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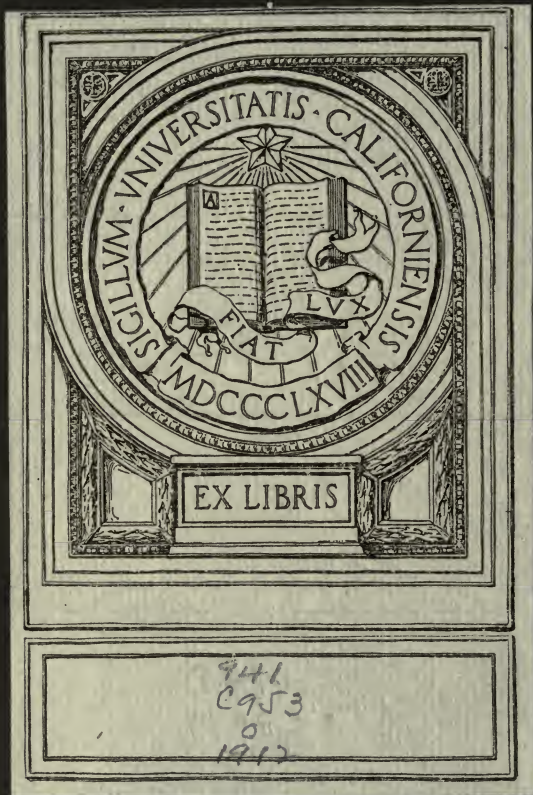
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AN ORIGINAL CANTO OF
SPENCER

Design'd as Part of his Fairy
Queen, but never Printed.
Now made Publick, By Nestor
Ironside, Esq;
London; M.DCC.XIV.

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ARTHUR H. NASON, PUBLISHER
UNIVERSITY HEIGHTS, NEW YORK CITY
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MAIN

A N

Original Canto

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S P E N C E R :

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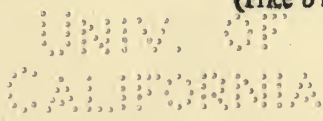
Ficta Voluptatis causa sint proxima Veris. Hor.



L O N D O N ;

Printed for A. BALDWIN near the Oxford-Arms in
Warwick-Lane. M.DCC.XIV.

(Price 6 d)





T H E
P R E F A C E



Am not insensible with what Reason the following Piece of Spencer's will be suspected to be spurious, if a true and fair Account be not first given of it. I am therefore to inform the Reader, that my Great Grandfather, Sir Caleb Ironside, was a Schoolfellow and intimate Acquaintance of Mr. Spencer's. There are Traditions in the Family of many concurring Circumstances that very much tend to the Confirmation of this Assertion: As, that the Poet communicated all his Writings to Sir Caleb, before he made them Publick; whether out of Compliment to an old Friend, or because he thought his Judgment really good, I can't say. It is further said, that the Author, out of Raillery, us'd to call him Talus; there being some Affinity of the Name of the one to the Person of the other.

Upon rummaging my Father's Study, after his Death (I remember I was then but of two Years standing in the University) among other Family-Reliques, I found several Sonnets and Pastorals, written by Sir Caleb; one of which describes a Summer's Evening prettily enough, where Spencer is introduc'd under the Title of Colin, walking and talking with him upon the Banks of the Mulla

A 2

iii

in Ireland; near which, a considerable Part of the Estate of the Ironsides then lay. One Stanza, of which Pastoral runs thus :

See, gentle Colin, Silver Mulla weeps,
 And wets the dewy Shore when you lament ;
 And eke her plaining Stream in silence sleeps,
 If you but smile her Pleasure to augment :
 Thy powerful Pipe, O lovely Shepherd's Boy,
 Can tune insensate Floods to Grief or Joy.

