became their thrall;
Yet was I with much bloodſhed bought full dere,
And priz'd with ſlaughter of their Generall:
The moniment of whoſe ſad funerall,
For wonder of the world, long in me laſted,
But now to nought through ſpoile of time is waſted.

Waſted it is, as if it neuer were,
And all the reſt that me ſo honourd made,
And of the world admired eu'rie where,
Is turnd to ſmoake, that doth to nothing fade;
And of that brightnes now appeares no ſhade,
But griſlie ſhades, ſuch as doe haunt in hell,
With fearefull fiends, that in deepe darknes dwell.

Where my high ſteeples whilome vſde to ſtand,
On which the lordly Faulcon wont to towre,
There now is but an heape of lime and ſand,
For the Shrich-owle to build her balefull bowre:
And where the Nightingale wont forth to poure
Her reſtleſſe plaints, to comfort wakefull Louers,
There now haunt yelling Mewes & whining Plouers.

And where the cryſtall THAMIS wont to ſlide
In ſiluer channell, downe along the Lee,
About whoſe flowrie banks on either ſide,
A thouſand Nymphes, with mirthfull iollitee
Were wont to play, from all annoyance free;
There now no riuers courſe is to be ſeene,
But mooriſh fennes, and marſhes euer greene.

Seemes, that that gentle Riuer for great griefe
Of my miſhap, which oft I to him plained;
Or for to ſhun the horrible miſchiefe,
With which he ſaw my cruell foes me pained,
And his pure ſtreames with guiltleſs blood oft ſtained,
From my vnhappy neighbourhood farre fled,
And his ſweet waters away with him led.

There alſo where the winged ſhips were ſeene
In liquid waues to cut their fomie waie,
And thouſand Fiſhers numbred to haue been,
In that wide Lake looking for plentious pray
Of fiſh, which they with baits vſde to betray,
Is now no Lake, nor any Fiſhers ſtore,
Nor euer ſhip ſhall ſaile there any more.

They are all gone, and all with them is gone,
Ne ought to me remaines, but to lament
My long decay, which no man elſe doth mone,
And mourne my fall with dolefull dreriment.
Yet is it comfort in great languiſhment,
To be bemoned with compaſſion kind,
And mitigates the anguiſh of the mind.

But me no man bewaileth, but in game,
Ne ſheddeth teares from lamentable eye:
Nor any liues that mentioneth my name
To be remembred of poſteritie,
Saue One, that maugre Fortunes iniurie,
And times decay, and enuies cruell tort,
Hath writ my record in true-ſeeming ſort.

CAMDEN

CAMDEN, the nourice of antiquitie,
And lanterne vnto late ſucceeding age,
To ſee the light of ſimple veritie,
Buried in ruines, through the great outrage
Of her owne people, led with warlike rage:
CAMDEN, though time all moniments obſcure,
Yet thy iuſt labours euer ſhall endure.

But why (vnhappy wight!) doe I thus cry,
And grieue that my remembrance quite is raced
Out of the knowledge of poſteritie,
And all my antique moniments defaced?
Sith I doe daily ſee things higheſt placed,
So ſoone as Fates their vitall thred haue ſhorne,
Forgotten quite, as they were neuer borne.

It is not long, ſince theſe two eyes beheld
A mighty Prince, of moſt renowned race,
Whom *England* high in count of honour held,
And greateſt ones did ſue to gaine his grace;
Of greateſt ones he greateſt in his place,
Sate in the boſome of his Soueraine,
And *Right and loyall* did his word maintaine.

I ſaw him die, I ſaw him die, as one
Of the meane people, and brought forth on beare,
I ſaw him die, and no man left to mone
His dolefull fate, that late him loued deare:
Scarce any left to cloſe his eye-lids neare;
Scarce any left vpon his lips to lay
The ſacred ſod, or *Requiem* to ſay.

O truſtleſſe ſtate of miſerable men,
That build your blis on hope of earthly thing,
And vainely thinke your ſelues halfe happy then,
When painted faces with ſmooth flattering
Doe fawne on you, and your wide praiſes ſing,
And when the courting masker louteth lowe,
Him true in hart and truſtie to you trowe.

All is but fained, and with Oaker dide,
That euery ſhower will waſh and wipe away,
All things doe change that vnder heauen abide,
And after death all friendſhip doth decay.
Therefore, what-euer man bearſt worldly ſway,
Liuing, on God, and on thy ſelfe relie;
For, when thou dieſt, all ſhall with thee die.

He now is dead, and all is with him dead,
Saue what in heauens ſtorehouſe he vplaid:
His hope is faild, and come to paſſe his dread,
And euill men (now dead) his deedes vpbraid:
Spight bites the dead, that liuing, neuer baid.
He now is gone, the whiles the Foxe is crept
Into the hole, the which the Badger ſwept.

He now is dead, and all his glory gone,
And all his greatnes vapoured to nought,
That as a glaſſe vpon the water ſhone,
Which vaniſht quite, ſo ſoone as it was ſought:
His name is worne already out of thought,
Ne any Poet ſeekes him to reuiue;
Yet many Poets honourd him aliue.

Ne doth his COLIN, careleſs COLIN CLOVT,
Care now his idle bagpipe vp to raiſe,
Ne tell his ſorrow to the liſtning rout
Of ſhepheard groomes, which wont his ſongs to praiſe:
Praiſe whoſo liſt, yet I will him diſpraiſe,
Vntill he quite him of this guiltie blame:
Wake ſhepheards boy, at length awake for ſhame.

And whoſo elſe did goodnes by him gaine,
And whoſo elſe his bountious mind did try,
Whether he ſhepheard be, or ſtepheards ſwaine,
(For many did, which doe it now denie)
Awake, and to his Song a part applie:
And I, the whilſt you mourne for his deceaſe,
Will with my mourning plaints your plaint increaſe.

He dide, and after him his brother dide,
His brother Prince, his brother noble Peere,
That whilſt he liued, was of none enuide,
And dead is now, as liuing, counted deare,
Deare vnto all that true affection beare:
But vnto thee moſt deare, ô deareſt Dame,
His noble Spouſe, and Paragon of Fame.

Hee, whilſt he liued, happy was through thee,
And beeing dead, is happy now much more;
Liuing, that linked chaunſt with thee to bee,
And dead, becauſe him dead thou dooſt adore
As liuing, and thy loſt deare Loue deplore.
So whilſt that thou, faire flower of chaſtitie,
Dooſt liue, by thee thy Lord ſhall neuer die.

Thy Lord ſhall neuer die, the whiles this verſe
Shall liue, and ſurely it ſhall liue for euer:
For euer it ſhall liue, and ſhall rehearſe
His worthy praiſe, and vertues dying neuer,
Though death his ſoule doe from his body ſeuer.
And thou thy ſelfe, heerein ſhalt alſo liue;
Such grace the heauens do to my verſes giue.

Ne ſhall his Siſter, ne thy Father die,
Thy Father, that good Earle of rare renowne,
And noble Patron of weake pouertie,
Whoſe great good deeds in country and in towne,
Haue purchaſt him in heauen a happy crowne:
Where he now liueth in eternall blis,
And left his ſonne t'enſue thoſe ſteps of his.

He, noble bud, his Grandſires liuely heire,
Vnder the ſhadow of thy countenaunce
Now ginnes to ſhoote vp faſt, and flouriſh faire
In learned Arts, and goodly gouernaunce,
That him to higheſt honor ſhall aduaunce.
Braue Impe of BEDFORD, growe apace in bountie,
And count of wiſedome more then of thy Countie.

Ne may I let thy husbands Siſter die,
That goodly Ladie, ſith ſhe eke did ſpring

Out of this ſtocke, and famous familie,
Whoſe praiſes I to future age doe ſing,
And forth out of her happy wombe did bring
The ſacred brood of learning and all honour;
In whom the heauens pourd all their gifts vpon her.

Moſt gentle ſpirit breathed from aboue,
Out of the boſome of the makers blis,
In whom all bountie and all vertuous loue
Appeared in their natiue propertis,
And did enrich that noble breaſt of his,
With treaſure paſſing all this worldes worth,
Worthy of heauen it ſelfe, which brought it forth.

His bleſſed ſpirit, full of power diuine,
And influence of all celeſtiall grace,
Loathing this ſinfull earth and earthly ſlime,
Fled backe too ſoone vnto his natiue place;
Too ſoone for all that did his loue embrace,
Too ſoone for all this wretched world, whom he
Robd of all right and true nobilitie.

Yet ere his happy ſoule to heauen went
Out of this fleſhly gaole, he did deuiſe
Vnto his heauenly Maker to preſent
His body, as a ſpotleſſe ſacrifice;
And choſe, that guiltie hands of enemies
Should poure forth th'offring of his guiltleſs blood:
So life exchanging for his countries good.

O noble ſpirit, liue there euer bleſſed,
The worlds late wonder, & the heauens new ioy,
Liue euer there, and leaue me here diſtreſſed
With mortall cares, and cumbrous worlds anoy.
But where thou dooſt that happines enioy,
Bid me, ô bid me quickly come to thee,
That happy there I may thee alwaies ſee.

Yet whilſt the Fates affoord me vitall breath,
I will it ſpend in ſpeaking of thy praiſe,
And ſing to thee, vntill that timely death
By heauens doome doe end my earthlie daies:
Thereto doe thou my humble ſpirit raiſe,
And into me that ſacred breath inſpire,
Which thou there breatheſt, perfect and entire.

Then will I ſing: but who can better ſing,
Then thine owne Siſter, peereles Lady bright,
Which to thee ſings with deepe harts ſorrowing,
Sorrowing tempered with deare delight,
That her to heare, I feele my feeble ſpright
Robbed of ſenſe, and rauiſhed with ioy,
(O ſad ioy!) made of mourning and anoy.

Yet will I ſing: but who can better ſing,
Then thou thy ſelfe, thine owne ſelfes valiance,
That whilſt thou liuedſt, mad'ſt the forreſts ring,
And fields reſownd, and flocks to leape and daunce,
And Shepheards leaue their lambes vnto miſchaunce,
To runne thy ſhrill *Arcadian* Pipe to heare:
O happy were thoſe dayes, thrice happy were.

But now more happy thou, and wretched wee,
Which want the wonted ſweetnes of thy voice,
Whiles thou now in *Elyſian* fields ſo free,
With ORPHEVS, with LINVS, and the choice
Of all that euer did in rimes reioice,
Conuerſeſt, and dooſt heare their heauenly layes,
And they heare thine, and thine doe better praiſe.

So there thou liueſt, ſinging euermore,
And here thou liueſt, beeing euer ſong
Of vs, which liuing, loued thee afore,
And now thee worſhip, mongſt that bleſſed throng
Of heauenly Poets, and Heroës ſtrong.
So thou both here and there immortall art,
And euerie where through excellent deſart.

But ſuch as neither of themſelues can ſing,
Nor yet are ſung of others for reward,
Die in obſcure obliuion, as the thing
Which neuer was; ne euer with regard,
Their names ſhall of the later age be heard,
But ſhall in ruſtie darknes euer lie,
Vnleſſe they mentiond be with infamie.

What booteth it to haue been rich aliue?
What to be great? what to be gracious?
When after death no token doth ſuruiue,
Of former beeing in this mortall hous,
But ſleepes in duſt dead and inglorious,
Like beaſt, whoſe breath but in his noſtrils is,
And hath no hope of happineſſe or blis.

How many great ones may remembred be,
Which in their daies moſt famouſly did floriſh:
Of whom no word we heare, nor ſigne now ſee,
But as things wipt out with a ſpunge do periſh,
Becauſe they liuing, cared not to cheriſh
No gentle wits, through pride or couetize,
Which might their names for euer memorize.

Prouide therefore (ye Princes) whilſt ye liue,
That of the Muſes ye may friended be;
Which vnto men eternitie doe giue:
For they be daughters of Dame Memorie,
And IOVE, the Father of eternitie,
And doe thoſe men in golden thrones repoſe,
Whoſe merits they to glorifie doe choſe.

The ſeauen-fold yron gates of griſly Hell,
And horrid houſe of ſad PROSERPINA,
They able are with power of mightie ſpell
To breake, and thence the ſoules to bring away
Out of drad darknes, to eternall day,
And them immortall make, which elſe would die
In foule forgetfulneſſe, and nameleſſe lie.

So whilome raiſed they the puiſſant brood
Of golden-girt ALCMENA, for great merit,
Out of the duſt, to which the OETAEAN wood
Had him conſum'd, and ſpent his vitall ſpirit;
To higheſt heauen, where now he doth inherit

All happineſſe in HEBES ſiluer bowre,
Choſen to be her deareſt Paramoure.

So raiſde they eke faire LEDAES warlike twinnes,
And interchanged life vnto them lent,
That when th'one dies, th'other then beginnes
To ſhew in heauen his brightnes orient;
And they, for pitty of the ſad wayment,
Which ORPHEVS for EVRIDICE did make,
Her back againe to life ſent for his ſake.

So happy are they, and ſo fortunate,
Whom the PIERIAN ſacred Siſters loue,
That freed from bands of impacable fate,
And powre of death, they liue for aye aboue,
Where mortall wreakes their blis may not remoue:
But with the Gods, for former vertues meede,
On Nectar and Ambroſia doe feede.

For deeds doe die, how euer noblie donne,
And thoughts of men doe in themſelues decay,
But wiſe words taught in numbers for to runne,
Recorded by the Muſes, liue for aye;
Ne may with ſtorming ſhowers be waſht away,
Ne bitter breathing winds with harmfull blaſt,
Nor age, nor enuie ſhall them euer waſt.

In vaine doe earthly Princes then, in vaine
Seeke with Pyramides, to heauen aſpired;
Or huge Coloſſes, built with coſtly paine;
Or braſen Pillours, neuer to be fired,
Or Shrines, made of the metall moſt deſired;
To make their memories for euer liue:
For how can mortall immortalitie giue.

Such one MAVSOLVS made, the worlds great wonder,
But now no remnant doth thereof remaine:
Such one MARCELLVS, but was torne with thunder:
Such one LISIPPVS, but is worne with raine:
Such one King EDMOND, but was rent for gaine.
All ſuch vaine moniments of earthlie maſſe,
Deuour'd of Time, in time to nought doe paſſe.

But Fame with golden wings aloft doth flie,
Aboue the reach of ruinous decay,
And with braue plumes doth beat the azure skie,
Admir'd of baſe-borne men from farre away:
Then whoſo will with vertuous deeds aſſay
To mount to heauen, on PEGASVS muſt ride,
And with ſweet Poets verſe be glorifide.

For not to haue been dipt in LETHE lake,
Could ſaue the ſonne of THETIS from to die;
But that blind Bard did him immortall make,
With verſes, dipt in deaw of CASTALIE:
Which made the Eaſterne Conquerour to crie,
O fortunate young-man, whoſe vertue found
So braue a Trompe, thy noble acts to ſound.

Therefore in this, halfe happie I doe read
Good MELIBAE, that hath a Poet got,
To ſing his liuing praiſes beeing dead,
Deſeruing neuer here to be forgot,
In ſpight of enuie, that his deeds would ſpot:
Since whoſe deceaſe, learning lies vnregarded,
And men of Armes doe wander vnrewarded.

Theſe two be thoſe two great calamities,
That long agoe did grieue the noble ſpright
Of SALOMON, with great indignities;
Who whilome was aliue the wiſeſt wight.
But now his wiſedome is diſproued quight:
For, ſuch as now haue moſt the World at will,
Scorne th'one and th'other in their deeper skill.

O griefe of griefes! ô gall of all good harts!
To ſee that vertue ſhould deſpiſed bee
Of ſuch as firſt were raiſd for vertuous parts,
And now broad ſpreading, like an aged tree,
Let none ſhoote vp that nigh them planted bee:
O! let not thoſe, of whom the Muſe is ſcorned,
Aliue nor dead, be of the Muſe adorned.

O vile worlds truſt, that with ſuch vaine illuſion,
Hath ſo wiſe men bewitcht, and ouerkeſt,
That they ſee not the way of their confuſion,
O vaineneſſe to be added to the reſt,
That do my ſoule with inward griefe infeſt:
Let them behold the pitious fall of mee,
And in my caſe their owne enſample ſee.

And whoſo elſe that ſits in higheſt ſeate
Of this worlds glorie, worſhipped of all,
Ne feareth change of time, nor fortunes threat,
Let him behold the horror of my fall,
And his owne end vnto remembrance call;
That of like ruine he may warned bee,
And in himſelfe be moou'd to pittie mee.

Thus hauing ended all her pitious plaint,
With doleful ſhrikes ſhe vaniſhed away,
That I through inward ſorrowe wexen faint,
And all aſtoniſhed with deepe diſmay,
For her departure, had no word to ſay:
But ſate long time in ſenſeleſſe ſad affright,
Looking ſtill, if I might of her haue ſight.

Which when I miſſed, hauing looked long,
My thought returned grieued, home againe,
Renuing her complaint with paſſion ſtrong,
For ruth of that ſame womans pitious paine;
Whoſe words recording in my troubled braine,
I felt ſuch anguiſh wound my feeble hart,
That frozen horror ran through euery part.

So inly grieuing in my groning breſt,
And deepely muzing at her doubtfull ſpeach,
Whoſe meaning, much I laboured forth to wreſt,
Beeing aboue my ſlender reaſons reach:
At length, by demonſtration me to teach,
Before mine eyes ſtrange ſights preſented were,
Like tragicke Pageants ſeeming to appeare.

1

I Saw an Image, all of massie gold,
Placed on high vpon an Altar faire,
That all, which did the same from far behold,
Might worship it, and fall on loweſt ſtaire.
Not that great Idoll might with this compare,
To which th'ASSYRIAN Tyrant would haue made
The holy brethren falſlie to haue praid.

But th'Altar, on the which this Image ſtaid,
Was (ô great pitty) built of brittle clay,
That ſhortly the foundation decaid,
With ſhowres of heauen & tempeſts worne away:
Then downe it fell, and lowe in aſhes lay,
Scorned of euery one, which by it went;
That I it ſeeing, dearely did lament.

