





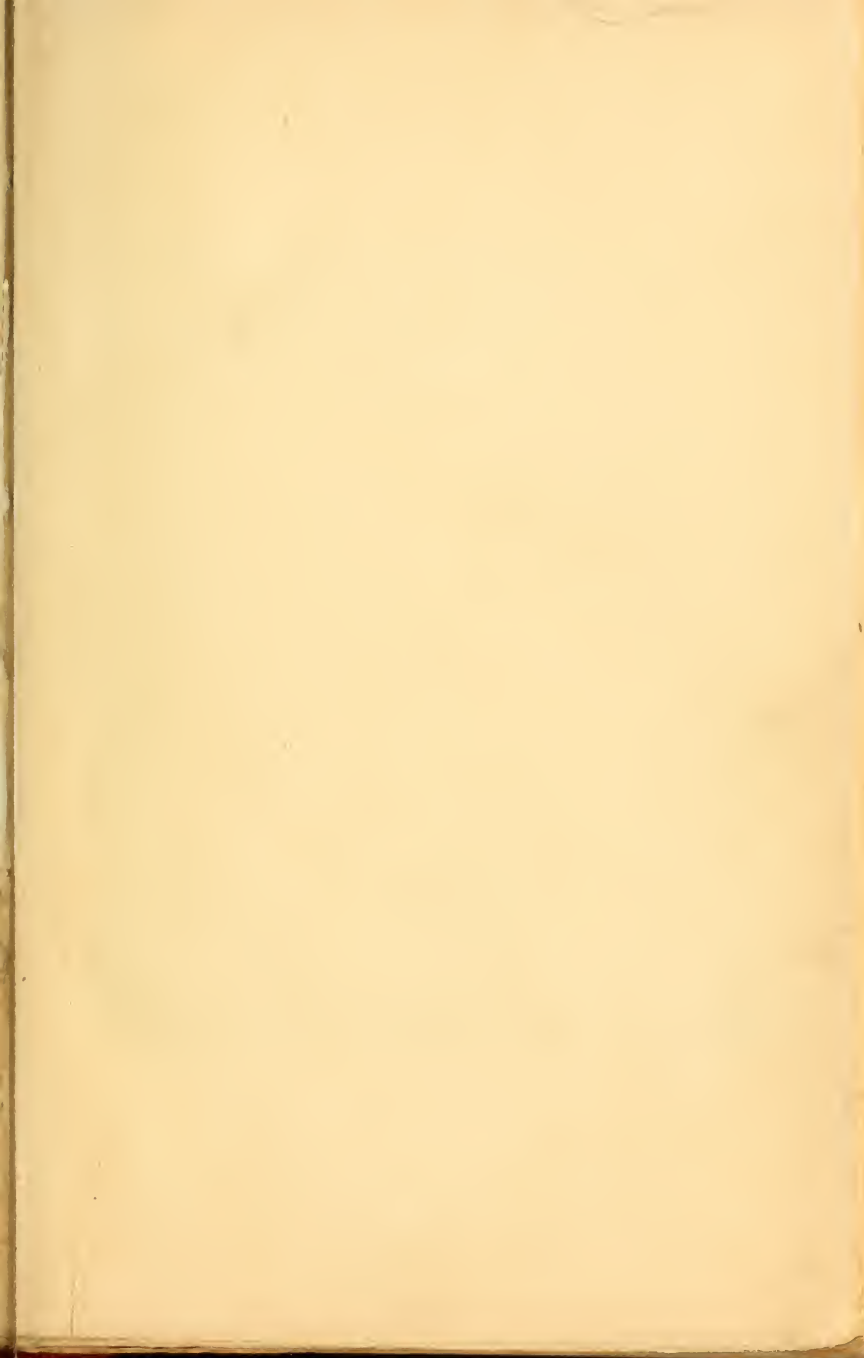




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THE FAERIE QUEENE







EDMUND SPENSER.

THE
FAERIE QUEENE

BY
EDMUND SPENSER

WITH AN INTRODUCTION

BY
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INTRODUCTION.

OF Spenser, more than of most other famous writers, it may be plausibly said that he needs no introduction. Not only has a great mass of criticism been heaped upon his works — although he has apparently fared better in this respect than his three compeers, Chaucer, Shakespeare, and Milton — but it is entirely superfluous to say a word in his favor to his admirers, and almost a forlorn undertaking to try to win over to him unappreciative or totally indifferent and neglectful readers. Like his greater disciple, Milton, Spenser suffers from the defects of his qualities; and, perhaps even more than in the case of *Paradise Lost*, the reading public, so far as his greatest work, *The Faerie Queene*, is concerned, contents itself with that method of sampling which is to a poet almost as much an insult as an involuntary tribute. His *Epithalamion* and his *Prothalamion* are familiar to lovers of poetry, but nothing that he wrote has the currency of Milton's so-called Minor Poems. Hence, in the popular mind, Spenser is less near in order of eminence to Shakespeare's throne than Milton is, perhaps less near than Chaucer — although, more probably, through his archaic diction, he is usually grouped with Chaucer in a relationship of vague and antiquated greatness.

When a truly great poet is placed in such a position, his upholders become as a rule all the more intense in their devotion and, in proportion, scornful of the taste and critical capacity of the large world of readers. And nearly always neither party is wholly wrong or wholly right; indeed, it is fairer to say, each party has a good deal of right and truth on its side. In the case of Spenser, no idealist, no sensitive lover of ethereal beauty, no reader endowed with an ear trained to delight in the subtlest melodies and most exquisite harmonies, no dreamer enamored of the stately and romantic past, no willing prober of allegories and symbols, and, above all, no soul in love with essential purity can possibly remain indifferent to the appeal made by the poet and, to a considerable degree, by the man. For any reader, falling to a fair extent under these categories, to know Spenser at all thoroughly is to love him deeply.

But idealists, symbolists, ethereal natures, and readers trained to enjoy the subtlest poetic harmonies are, and have always been, rare. This is a work-a-day world actuated by a rather overpowering sense of the real. The Middle

Ages developed in what was after all a very limited class of men and women, a taste for allegory ; but the great national dramas killed allegory, and this beneficent result was really involved in the invention of printing and the consequent widening of the reading public, as well as in the recovery from classical times of better literary models. When Spenser decided, against Gabriel Harvey's advice, to abandon the writing of comedies and to continue the composition of *The Faerie Queene*, he probably made no mistake, so far as concerned his own genius and the world's profit ; but he unwittingly took his hand from the latch of the gate opening into the future. The gate he opened and entered admitted him into the past ; but his good genius led him along a path that speedily emerged into the enchanted meads and vales of Faeryland. Shakespeare, on the other hand, without Spenser's advantages of training and connections, but perhaps profiting from his predecessor's choice, opened the gate of the future. He too at times strayed into Faeryland, but never for long. Hence it is that Shakespeare continues to make an increasingly triumphant progress down the highway of time, while Spenser pursues his enchanted wanderings. It would be rash to undertake to determine which fate is the more enviable.

It is just as easy to account for the interest taken in Spenser by scholars as to account for the devotion of his admirers and the comparative neglect of the large public. He was the first poet of sustained eminence produced in England for nearly two centuries after Chaucer's death. He was the first poet to profit in full measure from the Renaissance, from the great Italian masters and from their less successful but still important French followers, from the labors of Wyatt and Surrey, and from the admirable but not sufficiently esteemed beginnings made by Sackville. He added to the rich color and melody of Southern poetry not merely the "high seriousness" and philosophic depth of the best Greek classics, but the profound spiritual sincerity and the sense for the mysterious and the symbolic characteristic of the Teutonic genius. He was in many respects a marvellously full and ripe product of the Renaissance, but he was also a product of the Protestant Reformation, yet at the same time an exponent of many of the finest ideals of the Middle Ages. In him cohere to a remarkable degree the interest attaching to the survivor and that attaching to the pioneer. When in addition to these facts we remember that Spenser was an important figure in the most brilliant and picturesque age of English history and literature, that he was the contemporary of Sidney and the predecessor of Marlowe and Shakespeare, that he was as clearly, although not so eminently, supreme in narrative, idyllic, philosophical, and loftily lyrical poetry as Shakespeare was in the drama, and that he was the master of an important group of seventeenth-century poets, including the brothers Fletcher and William Browne and culminating in Milton, we should be prepared to wonder not that so much scholarly study has been devoted to Spenser and his works, but that he has not attracted an even larger number of editors and critics. Nor do these considerations take into account the interest Spenser's language, affectedly and factitiously archaic though it often is, must possess for philologists, or that far less commendable interest that attaches to the endeavor to solve such problems as who the Rosalynd of

INTRODUCTION.

Two Cantos of Mutabilitie" were discovered and given to the world in the year 1609; yet few critics, with the exception of Aubrey De Vere, have done noble cantos justice.¹

But our question has not been altogether answered. *The Faerie Queene* probably not interesting throughout to any one, — what long poem is? many will ask, — but at least one reader has found himself confessing at the end that there is enough sheer interest in the poem to make him wonder at Spenser's richness of invention. Passages that drag do occur with some frequency, but requires all the beauty of the marriage of the Thames and the Medway to give one hope for the triumphs of art one finds in the fifth and sixth books that

Nor is flagging of invention the only drawback. Confusion worse confounded results not merely from the fact that the central conception of the poem is understood only from Spenser's letter to Raleigh, but also from his having borrowed from Ariosto the trick of taking up and dropping his threads of narrative into separate adventures, in order, apparently, to pique a reader's curiosity. This confusion is enhanced by mistakes made by the poet in consequence, it would appear, of lapses of memory. Worse still at times seems the mixture of the ideal and of realistic elements — of allegory intended to elevate the souls of men and of allegory devised to flatter Elizabeth, Leicester, and Lord Grey of Wilton. The adventures of knightly heroes with dragons and proud Paynim foes do not harmonize with thinly veiled descriptions of actual combats waged by Henry IV. and Philip II., much less with a partisan impeachment of Mary Queen of Scots and a grotesquely falsified version of Leicester's campaign in the Low Countries. Yet in all deductions have been made, it seems not impossible to forget that one is reading an allegory, and to interest one's self in the fortunes of nearly all Spenser's characters, even if one does not quite hold one's breath when a dragon or some other monster gets a hero-knight into a decidedly uncomfortable predicament.

Yet, why dwell on this matter of interest when *The Faerie Queene* has so much that is higher and better to yield us? Is it not, with the possible excep-

¹ In *Macmillan's Magazine*, Vol. XLII., Mr. Sebastian Evans argued that by 1596, the date of the collected "Sixe Bookes," Spenser had changed his mind as to the scope of his poem, and that the "Two Cantos of Mutabilitie" and the two stanzas were not intended to be incorporated in *The Faerie Queene*. The first contention is completely disposed of by Dr. Grosart (Vol. I., Appendix U), but the second point is left open for argument. Certainly it is hard to see how Spenser could have worked two cantos into the scheme of his poem, and it is clear that in no other cantos are they so completely separated from human actors — from the brilliant knights and heroes in whom Spenser's imagination took such delight. Practically the best way to treat the Cantos is to regard them, in Mr. Evans's words, "as one of the noblest independent poems of the noblest age of English poetry." But do not the lines that open the thirty-seventh stanza of the first canto almost settle it that Spenser intended to join these cantos to the main poem? —

"And were it not ill fitting for this file

To sing of hilles and woods mongst warres and knights."

Besides, each canto is provided with the slightly doggerel epitome that is found before the first canto of *The Faerie Queene*. Yet, after all, it is perhaps more important to note the plain influence of the "Two Cantos" on Keats's *Hyperion*.

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The Shepherd's Calendar was, or what obscure court intrigue glancing at in this or that canto of *The Faerie Queene*.

But while it is not necessary to commend Spenser's poetry either to select readers, and while it would be futile to commend it in it will ever be truly popular, it does seem worth while to combat it when read in any quantity his verse is necessarily tedious. This lent notion, combined with the idea that Spenser's archaisms made difficult to understand, doubtless renders the naturally contracted great poet's admirers still more contracted. The doubt is periodic: whether any one can read all that we have of *The Faerie Queene* the sake of being able to say one has read it, or for some other absurd reason. People quote Macaulay's phrases about being in at the Blatant Beast without being aware, any more than he seemingly by a formidable monster made his escape, and is, for aught we know, the world. Lovers of Spenser, of course, reply by enlarging upon fortunate experiences among the enchanted if tangled thickets allegory, but they generally encounter a polite scepticism.

The chief cause of this divergence of opinions seems to lie in detractors of *The Faerie Queene* demand that it should interest its lovers are satisfied with being charmed and ennobled by it. They may trust Schopenhauer, are the more philosophical, since it is more than interest that we should demand of a true work of art. But difficult to read a comparatively short poem like the *Prothalamion* only, it is difficult to set aside the demand for interest in the case of a poem consisting of one or more narratives, whether or not these allegorical in character. In other words, Spenser was unwittingly hurt when he began his poem with the line:—

“A gentle knight was pricking o'er the plain.”

Another sort of pricking immediately became inevitable—that is, of ears. A narrative, whether in prose or verse, at once suggests a story suggests the craving for interest.

Is *The Faerie Queene* interesting? As a whole, it appears. Some readers cannot follow the wanderings of Una and the Red Knight to their successful issue. Others can do this and can even manage to Guyon until he overthrows the Bower of Bliss, although it may whether many of these, in gratitude for the great seventh canto of Cave of Mammon, are able to finish the tenth canto with its “Chronicle of Kings, From Brute to Uthers rayne.” Those who finish the second probably trust themselves to embark upon the third—“The Legend of Martis, or of Chastity”; and there seems to be no special reason should not survive the uneven fourth book, and the better-knit fifth books containing, as the latter do, respectively the lofty legend of his Iron Man, Talus, and the lovely cantos describing the passion of the fair Pastorella. Readers who leave the Blatant Beast ranging “the world againe” ought to be sufficiently initiated Spenserians to be dis-

tion of *Comus*, the purest of English poems? Is it not the most continuous stream of fluid melody ever poured into the ears of men? Is there in English a poem fuller of descriptive power, varied, copious, and charming? Is there a poem more truly philosophical, yet at the same time more completely the product of a sustained poetic imagination? Finally, is there any other long poem in English that comes nearer than *The Faerie Queene* to the consummate art of *Paradise Lost*?

The answers to most of these questions are scarcely matters of debate. The exquisite purity of Spenser's entire poetical work and of his own character has long been admitted. Una is the quintessence of purity, but she has many almost equally spotless rivals. Spenser's knights are not suffered to escape the temptations of lust, nor is their creator insensible to fleshly charms; but it may be safely said that there is only one stanza in the long poem to which even the most prurient prude would be likely to raise objections. Whether the poem is not almost too pure, just as it is almost too sweet in its melodies and too uniformly fair and romantic in its coloring, is another matter. Perhaps the atmosphere of *The Faerie Queene* is too rarefied for many people, and perhaps this is the reason why Spenser has long appealed especially to poets and been known as "the poet's poet."

To enlarge upon the philosophical depth of Spenser's poetry, particularly of *The Faerie Queene* and of the four *Hymns*, would require both an entire essay and the assurance that one could add something to Mr. De Vere's excellent treatment of the subject. It must suffice to say that Spenser's poetry is as steeped in Platonism as it is in the more specifically literary spirit of the classics and the Renaissance. Here again may be found a reason for his failure to appeal to more or less realistic and positivistic readers like Byron, but surely the catholic mind should be receptive to his lofty idealism. The "sage and serious" teacher whom Milton set above professed philosophers has a message for this and for every generation, although he has not the power of the Ancient Mariner to compel attention. Nor is his teaching by any means always veiled in allegory. It is often brought out by his characters and by their actions as effectively as though he were really a dramatist or a novelist, and there is scarcely a canto that does not open with a stanza weighted with noble thought.

As for the sustained perfection of Spenser's poetic art in the broadest sense of the term, it is obvious that dogmatic assertions should be avoided; yet it is equally obvious that, on the whole, critical opinion has placed him among the major poets of our tongue, and that this is never done save in the case of poets who are also sustained artists. It is Spenser's sustained art that places him with Shakespeare and Milton and Chaucer and separates him from Wordsworth and Byron and Shelley. That he is inferior in the totality of his powers to Shakespeare no one doubts. That he is inferior to Milton no one will doubt who gives due weight to the verdict of time or to the claims of sublime and succinct as compared with exquisite and diffuse art. For that Spenser is diffuse and often lacking in finish and, on the whole, gentle, pure, lovely, rather than sublime, in spite of the power displayed in the description of the Cave of Mammon, seems indisputable. That the deficiencies of his work from the point of view of humor,

archness, and vivid realistic power of characterization and description have tended to place him below Chaucer in poetic rank seems equally indisputable. Yet one may well refuse to institute invidious comparisons between such great masters, or may hold that neither Chaucer nor Shakespeare is Spenser's equal as a uniform, sustained, conscious artist.

But the far from inconsiderable body of Spenser's lesser writings demands attention. His prose tract on Ireland and his letters may be dismissed, not because they are not valuable or interesting, but because Spenser is for readers of to-day primarily a poet. Of his minor poems, if the phrase be applicable, doubtless the most important to the student is *The Shepherd's Calendar*. This was not the first English pastoral in point of time, but it was the first that made Englishmen feel that they possessed something in this once popular form not only equal or superior to anything of the kind that Italy or France could boast of, but actually worthy of comparison with the similar work of Virgil. Besides, it was the first English poem since the days of Chaucer, with the possible exception of Sackville's *Induction*, that indicated poetic mastery, especially in rhythm, on the part of its writer. It was at once and long popular, and exercised considerable influence upon the Spenserians of the seventeenth century. Take it all in all, it is still probably the best collection of pastorals in our literature, and retains not a little of its charm, although those modern readers who fail to take deep interest in discussions as to the state of the church carried on in rustic language by clerics disguised as shepherds are not very greatly to blame. It is even conceivable that some persons may find the chief interest of the poem, outside the fables of the Oak and the Briar and the Fox and the Kid, to lie in the proofs it gives of Spenser's varied and admirable power as a metrist, and that others may prefer to study it in connection with the work of Spenser's predecessors, especially of Marot, who may not, after all, be so completely our poet's inferior as some have thought.

A nobler and a wider appeal is made by those two supreme lyrics of their elaborate kind, the *Epithalamion* and the *Prothalamion*. The rapture of approaching fruition and the awe that accompanies the contemplation of idealized perfection have apparently never been so perfectly blended by any other English poet as they have been by Spenser in his pæan for his own wedding. In outward form his poem was Italian, in substance and spirit it was the expression of his own loyal and ecstatic soul. Less of compelling rapture but more of artistically presented objective beauty is probably to be found in the *Prothalamion* which gains upon its companion poem in succinctness and perhaps in certain peculiar triumphs of cadence. Yet, after all, to prefer the *Prothalamion* to the *Epithalamion* is much like preferring the moon to the sun.

As compared with these two splendid luminaries, Spenser's *Amoretti* seem to constitute a sort of Milky Way. There is no time to compare his peculiarly constructed sonnets with the numerous rival sonnet-sequences of the epoch. They are obviously inferior to Shakespeare's, and just as obviously they yield no such impressive single poems as every admirer of Sidney can recall. They are excellent and sometimes more than excellent, but, as a whole, they scarcely seem to form a constellation of lyric stars. Whether as a sequence they

rank above or below Sidney's may be a matter of doubt; it is scarcely doubtful that both Drayton and Joshua Sylvester have single sonnets to their credit, neither of which would be exchanged by some readers for any of Spenser's sonnets.

As an elegist Spenser is not eminently successful, as readers of *Daphnida* and *Astrophel* will probably admit. It is hard to see why in the latter poem he did not succeed better, in view of the fact that he had Sidney for a subject. It should be remembered, however, that this Elizabethan paragon is the subject of two exquisite lines:—

"Most gentle spirite, breathed from above
Out of the bosome of the makers blis"

in *The Ruines of Time*, a poem that contains some noble stanzas on the power of poetry to immortalize, and helps to convince the capable reader that nothing of Spenser's can safely be slighted.

Of the poems that remain briefly to be noticed that excellent combination of a satire and a beast fable, *Mother Hubberd's Tale*, has perhaps received most commendation from the critics. It undoubtedly deserves high praise, and may be profitably compared with certain eclogues in *The Shepherd's Calendar*. Its excellence should not, however, make us forget the descriptive power displayed in *Virgil's Gnat* and in that remarkable creation of pure fancy, *Muiopotmos*, which suggests comparison with Shelley's *Witch of Atlas*. But better than these and fuller of true poetry than *Mother Hubberd's Tale* is *Colin Clout's Come Home Againe*, perhaps the most remarkable example in English of the blending, upon an extensive scale, of occasional and familiar with essential poetry. If it were only a tribute of friendship from Edmund Spenser to Sir Walter Raleigh, it would be notable; we should be glad to possess it if it gave us only the brilliant and interesting picture of Elizabeth's court; but in addition it is full of pastoral beauty, and it contains a fairly superb picture of a gallant ship breasting the waves. It is a poem that no lover of poetry can afford to neglect, and one of its lines,

"Is Triton blowing loud his wreathed horne,"

suggests the thought that Wordsworth, who loved *Una* and *The Faerie Queene*, must have read other poems of Spenser's with delight and profit.

Only one group of important lyrics remains to be mentioned—the four *Hymns* in honor of Love, of Beauty, of Heavenly Love, and of Heavenly Beauty. These for some reason, while dear to a few readers of Spenser, have never seemed to take the rank among his writings that appears to be their due. Perhaps their Platonism is too pronounced, perhaps they are too subtly ethereal, too little appealingly human. Yet it might be plausibly argued that they present the philosophical mind and the equably soaring imagination of Spenser more completely than anything else he ever wrote save only the "Two Cantos of Mutabilitie." However this may be, no student of Spenser can afford to leave the *Hymns* unread, and no lover of literature should with complacency admit the fact that he is not a student of Spenser. For not to study and love such a poet is a misfortune, although only a partisan would proclaim it to be a fault.

W. P. TRENT.

NOTE ON SPENSER'S LANGUAGE AND METRES.

To the student of Chaucer the language of Spenser presents few difficulties, and even the student of Shakespeare is not greatly baffled by it. The general reader is sometimes puzzled, but perhaps more often offended by the curious spelling, and of course has to use a glossary oftener than is consistent with thorough enjoyment of the poetry. But these drawbacks diminish the more one reads, and are, after all, not very serious.

As a matter of fact, Spenser's contemporaries and immediate successors found his language archaic, and doubtless got less pleasure out of his old forms than some of us moderns do, time not having then imparted to them so great an element of quaint charm. He wrote at a period when the language was still in a state of flux, but he fixed his eyes steadily upon Chaucer and the other older writers. He may have saved for us words that would otherwise have been lost, but he did not save himself from the charge of affectation, since in some particulars his contemporaries found him more obscure than he is to us who have profited by some of his archaisms. Daniel hinted at his "aged accents and untimely words," and Ben Jonson charged him with writing "no language." His eighteenth-century readers were outraged by his uncouthness and modernized him; in fact, he had not been dead a hundred years before his ghost appeared as "ancient" to Oldham as Gower's ghost had to Shakespeare. The nineteenth century was more hospitable to his mannerisms, but even so sympathetic a student as Dean Church was forced to declare, "It is not to enrich a language, but to confuse and spoil it, when a writer forces on it words which are not in keeping with its existing usages and spirit, and much more when he arbitrarily deals with words to make them suit the necessities of metre and rime." "He not only revives old words," continues Church, "but he is licentious—as far as we are able to trace the usages of the time—in inventing new ones. He is unscrupulous in using inferior forms for better and more natural ones, not for the sake of the word, but for the convenience of the verse. The transfer of words—adjectives and verbs—from their strict use to a looser one, the passage from an active to a neuter sense, the investing a word with new associations, . . . are, within limits, part of the recognized means by which language, and especially poetical language, extends its range. But Spenser was inclined to make all limits give way to his convenience and the rapidity of his work."

The faults of affectation and haste just charged are serious ones and cannot be refuted. They may be easily illustrated. Spenser uses quite freely the past participle with *y-* as a prefix, *e.g.* *y-paynted*; he has present participles in the Northern and form, *e.g.* *glitterand*; his infinitives often end in *en*, *e.g.* *could tellen*; his plural verbs may end in the same way, *e.g.* *they marchen*; he omits it with an impersonal verb, *e.g.* *seemed for it seemed*; he has antiquated auxiliaries, *e.g.* *mote for might*; *should for would have*; and he uses such old plurals of nouns as *fone*, *foes*, *eyne*, *eyes*. It has been shown that many of Spenser's forms, words, and phrases are from the dialect of Lancashire, but while the employment of these might easily be defended so far as *The Shepherd's Cal-*

endar is concerned, it is difficult to see how their frequent use in Spenser's other works can be viewed in any other light than that of affectation. Too great rusticity is as much a fault as excessive archaism. It may be noted finally that Spenser indulges frequently in Latinisms, in undigested French forms, *e.g. interesse*, in accentuation nearer to that of the French and the older English than to that of his own day, *e.g. parént*, and in almost overabundant alliteration.

With regard to Spenser's metres, full information must, of course, be sought in some treatise on English metrics. Here it must be sufficient to point out the fact that the famous Spenserian stanza used in *The Faerie Queene* is probably the most important metrical invention due to any English poet. For general narrative and idyllic purposes when fluidity, copiousness, picturesqueness — in short, blended effects of charm and power — are required, it is practically without a rival. Exactly how it came to be formed is not clear. If derived from the Italian *ottava rima* by the addition of an alexandrine, as is often suggested, it must have displeased Spenser's ear at first, and caused him to introduce changes in his rhyme-scheme. The rhyme royal so much used by Chaucer is still less likely to have furnished a basis. An eight-lined stanza used by Chaucer with rhymes corresponding to the first eight lines of the Spenserian stanza may have been transformed by the addition of an alexandrine. Spenser had used this very combination of eight rhymes at the beginning of the eleventh eclogue of *The Shepherd's Calendar*, and curiously enough had rhymed the nine following lines in such a way as to form a perfect Spenserian stanza, lacking only the extra foot in the ninth line. But perhaps, after all, the famous stanza was the result of adding an alexandrine to the octave of one of his peculiarly constructed sonnets. However it came into existence, it was a remarkable discovery for English poetry; but it would not be fair to Spenser not to observe that in addition to the great metrical variety and skill displayed in *The Shepherd's Calendar* he must be credited with admirable mastery of the rhyme royal (the *Hymns*), the *ottava rima* (*Virgil's Gnat*), the heroic couplet (*Mother Hubbard's Tale*), as well as of complicated rhyme arrangements based upon Italian models and of sundry peculiarly lyrical stanzas. The original though not altogether satisfactory structure of his sonnets has been already noticed; his *Epithalamion* is almost a strict example of the difficult Italian *canzone*. A negative proof of his metrical superiority to his contemporaries is to be seen in his disdain of the popular and doggerel "poulter's measure." In short, it is only in blank verse and truly singing stanzas that Spenser yields to any of his great rivals, and he cannot be absolutely proved to have attempted the former. But one could fill a long chapter with a discussion of Spenser's metrical and rhythmical achievements, just as one could with a discussion of the fortunes of his famous stanza — its enlargement and spoiling at the hands of Prior, its revival by Thomson, its culmination in the hands of Keats.

BIBLIOGRAPHICAL NOTE.