From a dusty heap of this antiquated Poetry, I drew the following Canto; which I found a little disfigur'd with Interpolations and Amendments, all seeming to be written by the same Hand. At the end of it was written, in Sir Caleb's Hand; This is my dear Friend and Schoole-fellow, Munne Spencer's own Hand-writing; but never imprinted, because not approved of by him, though I think it inferiour to none of his Allegories. This Observation I my self further made: on the Margin was written in a small Character by the Author himself; Memorandum, To relate Mother Hubberd's Tale in Verse, if it pleaseth God to recover me from my Fever. From whence I conclude, that this Canto was written in the Time of that Fever; and must therefore take the Liberty to dissent from Sir Caleb, in averring that I think it inferiour to all his other Allegorical Writings: which doubtless was one Reason why the Author rejected it. Several Parts of it seem to be written with an unusual Flatness, with a languid faint Spirit the Author at other times was a Stranger to: and several of the Alexandrines, at the Close of the Stanza's, were undoubtedly breath'd out in the Height of a Phrenzy. - But be that as it will, we may see by his differ-
ring

ring a little from the Thred of his History as it now stands, that it could not be made a Part of it, though probably so design'd when first drawn. For though all the Persons here mention'd, but one, are introduc'd by him somewhere or other, yet he never represents them under such Circumstances. It seems rather that he revers'd his first Design; for he has made Arthegall to be enthrall'd by Rädigund, who is set at liberty by Britomart, inform'd of his Captivity by Talus: and Burbon and Flourdelis are brought in, in the Eleventh Canto of the Fifth Book, as suing to Arthegall for Succour, after a very bumble and peaceable manner. Why the Author chang'd his first Design, it is none of my Business to enquire.

I need make no Apology for publishing and obliging the World with any thing written by so celebrated a Person as England's Arch-Poet Spencer; though I foresee how ill it will be relished in this Age, where the Stile will be thought obsolete, and the allegorical way of writing has been so long disus'd. Who all the Persons are he would have hinted at in those Times, it is hard to tell; though the Vices which he aims at are very conspicuous: nor is it improbable, but he might have it in his Mind to dissuade Posterity, by this Example, from suffering the Liberties of their Constitution to be infring'd by the pretended Zeal of insinuating Traitors. God forbid we should ever stand in need of such a Precaution.

I shall further inform the World, that among some Verses made in praise of the Author, and publish'd at the end of his Works in the Edition I have, is a Copy subscribed Hobynoll, which I have by me in Sir Caleb's Hand, no doubt of his composing; who also seems to be introduc'd in his Pastorals under that Title, as Colin's most intimate Friend. I must own, I was prevail'd upon with no
small

Small Importunity to make this Publick; but the Obligations I have to those Gentlemen who persuaded me to it, will more than excuse me: I shall shortly, at their instances, and according to the Welcome this Piece of Antiquity meets with, publish the Poems of the Ironsides, written upon divers Subjects, by Men of different Ages and Genius's; being persuaded they will appear with no disagreeable Confusion in a Miscellany. For you must know, all the Ironsides have had some smattering of Poetry more or less; or at least have pretended to it. There the Reader shall be entertain'd with the fashionable Flourishes of every Age, from the Ballad of Sidrophel Ironside, in the Reign of Henry the Fourth, to the Satyr of Nestor Ironside, Esq; in the Time of Charles the Second.

I shall only assure the Reader, that what I have or shall publish, is done with a sincere Design to inform and please him, who is at liberty to turn it to Instruction or Ridicule, as he thinks fit. Though I must warn him not to censure the present Fragment, unless he knows himself to be well acquainted with Spencer, and his manner of writing: for whoever pretends to find fault before he can give his Reasons for it, will shew either his Ill-Nature or Ignorance; and expose himself much more than his

Humble Servant,

NESTOR IRONSIDE.



A N

Original CANTO, &c.

*Archimage with his Hell-hounds foul
Doth Britomart enchain :
Talus doth seek out Arthegall,
And tells him of her Pain.*

1.



AIR Liberty, bright Goddeſs, Heavenly-born,
So high eſteem'd by ev'ry living Wight ;
O how depreſt with Thraldom and with Scorn
Are they who want thy kind reſreſhing Light ?

How, when we're baniſht from thy lovely Sight,
Sitting in Clouds of Darkneſs evermore,
Wrapt up in Errors of eternal Night,
Do we, with deep ſurrounding Sorrows fore,
In vain our wretched State with diſmal Cries deplore ?