2

NExt vnto this, a ſtately Towre appear'd,
Built all of richeſt ſtone, that might be found,
And nigh vnto the Heauens in height vprear'd,
But placed on a plot of ſandie ground.
Not that great Towre, which is ſo much renownd
For tongues confuſion in holie writ,
King NINVS worke, might be compar'd to it.

But ô vaine labours of terreſtriall writ,
That buildes ſo ſtrongly on ſo fraile a ſoyle,
As with each ſtorme does fall away, and flit,
And giues the fruit of all your trauailes toyle,
To be the prey of Time, and Fortunes ſpoyle!
I ſaw this Towre fall ſuddainly to duſt,
That nigh with griefe thereof my hart was bruſt.

3

THen did I ſee a pleaſant Paradiſe,
Full of ſweet flowres and daintieſt delights,
Such as on earth man could not more deuiſe,
With pleaſures choice to feed his cheereſull ſprights.
Not that, which MERLIN by his Magick ſlights
Made for the gentle Squire, to entertaine
His faire BELPHOEBE, could this garden ſtaine.

But ô ſhort pleaſure, bought with laſting paine,
Why will hereafter any fleſh delight
In earthly bliſs, and ioy in pleaſures vaine,
Sith that I ſaw this garden waſted quight,
That where it was, ſcarce ſeemed any ſight?
That I, which once that beautie did behold,
Could not from teares my melting eyes with-hold.

4

SOone after this, a Giant came in place,
Of wondrous powre, and of exceeding ſtature,
That none durſt view the horror of his face,
Yet was he milde of ſpeech, and meeke of nature.
Not he, which in deſpight of his Creatour,
With railing tearmes deſide the Iewiſh hoaſt,
Might with this mightie one in hugeneſs boaſt.

For from the one he could to th'other coaſt,
Stretch his ſtrong thighes, and th'Ocean ouerſtride,
And reach his hand into his enemies hoaſt.
But ſee the end of pompe and fleſhlie pride;
One of his feete vnwares from him did ſlide,
That downe he fell into the deepe Abyſſe,
Where drownd with him is all his earthly bliſſe.

5

THen did I ſee a Bridge, made all of gold,
Ouer the Sea, from one to other ſide,
Withouten prop or pillour it t'vphold,
But like the coloured Rainbowe arched wide.
Not that great Arche, which TRAIAN edifide,
To be a wonder to all age enſuing,
Was matchable to this in equall viewing.

But (ah!) what bootes it to ſee earthly thing
In glorie, or in greatnes to excell,
Sith time doth greateſt things to ruine bring?
This goodly Bridge, one foote not faſtned well,
Gan faile, and all the reſt downe ſhortlie fell,
Ne of ſo braue a building ought remain'd,
That griefe thereof my ſpirit greatly pain'd.

6

I Saw two Beares, as white as any milke,
Lying together in a mightie caue,
Of milde aſpect, and haire as ſoft as ſilke,
That ſaluage nature ſeemed not to haue,
Nor after greedy ſpoile of bloud to craue:
Two fairer beaſts might not elſe-where be found,
Although the compaſt world were ſought around.

But what can long abide aboue this ground
In ſtate of bliſs, or ſtedfaſt happineſſe?
The Caue, in which theſe Beares lay ſleeping ſound,
Was but of earth, and with her weightineſſe
Vpon them fell, and did vnwares oppreſſe,
That for great ſorrow of their ſudden fate,
Henceforth all worlds felicitie I hate.

¶ Much was I troubled in my heauie ſpright,
At ſight of theſe ſad ſpectacles forepaſt,
That all my ſenſes were bereaued quight,
And I in mind remained ſore agaſt,
Diſtraught twixt feare and pittie; when at laſt
I heard a voyce, which loudly to me called,
That with the ſuddaine ſhrill I was appalled.

Behold (ſaid it) and by enſample ſee,
That all is vanitie and griefe of mind,
Ne other comfort in this world can bee,
But hope of heauen, and hart to God inclind;
For all the reſt muſt needs be left behind.
With that it bade me, to the other ſide
To caſt mine eye, where other ſights I ſpide.

1

VPon that famous Riuers further ſhore,
There ſtood a ſnowie Swan of heauenly hew,
And

And gentle kind, as euer Fowle afore;
A fairer one in all the goodly crew
Of white STRIMONIAN brood might no man view:
There he moſt ſweetly ſung the prophecie
Of his owne death in dolefull Elegie.

At laſt, when all his mourning melodie
He ended had, that both the ſhores reſounded,
Feeling the fit that him forewarnd to die,
With loftie flight aboue the earth he bounded,
And out of ſight to higheſt heauen mounted:
Where now he is become an heauenly ſigne;
There now the ioy is his, here ſorrow mine.

2

VVHilſt thus I looked, loe, adowne the Lee
I ſaw an Harpe ſtrung all with ſiluer twine,
And made of gold and coſtly Iuorie,
Swimming, that whilome ſeemed to haue been
The Harpe, on which DAN ORPHEVS was ſeene
Wild beaſts and forreſts after him to lead,
But was th'Harpe of PHILISIDES now dead.

At length, out of the Riuer it was reard,
And borne aboue the cloudes to be diuin'd,
Whilſt all the way moſt heauenly noyſe was heard
Of the ſtrings, ſtirred with the warbling wind,
That wrought both ioy and ſorrow in my mind:
So now in heauen a ſigne it doth appeare,
The Harpe well knowne beſide the Northerne Beare.

3

SOone after this, I ſaw on th'other ſide,
A curious Coffer made of HEBEN wood,
That in it did moſt precious treaſure hide,
Exceeding all this baſer worldes good:
Yet through the ouerflowing of the flood
It almoſt drowned was, and done to nought,
That ſight thereof much grieu'd my penſiue thought.

At length, when moſt in perrill it was brought,
Two Angels downe deſcending with ſwift flight,
Out of the ſwelling ſtreame it lightly caught,
And twixt their bleſſed armes it carried quight
Aboue the reach of any liuing ſight:
So now it is transform'd into that ſtarre,
In which all heauenly treaſures locked are.

4

LOoking aſide, I ſaw a ſtately Bed,
Adorned all with coſtly cloth of gold,
That might for any Princes couch be red,
And deckt with daintie flowres, as if it ſhould
Be for ſome Bride, her ioyous night to hold:
Therein a goodly Virgine ſleeping lay;
A fairer wight ſaw neuer Sommers day.

I heard a voyce that called farre away,
And her awaking, bad her quickly dight,
For loe, her Bridegrome was in ready ray
To come to her, and ſeeke her loues delight:
With that ſhe ſtarted vp with cheereſull ſight,
When ſuddenly both bed and all was gone,
And I in languor left there all alone.

5

STill as I gazed, I beheld where ſtood
A Knight all arm'd, vpon a winged ſteed,
The ſame that bred was of MEDVSAES blood,
On which DAN PERSEVS borne of heauenly ſeed,
The faire ANDROMEDA from perill freed:
Full mortally this Knight ywounded was,
That ſtreames of blood forth flowed on the gras.

Yet was he deckt (ſmall ioy to him alas)
With many garlands for his victories,
And with rich ſpoyles, which late he did purchas
Through braue atchieuements from his enemies.
Fainting at laſt through long infirmities,
He ſmote his ſteed, that ſtraight to heauen him bore,
And left me here his loſſe for to deplore.

6

LAſtly, I ſaw an Arke of pureſt gold
Vpon a brazen pillour ſtanding hie,
Which th'aſhes ſeem'd of ſome great Prince to hold,
Encloſde therein for endleſſe memorie
Of him, whom all the world did glorifie:
Seemed the heauens with th'earth did diſagree,
Whether ſhould of thoſe aſhes keeper bee.

At laſt, me ſeem'd, wing-footed MERCVRIE,
From heauen deſcending to appeaſe their ſtrife,
The Arke did beare with him aboue the skie,
And to thoſe aſhes gaue a ſecond life,
To liue in heauen, where happineſs is rife:
At which, the earth did grieue exceedingly,
And I for dole was almoſt like to die.

L: Envoy.

IMmortall ſpirit of PHILISIDES,
Which now art made the heauens ornament,
That whilome waſt the worlds chieſſt riches;
Giue leaue to him that lou'd thee, to lament
His loſſe by lacke of thee, to heauen hent,
And with laſt duties of this broken verſe,
Broken with ſighes, to deck thy ſable Herſe.

And ye faire Lady, th'honour of your daies,
And glory of the world, your high thoughts ſcorne:
Vouchſafe this moniment of his laſt praiſe,
With ſome few ſiluer-dropping teares t'adorne:
And as ye be of heauenly off-ſpring borne,
So vnto heauen let your high mind aſpire,
And loathe this droſſe of ſinfull worlds deſire.

FINIS.

THE TEARES OF THE MVSES.

By *Edmunde Spenſer.*

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1611.

TO THE RIGHT HONOV-
rable, the Ladie *Strange*.

(***)

MOST BRAVE AND NOBLE Ladie, the things that make yee ſo much honored of the world as ye be, are ſuch, as (without my ſimple lines teſtimonie) are throughly knowne to all men; namely, your excellent beautie, your vertuous behauiour, and your noble match with that moſt honourable Lord, the verie Patterne of right Nobilitie: But the cauſes for which ye haue thus deſerued of mee to be honoured (if honour it be at all) are, both your particular bounties, and alſo ſome priuate bands of affinitie, which it hath pleaſed your Ladiſhip to acknowledge. Of which when as I found my ſelfe in no part woorthy, I deuiſed this laſt ſlender meanes, both to intimate my humble affection to your Ladiſhip, & alſo to make the ſame vniuerſallie knowne to the world; that, by honoring you, they might knowe me, and by knowing me, they might honour you. Vouchſafe noble Lady to accept this ſimple remembrance, though not worthy of your ſelfe, yet ſuch, as perhaps by good acceptance thereof, yee may hereafter cull out a more meet and memorable euidence of your owne excellent deſerts. So, recommending the ſame to your Ladiſhips good liking, I humblie take leaue.

Your La: humbly euer,

Ed. Sp.

THE TEARES OF THE MVSES.

(*_*)

RHearse to me, ye sacred Sisters nine,
The golden brood of great APOLLOS wit,
Those pitious plaints and sorrowful sad tine,
Which late ye poured forth as ye did sit
Beside the siluer Springs of HELICONE,
Making your musick of hart-breaking mone.

For since the time that PHOEBVS foolish sonne
Ythundered through IOVES auengefull wrath,
For trauersing the charret of the Sunne
Beyond the compasse of his pointed path,
Of you his mournfull Sisters was lamented,
Such mournfull tunes were neuer since inuented.

Nor since that faire CALLIOPE did lose
Her loued Twinnes, the dearlings of her ioy,
Her PALICI, whom her vnkindly foes
The fatall Sisters, did for spight destroy,
Whom all the Muses did bewaile long space;
Was euer heard such wailing in this place.

For all their groues, which with the heauenly noyses
Of their sweet instruments were wont to sound,
And th'hollow hills, from which their siluer voices
Were wont redoubled Ecchoes to rebound,
Did now rebound with nought but rufull cries,
And yelling shrieks throwne vp into the skies.

The trembling streames which wont in chanels cleare
To rumble gently downe with murmur soft,
And were by them right tunefull taught to beare
A Bases part amongst their consorts oft;
Now forst to ouerflow with brackish teares,
With troublous noyse did dull their dainty eares.

The ioyous Nymphes, and lightfoote Faeries
Which thither came to heare their musick sweet,
And to the measure of their melodies
Did learne to moue their nimble-shifting feet;
Now hearing them so heauilie lament,
Like heauily lamenting from them went.

And all that else was wont to worke delight
Through the diuine infusion of their skill,
And all that else seemd faire and fresh in sight,
So made by *nature* for to serue their will,
Was turned *now to dismall heauinesse*,
Was turned *now to dreadfull vglinesse*.

Aye me! what thing on earth that all thing breeds,
Might be the cause of so impatient plight?
What furie, or what fiend with felon deeds
Hath stirred vp so mischieuous despight?
Can griefe then enter into heauenly harts,
And pierce immortall breasts with mortall smarts?

Vouchsafe ye then, whom onely it concernes,
To me those secret causes to display;
For none but you, or who of you it learnes,
Can rightfully aread *so dolefull* lay.
Begin thou eldest Sister of the crew,
And let the rest in order thee ensew.

CLIO.

HEare thou great Father of the Gods on hie,
That most art dreaded for thy thunder darts:
And thou our Sire that raignst in *Cassalie*,
And Mount *Parnasse*, the God of goodly Arts:
Heare and behold the miserable state
Of vs thy daughters, dolefull desolate.

Behold the foule reproach and open shame,
The which is day by day vnto vs wrought,
By such as hate the honour of our name,
The foes of learning, and each gentle thought:
They, not contented vs themselues to scorne,
Doe seeke to make vs of the world forlorne.

Ne onely they that dwell in lowly *dust*,
The sonnes of darknes and of *ignorance*;
But they, whom thou great IOVE by doome vniust

Didst

Didſt to the type of honour earſt aduaunce;
They now puft vp with ſdeignfull inſolence,
Deſpiſe the brood of bleſſed Sapience.

The ſectaries of my celeſtiall skill,
That wont to be the worlds chiefe ornament,
And learned Impes that wont to ſhoote vp ſtill,
And grow to height of kingdoms gouernment,
They vnder keepe, and with their ſpreading armes,
Doe beate their buds, that periſh through their harmes.

It moſt behoues the honourable race
Of mightie Peeres, true wiſedome to ſuſtaine,
And with their noble countenaunce to grace
The learned foreheads, without gifts or gaine:
Or rather learnd themſelues behoues to bee;
That is the girlond of Nobilitie.

But (ah!) all otherwiſe they doe eſteeme
Of th'heauenly gift of wiſedomes influence,
And to be learned, it a baſe thing deeme;
Baſe minded they that want intelligence:
For, God himſelfe for wiſedome moſt is praiſed,
And men to God thereby are higheſt raiſed.

But they doe onely ſtriue themſelues to raiſe
Through pompous pride, and fooliſh vanitie;
In th'eyes of people they put all their praiſe,
And onely boaſt of Armes and Anceſtrie:
But vertuous deeds, which did thoſe Armes firſt giue
To their Grandſires, they care not to atchiue.

So I, that doe all noble feates profeſſe
To regiſter, and ſound in trumpe of gold,
Through their bad dooings, or baſe ſlothfulneſſe,
Find nothing worthy to be writ, or told:
For better farre it were to hide their names,
Then telling them, to blazon out their blames.

So ſhall ſucceeding ages haue no light
Of things forepaſt, nor monuments of time,
And all that in this world is worthy hight
Shall die in darkneſſe, and lie hid in ſlime:
Therefore I mourne with deepe harts ſorrowing,
Becauſe I nothing noble haue to ſing.

With that ſhe raiſd ſuch ſtore of ſtreaming teares,
That could haue made a ſtonie hart to weepe,
And all her Siſters rent their golden heares,
And their faire faces with ſalt humour ſteepe.
So ended ſhee: and then the next anew,
Began her grieuous plaint as doth enſew.

MELPOMENE.

O Who ſhall poure into my ſwollen eyes
A ſea of teares that neuer may be driде,
A braſen voice that may with ſhrilling cryes
Pierce the dull heauens, and fill the ayer wide,
And yron ſides that ſighing may endure
To waile the wretchednes of world impure?

Ah! wretched world, the den of wickedneſſe,
Deformd with filth and foule iniquitie;
Ah! wretched world, the houſe of heauineſſe,
Fild with the wreaks of mortall miſerie;
Ah! wretched world, and all that is therein,
The vaſſals of Gods wrath, and ſlaues of ſin.

Moſt miſerable creature vnder ſky,
Man without vnderſtanding doth appeare;
For all this worlds affliction he thereby,
And Fortunes freakes is wiſely taught to beare:
Of wretched life the onely ioy ſhe is,
And th'only comfort in calamities.

Shee armes the breaſt with conſtant patience,
Againſt the bitter throes of dolours darts,
She ſolaceth with rules of Sapience
The gentle minds, in midſt of worldly ſmarts;
When he is ſad, ſhee ſeeks to make him merie,
And doth refreſh his ſprights when they be wearie.

But he that is of reaſons skill bereft,
And wants the ſtaffe of wiſedome him to ſtay,
Is like a ſhip in midſt of tempeſt left,
Withouten helme or Pilot her to ſway,
Full ſad and dreadfull is that ſhips euent:
So is the man that wants intendiment.

Why then doe fooliſh men ſo much deſpiſe
The precious ſtore of this celeſtiall riches?
Why doe they baniſh vs, that patronize
The name of learning? Moſt vnhappy wretches,
The which lie drowned in deepe wretchedneſſe,
Yet doe not ſee their owne vnhappineſſe.

My part it is, and my profeſſed skill,
The Stage with Tragick buskins to adorne,
And fill the Scene with plaints and out-cries ſhrill
Of wretched perſons, to misfortune borne:
But none more tragick matter I can find
Then this, of men depriu'd of ſenſe and mind.

For all mans life me ſeemes a Tragedie,
Full of ſad ſights and ſore Cataſtrophees;
Firſt comming to the world with weeping eye,
Where all his dayes, like dolorous Trophees,
Are heapt with ſpoyles of fortune and of feare,
And he at laſt laid forth on balefull beare.

So all with ruſull ſpectacles is fild,
Fit for MEGERA or PERSEPHONE;
But I, that in true Tragedies am skild,
The flowre of wit, find nought to buſie me:
Therefore I mourne, and pittifully mone,
Becauſe that mourning matter I haue none.

Then gan ſhe wofully to waile, and wring
Her wretched hands in lamentable wiſe:
And all her Siſters thereto anſwering,
Threw forth lowd ſhriekes and drerie doleſull cries.
So reſted ſhe: and then the next in rew,
Began her grieuous plaint as doth enſew.

THA-

THALIA.

VVHere be the ſweet delights of learnings trea-
That wont with Comick ſock to beautify (ſure,
The painted Theaters, and fill with pleaſure
The liſtners eyes, and eares with melodie;
In which I late was wont to raigne as Queene,
And maske in mirth with Graces well beſeene?