THE chief editions of Spenser published within the past one hundred years are those by the Rev. H. J. Todd (1805), by George H. Hillard (1839), by Professor F. J. Child (1855), by J. P. Collier (1862, reprinted in the new "Aldine Poets"), by Dr. Richard Morris (with a memoir by Professor J. W. Hales,—the "Globe Edition," 1865), and, most monumental of all, by Dr. Alexander B. Grosart for the Spenser Society (10 vols. 1880–1882). All the above editions are furnished with useful memoirs, Dr. Grosart's amounting to a thick book. To these sources should be added Gabriel Harvey's Letter-book (Camden Society) and his Works (edited by Grosart). The best life is that by Dean Church in the "English Men of Letters" (1879). The fullest study of the works of Spenser is contained in George L. Craik's *Spenser and His Poetry* (3 vols., revised edition, 1871). For the point of view of an eighteenth-century admirer, see Thomas Warton's *Observations on The Faerie Queene* (1752–1762). Various valuable critical essays are contained in Dr. Grosart's edition, notably those by Aubrey De Vere, Professor Dowden, Professor Palgrave, and Mr. Edmund Gosse. Some of these essays have been published separately by their authors, e.g. De Vere's *Essays, Chiefly on Poetry*. In addition, the reader may be referred to the article on Spenser in the *Dictionary of National Biography*, to Lowell's essay (Works, IV.), to Church's (Ward's *English Poets*, I.), to the papers by Professor Wilson (*Blackwood's*, 1834–1835), to Saintsbury's *History of Elizabethan Literature*, to Taine, to Morley's *English Writers* (Vol. IX.), to Hazlitt's *Lectures on the English Poets*, to Sir Walter Scott's *Critical and Miscellaneous Essays*, to J. S. Hart's *Essay on the Life and Writings of Edmund Spenser* (1847), to the Rev. F. D. Maurice's *Friendship of Books*, and for an essay on Spenser's heroines, to Dowden's *Studies and Transcripts*, where his essay on "Spenser the Poet and Teacher," originally contributed to Grosart's edition of Spenser, will also be found. The late Dean Kitchin edited Books I. and II. of *The Faerie Queene* for the Clarendon Press, with a critical apparatus useful to students. The poem entitled "Brittain's Ida," erroneously attributed to Spenser, may be found in Collier's edition and also in Dr. Grosart's edition of the works of Phineas Fletcher.

LIFE OF EDMUND SPENSER.

EDMUND SPENSER marked the beginning of a great national literature for England. He ushered in a group of writers who lifted that country's letters from a commonplace plane to a height which has been unsurpassed during three centuries of continuous literary effort.

After the death of Chaucer—the father of English literature and Spenser's great exemplar—the promise of dawn also passed away, extinguished by the twofold cause of the Wars of the Roses and the rise of the Reformation. But the two centuries of gloom in turn gave way, in the latter part of the sixteenth century, to a splendid burst of new light, with Spenser as its herald. It was the great century of the Reformation, which began with Henry VIII. and ended with Elizabeth; and Spenser's life extended over the latter half of this century—from 1552 to 1599. It was a time marked by a tremendous quickening of the national pulse. Statecraft, conquest, and adventure flourished as never before, and the life of letters also gained new vigor.

Spenser was contemporary with Sidney, Raleigh, and Hooker, while Bacon and Shakespeare were born just ten years later. In France it was the day of Montaigne and Rabelais, while Italy had but recently lost Ariosto and Machiavelli. The literary splendor of these two countries had outshone that of England up to this time, but now met a powerful rival.

The birth-date of Spenser is not a settled point, but varies between 1552 and 1551, with probability inclining to the former year. In Sonnet 60 of his *Amoretti* the poet declared that the year since he had fallen in love (1592) had seemed longer to him "then al those fourty which my life outwent." His life, therefore, began during the closing months of Edward VI.'s reign. His infancy was passed during the bloody days of Queen Mary. And Elizabeth ascended the throne when the future poet was six.

London was his birthplace. For this fact we have the poet's own testimony. In *Prothalamion* he speaks of—

"Mery London, my most kyndly nurse,
That to me gave this lifes first native sourse,
Though from another place I take my name,
An house of auncient fame."

This other place to which Spenser refers is near Burnley in northeast Lancashire. As early as the thirteenth century there was a freehold at Hurstwood, three miles from Burnley, pertaining to a Spenser, and this seems to be the original settlement of the family. The entire house stood well. Sir John Spen-

cer was the poet's cousin, according to Edmund's words in *Colin Clout*, and the later Spencers and Churchills were also allied to this house. In the reign of Elizabeth its head bore the name of Edmund. He died in 1587, having been twice married, and having had a son John by each wife. Both the Johns married, and each had a son Edmund. It is this duality of Johns and Edmunds which has confused biographers in tracing the lineage of the poet. His hereditary connection with the Lancashire district is, however, abundantly corroborated by his dialect.

It is also pretty well determined that his father was John Spenser, "a gentleman by birth," who had removed to London, where he was "a free journeyman" in the "art and mystery of cloth-making" in the service of Nicholas Peele of Bow Lane. There were but two other Spensers in London at this time, and both of them were well-to-do. But since the poet was a beneficiary student in his boyhood, it is probable that this modest tailor was his father. His mother's name was Elizabeth, as the poet himself says in Sonnet 74. His parents were living in East Smithfield—according to Oldys the antiquary—when Edmund was born. He was the oldest child, there being a brother, John, and probably a sister, Sarah.

Edmund's education began at the Merchant Taylor's School. He probably entered it the year it opened, 1561. Nicholas Spenser, a man of considerable wealth, was warden of the company; and Edmund's name is mentioned more than once as having received a part of sums "geven to poor schollers of dyvers gramare scholles," in a bequest of Robert Nowell's. In 1569 he is further mentioned as receiving a gown and entering Pembroke Hall (now College), Cambridge, where he matriculated the 20th of May.

At college Spenser read widely and was a good linguist, delving into Greek, Latin, French, and Italian. Chaucer of his own tongue he studied and ever after loved; while his later writings betrayed easy familiarity with Homer, Theocritus, Plato, Virgil, Cicero, Tasso, Petrarch, Ariosto, Du Bellay, and Marot. Such wide reading places him near Milton, and with Gray and Jonson among the learned English poets.

Spenser's earliest known literary efforts began at college, and took the form of translations from Petrarch and Du Bellay. They were published in *A Theatre for Worldlings*, which appeared in July, 1569. It is probable, therefore, that Spenser had tried his hand at writing even before he went to Cambridge. The *Theatre* itself was a bitter invective against popery, published by one John Van Der Noodt, who had sought refuge in England. The time was the internecine war waged between Pius V. and Elizabeth. The cause of Mary Queen of Scots was in people's minds, and church feeling ran high. It is interesting to note in this connection, the stand taken by Spenser, in writing for a Protestant book, although his translations could not be called polemical. The poet was Puritan in tendency all his life, but lacked the earnestness and enthusiasm which distinguished Milton.

Spenser's name was not identified with the twenty stanzas from Petrarch and Du Bellay published in the *Theatre*. But in 1591 they appeared again, in revised form, in his *Complaynts*.

The young poet made some lasting and influential friends while at college. Among the men he knew were John Still, afterwards Bishop of Bath and Wells; Lancelot Andrews, afterwards famous as Bishop of Winchester; John Young, afterwards Bishop of Rochester and characterized as "the faithful Roffy" in *The Shepheardes Calender*; Thomas Preston; Gabriel Harvey; and Edward Kirke. The last two were especially intimate with him. In later life his correspondence with Harvey brings to light many details of the poet's life. Harvey also introduced him in London, while Kirke edited his *Shepheardes Calender*.

In his college course, as at school, Spenser was assisted by private bequests. He is mentioned several times in the lists and also on the records of illness, which show that he was no richer in health than in worldly goods. But he took his degree of B.A. in 1573 and "commenced M.A." in 1576. His college days passed quietly and busily, although there is some slight ground for believing that his relations with the Pembroke faculty were not always pleasant. Harvey seems to indicate as much in later letters; but Harvey was always a man of moods. Spenser speaks in praise of Cambridge in *Faerie Queene* (Book 4, canto 11), but is silent about Pembroke.

After leaving college, the poet went on a visit to his kindred in Hurstwood. He was then about twenty-four and fixed in his ambition to become a writer. This ambition had been confided to his friends Harvey and Kirke, both of whom encouraged and assisted him. Spenser spent about one year in the north—a memorable year to him, for he fell deeply in love with a "Rosalynd," who, however, disdained his suit. Many attempts have been made to discover the identity of this Rosalynd who wrought such havoc in the poet's heart, one conjecture being that she was a Rosa Dinley. Kirke asserts that she was "a gentlewoman of no mean house." Be that as it may, the spurned lover's grief and despair bore large fruit in *The Shepheardes Calender* of 1579, and lasted until *Colin Clout* in 1591. To Rosalynd he poured forth all his complaints, until he met the Elizabeth, who was more yielding.

During the few months spent in the north after leaving college, his friend Harvey was writing for him to come to London to try his fortune; and to London he went, poor in purse, but rich in wit, just as Shakespeare was to go a few years later. Harvey introduced Spenser to Sir Philip Sidney, himself a literary aspirant, who took a great liking to the young Lancashire writer from the outset, and who introduced him in turn to his uncle, the Earl of Leicester, powerful court favorite and patron of letters. Leicester took Spenser into his household, employing him as a correspondent.

This was in 1579. But Spenser seems to have been in Ireland for a short time before coming to London; for in his *View of the Present State of Ireland* he speaks—as though he saw it—of the "execution of a notable traitor at Limmericke, called Murrogh O'Brien," which occurred in July, 1577. However, he was certainly back in London by October, 1579, for he dates one of his letters to Harvey "Leycester House." His acquaintances in London at this time show him to have been a man of already recognized genius, and he probably moved in the most brilliant society. His friend Sidney, for whom he always had a deep and tender affection, was a mirror of courtesy and breeding. Another friend

was Sir Edward Dyer, who joined him and Sidney with others to form a small literary club called the "Areopagus."

It was in this same momentous year of 1579 that Spenser's first important work appeared. Its title-page was as follows: "The Shepheardes Calender: Conteyning Twelve Æglogues, Proportionable to the Twelve Monethes. Entitled to the noble and vertuous Gentleman most worthy of all titles both of learning and cheualrie, M. Philip Sidney. At London. Printed by Hugh Singleton, dwelling in Creede Lane neere vnto Ludgate at the Signe of the gylden Tunne, and are there to be solde, 1579." The prefatory verse is modestly signed "Immerito." "E. K."—afterwards pretty definitely identified as Kirke—contributed an introductory letter to Gabriel Harvey, commending the *Calender* and defending its archaisms. The twelve Eclogues dealt with Spenser's disappointment in love, church questions, and other topics. The text refers frequently to Chaucer as Tityrus, god of the Shepherds. Queen Elizabeth is alluded to as Fair Elisa; Anne Boleyn, as Syrinx; Kirke, as Cuddie; Harvey, as Hobbinol; and Spenser, himself, as Colin Clout.

The poetic qualities of *The Shepheardes Calender* speedily brought the author into general notice. Sidney mentioned him in his *Apologie for Poetrie*. Other authors of the time also praised him, among them Drayton, who said, "Maister Edmund Spenser has done enough for the immortality of his name had he only given us his *Shepheardes Calender*, a masterpiece, if any."

Nor was this poem his only essay in writing at the period bordering on 1580. He contributed two Letters to a volume published by Bynneman. While from correspondence which passed between him and Harvey, and from editorial notes by Kirke, it appears that Spenser was seeking a publisher for several other works: *Dreames*, *Legends*, *Court of Cupid*, *The English Poet*, *The Dying Pelican*, *Stemmata Dudleiana*, *Stomber*, *Nine English Comedies*, and *Thamesis*. Of these works, *The Dying Pelican*, *Stemmata Dudleiana*, and the *Nine English Comedies*, have perished; if published, no trace of them can now be found. The others were probably changed and introduced into *The Faerie Queene*, which masterpiece was also begun at this time. Spenser was evidently doubtful of his prowess in this new and bold venture, for he sent some of the Ms. to Harvey for criticism. On April 10, 1580, he writes the latter, asking him to return it with his "long-expected judgment" upon it. Harvey replies: "In good faith I had once againe nigh forgotten your *Faerie Queene*: howbeit, by good chaunce, I have nowe sent hir home at the laste. . . . To be plaine, I am voyde of al judgement, if your *Nine Comedies*, whereunto, in imitation of Herodotus, you give the names of the Nine Muses, and (in one man's fansie not unworthily), come not neerer Ariostoes Comedies, eyther for the finenesse of plausible elocution, or the rareness of poetical invention, then that Elvish queene doth to his *Orlando Furioso*. . . . If so be the Faerye Queen be fairer in your eie than the Nine Muses, and Hobgoblin runne away with the garland from Apollo: marke what I saye, and yet I will not say that I thought, but there an end for this once, and fare you well, till God or some good Aungell putte you in a better minde."

But it was not to be expected that Harvey should appreciate *The Faerie Queene*, for it represented a different school from that which he had been

vigorously advocating. He had urged Spenser to cling to hexameter verse, in imitation of Greek and Latin models; and Spenser did make an attempt at this sort of writing, but fortunately gave it up, choosing instead to wander untrammelled in the realms of fancy where he found the true expression of his genius.

Harvey and Spenser stood in interesting contrast with each other and with Shakespeare at this parting of the ways in English letters. Harvey represented the narrow scholasticism which adhered slavishly to accepted cults of other tongues; Spenser broke away from the old schools of style, but wrote in the spirit of the past, and of a chivalry which had nearly vanished; while Shakespeare looked always forward in both thought and expression, thus opening wide the gates leading from mediæval to modern letters. The contrast is all the better seen if one but stops to compare Sidney's *Apologie for Poetrie*, of 1581, and Puttenham's *Treaties*, of 1589, with the magnificent output of ten years later, when Marlowe, Shakespeare, and their brilliant group of dramatists had launched their work. England was no longer the backward literary nation, for whom Apologies and Defences were needed, but the prince and leader of them all.

A decade was to pass, however, before the beginning of Spenser's greatest effort should be seen by the world. Meantime his worldly affairs took an important turn. For two or three years the poet had been under Leicester's patronage, and constantly hoping for some substantial preferment. In October, 1579, he was daily in expectation of being sent to France; but it seems that he did not go. In disappointment he cast about for a new patron, and found him in the person of Arthur, Lord Grey of Wilton, who went to Ireland as its Lord Deputy on August 12, 1580. Spenser obtained a post as secretary with Lord Grey, and went with him to Ireland, where he was to make his home for the concluding eighteen years of his life.

The new Lord Deputy found the country turbulent and riotous, and employed vigorous measures to restore order. He got the reputation for being pitiless, and the Home Government soon grew hostile to his rule. He was recalled in 1582. Spenser, however, upheld his methods and seemed to think that he pursued the right course. But Spenser was never friendly to the Irish. He mentioned Grey with respect in his *View of the Present State of Ireland*, published several years later; and he praised him in *Faerie Queene*, as Artegall, Knight of Justice, met on his return home by the hags Envy and Detraction.

And Grey, on his part, was friendly to his secretary. Spenser's name is on Grey's list of sharers in confiscated lands during the rebellion at Dublin. On March 22, 1581, he was appointed Clerk of Decrees and Recognizances, a position said to have been lucrative. In the same year he leased the abbey and manor of Enniscorthy, Wexford County, but held this only until the end of the year, when he transferred it to a Richard Synot. Later he received a grant of three thousand acres, the manor and castle of Kilcolman, a forfeited estate of the Earl of Desmond, under the Galtee Hills. This became the poet's home after 1586, and it is believed that his sister Sarah kept house for him until he met the Elizabeth of later years. The castle was in a tumble-down condition, but beau-

tifully situated. In 1774 Charles Smith described it in his *History of the County and City of Cork* as follows:—

“Two miles north-west of Doneraile is Kilcoleman, a ruined castle of the Earls of Desmond, but more celebrated for being the residence of the immortal Spenser, when he composed his divine poem, *The Faerie Queene*. The castle is now almost level with the ground, and was situated on the north side of a fine lake, in the midst of a vast plain, terminated to the east by the county of Waterford mountains; Bally-howra hills to the north, or, as Spenser terms them, the mountains of Mole, Nagle mountains to the south, and the mountains of Kerry to the west. It commanded a view of above half the breadth of Ireland; and must have been, when the adjacent uplands were wooded, a most pleasant and romantic situation; from whence, no doubt, Spenser drew several parts of the scenery of his poem.”

The poet's official positions and grants thus afforded him sufficient means and opportunity to continue work on his great poem. In 1588, after having held his appointment as Clerk of Decrees for seven years, he received the office of Clerk to the Council of Munster. In 1589 he pleasantly renewed his acquaintance with Sir Walter Raleigh, whom he had probably met formerly in London. Raleigh visited him at Kilcolman, and was shown the first three books of *The Faerie Queene*. He was delighted. As the poet said in *Colin Clout*,

“He gan to cast great lyking to my lore,
And great dislyking to my lucklesse lot,
That banisht had my selfe, like wight forlore,
Into that waste, where I was quite forgot.”

It will also be seen from this quotation how discontented Spenser had been with life in Ireland. He did not want to be “quite forgot” either at court or in letters. It therefore needed no great urging on the part of Raleigh to get him turned Londonward. Raleigh insisted that he present what he had already done to the queen, and get a publisher for it; afterwards he could bring out further books, while reaping the benefits of the first three.

In October, 1589, Spenser accordingly proceeded to London, where Raleigh presented him to the queen. He found both a royal welcome and a publisher. The latter was William Ponsonby, who brought the poem out in quarto form in 1590. The title-page bore: “*The Faerie Queene*. Disposed into Twelue Bookes, Fashioning XII Morall Vertues.” But, as above stated, only three of the twelve books were printed — those devoted to “Holiness,” “Temperance,” and “Chastity.” The dedication was a sonorous compliment to Queen Elizabeth. This was followed by a prefatory letter to Raleigh; then by six poems of commendation, two being by Raleigh and one by Harvey, who at last saw some good in the work; finally, by seventeen sonnets by the author, addressed to various lords and ladies, one of the former being Lord Grey.

The Faerie Queene met with immediate and widespread favor, especially among the cultured class, for whom it was primarily intended. The reason is not far to seek. Aside from the high merit of the poem, it was, barring *The Shepherdes Calender*, the first sustained effort in poetry for two centuries.

Spenser was hailed on all sides as the great poet of the time. Shakespeare is thought to praise him in *The Passionate Pilgrim*. Thomas Nash — fierce pamphleteer though he was — called him the “heavenly Spenser,” and extolled the “Faerie singer’s stately tuned verse.” Naturally, also, many attacked him for his archaisms and inventions, but praise greatly preponderated. The queen granted him an annual pension of fifty pounds, and, according to some authorities, the poet-laureateship; but this last fact is disputed. A second edition of the poem was published in 1596, and the second three books in 1595.

The great popularity of the first edition of *The Faerie Queene* led the publisher to collect a volume of Spenser’s fugitive shorter poems, entitled *Complaynts* which Ponsonby published, with a brief word of explanation, in 1590. The book contained *The Ruines of Time*, *The Teares of the Muses*, and seven other poems, probably revised efforts of youth, among them *Bellayes Visions* and *Petrarches Visions*, which last two, it will be remembered, were published in different form in the poet’s college days. *The Ruines of Time* bore a dedication to the Countess of Pembroke, and showed that the poem was, in fact, an elegy on the death of Sir Philip Sidney, which occurred in 1586. It also lamented the deaths of Leicester, Warwick, and Walsick, and incidentally brought in strictures on Lord Burghley, a court enemy of Spenser’s. The poet later memorialized his friend Sidney in a short poem, *Astrophel*, which headed a collection of elegies by other hands.

Although Spenser enjoyed his success and the society of his old friends in London, he was disgruntled at his lack of substantial recognition. His pension was meagre — having been cut down from a better figure which the queen had at first decided upon. And he failed in his efforts to secure more congenial employment, either at home or in Ireland. Accordingly, he returned to Kilcolman in 1591. His first poem written after he went back was *Colin Clouts Come Home Againe*, with dedication dated December 27, 1591. It is a vivid description, under fictitious names, of the various litterateurs whose sympathy he had won. Allusion may have been made to Shakespeare under the name of Aetion. The poem was not published till 1595, when it was addressed to his valuable friend Raleigh.

Colin Clout has a personal interest, in that it chronicled the poet’s last sigh for his early love, Rosalynd. Comfort was near at hand. In less than a twelvemonth the lonely bachelor fell in love with a lady by the name of Elizabeth. She was well born, possibly being the daughter of Richard Boyle, first Earl of Cork. But it was only after several more months of weary waiting and heart-sore complainings — which bore good fruit in a series of eighty-eight sonnets — that the lady consented to bless his life. On June 11, 1594, they were married, and the happy event was celebrated by the poet in his *Epithalamion*, one of the loftiest lyrics in literature on this theme.

Meantime, during his courtship, troubles of a more prosaic nature cropped up to harass the poet. He became involved in a lawsuit over some lands with Lord Roche, a neighbor of his, and the judgment went against Spenser.

In 1594 he sent his *Epithalamion* and *Amoretti* to a publisher, and also completed three more books of *The Faerie Queene* — those on “Friendship.”

“Justice,” and “Courtesie,” which were entered by Ponsonby in 1595. Spenser may have made this the occasion for another visit to London. He was on terms of intimacy with the Earl of Essex, then the favorite at court, and it is probable that he would seize every opportunity to mingle with the gentlemen and brilliant literary workers of the day.

The second section of *The Faerie Queene* was even more highly considered than the first. Spenser's position as chief among poets of the day was unquestioned. He was read and quoted on all sides. The first three books went into another printing to supply the demand. England was, in fact, just beginning to realize the richness of her literary era. Marlowe, Shakespeare, and Jonson had presented a group of great plays, and Bacon's *Essays* and Hooker's *Ecclesiastical Polity* were soon to appear.

A single incident will show the prominence of *The Faerie Queene*. In Book IV. — “Friendship,” — the poet dealt unsympathetically with the fate of Mary Queen of Scots, whom he portrayed under the name of Duessa. James VI. of Scotland made this the text of an official complaint to the English ambassador at Edinburgh, as he felt it to be dishonoring to his mother. Bowes, the ambassador, repeated the king's complaint to Burghley, who was never friendly to Spenser, and urged that he be punished. But Essex and other friends of Spenser were powerful enough to protect him.

On November 8, 1596, the two daughters of the Earl of Worcester were married. In honor of this double event Spenser composed his last poem, *Prothalamion*, a companion piece, to some extent, of his *Epithalamion*, and a poem of rare beauty and melody.

About this time also Spenser wrote *A View of the Present State of Ireland*, which circulated to some extent in manuscript form, but was not published until 1633, a long while after his death. This work was in prose, and endeavored to exhibit, dialogue-wise, the unhappy and troubled condition of the country. It was unfriendly, severe, and uncharitable to the Irish, between whom and himself there was never any love lost. Their dislike of him was perhaps only directed to Englishmen in general who held forfeited Irish estates, but it was soon to wreak a heavy vengeance. Though Spenser was one

“ Whom sullein care
Through discontent of my long fruitlesse stay
In princes court and expectation vayne
Of idle hopes which still doe fly away
Like empty shadows, did afflict,”

he still had his quiet estate with its beautiful surroundings. He could not, therefore, be accounted poverty-stricken, though he was undoubtedly a disappointed man. Now, however, he was to lose his home.

He returned to Kilcolman in 1597, and the year following was appointed sheriff of Cork. This was just before a great Irish insurrection — long smouldering — burst forth. Eight thousand clansmen under the leadership of the Earl of Desmond suddenly arose and overran the county of Cork. A panic seized the English officials, and all that could fled. We may be sure that Desmond did not

forget his forfeited estate or its holder. Spenser was surprised, but made a hurried flight from his home to Cork, taking with him his wife and four children. The home was burned to the ground, and Ben Jonson states that one of Spenser's children, evidently a fifth, perished in the flames, — a statement disputed by later authorities. Once at Cork, Spenser wrote the queen concerning the insurrection, urging her to show "these vile caitiffs" the terror of her wrath.

Sir Thomas Norreys (or Norris), President of Munster, drew up an official report of the rebellion, which was intrusted to Spenser to deliver. On December 9, 1598, the poet accordingly returned to London for the last time. He came broken down in health and completely unstrung by all the privations he had undergone. He took to his bed in an inn on King Street, Westminster, where he passed away January 16, 1599. Ben Jonson's story that he died of starvation and that Essex sent him money which was refused is now generally dismissed as not plausible. The two facts alone that he was a court ambassador and had a pension would refute it. But his whole life had been a struggle. Fletcher said, "Poorly, poor man, he lived; poorly, poor man, he died."

He was buried in Westminster Abbey by friends headed by Essex. His grave is at the south transept near Chaucer, the Tityrus whom he had delighted to honor. The queen ordered a monument to be erected over him, but again one of her agents unfriendly to Spenser intercepted her wishes. In 1620 Anne Clifford, Countess of Dorset, paid forty pounds for a monument. It bore the following inscription: "Heare Lyes (Expecting the Second Comminge of our Saviour Jesus) the body of Edmund Spenser, the Prince of Poets in his Tyme, whose divine Spirit needs noe othir Witsnesse then the Works which he left behinde him. He was borne in London in the yeare 1550 [1552] and died in the year 1596 [1599]."

A rumor was current, several years after the poet's death, that the remaining six of the contemplated twelve books of *The Faerie Queene* were burnt or lost during the poet's hurried flight from Kilcolman. But it is unlikely that they were more than begun. Two cantos of one book showed that they were in contemplation only; and these cantos were included with a reprinting of the first six books in 1611.

Spenser's widow married again in 1603, her second husband being Röger Seckerstone. Till a recent day the family of the Spensers could be found in Ireland. The poet was spoken of by Aubrey as being a little man, who wore short hair, little bands, and little cuffs. When a young man, Harvey bantered him on the fullness of his beard. Four reputed portraits of him exist.

His greatest claim to literary homage lies in his influence over succeeding writers. Coleridge, Southey, Scott, Wordsworth, Burns, Campbell, Keats, and Shelley are among the poets representing diverging schools who yet gave allegiance to him. "No other of our poets," wrote Lowell, "has given an impulse, and in the right direction also, to so many and so diverse minds. It was because of this noble trait of suggestion that Lamb bestowed upon him the title by which he is now generally known, of 'the poets' poet.'"



THE FAERIE QVEENE.

DISPOSED INTO TWELUE BOOKS,

FASHIONING

XII. MORALL VERTUES.

TO
THE MOST HIGH, MIGHTIE, AND MAGNIFICENT
EMPRESSE,
RENOWMED FOR PIETIE, VERTVE, AND ALL GRATIOVS GOVERNMENT,
ELIZABETH,
BY THE GRACE OF GOD,
Queene of England, Frabnce, and Ireland, and of Virginia.
Defendobr of the Faith, &c.
HER MOST HVMBLE SERVAVNT
EDMVND SPENSER,
DOTH, IN ALL HVMILITIE,
DEDICATE, PRESENT, AND CONSECRATE
THESE HIS LABOVRS,
TO LIVE WITH THE ETERNITIE OF HER FAME.¹

¹ In the first edition of 1590 the Dedication was as follows:—

To the most Mightie and Magnificent Empresse Elizabeth, by the Grace of God
Queene of England, France and Ireland Defender of the Faith &c.

Her most humble Seruant :

ED. SPENSER.

A LETTER OF THE AUTHORS,

EXPOUNDING HIS WHOLE INTENTION IN THE COURSE OF THIS WORKE : WHICH,
FOR THAT IT GIVETH GREAT LIGHT TO THE READER, FOR THE
BETTER UNDERSTANDING IS HEREUNTO ANNEXED.

To the Right Noble and Valorous

SIR WALTER RALEIGH, KNIGHT,

LORD WARDEIN OF THE STANNERYES, AND HER MAIESTIES LIEFETENAUNT
OF THE COUNTY OF CORNEWAYLL.

SIR, knowing how doubtfully all Allegories may be
booke of mine, which I have entituled the Faery Queene
Allegory, or darke conceit, I haue thought good to
gealous opinions and misconstructions, as touching
ing thereof, (being so by you commanded) to
intention and meaning, which in this booke
without expressing of any particular
sioned. The generall end thereof is, that
or noble person in vertuous actions
shoulde be most plausibly represented
fiction, the which
matter then for
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pourtraict in Arthure, before he was king, the image of a brave knight, perfected in the twelve private morall vertues, as Aristotle hath devised; the which is the purpose of these first twelve bookes: which if I finde to be well accepted, I may be perhaps encoraged to frame the other part of polliticke vertues in his person, after that hee came to be king.

To some, I know, this Methode will seeme displeasaunt, which had rather have good discipline delivered plainly in way of precepts, or sermoned as large, as they use, then thus clowdily enwrapped in Allegoricall devises. But such, me seeme, should be satisfide with the use of these dayes, seeing all things accounted by their shoves, and nothing esteemed of, that is not delightfull and pleasing to commune sence. For this cause is Xenophon preferred before Plato, for that the one, in the exquisite depth of his judgement, formed a Commune welth, such as it should be; but the other in the person of Cyrus, and the Persians, fashioned a governement, 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: whome I conceive, after his long education by Timon, to whom he was by Merlin delivered to be brought up, so soone as he was borne of the Lady Igrayne.