2. In

2.

In this sad Plight behold fair *Britomart*,
 Alas! we must awhile with-holden see
 By that false *Archimago's* cunning Art,
 By whom fair *Una* could misleaden be:
 In vile Enchantments all excelled He,
 And whosoever dar'd him to oppose,
 Soon fell, or swiftly did before him flee;
 Or else to them he gave a magick Dose,
 By which they calmly slept, and sildom more arose.

3.

This noble Maiden, whose avenging Spear
 So many Tyrant Enemies had slain;
 Whose very Name had fill'd all Hearts with Fear,
 Whose very Sight had caused erst much Pain,
 In many a Castle fair, and many a Plain;
 Of Life forlorn, or Liberty more sweet,
 Was now bereft, (O foul ignoble Stain!)
 By one vile Caitiff whom too well I weet,
 Ere he came near she mote lay sprauling at her Feet.

4.

But she with *Talus*, Groom to *Arthegall*,
 In quest of Fame was pacing on her Way ;
 Ne dreamt she then of any Harm at all,
 Nor saw from whom she might expect a Fray :
 When He, in shape of Palmer old and gray,
 Dissembling, her approacht ; in his left Hand
 He held an artificial Bough of Bay,
 And in his right he wav'd a taper Wand,
 While thus his cunning Speech in comely wize he scan'd.

5.

I humbly crave the Cause (said he) fair Knight,
 Why in this Land, where nought but Peace should dwell,
 You thus appear yclad in Armour bright,
 Right fully bent some lusty Foe to quell,
 When here are none but Friends that mean you well :
 Let me advize to quit your fierce Intent,
 And banish Discord to its native Hell ;
 Me here the Princes of this Land have sent
 To offer Terms of Peace and happy Agreement.

B

6. With

6.

With modest Semblant thus he fram'd his Tong;
 But *Britomartis* prudently foresaw
 That his difsembled Words intended Wrong,
 Lifting her into deadly Snares to draw;
 And thus she spoke in Words commanding Aw.
 Full well I know what Peace is to be found
 In *Paynim* Country, where withouten Law
 Ungentle Knights by force of Arms are crown'd,
 And exercise their baleful Tyranny around.

7.

By Breach of Publick Faith and guileful Art
 Full many a noble Knight they have undone;
 By crafty Sleight they ever play their Part,
 But never ought by worthy Valour wone.
 These therefore (false old Man) must be my Foe;
 On them I strait-way will just Vengeance reek,
 On them, who Justice yet have shew'd to none;
 These are the Rebels which I ever seek,
 With sharpen'd Steel of my avenging Lance to streak.

8. This

[11]

8.

This said, she onward spur'd her mettled Steed,
 And in her Rest coucht well her glittering Spear,
 And faithful *Talus*, her Commands to reed,
 With yron Flail beside her ran full near,
 So that she mought no living Mortal fear.
 Whereat the *Carle* enrag'd now bolder grew,
 His Magick Wand aloft he gan uprear,
 And after her with secret Speed he flew,
 And stroke her so, ah Gods! the Wound she'l ever rew.

9.

For soon as she th' enchanting Touch did feel,
 The Life-Blood faded in her youthful Cheek,
 Her crested Helm and Sword, of temper'd Steel,
 Did into Thousand Pieces crumbling break,
 Ne could she with her Tongue her Ailment speak.
 Down from her lofty Steed she trembling fell,
 And on the Earth's cold Bosom lay so meek,
 Who erst could Knights and sturdy Giants quell,
 Before this sad Mishap so sodain her befell.

B 2

10. As

10.

As when some purple Flowre bedecks the Fields,
 With Gold enameld, interwove with Green,
 Which through the Air its dewy Odours yields,
 Fit to perfume the Bosom of some Queen ;
 (So fair a Flowre I trow is fildom feen,)
 Yet, when the blasting Mildew's dreary Bane
 With noisom Breath infects the Welkin sheen,
 Its colourd Leaves no longer then remain,
 But droop and fade away, and die along the Plain.

11.