O! all is gone: and all that goodly glee,
Which wont to be the glory of gay wits,
Is layd abed, and no where now to ſee;
And in her roome vnſeemly Sorrow ſits,
With hollow browes and griſly countenaunce,
Marring my ioyous gentle dalliaunce.

And him beſide ſits vgly Barbariſme,
And brutiſh Ignorance, yerept of late
Out of drad darknes of the deepe Abyſme,
Where beeing bred, he light and heauen does hate:
They in the minds of men now tyrannize,
And the faire Scene with rudeneſs foule diſguize.

All places they with folly haue poſſeſt,
And with vaine toyes the vulgar entertaine;
But me haue baniſhed, with all the reſt
That whilome wont to wait vpon my traine,
Fine Counterfeſaunce and vnhurtfull Sport,
Delight and Laughter deckt in ſeemly ſort.

All theſe, and all that elſe the Comick Stage
With ſeaſoned wit and goodly pleaſance graced;
By which mans life in his likeſt image
Was limned forth, are wholly now defaced:
And thoſe ſweet wits which wont the like to frame,
Are now deſpizd, and made a laughing game.

And he the man, whom Nature ſelfe had made
To mock her ſelfe, and Truth to imitate,
With kindly counter vnder Mimick ſhade,
Our pleaſant WILLY, ah! is dead of late:
With whom all ioy and iolly meriment
Is alſo deaded, and in dolour drent.

In ſtead thereof, ſcoffing Scurrilitie,
And ſcorning Follie with Contempt is crept,
Rolling in rymes of ſhameleſſe ribaudry
Without regard, or due Decorum kept,
Each idle wit at will preſumes to make,
And doth the Learneds taske vpon him take.

But that ſame gentle Spirit, from whoſe pen
Large ſtreames of Honny & ſweet Nectar flowe,
Scorning the boldnes of ſuch baſe-borne men,
Which dare their follies forth ſo raſhly throwe;
Doth rather chooſe to ſit in idle Cell,
Then ſo himſelfe to mockery to ſell.

So am I made the ſeruant of the manie,
And laughing ſtocke of all that liſt to ſcorne,
Not honored nor cared for of any,
But loath'd of loſels as a thing forlorne:
Therefore I mourne and ſorrow with the reſt,
Vntill my cauſe of ſorrow be redreſt.

Therewith ſhe lowdly did lament and ſhrike,
Pouring forth ſtreames of teares abundantly,
And all her Siſters with compaſſion like,
The breaches of her ſingults did ſupply.
So reſted ſhee: and then the next in rew,
Began her grieuous plaint, as doth enſew.

EVTERPE.

LIke as the dearling of the Summers pride,
Faire PHILOMELE, when Winters ſtormy wrath
The goodly fields, that earſt ſo gay were dyde
In colours diuers, quite deſpoyled hath,
All comfortleſſe doth hide her cheerleſſe head
During the time of that her widowhead:

So we, that earſt were wont in ſweet accord
All places with our pleaſant notes to fill,
Whilſt fauourable times did vs afford
Free liberty to chaunt our charmes at will:
All comfortleſſe vpon the bared bow,
Like wofull Culuers doe ſit wayling now.

For far more bitter ſtorme then winters ſtowre
The beautie of the world hath lately waſted,
And thoſe freſh buds, which wont ſo faire to flowre,
Hath marred quite, and all their bloſſoms blaſted:
And thoſe yong plants, which wont with fruit t'abound,
Now without fruite or leaues are to be found.

A ſtonie coldneſs hath benumbd the ſenſe,
And liuely ſpirits of each *liuing wight*,
And dimd with darknes their intelligence,
Darknes more then *Cymmerians* daily night:
And monſtrous error flying in the ayre,
Hath mard the face of all that ſeemed fayre.

Image of *helliſh* horror, Ignorance,
Borne in the boſome of the black Abyſſe,
And fed with Furies milke for ſuſtenance
Of his weake infancie, begot amiſſe
By yawning Sloth on his owne mother Night;
So he his Sonnes both Sire and brother hight.

He, armd with blindnes and with boldnes ſtout,
(For blind is bold) hath our faire light defaced;
And gathering vnto him a ragged rout
Of Faunes and Satyres, hath our dwellings raced;
And our chaſt bowers, in which all vertue rained,
With brutiſhneſs and beaſtly filth hath ſtained.

The ſacred ſprings of horſe-foote *Helicon*,
So oft bedewed with our learned layes,
And ſpeaking ſtreames of pure *Caſtalion*,
The famous witnes of our wonted praiſe,

They trampled haue with their foule footings trade,
And like to troubled puddles haue them made.

Our pleaſant groues, which planted were with paines,
That with our muſick wont ſo oft to ring,
And Arbors ſweet, in which the Shepheards ſwaines
Were wont ſo oft their Paſtoralls to ſing,
They haue cut downe, and all their pleaſance mard,
That now no Paſtorall is to be hard.

In ſtead of them, foule Goblins and Shriekowles,
With fearefull howling doe all places fill;
And feeble Eccho now laments and howles,
The dreadfull accents of their out-cries ſhrill.
So all is turned into wilderneſſe,
Whilſt ignorance the Muſes doth oppreſſe.

And I whoſe ioy was earſt with Spirit full
To teach the warbling pipe to ſound aloft,
My ſpirits now diſmayd with ſorrow dull,
Doe mone my miſery with ſilence ſoft.
Therefore I mourne and waile inceſſantly,
Till pleaſe the heauens affoord me remedie.

Therewith ſhe wailed with exceeding woe,
And pittious lamentation did make,
And all her Siſters ſeeing her doe ſo,
With equall plaints her ſorrow did partake.
So reſted ſhee: and then the next in rew,
Began her grieuous plaint as doth enſew.

TERPSICHORE.

VVHoſo hath in the lap of ſoft delight (ſweet,
Been long time luld, and fedde with pleaſures
Feareleſſe through his owne fault or Fortunes ſpight,
To tumble into ſorrow and regreet,
If chance him fall into calamitie,
Finds greater burthen of his miſerie.

So we that earſt in ioyance did abound,
And in the boſome of all blis did ſit,
Like virgin Queenes with laurell garlands crownd,
For vertues meed and ornament of wit.
Sith ignorance our kingdome did confound;
Be now become moſt wretched wights on ground.

And in our royall thrones which lately ſtood
In th'hearts of men to rule them carefully,
He now hath placed his accurſed brood,
By him begotten of foule infamie;
Blind Error, ſcornfull Folly, and baſe Spight,
Who hold by wrong, that we ſhould haue by right.

They to the vulgar ſort now pipe and ſing,
And make them merry with their fooleries,
They cheerely chaunt, and rimes at randon fling,
The fruitfull ſpawne of their ranke fantaſies:
They feed the eares of fooles with flattery,
And good men blame, and loſels magnifie.

All places they doe with their toyes poſſeſs,
And raigne in liking of the multitude,
The ſchooles they fill with fond new-fangleneſs,
And ſway in Court with pride and raſhnes rude:
Mongſt ſimple Shepheards they do boaſt their skill,
And ſay their muſick matcheth PHOEBVS quill.

The noble harts to pleaſures they allure,
And tell their Prince that learning is but vaine,
Faire Ladies loues they ſpot with thoughts impure,
And gentle minds with lewd delights diſtaine:
Clerks they to loathly idlenes intice,
And fill their bookes with diſcipline of vice.

So euery where they rule and tyrannize,
For their vſurped kingdoms maintenaunce,
The whiles we ſilly Maids, whom they deſpize,
And with reproachfull ſcorne diſcountenaunce,
From our owne natiue heritage exild,
Walke through the world of euery one reuild.

Nor any one doth care to call vs in,
Or once vouchſafeth vs to entertaine,
Vnleſſe ſome one perhaps of gentle kin,
For pitties ſake compaſſion our paine,
And yeeld vs ſome reliefe in this diſtreſſe:
Yet to be ſo relieu'd is wretchedneſſe.

So wander we all carefull comfortleſſe,
Yet none doth care to comfort vs at all;
So ſeeke we helpe our ſorrow to redreſſe,
Yet none vouchſafes to anſwere to our call:
Therefore we mourne and pittileſſe complaine,
Becauſe none liuing pittieth our paine.

With that ſhe wept and wofully waymented,
That nought on earth her griefe might pacifie;
And all the reſt her dolefull din augmented,
With ſhrikes and groanes and grieuous agonie.
So ended ſhee: and then the next in rew,
Began her pittious plaint as doth enſew.

ERATO.

YE gentle Spirits breathing from aboue,
Where ye in VENVS ſiluer bowre were bred,
Thoughts halfe diuine, full of the fire of loue,
With beautie kindled, and with pleaſure fed,
Which ye now in ſecuritie poſſeſſe,
Forgetfull of your former heauineſſe.

Now change the tenor of your ioyous layes,
With which ye vſe your loues to deifie,
And blazon forth an earthly beauties praiſe,
Aboue the compaſſe of the arched skie:
Now change your praiſes into pittious cries,
And Eulogies turne into Elegies.

Such as ye wont whenas thoſe bitter ſtounds
Of raging loue firſt gan you to torment,

And

And launce your hearts with lamentable wounds
Of ſecret ſorrow and ſad languiſhment,
Before your Loues did take you vnto grace;
Thoſe now renew as fitter for this place.

For I that rule in meaſure moderate,
The tempeſt of that ſtormie paſſion,
And vſe to paint in rimes the troublous ſtate
Of Louers life in likeſt faſhion,
Am put from practiſe of my kindlie skill,
Baniſht by thoſe that Loue with leawdnes fill.

Loue wont to be ſchoole-maſter of my skill,
And the deuicefull matter of my ſong;
Sweet Loue deuoyd of villanie or ill,
But pure and ſpotleſſe, as at firſt he ſprong
Out of th'Almighties boſome, where he neſts;
From thence infuſed into mortall breſts.

Such high conceit of that celeſtiall fire,
The baſe-borne brood of blindnes cannot gheſſe,
Ne euer dare their dunghill thoughts aſpire
Vnto ſo loftie pitch of perfectneſſe,
But rime at riot, and doe rage in loue;
Yet little wote what doth thereto behoue.

Faire CYTHEREE, the Mother of delight,
And Queene of beautie, now thou maiſt goe pack:
For lo, thy Kingdome is defaced quight,
Thy ſcepter rent, and power put to wrack,
And thy gay Sonne, the winged God of Loue,
May now goe prune his plumes like ruffed Doue.

And yee three Twins to light by VENVS brought,
The ſweet companions of the Muſes late,
From whom what-euer thing is goodly thought,
Doth borrow grace, the fancie to aggrate;
Go beg with vs, and be companions ſtill,
As heretofore of good, ſo now of ill.

For neither you nor we ſhall any more
Find entertainment, or in Court or Schoole:
For that which was accounted heretofore
The learneds meede, is now lent to the foole:
He ſings of loue, and maketh louing layes,
And they him heare, and they him highly praiſe.

With that ſhe poured forth a brackiſh flood
Of bitter teares, and made exceeding mone;
And all her Siſters ſeeing her ſad mood,
With lowd laments her anſwered all at one.
So ended ſhe: and then the next in rew,
Began her grieuous plaint, as doth enſew.

CALLIOPE.

TO whom ſhall I my cuill caſe complaine,
Or tell the anguiſh of my inward ſmart,
Sith none is left to remedie my paine,
Or deignes to pittie a perplexed hart;
But rather ſeekes my ſorrow to augment
With foule reproach, and cruell baniſhment.

For they to whom I vſed to apply
The faithfull ſeruice of my learned skill,
The goodly ofſpring of IOVES progenie,
That wont the world with famous acts to fill;
Whoſe liuing praiſes in heroïck ſtile,
It is my chiefe profeſsion to compile.

They all corrupted through the ruſt of time,
That doth all faireſt things on earth deface,
Or through vnnoble ſloth, or ſinfull crime,
That doth degenerate the noble race;
Haue both deſire of worthy deeds forlorne,
And name of learning vtterly doe ſcorne.

Ne doe they care to haue the aunceſtrie
Of th'old Heroës memorizde anew:
Ne doe they care that late poſteritie
Should know their names, or ſpeak their praiſes dew:
But die forgot from whence at firſt they ſprong,
As they themſelues ſhalbe forgot ere long.

What bootes it then to come from glorious
Forefathers, or to haue been nobly bred?
What oddes twixt IRVS and old INACHVS,
Twixt beſt and worſt, when both alike are ded;
If none of neither mention ſhould make,
Nor out of duſt their memories awake?

Or who would euer care to doe braue deed,
Or ſtriue in vertue others to excell;
If none ſhould yeeld him his deſerued meed,
Due praiſe, that is the ſpur of dooing well?
For if good were not praiſed more than ill,
None would chuſe goodnes of his owne free-will.

Therefore the nurſe of vertue I am hight,
And golden Trumpet of eternitie,
That lowly thoughts lift vp to heauens hight,
And mortall men haue powre to deifie:
BACCHVS and HERCVLES I raiſd to heauen,
And CHARLEMAINE, amongſt the Starris ſeauen.

But now I will my golden Clarion rend,
And will henceforth immortalize no more:
Sith I no more find worthy to commend
For prize of value, or for learned lore:
For noble Peeres whom I was wont to raiſe,
Now onely ſeeke for pleaſure, nought for praiſe.

Their great reuenues all in ſumptuous pride
They ſpend, that nought to learning they may ſpare;
And the rich fee which Poets wont diuide,
Now Paraſites and Sycophants doe ſhare:
Therefore I mourne and endleſſe ſorrow make,
Both for my ſelfe, and for my Siſters ſake.

With that ſhe lowdly gan to waile and ſtrike,
And from her eyes a ſea of teares did powre,

And

And all her Siſters with compaſsion like,
Did more increaſe the ſharpnes of her ſhowre.
So ended ſhe: and then the next in rew,
Began her plaint, as doth herein enſew.

VRANIA.

VVHat wrath of Gods, or wicked influence
Of Starres conſpiring wretched men t'afflict,
Hath pourd on earth this noyous peſtilence,
That mortall minds doth inwardly infect
With loue of blindnes and of ignorance,
To dwell in darknes without ſouerance?

What difference twixt man and beaſt is left,
When th'heauenly light of knowledge is put out,
And th'ornaments of wiſdome are bereft?
Then wandreth he in error and in doubt,
Vnweeting of the danger hee is in,
Through fleſhes frailtie, and deceit of ſin.

In this wide world in which they wretches ſtray,
It is the onely comfort which they haue,
It is their light, their loadſtarre, and their day;
But hell and darknes, and the griſlie graue
Is ignorance, the enemy of grace,
That minds of men borne heauenly doth debace.

Through knowledge, we behold the worlds creation,
How in his cradle firſt he foſtred was;
And iudge of Natures cunning operation,
How things ſhe formed of a formleſſe mas:
By knowledge we doe learne our ſelues to knowe,
And what to man, and what to God we owe.

From hence, we mount aloft vnto the skie,
And looke into the cryſtall firmament:
There we behold the heauens great Hierarchie,
The Starres pure light, the Spheres ſwift mouement,
The Spirits and Intelligences faire,
And Angels waighting on th'Almighties chaire.

And there, with humble mind and high inſight,
Th'eternall Makers maieſtie wee view,
His loue, his truth, his glorie, and his might,
And mercie more then mortall men can view.
O ſoueraigne Lord, ô ſoueraigne happineſſe,
To ſee thee, and thy mercie meaſureleſſe!

Such happineſs haue they, that doe embrace
The precepts of my heauenlie diſcipline;
But ſhame and ſorrow and accurſed caſe
Haue they, that ſcorne the ſchoole of Arts diuine,
And baniſh me, which doe profeſſe the skill
To make men heauenly wiſe, through humbled will.

How-euer yet they me deſpiſe and ſpight,
I feed on ſweet contentment of my thought,
And pleaſe my ſelfe with mine owne ſelfe-delight,
In contemplation of things heauenlie wrought:
So, loathing earth, I looke vp to the sky,
And beeing driuen hence, I thither flie.

Thence I behold the miſerie of men,
Which want the bliſs that wiſdom would them breed,
And like brute beaſts doe lie in loathſome den,
Of ghoſtly darknes, and of gaſtly dreed:
For whom I mourne and for my ſelfe complaine,
And for my Siſters eake whom they diſdaine.

With that, ſhee wept and waild ſo pitiouſly,
As if her eyes had beene two ſpringing wells:
And all the reſt her ſorrow to ſupplie,
Did throw forth ſhrikes and cries and dreery yells.
So ended ſhee, and then the next in rew,
Began her mournfull plaint as doth enſew.

POLYHYMNIA.

A Dolefull caſe deſires a dolefull ſong,
Without vaine art or curious complements:
And ſquallid Fortune into baſenes flong,
Doth ſcorne the pride of wonted ornaments.
Then fitteſt are theſe ragged rimes for me,
To tell my ſorrowes that exceeding be.

For the ſweet numbers and melodious meaſures,
With which I wont the winged words to ty,
And make a tunefull Diapaſe of pleaſures;
Now beeing let to runne at libertie
By thoſe which haue no skill to rule them right,
Haue now quite loſt their naturall delight.

Heapes of huge words vphoorded hideouſly,
With horrid ſound though hauing little ſence,
They thinke to be chiefe praiſe of Poëtry;
And thereby wanting due intelligence,
Haue mard the face of goodly Poëſie,
And made a monſter of their fantaſie.

Whilome in ages paſt none might profeſſe
But Princes and high Prieſts that ſecret skill.
The ſacred lawes therein they wont expreſſe,
And with deepe Oracles their verſes fill:
Then was ſhe held in ſoueraigne diguitie,
And made the nourſling of Nobilitie.

But now nor Prince nor Prieſt doth her maintaine,
But ſuffer her prophaned for to be
Of the baſe vulgar, that with hands vncleane,
Dares to pollute her hidden myſterie;
And treadeth vnder foote her holy things,
Which was the care of Keſars and of Kings.

One onely liues, her ages ornament,
And mirror of her Makers maieſtie,
That with rich bountie and deare cheriſſiment,
Supports the praiſe of noble Poëſie:
Ne onely fauours them which it profeſſe,
But is her ſelfe a peereleſs Poëtreſſe.