I have seene in a dream or vision the Faery Queen, with whose excellent beautie he awaking resolved to seeke her out; and so being by Timon thoroughly instructed, he went to seeke her, that Faery Queene I meane glory in my general.

I conceive the most excellent and glorious and her kingdome in Faery land. And she shadow her. For considering she royall Queene or Empresse, the body, this latter part in some name according to your anthia being both names forth magnificence (e and the rest) all, therefore to that tues, I story

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of an Historiographer. For an Historiographer discourseth of affayres orderly as they were donne, accounting as well the times as the actions; but a Poet thrusteth into the midst, even where it most concerneth him, and there recouring to the thinges forepaste, and divining of thinges to come, maketh a pleasing Analysis of all.

The beginning therefore of my history, if it were to be told by an Historiographer should be the twelfth booke, which is the last; where I devise that the Faery Queene kept her Annuall feaste xii. dayes; upon which xii. severall dayes, the occasions of the xii. severall adventures hapned, which, being undertaken by xii. severall knights, are in these xii. books severally handled and discoursed. The first was this. In the beginning of the feast, there presented him selfe a tall clownishe younge man, who falling before the Queene of Faries desired a boone (as the manner then was) which during that feast she might not refuse; which was that hee might have the atchievement of any adventure, which during that feaste should happen: that being graunted, he rested him on the floore, unfitte through his rusticity for a better place. Soone after entred a faire Ladye 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. Shee, falling before the Queene of Faeries, complayned that her father and mother, an ancient King and Queene, had bene by an huge dragon many years shut up in a brasen Castle, who thence suffred them not to yssew; and therefore besought the Faery Queene to assygne her some one of her knights to take on him that exploit. Presently that clownish person, upstarting, desired that adventure: whereat the Queene much wondering, and the Lady much gainesaying, yet he earnestly importuned his desire. In the end the Lady told him, that unlesse that armour which she brought, would serve him (that is, the armour of a Christian man specified by Saint Paul, vi. Ephes.) that he could not succeed in that enterprise; which being forthwith put upon him with dewe furnitures thereunto, he seemed the goodliest man in al that company, and was well liked of the Lady. And estesoones taking on him knighthood, and mounting on that straunge Courser, he went forth with her on that adventure: where be-ginneth the first booke, viz.

A gentle knight was pricking on the playne. &c.

The second day ther came in a Palmer, bearing an Infant with bloody hands, whose Parents he complained to have bene slayn by an Enchaunteresse called Acrasia; and therefore craved of the Faery Queene, to appoint him some knight to performe that adventure; which being assigned to Sir Guyon, he presently went forth with that same Palmer: which is the beginning of the second booke, and the whole subject 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 grievous torment, because she would not yield him the pleasure of her body. Whereupon Sir Scudamour, the lover of that Lady, presently tooke on him that adventure. But being vnable to performe it by reason of the hard Enchantments, after long sorrow, in the end met with Britomartis, who succoured him, and reskewed his loue.

But by occasion hereof many other adventures are intermedled; but rather as Accidents then intendments: As the love of Britomart, the overthrow of Marinell, the misery of Florimell, the vertuousnes of Belphebe, the lasciviousnes of Hellenora, and many the like.

Thus much, Sir, I have briefly overronne to direct your understanding to the welhead of the History; that from thence gathering the whole intention of the conceit, ye may as in a handfull gripe al the discourse, which otherwise may happily seeme tedious and confused. So, humbly craving the continuance of your honorable favour towards me, and th' eternall establishment of your happines, I humbly take leave.

23. January 1589,

Yours most humbly affectionate,

ED. SPENSER.

VERSES ADDRESSED TO THE AUTHOR.

*A Vision upon this concept of the Faery
Queene.*

Me thought I saw the grave 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 living fame,
Whose tumbe faire love, and fairer vertue
kept,
All suddainly I saw the Faery Queene :
At whose approach the soule of Petrarke
wept,
And from thenceforth those graces were
not seene ;
For they this Queene attended, in whose
steed
Oblivion laid him downe on Lauras herse.
Hereat the hardest stones were seene to
bleed,
And grones of buried ghostes the heavens
did perse :
Where Homers spright did tremble all
for grieffe,
And curst th' accesse of that celestiall
thiefe.

Another of the same.

The prayse 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 herein,
Vertue her selfe can best discerne to whom
they written bin.
If thou hast beauty praysd, let her sole
lookes divine
Judge if ought therein be amis, and mend
it by her eine.
If Chastitie want ought, or Temperaunce
her dew,
Behold her Princely mind aright, and
write thy Queene anew.

Meane while she shall perceive, how far
her vertues sore
Above the reach of all that live, or such
as wrote of yore :
And thereby will excuse and favour thy
good will ;
Whose vertue can not be exprest, 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 device.

W. R.

To the learned Shepeheard.

Collyn, 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 lowly
swaynes ;
That lifts thy notes from Shepheardes
unto kinges :
So like the lively Larke that mounting
singes.

Thy lovely Rosolinde seemes now forlorne,
And all thy gentle flockes forgotten
quight :
Thy chaunged hart now holdes thy pypes
in scorne,
Those prety pypes that did thy mates
delight ;
Those trusty mates, that loved thee so
well ;
Whom thou gav'st mirth, as they gave
thee the bell.

Yet, as thou earst with thy sweete rounde-
layes
Didst stirre to glee our laddes in homely
bowers ;
So moughtst thou now in these refyned
layes

Delight the daintie eares of higher
powers :
And so mought they, in their deepe skan-
ning skill,
Alow and grace our Collyns flowing quyll.

And faire befall that *Faery Queene* of
thine,

In whose faire eyes love linckt with ver-
tue sittes :

Enfusing, by those bewties fyers devyne,
Such high conceites into thy humble
wittes,

As raised hath poore pastors oaten reedes
From rustick tunes, to chaunt heroique
deedes.

So mought thy *Redcrosse knight* with
happy hand

Victorious be in that faire Ilands right,
Which thou dost vayle in Type of Faery
land,

Elizas blessed field, that *Albion* hight :
That shieldes her friendes, and warres her
mightie foes,

Yet still with people, peace, and plentie
floues.

But (jolly shepheard) though with pleas-
ing style

Thou feast the humour of the Courtly
trayne,

Let not conceipt thy settled sence be-
guile,

Ne daunted be through envy or disdaine.
Subject thy dome to her Empyring spright,
From whence thy Muse, and all the world,
takes light.

HOBYNOLL.

Fayre *Thamis* streame, that from *Ludds*
stately towne

Runst paying tribute to the Ocean seas,
Let all thy Nymphes and Syrens of re-
nowne

Be silent, whyle this *Bryttane* *Orpheus*
playes.

Nere thy sweet bankes there lives that
sacred crowne,
Whose hand strowes *Palme* and never-
dying bayes :

Let all at once, with thy soft murmuring
sowne,

Present her with this worthy Poets prayes ;
For he hath taught hye drifts in shepe-
herdes weedes,

And deepe conceites now sings in *Faeries*
deedes.

R. S.

Grave Muses, march in triumph and with
prayes ;

Our Goddesse here hath given-you leave
to land ;

And biddes this rare dispenser of your
graces

Bow downe his brow unto her sacred hand.
Deserte findes dew in that most princely
doome,

In whose sweete brest are all the Muses
bredde :

So did that great Augustus erst in Roome
With leaves of fame adorne his Poets
hedde.

Faire be the guerdon of your *Faery*
Queene,

Even of the fairest that the world hath
sene !

H. B.

When stout Achilles heard of Helens rape,
And what revenge the States of Greece
devisd,

Thinking by sleight the fatall warres to
scape,

In womans weedes him selfe he then dis-
guisde ;

But this devise Ulysses soone did spy,
And brought him forth the chauce of
warre to try.

When Spencer saw the fame was spredd
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 *Sydney* heard him sing, and knew
his voice.

And as Ulysses brought faire *Thetis* sonne
From his retyred life to menage armes,
So Spencer was by *Sidney's* speaches
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 Spencer now, to his immortall prayse,
Hath wonne the Laurell quite from all
his feres.

What though his taske exceed a humane
witt,

He is excus'd, sith Sidney thought it fitt.

W. L.

To looke upon a worke of rare devise
The which a workman setteth out to view,
And not to yield it the deserved prise
That unto such a workmanship is dew,

Doth either prove the judgement to be
naught,

Or els doth shew a mind with envy
fraught.

To labour to commend a peece of worke,
Which no man goes about to discommend,
Would raise a jealous doubt, that there
did lurke

Some secret doubt whereto the prayse
did tend ;

For when men know the goodnes of
the wyne,

'Tis needlesse for the hoast to have a
sygne.

Thus then, to shew my judgement to be
such

As can discern of colours blacke and
white,

As alls to free my minde from envies tuch,
That never gives to any man his right,

I here 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 goodness of the ware ;

But such hath beene the custome hereto-
fore,

And customes very hardly broken are ;
And when your tast shall tell you this

is trew,

Then looke you give your hoast his
utmost dew.

IGNOTO.

VERSES

ADDRESSED, BY THE AUTHOR OF THE FAERIE QUEENE, TO VARIOUS NOBLEMEN, &c.

To the Right honourable Sir Christopher Hatton, Lord high Chauncelor of England, &c.

THOSE prudent heads, that with their counsels wise

Whylom the pillours of th' earth did sustaine,

And taught ambitious Rome to tyrannise

And in the neck of all the world to rayne;
Oft from those grave 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 burdeine of this kingdom mightily,

With like delightes sometimes may eke delay

The rugged brow of carefull Policy;

And to these ydle rymes lend litle space,
Which for their titles sake may find more grace.

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 writ
To be thy living praises instrument,
Yet doe not sdeigue to let thy name be writt

In this base Poeme, for thee far unfit:

Nought is thy worth disparaged thereby;

But when my Muse, whose fethers, nothing flitt,

Doe yet but flagg, and lowly learne to fly,

With bolder wing shall dare alofte to sty
To the last praises of this Faery Queene;

Then shall it make more famous memory
Of thine Heroicke parts, such as they beene:

Till then, vouchsafe thy noble countenance

To these first labours needed furtheraunce.

To the Right Honourable the Earle of Orenford, Lord high Chamberlayne of England, &c.

Receive, most Noble Lord, in gentle gree,
The unripe fruit of an unready wit;

Which by thy countenance doth crave to bee

Defended from foule Envies poisonous bit.

Which so to doe may thee right well befit,
Sith th' antique glory of thine auncestry

Under a shady vele is therein writ,

And eke thine owne long living memory,

Succeeding them in true nobility:

And also for the love which thou doest beare

To th' Heliconian ymps, and they to thee;

They unto thee, and thou to them, most deare:

Deare as thou art unto thy selfe, so love
That loves and honours thee, as doth behove.

To the right honourable the Earle of Northumberland.

The sacred Muses have made alwaies clame

To be the Nourses of nobility,

And Registres of everlasting fame,

To all that armes professe and chevalry.

Then, by like right the noble Progeny,

Which them succeed in fame and worth,
are tyde

T' embrace the service of sweete Poetry,
By whose endeavours they are glorified;
And eke from all, of whom it is envide,
To patronize the authour of their praise,
Which gives them life, that els would
soone have dide,
And crownes their ashes with immortall
baies.
To thee, therefore, right noble Lord, I send
This present of my paines, it to defend.

*To the right Honourable the Earle of
Ormond and Ossory.*

Receive, most noble Lord, a simple taste
Of the wilde fruit which salvage soyl
hath bred;
Which, being through long wars left
almost waste,
With brutish barbarisme is overspredd:
And, in so faire a land as may be redd,
Not one Parnassus, nor one Helicone,
Left for sweete Muses to be harboured,
But where thy selfe hast thy brave man-
sione:
There, in deede, dwel faire Graces many
one,
And gentle Nymphes, delights of learned
wits;
And in thy person, without paragone,
All goodly bountie and true honour sits.
Such, therefore, as that wasted soyl doth
yield,
Receive, dear Lord, in worth, the fruit of
barren field.

*To the right honourable the Lord Ch.
Howard, Lord high Admiral of Eng-
land, knight of the noble order of the
Garter, and one of her Majesties privie
Counsel, &c.*

And ye, brave Lord, whose goodly per-
sonage
And noble deeds, each other garnishing,
Make you ensample to the present age
Of th' old Heroes, whose famous of-
spring
The antique Poets wont so much to sing;
In this same Pageaunt have a worthy
place,
Sith those huge castles of Castilian King,
That vainly threatned kingdomes to
displace,
Like flying doves ye did before you chace;
And that proud people, woxen insolent
Through many victories, didst first
deface:

Thy praises everlasting monument
Is in this verse engraven semblably,
That it may live to all posterity.

*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 pillar 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 live, bound yours by vassalage;
Sith nothing ever may redeeme, nor
reave
Out of your endlesse debt, so sure a
gage,
Vouchsafe in worth this small guift to
receave,
Which in your noble hands for pledge I
leave
Of all the rest that I am tyde t' account:
Rude rymes, the which a rustick Muse
did weave
In savadge soyle, far from Parnasso
Mount,
And roughly wrought in an unlearned
Loom:
The which vouchsafe, dear Lord, your
favorable doome.

*To the right noble and valorous knight,
Sir Walter Raleigh, Lord Wardein of the
Stanneryes, and Lieftenaunt of Corne-
waile.*

To thee, that art the sommers Nightin-
gale,
Thy souveraine Goddesses most deare
delight,
Why doe I send this rusticke Madrigale,
That may thy tunefull eare unseason
quite?
Thou onely fit this Argument to write,
In whose high thoughts Pleasure hath
built her bowre,
And dainty love learnd sweetly to
endite.
My rimes I know unsavory and sowre,
To tast the streames that, like a golden
showre,
Flow from thy fruitfull head, of thy
love's praise;
Fitter, perhaps, to thonder Martiall
stowre,
When so thee list thy lofty Muse to raise:
Yet, till that thou thy Poeme wilt make
knowne,
Let thy faire Cinthias praises be thus
rudely showne.

To the right honourable the Lord Burleigh, Lord high Treasurer of England.

To you, right noble Lord, whose careful brest

To menage of most grave affaires is bent;

And on whose mightie shoulders most doth rest

The burden of this kingdomes government,

As the wide compasse of the firmament

On Atlas mighty shoulders is upstayd,

Unfitly I these ydle rimes present,

The labor of lost time, and wit unstayd:

Yet if their deeper sence be inly wayd,

And the dim vele, with which from commune vew

Their fairer parts are hid, aside be layd,

Perhaps not vaine they may appeare to you.

Such as they be, vouchsafe them to receive,

And wipe their faults out of your censure grave.

E. S.

To the right honourable the Earle of Cumberland.

Redoubted Lord, in whose corageous mind
The floure of chevalry, now bloosming faire,

Doth promise fruite worthy the noble kind

Which of their praises have left you the haire;

To you this humble present I prepare,
For love of vertue and of Martiall praise;

To which though nobly ye inclined are,
As goodlie well ye shew'd in late assaies,

Yet brave ensample of long passed daies,
In which trew honor yee may fashioned see,

To like desire of honor may ye raise,
And fill your mind with magnanimitee.

Receive it, Lord, therefore, as it was ment,
For honor of your name and high descent.

E. S.

To the right honourable the Lord of Hunsdon, high Chamberlaine to her Majesty.

Renowned Lord, that, for your worthinesse

And noble deeds, have your deserved place

High in the favour of that Emperesse,
The worlds sole glory and her sexes

grace:

Here eke of right have you a worthie place,

Both for your nearnes to that Faerie Queene

And for your owne high merit in like case:

Of which, apparaunt proofe was to be seene,

When that tumultuous rage and fearfull deene

Of Northerne rebels ye did pacify,
And their disloiall powre defaced clene,

The record of enduring memory.

Live, Lord, for ever in this lasting verse,
That all posteritie thy honor may reherse.

E. S.

To the right honourable the Lord of Buckhurst, one of her Majesties privie Counsell.

In vain I thinke, right honourable Lord,
By this rude rime to memorize thy name,

Whose learned Muse bath writ her owne record

In golden verse, worthy immortal fame:
Thou much more fit (were leasure to the same)

Thy gracious Soverains praises to compile,

And her imperiall Majestie to frame
In loftie numbers and heroicke stile.

But, sith thou maist not so, give leave a while

To baser wit his power therein to spend,
Whose grosse defaults thy daintie pen

may file,
And unadvised oversights amend.

But evermore vouchsafe it to maintaine
Against vile Zoilus backbitings vaine.

To the right honourable Sir Fr. Walsingham, knight, principall Secretary to her Majesty, and one of her honourable privy Counsell.

That Mantuane Poetes incompared spirit,
Whose girland now is set in highest place,

Had not Mecenas, for his worthy merit,
It first advaunst to great Augustus grace,

Might long perhaps have lien in silence bace,

Ne bene so much admir'd of later age.
This lowly Muse, that learns like steps

to trace,
Flies for like aide unto your Patronage,

That are the great Mecenas of this age,
As wel to al that civil artes professe,

As those that are inspir'd with Martiall rage,

And craves protection of her feeble-
nesse:
Which if ye yield, perhaps ye may her
rayse.
In bigger tunes to sound your living prayse.
E. S.

*To the right noble Lord and most valiaunt
Captaine, Sir John Norris, knight,
Lord president of Mounster.*

Who ever gave more honourable prize
To the sweet Muse then did the Martiall
crew,
That their brave deeds she might immortalize
In her shril tromp, and sound their
praises dew?
Who then ought more to favour her then
you,
Moste noble Lord, the honor of this age,
And Precedent of all that armes ensue?
Whose warlike prowesse and manly cour-
age,
Tempred with reason and advizement sage,
Hath filld sad Belgicke with victorious
spoile;
In Fraunce and Ireland left a famous
gage;
And lately shakt the Lusitanian soile.
Sith, then, each where thou hast dispredd
thy fame,
Love him that hath eternized your name.
E. S.

*To the right honourable and most vertuous
Lady the Countesse of Penbroke.*

Remembraunce of that most Heroicke
spirit,
The hevens pride, the glory of our daies,
Which now triumpheth, through immor-
tall merit
Of his brave vertues, crownd with last-
ing baies
Of hevenlie blis and everlasting praies;
Who first my Muse did lift out of the
lore,
To sing his sweet delights in lowlie laies;
Bids me, most noble Lady, to adore
His goodly image, living evermore
In the divine resemblaunce of your face;
Which with your vertues ye embellish
more,
And native beauty deck with hevenlie
grace:

For his, and for your owne especial sake,
Vouchsafe from him this token in good
worth to take.

E. S.

*To the most vertuous and beautifull Lady,
the Lady Carew.*

Ne may I, without blot of endlesse blame,
You, fairest Lady, leave out of this
place;
But with remembraunce of your gracious
name,
Wherewith that courtly garlond most ye
grace
And deck the world, adorne these verses
base.
Not that these few lines can in them
comprise
Those glorious ornaments of hevenly
grace,
Wherewith ye triumph over feeble eyes,
And in subdued harts do tyrannyse;
For thereunto doth need a golden quill,
And silver leaves, them rightly to
devise;
But to make humble present of good
will:
Which, whenas timely meanes it purchase
may,
In ampler wise it selfe will forth display.
E. S.

*To all the gratious and beautifull Ladies
in the Court.*

The Chian Peincter, when he was requirde
To pourtraict Venus in her perfect hew,
To make his worke more absolute, desird
Of all the fairest Maides to have the vew,
Much more me needs, to draw the sem-
blant trew
Of beauties Queene, the worlds sole
wonderment,
To sharpe my sence with sundry beauties
vew,
And steale from each some part of orna-
ment.
If all the world to seeke I overwent,
A fairer crew yet no where could I see
Then that brave court doth to mine eie
present,
That the worlds pride seemes gathered
there to bee.
Of each a part I stole by cunning theft: :
Forgive it me, faire Dames, sith lesse ye
have not left.

E. S.

THE FIRST BOOK
OF
THE FAERIE QUEENE

CONTAYNING THE LEGEND OF THE KNIGHT OF THE RED CROSSE, OR OF HOLINESSE.

I.

Lo! I, the man whose Muse whylome
did maske,
As time her taught, in lowly Shephards
weeds,
Am now enforst, a farre unfitter taske,
For trumpets sterne to chaunge mine
Oaten reeds,
And sing of Knights and Ladies gentle
deeds;
Whose praises having slept in silence long,
Me, all too meane, the sacred Muse areeds
To blazon broade amongst her learned
throng:
Fierce warres and faithful loves shall
moralize my song.

II.

Helpe then, O holy virgin! chiefe of
nyne,
Thy weaker Novice to performe thy will;
Lay forth out of thine everlasting seryne
The antique rolles, which there lye hidden
still,
Of Faerie knights, and fayrest Tanaquill,
Whom that most noble Briton Prince so
long
Sought through the world, and suffered so
much ill,
That I must rue his undeserved wrong:
O, helpe thou my weake wit, and sharpen
my dull tong!

III.

And thou, most dreaded impe of highest
Iove,
Faire Venussonne, that with thy cruell dart
At that good knight so cunningly didst
rove,
That glorious fire it kindled in his hart;
Lay now thy deadly Heben bowe apart,
And with thy mother mylde come to mine
ayde;
Come, both; and with you bring triumph-
ant Mart,
In loves and gentle jollities arraid,
After his murdrous spoyles and bloudie
rage allayd.

IV.

And with them eke, O Goddesse heavenly
bright!
Mirroure of grace and Majestie divine,
Great Ladie 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 thoughtes, 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, O dearest
dread, a-while!

CANTO I.

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

I.

A GENTLE Knight was pricking on the
plaine,
Ycladd in mightie armes and silver shielde,
Wherein old dints of deepe woundes did
remaine,

The cruell markes of many' a bloody
felde;
Yet armes till that time did he never
wield.
His angry steede did chide his foming
bitt,

As much desirving to the carbe to yield:
Full jolly knight he seemd, and faire did
sitt,
As one for knightly giusts and fierce en-
counters fitt.

II.

And on his brest a bloodie Crosse he
bore,
The deare remembrance of his dying Lord,
For whose sweete sake that glorious badge
he wore,
And dead, as living, ever him ador'd:
Upon his shield the like was also scor'd,
For sovaine hope which in his helpe he
had.
Right faithfull true he was in deede and
word,
But of his cheere did seeme too solemne
sad;
Yet nothing did he dread, but ever was
ydrad.

III.

Upon a great adventure he was bond,
That greatest Gloriana to him gave,
(That greatest Glorious Queene of Faery
lond)
To winne him worshippe, and her grace to
have,
Which of all earthly thinges he most did
crave:
And ever as he rode his hart did earne
To prove his puissance in battell brave
Upon his foe, and his new force to learne,
Upon his foe, a Dragou horrible and
stearne.

IV.

A lovely Ladie rode him faire beside,
Upon a lowly Asse more white then snow,
Yet she much whiter; but the same did
hide
Under a vele, that wimpled was full low;
And over all a blacke stole shee did throw:
As one that iuly mournd, so was she
sad,
And heavie sate upon her palfrey slow;
Seemed in heart some hidden care she
had,
And by her, in a line, a milkewhite lambe
she lad.

V.

So pure and innocent, as that same
lambe,
She was in life and every vertuous lore;
And by descent from Royall lynage came
Of ancient Kinges and Queenes, that had
of yore
Their scepters stretcht from East to
Western shore,

And all the world to their subjection held;
Till that infernall fiend with foule uprore
Forwasted all their land, and them expeld;
Whom to avenge she had this Knight from
far compeld.

VI.

Behind her farre away a Dwarfe did
lag,
That lasie seemd, in being ever last,
Or wearied with bearing of her bag
Of needments at his backe. Thus as they
past,
The day with cloudes was suddeine over-
cast,
And angry Jove an hideous storme of raine
Did poure into his Lemans lap so fast,
That everie wight to shrowd it did con-
strain;
And this faire couple eke to shroud them-
selves were fain.

VII.

Enforst to seeke some covert nigh at
hand,
A shadie grove not farr away they spide,
That promist ayde the tempest to with-
stand;
Whose loftie trees, yclad with sommers
pride,
Did spred so broad, that heavens light
did hide,
Not perceable with power of any starr:
And all within were pathes and alleies
wide,
With footing worne, and leading inward
farr.
Faire harbour that them seems, so in they
entred ar.

VIII.

And fourth they passe, with pleasure
forward led,
Joying to heare the birdes sweete har-
mony,
Which, therein shrouded from the tempest
dred,
Seemd in their song to scorne the cruell
sky.
Much can they praise the trees so straight
and hy,
The sayling Pine; the Cedar proud and
tall;
The vine-propp Elme; the Poplar never
dry;
The builder Oake, sole king of forrests all;
The Aspine good for staves; the Cypresse
funerall;

IX.

The Laurell, meed of mightie Con-
querours

And Poets sage; the Fire that weepeth
still:
The Willow, worne of forlorne Para-
mours;
The Eugh, obedient to the benders will;
The Birch for shaftes; the Sallow for the
mill;
The Mirrhe sweete-bleeding in the bitter
wound;
The warlike Beech; the Ash for nothing
ill;
The fruitfull Olive; and the Platane
round;
The carver Holme; the Maple seeldom in-
ward sound.

X.

Led with delight, they thus beguile the
way,
Untill the blustering storme is overblowne;
When, weening to returne whence they did
stray,
They cannot finde that path, which first
was showne,
But wander too and fro in waies un-
knowne,
Furthest from end then, when they nearest
weene,
That makes them doubt their wits be not
their owne:
So many pathes, so many turnings seene,
That which of them to take in diverse
doubt they been.

XI.

At last resolving forward still to fare,
Till that some end they finde, or in or out,
That path they take that beaten seemd
most bare,
And like to lead the labyrinth about;
Which when by tract they hunted had
throughout,
At length it brought them to a hollowe
cave
Amid the thickest woods. The Champion
stout
Eftsoones dismounted from his courser
brave,
And to the Dwarfe a while his needlesse
spere he gave.

XII.

'Be well aware,' quoth then that Ladie
milde,
'Least suddaine mischiefe ye too rash
provoke:
The danger hid, the place unknowne and
wilde,
Breedes dreadfull doubts. Oft fire is with-
out smoke,

And perill without show: therefore your
trooke.
Sir Knight, with-hold till further tryall
made.'
'Ah Ladie,' (sayd he) 'shame were to
revoke
The forward footing for an hidden shade:
Vertue gives her selfe light through dark-
nesse for to wade.'

XIII.

'Yea but' (quoth she) 'the perill of this
place
I better wot then you: though nowe too late
To wish you backe returne with foule dis-
grace,
Yet wisdomes warnes, whilest foot 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 read beware.' 'Fly, fly!'
(quoth then
The fearefull Dwarf) 'this is no place for
living men.'

XIV.

But, full of fire and greedy hardiment,
The youthfull Knight could not for ought
be staide;
But forth unto the darksom hole he went,
And looked in: his glistring armor made
A litle glooming light, much like a shade;
By which he saw the ugly monster plaine,
Halfe like a serpent horribly displaide,
But th'other halfe did womans shape
retaine,
Most lothsom, filthie, foule, and full of vile
disdaine.

XV.

And, as she lay upon the durtie ground,
Her huge long taile her den all overspred,
Yet was in knots and many boughtes
upwound,
Pointed with mortall sting. Of her there
bred
A thousand yong ones, which she dayly fed,
Sucking upon her poisonous duges; each one
Of sundrie shapes, yet all ill-favored:
Soone as that uncouth light upon them
shone,
Into her mouth they crept, and suddain all
were gone.

XVI.

Their dam upstart out of her den effraide,
And rushed forth, hurling her hideous taile
About her cursed head; whose folds dis-
plaid

Were stretcht now forth at length without
entraile.

She lookt about, and seeing one in mayle,
Armed to point, sought backe to turne
again;

For light she hated as the deadly bale,
Ay wont in desert darknes to remaine,
Where plain none might her see, nor she
see any plaine.

XVII.

Which when the valiant Elfe perceiv'd,
he leapt

As Lyon fierce upon the flying pray,
And with his trenchand blade her boldly
kept

From turning backe, and forced her to stay:
Therewith enrag'd she loudly gan to bray,
And turning fierce her speckled taile ad-
vaunst,

Threatning her angrie sting, him to dismay:
Who, nought aghast, his mightie hand
enhaunst:

The stroke down from her head unto her
shoulder glaunst.