So faded *Britomartis*, fairest Flowr ;
 Her ample Spear beside her useles lay,
 Her foltring Spright in that accursed Hour
 Was damp't with deadly Shame and fore Dismay :
 Which cruel Sight did *Talus* quight affray,
 And filld his Senses with Abashment great,
 So that with eager Hast he fled away,
 Ne stayd with that Villain *Chorle* to treat,
 Who toward him came with angry Looks and bitter Threat.

12. Tho

12.

Tho when he had the Virgin thus at will,
 He seized first her Spear and Shield so bright ;
 Yet thus despoild of Arms he nould her kill,
 Sith Death is sweet to the enslaved Wight,
 Who with his Freedom foregoes all Delight :
 In Bondage her he meaned for to keep,
 That she might make some Sport for *Paynim* Knight,
 Who would rejoyce to see her wail and weep,
 Emprisoned full close in Dungeon dark and deep.

13.

The Trophies won in many a Battle fair
 (Foul Sight to see!) the Villein undertrod,
 And shone away her golden curled Hair
 Befeceming well to grace some heav'nly God :
 Her dradded Plumes that whilom wont to nod,
 And from her Crest shone like the Ev'ning Star,
 Languidly faded, sturk with that same Rod,
 Whose influencing Vapours from afar
 Shed Pestilence, and all that seemed fair did mar.

14. With

14.

With Witchcraft vild he then enwrapt her round
 In magick Chains of many a mazie Fold,
 And to a chalky Cliff fast backward bound,
 Expos'd to sunny Heat and frory Cold;
 Torment too bitter ever to be told.
 Ah warlike Maid! who sees thy sad Estate
 With Eyes that can from trickling Tears with-hold?
 What hostile Breast so fraught with deadly Hate,
 But must lament thy Lot, and pity thy hard Fate?

15.

Yet not content with this his cruel Deed,
 The false Enchaunter aggravates her Pain
 With taunting Words that make her Heart to bleed;
 And thus he frames his Speech with light Disdain:
 Small need has Knight thus guarded to complain;
 What Fear of Harm while I thus watchful stand?
 Then banish from your Mind all Sorrows vain,
 For by the Powr of this Almighty Wand,
 I can approaching Dangers far away command.

16. And

16.

And as a Proof of this my Courtesie,
 Which is not feignd, but real and most trew,
 A trusty Legion shall be placed nie,
 Of Courage stout, a goodly seeming Crew,
 To reed your high Behests as is most dew.
 With that a bugle Horn he strait-way wound,
 Whose shrilling Musick through the Welkin flew,
 So that remotest Parts mote hear the Sound,
 Which through Hills, Vales and hollow Rocks went ecchoing round.

17.

Estrfoons an ugly and deformed Brood,
 That with their hideous Yellings rent the Sky,
 Forth issued swiftly from the neighbour Wood,
 And round the captivd Nymph gan loudly cry;
 Such Hell-hounds nere were seen by mortal Eye.
 Some few like *British Bull-dogs* stern and stout,
 But most like fawning *Spaniels* low did ly,
 And meanly to the Wizard's Motions lout,
 Performing what he would when so he cast about.

18. Yet.

18.

Yet they not all obeyd his curfed Meed,
 But on chafte Innocence fome Pity took ;
 Thofe *Bull-dogs* ftout of goodly *Britifh* Breed
 With Treachery fo foul could never brook,
 Ne bear on injur'd Goodnefs thus to look.
 To free fair *Britömart* they fiercely ftrove,
 (Sith Vertue never is by all forfook)
 And joyning all their Forcé in common Drove,
 They vow'd her iron Chains and Fetters to remove.

19.

Which when the crafty *Archimago* faw,
 Afraid left now his wretched Work should fall,
 He gins a new devized Scheme to draw,
 And ties his Hounds in Couples feveral,
 That he might ftill be Soverain over all:
 The gen'rous *Cur*, and *Spaniel* bafe of Blood,
 Were linkt together in one fervile Thrall,
 That thofe who ftill his Meaning underftood,
 By hanging back might hinder Thefe from doing good.

20. Thofe

20.