Moſt

Moſt peereleſſe Prince, moſt peereleſſe Poëtreſſe,
The true PANDORA of all heauenly graces,
Diuine ELIZA, ſacred Empereſſe,
Liue ſhe for euer, and her royall P'laces
Be fild with praiſes of diuineſt wits,
That her eternize with their heauenly writs.

Some few, beſide, this ſacred skill eſteme,
Admirers of her glorious excellence;
Which beeing lightned with her beauties beme,
Are thereby fild with happy influence,
And lifted vp aboue the worldes gaze,
To ſing with Angels her immortall praize.

But all the reſt, as borne of ſauage brood,
And hauing beene with Acorns alwaies fed,
Can no whit ſauour this celeſtiall food;
But with baſe thoughts are into blindneſſe led,
And kept from looking on the lightſome day:
For whom I waile and weepe all that I may.

Eftſoones ſuch ſtore of teares ſhe forth did powre,
As if ſhe all to water would haue gone;
And all her ſiſters ſeeing her ſad ſtowre,
Did weep and waile, and made exceeding mone,
And all their learned inſtruments did breake.
The reſt, vntold, no liuing tongue can ſpeake.

FINIS.

VIRGILS
GNAT.

LONG SINCE DEDICATED
To the moſt noble and excellent Lord, the Earle
of Leiceſter, deceaſed.

(***)

WRongd, yet not daring to expreſſe my paine;
To you (great Lord) the cauſer of my care,
In clowdie teares my caſe I thus complaine
Vnto your ſelfe, that onely priuie are:
But if that any *Oedipus* vnware,
Shall chaunce, through power of ſome diuining ſpright,
To read the ſecret of this riddle rare,
And knowe the purport of my euill plight,
Let him be pleaſed with his owne inſight,
Ne further ſeeke to gloſe vpon the text:
For griefe enough it is to grieued wight
To feele his fault, and not be further vext.
But what-ſo by my ſelfe may not be ſhowen,
May by this *Gnats* complaint be eaſily knowen.

VIRGILS
GNAT.

WE now haue plaid (AVGVSTVS) wantonly,
Tuning our song vnto a tender Muse;
And like a cobweb weauing slenderly,
Haue onely playd: let thus much then excuse
This GNATS small Poëme, that th'whole historie
Is but a iest, though enuie it abuse:
But who such sports and sweet delights doth blame,
Shall lighter seeme then this GNATS idle name.

Hereafter, when as season more secure
Shall bring forth fruit, this Muse shall speak to thee
In bigger notes, that may thy sense allure,
And for thy worth frame some fit Poësie:
The golden ofspring of LATONA pure,
And ornament of great IOVES progenie,
PHOEBVS, shall be the Author of my song,
Playing on Ivorie harp with siluer strong.

He shall inspire my verse with gentle moode
Of Poets Prince, whether he woon beside
Faire XANTHVS sprinkled with CHIMAERAS (blood;
Or in the woods of *Aßery* abide;
Or whereas mount *Parnasse*, the Muses brood,
Doth his broad forhead like two hornes diuide,
And the sweet waues of sounding *Caßaly*,
With liquid foote doth slide downe easily.

Wherefore ye Sisters which the glorie be
Of the *Pierian* streames, fayre NAIADES,
Goe to, and dauncing all in companie,
Adore that God: and thou holy PALES,
To whom the honest care of husbandrie
Returneth by continuall succesle,
Haue care for to pursue his footing light: (dight.
Through the wide woods, and groues, with greene leaues

Professing thee, I lifted am aloft
Betwixt the forrest wide and starrie sky:
And thou most drad (OCTAVIVS) which oft
To learned wits giu'st courage worthily,
O come (thou sacred child) come sliding soft,
And fauour my beginnings graciously:
For not these leaues do sing that dreadfull stound,
When Giants blood did staine *Phlegraan* ground.

Nor how th'halfe-horsie people, CENTAVRES hight,
Fought with the bloudie LAPITHAES at bord,
Nor how the East with tyrannous despight
Burnt th' *Attick* towres, and people slew with sword;
Nor how mount *Athos* through exceeding might
Was digged downe, nor yron bands abord
The *Pontick* sea by their huge Nauie cast,
My volume shall renowne, so long since past.

Nor *Hellespont* trampled with horses feet,
When flocking *Persians* did the *Greekes* affray;
But my soft Muse, as for her power more meet,
Delights (with PHOEBVS friendly leaue) to play
An easie running verse with tender feet.
And thou (drad sacred child) to thee alwaie,
Let euerlasting lightsome glorie striue,
Through the worlds endlesse ages to suruiue.

And let an happie roome remaine for thee
Mongst heauenly ranks, where blessed soules doe rest;
And let long lasting life with ioyous glee,
As thy due meede that thou deseruest best,
Hereafter many yeeres remembred bee
Amongst good men, of whom thou oft art blest.
Liue thou for euer in all happinesse:
But let vs turne to our first businesse.

The fiery Sun was mounted now on hight,
Vp to the heauenly towers, and shot each where
Out of his golden Charet glistering light;
And faire AVRORA with her rosie heare,
The hatefull darknes now had put to slight,
When as the shepheard seeing day appeare,
His little Goats gan driue out of their stalls,
To feede abroad, where pasture best befalls.

To an high mountaines top he with them went,
Where thickest grasse did cloathe the open hills:
They now, amongst the woods and thickets ment,

Now

Now in the valleyes wandring at their wills,
Spread themselues farre abroad through each descent;
Some on the soft greene grasse feeding their fills,
Some clambring through the hollow cliffes on hie,
Nibble the bushie shrubs, which growe thereby.

Others, the vtmost boughes of trees doe crop,
And brouze the woodbine twigges, that freshly bud;
This with full bit doth catch the vtmost top
Of some soft Willow, or new growen stud;
This with sharpe teeth the bramble leaues doth lop,
And chaw the tender prickles in her Cud;
The whiles another, high doth ouerlooke
Her owne like image in a crystall brooke.

O the great happines, which shepheards haue,
Who-so loathes not too much the poore estate,
With mind that ill vse doth before deprave,
Ne measures all things by the costly rate
Of riotise, and semblants outward braue:
No such sad cares, as wont to macerate
And rend the greedie minds of couetous men,
Doe euer creepe into the shepheards den.

Ne cares he if the fleece, which him arayes
Be not twice steeped in Assyrian die;
Ne glistering of gold, which vnderlayes
The Summer beames, doe blind his gazing eye;
Ne pictures beautie, nor the glauncing rayes
Of precious stones, whence no good commeth by;
Ne yet his cup embost with Imagery
Of BAETVS, or of ALCONS vanity.

Ne ought the whelky pearles esteemeth hee,
Which are from Indian Seas brought far away:
But with pure brest from carefull sorrow free,
On the soft grasse his limbs doth oft display,
In sweet Spring time, when flowres varietie
With sundry colours paints the sprinkled lay;
There lying all at ease, from guile or spight,
With pype of fennie reedes doth him delight.

There he, Lord of himselfe, with palme bedight,
His looser locks doth wrap in wreath of vine:
There his milke-dropping Goats be his delight,
And fruitfull PALES, and the forrest greene,
And darksome caues in pleasant vallies pight,
Whereas continuall shade is to be seene,
And where fresh springing wells, as crystall neate,
Doe alwaies flowe, to quench his thirstie heate.

O! who can lead then a more happy life,
Then he, that with cleane mind and hart sincere,
No greedy riches knowes, nor bloudie strife,
No deadly sight of warlike fleete doth feare,
Ne runnes in perill of foes cruell knife,
That in the sacred temples he may reare
A trophee of his glittering spoyles and treasure,
Or may abound in riches aboue measure.

Of him his God is worshipt with his sythe,
And not with skill of craftsman polished:
He ioyes in groues, and makes himselfe full blythe,
With sundry flowres in wilde fields gathered;
Ne frankincense he from *Panchæa* buyth,
Sweet quiet harbours in his harmeles head,
And perfect pleasure buildes her ioyous bowre,
Free from sad cares, that rich mens harts deuowre.

This all his care, this all his whole endeuour:
To this, his mind and senses he doth bend,
How he may flowe in quiets matchles treasour,
Content with any food that God doth send,
And how his limbs, resolu'd through idle leisour,
Vnto sweet sleepe he may securely lend,
In some coole shadow from the scorching heat,
The whiles his flock their chawed cuds doe eate.

O flocks! ô Faunes! and ô ye pleasant springs
Of *Tempe*, where the country Nymphs are rife,
Through whose not costly care each shepheard sings
As merry notes vpon his rusticke Fife,
As that *Astræan* Bard, whose fame now rings
Through the wide world, and leades as ioyfull life;
Free from all troubles, and from worldly toyle,
In which fond men doe all their dayes turmoyle.

In such delights, whilst thus his careles time
This shepheard driues, vpleaning on his batt,
And on shrill reeds chaunting his rusticke rime,
Hyperion throwing forth his beames full hott,
Into the highest top of heauen gan clime;
And the world parting by an equall lott,
Did shed his whirling flames on either side,
As the great Ocean doth himselfe diuide.

Then gan the shepheard gather into one
His stragling Goates, and draue them to a foord,
Whose cærule stream, rombling on Pibble stone,
Crept vnder mosse as greene as any goord.
Now had the Sun halfe heauen ouergone,
When he is heard back from that water foord,
Draue from the force of PHOEBVS boyling ray,
Into thicke shadowes, there themselues to lay.

Soone as he them, plac't in thy sacred wood,
(O *Delian* Goddesse) saw, to which of yore
Came the bad daughter of old CADMVS brood,
Cruell AGAVE, flying vengeance sore
Of king NICTILEVS, for the guiltie blood,
Which she with cursed hands had shed before;
There she halfefrantick hauing slaine her sonne,
Did shrowd her selfe, like punishment to shonne.

Heere also playing on the grassie greene,
Woodgods, and Satyres, and swift Dryades,
With maney Fairies oft were dauncing seene.
Not so much did Dan ORPHEVS represse
The streames of *Hebrus* with his songs I weene,
As that faire troupe of wooddie Goddesses
Staied thee, (ô PENEVS) pouring forth to thee,
From cheerfull lookes, great mirth, & gladsome glee.

The verie nature of the place, resounding
With gentle murmure of the breathing ayre,
A pleasant bowre with all delight abounding
In the fresh shadowe did for them prepare,
To rest their limbs with wearines redounding.
For first, the high Palme trees with branches faire,
Out of the lowely vallies did arise,
And high shoote vp their heads into the skyes.

And them amongst the wicked Lotos grew,
Wicked, for holding guilefully away
VLYSSES men, whom rapt with sweetnes new,
Taking to hoste, it quite from him did stay,
And eke those trees, in whose transformed hew,
The Sunnes sad daughters waild the rash decay
Of PHAETON, whose limbs with lightening rent,
They gathering vp, with sweet teares did lament.

And that same tree, in which DEMOPHOON,
By his disloyaltie lamented sore,
Eternall hurt left vnto many one:
Who als accompanied the Oake, of yore
Through fatall charmes transformd to such an one:
The Oake, whose Acornes were our foode, before
That CERES seed of mortall men was knowne,
Which first TRIPTOLEME taught how to be sowne.

Here also grew the rougher-rinded Pine,
The great *Argoan* ships braue ornament,
Whom golden Fleece did make an heauenly signe,
Which coueting, with his high tops extent,
To make the mountaines touch the starres diuine,
Decks all the forrest with embellishment,
And the blacke Holme that loues the watrie vale,
And the sweet Cypresse, signe of deadly bale.

Emongst the rest, the clambring Yuie grew,
Knitting his wanton armes with grasping hold,
Least that the Poplar happely should rew
Her brothers strokes, whose boughs she doth enfold
With her lythe twigs, till they the top survew,
And paint with pallid greene her buds of gold.
Next did the Myrtle tree to her approach,
Not yet vnmindfull of her older reproach.

But the small Birds in their wide boughs embowring,
Chaunted their sundry tunes with sweet consent,
And vnder them a siluer Spring forth pouring
His trickling streames, a gentle murmure sent;
Thereto the frogs, bred in the slimie scowring
Of the moist moores, their iarring voyces bent;
And shrill grashoppers chirped them a round:
All which the ayrie Eccho did resound.

In this so pleasant place, this Shepheards flock
Lay euerie where, their wearie limbs to rest,
On euerie bush, and euerie hollow rock,
Where breathe on them the whistling wind mote best:
The whiles the Shepheard selfe tending his stock,
Sate by the fountaine side, in shade to rest,
Where gentle slumbring sleepe oppressed him,
Displaid on ground, and seized euerie lim.

Of trecherie or traines nought tooke he keepe,
But loosly on the grassie greene dispred,
His dearest life did trust to careles sleepe;
Which weighing down his drouping drowsie hed,
In quiet rest his molten hart did steepe,
Deuoid of care, and feare of all falshed:
Had not inconstant fortune, bent to ill,
Bid strange mischaunce his quietnes to spill.

For at his wonted time, in that same place,
An huge great Serpent all with speckles pide,
To drench himselfe in moorish slime did trace,
There from the boyling heat himselfe to hide:
He passing by with rolling wreathed pace,
With brandisht tongue the emptie ayre did gride,
And wrapt his scalie boughts with fell despight,
That all things seem'd appalled at his sight.

Now more and more hauing himselfe enrold,
His glittering breast he lifteth vp on hie,
And with proud vaunt his head aloft doth hold;
His crest aboue spotted with purple die,
On euerie side did shine like scalie gold,
And his bright eyes glauncing full dreadfully,
Did seeme to flame out flakes of flashing fire,
And with sterne lookes to threaten kindled yre.

Thus wise long time he did himselfe dispace
There round about, when as at last hee spide
Lying along before him in that place,
That flocks grand Captaine, and most trustie guide:
Eftsoones more fierce in visage, and in pace,
Throwing his firie eyes on euerie side,
He commeth on, and all things in his way
Full sternely rends, that might his passage stay.

Much he disdaines, that any one should dare
To come vnto his haunt; for which intent
He inly burns, and gins straight to prepare
The weapons, which to him Nature had lent:
Felly he hisseth, and doth fiercely stare,
And hath his iawes with angry spirits rent,
That all his track with bloodie drops is stained,
And all his folds are now in length outstrained.

Whom thus at point prepared, to preuent,
A little nourisling of the humid ayre,
A GNAT, vnto the sleepie Shepheard went,
And marking where his eye-lids twinkling rare,
Shewd the two pearles, which sight vnto him lent,
Through their thin couerings appearing faire,
His little needle there infixing deepe,
Warnd him awake, from death himselfe to keepe.

Wherewith enrag'd, he fiercely gan vpstart,
And with his hand him rashly bruzing, slew.
As in auengement of his heedlesse smart,
That straight the spirit out of his senses flew,
And life out of his members did depart:
When suddenly casting aside his view,
He spide his foe with felonous intent,
And feruent eyes to his destruction bent.

All

All ſuddainly diſmaid, and hartleſſe quight,
He fled abacke; and catching haſtie hold
Of a young Alder hard beſide him pight,
It rent, and ſtreight about him gan behold,
What God or Fortune would aſsiſt his might.
But whether God or Fortune made him bold,
Its hard to read: yet hardy will he had
To ouercome, that made him leſſe adrad.

The ſcalie back of that moſt hideous Snake,
Enwrapped round, oft faining to retire,
And oft him to aſſaile, he fiercely ſtrake
Whereas his temples did his creaſt-front tyre;
And for he was but ſlowe, did ſloth off ſhake,
And gazing ghaſtly on (for feare and ire
Had blent ſo much his ſenſe, that leſſe he feard;)
Yet when he ſaw him ſlaine, himſelfe he cheard.

By this, the night forth from the darkſome bowre
Of HEREBVS her teemed ſteeds gan call,
And lazie VESPER in his timely howre,
From golden OETA gan proceed withall:
Whenas the Shepheard after this ſharpe ſtowre,
Seeing the doubled ſhadowes lowe to fall,
Gathering his ſtraying flocke, does homeward fare,
And vnto reſt his wearie ioynts prepare.

Into whoſe ſenſe ſo ſoone as lighter ſleepe
Was entred, and now looſing euery lim,
Sweet ſlumbring deaw in careleſnes did ſteepe,
The image of that GNAT appeard to him,
And in ſad tearmes gan ſorrowfully weepe,
With griſly countenaunce and viſage grim,
Wailing the wrong which he had done of late,
In ſteed of good, haſtning his cruell fate.

Said he, what haue I wretch deſeru'd, that thus
Into this bitter bale I am out-caſt,
Whilſt that thy life more deare and precious
Was then mine owne, ſo long as it did laſt?
I now in lieu of paines ſo gracious,
Am toſt in th'ayre with euery windy blaſt:
Thou ſafe deliuered from ſad decay,
Thy careleſs limbs in looſe ſleepe dooſt diſplay.

So liueſt thou: but my poore wretched ghoſt
Is forſt to ferry ouer LETHES Riuer,
And ſpoyld of CHARON, to and fro am toſt.
Sceſt thou not, how all places quake and quiuer,
Lightned with deadly lamps on euery poſt?
TISIPHONE each where doth ſhake and ſhiuer
Her flaming fier brond, encountring me,
Whoſe lockes vncombed cruell Adders be.

And CERBERVS, whoſe many mouthes do bay,
And barke out flames, as if on fire he fed;
Adowne whoſe neck in terrible array,
Ten thouſand Snakes cralling about his hed
Doe hang in heapes, that horribly affray,
And bloody eyes doe gliſter firie red:
He oftentimes me dreadfully doth threaten,
With painfull torments to be ſorely beaten.

Ay me, that thanks ſo much ſhould faile of meed,
For that I thee reſtord to life againe,
Euen from the doore of death and deadly dreed,
Where then is now the guerdon of my paine?
Where the reward of my ſo pittious deed?
The praiſe of pitty vaniſht is in vaine,
And th'antique faith of Iuſtice long agone
Out of the Land is fled away and gone.

I ſaw anothers fate approaching faſt,
And left mine owne, his ſafety to tender;
Into the ſame miſhap I now am caſt,
And ſhund deſtruction doth deſtruction render:
Not vnto him that neuer hath treſpaſt,
But puniſhment is due to the offender.
Yet let deſtruction be the puniſhment,
So long as thankfull will may it relent.