XVIII.

Much daunted with that dint her sence
was dazd;

Yet kindling rage her selfe she gathered
round,

And all attonce her beastly bodie raizd
With doubled forceshigh above the ground:
Tho, wrapping up her wretched sterne
arownd,

Lept fierce upon his shield, and her huge
traïne

All suddenly about his body wound,
That hand or foot to stirr he strove in
vaine.

God helpe the man so wrapt in Errours
endlesse traïne!

XIX.

His Lady, sad to see his sore constraint,
Cride out, 'Now, now, Sir knight, shew
what ye bee;

Add faith unto your force, and be not faint;
Strangle her, els she sure will strangle
thee.'

That when he heard, in great perplexitie,
His gall did grate for griefe and high dis-
daine;

And, knitting all his force, got one hand
free,

Wherewith he grypt her gorge with so
great paine,

That soone to loose her wicked bands did
her constraïne.

XX.

Therewith she spewd out of her filthie
maw

A floud of poyson horrible and blacke,
Full of great lumps of flesh and gobbets
raw,

Which stunck so vildly, that it forst him
slacke

His grasping hold, and from her turne him
backe.

Her vomit full of bookes and papers was,
With loathly frogs and toades, which eyes
did lacke,

And creeping sought way in the weedy gras:
Her filthie parbreake all the place defiled
has.

XXI.

As when old father Nilus gins to swell
With timely pride above the Aegyptian
vale

His fattie waves doe fertile slime outwell,
And overflow each plaine and lowly dale:
But, when his later spring gins to avale,
Huge heapes of mudd he leaves, wherein
there breed

Ten thousand kindes of creatures, partly
male

And partly femall, of his fruitful seed;
Such ugly monstrous shapes elswher may
no man reed.

XXII.

The same so sore annoyed has the
knight,

That, welnigh choked with the deadly
stünke,

His forces faile, ne can no lenger fight:
Whose corage when the feend perceivd to
shrinke,

She poured forth out of her hellish sinke
Her fruitfull cursed spawnne of serpents
small,

Deformed monsters, fowle, and blacke as
inke,

Which swarming all about his legs did
cral,

And him encombred sore, but could not
hurt at all.

XXIII.

As gentle shepheard in sweete eventide,
When ruddy Phebus gins to welke in west,

High on an hill, his flocke to vewen wide,
Markes which doe byte their hasty supper
best;

A cloud of cumbrous gnattes doe him
molest,

All striving to infixe their feeble stinges,
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.

XXIV.

Thus ill bestedd, and fearefull more of
shame
Then of the certeine perill he stood in,
Halfe furious unto his foe he came,
Resolvd in minde all suddenly to win,
Or soone to lose, before he once would lin;
And stroke at her with more then manly
force,
That from her body, full of filthie sin,
He raft her hatefull heade without re-
morse:
A streame of cole-black blood forth gushed
from her corse.

XXV.

Her scattered brood, soone as their
Parent deare
They saw so rudely falling to the ground,
Groning full deadly, all with troublous
feare
Gathred themselves about her body round,
Weening their wonted entrance to have
found
At her wide mouth; but being there with-
stood,
They flocked all about her bleeding wound,
And suckd up their dying mothers blood,
Making her death their life, and eke her
hurt their good.

XXVI.

That detestable sight him much amazde,
To see th' unkindly Impes, of heaven
accurst,
Devoure their dam: on whom while so he
gazd,
Having all satisfide their bloody thirst,
Their bellies swolne he saw with fulnesse
burst,
And bowels gushing forth: well worthy
end
Of such as drunke her life the which them
nurst!
Now needeth him no lenger labour spend.
His foes have slaine themselves, with
whom he should contend.

XXVII.

His Lady, seeing all that chaunst from
farre,
Approcht in hast to greet his victorie;
And saide, 'Faire knight, borne under
happie starre,

Who see your vanquisht foes before you
lye,
Well worthie be you of that Armory,
Wherein ye have great glory wonne this
day,
And proof'd your strength on a strong
enimie,
Your first adventure: many such I pray,
And henceforth ever wish that like suc-
ceed it may!

XXVIII.

Then mounted he upon his Steede againe,
And with the Lady backward sought to
wend.
That path he kept which beaten was most
plaine,
Ne ever would to any byway bend,
But still did follow one unto the end,
The which at last out of the wood them
brought.
So forward on his way (with God to frend)
He passed forth, and new adventure
sought:
Long way he traveled before he heard of
ought.

XXIX.

At length they chaunst to meet upon the
way
An aged Sire, in long blacke weedes yclad,
His feete all bare, his beard all hoarie gray,
And by his belt his booke he hanging had:
Sober he seemde, and very sagely sad,
And to the ground his eyes were lowly
bent,
Simple in shew, and voide of malice bad;
And all the way he prayed as he went,
And often knockt his brest, as one that
did repent.

XXX.

He faire the knight saluted, louting low,
Who faire him quited, as that courteous
was;
And after asked him, if he did know
Of straunge adventures, which abroad did
pas.
'Ah! my dear sonne,' (quoth he) 'how
should, alas!
Silly old man, that lives in hidden cell,
Bidding his beades all day for his trespas,
Tydings of warre and worldly trouble tell?
With holy father sits not with such thinges
to mell.

XXXI.

'But if of daunger, which hereby doth
dwell,
And homebredd evil ye desire to heare,
Of a straunge man I can you tidings tell,

That wasteth all this countrie, farre and neare.'

'Of such,' (saide he,) 'I chiefly doe inquire,
And shall thee well rewarde 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 lives so long a space.'

XXXII.

'Far hence' (quoth he) 'in wastfull wildernesses
His dwelling is, by which no living wight
May ever passe, but thorough great distresse.'
'Now,' (saide the Ladie,) 'draweth toward night,
And well I wote, that of your later fight
Ye all forweared be; for what so strong,
But, wanting rest, will also want of might?
The Sunne, that measures heaven all day long,
At night doth baite his steedes the Ocean waves emong.'

XXXIII.

'Then with the Sunne take, Sir, your timely rest,
And with new day new worke at once begin:
Untroubled night, they say, gives counsell best.'
'Right well, Sir knight, ye have advised bin,'
Quoth then that aged man: 'the way to win
Is wisely to advise; now day is spent:
Therefore with me ye may take up your In
For this same night.' The knight was well content;
So with that godly father to his home they went.

XXXIV.

A litle lowly Hermitage it was,
Downe in a dale, hard by a forests side,
Far from resort of people that did pas
In travaill to and froe: a litle wyde
There was an holy chappell edifyde,
Wherein the Hermite dewly went to say
His holy things each morne and even-tyde:
Thereby a christall streame did gently play,
Which from a sacred fountaine welled forth alway.

XXXV.

Arrived there, the litle house they fill,
Ne looke for entertainment where none was;
Rest is their feast, and all things at their will:
The noblest mind the best contentment has.
With faire discourse the evening so they pas;
For that olde man of pleasing wordes had store,
And well could file his tongue as smooth as glas:
He told of Saintes and Popes, and evermore
He strowd an *Ave-Mary* after and before.

XXXVI.

The drouping night thus creepeth on them fast;
And the sad humor loading their eyeliddes,
As messenger of Morpheus, on them cast
Sweet slombring deaw, the which to sleep them biddes.
Unto their lodgings then his guestes he riddes:
Where when all drownd in deadly sleepe he findes,
He to his studie goes; and there amidde
His magick bookes, and artes of sundrie kindes,
He seekes out mighty charmes to trouble sleepey minds.

XXXVII.

Then choosing out few words most horrible,
(Let none them read) thereof did verses frame;
With which, and other spelles like terrible,
He bad awake blacke Plutoes griesly Dame;
And cursed heven; and spake reprochful 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 darknes and dead night;
At which Cocytus quakes, and Styx is put to flight.

XXXVIII.

And forth he cald out of deepe darknes dredd
Legions of Sprights, the which, like litle flyes
Fluttring about his ever-damned hedd,
Awaite whereto their service he applyes,
To aide his friendes, or fray his enimies.

Of those he chose out two, the falsest
two,
And fittest for to forge true-seeming eyes:
The one of them he gave a message too,
The other by him selfe staide, other worke
to doo.

XXXIX.

He, making speedy way through spersed
ayre,
And through the world of waters wide and
deepe,
To Morpheus house doth hastily repaire.
Amid the bowels of the earth full steepe,
And low, where dawning day doth never
peepe,
His dwelling is; there Tethys his wet bed
Doth ever wash, and Cynthia still doth
steepe
In silver dew his ever-drouping hed,
Whiles sad Night over him her mantle
black doth spread.

XL.

Whose double gates he findeth locked
fast,
The one faire fram'd of burnisht Yvory,
The other all with silver overcast;
And wakeful dogges before them farre
doe lye,
Watching to banish Care their enemy,
Who oft is wont to trouble gentle Sleepe.
By them the Sprite doth passe in quietly,
And unto Morpheus comes, whom drowned
deepe
In drowsie fit he findes: of nothing he
takes keepe.

XLI.

And more to lulle him in his slumber
soft,
A trickling streame from high rock tum-
bling downe,
And ever-drizzling raine upon the loft,
Mixt with a murmuring winde, much like
the sowne
Of swarming Bees, did cast him in a
swowne.
No other noyse, 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 eni-
myes.

XLII.

The Messenger approaching to him
spake;
But his waste wordes retourn'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 dryer
braine

Is tost with troubled sights and fancies
weake,

He mumbled soft, but would not all his
silence breake.

XLIII.

The Sprite then gan more boldly him to
wake,

And threatned unto him the dreaded name
Of Hecate: whereat he gan to quake,
And, lifting up his lompish head, with
blame

Halfe angrie asked him, for what he came.
'Hether' (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.

XLIV.

The God obeyde; and, calling forth
straight way

A diverse Dreame out of his prison darke,
Delivered it to him, and downe did lay
His heavie head, devoide of careful carke;
Whose sences all were straight benumbd
and starke.

He, backe returning by the Yvorie dore,
Remounted up as light as chearefull Larke;
And on his litle winges the dreame he bore
In hast unto his Lord, where he him left
afore.

XLV.

Who all this while, with charmes and
hidden artes,

Had made a Lady of that other Spright,
And fram'd of liquid ayre her tender
partes,

So lively and so like in all mens sight,
That weaker sence it could have ravisht
quight:

The maker selfe, for all his wondrous witt,
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.

XLVI.

Now, when that ydle dreame was to him
brought,

Unto that Elfin knight he bad him fly,
Where he slept soundly void of evil
thought,
And with false shewes abuse his fantasy,
In sort as he him schooled privily:
And that new creature, borne without her
dew,
Full of the makers guyle, with usage sly
He taught to imitate that Lady trew,
Whose semblance she did carrie under
feigned hew.

XLVII.

Thus, well instructed, to their worke
they haste;
And, comming where the knight in slom-
ber lay,
The one upon his hardie head him plaste,
And made him dreame of loves and lust-
full play,
That nigh his manly hart did melt away,
Bathed in wanton blis and wicked joy.
Then seemed him his Lady by him lay,
And to him playnd, how that false winged
boy
Her chaste hart had subdewd to learne
Dame Pleasures toy.

XLVIII.

And she her selfe, of beautie soveraigne
Queene,
Fayre Venus, seemde unto his bed to bring
Her, whom he, waking, evermore did
weene
To bee the chastest flowre that aye did
spring
On earthly braunch, the daughter of a
king,
Now a loose Leman to viie service bound:
And eke the Graces seemed all to sing,
Hymen Iō Hymen! dauncing all around;
Whylst freshest Flora her with Yvie gir-
lond crownd.

XLIX.

In this great passion of unwonted lust,
Or wonted feare of doing ought amis,
He starteth up, as seeming to mistrust
Some secret ill, or hidden foe of his.
Lo! there before his face his Ladie is,
Under blacke stole hyding her bayted
hooke;
And as halfe blushing offred him to kis,
With gentle blandishment and lovely
looke,
Most like that virgin true which for her
knight him took.

L.

All cleane dismayd to see so uncouth
sight,
And half enraged at her shamelesse guise,
He thought have slaine her in his fierce
despight;
But hastie heat tempring with sufferance
wise,
He stayle his hand; and gan himselve
advise
To prove his sense, and tempt her faigned
truth.
Wringing her hands, in wemens pitteous
wise,
Tho can she weepe, to stirre up gentle
ruth
Both for her noble blood, and for her
tender youth.

LI.

And sayd, 'Ah Sir, my liege Lord, and
my love,
Shall I accuse the hidden cruell fate,
And mightie causes wrought in heaven
above,
Or the blind God that doth me thus amate,
For hoped love to winne me certaine hate?
Yet thus perforce he bids me do, or die.
Die is my dew; yet rew my wretched
state,
You, whom my hard avenging destinie
Hath made judge of my life or death in-
differently.

LII.

'Your owne deare sake forst me at first
to leave
My fathers kingdom'—There she stopt
with teares;
Her swollen hart her speech seemd to
bereave,
And then againe begonned; 'My weaker
yeares,
Captiv'd to fortune and frayle worldly
feares,
Fly to your fayth for succour and sure
ayde:
Let me not die in languor and long teares.'
'Why, Dame,' (quoth he,) 'what hath ye
thus dismayd?
What frayes ye, that were wont to com-
fort me afrayd?'

LIII.

'Love of your selfe,' she saide, 'and
deare constraint,
Lets me not sleepe, but waste the wearie
night

In secret anguish and unpittied plaint,
 Whiles you in carelessse sleepe are drowned
 quight.
 Her doubtfull words made that redoubted
 knight
 Suspect her truth: yet since no' untruth
 he knew,
 Her fawning love with foule disdainfull
 spight
 He would not shend; but said, 'Deare
 dame, I rew,
 That for my sake unknowne such grieffe
 unto you grew.

LIV.

'Assure your selfe, it fell not all to
 ground;
 For all so deare as life is to my hart,
 I deeme your love, and hold me to you
 bound:
 Ne let vaine feares procure your needlesse
 smart,
 Where cause is none; but to your rest
 depart.'

Not all content, yet seemd she to ap-
 pease
 Her mournfull plaintes, beguiled of her
 art,
 And fed with words that could not chose
 but please:
 So, slyding softly forth, she turned as to
 her ease.

LV.

Long after lay he musing at her mood,
 Much griev'd to thinke that gentle Dame
 so light,
 For whose defence he was to shed his
 blood.
 At last, dull wearines of former fight
 Having yrockt asleepe 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 backe
 returnd againe.

CANTO II.

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

I.

By this the Northerne wagoner had set
 His sevenfold teme behind the stedfast
 starre
 That was in Ocean waves yet never wet,
 But firme is fixt, and sendeth light from
 farre
 To al that in the wide deepe wandring
 arre;
 And chearefull Chaunticlere with his note
 shrill
 Had warn'd once, that Phoebus fiery carre
 In hast was climbing up the Easterne hill,
 Full envious that night so long his roome
 did fill:

II.

When those accursed messengers of hell,
 That feigning dreame, and that faire-
 forged Spright,
 Came to their wicked maister, and gan tel
 Their bootelesse paines, and ill succeed-
 ing 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 saw his threatning was but
 vaine,

He cast about, and searcht his baleful
 bokes againe.

III.

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 loves and lusty-
 hed
 His wanton daies that ever loosely led,
 Without regard of armes and dreaded
 fight:
 Those twoo he tooke, and in a secrete bed,
 Covered with darkenes and misdeeming
 night,
 Them both together laid to joy in vaine
 delight.

IV.

Forthwith he runnes with feigned faith-
 full hast
 Unto his guest, who, after troublous sights
 And dreames, gan now to take more sound
 repast;
 Whom suddenly he wakes with fearful
 frights,
 As one aghast with feends or damned
 sprights,

And to him cald; 'Rise, rise! unhappy
Swaine,
That here wex old in sleepe, whiles wicked
wights
Have knit themselves in Venus shameful
chaine:
Come, see where your false Lady doth her
honor staine.'

v.

All in amaze he suddenly up 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 leud embracement:
Which when he saw, he burnt with geal-
ous fire;
The eie of reason was with rage yblent,
And would have slaine them in his furious
ire,
But hardly was restreined of that aged
sire.

vi.

Retourning to his bed in torment great,
And bitter anguish of his guilty sight,
He could not rest; but did his stout heart
eat,
And wast his inward gall with deepe de-
spight,
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 up he rose, and clad him hastily:
The dwarfe him brought his steed; so
both away do fly.

vii.

Now when the rosy fingred Morning
faire,
Weary of aged Tithones saffron bed,
Had spred her purple robe through dewy
aire,
And the high hills Titan discovered,
The royall virgin shooke off drousy-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 wail and weepe to see that
woeful stowre.

viii.

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
steede,
Pricked with wrath and fiery fierce dis-
daine,
That him to follow was but fruitlesse
paine:
Yet she her weary limbes would never
rest;
But every hil and dale, each wood and
plaine,
Did search, sore grieved in her gentle
brest,
He so ungently left her, whome she loved
best.

ix.

But subtill Archimago, when his guests
He saw divided into double parts,
And Una wandring in woods and forrests,
Th' end of his drift, he praised his divelish
arts,
That had such might over true meaning
harts.
Yet rests not so, but other meanes doth
make,
How he may worke unto her further
smarts;
For her he hated as the hissing snake,
And in her many troubles did most pleas-
ure take.

x.

He then devisde himselfe how to dis-
guise;
For by his mighty science he could take
As many formes and shapes in seeming
wise,
As ever Proteus to himselfe could make:
Sometime a fowle, sometime a fish in
lake,
Now like a foxe, now like a dragon fell;
That of himselfe he ofte for feare would
quake,
And oft would flie away. O! who can
tell
The hidden powre of herbes, and might
of Magick spel?

xi.

But now seemde best the person to put
on
Of that good knight, his late beguiled
guest:
In mighty armes he was yclad anon,
And silver shield; upon his coward brest
A bloody crosse, and on his craven crest
A bunch of heares discolourd diversly.
Full jolly knight he seemde, and wel
address;

And when he sate upon his courser free,
Saint George himselfe ye would have
deemed him to be.

XII.

But he, the knight whose semblaunt he
did beare,
The true Saint George, was wandred far
away,
Still flying from his thoughts and gealous
feare :

Will was his guide, and grieve led him
astray.

At last him chaunst to meete upon the
way

A faithlesse Sarazin, all armde to point,
In whose great shield was writ with letters
gay

Sans foy; full large of limbe and every
joint

He was, and cared not for God or man a
point.

XIII.

Hee had a faire companion of his way,
A goodly Lady clad in scarlot red,
Purified with gold and pearle of rich as-
say ;

And like a Persian mitre on her hed
Shee wore, with crowns and owches gar-
nished,

The which her lavish lovers to her gave.
Her wanton palfrey all was overspred
With tinsell trappings, woven like a wave,
Whose bridle rung with golden bells and
bosses brave.

XIV.

With faire disport, and courting dalli-
aunce,

She intertaine her lover all the way ;
But, when she saw the knight his speare
advauce,

She soone left off her mirth and wanton
play,

And bad her knight addressse him to the
fray,

His foe was nigh at hand. He, pricke
with pride

And hope to winne his Ladies hearte that
day,

Forth spurred fast: adowne his coursers
side

The red blood trickling staine the way, as
he did ride.

XV.

The knight of the Redcrosse, when him
he spide

Spurring so hote with rage dispiteous,

Gan fairely couch his speare, and towards
ride.

Soone meete they both, both fell and fu-
rious,

That, daunted with theyr forces hideous,
Their steeds doe stagger, and amazed stand ;
And eke themselves, too rudely rigorous,
Astonied with the stroke of their owne
hand,

Doe backe rebutte, and ech to other
yealdeth land.

XVI.

As when two rams, stird with ambitious
pride,

Fight for the rule of the rich fleeced flocke,
Their horned fronts so fierce on either side
Doe meete, that, with the terror of the
shocke,

Astonied, both stand sencelesse as a
blocke,

Forgetfull of the hanging victory :
So stood these twaine, unmoved as a
rocke,

Both staring fierce, and holding idely
The broken reliques of their former cru-
elty.

XVII.

The Sarazin, sore daunted with the
bufe,

Snatcheth his sword, and fiercely to him
flies ;

Who well it wards, and quyteth cuff with
cuff :

Each others equall puissance envious,
And through their iron sides with cruel
spies

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 streams of purple blood new die the
verdant fields.

XVIII.

'Curse on that Cross,' (quoth then the
Sarazin,)

'That keeps thy body from the bitter fit!
Dead long ygoe, I wote, thou haddest bin,
Had not that charme from thee forwarned
itt :

But yet I warne thee now assured sitt,
And hide thy head.' Therewith upon his
crest

With rigor so outrageous he smitt,
That a large share it hewd out of the rest,

And glauncing downe his shield from
blame him fairly blest.

XIX.

Who, thereat wondrous wroth, the sleeping spark
 Of native vertue gan eftsoones revive ;
 And at his haughty helmet making mark,
 Sohugely stroke, that it the steele did rive,
 And cleft his head. He, tumbling downe
 alive,
 With bloody mouth his mother earth did
 kis,
 Greeting his grave : his grudging ghost did
 strive
 With the fraile flesh ; at last it flitted is,
 Whither the soules doe fly of men that live
 amis.

XX.

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 conquer-
 oure.
 Her soone he overtooke, and bad to stay ;
 For present cause was none of dread her
 to dismay.

XXI.

Shee turning backe, with ruefull counte-
 nance,
 Cride, 'Mercy, mercy, Sir, vouchsafe to
 show
 On silly Dame, subject to hard mischaunce,
 And to your mighty wil!' Her humblesse
 low,
 In so ritche weedes, and seeming glorious
 show,
 Did much emmove his stout heroïcke heart ;
 And said, 'Deare dame, your suddein over-
 throw
 Much rueth me ; but now put feare apart,
 And tel both who ye be, and who that tooke
 your part.'

XXII.

Melting in teares, then gan shee thus la-
 ment.
 'The wretched woman, whom unhappy
 howre
 Hath now made thrall to your commande-
 ment,
 Before that angry heavens list to lowre,
 And fortune false betraide me to thy powre,
 Was (O! what now avaieth that I was?)
 Borne the sole daughter of an Emperour,
 He that the wide West under his rule has,
 And high hath set his throne where Ti-
 beris doth pas.

XXIII.

'He, in the first flowre of my freshest
 age,
 Betrothed me unto the onely haire
 Of a most mighty king, most rich and
 sage :
 Was never Prince so faithfull and so faire,
 Was never Prince so meeke and debonaire ;
 But ere my hoped day of spousall shone,
 My dearest Lord fell from high honors
 staire
 Into the hands of hys accursed fone,
 And cruelly was slaine ; that shall I ever
 mone.

XXIV.

'His blessed body, spoild of lively breath,
 Was afterward, I know not how, convoid,
 And fro me hid : of whose most innocent
 death
 When tidings came to mee, unhappy maid,
 O, how great sorrow my sad soule assaid !
 Then forth I went his woefull corse to find,
 And many yeares throughout the world I
 straid,
 A virgin widow, whose deepe wounded
 mind
 With love long time did languish, as the
 stricken hind.

XXV.

'At last it chaunced this proud Sarazin
 To meete me wandring ; who perforce me
 led
 With him away, but yet could never win
 The Fort, that Ladies hold in soveraigne
 dread.
 There lies he now with foule dishonor dead,
 Who, whiles he livde, was called proud
 Sans foy,
 The eldest of three brethren ; all three bred
 Of one bad sire, whose youngest is Sans
 joy ;
 And twixt them both was born the bloody
 bold Sans loy.

XXVI.

'In this sad plight, friendlesse, unfortu-
 nate,
 Now miserable I, Fidessa, dwell,
 Craving of you, in pittie of my state,
 To doe none ill, if please ye not doe well.'
 He in great passion al this while did
 dwell,
 More busying his quicke eies her face to
 view,
 Then his dull eares to heare what shee
 did tell ;
 And said, 'faire lady, hart of flint would
 rew

The undeserued woes and sorrowes, which
ye shew.

XXVII.

'Henceforth in safe assuraunce may ye
rest,
Having both found a new friend you to
aid,
And lost an old foe that did you molest;
Better new friend then an old foe is said.'
With chaunge of chear the seeming simple
maid
Let fal her eieu, as shamefast, to the
earth,
And yeelding soft, in that she nought
gainsaid,
So forth they rode, he feining seemely
merth,
And shee coy lookes: so dainty, they say,
maketh derth.

XXVIII.

Long time they thus together traueiled;
Til, weary of their way, they came at last
Where grew two goodly trees, that faire
did spred
Their armes abroad, with gray mosse
overcast;
And their greene leaves, trembling with
every blast,
Made a calme shadowe far in compasse
round:
The fearefull shepheard, often there
aghast,
Under them never sat, ne wont there
sound
His mery oaten pipe, but shund th' un-
lucky ground.

XXIX.

But this good knight, soone as he them
can spie,
For the coole shade him thither hastily
got:
For golden Phoebus, now ymounted hie,
From fiery wheeles of his faire chariot
Hurled his beame so scorching cruell hot,
That living creature mote it not abide;
And his new Lady it endured not.
There they alight, in hope themselves to
hide
From the fierce heat, and rest their weary
limbs a tide.

XXX.

Faire seemely pleasaunce 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 lived yit;

Which to expresse he bends his gentle
wit:

And, thinking of those braunches greene
to frame
A girlond for her dainty forehead fit,
He pluckt a bough; out of whose rift
there came
Smal drops of gory bloud, that trickled
down the same.

XXXI.

Therewith a piteous yelling voice was
heard,
Crying 'O! spare with guilty hands to
teare
My tender sides in this rough rynd
embard;
But fly, ah! fly far hence away, for feare
Least to you hap that happened to me
heare,
And to this wretched Lady, my deare love;
O, too deare love, love bought with death
too deare!'
Astond he stood, and up his heare did
hove;
And with that suddein horror could no
member move.

XXXII.

At last whenas the dreadfull passion
Was overpast, and manhood well awake,
Yet musing at the straunge occasion,
And doubting much his sence, he thus
bespake:
'What voice of damned Ghost from Limbo
lake,
Or guilefull spright wandring in empty
aire,
Both which fraile men doe oftentimes mis-
take,
Sends to my doubtful eares these speaches
rare,
And ruefull plaints, me bidding guiltlesse
blood to spare?'

XXXIII.

Then, groning deep; 'Nor damned
Ghost,' (quoth he,)
'Nor guileful 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 plast in open
plaines,
Where Boreas doth blow full bitter bleake,
And scorching Sunne does dry my secret
vaines;

For though a tree I seme, yet cold and
heat me paines.'

XXXIV.

'Say on, Fradubio, then, or man or tree,'
Quoth then the Knight; 'by whose mis-
chievous arts

Art thou misshaped thus, as now I see?
He oft finds med'cine who his griefe
imparts,

But double griefs afflict concealing harts,
As raging flames who striveth to sup-
presse.'

'The author then,' (said he) 'of all my
smarts,

Is one Duessa, a false sorceresse,
That many errant knights hath broght to
wretchednesse.

XXXV.

'In prime of youthly yeares, when
corage hott

The fire of love, and joy of chevalree,
First kindled in my brest, it was my lott
To love this gentle Lady, whome ye see
Now not a Lady, but a seeming tree;
With whome, as once I rode accompanye,
Me chaunced of a knight encountred bee,
That had a like faire Lady by his syde;
Lyke a faire Lady, but did fowle Duessa
hyde.

XXXVI.

'Whose forged beauty he did take in
hand

All other Dames to have exceeded farre:
I in defence of mine did likewise stand,
Mine, that did then shine as the Morning
starre.

So both to batteill fierce arraunged arre,
In which his harder fortune was to fall
Under my speare: such is the dye of warre.
His Lady, left as a prise martiall,
Did yield her comely person to be at my
call.

XXXVII.

'So doubly lov'd of ladies, unlike faire,
Th' one seeming such, the other such
indeede,

One day in doubt I cast for to compare
Whether in beauties glorie 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 ever false Duessa seemde as faire as
shee.

XXXVIII.

'The wicked witch, now seeing all this
while

The doubtfull ballaunce 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 overcast the day,
And a dull blast, that breathing on her
face

Dimmed her former beauties shining ray,
And with foule ugly forme did her dis-
grace:

Then was she fayre alone, when none was
faire in place.

XXXIX.