Those honest *Hounds* endeavour'd still full *fair*
 To work the forlorn Maiden's Liberty;
 Striving with knawing Teeth to wranch the *Chain*,
 Which did her tender Limbs to th' Rock upry:
 But these the baser *Whelps* with yelling cry
 Bet off: and still as they approched near,
 Perversely drew their collar'd Necks awry,
 So that they mought not see that Virgin dear,
 Ne pity her sad State, nor dread *Complainings* hear.

21.

For this their Office good, the Sorcerer
 Forth from a *Wallet* which beside him hung,
 Threw many gobbet *Offals* of good Cheer,
 Which they devour'd with Cries that loudly rung,
 And wagg'd their *Tails*, and lilled out their *Tung*:
 Yet when his *Bags* of Carnage empty grew,
 And to their greedy *Jaws* he all had flung,
 The unjust *Carle* provokt the goodly *Few*,
 Till from their inly *Maw* their *Loads* they did upsew.

C

22. Which

22.

Which when the other *Hell-dogs* did espy,
 With much fell Ravin and fierce Greedines,
 They lapt up that same Filth that near did ly,
 And rent and tore, and yell'd without Redrefs,
 Joying they mote the others thus opprefs.
 And to aggrate their magick Lord the more,
 Who much delighted in such Wickedness,
 They deaf't their Ears with foul outrageous Rore,
 And filthy Poifon belcht, of which they had much Store.

23.

Thereat the others, mov'd with fell Despight,
 Their noble Blood high-fswelling in their Heart,
 Would have ytern the Sorcerer outright
 For playing this so villeinous a Part,
 At which for very Grief their Soul did smart:
 Ne could the *Hell-dogs* stop their furious Heat,
 Perdie nor *Archimago* with his Art;
 For they impetuous grinn'd a ghastly Threat,
 And with their sharpen'd Fangs the Mongrils off did beat.

24. O

24.

O now fair *Britomartis*' Sprite returns
 With shining Glimpse of Hope's reviving Light,
 The purple Blood within her pale Cheeks burns ;
 Once more her Eyes she opens sparkling bright,
 That erst enshadow'd lay in darksome Night :
 Swift-flying Joy orespreads her lovely Face,
 When she beheld that unexpected Sight,
 And merry Transport with beſeeming Grace
 Breaks forth ; ſure Tokens of her great illuſtrious Race !

25.

Like as when *Phæbus*, crown'd with golden Beams,
 Through mirky Clouds that veil the Firmament,
 His unrefiſted Fulgour brightly ſtreams,
 And clears the Sky with Vapours overhent :
 So the bright Flames that from her Eyes were ſent
 Diſſip'd a radiant Glory all around,
 And 'eas'd the Pain of her ſad Captivement,
 Who lay, with many a ſore and bitter ſound,
 Faſt lockt with iron Fetters to the ſtony Ground.

C 2

26. Ah

26.

Ah hapless Maid! Fate's firm and fix'd Decree
 Awhile withstands thy growing Happiness;
 And who so strong to conquer Destiny,
 Or the Resolves of Heaven to repress?
 That wily Man, who wrought thy Wretchedness,
 Can stubborn Sprites and griesly *Gorgons* tame;
 Albe thy Prowess far excels, nathless
 If he his dark mysterious Charms but name,
 Loud Storms roar through the Sky, and shake Earth's solid Frame.

27.

Soon as this Tumult bad the Wizard saw,
 Which like a swelling Torrent fiercely rold,
 And great Destruction on him seem'd to draw;
 Yet he undaunted stood and ever bold,
 Counting them one by one their Number told;
 To know how many did against him fight,
 And eke how many with him seem'd to hold,
 That he from thence mought work his Guiles aright,
 And on th' Offenders execute his fell Despight.

28. Musing

28.

Musing a-while with stiddy serious Look,
 He nodded to and fro in pensive Mood ;
 Then with his all-bewitching Staff he strook
 The hollow-sounding Lay on which he stood ;
 The quaking Earth trembled full many a Rood.
 Eftsfoons, the Glebe dividing, there upsprung
 Six Couple more of that same Mongril Brood,
 Who prostrate lickt his Feet with fawning Tong,
 Then kennelled themselves the other Pack emong.