I carried am into waſte wilderneſſe,
Waſte wildernes, amongſt *Cymmerian* ſhades,
Where endleſſe paines, and hideous heauineſſe
Is round about me heapt in darkſome glades.
For there huge OTHOS ſits in ſad diſtreſſe,
Faſt bound with Serpents that him oft inuades:
Farre off beholding EPHIALTES tide,
Which once aſſai'd to burne this world ſo wide.

And there is mournfull TITYVS, mindfull yet
Of thy diſpleaſure, ô LATONA faire;
Diſpleaſure too implacable was it,
That made him meate for wild foules of the ayre:
Much doe I feare among ſuch fiends to ſit,
Much doe I feare back to them to repaire,
To the black ſhadowes of the STYGIAN ſhore,
Where wretched ghoſts ſit wailing euer-more.

There next the vtmoſt brinke doth he abide,
That did the bankets of the Gods bewray,
Whoſe throat through thirſt to nought nigh being dride,
His ſenſe to ſeeke for eaſe turnes euery way:
And he that in auengement of his pride,
For ſcorning to the ſacred Gods to pray,
Againſt a mountaine rolls a mighty ſtone,
Calling in vaine for reſt, and can haue none.

Goe ye with them, goe curſed Damoſells,
Whoſe bridall torches foule ERYNNIS tynde,
And HYMEN at your ſpouſalls ſad, foretells
Tydings of death, and maſſacre vnkind:
With them, that cruell COLCHID mother dwells,
The which conceiu'd in her reuengefull mind,
With bitter wounds her owne deere babes to ſlay,
And murdred troupes vpon great heapes to lay.

There alſo thoſe two *Pandionian* maides,
Calling on ITIS, ITIS euermore,
Whom (wretched boy) they ſlew with guiltie blades:
For whom the *Thracian* king lamenting ſore,
Turn'd to a Lapwing, foulie them vpbraides,
And fluttering, round about them ſtill does ſore:
There now they all eternally complaine
Of others wrong, and ſuffer endleſs paine.

But

But the two brethren borne of CADMVS blood,
Whilſt each does for the Soueraignty contend,
Blind through ambition, and with vengeance wood,
Each doth againſt the others bodie bend
His curſed ſteele, of neither well withſtood,
And with wide wounds their carcaſes doth rend;
That yet they both doe mortall foes remaine,
Sith each with brothers bloudie hand was ſlaine.

Ah! (weladay) there is no end of paine,
Nor change of labour may intreated bee:
Yet I beyond all theſe am carried faine,
Where other Powers farre different I ſee,
And muſt paſſe quer to th'*Elyſian* Plaine:
There grim PERSEPHONE encountring mee,
Doth vrge her fellow Furies earneſtly,
With their bright firebronds me to terrifie.

There chaſt ALCESTE liues inuiolate,
Free from all care, for that her husbands daies
She did prolong by changing fate for fate.
Lo there liues alſo the immortall praiſe
Of womankind, moſt faithfull to her mate,
PENELOPE: and from her farre awaies
A ruleſſe rout of young-men, which her woo'd,
All ſlaine with darts, lie wallowed in their blood.

And ſad EVRIDICE thence now no more
Muſt turne to life, but there detained bee,
For looking back, beeing forbid before:
Yet was the guilt thereof, ORPHEVS, in thee.
Bold ſure he was, and worthy ſpirit bore,
That durſt thoſe loweſt ſhadowes goe to ſee,
And could beleeue that any thing could pleaſe
Fell CERBERVS, or *Stygian* Powres appeaſe.

Ne feard the burning waues of *Phlegeton*,
Nor thoſe ſame mournful kingdoms, compaſſed
With ruſtie horrour and foule faſhion,
And deepe digd vawtes, and Tartar couered
With bloodie night, and darke confuſion,
And iudgement ſeates, whoſe Iudge is deadly dred;
A Iudge, that after death doth puniſh ſore
The faults, which life hath treſpaſſed before.

But valiant fortune made DAN ORPHEVS bold:
For the ſwift running riuers ſtill did ſtand,
And the wilde beaſts their furie did with-hold,
To follow ORPHEVS muſick through the land:
And th'Oakes deepe grounded in the earthly mold
Did moue, as if they could him vnderſtand:
And the ſhrill woods, which were of ſenſe bereau'd,
Through their hard barke his ſiluer ſound receau'd.

And eke the Moone her haſtie ſteeds did ſtay,
Drawing in teemes along the ſtarrie skie,
And didſt (ô monthly Virgin) thou delay
Thy nightly courſe, to heare his melodie?
The ſame was able with like louely lay
The Queene of hell to moue as eaſily,
To yeeld EVRYDICE vnto her fere,
Backe to be borne, though it vnlawfull were.

Shee (Lady) hauing well before approoued,
The fiends to be too cruell and ſeuere,
Obſeru'd th'appointed way, as her behooued,
Ne euer did her eye-ſight turne arere,
Ne euer ſpake, ne cauſe of ſpeaking mooued:
But cruell ORPHEVS, thou much crueller,
Seeking to kiſſe her, brok'ſt the Gods decree,
And thereby mad'ſt her euer damn'd to be.

Ah! but ſweet loue of pardon worthy is,
And doth deſerue to haue ſmall faults remitted;
If Hell at leaſt things lightly done amis
Knew how to pardon, when ought is omitted:
Yet are ye both receiued into bliſs,
And to the ſeates of happy ſoules admitted.
And you, beſide the honourable band
Of great Heroës, doe in order ſtand.

There be the two ſtout ſonnes of AEACVS,
Fierce PELEVS, and the hardie TELAMON,
Both ſeeming now full glad and ioyeous
Through their Sires dreadfull iuriſdiction,
Beeing the Iudge of all that horrid hous:
And both of them by ſtrange occaſion,
Renown'd in choyce of happy marriage
Through VENVS grace, and vertues cariage.

For th'one was rauiſht of his owne bond-maid,
The faire IXIONE, captiu'd from *Troy*:
But th'other was with THETIS loue aſſaid,
Great NEREVS his daughter, and his ioy.
On this ſide them there is a yong-man laid,
Their match in glorie, mightie, fierce and coy:
That from th'Argolick ſhips, with furious ire,
Bett back the furie of the Troyan fire.

O! who would not recount the ſtrong diuorces
Of that great warre, which Troyans oft beheld,
And oft beheld the warlike Greekiſh forces,
When *Teucrian* ſoyle with bloody riuers ſweld,
And wide *Sigæan* ſhores were ſpred with corſes,
And *Simois* and *Xanthus* blood out-weld,
Whilſt HECTOR raged with outrageous mind,
Flames, weapons, woūds in *Greekes* fleet to haue tynd.

For *Ida* ſelfe, in ayde of that fierce fight,
Out of her mountaines miniſtred ſupplies,
And like a kindly nurſe, did yeeld (for ſpight)
Store of firebronds out of her nurſeries,
Vnto her foſter children, that they might
Inflame the Nauie of their enemies,
And all the *Rhetean* ſhore to aſhes turne,
Where lay the ſhips, which they did ſeeke to burne.

Gainſt which the noble ſonne of TELAMON
Oppoſd himſelfe, and thwarting his huge ſhield,
Them battell bad, gainſt whom appeard anon,
HECTOR, the glory of the *Troian* field:
Both fierce and furious in contention
Encountred, that their mighty ſtrokes ſo ſhrild,
As the great clap of thunder, which doth riue
The ratling heauens, and cloudes aſunder driue.

So th'one with fire and weapons did contend
To cut the ships, from turning home againe
To *Argos*, th'other stroue for to defend
The force of VVLCANE with his might and maine.
Thus th'one AEACIDE did his fame extend:
But th'other ioy'd, that on the *Phrygian* plaine
Hauing the blood of vanquisht HECTOR shed,
He compast *Troy* thrice with his body ded.

Againe great dole on either partie grewe,
That him to death vnfaithfull PARIS sent;
And also him that false VLYSSES slewe,
Drawne into danger through close ambushment:
Therefore from him LAERTES sonne his vewe
Doth turne aside, and boasts his good euent
In working of *Strymonian Rhæsus* fall,
And eft in *Dolons* subtile surprisall.

Againe the dreadfull *Cycons* him dismay,
And blacke *Lestrigones*, a people stout:
Then greedie *Scilla*, vnder whom there bay
Many great bandogs, which her gird about:
Then doe the *Aetnean* Cyclops him affray,
And deepe *Charybdis* gulphing in and out:
Lastly, the squalid lakes of *Tartarie*,
And griesly Fiends of hell him terrifie.

There also goodly AGAMEMNON bosts
The glorie of the stocke of TANTALVS,
And famous light of all the Greekish hosts,
Vnder whose conduct most victorious,
The *Dorick* flames consum'd the *Iliack* posts.
Ah! but the *Greekes* themselues more dolourous,
To thee, ô *Troy*, paid penaunce for thy fall,
In th'*Hellespont* being nigh drowned all.

Well may appeare by proofe of their mischance,
The changefull turning of mens slipperie state,
That none, whom fortune freely doth aduance,
Himselfe therefore to heauen should eleuate:
For loftie type of honour through the glance
Of enuies dart, is downe in dust prostrate;
And all that vaunts in worldly vanitie,
Shall fall through fortunes mutabilitie.

Th' *Argolicke* power returning home againe,
Enricht with spoyles of th'*Ericthonian* towre,
Did happie wind and weather entertaine,
And with good speed the fomie billowes scowre:
No signe of storme, no feare of future paine,
Which soone ensued them with heauie stowre.
Nereïs to the Seas a token gaue,
The whiles their crooked keeles the surges claue.

Suddenly, whether through the Gods decree,
Or hapless rising of some froward starre,
The heauens on euerie side enclowded bee:
Black stormes and fogs are blowen vp from farre,
That now the Pylote can no loadstarre see,
But skies and seas doe make most dreadfull warre;
The billowe striuing to the heauens to reach,
And th'heauens striuing them for to impeach.

And in auengement of their bold attempt,
Both Sun and starres, and all the heauenly powres
Conspire in one to wreake their rash contempt,
And down on them to fall from highest towres:
The skie in peeces seeming to be rent,
Throwes lightning forth, & haile, & harmfull showres,
That death on euerie side to them appeares
In thousand formes, to worke most ghastly feares.

Some in the greedy flouds are sunke and drent,
Some on the rocks of *Caphareus* are throwne;
Some on th'*Euboick* Cliffs in peeces rent;
Some scattred on the *Hercæan* shores vnknowne;
And many lost, of whom no moniment
Remaines, nor memorie is to be showne:
Whilst all the purchase of the *Phrygian* pray
Tost on salt billowes, round about doth stray.

Heere many other like Heroës bee,
Equall in honour to the former crue,
Whom ye in goodly seates may placed see,
Descended all from *Rome* by linage due,
From *Rome*, that holds the world in soueraignty,
And doth all Nations vnto her subdue:
Heere *Fabij* and *Decij* doe dwell,
Horatij that in vertue did excell.

And here the antique fame of stout CAMILL
Doth euer liue, and constant CVRTIVS,
Who stifly bent his vowed life to spill
For Countries health, a gulfe most hideous
Amidst the Towne with his owne corps did fill,
T'appease the Powers; and prudent MVTIVS,
Who in his flesh endur'd the scorching flame,
To daunt his foe by ensample of the same.

And here wise CVRIVS, his companion
Of noble vertues, liues in endless rest;
And stout FLAMINIVS, whose deuotion
Taught him the fires scornd furie to detest;
And heere the praise of either SCIPION
Abides in highest place aboue the best,
To whom the ruind walls of *Carthage* vowd,
Trembling their forces, sound their praises lowd.

Liue they for euer through their lasting praise:
But I, poore wretch, am forced to retourne
To the sad lakes, that PHOEBVS sunny rayes
Doe neuer see, where soules doe alwaies mourne,
And by the wailing shores to waste my dayes,
Where *Phlegeton* with quenchlesse flames doth burne;
By which iust MINOS righteous soules doth seuer
From wicked ones, to liue in blisse for euer.

Me therefore thus the cruell fiends of hell
Girt with long snakes, & thousand yron chaines,
Through doome of that their cruell Iudge, compell
With bitter torture and impatient paines,
Cause of my death, and iust complaint to tell.
For thou art he, whom my poore ghost complaines
To be the Authour of her ill vnwares,
That careless hear'st my intollerable cares.

Them

Them therefore as bequeathing to the wind,
I now depart, returning to thee neuer,
And leaue this lamentable plaint behind.
But doe thou haunt the soft downe rolling riuer,
And wilde greene woods, and fruitfull pastures mind,
And let the flitting ayre my vaine words seuer.
Thus hauing said, he heauily departed
With pittious cry, that any would haue smarted.

Now, when the slothfull fit of lifes sweet rest
Had left the heauie Shepheard, wondrous cares
His inly grieued minde full sore oppresst;
That balefull sorrow he no longer beares,
For that GNATS death, which deeply was impresst:
But bends what-euer power his aged yeeres
Him lent, yet beeing such, as through their might
He lately slue his dreadfull foe in fight.

By that same Riuer lurking vnder greene,
Eftsoones he gins to fashion forth a place;
And squaring it in compasse well beseene,
There plotteth out a tombe by measured space:
His yron headed spade tho making cleene,
To dig vp tods out of the flowrie grasse,
His worke he shortly to good purpose brought,
Like as he had conceiu'd it in his thought.

An heape of earth he hoorded vp on hie,
Enclosing it with banks on euerie side,
And thereupon did raise full busily
A little Mount, of greene turfs edifide;
And on the top of all, that passers by
Might it behold, the tombe he did prouide
Of smoothest Marble-stone in order set,
That neuer might his luckie scape forget.

And round about he taught sweet flowres to grow;
The Rose engrained in pure scarlet die,
The Lilly fresh, and Violet belowe,
The Marigold, and cheerfull Rosemarie,
The *Spartan* Myrtle, whence sweet gum does flowe,
The purple Hyacinth, and fresh Costmarie,
And Saffron sought for in *Cilician* soyle,
And Laurell th'ornament of PHOEBVS toyle.

Fresh *Rhododaphne*, and the *Sabine* flowre
Matching the wealth of th'auncient Frankincence,
And pallid Iuie building his owne bowre,
And Box yet mindfull of his old offence,
Red *Amaranthus*, luckless Paramour,
Ox-eye still green, and bitter Patience;
Ne wants there pale *Narcisse*, that in a well
Seeing his beautie, in loue with it fell:

And whatsoeuer other flowre of worth,
And whatso other hearb of louely hew
The ioyous Spring out of the ground brings forth,
To clothe her selfe in colours fresh and new;
He planted there, and reard a mount of earth,
In whose high front was writ as doth ensue.

To thee, small GNAT, *in lieu of his life saued,*
The Shepheard hath thy deaths record engraued.

FINIS.

THE RUINES OF ROME:

BY *BELLAY.*

1

YE heauenly Spirits, whose ashie cinders lie
Vnder deepe ruines, with huge walls oppresst,
But not your praise, the which shall neuer die
Through your faire verses, ne in ashes rest;
If so be shrilling voyce of wight aliue,
May reach from hence to depth of darkest hell,
Then let those deepe Abysses open riue,
That ye may vnderstand my shrieking yell.
Thrice hauing seene vnder the heauens veale
Your tombs deuoted compass ouer all,
Thrice vnto you with lowd voyce I appeale,
And for your antique furie heere doe call,
The whiles that I with sacred horror sing
Your glorie, fairest of all earthly thing.

2

Great BABYLON her haughtie walls will praise,
And sharped steeples high shot vp in ayre;
Greece will the old *Ephesian* buildings blaze;
And *Nylus* nurslings their Pyramides faire;
The same yet vaunting *Greece* will tell the storie
Of IOVES great Image in *Olympus* placed,
MAVSOLVS worke will be the *Carians* glorie.
And *Crete* will boast the Labyrinth, now raced;
The antique *Rhodian* will likewise set forth
The great Colosse, erect to Memorie;
And what else in the world is of like worth,
Some greater learned wit will magnifie.
But I will sing aboue all moniments
Seuen *Romane* Hils, the worlds seuen wonderments.

3

Thou stranger, which for *Rome* in *Rome* her seekest,
And nought of *Rome* in *Rome* perceiu'st at all,
These same old walls, olde arches, which thou seest,
Olde Palaces, is that, which *Rome* men call.
Behold what wreake, what ruine, and what wast,
And how that she, which with her mighty powre
Tam'd all the world, hath tam'd her selfe at last,
The pray of time, which all things doth deuowre.
Rome now of *Rome* is th'onely funerall,
And onely *Rome*, of *Rome* hath victorie:
Ne ought saue *Tyber*, hastning to his fall
Remaines of all: O worlds inconstancie!
That which is firme, doth flit and fall away,
And that is flitting, doth abide and stay.

4

Shee, whose high top aboue the starres did sore,
One foote on THETIS, th'other on the Morning,
One hand on *Scythia*, th'other on the *More*,
Both heauen and earth in roundnes compassing,
IOVE fearing, least if shee should greater grow,
The Giants old should once againe vprise, Her

Her whelmd with hills, these 7. hils, which be now
Tombes of her greatnes, which did threat the skies:
Vpon her head he heapt Mount *Saturnall*,
Vpon her belly th'antique *Palatine*,
Vpon her stomack laid Mount *Quirinall*,
On her left hand the noysome *Esquiline*,
And *Celian* on the right; but both her feet,
Mount *Viminall* and *Auentine* doe meet.

5

Who lists to see, what-euer Nature, Art,
And Heauen could doe, ô *Rome*, thee let him see,
In case thy greatnes he can ghesse in hart,
By that which but the picture is of thee.
Rome is no more: but if the shade of *Rome*
May of the body yeeld a seeming sight,
Its like a corse drawne forth out of the tombe
By Magick skill out of eternall night:
The corps of *Rome* in ashes is entombed,
And her great spirit reioyned to the spirit
Of this great masse, is in the same enwombed;
But her braue writings, which her famous merite
In spight of time, out of the dust doth reare,
Doe make her Idole through the world appeare.