'Then cride she out, "Fye, fye! de-
formed wight,

'Whose borrowed beautie now appeareth
plaine

'To have before bewitched all mens sight:
'O! leave her soone, or let her soone be
slaine."

Her loathly visage viewing with disdain,
Eftsoones I thought her such as she me
told,

And would have kild her; but with faigned
paine

The false witch did my wrathfull hand
withhold:

So left her, where she now is turnd to
treen mould.

XL.

'Thensforth I tooke Duessa for my
Dame,

And in the witch unweeting joyd long time,
Ne ever wist but that she was the same;

Till on a day (that day is everie Prime,
When Witches wont do penance for their
crime.)

I chaunst to see her in her proper hew,
Bathing her selfe in origane and thyme:
A filthy foule old woman I did vew,

That ever to have toucht her I did deadly
rew.

XLI.

'Her neather partes misshapen, mon-
struous,

Were hidd in water, that I could not see;
But they did seeme more foule and hideous,
Then womans shape man would beleeve
to bee.

Thensforth from her most bestly com-
panie

I gan refraine, in minde to slipp away,

Soone as appeard safe opportunitie:
For danger great, if not assur'd decay,
I saw before mine eyes, if I were knowne
to stray.

XLII.

'The divelish hag by chaunges of my
cheare
Perceiv'd my thought; and, drown'd in
sleepie night,
With wicked herbes and oyntments did
besmeare
My body all, through charmes and
magicke might,
That all my senses were bereaved quight:
Then brought she me into this desert waste,
And by my wretched lovers side me pight;
Where now, enclos'd in wooden wals full
faste,
Banisht from living wights, our wearie
daies we waste.'

XLIII.

'But how long time,' said then the Elfin
knight,
'Are you in this misformed hous to dwell?'
'We may not chaunge,' (quoth he,) 'this
evill plight,
Till we be bathed in a living well:
That is the terme prescribed by the
spell.'
'O! how,' sayd he, 'mote I that well out
find,
That may restore you to your wonted
well?'
'Time and suffis'd fates to former kynd

Shall us restore; none else from hence
may us unbynd.'

XLIV.

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 ghashtly dreriment,
When all this speech the living tree had
spent,
The bleeding bough did thrust into the
ground,
That from the blood he might be innocent,
And with fresh clay did close the wooden
wound:
Then, turning to his Lady, dead with feare
her fownd.

XLV.

Her seeming dead he fownd with feigned
feare,
As all unweeting of that well she knew;
And paynd himselve with busie care to
reare
Her out of carelesse swowne. Her eyelids
blew,
And dimmed sight, with pale and deadly
hew,
At last she up gan lift: with trembling
cheare
Her up he tooke, (too simple and too trew)
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 love,
And makes the Lyon mylde;
Marres blind Devotions mart, and fals
In hand of leachour vyld.

I.

NOUGHT is there under heav'ns wide hol-
lownesse,
That moves more deare compassion of
mind,
Then beautie brought t'unworthise wretch-
ednesse
Through envies snares, or fortunes freakes
unkind.
I, whether lately through her brightnes
blynd,
Or through alleageance, and fast fealty,
Which I do owe unto all womankynd,
Feele my hart perst with so great agony,
When such I see, that all for pittie I could
dy.

II.

And now it is empassioned so deepe,
For fairest Unaes sake, of whom I sing,
That my frayle eies these lines with teares
do steepe,
To thinke how she through guyleful
handeling,
Though true as touch, though daughter
of a king,
Though faire as ever living wight was
fayre,
Though nor in word nor deede ill merit-
ing,
Is from her knight divorced in despayre,
And her dew loves deryv'd to that vile
witches shayre.

III.

Yet she, most faithfull Ladie, all this while
 Forsaken, wofull, solitarie mayd,
 Far from all peoples preace, as in exile,
 In wilderness and wastfull deserts strayd,
 To seeke her knight; who, subtilly betrayd
 Through that late vision which th' En-
 chaunter wrought,
 Had her abandond. She, of nought
 affrayd,
 Through woods and wastnes wide him
 daily sought;
 Yet wished tydings none of him unto her
 brought.

IV.

One day, nigh wearie of the yrkesome
 way,
 From her unhastie beast she did alight;
 And on the grasse her dainty limbs did
 lay
 In secrete shadow, far from all mens
 sight:
 From her fayre head her fillet she undight,
 And layd her stole aside. Her angels
 face,
 As the great eye of heaven, shyned bright,
 And made a sunshine in the shady place;
 Did never mortall eye behold such heav-
 enly grace.

V.

It fortun'd, out of the thickest wood
 A ramping Lyon rushed suddenly,
 Hunting full greedy after salvage blood.
 Soone as the royall virgin he did spy,
 With gaping mouth at her ran greedily,
 To have atonce devourd her tender corse;
 But to the pray when as he drew more ny,
 His bloody rage aswaged with remorse,
 And, with the sight amazd, forgat his
 furious forse.

VI.

In stead thereof he kist her wearie
 feet,
 And lickt her lilly hands with fawning
 tong,
 As he her wronged innocence did weet.
 O, how can beautie maister the most
 strong,
 And simple truth subdne avenging wrong!
 Whose yielded pryde and proud sub-
 mission,
 Still dreading death, when she had marked
 long,
 Her hart gan melt in great compassion;
 And drizzling teares did shed for pure
 affection.

VII.

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

VIII.

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 upon her gazing stood:
 With pittie calmd downe fell his angry
 mood.
 At last, in close hart shutting up her
 payne,
 Arose the virgin, borne of heavenly brood,
 And to her snowy Palfrey got agayne,
 To seeke her strayed Champion if she
 might attayne.

IX.

The Lyon would not leave her desolate,
 But with her went along, as a strong
 gard
 Of her chast person, and a faythfull mate
 Of her sad troubles and misfortunes hard:
 Still, when she slept, he kept both watch
 and ward;
 And, when she wakt, he wayted diligent,
 With humble service to her will prepard:
 From her fayre eyes he tooke commande-
 ment,
 And ever by her lookes conceived her in-
 tent.

X.

Long she thus travelld through deserts
 wyde,
 By which she thought her wandring
 knight shold pas,
 Yet never shew of living wight espyde;
 Till that at length she found the troden
 gras,
 In which the tract of peoples footing was,
 Under the steepe foot of a mountaine
 hore:
 The same she followes, till at last she has
 A damzel spyde, slow footing her before,
 That on her shoulders sad a pot of water
 bore.

XI.

To whom approaching she to her gan
call,
To weet if dwelling place were nigh at
hand;
But the rude wench her answerd nought
at all:
She could not heare, nor speake, nor
understand;
Till, seeing by her side the Lyon stand,
With suddaine feare her pitcher downe
she threw,
And fled away: for never in that land
Face of fayre Lady she before did vew,
And that dredd Lyons looke her cast in
deadly hew.

XII.

Full fast she fled, ne ever lookt behynd,
As if her life upon the wager lay;
And home she came, whereas her mother
blynd
Sate in eternall night: nought could she
say;
But, suddaine catching hold, did her dis-
may
With quaking hands, and other signes of
feare:
Who, full of ghastly fright and cold affray,
Gan shut the dore. By this arrived there
Dame Una, weary Dame, and entrance
did requere:

XIII.

Which when none yielded, her unruly
Page
With his rude clawes the wicket open rent,
And let her in; where, of his cruell rage
Nigh dead with feare, and faint astonish-
ment,
Shee found them both in darksome eorner
pent;
Where that old woman day and night did
pray
Upon her beads, devoutly penitent:
Nine hundred *Pater nosters* every day,
And thrise nine hundred *Aves* she was
wont to say.

XIV.

And to augment her painefull penaunce
more,
Thrise every weeke in ashes shee did sitt,
And next her wrinkled skin rough sacke-
cloth wore,
And thrise three times did fast from any
bitt;
But now, for feare her beads she did for-
gett:
Whose needlesse dread for to remove
away,

Faire Una framed words and count'naunce
fitt;
Which hardly doen, at length she gan them
pray,
That in their cotage small that night she
rest her may.

XV.

The day is spent; and commeth drowsie
night,
When every creature shrowded is in
sleepe.
Sad Una downe her laies in weary plight,
And at her feete the Lyon watch doth
keepe:
In stead of rest she does lament and weepe,
For the late losse of her deare loved
knight,
And sighes, and grones, and evermore
does steepe
Her tender brest in bitter teares all night;
All night she thinks too long, and often
lookes for light.

XVI.

Now when Aldeboran was mounted hye
Above the shinie Cassiopeias chaire,
And all in deadly sleepe did drowned lye
One knocked at the dore, and in would
fare:
He knocked fast, and often curst, and
sware,
That ready entraunce was not at his call;
For on his backe a heavy load he bare
Of nightly stelths, and pillage severall,
Which he had got abroad by purchas
criminall.

XVII.

He was, to weete, a stout and sturdy
thiefe,
Wont to robbe churches of their orna-
ments,
And poore mens boxes of their due reliefe,
Which given was to them for good intents:
The holy Saints of their rich vestiments
He did disrobe, when all men carelesse
slept,
And spoild the Priests of their habili-
ments;
Whiles none the holy things in safety
kept,
Then he by conning sleights in at the
window crept.

XVIII.

And all that he by right or wrong could
find,

Unto this house he brought, and did
bestow
Upon the daughter of this woman blind,
Abessa, daughter of Corceca slow,
With whom he whoredome usd, that few
did know,
And fed her fatt with feast of offerings,
And plenty, which in all the land did
grow:
Ne spared he to give her gold and rings;
And now he to her brought part of his
stolen things.

XIX.

Thus, long the dore with rage and
threats he bett,
Yet of those fearfull women none durst
rise,
The Lyon frayed them, him in to lett.
He would no lenger stay him to advize,
But open breakes the dore in furious wize,
And entring is, when that disdainfull
beast,
Encountring fierce, him suddain doth sur-
prize;
And, seizing cruell clawes on trembling
brest,
Under his Lordly foot him proudly hath
supprest.

XX.

Him booteth not resist, nor succour call,
His bleeding hart is in the vengers hand;
Who streight him rent in thousand peeces
small,
And quite dismembred hath: the thirsty
land
Dronke up his life; his corse left on the
strand.
His fearefull freends weare out the wofull
night,
Ne dare to weepe, nor seeme to understand
The heavie hap which on them is alight;
Affraid least to themselves the like mis-
happen might.

XXI.

Now when broad day the world discov-
ered has,
Up Una rose, up rose the lyon eke;
And on their former journey forward
pas,
In waies unknowne, her wandring knight
to seeke,
With paines far passing that long wan-
dring Greeke,
That for his love refused deiteye.
Such were the labours of this Lady meeke,
Still seeking him, that from her still did
flye;

Then furthest from her hope, when most
she weened nye.

XXII.

Soone as she parted thence, the fearfull
twayne,
That blind old woman, and her daughter
dear,
Came forth; and, finding Kirkrapine there
slayne,
For anguish great they gan to rend their
heare,
And beat their brests, and naked flesh to
teare:
And when they both had wept and wayld
their fill,
Then forth they ran, like two amazed
deare,
Halfe mad through malice and revenging
will,
To follow her that was the causer of their
ill.

XXIII.

Whome overtaking, they gan loudly
bray,
With hollow houlung, and lamenting cry;
Shamefully at her rayling all the way,
And her accusing of dishonesty,
That was the flowre of faith and chastity:
And still, amidst her rayling, she did pray
That plagues, and mischiefes, and long
misery,
Might fall on her, and follow all the way,
And that in endlesse error she might ever
stray.

XXIV.

But, when she saw her prayers nought
prevaile,
Shee backe returned with some labour
lost;
And in the way, as shee did weepe and
waile,
A knight her mett in mighty armes embost,
Yet knight was not for all his bragging
bost;
But subtill Archimag, that Una sought
By traynes into new troubles to have
toste:
Of that old woman tidings he besought,
If that of such a Lady shee could tellen
ought.

XXV.

Therewith she gan her passion to renew,
And cry, and curse, and raile, and rend
her heare,
Saying, that harlott she too lately knew,
That causd her shed so many a bitter
teare;
And so forth told the story of her feare.

Much seemed he to mone her haplesse
chaunce,
And after for that Lady did inquere;
Which being taught, he forward gan
advauce
His fair enchanted steed, and eke his
charmed lance.

XXVI.

Ere long he came where Una traveild
slow,
And that wilde champion wayting her
besyde;
Whome seeing such, for dread hee durst
not show
Him selfe too nigh at hand, but turned
wyde
Unto an hil; from whence when she him
spyde,
By his like seeming shield her knight by
name
She weend it was, and towards him gan
ride:
Approaching nigh she wist it was the same;
And with faire fearefull humblesse to-
wards him shee came:

XXVII.

And weeping said, ' Ah, my long lacked
Lord,
Where have ye bene thus long out of my
sight?
Much feared I to have bene quite abhord,
Or ought have done, that ye displeasen
might,
That should as death unto my deare heart
light:
For since mine eie your joyous sight did
mis,
My chearefull day is turnd to chearelesse
night,
And eke my night of death the shadow is;
But welcome now, my light, and shining
lampe of blis!'

XXVIII.

He thereto meeting said, ' My dearest
Dame,
Far be it from your thought, and fro my
wil,
To thinke that knighthood I so much
should shame,
As you to leave that have me loved stil,
And chose in Faery court, of meere good-
wil,
Where noblest knights were to be found
on earth.
The earth shall sooner leave her kindly
skil

To bring forth fruit, and make eternal
derth,
Then I leave you, my lief, yborn of hev-
enly berth.

XXIX.

' And sooth to say, why I lefte you so
long,
Was for to seeke adventure in straunge
place;
Where, Archimago said, a felon strong
To many knights did daily worke disgrace;
But knight he now shall never more de-
face:
Good cause of mine excuse, that mote ye
please
Well to accept, and evermore embrace
My faithfull service, that by land and seas
Have vowd you to defend. Now then,
your plaint appease.'

XXX.

His lovely words her seemd due recom-
pence
Of all her passed paines: one loving howre
For many yeares of sorrow can dispence;
A dram of sweete is worth a pound of
sowre.
Shee has forgott how many a woeful
stowre
For him she late endurd; she speakes no
more
Of past: true is, that true love hath no
powre
To looken backe; his eies be fixt before.
Before her stands her knight, for whom
she toyl'd so sore.

XXXI.

Much like, as when the beaten marinere,
That long hath wandred in the Ocean wide,
Ofte soust in swelling Tethys saltish teare;
And long time having tand his tawney hide
With blustering breath of Heaven, that
none can bide,
And scorching flames of fierce Orions
hound;
Soone as the port from far he has espide,
His chearfull whistle merily doth sound,
And Nereus crownes with cups; his mates
him pldg around.

XXXII.

Such joy made Una, when her knight
she found;
And eke th' enchaunter joyous seemde
no lesse
Then the glad marchant, that does vew
from ground

His ship far come from watrie wilder-
nesse;
He hurles out vowes, and Neptune oft
doth blesse.
So forth they past; and all the way they
spent
Discoursing of her dreadful late distresse,
In which he askt her, what the Lyon ment;
Who told her all that fell, in journey as
she went.

XXXIII.

They had not ridden far, when they
might see
One pricking towards them with hastie
heat,
Full strongly armd, and on a courser free
That through his fiersnesse fomed all with
sweat,
And the sharpe yron did for anger eat,
When his hot ryder spurd his chauffed
side:
His looke was sterne, and seemed still to
threat
Cruell revenge, which he in hart did hyde;
And on his shield *Sansloy* in bloody lines
was dyde.

XXXIV.

When nigh he drew unto this gentle
payre,
And saw the Red-crosse which the knight
did beare,
He burnt in fire; and gan eftsoones pre-
pare
Himselfe to batteill with his couched
speare.
Loth was that other, and did faint through
feare,
To taste th' untryed 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 spurd his horse
with yron heele.

XXXV.

But that proud Paynim forward came
so ferce
And full of wrath, that, with his sharp-
head speare,
Through vainly crossed shield he quite
did perce;
And, had his staggering steed not shronke
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, tomling rudely downe, to ground did
rush,
And from his gored wound a well of bloud
did gush.

XXXVI.

Dismounting lightly from his loftie
steed,
He to him lept, in minde to reave his life,
And proudly said; 'Lo! there the worthie
meed
Of him that slew Sansfoy with bloody
knife:
Henceforth his ghost, freed from repining
strife,
In peace may passen over Lethe lake;
When mourning altars, purgd with eni-
mies life,
The black infernall Furies doen aslake:
Life from Sansfoy thou tookst, Sansloy
shall from thee take.'

XXXVII.

Therewith in haste his helmet gan un-
lace,
Till Una eride, 'O! hold that heavie hand,
Deare Sir, what ever 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 alive,
Though conquered now he lye on lowly
land;
And, whilst him fortune favoured, fayre
did thrive
In bloody field; therefore, of life him not
deprive.'

XXXVIII.

Her piteous wordes might not abate his
rage,
But, rudely rending up his helmet, would
Have slayne him streight; but when he
sees his age,
And hoarie head of Archimago old,
His hasty hand he doth amased hold,
And halfe ashamed wondred at the sight:
For the old man well knew he, though
untold,
In charmes and magick to have wondrous
might,
Ne ever wont in field, ne in round lists,
to fight:

XXXIX.

And said, 'Why Archimago, lucklesse
syre,
What doe I see? what hard mishap is
this,
That hath thee hether brought to taste
mine yre?
Or thine the fault, or mine the error is,
In stead of foe to wound my friend amis?'
He answered nought, but in a trauince
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 lenger
stay :

XL.

But to the virgin comes ; who all this
while
Amased 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.

XLI.

But her fiers servant, full of kingly aw
And high disdaine, whenas his souveraine
Dame
So rudely handled by her foe he saw,
With gaping jawes full greedy at him
came,
And, ramping on his shield, did weene the
same
Have reft away with his sharp rending
clawes :
But he was stout, and lust did now inflame
His corage more, that from his griping
pawes
He hath his shield redeemd, and forth his
swerd he drawes.

XLII.

O! then, too weake and feeble was the
forse
Of salvage beast his puissance to with-
stand ;
For he was strong, and of so mightie
corse,
As ever wielded speare in warlike hand,

And feates of armes did wisely under-
stand.

Eft soones he perced through his chaufed
chest

With thrilling point of deadly yron brand,
And launcht his Lordly hart: with death
opprest

He ror'd aloud, whiles life forsooke his
stubborne brest.

XLIII.

Who now is left to keepe the forlorne
maid

From raging spoile of lawlesse victors
will ?

Her faithfull gard remov'd, her hope dis-
maid,

Her selfe a yielded pray to save or spill :
He now, Lord of the field, his pride to fill,
With foule reproches and disdaineful
spight

Her vildly entertaines ; and, will or nill,
Beares her away upon his courser light :
Her prayers nought prevaile, his rage is
more of might.

XLIV.

And all the way, with great lamenting
paine,

And piteous plaintes, she filleth his dull
eares,

That stony hart could riven have in
twaine ;

And all the way she wetts with flowing
teares ;

But he, enrag'd with rancor, nothing
heares.

Her servile beast yet would not leave her
so,

But follows her far off, ne ought he
feares

To be partaker of her wandring woe ;
More mild in beastly kind then that her
beastly foe.

CANTO IV.

To sinfull hous of Pryde Duessa
Guydes the faithfull knight ;
Where, brothers death to wreak, Sansjoy
Doth chaleng him to fight.

I.

YOUNG knight whatever, that dost
armes professe,
And through long labours hunttest after
fame,
Beware of fraud, beware of ficklenesse,
In choice, and change of thy deare-loved
Dame ;

Least thou of her believe too lightly
blame,

And rash misweening doe thy hart re-
move :

For unto knight there is no greater shame
Then lightnesse and inconstancie in love :
That doth this Rederosse knights en-
sample plainly prove.

II.

Who, after that he had faire Una lorne,
Through light misdeeming of her loialtie;
And false Duessea in her sted had borne,
Called Fidess', and so supposd to be,
Long with her traveild; till at last they see
A goodly building bravely garnished;
The house of mightie Prince it seemd
to be,
And towards it a broad high way that
led,
All bare through peoples feet which
thether traveiled.

III.

Great troupes of people traveild thetherward
Both day and night, of each degree and
place;
But few returned, having scaped hard,
With balefull beggery, or foule disgrace;
Which ever after in most wretched case,
Like loathsome lazars, by the hedges lay.
Thether Duessea badd him bend his pace,
For she is wearie of the toilsom way,
And also nigh consumed is the lingring
day.

IV.

A stately Pallace built of squared
bricke,
Which cunningly was without mortar
laid,
Whose wals were high, but nothing
strong nor thick,
And golden foile all over them displaid,
That purest skye with brightnesse they
dismaid:
High lifted up were many loftie towres,
And goodly galleries far over laid,
Full of faire windowes and delightful
bowres:
And on the top a Diall told the timely
howres.

V.

It was a goodly heape for to behould,
And spake the praises of the workmans
witt;
But full great pittie, that so faire a mould
Did on so weake foundation ever sitt:
For on a sandie hill, that still did flitt
And fall away, it mounted was full hie,
That every breath of heaven shaken itt:
And all the hinder partes, that few could
spie,
Were ruinous and old, but painted cun-
ningly.

VI.

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,
Cald Malvenu, who entrance none denide:
Thence to the hall, which was on every
side
With rich array and costly arras dight.
Infinite sortes of people did abide
There waiting long, to win the wished sight
Of her, that was the Lady of that Pallace
bright.

VII.

By them they passe, all gazing on them
round,
And to the Presence mount; whose glori-
ous vew
Their frayle amazed senses did confound:
In living Princes court none ever knew
Such endlesse riches, and so sumptuous
shew;
Ne Persia selfe, the nurse of pompous
pride,
Like ever saw. And there a noble crew
Of Lords and Ladies stood on every side,
Which with their presence fayre the place
much beautifide.

VIII.

High above all a cloth of State was spred,
And a rich throne, as bright as sunny day;
On which there sate, most brave embel-
lished
With royall robes and gorgeous array,
A mayden Queene that shone as Titans
ray,
In glistring gold and perelesse pretious
stone;
Yet her bright blazing beautie did assay
To dim the brightnesse of her glorious
throne,
As envying her selfe, that too exceeding
shone:

IX.

Exceeding shone, like Phœbus fayrest
childe,
That did presume his fathers fyrie wayne,
And flaming mouthes of steedes, un-
wonted wilde,
Through highest heaven with weaker hand
to rayne:
Proud of such glory and advancement
vayne,
While flashing beames do daze his feeble
eye,
He leaves the welkin way most beaten
playne,

And, rapt with whirling wheeles, inflames
 the skyen
 With fire not made to burne, but fayrely
 for to shyne.

x.

So proud she shynd in her princely
 state,
 Looking to heaven, for earth she did dis-
 dayne,
 And sitting high, for lowly she did hate:
 Lo! underneath her scornfull feete was
 layne
 A dreadfull Dragon with an hideous
 trayne;
 And in her hand she held a mirrhour
 bright,
 Wherein her face she often vewed fayne,
 And in her selfe-lov'd semblance took de-
 light;
 For she was wondrous faire, as any living
 wight.

xi.

Of griesly Pluto she the daughter was,
 And sad Proserpina, the Queene of hell;
 Yet did she thinke her pearelesse worth to
 pas
 That parentage, with pride so did she
 swell;
 And thundring Jove, that high in heaven
 doth dwell
 And wield the world, she claymed for her
 syre,
 Or if that any else did Jove excell;
 For to the highest she did still aspyre,
 Or, if ought higher were than that, did it
 desyre.

xii.

And proud Lucifera men did her call,
 That made her selfe a Queene, and crownd
 to be;
 Yet rightfull kingdome she had none at all,
 Ne heritage of native soveraintie;
 But did usurpe with wrong and tyrannie
 Upon the scepter which she now did hold:
 Ne ruld her Realme with lawes, but pollicie,
 And strong advizement of six wisards old,
 That, with their counsels bad, her king-
 dome did uphold.

xiii.

Soone as the Elfin knight in presence
 came,
 And false Duessa, seeming Lady fayre,
 A gentle Husher, Vanitie by name,
 Made rowme, & a passage for them did
 prepaire:
 So goodly brought them to the lowest
 stayre

Of her high throne; where they, on hum-
 ble knee
 Making obeysaunce, did the cause declare,
 Why they were come her roiall state to
 see,
 To prove the wide report of her great
 Majestee.

xiv.

With loftie eyes, halfe loth to looke so
 lowe,
 She thancked them in her disdainfull
 wise;
 Ne other grace vouchsafed them to showe
 Of Princesse worthy; scarce them bad
 arise.
 Her Lordes and Ladies all this while de-
 vise
 Themselves to setten forth to straungers
 sight:
 Some frounce their curled heare in courtly
 guise;
 Some pranke their ruffes; and others
 trimly dight
 Their gay attyre; each others greater
 pride does spight.

xv.

Goodly they all that knight doe enter-
 tayne,
 Right glad with him to have increast their
 crew;
 But to Duess' each one himselfe did payne
 All kindnesse and faire courtesie to shew,
 For in that court whylome her well they
 knew:
 Yet the stout Faery mongst the middest
 crowd
 Thought all their glorie vaine in knightly
 vew,
 And that great Princesse too exceeding
 prowde,
 That to strange knight no better counte-
 nance allowd.

xvi.

Suddein upriseth from her stately place
 The roiall Dame, and for her coche doth
 call:
 All hurtlen forth; and she, with princely
 pace,
 As faire Aurora in her purple pall
 Out of the East the dawning day doth
 call.
 So forth she comes; her brightnes brode
 doth blaze.
 The heapes of people, thronging in the
 hall,
 Doe ride each other upon her to gaze:
 Her glorious glitterand light doth all
 mens eies amaze.

XVII.

So forth she comes, and to her coche
 does clyme,
 Adorned all with gold and girlonds gay,
 That seemd as fresh as Flora in her prime;
 And strove to match, in roiall rich array,
 Great Junoes golden chayre; the which,
 they say,
 The gods stand gazing on, when she does
 ride
 To Joves high hous through heavens bras-
 paved way,
 Drawne of fayre Pecoeks, that excell in
 pride,
 And full of Argus eyes their tayles dis-
 predden wide.

XVIII.

But this was drawne of six unequall
 beasts,
 On which her six sage Counsellours did
 ryde,
 Taught to obey their bestiall beheasts
 With like conditions to their kindes ap-
 plyde:
 Of which the first, that all the rest did
 guyde,
 Was sluggish Idlenesse, the nourse of sin;
 Upon a slouthfull Ass he chose to ryde,
 Arayd in habit blacke, and amis thin,
 Like to an holy Monck, the service to
 begin.

XIX.

And in his hand his Portesse still he
 bare,
 That much was worne, but therein little
 redd;
 For of devotion he had little care,
 Still drownd in sleepe, and most of his
 daies dedd:
 Scarse could he once uphold his heavie
 hedd,
 To looken whether it were night or day.
 May seeme the wayne was very evill ledd,
 When such an one had guiding of the way,
 That knew not whether right he went, or
 else astray.

XX.

From worldly cares himselfe he did
 esloyne,
 And greatly shunned manly exercise;
 From everie worke he chalenged essayne,
 For contemplation sake: yet otherwise
 His life he led in lawlesse riotise,
 By which he grew to grievous malady;
 For in his lustlesse limbs, through evill
 guise,

A shaking fever raignd continually.
 Such one was Idlenesse, first of this com-
 pany.

XXI.

And by his side rode loathsome Gluttony,
 Deformed creature, on a filthie swyne.
 His belly was upblowne with luxury,
 And eke with fatnesse swollen were his
 eyne;
 And like a Crane his necke was long and
 fyne
 With which he swallowed up excessive
 feast,
 For want whereof poore people oft did
 pyne:
 And all the way, most like a brutish beast,
 He spued up his gorge, that all did him
 deteast.

XXII.

In greene vine leaves he was right fitly
 clad,
 For other clothes he could not weare for
 heate;
 And on his head an yvie girland had,
 From under which fast trickled downe the
 sweat.
 Still as he rode he somewhat still did eat,
 And in his hand did beare a bouzing can,
 Of which he supt so oft, that on his seat
 His dronken corse he scarse upholden can:
 In shape and life more like a monster then
 a man.

XXIII.