29.

As when old *Nilus* with his fatning Wave,
 Oreflows the fruitful Plains of *Egypt*'s Lond,
 His slimy Streams the flowry Meadows lave,
 Manuring als the dry and barren Sond
 With Mud, that overspreds the delug'd Strond :
 Soon as the ebbing Stream sinks down again,
 Strange Births emong the teeming Clods are fond ;
 Unheard of Monsters fright the rural Swain,
 And half-form'd Bodies rear their Heads above the Plain.

30. So

3

So this unlookt for Product quite affrayd
 Th' avenging Spirit of that angry Crew,
 And damp't the Hopes of the reviving Maid,
 Whose Sorrows now afresh gan to renew,
 At this so dreadfull and astounding View :
 For now the Magick Wight, with his base Herd,
 Could all the rest full easily subdew,
 Ne to afflict them furiously he spar'd ;
 So that his threatfull Look and Rage by all was fear'd.

31.

Then with his Horn again he loudly fung,
 And blew the Sound aloft into the Air,
 That Woods and lowly Dales full widely rung,
 And many a Lake and many a River fair :
 Eftsoons there forward came a comely Pair,
 On stately pacing Coursers mounted high,
 Who in their Gate Majestick Prowess bare ;
 The Knight in *Pynim* Land bore Sovereignty,
 The Lady was his Leman fair, and rode him by.

32. He

32.

He was, I ween, the Great *Sir Burbon* hight,
 Whom late fair *Bristomartis* did defeat ;
 A bloody, murderous and abhorred Knight,
 Who All with Rage despighteous did entreat,
 To rise in Fame, and make his Empire great :
 Him the false *Archimago* did enshroud
 (Fav'ring with wondrous Art his base Retreat)
 Envelop't safe within a Sable Cloud,
 Else had he scant appear'd so blythe and vainly proud,

33.

Yet she, that valiant Maid, had first bereft
 The Heathenish Tyrant of his blazon'd Shield,
 And certes would his *Paynim* Skull have cleft,
 Or made him with full low Obeysance yield,
 But that enshrowded thus Fear wingy-heel'd
 Him bore far off, ne durst he venture more
 Gainst *Bristomart* his Coward Sword to wield :
 Who on his guilty Corse had struck full fore,
 And bath'd his brazen Arms in Streams of Purple Gore.

34. But

34.

But at his Friend old *Archimago's* Call,
 He soon yode forth to feize the wonted Pray,
 For well he wote some wretched Wight in Thrall,
 He had entrapt on that fame craggy way,
 Withouten Blows, or Dint of bloody Fray :
 Tho when he saw his latest dradded Foe,
 On stony Rock disarm'd and cast astray,
 For sodain Joy his Fear he did foregoe,
 And grenn'd aloud at *Britomart's* heart-breaking Woe.

35.

Yet such a Dread of his late bleeding Smart,
 And foul Reproches ignominious Stain,
 Sate deep engraven in his fearfull Heart,
 That he nould venture her too near again,
 So well him warned had his former Pain :
 But smiling on the Treachour stood aloof,
 And casting forth his vaunting Speeches vain,
 Upbraided her with villainous Reproof,
 And Slaunder heap'd on Slaunder, as was his Behoof.

36. So

36.

So when the wyly Spider has beset
 Some gallant Wasp, bedeckt with scales of Gold,
 Enwrappen in his thinly-woven Net,
 The strugling Fly he firmly doth with-hold,
 Who still for Freedom plies both fierce and bold :
 So that his Foe dares not approche him near,
 Though close within the winding Clew enroll,
 But from his rankling Sting keeps alway clear,
 And at his fluttr'ing Motions trembles aye for Fear.

37.

So *Britomartis*, though in Fetters bound,
 That wicked Coward's Courage did affray,
 That when her Visage stern she moved round,
 His thrilling Heart was fill'd with fore Difmay :
 Yet softly creeping up he did assay
 His captive Shield from by her side to take,
 And with light Heels it nimbly bore away
 For *Flourdelis* his dearest Ladies sake,
 Whose Portraiture thereon the Workman erst did make.