6

Such as the *Berecynthian* Goddesse bright
In her swift charret, with high turrets crownd,
Proud that so many Gods she brought to light;
Such was this Citie in her good dayes found:
This Citie, more then that great *Phrygian* mother,
Renownd for fruite of famous progenie,
Whose greatnes, by the greatnes of none other,
But by her selfe her equall match could see:
Rome onely might to *Rome* compared bee,
And onely *Rome* could make great *Rome* to tremble:
So did the Gods by heauenly doome decree,
That other earthly power should not resemble
Her that did match the whole earths puissaunce,
And did her courage to the heauens aduaunce.

7

Ye sacred ruines, and ye tragick sights,
Which onely doe the name of *Rome* retaine,
Old moniments, which of so famous sprights
The honour yet in ashes doe maintaine:
Triumphant Arks, spyres neighbours to the skie,
That you to see doth th'heauen it selfe appall,
Alas, by little ye to nothing flie,
The peoples fable, and the spoyle of all:
And though your frames doe for a time make warre
Gainst time, yet time in time shall ruinate
Your workes and names, and your last reliques marre.
My sad desires, rest therefore moderate:
For if that time make end of things so sure,
It als will end the paine which I endure.

8

Through armes and vassals *Rome* the world subdu'd,
That one would weene, that one sole Cities strength
Both land and sea in roundnes had surwve'd,
To be the measure of her bredth and length:
This peoples vertue yet so fruitfull was
Of vertuous nephewes, that posteritie
Striuing in power their grandfathers to passe,
The lowest earth ioynd to the heauen hie;
To th'end that hauing all parts in their powre,
Nought from the Romane Empire might be quight,
And that though time doth Common-wealths deuoure,
Yet no time should so lowe embase their hight,
That her head earth'd in her foundation deepe,
Should not her name and endless honour keepe.

9

Ye cruell starres, and eke ye Gods vnkind,
Heauen enuious, and bitter stepdame Nature,
Be it by fortune, or by course of kind
That ye do wield th'affaires of earthly creature;
Why haue your hands long sithence traueiled
To frame this world that doth endure so long?
Or why were not these Romane palaces
Made of some matter no lesse firme & strong?
I say not, as the common voice doth say,
That all things which beneath the Moone haue beeing,
Are temporall, and subiect to decay:
But I say rather, though not all agreeing
With some, that weene the contrarie in thought;
That all this whole shall one day come to nought.

10

As that braue sonne of *Aeson*, which by charmes
Atchiu'd the golden Fleece in *Colchid* land,
Out of the earth engendred men of armes
Of Dragons teeth, sowne in the sacred sand;
So this braue Towne, that in her youthly daies
An Hydra was of warriours glorious,
Did fill with her renowned nourslings praise
The firie sunnes both one and other house:
But they at last, there being then not liuing
An *Hercules*, so ranke seed to represse;
Emongst themselues with cruell furie striuing,
Mow'd down themselues with slaughter mercilesse;
Renewing in themselues that rage vnkind,
Which whilom did those earth-borne brethren bliud,

11

MARS, shaming to haue giuen so great head
To his off-spring, that mortall puissaunce
Pust vp with pride of Romane hardiehead,
Seemd aboue heauens powre it selfe to aduaunce:
Cooling againe his former kindled heat;
With which he had those Romane spirits fild,
Did blowe new fire, and with enflamed breath,

Into

Into the Gothicke cold hot rage instild:
Then gan that Nation, th'earths new Giants brood,
To dart abroad the thunder-bolts of warre,
And beating downe these walls with furious mood
Into her mothers bosome, all did marre;
To th'end that none, all were it IOVE his fire
Should boast himselfe of the Romane Empire.

12

Like as whilome the children of the earth
Heapt hils on hils, to scale the starrie skie,
And fight against the Gods of heauenly berth,
Whiles IOVE at them his thunder-bolts let flie;
All suddenly with lightning ouerthrowne,
The furious squadrons downe to ground did fall,
That th'earth vnder her childrens weight did grone,
And th'heauens in glorie triumpht ouer all:
So did that haughtie front which heaped was
On these seuen Romane hils, it selfe vpreare
Ouer the world, and lift her lottie face
Against the heauen, that gan her force to feare.
But now the scorned fields bemone her fall,
And Gods secure feare not her force at all.

13

Nor the swift furie of the flames aspiring,
Nor the deepe wounds of Victors raging blade,
Nor ruthlesse spoyle of souldiers blood-desiring,
The which so oft thee (*Rome*) their conquest made;
Ne stroke on stroke of fortune variable,
Ne rust of age hating continuance,
Nor wrath of Gods, nor spight of men vnstable,
Nor thou opposd gainst thine owne puissance;
Nor th'horrible vprore of windes high blowing,
Nor swelling streames of that God snakie-paced,
Which hath so often with his ouerflowing
Thee drenched, haue thy pride so much abaced;
But that this nothing, which they haue thee left,
Makes the world wonder, what they from thee reft.

14

As men in Summer fearlesse passe the foord,
Which is in Winter Lord of all the plaine,
And with his tumbling streames doth beare aboord
The ploughmans hope, and shepheards labour vaine:
And as the coward beasts vse to despise
The noble Lion after his liues end,
Whetting their teeth, and with vaine foole-hardise
Daring the foe, that cannot him defend:
And as at *Troy* most dastards of the Greekes
Did braue about the corps of HECTOR cold;
So those which whilome wont with pallid cheeks
The Romane triumphs glory to behold,
Now on these ashie tombes shew boldnes vaine,
And conquerd dare the Conquerour disdaine.

15

Ye pallid spirits, and ye ashie ghosts,
Which ioying in the brightnes of your day,
Brought forth those signes of your presumptuous
Which now their dusty reliques doe bewray; (boasts
Tell me ye spirits (sith the darksome ruer
Of *Styx*, not passable to soules returning,
Enclosing you in thrice three wards for euer,
Doe not restraine your images still mourning)
Tell me then (for perhaps some one of you
Yet heer aboue him secretly doth hide)
Doe ye not feele your torments to accrew,
When ye sometimes behold the ruin'd pride
Of these old *Romane* workes built with your hands,
Now to becom nought else, but heaped sands?

16

Like as yee see the wrathfull sea from farre,
In a great mountaine heapt with hideous noyse,
Eftsoones of thousand billowes shouldred narre,
Against a Rock to breake with dreadfull poyse:
Like as ye see fell BOREAS with sharpe blast,
Tossing huge tempests through the troubled sky,
Eftsoones hauing his wide wings spent in wast,
To stop his wearie cariere suddenly:
And as yee see huge flames spred diuerslie,
Gathered *in one* vp to the heauens to spire,
Eftsoones consumd to *fall downe* feebily:
So whilom did this Monarchie aspire
As waues, as wind, as fire spred ouer all,
Till it by fatall doome adowne did fall.

17

So long as IOVES great Bird did make his flight,
Bearing the fire with which heauen doth vs fray,
Heauen had not feare of that presumptuous might,
With which the Giants did the Gods assay.
But all so soone, as scorching Sunne had brent
His wings, which wont the earth to ouerspred,
The earth out of her massie wombe forth sent
That antique horror, which made heauen adred.
Then was the Germane Rauen in disguise
That Romane Eagle seene to cleaue asunder,
And towards heauen freshly to arise
Out of these mountains, now consumd to powder.
In which the foule that serues to beare the lightning,
Is now no more seene flying, nor alighting.

18

These heapes of stones, these old wals which yee see,
Were first enclosures but of saluage soyle;
And these braue Palaces which maistred bee
Of time, were shepheards cottages somewhile.
Then tooke the shepheards Kingly ornament,
And the stout hynd armd his right hand with steele:
Eftsoones their rule of yeerely Presidents
Grew great, and sixe months greater a great deale;
Which made perpetuall, rose to so great might,
That thence th'Imperiall Eagle rooting tooke,
Till th'heauen it selfe opposing gainst her might,

Her

Her power to PETERS ſucceſſor betooke;
Who Shepheard-like (as Fates the ſame foreſeeing)
Doth ſhew, that all things turne to their firſt beeing.

19

All that is perfect, which th'heauen beautifies;
All that's imperfect, borne belowe the Moone;
All that doth feed our ſpirits and our eyes;
And all that doth conſume our pleaſures ſoone;
All the mishap, the which our daies outweares,
All the good hap of th'oldeſt times afore,
Rome in the time of her great anceſters,
Like a PANDORA, locked long in ſtore.
But deſtinie this huge *Chaos* turmoyling,
In which all good and euill was encloſed,
Their heauenly vertues from theſe woes aſſoyling,
Caried to heauen, from ſinfull bondage loſed:
But their great ſinnes, the cauſers of their paine,
Vnder theſe antique ruines yet remaine.

20

No otherwiſe then rainie cloud, firſt fed
With earthly vapours gathered in the ayre,
Eftſoones in compaſs archt, to ſteepe his hed,
Doth plonge himſelfe in THETYS boſome faire;
And mounting vp againe, from whence he came,
With his great belly ſpreds the dimmed world,
Till at the laſt diſſoluing his moiſt frame,
In raine, or ſnowe, or haile he forth is horld;
This Citie, which was firſt but Shepheards ſhade,
Vpriſing by degrees, grew to ſuch height,
That Queene of land and ſea her ſelfe ſhe made,
At laſt not able to beare ſo great weight,
Her power diſperſt, through all the world did vade:
To ſhew that all in th'end to nought ſhall fade.

21

The ſame which PYRRHVS, and the puiſſaunce
Of *Africk* could not tame, that ſame braue Citie,
Which with ſtout courage armd againſt miſchaunce,
Suſtaind the ſhock of common enmitie;
Long as her ſhip toſt with ſo many freakes,
Had all the world in armes againſt her bent,
Was neuer ſeene, that any fortunes wreakes
Could breake her courſe begun with braue intent.
But when the obiect of her vertue failed,
Her power it ſelfe againſt it ſelfe did arme:
As he that hauing long in tempeſt ſailed,
Faine would ariue, but cannot for the ſtorme,
If too great wind againſt the port him driue,
Doth in the port it ſelfe his veſſell riue.

22

When that braue honour of the Latine name,
Which mear'd her rule with *Africa* and *Byze*,
With *Thames* inhabitants of noble fame,
And they which ſee the dawning day ariſe;
Her nourſlings did with mutinous vprore
Harten againſt her ſelfe, her conquerd ſpoile,
Which ſhe had wonne from all the world afore,
Of all the world was ſpoyld within a while.
So when the compaſt courſe of th'vniuerſe
In ſixe and thirtie thouſand yeares is runne,
The bands of th'elements ſhall backe reuerſe
To their firſt diſcord, and be quite vndonne:
The ſeedes, of which all things at firſt were bred,
Shall in great *Chaos* wombe againe be hid.

23

O warie wiſedome of the man, that would
That *Carthage* towres from ſpoile ſhould be forborne!
To th'end that his victorious people ſhould
With cankring leiſure not be ouerworne;
He well foreſawe, how that the Romane courage,
Impatient of pleaſures faint deſires,
Through idlenes would turne to ciuill rage,
And be her ſelfe the matter of her fires.
For in a people giuen all to eaſe,
Ambition is engendred eaſily;
As in a vicious body, groſſe diſeaſe
Soone growes through humours ſuperfluitie.
That came to paſſe, when ſwoine with plenties pride,
Nor Prince, nor Peere, nor kin they would abide.

24

If the blind furie, which warres breedeth oft,
Wonts not t'enrage the hearts of equall beaſts,
Whether they fare on foote, or flie aloft,
Or armed be with clawes, or ſcalie creaſts;
What fell ERYNNIS with hot burning tongs,
Did grype your hearts, with noyſome rage imbew'd,
That each to other working cruell wrongs,
Your blades in your own bowels you embrew'd?
Was this (ye *Romanes*) your hard deſtinie?
Or ſome old ſinne, whoſe vnappeaſed guilt
Powrd vengeance forth on you eternally?
Or brothers blood, the which at firſt was ſpilt
Vpon your walles, that God might not endure,
Vpon the ſame to ſet foundation ſure?

25

O that I had the *Thracian* Poets harpe,
For to awake out of th'infernall ſhade
Thoſe antique CAESARS, ſleeping long in darke,
The which this auncient Citie whilome made:
Or that I had AMPHIONS inſtrument,
To quicken with his vitall notes accord,
The ſtonie ioynts of theſe old walls now rent,
By which th'*Auſonian* light might be reſtord:
Or that at leaſt I could with penſill fine,
Faſhion the pourtraicts of theſe Palacis,

By

By paterne of great VIRGILS ſpirit diuine;
I would aſſay with that which in me is,
To build with leuell of my loftie ſtile,
That which no hands can euermore compile.

26

Who liſt the Romane greatnes forth to figure,
Him needeth not to ſeeke for vſage right
Of line, or lead, or rule, or ſquare, to meaſure
Her length, her breadth, her deepnes, or her hight:
But him behooues to view in compaſſe round
All that the Ocean graſpes in his long armes;
Be it where th'yeerely ſtarre doth ſcorch the ground,
Or where cold BOREAS blowes his bitter ſtormes.
Rome was th'whole world, & all the world was *Rome*.
And if things nam'd their names doe equalize,
When land and ſea ye name, then name ye *Rome*;
And naming *Rome*, ye land and ſea comprize:
For th'auncient Plot of *Rome*, diſplaied plaine,
The map of all the wide world doth containe.

27

Thou that at *Rome* aſtoniſht dooſt behold
The antique pride, which menaced the skie,
Theſe haughtie heapes, theſe palaces of old,
Theſe wals, theſe arks, theſe baths, theſe temples hie;
Iudge by theſe ample ruines view, the reſt
The which iniurious time hath quite outworne,
Since of all workmen held in reckning beſt,
Yet theſe old fragments are for patternes borne:
Then alſo marke, how *Rome* from day to day,
Repayring her decayed faſhion,
Renewes herſelfe with buildings rich and gay;
That one would iudge, that the *Romaine Dæmon*
Doth yet himſelfe with fatall hand enforce,
Againe on foote to reare her pouldred corſe.

28

Hee that hath ſeene a great Oake dry and dead,
Yet clad with reliques of ſome Trophees old,
Lifting to heauen her aged hoarie head,
Whoſe foote on ground hath left but feeble hold;
But halfe disboweld lies aboue the ground,
Shewing her wreathed rootes, and naked armes,
And on her trunke all rotten and vnſound,
Onely ſupports herſelfe for meat of wormes;
And though ſhe owe her fall to the firſt wind,
Yet of the deuout people is ador'd,
And many yong plants ſpring out of her rind:
Who ſuch an Oake hath ſeene, let him record
That ſuch this Cities honour was of yore,
And mongſt all Cities floriſhed much more.

29

All that which *Egypt* whilome did deuiſe,
All that which *Greece* their temples to embraue,
After th'Ionick, Attick, Dorick guiſe,
Or *Corinth*, skild in curious works to graue;
All that LYSIPPYS practike arte could forme,
APELLES wit, or PHIDIAS his skill,
Was wont this auncient Citie to adorne,
And heauen it ſelfe with her wide wonders fill.
All that which *Athens* euer brought forth wiſe,
All that which *Africk* euer brought forth ſtrange,
All that which *Aſie* euer had of priſe,
Was hers to ſee. O meruailous great change!
Rome, liuing, was the worlds ſole ornament,
And dead, is now the worlds ſole moniment.

30

Like as the ſeeded field greene graſſe firſt ſhowes,
Then from greene graſſe into a ſtalke doth ſpring,
And from a ſtalke into an eare forth growes,
Which eare the fruitfull graine doth ſhortly bring;
And as in ſeaſon due the husband mowes
The wauing locks of thoſe faire yellow heares,
Which bound in ſheaues, and layd in comly rowes,
Vpon the naked fields in ſtackes he reares:
So grew the Romane Empire by degree,
Till that Barbarian hands it quite did ſpill,
And left of it but theſe old markes to ſee,
Of which all paſſers by doe ſomewhat pill:
As they which gleane, the reliques vſe to gather,
Which th'husbandman behind him chaunt to ſcater.

31

That ſame is now nought but a champain wide,
Where all this worlds pride once was ſituate.
No blame to thee, whoſoeuer dooſt abide
By *Nyle*, or *Gange*, or *Tygre*, or *Euphrate*:
Ne *Africk* thereof guiltie is, nor *Spayne*,
Nor the bold people by the *Thamis* brinks,
Nor the braue warlike broode of *Alemaine*,
Nor the borne ſouldiour which *Rhine* running drinks:
Thou onely cauſe, ô Ciuill furie art,
Which ſowing in th'*Aemathian* fields thy ſpight,
Didſt arme thy hand againſt thy proper hart;
To th'end that when thou waſt in greateſt hight
To greatneſs growne, through long proſperitie,
Thou then adowne might'ſt fall more horribly.

32

Hope ye my verſes that poſteritie
Of age enſuing ſhall you euer read?
Hope ye that euer immortalitie
So meane Harpes work may chalenge for her meed?
If vnder heauen any endurance were,
Theſe moniments, which not in paper writ,
But in Porphyre and Marble doe appeare,
Might well haue hop't to haue obtained it.
Nath'leſſe my Lute, whō PHOEBVS deigned to giue,

Ceaſe

Ceasse not to sound these old antiquities:
For if that time doe let thy glory liue,
Well maist thou boast, how euer base thou be,
That thou art first, which of thy Nation song
Th'olde honour of the people gowned long.

L'Envoy.

¶ BELLAY, first garland of free Poësie
That *France* brought forth, though fruitfull of braue wits,
Well worthy thou of immortalitie,
That long hast traueld by thy learned writs,
Old *Rome* out of her ashes to reuiue,
And giue a second life to dead decayes:
Needs must he all eternitie survive,
That can to other giue eternall dayes.
Thy dayes therefore are endlesse, and thy praise
Excelling all, that euer went before:
And after thee, gins BARTAS hie to raise
His heauenly Muse, th'Almightie to adore.
Liue happy spirits, th'honour of your name,
And fill the world with neuer-dying fame.

FINIS.