Unfit he was for any worldly thing,
 And eke unhable once to stirre or go;
 Not meet to be of counsell to a king,
 Whose mind in meat and drinke was
 drowned so,
 That from his frend he seeldome knew his
 fo.
 Full of diseases was his carcas 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.

XXIV.

And next to him rode lustfull Lechery
 Upon a bearded Gote, whose rugged heare,
 And whally eies (the signe of gelosy,
 Was like the person selfe whom he did
 beare:
 Who rough, and blacke, and filthy, did ap-
 peare,
 Unseemly man to please faire Ladies eye;
 Yet he of Ladies oyl was loved deare,
 When faire faces were bid standen by:
 O! who does know the bent of womens
 fantasy?

XXV.

In a greene gowne he clothed was full faire,
Which underneath did hide his filthinesse;
And in his hand a burning hart he bare,
Full of vaine follies and new fanglenesse:
For he was false, and fraught with fickle-
nesse,
And learned had to love with secret lookes;
And well could daunce, and sing with rue-
fulnesse;
And fortunes tell, and read in loving
bookes,
And thousand other waies to bait his
fleshy hookes.

XXVI.

Inconstant man, that loved all he saw,
And lusted after all that he did love;
Ne would his looser life be tide to law,
But joyd weake wemens hearts to tempt,
and prove,
If from their loiall loves he might them
move:
Which lewdnes fild him with reprochfull
pain
Of that foule evill, which all men reprove,
That rots the marrow, and consumes the
braine.
Such one was Lechery, the third of all
this traine.

XXVII.

And greedy Avarice by him did ride,
Upon a Camell loaden all with gold;
Two iron coffers hong on either side,
With precious metall full as they might
hold;
And in his lap an heap of coine he told;
For of his wicked pelfe his God he made,
And unto hell him selfe for money sold:
Accursed usury was all his trade,
And right and wrong ylike in equal bal-
launce waide.

XXVIII.

His life was nigh unto deaths dore
yplaste;
And thred-bare cote, and cobled shoes, hee
ware;
Ne scarce good morsell all his life did taste,
But both from backe and belly still did
spare,
To fill his bags, and richesse to compare:
Yet childe ne kinsman living had he none
To leave them to; but thorough daily care
To get, and nightly feare to lose his owne,
He led a wretched life, unto himselfe un-
knowne.

XXIX.

Most wretched wight, whom nothing
might suffice;
Whose greedy lust did lacke in greatest
store;
Whose need had end, but no end covetise;
Whose welth was want, whose plenty made
him pore;
Who had enough, yett wished ever more;
A vile disease: and eke in foote and hand
A grievous gout tormented him full sore,
That well he could not touch, nor goe, nor
stand.
Such one was Avarice, the fourth of this
faire band.

XXX.

And next to him malicious Envy rode
Upon a ravenous wolfe, and still did chaw
Between his cankred teeth a venomous
tode,
That all the poison ran about his chaw;
But inwardly he chawed his owne maw
At neighbours welth, that made him ever
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 waxed
wondrous glad.

XXXI.

All in a kirtle of discoloured say
He clothed was, ypaynted full of eies;
And in his bosome secretly there lay
An hatefull Snake, the which his taile up-
tyes
In many folds, and mortall sting implyes.
Still as he rode he gnasht his teeth to
see
Those heapes of gold with griple Covetysse;
And grudged at the great felicitee
Of proud Lucifera, and his owne com-
panee.

XXXII.

He hated all good workes and vertuous
deeds,
And him no lesse, that any like did use;
And who with gracious bread the hungry
feeds,
His almes for want of faith he doth ac-
cuse.
So every good to bad he doth abuse;
And eke the verse of famous Poets witt
He does backebite, and spightfull poison
spues
From leproous mouth on all that ever
writt.
Such one vile Envy was, that fite in row
did sitt.

XXXIII.

And him beside rides fierce revenging
Wrath,
Upon a Lion, loth for to be led ;
And in his hand a burning brond he hath,
The which he brandisheth about his hed :
His eies did hurle forth sparckles fiery red,
And stared sterne on all that him beheld ;
As ashes pale of hew, and seeming ded ;
And on his dagger still his hand he held,
Trembling through hasty rage when cholere
in him sweld.

XXXIV.

His ruffin raiment all was staind with
blood
Which he had spilt, and all to rags yrent,
Through unadvised rashnes woxen wood ;
For of his hands he had no government,
Ne car'd for blood in his avengement :
But, when the furious fitt was overpast,
His cruel facts he often would repent ;
Yet, wilfull man, he never would forecast
How many mischieves should ensue his
heedlesse hast.

XXXV.

Full many mischiefes follow cruell
Wrath :
Abhorred bloodshed, and tumultuous
strife,
Unmanly murder, and unthrifty scath,
Bitter despight, with rancours rusty
knife,
And fretting griefe, the enemy of life :
All these, and many evils moe haunt ire,
The swelling Splene, and Frenzy raging
rife,
The shaking Palsey, and Saint Fraunces
fire.
Such one was Wrath, the last of this un-
godly tire.

XXXVI.

And, after all, upon the wagon beame,
Rode Sathan with a smarting whip in
hand,
With which he forward lasht the laesy
teme,
So oft as Slowth still in the mire did
stand.
Huge routs of people did about them
band,
Showing for joy ; and still before their
way
A foggy mist had covered all the land ;
And, underneath their feet, all scattered
lay
Dead skulls and bones of men whose life
had gone astray.

XXXVII.

So forth they marchen in this goodly
sort,
To take the solace of the open aire,
And in fresh flowring fields themselves
to sport :
Emongst the rest rode that false Lady
faire,
The foule Duessa, next unto the chaire
Of proud Lucifer, as one of the traine :
But that good knight would not so nigh
repaire,
Him selfe estraunging from their joyaunce
vaine,
Whose fellowship seemd far unfitt for
warlike swaine.

XXXVIII.

So, having solaced themselves a space
With pleasaunce of the breathing fields
yfed,
They backe returned to the princely
Place ;
Whereas an errant knight in armes yceld,
And heathnish shield, wherein with letters
red,
Was writt *Sansjoy*, they new arrived
find :
Enflam'd with fury and fiers hardy hed,
He seemd in hart to harbour thoughts
unkind,
And nourish bloody vengeance in his
bitter mind.

XXXIX.

Who, when the shamed shield of slaine
Sansfoy
He spide with that same Faery champions
page,
Bewraying him that did of late destroy
His eldest brother ; burning all with
rage,
He to him lept, and that same envious
gape
Of victors glory from him snatcht away :
But th' Elfin knight, which ought that
warlike wage,
Disdaind to loose the meed he wonne in
fray ;
And, him rencountring fierce, reskewd
the noble pray.

XL.

Therewith they gan to hurtlen greedily,
Redoubted battaile ready to darrayne,
And clash their shields, and shake their
swords on hy,
That with their sturre they troubled all
the traine ;

Till that great Queene, upon eternall
paine
Of high displeasure that ensewen might,
Commaunded them their fury to refraine;
And, if that either to that shield had
right,
In equall lists they should the morrow
next it fight.

XLI.

'Ah dearest Dame,' quoth then the Pay-
nim bold,
'Pardon the error of enraged wight,
Whome great griefe made forgett the
raines to hold
Of reasons rule, to see this recreaunt
knight,
No knight, but treachour full of false
despight
And shameful treason, who through guile
hath slayn
The prowest knight that ever field did
fight,
Even stont Sansfoy, (O who can then
refrayn?)
Whose shield he beares renverst, the
more to heap disdayn.

XLII.

'And, to augment the glorie of his guile,
His dearest love, the faire Fidessa, loe!
Is there possessed of the traytour vile;
Who reapes the harvest sowed by his
foe,
Sowen in bloodie field, and bought with
woe:
That brothers hand shall dearely well
requight,
So be, O Queene! you equall favour
showe.'
Him litle answerd th' angry Elfin knight;
He never meant with words, but swords,
to plead his right:

XLIII.

But threw his gauntlet, as a sacred
pledge
His cause in combat the next day to try:
So been they parted both, with harts on
edge
To be aveng'd each on his enemy.
That night they pas in joy and jollity,
Feasting and courting both in bowre and
hall;
For Steward was excessive Gluttony,
That of his plenty poured forth to all:
Which doen, the Chamberlain, Slowth,
did to rest them call.

XLIV.

Now whenas darkesome night had all
displayd
Her coleblacke curtein over brightest
skye;
The warlike youtthes, on dayntie couches
layd,
Did chace away sweet sleepe from sluggish
eye,
To muse on meanes of hoped victory.
But whenas Morpheus had with leaden
mace
Arrested all that courtly company,
Uprose Duessa from her resting place,
And to the Paynims lodging comes with
silent pace.

XLV.

Whom broad awake she findes, in
troublois fitt,
Fore-casting how his foe he might annoy;
And him amoves with speaches seeming
fitt:
'Ah deare Sansjoy, next dearest to
Sansfoy,
Cause of my new griefe, cause of my new
joy;
Joyous to see his ymage in mine eye,
And greevd to thinke how foe did him
destroy,
That was the flowre of grace and
chevalrye;
Lo! his Fidessa, to thy secret faith I flye.'

XLVI.

With gentle wordes he can her fayrely
greet,
And bad say on the secrete of her hart:
Then, sighing soft; 'I learne that litle
sweet
Oft tempred is,' (quoth she,) 'with
muchell smart:
For since my brest was launcht with
lovely dart
Of deare Sansfoy, I never joyed howre,
But in eternall woes my weaker hart
Have wasted, loving him with all my
powre,
And for his sake have felt full many an
heavie stowre.

XLVII.

'At last, when perils all I weened past,
And hop'd to reape the crop of all my
care,
Into new woes unweeting I was cast
By this false faytor, who unworthie ware
His worthie shield, whom he with guile-
full snare

Entrapped slew, and brought to shamefull
grave:
Me, silly maid, away with him he bare,
And ever since hath kept in darksom
cave,
For that I would not yeeld that to Sans-
foy I gave.

XLVIII.

'But since faire Sunne hath sperst that
lowring clowd,
And to my loathed life now shewes some
light,
Under your beames I will me safely
shrowd
From dreaded storme of his disdainfull
spright:
To you th' inheritance belongs by right
Of brothers prayse, to you eke longes his
love.
Let not his love, let not his restlesse
spright,
Be unreveng'd, that calles to you above
From wandering Stygian shores, where it
doth endlesse move.'

XLIX.

Thereto said he, 'Faire Dame, be nought
dismaid
For sorrowes past; their grieve is with
them gone:
Ne yet of present perill be affraid,
For needlesse feare did never vantage
none;
And helpllesse hap it booteth not to mone.
Dead is Sansfoy, his vitall paines are past,
Though greewed ghost for vengeance deep
do grone:

He lives that shall him pay his dewties
last,
And guiltie Elfin blood shall sacrifice in
hast.'

L.

'O! but I feare the fickle freakes,
(quoth shee)
'Of fortune false, and oddes of armes in
field.'
'Why, dame,' (quoth he) 'what oddes
can ever bee,
Where both doe fight alike, to win or
yield?'
'Yea, but,' (quoth she) 'he beares a
charmed shield,
And eke enchanted armes, that none
can percee;
Ne none can wound the man that does
them wield.'
'Charmd or enchanted,' answerd he
then ferce,
'I no whitt reck; ne you the like need to
reherce.

LI.

'But, faire Fidessa, sithens fortunes
guile,
Or enimies powre, hath now captived you,
Returne from whence ye came, and rest
a while,
Till morrow next that I the Elfe subdew,
And with Sansfoyes dead dowry you
endew.'
'Ah me! that is a double death,' (she
said)
'With proud foes sight my sorrow to
renew,
Where ever yet I be, my secret aide
Shall follow you.' So, passing forth, she
him obaid.

CANTO V.

The faithfull knight in equall field
Subdewes his faithlesse foe;
Whom false Duessa saves, and for
His cure to hell does goe.

I.

THE noble hart that harbours vertuous
thought,
And is with childe of glorious great intent,
Can never rest, untill it forth have brought
Th'eternall brood of glorie excellent:
Such restlesse passion did all night
torment
The flaming corage of that Faery knight,
Devizng how that doughtie tournament
With greatest honour he atchieven might:
Still did he wake, and still did watch for
dawning light.

II.

At last, the golden Orientall gate
Of greatest heaven gan to open fayre;
And Phoebus, fresh as brydegrome to his
mate,
Came dauncing forth, shaking his deawie
hayre,
And hurld his glistring beams through
gloomy ayre.
Which when the wakeful Elfe perceiv'd,
streight way,
He started up, and did him selfe prepayre
In sunbright armes, and battailous array;

For with that Pagan proud he combatt
will that day.

III.

And forth he comes into the commune
hall;
Where earely waite him many a gazing
eye,
To weet what end to straunger knights
may fall.
There many Minstrales maken melody,
To drive away the dull melancholy;
And many Bardes, that to the trembling
chord
Can tune their timely voices cunningly;
And many Chroniclers, that can record
Old loves, and warres for Ladies doen by
many a Lord.

IV.

Soone after comes the cruell Sarazin,
In woven Maile all armed warily;
And sternly lookes at him, who not a pin
Does care for looke of living creatures eye.
They bring them wines of Greece and
Araby,
And daintie spices fetch from furthest
Ynd,
To kindle heat of corage privily;
And in the wine a solemne oth they bynd
T'observe the sacred lawes of armes that
are assynd.

V.

At last forth comes that far renowned
Queene:
With royall pomp and princely majestie
She is ybrought unto a paled greene,
And placed under stately canapee,
The warlike feates of both those knights
to see.
On th' other side in all mens open vew
Duessa placed is, and on a tree
Sausfoy his shield is hangd with bloody
hew;
Both those the lawrell girlonds to the victor
dew.

VI.

A shrilling trompett sownded from on
hye,
And unto battaill bad them selves ad-
dresse:
Their shining shieldes about their wrestes
they tye,
And burning blades about their heades
doe blesse,
The instruments of wrath and heavinesse.
With greedy force each other doth assayle,
And strike so fiercely, that they do im-
presse

Deepe dinted furrowes in the battred
mayle:
The yron walles to ward their blowes are
weak and fraile.

VII.

The Sarazin was stout and wondrous
strong;
And heaped blowes like yron hammers
great;
For after blood and vengeance he did
long:
The knight was fiers, and full of youthly
heat,
And doubled strokes, like dreaded thun-
ders threat;
For all for praise and honour he did fight.
Both stricken stryke, and beaten both doe
beat,
That from their shields forth flyeth fire
light,
And hewen helmets deepe shew marks of
eithers might.

VIII.

So th' one for wrong, the other strives
for right.
As when a Gryfon, seized of his pray,
A Dragon fiers encountreth in his flight,
Through widest ayre making his ydle
way,
That would his rightfull ravine rend
away:
With hideous horror both together smight,
And souce so sore that they the heavens
affray;
The wise Southsayer, seeing so sad sight,
Th' amazed vulgar telles of warres and
mortall fight.

IX.

So th' one for wrong, the other strives
for right,
And each to deadly shame would drive
his foe:
The cruell steele so greedily doth bight
In tender flesh, that streames of blood
down flow;
With which the armes, that earst so bright
did show,
Into a pure vermillion now are dyde.
Great ruth in all the gazers harts did
grow,
Seeing the gored woundes to gape so wyde,
That victory they dare not wish to either
side.

X.

At last the Paynim chaunst to cast his
eye,

His suddain eye flaming with wrathfull
 fyre,
 Upon his brothers shield, which hong
 thereby:
 Therewith redoubled was his raging yre,
 And said; 'Ah! wretched sonne of wofull
 syre,
 Doest thou sit wayling by blacke Stygian
 lake,
 Whylest here thy shield is handd for vic-
 tors hyre?
 And, sluggish german, doest thy forces
 slake
 To after-send his foe, that him may over-
 take?

XI.

'Goe, caytive Elfe, him quickly over-
 take,
 And soone redeeme from his long-wan-
 dring woe:
 Goe, guiltie ghost, to him my message
 make,
 That I his shield have quit from dying foe.'
 Therewith upon his crest he stroke him so,
 That twice he reeled, readie twice to fall:
 End of the doubtfull battaile deemed tho
 The lookers on; and lowd to him gan call
 The false Duessa, 'Thine the shield, and
 I, and all!'

XII.

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 avengd to be,
 And with so' exceeding furie at him strake,
 That forced him to stoupe upon his knee:
 Had he not stouped so, he should have
 cloven bee.

XIII.

And to him said; 'Goe now, proud Mis-
 creant,
 Thyselfe thy message do to german deare;
 Alone he, wandring, thee too long doth
 want:
 Goe say, his foe thy shield with his doth
 beare.'
 Therewith his heavie hand he high gan
 reare,
 Him to have slaine; when lo! a darke-
 some clowd
 Upon him fell: he no where doth appeare,
 But vanisht is. The Elfe him calls alowd,
 But answer none receives; the darknes
 him does shrowd.

XIV.

In haste Duessa from her place arose,
 And to him running said; 'O! prowest
 knight,
 That ever Ladie to her love did chose,
 Let now abate the terrour of your might,
 And quench the flame of furious despight,
 And bloodie vengeance: lo! th' infernall
 powres,
 Covering your foe with cloud of deadly
 night,
 Have borne him hence to Plutoes balefull
 bowres:
 The conquest yours; I yours; the shield,
 and glory yours.'

XV.

Not all so satisfide, with greedy eye
 He sought all round about, his thristy
 blade
 To bathe in blood of faithlesse enemy;
 Who all that while lay hid in secret shade.
 He standes 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 victorie,
 And to him brought the shield, the cause
 of enmitie.

XVI.

Wherewith he goeth to that soveraine
 Queene;
 And falling her before on lowly knee,
 To her makes present of his service seene:
 Which she accepts with thankes and
 goodly gree,
 Greatly advauncing his gay chevalree:
 So marcheth home, and by her takes the
 knight,
 Whom all the people followe with great
 glee,
 Shouting, and clapping all their hands on
 hight,
 That all the ayre it fills, and flies to
 heaven bright.

XVII.

Home is he brought, and layd in sump-
 tous bed,
 Where many skilfull leaches him abide
 To salve his hurts, that yet still freshly
 bled.
 In wine and oyle they wash his woundes
 wide,
 And softly gan embalme on everie side:
 And all the while most heavenly melody
 About the bed sweet musicke did divide,

Him to beguile of griefe and agony;
And all the while Duessa wept full bitterly.

XVIII.

As when a wearie traveler, that strayes
By muddy shore of broad seven-mouthed Nile,
Unweeting of the perillous wandring wayes,
Doth meete a cruell craftie Crocodile,
Which, in false griefe hyding his harmefull guile,
Doth weepe full sore, and sheddeth tender teares;
The foolish man, that pities all this while
His mournefull plight, is swallowed up unwares,
Forgetfull of his owne that mindes an others cares.

XIX.

So wept Duessa untill eventyde,
That shyning lampes in Joves high house were light;
Then forth she rose, ne lenger would abide,
But comes unto the place where th' He then knight,
In slombring srownd, nigh voyd of vitall spright,
Lay cover'd with inchaunted cloud all day:
Whom when she found, as she him left in plight,
To wayle his wofull case she would not stay,
But to the Easterne coast of heaven makes speedy way:

XX.

Where griesly Night, with visage deadly sad,
That Phœbus chearefull face durst never vew,
And in a foule blacke pitchy mantle clad,
She findes forth comming from her darksome mew,
Where she all day did hide her hated hew.
Before the dore her yron charet stood,
Already harnesssed for journey new,
And cole blacke steedes yborne of hellish brood,
That on their rusty bits did champ as they were wood.

XXI.

Who when she saw Duessa, sunny bright,
Adorn'd with gold and jewels shining cleare,
She greatly grew amazed at the sight,

And th' unacquainted light began to feare,
For never did such brightnes there appeare;
And would have backe retyred to her cave,
Untill the witches speach she gan to heare,
Saying; 'Yet, O thou dreaded Dame! I crave
Abyde, till I have told the message which I have.'

XXII.

She stayd; and fourth Duessa gan proceede:
'O! thou most auncient Grandmother of all,
More old then Jove, whom thou at first didst breede,
Or that great house of Gods cælestiall,
Which wast begot in Dæmogorgons hall,
And sawst the secrets of the world unmade;
Why suffredst thou thy Nephewes deare to fall,
With Elfin sword most shamefully be-trade?
Lo! where the stout Sansjoy doth sleepe in deadly shade.

XXIII.

'And him before, I saw with bitter eyes
The bold Sansfoy shrinck underneath his speare;
And now the pray of fowles in field he lyes,
Nor wayld of friends, nor layd on groning beare,
That whylome was to me too dearely deare.
O! what of gods then boots it to be borne,
If old Aveugles sonnes so evill heare?
Or who shall not great Nightes children scorne,
When two of three her Nephewes are so fowle forlorne?

XXIV.

'Up, then! up, dreary Dame, of darknes Queene!
Go, gather up 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 fayre light de-face.'
Her feeling speaches some compassion mov'd

In hart, and change in that great mothers face:
Yet pittie in her hart was never prov'd
Till then, for evermore she hated, never
lov'd:

XXV.

And said, 'Deare daughter, rightly may
I rew
The fall of famous children borne of mee,
And good successes which their foes
ensew:
But who can turne the stream of destinee,
Or breake the chayne of strong neces-
sitee,
Which fast is tyde to Joves eternall seat?
The sonnes of Day he favoureth, I see,
And by my ruines thinkes to make them
great:
To make one great by others losse is bad
excheat.

XXVI.

'Yet shall they not escape so freely all,
For some shall pay the price of others
guilt;
And he the man that made Sansfoy to
fall,
Shall with his owne blood price that he
hath spilt.
But what are thou, that telst of Nephews
kilt?'

'I, that do seeme not I, Duessa ame,'
Quoth she, 'how ever now, in garments
gilt
And gorgeous gold arayd, I to thee
came,
Duessa I, the daughter of Deceipt and
Shame.'

XXVII.

Then, bowing downe her aged backe,
she kist
The wicked witch, saying, 'In that fayre
face
The false resemblaunce of Deceipt, 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
bee
Of falshood, and roote of Duessaes race.
O welcome, child! whom I have longd to
see,
And now have seene unwares. Lo! now
I goe with thee.'

XXVIII.

Then to her yron wagon she betakes,
And with her beares the fowle welfavourd
witch.

Through mirkesome aire her ready way
she makes:
Her twyfold Teme, of which two blacke
as pitch,
And two were browne, yet each to each
unlich,
Did softly swim away, ne ever stamp
Unlesse she chaunst their stubborne
mouths to twitch;
Then, foming tarre, their bridles they
would champ,
And trampling the fine element would
fiercely ramp.

XXIX.

So well they sped, that they be come at
length
Unto the place whereas the Paynim lay,
Devoid of outward sence and native
strength,
Coverd with charmed cloud from vew of
day,
And sight of men, since his late luckelesse
fray.
His cruell wounds, with cruddy blood
congeald,
They binden up so wisely as they may,
And handle softly, till they can be heald:
So lay him in her charett, close in night
conceald.

XXX.

And, all the while she stood upon the
ground,
The wakefull dogs did never cease to bay,
As giving warning of th' unwonted
sound,
With which her yron wheeles did them
affray,
And her darke griesly looke them much
dismay:
The messenger of death, the ghasty owle,
With drery shriekes did also her bewray;
And hungry wolves continually did howle
At her abhorred face, so filthy and so
fowle.

XXXI.

Thence turning backe in silence softe
they stole,
And brought the heavy corse with easy
pace
To yawning gulfe of deepe Avernus hole.
By that same hole an entraunce, darke
and bace,
With smoake and sulphur hiding all the
place,
Descends to hell: there creature never
past,
That backe retourned without heavenly
grace;

But dreadfull Furies, which their chaines
have brast,
And damned sprights sent forth to make
ill men aghast.

XXXII.

By that same way the direfull dames
doe drive
Their mournfull charett, fild with rusty
blood,
And downe to Plutoes house are come
bilive:
Which passing through, on every side
them stood
The trembling ghosts with sad amazed
mood,
Chattring their iron teeth, and staring
wide
With stony eies; and all the hellish
brood
Of feends infernall flockt on every side,
To gaze on erthly wight that with the
Night durst ride.

XXXIII.

They pas the bitter waves of Acheron,
Where many soules sit wailing woefully,
And come to fiery flood of Phlegeton,
Whereas the damned ghosts in torments
fry,
And with sharp shrilling shriekes doe
bootlesse cry,
Cursing high Jove, the which them thither
sent.
The house of endlesse paine is built thereby,
In which ten thousand sorts of punish-
ment
The cursed creatures doe eternally tor-
ment.

XXXIV.

Before the threshold dreadfull Cerberus
His three deformed heads did lay along,
Curled with thousand adders venemous,
And lilled forth his bloody flaming tong:
At them he gau to reare his bristles
strong,
And felly gnarre, untill Dayes enemy
Did him appease; then downe his taile he
hong,
And suffered them to passen quietly;
For she in hell and heaven had power
equally.

XXXV.

There was Ixion turned on a wheele,
For daring tempt the Queene of heaven
to sin;
And Sisyphus and huge round stone did
reele
Against an hill, ne might from labour liu;

There thristy Tantalus hong by the chin;
And Tityus fed a vultur on his maw;
Typhœus joynts were stretched on a gin;
Theseus condemned to endlesse slouth by
law;
And fifty sisters water in leke vessels
draw.

XXXVI.

They all, beholding worldly wights in
place,
Leave off their worke, unmindfull of their
smart,
To gaze on them; who forth by them doe
pace,
Till they be come unto the furthest part;
Where was a Cave ywrought by wondrous
art.
Deepe, darke, uneasy, dolefull, comfort-
lesse.
In which sad Aesculapius far apart
Emprisond was in chaines remedillesse;
For that Hippolytus rent corse he did re-
dresse.

XXXVII.

Hippolytus a jolly huntsman was,
That wont in charett chace the foming
bore:
He all his Peeres in beauty did surpas,
But Ladies love as losse of time forbore:
His wanton stepdame loved him the more;
But, when she saw her offred sweets re-
fuse,
Her love she turnd to hate, and him before
His father fierce of treason false accusd,
And with her gealous termes his open
eares abusd:

XXXVIII.

Who, all in rage, his Sea-god syre be-
sought
Some cursed vengeance on his sonne to
cast.
From surging gulf two Monsters streight
were brought,
With dread whereof his chacing steedes
aghast
Both charett swifte and huntsman over-
cast:
His goodly corps, on ragged cliffs yrent,
Was quite dismembred, and his members
chast
Scattered on every mountaine as he went,
That of Hippolytus was lefte no monument.

XXXIX.

His cruell step-dame, seeing what was
donne,
Her wicked daies with wretched knife
did end,

In death avowing th' innocence of her
sonne.

Which hearing, his rash syre began to
rend

His heare, and hasty tong that did offend:
Tho, gathering up the reliques of his
smart,

By Dianes meanes, who was Hippolyts
frend,

Them brought to Aesculape that by his art
Did heale them all againe, and joyned
every part.

XL.

Such wondrous science in mans witt to
rain

When Jove avizd, that could the dead
revive,

And fates expired could renew again,
Of endlesse life he might him not deprive,

But unto hell did thrust him downe alive,
With flashing thunderbolt ywounded sore:

Where, long remaining, he did alwaies
strive

Himselfe with salves to health for to re-
store,

And slake the heavenly fire that raged
evermore.

XLI.

There auncient Night arriving did alight
From her nigh weary wayne, and in her
armes

To Æsculapius brought the wounded
knight:

Whome having softly disaraid of armes,
Tho gan to him discover all his harmes,

Beseeching him with prayer and with
praise,

If either salves, or oyles, or herbes, or
charmes,

A fordonne wight from dore of death
mote raise,

He would at her request prolong her
nephews daies.

XLII.

'Ah Dame,' (quoth he) 'thou temptest
me in vaine,

To dare the thing which daily yet I rew,
And the old cause of my continued paine

With like attempt to like end to renew.
Is not enough, that, thrust from heaven

dew,
Here endlesse penaunce for one fault I pay,
But that redoubled crime with vengeance

new
Thou biddest me to eeke? Can Night de-
fray

The wrath of thundring Jove, that rules
both night and day?'

XLIII.

'Not so,' (quoth she) 'but, sith that
heavens king

From hope of heaven 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 everlasting Night?
Goe to then, O thou far renowned some

Of great Apollo! shew thy famous might
In medicine, that els hath to thee wonne

Great pains, and greater praise, both never
to be donne.'