D

38. Yet

38.

Yet not that Lady which beside him rode
 Was *Flourdelis*, but fair *Romania* hight,
 Who drew her boasted Lineage from some God,
 And deem'd her self greater than mortal Wight:
 She many Lovers had of *Paynim* Knight,
 But chiefly with Sir *Burbon* chose to wonne,
 Who All affayld to kill in bloody Fight,
 And Thousand wretched Mortals had undone,
 That would not leave their Loves, and worship her alone.

39.

Upon a wanton Mule she proudly fate,
 Clad in white Robes, enfring'd with Crimfon Red:
 Gold, Pearls and Diamonds in mighty State,
 Her whole Attire did gayly overspred;
 A triple Coronet adorn'd her Head.
 And as she past in haughty Surquedry,
 Like some great Queen thus richly garnished,
 Where-ere she cast her supercilious Eye,
 All with low Adoration down on Earth did lye.

40. Fast

40.

Fast by her Side there ran a youthful Squire,
 Who did with humble Duty on her wait,
 Joying he mote her beauteous Form admire ;
 To whom Sir *Burbon* promised had late
 Him to advance to Knighthood's fair Estate :
 And now with *Archimago* gan devize,
 His vainly fond Ambition to aggrate,
 In *Britomartis* Armour to disguise,
 Who seem'd his Peer to be in Height and shapely Size.

41.

So gan they soon her Armoury unbrace,
 Who lay afloat through Force of magick Art,
 And on that youthful Squire it tried to place,
 Who thereat woxe right blythe and glad in Heart ;
 Yet nould the Armour fit in any Part :
 Which, made for *Angela* the Saxon Queen,
 Did only well befeem fair *Britomart* ;
 Ne ever was, ne ever will, I ween,
 Be worn by fairer Wight, sith fairer maynt be seen.

D 2

42. The

42.

The Tresses which adown her shoulders fell,
 And veild her snowy Neck with comely Shade,
 Which finest golden Wyre did far excell,
 By skillfull Art of crafty Goldsmith made,
 The Sorcerer shore off with *Burbon's* Blade,
 And on his Helmet placed, him to grace:
Romania next with Menacings affayd
 To make her idolize her strumpet Face,
 And all by turns aggriev'd her in this wretched Case.

43.

What iron Breast so hard that can endure
 To work such Spight on Vertuous Innocence?
 Or dare to violate, with Hands impure,
 A Nymph so full of courteous Complacence?
 O may the righteous Gods, that recompense
 With Vengeance due the Guilt of Sinners foul,
 Dart Thunder at their Heads of Wrath incense!
 May flashing Clouds with forked Lightning scowl,
 While *Fiends* and Hell-born *Furies* round the *Miscreants* howle!

44. But

44.

But let us leave awhile this Damzell fair,
 Detain'd by *Paynim* Foe in bitter Thrall;
 And listen further, while I here declare
 How she was free-ed by Sir *Arthegall*,
 Whilom espoused in her Father's Hall:
 Sage *Merlin's* cunning Art had thus foreshown,
 Though the true Knight she nere had seen at all;
 Absent he in the magick Glafs was shown,
 And what the Destinies decree shall sure be done.

45.

That sturdy yron Man bold *Talus* hight,
 Whom *Archimago* had affrayed so,
 With wondrous Speed fought out this valiant Knight,
 Where he was warring against *Paynim* Foe,
 In Tilt and Giufft with many a deadly Blow:
 Eftsoons to him he told the doleful State
 Of *Britomartis* over-whelm'd with Woe;
 Wishing him strait, ere Tyde might be too late,
 To hie with him, and snatch her from the Jaws of Fate.

46. Straie

Strait without Word or Answer forth he bent
 Along as trusty *Talus* him did guide,
 In Might and matchless Arms right fully bent
 To free his Love, and quell the *Paynim's* Pride :
 That Wight must needs be one Day glorified,
 Who against lawless Powre and tortious Wrong,
 With fierce Avengement gallantly does ride.
 Thus *Arthegall*, prickt inly, staid not long
 From his Love's Lore ; fit Matter for another Song.

F I N I S.



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