MVIO-

MVIOPOTMOS,

OR

THE FATE OF THE BVTTERFLY.

By *Edmunde Spenser*.

Dedicated to the most faire and vertuous Lady,
the Ladie CAREY.

Printed by *H. L.* for *Mathew Lownes*.
1611.

TO THE RIGHT VVORTHY
and vertuous Ladie; the Lady
Carey.

MOst braue and bountifull Lady, for ſo excellent fauours as I haue receiued at your ſweet hands, to offer theſe fewe leaues as in recompence, ſhould bee as to offer flowers to the Gods for their diuine benefites. Therefore I haue determined to giue my ſelfe whollie to you, as quite abandoned from my ſelfe, and abſolutely vowed to your ſeruices: vvhich in all right is euer held for full recompence of debt or damage, to haue the perſon yeelded. My perſon I wot well how little worth it is. But the faithfull mind and humble zeale which I beare vnto your Ladiſhip, may perhaps be more of price, as may pleaſe you to account and vſe the poore ſeruice thereof; which taketh glory to aduance your excellent parts and noble vertues, and to ſpend it ſelfe in honouring you: not ſo much for your great bountie to my ſelfe, which yet may not be vnminded, nor for name or kindred ſake by you vouchſafed, being alſo regardable; as for that honourable name, which ye haue by your braue deſerts purchaſt to your ſelfe, and ſpred in the mouthes of all men: vvith which I haue alſo preſumed to grace my verſes, and vnder your Name, to commend to the world this ſmall Poëme. The which beſeeching your Ladiſhip to take in worth, & of all things therein according to your wonted graciouſnes to make a milde conſtruction, I humbly pray for your happineſſe.

(***)

Your La: euer humbly;

Ed. Sp.

MVIOPOTMOS:

OR

The Fate of the Butterflie.

I Sing of deadly dolorous debate,
Stirr'd vp through wrathfull NEMESIS despight,
Betwixt two mighty ones of great estate,
Drawne into armes, and proofe of mortall fight,
Through proud ambition, and hart-swelling hate,
Whilst neither could the others greater might
And disdeignfull scorne endure; that from small iarre
Their wraths at length broke into open warre.

The roote whereof and tragicall effect,
Vouchsafe, ô thou the mournfullst Muse of nine,
That wont'st the tragick stage for to direct,
In funerall complaints and wailefull tine,
Reueale to me, and all the meanes detect,
Through which sad CLARION did at last decline
To loweſt wretchednes; And is there then
Such rancour in the harts of mightie men?

Of all the race of siluer-winged Flies
Which doe possesse the Empire of the ayre,
Betwixt the centred earth, and azure skies,
Was none more fauourable, nor more faire,
Whilst heauen did fauour his felicities,
Then CLARION, the eldest sonne and heire
Of MVSCAROLL, and in his fathers sight
Of all aliue did seeme the fairest wight.

With fruitfull hope his aged breast he fed
Of future good, which his young toward yeares,
Full of braue courage and bold hardyhed
Aboue th'ensample of his equall Peares,
Did largely promise, and to him fore-red,
(Whilst oft his hart did melt in tender teares)
That he in time would sure proue such an one,
As should be worthy of his fathers throne.

The fresh young Fly, in whom the kindly fire
Of lustfull youth began to kindle fast,
Did much disdaine to subiect his desire
To lothsome sloth, or houres in ease to wast,
But ioy'd to range abroad in fresh attire;
Through the wide compass of the ayrie coast,
And with vnwearied wings each part t'inquire
Of the wide rule of his renowned sire.

For he so swift and nimble was of flight,
That from his lower tract he dar'd to stie
Vp to the clowdes, and thence with pineons light,
To mount aloft vnto the crystall skie,
To view the workmanship of heauens hight:
Whence downe descending he along would flie
Vpon the streaming riuers, sport to find;
And oft would dare to tempt the troublous wind.

So, on a Summers day, when season milde
With gentle calme the world had quieted,
And high in heauen HYPERION'S fierie childe
Ascending, did his beames abroad dispred,
Whiles all the heauens on lower creatures smilde;
Young CLARION with vauntfull lustiehed,
After his guise did cast abroad to fare;
And thereto gan his furnitures prepare.

His breast-plate first, that was of substance pure,
Before his noble hart he firmely bound,
That mought his life from iron death assure,
And ward his gentle corps from cruell wound:
For it by arte was framed, to endure
The bit of balefull steele and bitter stownd,
No lesse then that which VVLCANE made to shield
ACHILLES life from fate of Troyan field.

And then about his shoulders broad he threw
An hairie hide of some wilde beast, whom hee
In saluage forrest by aduenture slew,
And reft the spoyle his ornament to bee:
Which spreading all his back with dreadfull view,
Made all that him so horrible did see,
Thinke him ALCIDES with the Lyons skin,
When the *Nemean* conquest he did win.

Vpon his head his glistering Burganet,
The which was wrought by wonderous deuise,
And curiously engrauen, he did set:
The metall was of rare and passing price;
Not Bilbo steele, nor brasse from Corinth fet,
Nor costly *Oricalche* from strange *Phœnice*;
But such as could both PHOEBVS arrowes ward,
And th'hailing darts of heauen beating hard.

Therein two deadly weapons sixt he bore,
Strongly outlaunced towards either side,
Like two sharpe speares, his enemies to gore:
Like as a warlike Brigandine, applyde
To fight, layes forth her threatfull pikes afore,
The engines which in them sad death doe hyde:
So did this flie out-stretch his fearefull hornes,
Yet so as him their terrour more adornes.

Lastly, his shinie wings as siluer bright,
Painted with thousand colours, passing farre
All Painters skill, he did about him dight:
Not halfe so many sundry colours arre
In IRIS bowe, ne heauen doth shine so bright,
Distinguished with many a twinkling starre,
Nor IVNOS Bird in her eye-spotted traine
So many goodly colours doth containe.

Ne (may it be withouten perill spoken)
The Archer God, the sonne of CYTHEREE,
That ioyes on wretched louers to be wroken,
And heaped spoiles of bleeding harts to see,
Beares in her wings so many a changefull token.
Ah my liege Lord, forgiue it vnto mee,
If ought against thine honour I haue told,
Yet sure those wings were fairer manifold.

Full many a Lady faire, in Court full oft
Beholding them, him secretly enuide,
And wisht that two such fannes, so silken soft,
And golden faire, her Loue would her prouide,
Or that when them the gorgeous Flie had doft,
Some one that would with grace be gratifide,
From him would steale them priuily away,
And bring to her so precious a pray.

Report is that dame VENVS on a day,
In spring when flowres doe clothe the fruitfull ground,
Walking abroad with all her Nymphes to play,
Bad her faire damzels flocking her around,
To gather flowres, her forhead to array:
Emongst the rest a gentle Nymph was found,
Hight ASTERY, excelling all the crewe
In curteous vsage, and vnstained hewe.

Who beeing nimbler ioynted then the rest,
And more industrious, gathered more store
Of the fields honour, than the others best;
Which they in secret harts enuying sore,
Told VENVS, when her as the worthiest
She praisd, that CVPID (as they heard before)
Did lend her secret ayde, in gathering
Into her lap the children of the Spring.

Whereof the Goddesse gathering iealous feare,
Not yet vnmindfull, how not long agoe
Her sonne to PSYCHE secret loue did beare,
And long it close conceald, till mickle woe
Thereof arose, and many a rufull teare;
Reason with sudden rage did ouergoe,
And giuing hastie credit to th'accuser,
Was led away of them that did abuse her.

Eftsoones that Damzell by her heauenly might,
Shee turn'd into a winged Butterflie,
In the wide ayre to make her wandring flight;
And all those flowres, with which so plentiously
Her lap she filled had, that bred her spight,
She placed in her wings, for memorie
Of her pretended crime, though crime none were:
Since which that flie them in her wings doth beare.

Thus the fresh CLARION beeing readie dight,
Vnto his iourney did himselfe addresse,
And with good speed began to take his flight:
Ouer the fields in his franke lustinesse,
And all the champaine o're he soared light,
And all the countrey wide he did possesse,
Feeding vpon their pleasures bountiously,
That none gainsaid, nor none did him enuie.

The woods, the riuers, and the medowes greene,
With his ayre-cutting wings he measured wide,
Ne did he leaue the mountaines bare vnseene,
Nor the ranke grassie fennes delights vntride.
But none of these, how euer sweet they beene,
Mote please his fancie, nor him cause t'abide:
His choicefull sense with euery change doth flit.
No common things may please a wauering wit.

To the gay gardens his vnstaid desire
Him wholly caried, to refresh his sprights:
There lauish Nature in her best attire,
Poures forth sweet odors, & alluring sights;
And Art wirh her contending, doth aspire,
T'excell the naturall, with made delights:
And all that faire or pleasant may be found,
In riotous excesse doth there abound.

There he arriuing, round about doth flie,
From bed to bed, from one to other border,
And takes surucy with curious busie eye,
Of euerie flowre and herbe there set in order;
Now this, now that he tasteth tenderly,
Yet none of them he rudely doth disorder,
Ne with his feete their silken leaues deface;
But pastures on the pleasures of each place.

And euermore with most varietie,
And change of sweetnesse (for all change is sweet)
He casts his glutton sense to satisfie,
Now sucking of the sap of herbes most meet,
Or of the deaw, which yet on them does lie,
Now in the same bathing his tender feete:
And then he pearcheth on some branch thereby,
To weather him, and his moist wings to dry.

And then againe he turneth to his play,
To spoyle the pleasures of that Paradise:
The wholsome Salge, and Lauender still gray,
Ranke smelling Rue, and Cummin good for eyes,
The Roses raigning in the pride of May,
Sharpe Isope, good for greene wounds remedies,
Faire Marigolds, and Bees alluring Thime,
Sweet Marioram, and Daysies decking prime.

Coole

Coole Violets, and Orpine growing still,
Embathed Balme, and cheerfull Galingale,
Fresh Costmarie, and breathfull Camomill,
Dull Poppy, and drink-quickning Setuale
Veine-healing Veruen, and head-purging Dill,
Sound Sauorie, and Bazill hartie-hale,
Fit Colworts, and comforting Perseline,
Cold Lettuce, and refreshing Rosmarine.

And whatso else of vertue good or ill
Grewe in this Garden, fetcht from farre away,
Of euery one he takes, and tastes at will,
And on their pleasures greedily doth pray.
Then when he hath both plaid, and fed his fil,
In the warme Sunne he doth himselfe embay,
And there him rests in riotous suffisaunce
Of all his gladfulnes, and kingly ioyaunce.

What more felicitie can fall to creature,
Then to enioy delight with liberty,
And to be Lord of all the workes of Nature,
To raigne in th'aire from earth to highest sky,
To feed on flowres, and weeds of glorious feature,
To take what euer thing doth please the eye?
Who rests not pleased with such happines,
Well worthy he to taste of wretchednes.

But what on earth can long abide in state?
Or who can him assure of happy day:
Sith morning faire may bring foule euening late,
And least mishap the most blisse alter may?
For thousand perills lie in close awaite
About vs daily, to worke our decay;
That none, except a God, or God him guide,
May them auoyde, or remedy prouide.

And whatso heauens in their secret doome
Ordained haue, how can fraile flesh flie wight
Fore-cast, but it must needs to issue come?
The sea, the ayre, the fire, the day, the night,
And th'armies of their creatures all and some
Do serue to them, and with importune might
Warre against vs the vassals of their wil.
Who then can saue, what they dispose to spill?

Not thou, O CLARION, though fairest thou
Of all thy kinde, vnhappy happy Flie,
Whose cruell fate is wouen euen now
Of IOVES owne hand, to worke thy miserie:
Ne may thee help the many hartie vow,
Which thy old Sire with sacred piety
Hath powred forth for thee, and th'altars sprent:
Nought may thee saue from heauens auengement.

It fortuned (as heauens had behight)
That in this garden, where yong CLARION
Was wont to solace him, a wicked wight
The foe of faire things, th'author of confusion,
The shame of Nature, the bond slaue of spight,
Had lately built his hatefull mansion,
And lurking closely, in awaite now lay,
How he might any in his trap betray.

But when he spide the ioyous Butterflie
In this faire plot displacing to and fro,
Fearelesse of foes and hidden ieopardie,
Lord how he gan for to bestirre him tho,
And to his wicked worke each part apply!
His hart did yerne against his hated foe,
And bowels so with rankling poyson sweld,
That scarce the skin the strong contagion held.

The cause why he this Flie so maliced,
Was (as in stories it is written found)
For that his mother which him bore and bred,
The most fine-fingred workwoman on ground,
ARACHNE, by his meanes was vanquished
Of PALLAS, and in her owne skill confound,
When she with her for excellence contended,
That wrought her shame, and sorrow neuer ended.

For the *Tritonian* Goddesse hauing hard
Her blazed fame, which all the world had fild,
Came downe to proue the truth, and due reward
For her praise-worthy workmanship to yield:
But the presumptuous Damzel rashly dar'd
The Goddesse selfe to chalenge to the field,
And to compare with her in curious skill
Of workes with loome, with needle, and with quill.

MINERVA did the challenge not refuse,
But deign'd with her the paragon to make:
So to their worke they sit, and each doth chuse
What storie she will for her tapet take.
ARACHNE fignr'd how IOVE did abuse
EVROPA, like a Bull, and on his back
Her through the Sea did beare; so liuely seene,
That it true Sea, and true Bull ye would weene.

Shee seem'd still backe vnto the land to looke,
And her play-fellowes ayde to call, and feare
The dashing of the waues, that vp she tooke
Her daintie feet, and garments gathered neare:
But (Lord) how she in euery member shooke,
When as the Land she saw no more appeare,
But a wilde wildernes of waters deepe:
Then gan she greatly to lamент and weepe.

Before the Bull she pictur'd winged Loue,
With his yong brother Sport, light fluttering
Vpon the waues, as each had been a Doue;
The one his bowe and shafts, the other spring
A burning Teade about his head did moue,
As in their Sires new loue both triumphing:
And many Nymphes about them flocking round,
And many *Tritons* which their hornes did sound.

And round about her worke she did empale
With a faire border wrought of sundry flowres,
Enwouen with an Iuie-winding trayle:
A goodly worke, full fit for kingly bowres,
Such as Dame PALLAS, such as Enuie pale,
That all good things with venemous tooth deuoures,
Could not accuse. Then gan the Goddesse bright
Her selfe likewise vnto her worke to dight.

She

She made the storie of the old debate,
Which she with NEPTVNE did for *Athens* try:
Twelue Gods do sit around in royall state,
And IOVE in midst with awfull Maiestie,
To iudge the strife between them stirred late:
Each of the Gods by his like visnomie
Eathe to be knowne; but IOVE aboue them all,
By his great lookes and power Imperiall.

Before them stands the God of Seas in place,
Clayming that sea-coast Citie as his right,
And strikes the rocks with his three-forked mace;
Whenceforth issues a warlike steed in sight,
The signe by which he challengeth the place;
That all the Gods, which saw his wondrous might,
Did surely deeme the victorie his due:
But seldome seene, foreiudgement proueth true.

Then to herselfe she giues her *Aegide* shield,
And steel-head speare, and morion on her hedd,
Such as she oft is seene in warlike field:
Then sets she forth, how with her weapon dredd
Shee smote the ground, the which streight forth did (yield
A fruitfull Olyue tree, with berries spredd,
That all the Gods admir'd; then all the storie
She compast with a wreathe of Olyues hoarie.

Emongst these leaues she made a Butterflie
With excellent deuice and wondrous slight,
Fluttring among the Oliues wantonly,
That seem'd to liue, so like it was in sight:
The veluet nap which on his wings did lie,
The silken doune with which his backe is dight,
His broad outstretched hornes, his ayrie thies,
His glorious colours, and his glistering eyes.

Which when ARACHNE saw, as ouerlaid,
And mastered with workmanship so rare,
She stood astonied long, ne ought gainesayd,
And with fast fixed eyes on her did stare,
And by her silence, signe of one dismaid,
The victorie did yeeld her as her share:
Yet did she inly fret and felly burne,
And all her bloud to poysonous rancor turne.

That shortly from the shape of womanhed,
Such as she was when PALLAS she attempted,
She grew to hideous shape of dryribed,
Pined with griefe of folly late repented:
Eftsoones her white streight legs were altered
To crooked crawling shanks, of marrowe empted,
And her faire face to foule and loathsome hewe,
And her fine corpes to a bag of venim grewe.

This cursed creature, mindefull of that olde
Infested grudge, the which his mother felt,
So soone as CLARION he did behold,
His hart with vengefull malice inly swelt;
And weauing straight a net with many a fold
About the caue, in which he lurking dwelt,
With fine small cords about it stretched wide,
So finely sponne, that scarce they could be spide,

Not any damzell, which her vaunteth most
In skilfull knitting of soft silken twine;
Nor any weauer, which his worke doth boast
In diaper, in damaske, or in lyne;
Nor any skild in workmanship embost;
Nor any skild in loupes of fingring fine,
Might in their diuers cunning euer dare,
With this so curious net-worke to compare.

Ne doe I thinke, that that same subtile gin,
The which the *Lemnian* God framde craftily,
MARS sleeping with his wife to compasse in,
That all the Gods with common mockerie
Might laugh at them, and scorne their shamefull sin,
Was like to this. This same he did apply,
For to entrap the careless CLARION,
That rang'd each where without suspicion.

Suspicion of friend, nor feare of foe,
That hazarded his health, had he at all,
But walkt at will, and wandred to and fro,
In the pride of his freedome principall:
Little wist he his fatall future woe,
But was secure, the liker he to fall.
He likest is to fall into mischaunce,
That is regardless of his gouernaunce.

Yet still ARAGNOLL (so his foe was hight)
Lay lurking couerly him to surprise.
And all his gins that him entangle might,
Dresst in good order as he could deuise.
At length, the foolish Flie without foresight,
As he that did all danger quite despise,
Toward those parts came flying carelessely,
Where hidden was his fatall enemy.

Who seeing him, with secret ioy therefore
Did tickle inwardly in euery vaine,
And his false hart fraught with all treasons store,
Was fill'd with hope, his purpose to obtaine:
Himselfe he close vpgathered more and more
Into his den, that his deceitfull traine
By his there being might not be bewraid,
Ne any noyse, ne any motion made.