XLIV.

Her words prevaild: And then the
learned leach

His cunning hand gan to his wounds to lay,
And all things els the which his art did

teach:
Which having seene, from thence arose

away
The mother of dredd darknesse, and let
stay

Aveugles sonne there in the leaches cure;
And, backe retourning, took her wonted

way
To ronne her timely race, whilst Phoebus
pure

In westerne waves his weary wagon did
recure.

XLV.

The false Duessa, leaving noyous Night,
Returnd to stately pallace of Dame Pryde:

Where when she came, she found the
Faery knight

Departed thence; albee his woundes wyde
Not thoroughly heald unready were to ryde.

Good cause he had to hasten thence away;
For on a day his wary Dwarfe had spyde

Where in a dungeon deepe huge numbers
lay

Of caytive wretched thralls, that wayled
night and day:

XLVI.

A ruefull sight as could be seene with eie,
Of whom he learned had in secret wise

The hidden cause of their captivitie;
How mortgaging their lives to Covetise,

Through wastfull Pride and wanton Ri-
otise,

They were by law of that proud Tyran-
nesse,

Provokt with Wrath and Envyes false
surmise,

Condemned to that Dongeon mercilesse,

Where they should live in wo, and dye in
wretchednesse.

XLVII.

There was that great proud king of
Babylon,
That would compell all nations to adore,
And him as onely God to call upon;
Till, through celestiall doome thrown out
of dore,
Into an Oxe he was transformd of yore.
There also was king Cræsus, that en-
haunst
His hart too high through his great
richesse store;
And proud Antiochus, the which ad-
vaunst
His cursed hand gainst God, and on his
altares daunst.

XLVIII.

And them long time before, great Nim-
rod was,
That first the world with sword and fire
warrayd;
And after him old Ninus far did pas
In princely pomp, of all the world obeyd.
There also was that mightie Monarch
layd
Low under all, yet above all in pride,
That name of native syre did fowle up-
brayd,
And would as Ammons sonne be magni-
fide,
Till, scorn'd of God and man, a shamefull
death he dide.

XLIX.

All these together in one heape were
throwne,
Like carcases of beastes in butchers stall.
And in another corner wide were strowne
The Antique ruins of the Romanes fall:
Great Romulus, the Grandsyre of them
all;
Proud Tarquin, and too lordly Lentulus;
Stout Scipio, and stubborne Hanniball;
Ambitious Sylla, and sterne Marins;
High Caesar, great Pompey, and fiers An-
tonius.

L

Amongst these mightie men were wemen
mixt,
Proud wemen, vaine, forgetfull of their
yoke:
The bold Semiramis, whose sides trans-
fixt
With sonnes own blade her fowle re-
proches spoke:

Fayre Sthenobœa, that her selfe did
choke
With wilfull chord 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
dongeon fill.

LI.

Besides the endlesse routes of wretched
thralles,
Which thither were assembled day by day
From all the world, after their wofull
falles,
Through wicked pride and wasted welthes
decay.
But most of all, which in that dongeon
lay,
Fell from high Princes courtes, or Ladies
bowres,
Where they in ydle pomp, or wanton play,
Consumed had their goods and thriftlesse
hovres,
And lastly thrown themselves into these
heavy stowres.

LII.

Whose case whenas the careful Dwarfe
had tould,
And made ensample of their mournfull
sight
Unto his Maister, he no lenger would
There dwell in perill of like painefull
plight,
But earely rose; and, ere that dawning
light
Discovered had the world to heaven wyde,
He by a privy Posterne tooke his flight,
That of no envious eyes he mote be
spyde;
For, doubtlesse, death ensewd if any him
descryde.

LIII.

Scarse could he footing find in that
fowle way,
For many courses, like a great Lay-stall,
Of mured men, which therein strowed
lay
Without remorse or decent funerall;
Which al through that great Princesse
pride did fall,
And came to shamefull end. And them
besyde,
Forth ryding underneath the castell wall,
A Donghill of dead carcases he spyde;
The dreadful spectacle of that sad house
of Pryde.

CANTO VI.

From lawlesse lust by wondrous grace
 Fayre Una is releast:
 Whom salvage nation does adore,
 And learns her wise beheast.

I.

As when a ship, that flyes fayre under
 sayle,
 An hidden rocke escaped hath unawares,
 That lay in waite her wrack for to be-
 waille,
 The Marriner yet halfe amazed stares
 At perill past, and yet in doubt ne dares
 To joy at his foolhappie oversight:
 So doubly is distrest twixt joy and cares
 The dreadlesse corage of this Elfin knight,
 Having escapt so sad ensamples in his
 sight.

II.

Yet sad he was, that his too hastie speed
 The fayre Duesse had forst him leave be-
 hind;
 And yet more sad, that Una, his deare
 dreed,
 Her truth had staynd with treason so un-
 kind:
 Yet cryme in her could never creature find;
 But for his love, and for her own selfe sake,
 She wandred had from one to other Ynd,
 Him for to seeke, ne ever would forsake,
 Till her unwares the fiers Sansloy did
 overtake:

III.

Who, after Archimagoes fowle defeat,
 Led her away into a forest wilde;
 And, turning wrathfull fyre to lustfull heat,
 With beastly sin thought her to have de-
 filde,
 And made the vassall of his pleasures
 vilde.
 Yet first he cast by treatie, and by traynes
 Her to persuade that stubborne fort to
 yilde:
 For greater conquest of hard love he
 gaynes,
 That workes it to his will, then he that it
 constraines.

IV.

With fawning wordes he courted her a
 while;
 And, looking lovely and oft sighing sore,
 Her constant hart did tempt with diverse
 guile:
 But wordes, and lookes, and sighes she
 did abhore;

As rock of Diamond stedfast evermore.
 Yet for to feed his fyrie lustfull eye,
 He snatcht the vele that hong her face
 before:
 Then gan her beautie shyne as brightest
 skye,
 And burnt his beastly hart t'efforce her
 chastitye.

V.

So when he saw his flatt'ring artes to
 fayle,
 And subtile engines bett from batteree;
 With greedy force he gan the fort assayle,
 Whereof he weend possessed soone to bee,
 And win rich spoile of ransackt chastitee.
 Ah heavens! that doe this hideous act
 behold,
 And heavenly virgin thus outraged see,
 How can ye vengeance just so long with-
 hold,
 And hurle not flashing flames upon that
 Paynim bold?

VI.

The pitteous mayden, carefull, com-
 fortlesse,
 Does throw out thrilling shriekes, and
 shrieking cryes,
 The last vaine helpe of wemens great
 distresse,
 And with loud plaintes 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 hydes for shame. What witt of
 mortal wight
 Can now devise to quitt a thrall from
 such a plight?

VII.

Eternall providence, exceeding thought,
 Where none appears can make her selfe
 a way.
 A wondrous way it for this Lady wrought,
 From Lyons claws to pluck the gryped
 pray.
 Her shrill outcryes and shrieks so loud
 did bray,

That all the woodes and forestes did
resound:
A troupe of Faunes and Satyres far away
Within the wood were dauncing in a
rownd,
Whiles old Sylvanus slept in shady arber
sownd:

VIII.

Who, when they heard that pitteous
strained voice,
In haste forsooke their rurall meriment,
And ran towards the far rebowded
noyce,
To weet what wight so loudly did lament.
Unto the place they come incontinent:
Whom when the raging Sarazin espyde,
A rude, mishapen, monstrous rablement,
Whose like he never saw, he durst not
byde,
But got his ready steed, and fast away
gan ryde.

IX.

The wyld woodgods, arrived in the
place,
There find the virgin, doofull, desolate,
With ruffled rayments, and fayre blub-
bred face,
As her outrageous foe had left her late;
And trembling yet through feare of
former hate.
All stand amazed at so uncouth sight,
And gin to pittie her unhappie state:
All stand astonied at her beautie bright,
In their rude eyes unworthie of so wofull
plight.

X.

She, more amazd, in double dread doth
dwell;
And every tender part for feare does
shake.
As when a greedy Wolfe, through hunger
fell,
A seely Lamb far from the flock does
take,
Of whom he meanes his bloody feast to
make,
A Lyon spyes fast running towards him,
The innocent pray in hast he does for-
sake;
Which, quitt from death, yet quakes in
every lim
With change of feare, to see the Lyon
looke so grim.

XI.

Such fearefull fitt assaid her trembling
hart,
Ne word to speake, ne joynt to move,
she had;

The salvage nation feele her secret smart,
And read her sorrow in her count'nance
sad;
Their frowning forheades, with rough
hornes yelad,
And rustick horror, all asyde 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.

XII.

The doubtfull Damzell dare not yet
committ
Her single person to their barbarous
truth;
But still twixt feare and hope-amazd
does sitt,
Late learnd what harme to hasty trust
ensu'th.
They, in compassion of her tender youth,
And wonder of her beautie soverayne,
Are wonne with pity and unwonted ruth;
And, all prostrate upon the lowly playne,
Doe kisse her feete, and fawne on her
with count'nance fayne.

XIII.

Their harts she ghesseth by their
humble guise,
And yielde her to extremitie of time:
So from the ground she fearelesse doth
arise,
And walketh forth without suspect of
crime.
They, all as glad as birdes of joyous
Pryme,
Thence lead her forth, about her dauncing
round,
Shouting, and singing all a shepherds
ryme;
And with greene branches strowing all
the ground,
Do worship her as Queene with olive gir-
lond croud.

XIV.

And all the way their merry pipes they
sound,
That all the woods with doubled Echo
ring;
And with their horned feet doe weare the
ground,
Leaping like wanton kids in pleasant
Spring.
So towards old Sylvanus they her bring;
Who, with the noyse awaked, commeth
out

To weet the cause, his weake steps govern-
 ing
 And aged limbs on cypresse stadle stout;
 And with an yvie twyne his waste is girt
 about.

xv.

Far off he wonders what them makes
 so glad;
 Or Bacchus merry fruit they did invent,
 Or Cybeles franticke rites have made
 them mad:
 They, drawing nigh, unto their God
 present
 That flowre of fayth and beautie excellent.
 The God himselfe, vewing that mirrhour
 rare,
 Stood long amazd, and burnt in his intent:
 His owne fayre Dryope now he thinks
 not faire,
 And Pholoe fowle, when her to this he
 doth compaire.

xvi.

The woodborne people fall before her
 flat,
 And worship her as Goddesses of the wood;
 And old Sylvanus selfe bethinkes not
 what
 To thinke of wight so fayre, but gazing
 stood
 In doubt to deeme her borne of earthly
 brood:
 Sometimes dame Venus selfe he seemes
 to see;
 But Venus never had so sober mood:
 Sometimes Diana he her takes to be,
 But misseth bow and shaftes, and buskins
 to her knee.

xvii.

By vew of her he ginneth to revive
 His ancient love, and dearest Cyparisse;
 And calles to mind his pourtraiture alive,
 How fayre he was, and yet not fayre to
 this;
 And how he slew with glauncing dart
 amisse
 A gentle Hynd, the which the lovely boy
 Did love as life, above all worldly blisse;
 For griefe whereof the lad n'ould after
 joy,
 But pynd away in anguish and selfe-wild
 annoy.

xviii.

The woody nymphes, faire Hama-
 dryades,
 Her to behold do thither runne apace;
 And all the troupe of light-foot Naiades
 Flocke all about to see her lovely face;

But, when they vewed have her heavenly
 grace,
 They envy her in their malicious mind,
 And fly away for feare of fowle disgrace:
 But all the Satyres scorne their woody
 kind,
 And henceforth nothing faire but her on
 earth they find.

xix.

Glad of such lucke, the luckelesse lucky
 mayd
 Did her content to please their feeble eyes,
 And long time with that salvage people
 stayd,
 To gather breath in many miseries.
 During which time her gentle wit she
 pyles
 To teach them truth, which worshipt her
 in vaine,
 And made her th' Image of Idolatryes;
 But when their bootlesse zeale she did
 restrayne
 From her own worship, they her Asse
 would worship fayn.

xx.

It fortun'd, a noble warlike knight
 By just occasion to that Forrest came
 To seeke his kindred, and the lignage
 right
 From whence he tooke his weldeserved
 name:
 He had in armes abroad wonne muchell
 fame,
 And fild far landes with glorie of his
 might:
 Plaine, faithfull, true, and enemy of
 shame,
 And ever lov'd to fight for Ladies right;
 But in vaine glorious frayes he litle did
 delight.

xxi.

A Satyres sonne, yborne in Forrest wyld,
 By strange adventure as it did betyde,
 And there begotten of a Lady myld,
 Fayre Thyamis, the daughter of Labryde;
 That was in sacred bandes of wedlocke
 tyde
 To Therion, a loose unruly swayne,
 Who had more joy to raunge the Forrest
 wyde,
 And chase the salvage beast with busie
 payne,
 Then serve his Ladies love, and waste in
 pleasures vayne.

xxii.

The forlorne mayd did with loves long-
 ing burne,

And could not lacke her lovers company;
 But to the woods she goes, to serve her
 turne,
 And seeke her spouse that from her still
 does fly,
 And followes other game and venery:
 A Satyre chaunst her wandring for to
 finde;
 And, kindling coles of lust in brutish eye,
 The loyall linkes of wedlocke did unbinde,
 And made her person thrall unto his
 beastly kind.

XXIII.

So long in secret cabin there he held
 Her captive to his sensuall desyre,
 Till that with timely fruit her belly sweld,
 And bore a boy unto that salvage syre:
 Then home he suffred her for to retyre,
 For ransome leaving him the late-borne
 childe;
 Whom, till to ryper yeares he gan aspyre,
 He noursed up in life and manners wilde,
 Emongst wild bestes and woods, from
 lawes of men exilde.

XXIV.

For all he taught the tender ymp was
 but
 To banish cowardize and bastard feare:
 His trembling hand he would him force
 to put
 Upon the Lyon and the rugged Beare;
 And from the she Beares teats her whelps
 to teare;
 And eke wyld roring Buls he would him
 make
 To tame, and ryde their backes, not made
 to beare;
 And the Robuckes in flight to overtake,
 That everie beast for feare of him did fly,
 and quake.

XXV.

Thereby so fearlesse and so fell he grew,
 That his own syre, and maister of his
 guise,
 Did often tremble at his horrid vew;
 And oft, for dread of hurt, would him ad-
 vise
 The angry bestes not rashly to despise,
 Nor too much to provoke; for he would
 learne
 The Lyon stoup to him in lowly wise,
 (A lesson hard) and make the Libbard
 sterne
 Leave roaring, when in rage he for re-
 venge did earne.

XXVI.

And for to make his powre approved
 more,
 Wyld bestes in yron yokes he would
 compell;
 The spotted Panther, and the tusked Bore,
 The Pardale swift, and the Tigre cruell,
 The Antelope, and Wolfe both fiers and
 fell;
 And them constraine in equal teme to
 draw.
 Such joy he had their stubborne harts to
 quell,
 And sturdie courage tame with dreadfull
 aw,
 That his beheast they feared as a tyrans
 law.

XXVII.

His loving mother came upon a day
 Unto the woodes, to see her little sonne;
 And chaunst unwares to meet him in the
 way,
 After his sportes and cruell pastime
 dome;
 When after him a Lyonesse did runne,
 That roaring all with rage did lowd re-
 quere
 Her children deare, whom he away had
 wonne:
 The Lyon whelpes she saw how he did
 beare,
 And lull in rugged armes withouten child-
 ish feare.

XXVIII.

The fearefull Dame all quaked at the
 sight,
 And turning backe gan fast to fly away;
 Untill, with love revokt 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 joy,
 For love of me leave off this dreadfull
 play;
 To dally thus with death is no fit toy:
 Go, find some other play-fellowes, mine
 own sweet boy.'

XXIX.

In these and like delightes of bloody
 game
 He trayned was, till ryper yeares he
 raught;
 And there abode, whylst any beast of
 name
 Walkt in that Forrest, whom he had not
 taught

To feare his force: and then his courage
haught
Desyrd of forreine foemen to be knowne,
And far abroad for straunge adventures
sought;
In which his might was never over-
throwne;
But through al Faery lond his famous
worth was blown.

xxx.

Yet evermore it was his maner faire,
After long labours and adventures spent,
Unto those native woods for to repaire,
To see his syre and ofspring aunicient.
And now he thither came for like intent;
Where he unwares the fairest Una found,
Straunge Lady in so straunge habiliment,
Teaching the Satyres, which her sat
around,
Trew sacred lore, which from her sweet
lips did redound.

xxxI.

He wondred at her wisdome hevenly
rare,
Whose like in womens witt he never 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 joyd to make prooffe of her cruelty
On gentle Dame, so hurtlesse and so trew:
Thenceforth he kept her goodly company,
And leard her discipline of faith and
verity.

xxxII.

But she, all vovd unto the Rederosse
Knight,
His wandring perill closely did lament,
Ne in this new acquaintaunce could de-
light;
But her deare heart with anguish did tor-
ment,
And all her witt in secret counsels spent,
How to escape. At last in privy wise
To Satyrane she shewed her intent;
Who, glad to gain such favour, gan de-
vise,
How with that pensive Maid he best might
thence arise.

xxxIII.

So on a day, when Satyres all were gone
To do their service to Sylvanus old,
The gentle virgin, left behinde alone,
He led away with corage stout and bold.
Too late it was to Satyres to be told,
Or ever hope recover her againe:

In vaine he seekes that having cannot
hold.
So fast he carried her with carefull paine,
That they the woods are past, and come
now to the plaine.

xxxIV.

The better part now of the lingring day
They traveld had, whenas they far espide
A weary wight forwardrind by the way;
And towards him they gan in haste to ride,
To weete of newes that did abroad betide,
Or tidings of her knight of the Rederosse;
But he them spying gan to turne aside
For feare, as seemd, or for some feigned
losse:
More greedy they of newes fast towards
him do crosse.

xxxV.

A silly man, in simple weeds forworne,
And soild with dust of the long dried way;
His sandales were with toilsome travell
torne,
And face all tand with scorching sunny
ray,
And he had traveld many a sommers day
Through boyling sands of Arabie and
Ynde,
And in his hand a Jacobs staffe, to stay
His weary limbs upon; and eke behind
His scrip did hang, in which his needments
he did bind.

xxxVI.

The knight, approching nigh, of him in-
querd
Tidings of warre, and of adventures new;
But warres, nor new adventures, none he
herd.
Then Una gan to aske, if ought he knew,
Or heard abroad of that her champion
trew,
That in his armour bare a croslet red?
'Ay me! Deare dame,' (quoth he) 'well
may I rew
To tell the sad sight which mine eies have
red;
These eies did see that knight both living
and eke ded.'

xxxVII.

That cruell word her tender hart so
thridl,
That sudden cold did ronne through every
vaine,
And stony horroure all her sences fild
With dying fitt, that downe she fell for
paine.

The knight her lightly reared up againe,
 And comforted with curteous kind reliefe:
 Then, wonne from death, she bad him
 tellen plaine
 The further processe of her hidden griefe:
 The lesser pangs can beare who hath en-
 dur'd the chief.

XXXVIII.

Then gan the Pilgrim thus: 'I chaunst
 this day,
 This fatall day that shall I ever rew,
 To see two knights, in travell on my way,
 (A sory sight) arraung'd in batteill new,
 Both breathing vengeaunce, both of wrath-
 full hew.

My feareful flesh did tremble at their
 strife,

To see their blades so greedily imbrew,
 That, dronke with blood, yet thirsted
 after life:

What more? the Redcrosse knight was
 slain with Paynim knife.'

XXXIX.

'Ah! dearest Lord,' (quoth she) 'how
 might that bee,
 And he the stoutest knight that ever
 wonne?'

'Ah! dearest dame,' (quoth hee) '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 us of joy, hath
 reffe?'

'Not far away,' (quoth he) 'he hence doth
 wonne,

Foreby a fountaine, where I late him
 lefte

Washing his bloody wounds, that through
 the steele were cleft.'

XL.

Therewith the knight thence marched
 forth in hast,
 Whiles Una, with huge heavinesse op-
 prest,

Could not for sorrow follow him so fast;
 And soone he came, as he the place had
 ghest,

Whereas that Pagan proud him selfe did
 rest

In secret shadow by a fountaine side:
 Even he it was, that earst would have
 suppress

Faire Una; whom when Satyrane espide,
 With foule reprochfull words he boldly
 him defide.

XLI.

And said; 'Arise, thou cursed Mis-
 creant,

That hast with knightlesse guile, and
 trecherous train,

Faire knighthood fowly shamed, and do-
 est vaunt

That good knight of the Redcrosse to have
 slain:

Arise, and with like treason now maintain
 Thy guilty wrong, or els thee guilty yield.'

The Sarazin, this hearing, rose amain,
 And, catching up in hast his three-square
 shield

And shining helmet, soone him buckled to
 the field.

XLII.

And, drawing nigh him, said; 'Ah! mis-
 born Elfe,

In evill houre thy foes thee hither sent
 Another wrongs to wreak upon thy selfe:

Yet ill thou blamest me for having blent
 My name with guile and traiterous intent:

That Redcrosse knight, perdie, I never
 slew;

But had he beene where earst his armes
 were lent,

Th' enchanter vaine his error should
 not rew:

But thou his error shalt, I hope, now
 proven trew.'

XLIII.

Therewith they gan, both furious and
 fell,

To thunder blowes, and fiersly to assaile
 Each other, bent his enemy to quell,

That with their force they perst both plate
 and maile,

And made wide furrowes in their fleshes
 fraile,

That it would pittie any living eie.
 Large floods of blood adowne their sides
 did raile;

But floods of blood could not them satisfie:
 Both hongred after death; both chose to
 win, or die.

XLIV.

So long they fight, and full revenge
 pursue,

That, fainting, each themselves to
 breatheen lett,

And, ofte refreshed, battell oft renue.
 As when two Bores, with raneling malice
 mett,

Their gory sides fresh bleeding fiercely
 fret;

Til breathlesse both themselves aside re-
 tire,

Where foming wrath their cruell tuskes
they whett,
And trample th' earth, the whiles they
may respire,
Then backe to fight againe, new breathed
and entire.

XLV.

So fierlsy, when these knights had
breathed once,
They gan to fight retourne, increasing
more
Their puissant force, and cruell rage at-
tonce,
With heaped strokes more hugely then
before;
That with their drery wounds, and bloody
gore,
They both, deformed, scarsely could bee
known.
By this, sad Una fraught with anguish
sore,
Led with their noise which through the
aire was thrown,
Arriv'd wher they in orth their fruitles
blood had sown.

XLVI.

Whom all so soone as that proud Sarazin
Espide, he gan revive the memory
Of his leud lusts, and late attempted sin,
And lefte the doubtfull battell hastily,
To catch her, newly offred to his eie;
But Satyrane, with strokes him turning,
staid,

And sternely bad him other businesse plie
Then hunt the steps of pure unspotted
Maid:
Wherewith he al enrag'd these bitter
speaches said.

XLVII.

' O foolish faeries sonne! what fury mad
Hath thee incenst to hast thy dolefull
fate?
Were it not better I that Lady had
Then that thou hadst repented it too
late?
Most sencelesse man he, that himselfe
doth hate,
To love another: Lo! then, for thine ayd,
Here take thy lovers token on thy pate.'
So they to fight; the whiles the royall
Mayd
Fledd farre away, of that proud Paynim
sore afraid.

XLVIII.

But that false Pilgrim, which that leas-
ing told,
Being in deed old Archimage, did stay
In secret shadow all this to behold;
And much rejoyced in their bloody 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 cace,
And eke this battels end, will need another
place.

CANTO VII.

The Redcrosse knight is captive made
By Gyaunt proud opprest:
Prince Arthure meets with Una great-
ly with those newes distrest.

I.

WHAT man so wise, what earthly witt
so ware,
As to disery the crafty cunning traine,
By which decept doth maske in visour
faire,
And cast her coulours, died deepe 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 enter-
taine?
Great maistresse of her art was that false
Dame,
The false Duessa, cloked with Fidessaes
name.

II.

Who when, returning from the drery
Night,
She fownd not in that perilous hous of
Pryde,
Where she had left the noble Redcrosse
knight,
Her hoped pray, she would no lenger
byde,
But forth she went to seeke him far and
wide.
Ere long she fownd, whereas he wearie
sate
To reste him selfe foreby a fountaine syde,
Disarmed all of yron-coted Plate;
And by his side his steed the grassy
forage ate.

III.

Hee feedes upon the cooling shade, and bayes
 His sweatie forehead in the breathing wynd,
 Which through the trembling leaves full gently playes,
 Wherein the chearefull birds of sundry kynd
 Doe chaunt sweet musick to delight his mynd.
 The witch approching gan him fayrely greet,
 And with reproch of carelesnes unkynd
 Upbrayd, for leaving her in place unmeet,
 With fowle words tempring faire, soure gall with hony sweet.

IV.

Unkindnesse past, they gan of solace treat,
 And bathe in pleasaunce of the joyous 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 wave did ever freshly well,
 Ne ever would through fervent sommer fade:
 The sacred Nymph, which therein wont to dwell,
 Was out of Dianes favor, as it then befell.

V.

The cause was this: one day, when Phœbe fayre
 With all her band was following the chace,
 This nymph, quite tyr'd with heat of scorching ayre,
 Satt downe to rest in midst of the race:
 The goddesse wroth gan fowly her disgrace,
 And badd the waters, which from her did flow,
 Be such as she her selfe was then in place.
 Thenceforth her waters wexed dull and slow,
 And all that drinke thereof do faint and feeble grow.

VI.

Hereof this gentle knight unweeting was;
 And lying downe upon the sandie graile,
 Dronke of the streame, as cleare as christall glas:
 Eftsoones his manly forces gan to fayle,

And mightie strong was turnd to feeble frayle.
 His chaunged powres at first them selves not felt;
 Till crudled cold his corage gan assayle,
 And cheareful blood in fayntnes chill did melt,
 Which like a fever fit through all his bodie swelt.

VII.

Yet goodly court he made still to his Dame,
 Pourd out in loosnesse on the grassy grownd,
 Both carelesse of his health, and of his fame;
 Till at the last he heard a dreadfull sownd,
 Which through the wood loud bellowing did rebownd,
 That all the earth for terror seemd to shake,
 And trees did tremble. Th' Elfe, there-with astownd,
 Upstarted lightly from his looser make,
 And his unready weapons gan in hand to take.

VIII.

But ere he could his armour on him dight,
 Or gett his shield, his monstrous enemy
 With sturdie steps came stalking in his sight,
 An hideous Geaunt, horrible and hie,
 That with his tallnesse seemd to threat the skye;
 The ground eke groned under him for dreed:
 His living like saw never living eye,
 Ne durst behold: his stature did exceed
 The hight of three the tallest sonnes of mortall seed.

IX.

The greatest Earth his uncouth mother was,
 And blustering Æolus his boasted syre;
 Who with his breath, which through the world doth pas,
 Her hollow womb did secretly inspyre,
 And fild her hidden caves with stormie yre,
 That she conceiv'd; and trebling the dew time
 In which the wombes of wemen doe expyre,
 Brought forth this monstrous masse of earthly slyme,
 Puft up with emptie wynd, and fild with sinfull cryme.

X.

So growen great, through arrogant
delight
Of th' high descent whereof he was yborne,
And through presumption of his match-
lesse might,
All other powres and knighthood he did
scorne.
Such now he marcheth to this man for-
lorne,
And left to losse; his stalking steps are
stayde
Upon a snaggy Oke, which he had torne
Out of his mothers bowelles, and it made
His mortall mace, wherewith his foemen
he dismayde.

XI.

That, when the knight he spyde, he gan
advauce
With huge force and insupportable mayne,
And towards him with dreadfull fury
prauce;
Who haplesse, and eke hopelesse, all in
vaine
Did to him pace sad battaile to darrayne,
Disarmd, disgraste, and inwardly dis-
mayde;
And eke so faint in every joynt and vayne,
Through that fraile fountain which him
feeble made,
That scarcely could he weeld his bootlesse
single blade.

XII.

The Geaunt strooke so maynly merci-
lesse,
That could have overthrowne a stony
towre;
And, were not hevenly grace that did him
blesse,
He had bene pouldred all as thin as
flowre:
But he was wary of that deadly stowre,
And lightly lept from underneath the
blow:
Yet so exceeding was the villeins powre,
That with the winde it did him over-
throw,
And all his sences stound that still he lay
full low.