Like as a wily Foxe, that hauing spide,
Where on a sunny banke the Lambes doe play,
Full closely creeping by the hinder side,
Lyes in ambushment of his hoped pray,
Ne sturreth limbe, till seeing readie tide,
He rusheth forth, and snatcheth quite away
One of the little yonglings vnawares:
So to his worke ARAGNOLL him prepares.

Who now shall giue vnto my beauie eyes
A well of teares, that all may ouerflow?
Or where shall I find lamentable cryes,
And mournfull tunes enough my griefe to show?
Help O thou tragick Muse, me to deuise
Notes sad enough, t'expresse this bitter throw:
For loe, the drerie stownd is now arriued,
That of all happines hath vs depriued.

The

The luckless CLARION, whether cruell Fate,
Or wicked Fortune faultless him misled,
Or some vngracious blast out of the gate,
Or AEOLES raine perforce him droue on hed,
Was (O sad hap and houre vnfortunate!)
With violent swift flight forth caried
Into the cursed cobweb, which his foe
Had framed for his fiall ouerthroe.

There the fond Flie entangled, strugled long,
Himselfe to free thereout; but all in vaine.
For striuing more, the more in laces strong
Himselfe he tide, and wrapt his winges twaine
In lymie soares the subtill loupes among;
That in the ende he breathlesse did remaine,
And all his youthly forces idly spent,
Him to the mercy of th'auenger lent.

Which when the griesly tyrant did espy,
Like a grimme Lyon rushing with fierce might
Out of his den, he seized greedily
On the resistless prey, and with fell spight,
Vnder the left wing strooke his weapon slie
Into his hart, that his deepe groning spright
In bloody streames forth fled into the aire,
His bodie left the spectacle of eare.

FINIS.

VISIONS OF THE WORLDS VANITIE.

(*_*)

1

ONe day, whiles that my daily cares did sleepe,
My spirit, shaking off her earthly prison,
Began to enter into meditation deepe
Of things exceeding reach of common reason;
Such as this age, in which all good is geason,
And all that humble is and meane debaced,
Hath brought forth in her last declining season,
Griefe of good minds, to see goodnesse disgraced.
On which when as my thought was throughly placed,
Vnto my eyes strange showes presented were,
Picturing that, which I in mind embraced,
That yet those sights empassion me full nere.
Such as they were (faire Lady) take in worth,
That when time serues, may bring things better forth.

2

In Summers day, when PHOEBVS fairely shone,
I saw a Bull as white as driuen snowe,
With gilden hornes embowed like the Moone,
In a fresh flowring meadow lying lowe:
Vp to his eares the verdant grasse did growe,
And the gay flowres did offer to be eaten;
But he with fatnes so did ouer-flowe
That he all wallowed in the weedes downe beaten,
Ne ear'd with them his daintie lips to sweeten:
Till that a Brize, a scorned little creature,
Through his faire hide his angry sting did threaten,
And vext so sore, that all his goodly feature,
And all his plentious pasture nought him pleased:
So by the small, the great is oft diseased.

3

Beside the fruitfull shore of muddy *Nile*,
Vpon a sunnie banke outstretched lay
In monstrous length, a mightie Crocodile,
That cramd with guiltless blood, and greedy pray
Of wretched people trauailing that way,
Thought all things lesse then his disdainfull pride.
I saw a little Bird, call'd *Tedula*,
The least of thousands which on earth abide,
That forst this hideous beast to open wide
The griesly gates of his deuouring hell,
And let him feede, as Nature doth prouide,
Vpon his iawes, that with blacke venime swell.
Why then should greatest things the least disdaine,
Sith that so small so mightie can constraine?

4

The kingly Bird, that beares IOVES thunder-clap,
One day did scorne the simple Scarabee,
Proud of his highest seruice, and good hap,
That made all other Fowles his thralls to bee:
The silly Flie, that no redresse did see,
Spide where the Eagle built his towring nest,
And kindling fire within the hollow tree,
Burnt vp his young ones, and himselfe distrest;
Ne suffred him in any place to rest,
But droue in IOVES owne lap his egs to lay;
Where gathering also filth him to infest,
Forst with the filth his egs to fling away:
For which when as the Fowle was wroth, said IOVE,
Lo how the least the greatest may reproue.

5

Toward the Sea turning my troubled eye,
I saw the fish (if fish I may it cleepe)
That makes the sea before his face to flie,
And with his flaggy finnes doth seeme to sweepe

The

The fomie waues out of the dreadfull deep,
The huge Leuiathan, dame Natures wonder,
Making his sport, that many makes to weepe:
A sword-fish small him from the rest did sunder,
That in his throat him pricking softly vnder,
His wide Abysse him forced forth to spewe,
That all the sea did roare like heauens thunder,
And all the waues were stain'd with filthy hewe.
Heereby I learned haue, not to despise,
What-euer thing seemes small in common eyes.

6

An hideous Dragon, dreadfull to behold,
Whose backe was arm'd against the dint of speare,
With shields of Brasse, that shone like burnisht gold,
And forkhed sting, that death in it did beare,
Stroue with a Spider, his vnequall peare:
And bad defiance to his enemie.
The subtill vermin creeping closely neare,
Did in his drinke shed poyson priuilie;
Which through his entrailes spreading diuersly,
Made him to swell, that nigh his bowels burst,
And him enforst to yeeld the victorie,
That did so much in his owne greatnes trust.
O how great vainenesse is it then to scorne
The weake, that hath the strong so oft forlorne!

7

High on a hill a goodly Cedar grewe,
Of wondrous length, and straight proportion,
That farre abroad her daintie odours threwe,
Mongst all the daughters of proud Libanon,
Her match in beautie was not any one.
Shortly, within her inmost pith there bred
A little wicked worme, perceiu'd of none,
That on her sap and vitall moysture fed:
Thenceforth her garland so much honoured
Began to die, (ô great ruth for the same)
And her faire locks fell from her loftie head,
That shortly bald, and bared she became.
I, which this sight beheld, was much dismay'd,
To see so goodly thing so soone decay'd.

8

Soone after this, I saw an Elephant,
Adorn'd with bells and bosses gorgeously,
That on his backe did beare (as batteilant)
A gilden towre, which shone exceedingly;
That he himselfe through foolish vanitie,
Both for his rich attire and goodly forme,
Was puffed vp with passing surquedry,
And shortly gan all other beasts to scorne.
Till that a little Ant, a silly worme,
Into his nosthrills creeping, so him pained,
That casting downe his towres, he did deforme
Both borrowed pride, and natiue beautie stained.
Let therefore nought that great is, therein glory,
Sith so small thing his happinesse may varie.

9

Looking farre forth into the Ocean wide,
A goodly ship with banners brauely dight,
And flagge in her top-gallant I espide,
Through the maine sea making her merry flight:
Faire blew the wind into her bosome right;
And th'heauens looked louely all the while,
That she did seeme to daunce, as in delight,
And at her owne felicitie did smile.
All suddainly there cloue vnto her keele
A little fish, that men call *Remora*,
Which stopt her course, and held her by the heele,
That winde nor tide could moue her thence away.
Strange thing me seemeth, that so small a thing
Should able be so great an one to wring.

10

A mightie Lyon, Lord of all the wood,
Hauing his hunger throughly satisfide,
With pray of beasts, and spoile of liuing blood,
Safe in his dreadlesse den him thought to hide:
His sternesse was his praise, his strength his pride,
And all his glory in his cruell clawes.
I saw a Waspe, that fiercely him defide,
And bad him battaile euen to his iawes;
Sore he him stung, that it the blood forth drawes,
And his proud hart is fild with fretting ire:
In vaine he threats his teeth, his tayle, his pawes;
And from his bloody eyes doth sparkle fire;
That dead himselfe he wisheth for despight.
So weakest may annoy the most of might.

11

What time the Romane Empire bore the raine
Of all the world, and florisht most in might,
The Nations gan their soueraignetie disdaine,
And cast to quit them from their bondage quight:
So when all shrouded were in silent night,
The *Galles* were, by corrupting of a maid,
Possest nigh of the Capitoll through slight,
Had not a Goose the treachery bewrayd.
If then a Goose, great *Rome* from ruine stayd,
And IOVE himselfe, the Patron of the place,
Preseru'd from beeing to his foes betrayd,
Why doe vaine men meane things so much deface,
And in their might repose their most assurance,
Sith nought on earth can chalenge long endurance?

12

When these sad sights were ouer-past and gone,
My spright was greatly mooued in her rest,
With inward ruth and deare affection,

To

To see so great things by so small distrest.
Thenceforth I gan in my engrieued brest
To scorne all difference of great and small,
Sith that the greatest often are oppresst,
And vnawares doe into danger fall.
And ye, that read these ruines tragicall
Learne by their losse to loue the lowe degree,
And if that fortune chaunce you vp to call
To honours seat, forget not what you bee:
For he that of himselfe is most secure,
Shall finde his state most fickle and vnsure.

FINIS.

THE VISIONS OF *BELLAY*.

1

IT was the time, when rest soft sliding downe
From heauens hight into mens heauie eyes,
In the forgetfulnesse of sleepe doth drowne
The carefull thoughts of mortall miseries:
Then did a Ghost before mine eyes appeare,
On that great riuers banke, that runnes by *Rome*,
Which calling me by name, bad me to reare
My lookes to heauen, whence all good gifts doe come;
And crying lowd, Loe now behold (quoth hee)
What vnder this great temple placed is:
Loe, all is nought but flying vanitee.
So I that know this worlds inconstancies.
Sith onely God surmounts all times decay,
In God alone my confidence doth stay.

2

On high hills top I saw a stately frame,
An hundred cubits high by iust assize,
With hundreth pillours fronting faire the same,
All wrought with Diamond after Dorick wize:
Nor brick, nor marble was the wall in view,
But shining crystall, which from top to base
Out of her wombe a thousand rayons threw,
One hundred steps of *Afrike* gold's enchase.
Golde was the Parget, and the seeling bright
Did shine all scaly with great plates of gold;
The floore of Iasp and Emeraude was dight.
O worlds vainenesse! Whiles thus I did behold,
An earthquake shooke the hill from lowest seat,
And ouerthrew this frame with ruine great.

3

Then did a sharped spyre of Diamond bright,
Ten feet each way in square, appeare to mee,
Iustly proportion'd vp vnto his hight,
So farre as Archer might his leuel see:
The top thereof a pot did seeme to beare,
Made of the metall which weall doe honour,
And in this golden vessell couched weare
The ashes of a mightie Emperour.
Vpon foure corners of the base were pight,
To beare the frame, foure Lyons great of gold;
A worthy tombe for such a worthy wight.
Alas! this world doth nought but grieuance hold.
I saw a tempest from the heauen descend,
Which this braue monument with flash did rend.

4

I saw raysde vp on Iuorie pillowes tall,
Whose bases were of richest metalls warke,
The chapters Alablaster, the fryses crystall,
The double front of a triumphall Arke:
On each side purtraid was a Victorie,
Clad like a Nimph, that wings of siluer weares,
And in triumphant chayre was set on hie,
The auncient glory of the Romane Peares.

No

No worke it seem'd of earthly craftsmans wit,
But rather wrought by his owne industry,
That thunder-darts for IOVE his sire doth fit.
Let me no more see faire thing vnder sky,
Sith that mine eyes haue seene so faire a sight
With suddaine fall to dust consumed quight.

5

Then was the faire *Dodonian* tree farre seene,
Vpon seauen hills to spread his gladsome gleame,
And Conquerours bedecked with his greene,
Along the banks of the *Ausonian* streame:
There many an auncient Trophee was addrest,
And many a spoyle, and many a goodly show,
Which that braue races greatnes did attest,
That whilome from the *Troyan* bloud did flow.
Rauisht I was so rare a thing to view,
When lo, a barbarous troupe of clownish sone
The honour of these noble boughs downe threw,
Vnder the wedge I heard the tronke to grone;
And since I saw the roote in great disdaine
A twinne of forked trees send forth againe.

6

I saw a Wolfe vnder a rockie caue
Nursing two whelps; I saw her little ones
In wanton dalliance the teate to craue,
While she her neck wreath'd from them for the nones:
I saw her range abroad to seeke her food,
And roming through the field with greedy rage
T'embrew her teeth & clawes with lukewarme bloud
Of the small heards, her thirst for to asswage.
I saw a thousand huntsmen, which descended
Downe from the mountaines bordring *Lombardie*,
That with an hundred speares her flanke wide rended.
I saw her on the Plaine outstretched lie,
Throwing out thousand throbs in her owne soyle:
Soone on a tree vphangd I saw her spoyle.

7

I saw the Bird that can the Sun endure,
With feeble wings assay to mount on hight,
By more and more she gan her wings t'assure,
Following th'ensample of her mothers sight:
I saw her rise, and with a larger flight
To pierce the cloudes, and with wide pinneons
To measure the most haughty mountaines hight,
Vntill she raught the Gods owne mansions:
There was she lost, when suddaine I beheld,
Where tumbling through the ayre in firie fold;
All flaming downe she on the Plaine was feld,
And soone her bodie turn'd to ashes cold.
I saw the fowle that doth the light despise,
Out of her dust like to a worme arise.

8

I saw a riuer swift, whose fomie billowes
Did wash the ground-worke of an old great wall;
I saw it couer'd all with grisly shadowes,
That with black horror did the ayre appall:
There out a strange beast with seauen heads arose,
That townes and castles vnder her brest did coure,
And seem'd both milder beasts and fiercer foes
Alike with equall ruine to deuoure.
Much was I mazde, to see this monsters kind
In hundred formes to change his fearefull hew,
When as at length I saw the wrathfull wind,
Which blows cold storms, burst out of *Scithian* mew,
That sperst these clowdes, and in so short as thought,
This dreadfull shape was vanished to nought.

9

Then all astonied with this mightie ghoast,
An hideous body big and strong I sawe,
With side-long beard, and locks down hanging loast,
Sterne face, and front full of Saturn-like awe;
Who leaning on the belly of a pot,
Pourd forth a water, whose out-gushing flood
Ran bathing all the creakie shore aflot,
Whereon the *Troyan* Prince spilt TVRNVS blood;
And at his feete a bitch-wolfe sucke did yield
To two young babes: his left, the Palme-tree stout,
His right hand did the peacefull Oliue wield,
And head with Laurell garnisht was about.
Sudden both Palme and Oliue fell away,
And faire greene Laurell branch did quite decay.

10

Hard by a riuers side a virgin faire,
Folding her armes to heauen with thousand throbs,
And outraging her cheekes and golden haire,
To falling riuers sound thus tun'd her sobs.
Where is (quoth she) this whilome honored face?
Where the great glory and the ancient praise,
In which all worlds felicitie had place,
When Gods and men my honour vp did raise?
Suffis'd it not that ciuill warres me made
The whole worlds spoyle, but that this Hydra new,
Of hundred HERCVLES to be assaid,
With seauen heads, budding monstrous crimes anew.
So many NEROES and CALIGVLAES
Out of these crooked shores must daily raise?

11

Vpon an hill a bright flame I did see,
Wauing aloft with triple point to skie,
Which like incense of precious Cedar tree,
With balmie odours fill'd th'ayre farre and nie.
A Bird all white, well feather'd on each wing,
Hereout vp to the throne of Gods did flie,
And all the way most pleasant notes did sing,
Whilst in the smoake she vnto heauen did stie.
Of this faire fire the scattered rayes forth threw
On euerie side a thousand shining beames:

When

When sudden dropping of a siluer dew
(O grieuous chance) gan quench those precious flames;
That it which earst so pleasant sent did yeld,
Of nothing now but noyous sulphure smeld.

12

I saw a spring out of a rocke forth rayle,
As cleare as Crystall gainst the Sunny beames,
The bottome yellow, like the golden grayle
That bright PACTOLVS washeth with his streames;
It seem'd that Art and Nature had assembled
All pleasures there, for which mans hart could long;
And there a noyse alluring sleepe soft trembled,
Of many accords more sweet then Mermaids song:
The seates and benches shone of Iuorie,
And hundred Nymphes sate side by side about;
When from nigh hills with hideous out-cry,
A troupe of Satyres in the place did rout,
Which with their villaine feet the streame did ray,
Threw downe the seats, and droue the Nymphs away.

13

Much richer then that vessell seem'd to bee,
Which did to that sad *Florentine* appeare,
Casting mine eyes farre off, I chaunst to see,
Vpon the *Latine* Coast herselfe to reare:
But suddenly arose a tempest great,
Bearing close enuie to these riches rare,
Which gan assaile this ship with dreadfull threat,
This ship, to which none other might compare.
And finally the storme impetuous
Sunke vp these riches, second vnto none,
Within the gulfe of greedy *Nereus*.
I saw both ship and mariners each one,
And all that treasure drowned in the maine:
But I the ship saw after raisd againe.

14

Long hauing deeply gron'd these visions sad,
I saw a Cittie like vnto that same,
Which saw the messenger of tydings glad;
But that on sand was built the goodly frame:
It seem'd her top the firmament did raise,
And no lesse rich then faire, right worthie sure
(If ought heere worthy) of immortall dayes,
Or if ought vnder heauen might firme endure.
Much wondred I to see so faire a wall:
When from the Northerne coast a storme arose,
Which breathing furie from his inward gall
On all, which did against his course oppose,
Into a clowde of dust sperst in the aire
The weake foundations of this Cittie faire.

15

At length, euen at the time, when MORPHEVS
Most trulie doth vnto our eyes appeare,
Wearie to see the heauens still wauering thus,
I saw TYPHAEVS sister comming neare;
Whose head full brauely with a morion hidd,
Did seeme to match the Gods in Maiestie.
She by a riuers banke that swift downe slidd,
Ouer all the world did raise a Trophee hie;
An hundred vanquisht Kings vnder her lay,
With armes bound at their backs in shamefull wise;
Whilst I thus mazed was with great affray,
I saw the heauens in warre against her rise:
Then downe she striken fell with clap of thonder,
That with great noyse I wakte in sudden wonder.

FINIS.

M.