XIII.

As when that divelish yron Engin,
wrought
In deepest Hell, and framd by Furies
skill,
With windy Nitre and quick Sulphur
fraught,
And ramd with bollet rownd, ordaind to
kill,

Conceiveth fyre the heave with all
With thundring noyse, and all the ayre
doth choke,
That none can breath, nor see, nor heare
at will,
Through smouldry cloud of dusky
stincking smoke;
That th' only breath him daunts, who
hath escapt the stroke.

XIV.

So daunted when the Geaunt saw the
knight,
His heavie hand he heaved up on hye,
And him to dust thought to have battred
quight,
Untill Duessa loud to him gan crye,
'O great Orgoglio! greatest under skye,
O! hold thy mortall hand for Ladies
sake;
Hold for my sake, and doe him not to
dye,
But vanquisht thine eternall bondslave
make,
And me, thy worthy meed, unto thy Le-
man take.'

XV.

He hearkned, and did stay from fur-
ther harmes,
To gayne so goodly guerdon as she spake:
So willingly she came into his armes,
Who her as willingly to grace did take,
And was possessed of his newfound make.
Then up he tooke the slombred sencelesse
corse,
And, ere he could out of his swowne
awake,
Him to his castle brought with hastie
forse,
And in a Dongeon deepe him threw with-
out remorse.

XVI.

From that day forth Duessa was his
deare,
And highly honourd in his haughtie
eye:
He gave her gold and purple pall to
weare,
And triple crowne set on her head full
hye,
And her endowd with royall majestye.
Then, for to make her dreaded more of
men,
And peoples hartes with awfull terror
tye,
A monstrous beast ybredd in filthy fen
He chose, which he had kept long time in
darksom den.

xvii.

Such one it was, as that renowned
Snake
Which great Alcides in Stremona slew,
Long fostred in the filth of Lerna lake:
Whose many heades, out budding ever
new,
Did breed him endlesse labor to subdew.
But this same Monster much more ugly
was,
For seven great heads out of his body
grew,
An yron brest, and back of scaly bras,
And all embrewed in blood his eyes did
shine as glas.

xviii.

His tayle was stretched out in wondrous
length,
That to the hous of heavenly gods it raught:
And with extorted powre, and borrow'd
strength,
The everburning lamps from thence it
braught,
And proudly threw to ground, as things
of naught;
And underneath his filthy feet did tread
The sacred things, and holy heastes fore-
taught.
Upon this dreadfull Beast with sevenfold
head
He sett the false Duessa, for more aw and
dread.

xix.

The wofull Dwarfe, which saw his maisters
fall
Whiles he had keeping of his grasing
steed,
And valiant knight become a caytive
thrall,
When all was past, tooke up his forlorne
weed;
His mightie Armour, missing most at
need;
His silver shield, now idle, maisterlesse;
His poynant speare that many made to
bleed,
The rueful monuments of heavinesse;
And with them all departes to tell his
great distresse.

xx.

He had not travaild long, when on the
way
He wofull Lady, wofull Una, met,
Fast flying from that Paynims greedy
pray,
Whilst Satyrane him from pursuit did
let:

Who when her eyes she on the Dwarf had
set,
And saw the signes that deadly tydinges
spake,
She fell to ground for sorrowfull re-
gret,
And lively breath her sad brest did for-
sake;
Yet might her pitteous hart be seene to
pant and quake.

xxi.

The messenger of so unhappie newes
Would faine have dyde: dead was his
hart within,
Yet outwardly some little comfort shewes.
At last, recovering hart, he does begin
To rubb her temples, and to chaufe her
chin,
And everie tender part does tosse and
turne:
So hardly he the flitted life does win
Unto her native prison to retourne;
Then gins her grieved ghost thus to
lament and mourne:

xxii.

'Ye 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 mould,
Sith cruell fates the carefull threds un-
fould,
The which my life and love together
tyde?
Now let the stony dart of sencelesse
cold
Perce to my hart, and pas through everie
side,
And let eternall night so sad sight fro me
hyde.

xxiii.

'O lightsome day! the lampe of highest
Jove,
First made by him mens wandring wayes
to gyde,
When darknesse he in deepest dongeon
drove,
Henceforth thy hated face for ever hyde,
And shut up heavens windowes shyning
wyde;
For earthly sight can nought but sorrow
breed,
And late repentance which shall long
abyde:
Mine eyes no more on vanitie shall feed,
But seeld up with death shall have their
deadly meed.'

XXIV.

Then downe againe she fell unto the
ground,
But he her quickly reared up againe:
Thrise did she sinke adowne in deadly
swound,
And thrise he her reviv'd with busie
paine.
At last when life recover'd had the raine,
And over-wrestled his strong enemy,
With foltring tong, and trembling everie
vaine,
'Tell on,' (quoth she) 'the wofull Tragedy,
The which these reliques sad present unto
mine eye.

XXV.

'Tempestuous fortune hath spent all
her spight,
And thrilling sorrow throwne his utmost
dart:
Thy sad tong cannot tell more heavy
plight
Then that I feele, and harbour in mine
hart:
Who hath endur'd the whole can beare
ech part.
If death it be, it is not the first wound
That launched hath my brest with bleed-
ing smart.
Begin, and end the bitter balefull stound;
If lesse then that I feare, more favour I
have found.'

XXVI.

Then gan the Dwarfe the whole dis-
course declare;
The subtile traines of Archimago old;
The wanton loves of false Fidessa fayre,
Bought with the blood of vanquisht Pay-
nim bold;
The wretched payre transformd to treēn
mould;
The house of Pryde, and perilles round
about;
The combat which he with Sansjoy did
hould;
The lucklesse conflict with the Gyaunt
stout,
Wherein captiv'd, of life or death he stood
in doubt.

XXVII.

She heard with patience all unto the
end,
And strove to maister sorrowfull assay,
Which greater grew the more she did con-
tend,
And almost rent her tender hart in tway;
And love fresh coles unto her fire did lay;
For greater love, the greater is the losse.

Was never Lady loved dearer day
Then she did love the knight of the Red-
crosse,
For whose deare sake so many troublies
her did tosse.

XXVIII.

At last when fervent sorrow slaked was,
She up arose, resolving him to find
Alive or dead; and forward forth doth
pas,
All as the Dwarfe the way to her assynd;
And evermore, in constant carefull mind,
She fedd her wound with fresh renewed
bale.
Long tost with stormes, and bet with bit-
ter wind,
High over hills, and lowe adowne the
dale,
She wandred many a wood, and measurd
many a vale.

XXIX.

At last she chanced by good hap to
meet
A goodly knight, faire marching by the
way,
Together with his Squire, arayed meet:
His glitterand armour shined far away,
Like glauncing light of Phæbus brightest
ray;
From top to toe no place appeared bare,
That deadly dint of steele endanger may.
Athwart his brest a bauldrick brave he
ware,
That shind, like twinkling stars, with
stones most pretious rare.

XXX.

And in the midst thereof one pretious
stone
Of wondrous worth, and eke of wondrous
mights,
Shapt like a Ladies head, exceeding
shone,
Like Hesperus emongst the lesser lights,
And strove for to amaze the weaker
sights:
Thereby his mortall blade full comely hong
In yvory sheath, yearv'd with curious
slights,
Whose hilts were burnisht gold, and
handle strong
Of mother perle; and buckled with a
golden tong.

XXXI.

His haughtie Helmet, horrid all with
gold,

Both glorious brightnesse and great ter-
rour bredd;

For all the crest a Dragon did enfold
With greedie pawes, and over all did
spredd

His golden wings: his dreadfull hideous
hedd,

Close couched on the bever, seemd to
throw

From flaming mouth bright sparckles
fiery redd,

That suddaine horroure to faint hartes did
show;

And scaly tayle was stretcht adowne his
back full low.

XXXII.

Upon the top of all his loftie crest,
A bounch of heares discolour'd diversly,
With sprinckled pearle and gold full richly
drest,

Did shake, and seemd to daunce for jollity,
Like to an almond tree ymounted hye
On top of greene Selinis all alone,
With blossoms brave bedecked daintily;
Whose tender locks do tremble every one
At everie little breath that under heaven
is blowne.

XXXIII.

His warlike shield all closely cover'd
was,

Ne wight of mortall eye be ever seene;
Not made of steele, nor of enduring bras,
Such earthly mettals soon consumed
beene,

But all of Diamond perfect pure and
cleene

It framed was, one massy entire mould,
Hewen out of Adamant rocke with engines
keene,

That point of speare it never percen could,
Ne dint of direfull sword divide the sub-
stance would.

XXXIV.

The same to wight he never wont dis-
close,

But whenas monsters huge he would dis-
may,

Or daunt unequall armies of his foes,
Or when the flying heavens he would
affray;

For so exceeding shone his glistring ray,
That Phœbus golden face it did attaint,
As when a cloud his beames doth over-lay;
And silver Cynthia waxed pale and faynt,
As when her face is staynd with magicke
arts constraint.

XXXV.

No magicke arts hereof had any might,
Nor bloody wordes of bold Enchaunters
call;

But all that was not such as seemd in
sight

Before that shield did fade, and suddaine
fall:

And when him list the raskall routes ap-
pall,

Men into stones therewith he could trans-
mew,

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.

XXXVI.

Ne let it seeme that credence this ex-
ceedes;

For he that made the same was knowne
right well

To have done much more admirable
deedes.

It Merlin was, which whylome did excell
All living wightes in might of magicke
spell:

Both shield and sword, and armour all he
wrought

For this young Prince, when first to armes
he fell;

But, when he dyde, the Faery Queene it
brought

To Faerie lond, where yet it may be seene,
if sought:

XXXVII.

A gentle youth, his dearely loved Squire,
His speare of heben wood behind him bare,
Whose harmeful head, thrise heated in the
fire,

Had riven many a brest with pikehead
square:

A goodly person, and could menage faire
His stubborne steed with curbed canon
bitt,

Who under him did trample as the aire,
And chauft that any on his backe should
sitt:

The yron rowels into frothy fome he bitt.

XXXVIII.

Whenas this knight nigh to the Lady
drew,

With lovely court he gan her entertaïne;
But, when he heard her answers loth, he
knew

Some secret sorrow did her heart dis-
traîne;
Which to allay, and calme her storming
paine,
Faire feeling words he wisely gan display,
And for her humor fitting purpose faine,
To tempt the cause it selfe for to be-
wray,
Wherewith enmovd, these bleeding words
she gan to say.

XXXIX.

'What worlds delight, or joy of living
speach,
Can hart, so plungd in sea of sorrowes
deep,
And heaped with so huge misfortunes,
reach?
The carefull cold beginneth for to creep,
And in my heart his yron arrow steep,
Soone as I thinke upon my bitter bale.
Such helplesse harmes yts better hidden
keep,
Then rip up grieve where it may not
availe:
My last left comfort is my woes to weepe
and waile.'

XL.

'Ah Lady deare,' quoth then the gentle
knight,
'Well may I ween your grieve is wondrous
great;
For wondrous great grieve groneth in my
spright,
Whiles thus I heare you of your sorrowes
treat.
But, woefull Lady, let me you intrete,
For to unfold the anguish of your hart:
Mishaps are maistred by advice discrete,
And counsell mitigates the greatest smart:
Found never help who never would his
hurts impart.'

XLI.

'O, but,' (quoth she) 'great grieve will
not be tould,
And can more easily be thought then
said.'
'Right so,' (quoth he) 'but he that never
would
could never: will to might gives greatest
aid.'
'But grieve,' (quoth she) 'does greater
grow displaid,
If then it find not helpe, and breeds des-
paire.'
'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.'

XLII.

His goodly reason, and well-guided
speach,
So deepe did settle in her gracious thought,
That her perswaded to disclose the breach
Which love and fortune in her heart had
wrought;
And said; 'Faire Sir, I hope good hap
hath brought
You to inquere the secrets of my grieffe,
Or that your wisdome will direct my
thought,
Or that your prowesse can me yield re-
liefe:
Then, heare the story sad, which I shall
tell you briefe.

XLIII.

'The forlorne Maiden, whom your eies
have seene
The laughing stocke of fortunes mockeries,
Am th' onely daughter of a King and
Queene,
Whose parents deare, whiles equal des-
tinies
Did ronne about, and their felicities
The favourable heavens did not envy,
Did spred their rule through all the terri-
tories,
Which Phison and Euphrates floweth by,
And Gehons golden waves doe wash con-
tinually:

XLIV.

'Till that their cruell cursed enemy,
An huge great Dragon, horrible in sight,
Bred in the loathly lakes of Tartary,
With murderous ravine, and devouring
might,
Their kingdome spoild, and countrey
wasted quight:
Themselves, for feare into his jawes to
fall,
He forst to castle strong to take their
flight;
Where, fast embard in mighty brasen
wall,
He has them now fowr years besiegd to
make them thrall.

XLV.

'Full many knights, adventurous and
stout,
Have enterpriz'd that Monster to subdew:
From every coast that heaven walks about
Have thither come the noble Martial crew,
That famous harde atchievements still
pursue;

Yet never any could that girlond win,
But all still shronke, and still he greater
grew:

All they, for want of faith, or guilt of sin,
The piteous pray of his fiers cruelty have
bin.

XLVI.

'At last, yled with far reported praise,
Which flying fame throughout the world
had spred,
Of doughty knights, whom Faery land did
raise,

That noble order hight of maidenhed,
Forthwith to court of Gloriane I sped,
Of Gloriane, great Queene of glory bright,
Whose kingdomes seat Cleopolis is red;
There to obtaine some such redoubted
knight,
That Parents deare from tyrants powre
deliver might.

XLVII.

'Yt was my chance (my chance was
faire and good)

There for to find a fresh unproved knight;
Whose manly hands imbrewd in guilty
blood

Had never beene, ne ever by his might
Had throwne to ground the unregarded
right:

Yet of his prowesse prooffe he since hath
made

(I witness am) in many a cruell fight;
The groning ghosts of many one dismaide
Have felt the bitter dint of his avenging
blade.

XLVIII.

'And ye, the forlorne reliques of his
powre,

His biting sword, and his devouring
speare,

Which have endured many a dreadfull
stowre,

Can speake his prowesse that did earst you
beare,

And well could rule; now he hath left you
heare

To be the record of his ruefull losse,
And of my dolefull disaventurous deare.

O! heavie record of the good Redcrosse,
Where have yee left your lord that could
so well you tosse?

XLIX.

'Well hoped I, and faire beginnings had,
That he my captive languor should re-
deeme:

Till, all unweeting, an Enchaunter bad

His sence abusd, and made him to mis-
deeme

My loyalty, not such as it did seeme,
That rather death desire then such de-
spight.

Be judge, ye heavens, that all things right
esteeme,

How I him lov'd, and love with all my
might.

So thought I eke of him, and think I
thought aright.

L.

'Thenceforth me desolate he quite for-
sooke,

To wander where wilde fortune would me
lead,

And other bywaies he himselve betooke,
Where never foote of living wight did
tread,

That brought not backe the balefull body
dead:

In which him chaunced false Duessa
meete,

Mine onely foe, mine onely deadly dread;
Who with her witchcraft, and misseeming
sweete,

Inveigled him to follow her desires un-
meete.

LI.

'At last, by subtile sleights she him be-
traid

Unto his foe, a Gyaunt huge and tall;
Who him disarmed, dissolnte, dismaid,

Unwares surpris'd, and with mighty mall
The monster mercilesse him made to fall,

Whose fall did never foe before behold:
And now in darkesome dungeon, wretched
thrall,

Remedilesse for aie he doth him hold.
This is my cause of griefe, more great then
may be told.'

LII.

Ere she had ended all she gan to faint:
But he her comforted, and faire bespake:

'Certes, Madame, ye have great cause of
plaint;

That stonnest heart, I weene, could cause
to quake:

But be of cheare, and comfort to you take;
For till I have acquitt your captive knight,

Assure your selfe I will you not for-
sake.'

His chearefull words reviv'd her cheare-
lesse spright,

So forth they went, the Dwarfe them guid-
ing ever right.

CANTO VIII.

Faire virgin, to redeeme her deare,
 Brings Arthure to the fight:
 Who slayes the Gyaunt, wounds the beast,
 And strips Duessa quight.

I.

AY me! how many perils doe enfold
 The righteous man, to make him daily fall,
 Were not that heavenly grace doth him
 uphold,
 And stedfast truth acquite him out of all.
 Her love is firme, her care continuall,
 So oft as he, through his own foolish pride
 Or weaknes, is to sinfull bands made
 thrall:
 Els should this Redecrosse knight in bands
 have dyde,
 For whose deliverance she this Prince doth
 thither guyd.

II.

They sadly traveild thus, untill they
 came
 Nigh to a castle builded strong and hie:
 Then cryde the Dwarfe, 'Lo! yonder is
 the same,
 In which my Lord, my liege, doth luck-
 lesse ly
 Thrall to that Gyaunts hatefull tyranny:
 Therefore, deare Sir, your mightie powres
 assay.'
 The noble knight alighted by and by
 From loftie steed, and badd the Ladie stay,
 To see what end of fight should him befall
 that day.

III.

So with his Squire, th' admirer of his
 might,
 He marched forth towards that castle
 wall,
 Whose gates he fownd fast shutt, ne living
 wight
 To warde the same, nor answere commers
 call.
 Then tooke that Squire an horne of bugle
 small,
 Which hong adowne his side in twisted
 gold
 And tasselles gay. Wyde wonders over all
 Of that same hornes great virtues weren
 told,
 Which had approved bene in uses mani-
 fold.

IV.

Was never wight that heard that shrill-
 ing sownd,

But trembling feare did feel in every
 vaine:
 Three miles it might be easy heard arownd,
 And Echoes three aunswer'd it selfe
 againe:
 No false euchantment, nor deceptfull
 traine,
 Might once abide the terror of that blast,
 But presently was void and wholly vaine:
 No gate so strong, no locke so firme and
 fast,
 But with that percing noise flew open
 quite, or brast.

V.

The same before the Geaunts gate he
 blew,
 That all the castle quaked from the
 grownd,
 And every dore of freewill open flew.
 The Gyaunt selfe, dismaied with that
 sownd,
 Where he with his Duessa dalliaunce
 fownd,
 In hast came rushing forth from inner
 bowre,
 With staring countenance sterne, as one
 astownd,
 And staggering steps, to weet what sud-
 dein stowre
 Had wrought that horror strange, and
 dar'd his dreaded powre.

VI.

And after him the proud Duessa came,
 High mounted on her many headed beast,
 And every head with fyrie tongue did
 flame,
 And every head was crowned on his
 creast,
 And bloody mouthed with late cruell
 feast.
 That when the knight beheld, his mightie
 shild
 Upon his manly arme he soone addrest,
 And at him fiersly flew, with corage fild,
 And eger greedinesse through every mem-
 ber thrid.

VII.

Therewith the Gyant buckled him to
 fight,

Inflamd with scornfull wrath and high
disdaine,
And lifting up his dreadfull club on hight,
All armd with ragged snubbes and knottie
graine,
Him thought at first encounter to have
slaine.
But wise and wary was that noble Pere;
And, lightly leaping from so monstrous
maine,
Did fayre avoide the violence him nere:
It booted nought to thinke such thunder-
bolts to beare.

VIII.

Ne shame he thought to shonne so hide-
ous might:
The ydle stroke, enforcing furious way,
Missing the marke of his misaymed sight,
Did fall to ground, and with his heavy
sway
So deeply dinted in the driven clay,
That three yardes deepe a furrow up did
throw.
The sad earth, wounded with so sore assay,
Did grone full grievous underneath the
blow,
And trembling with strange feare did like
an earthquake show.

IX.

As when almightie Jove, in wrathfull
mood,
To wreake the guilt of mortall sins is
bent,
Hurles forth his thundring dart with
deadly food
Enrold in flames, and smouldring drier-
ment,
Through riven cloudes and molten firma-
ment;
The fiers threeforked engin, making
way,
Both loftie towres and highest trees hath
rent,
And all that might his angry passage
stay;
And, shooting in the earth, castes up a
mount of clay.

X.

His boystrous club, so buried in the
grownd,
He could not rearen up againe so light,
But that the Knight him at advantage
fownd;
And, whiles he strove his combred clubbe
to quight
Out of the earth, with blade all burning
bright

He smott off his left arme, which like a
block
Did fall to ground, depriv'd of native
might:
Large streames of blood out of the
truncked stock
Forth gushed, like fresh water streame
from riven rocke.

XI.

Dismayed with so desperate deadly
wound,
And eke impatient of unwonted payne,
He loudly brayd with beastly yelling
sownd,
That all the fieldes rebelowed againe.
As great a noyse, as when in Cynbrian
plaine
An heard of Bulles, whom kindly rage
doth sting,
Doe for the milky mothers want com-
plaine,
And fill the fieldes with troublous bellow-
ing;
The neighbor woods arownd with hollow
murmur ring.

XII.

That when his deare Duessa heard, and
saw
The evil stownd that daungerd her estate,
Unto his aide she hastily did draw
Her dreadfull beast; who, swolne with
blood of late,
Came ramping forth with proud presump-
tuous gate,
And threatned all his heades like flaming
brandes.
But him the Squire made quickly to re-
trate,
Encountring fiers with single sword in
hand;
And twixt him and his Lord did like a
bulwarke stand.

XIII.

The proud Duessa, full of wrathfull
spight,
And fiers disdaine to be affronted so,
Enforst her purple beast with all her
might,
That stop out of the way to overthroe,
Scorning the let of so unequal foe:
But nathemore would that corageous
swayne
To her yeeld passage gainst his Lord to goe,
But with outrageous strokes did him re-
straine,
And with his body bard the way atwixt
them twaine.

XIV.

Then tooke the angrie witch her golden
cup,
Which still she bore, replete with magick
artes;
Death and despayre did many thereof sup,
And secret poyson through their inner
partes,
Th' eternall bale of heaue wounded harts:
Which, after charmes and some enchaunt-
ments said,
She lightly sprinkled on his weaker partes:
Therewith his sturdie corage soon was
quayd,
And all his sences were with suddein dread
dismayd.

XV.

So downe he fell before the cruell beast,
Who on his neck his bloody clawes did
seize,
That life nigh crusht out of his panting
brest:
No powre he had to stirre, nor will to rize.
That when the carefull knight gan well
avise,
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 loved Squyre into such thral-
dom brought:

XVI.

And, high advauncing his blood-thirstie
blade,
Stroke one of those deformed heades so
sore,
That of his puissaunce proud ensample
made:
His monstrous scalpe downe to his teeth
it tore,
And that misformed shape misshaped
more.
A sea of blood gusht from the gaping
wound,
That her gay garments staynd with filthy
gore,
And overflowed all the field arownd,
That over shoes in blood he waded on the
grownd.

XVII.

Thereat he rored for exceeding paine,
That to have heard great horror would
have bred:
And scourging th' emptie ayre with his
long trayne,
Through great impatience of his grieved
hed,
His gorgeous ryder from her loftie sted

Would have cast downe, and trodd in
durty myre,
Had not the Gyaunt soone her succoured;
Who, all enrag'd with smart and frantick
yre,
Came hurtling in full fiers, and forst the
knight retyre.

XVIII.

The force, which wont in two to be dis-
perst,
In one alone left hand he now unites,
Which is through rage more strong then
both were erst;
With which his hideous club aloft he
dites,
And at his foe with furious rigor smites,
That strongest Oake might seeme to over-
throw.
The stroke upon his shield so heaue lites,
That to the ground it doubleth him full
low:
What mortall wight could ever beare so
monstrous blow?

XIX.

And in his fall his shield, that covered
was,
Did loose his vele by chance, and open
flew;
The light whereof, that hevens light did
pas,
Such blazing brightnesse through the
ayer threw,
That eye mote not the same endure to
vew.
Which when the Gyaunt spyde with
staring eye,
He downe let fall his arme, and soft with-
drew
His weapon huge, that heaved was on hye
For to have slain the man, that on the
ground did lye.

XX.

And eke the fruitfull-headed beast,
amazd
At flashing beames of that sunshiny
shield,
Became stark blind, and all his sences
dazd,
That downe he tumbled on the durtie
field,
And seemd himselfe as conquered to
yield.
Whom when his maistresse proud per-
ceiv'd to fall,
Whiles yet his feeble feet for faintnesse
reeld,
Unto the Gyaunt lowdly she gan call;

'O! helpe, Orgoglio; helpe! or els we
perish all.'

XXI.

At her so pitteous cry was much
amoov'd
Her champion stout; and for to ayde his
frend,
Againe his wonted angry weapon prov'd,
But all in vaine, for he has redd his end
In that bright shield, and all their forces
spend
Them selves in vaine: for, since that
glauncing sight,
He hath no powre to hurt, nor to defend.
As where th' Almightyes lightning brond
does light,
It dimmes the dazed eyen, and daunts the
sences quight.

XXII.

Whom when the Prince, to batteill new
adrest
And threatning high his dreadfull stroke,
did see,
His sparkling blade about his head he
blest,
And smote off quite his right leg 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 mightie trunk, halfe rent with rag-
ged rift,
Doth roll adowne the rocks, and fall with
fearefull drift.

XXIII.

Or as a Castle, reared high and round,
By subtile engins and malicious slight
Is undermined from the lowest ground,
And her foundation forst, and feebled
quight,
At last downe falles; and with her heaped
light
Her hastie ruine does more heavie make,
And yields it selfe unto the victours
might.
Such was this Gyaunts fall, that seemd to
shake
The stedfast globe of earth, as it for
feare did quake.

XXIV.

The knight, then lightly leaping to the
pray,
With mortall steele him smot againe so
sore,

That headlesse his unweldy bodie lay,
All wallowd in his owne fowle bloody
gore,
Which flowed from his wounds in won-
drous store.
But, soone as breath out of his brest did
pas,
That huge great body, which the Gyaunt
bore,
Was vanisht quite; and of that monstrous
mas
Was nothing left, but like an emptie
blader was.

XXV.

Whose grievous fall when false Duessa
spyde,
Her golden cup she cast unto the ground,
And crowned mitre rudely threw asyde:
Such percing grieffe her stubborne hart
did wound,
That she could not endure that dolefull
stound,
But leaving all behind her fled away:
The light-foot Squire her quickly turnd
around,
And, by hard meanes enforcing her to
stay,
So brought unto his Lord as his deserved
pray.

XXVI.

The roiall Virgin which beheld from
farre,
In pensive plight and sad perplexitie,
The whole atchievement of this doubtfull
warre,
Came running fast to greet his victorie,
With sober gladnesse and myld modestie;
And with sweet joyous cheare him thus
bespake:
'Fayre branch of noblesse, flowre of
chevalrie,
That with your worth the world amazed
make,
How shall I quite the paynes ye suffer for
my sake?

XXVII.

'And you, fresh budd of vertue spring-
ing fast,
Whom these sad eyes saw nigh unto
deaths dore,
What hath poore Virgin for such perill
past
Wherewith you to reward? Accept there-
fore
My simple selfe, and service evermore:
And he that high does sit, and all things
see
With equall eye, their merites to restore,
Behold what ye this day have done for
mee,

And what I cannot quite requite with
usuree.

XXVIII.

'But sith the heavens, and your faire
handeling,
Have made you master of the field this
day,

Your fortune maistereke with governing,
And, well begonne, end all so well, I pray!
Ne let that wicked woman scape away;
For she it is, that did my Lord bethrall,
My dearest Lord, and deepe in dongeon
lay,

Where he his better dayes hath wasted
all:

O heare, how piteous he to you for ayd
does call!'

XXIX.

Forthwith he gave in charge unto his
Squyre,

That scarlot whore to keepeen carefully;
Whyles he himselfe with greedie great
desyre

Into the Castle entred forcibly,
Where living creature none he did espye.
Then gan he lowdly through the house to
call;

But no man car'd to answere to his crye:
There raignd a solemne silence over all;
Nor voice was heard, nor wight was seene
in bowre or hall.

XXX.

At last, with creeping crooked pace
forth came

An old old man, with beard as white as
snow,

That on a staffe his feeble steps did
frame,

And guyde his wearie gate both too and
fro,

For his eye sight him fayled long ygo;
And on his arme a bounch of keyes he
bore,

The which unused rust did overgrow:
Those were the keyes of every inner
dore;

But he could not them use, but kept them
still in store.

XXXI.

But very uncouth sight was to behold,
How he did fashion his untoward pace;
For as he forward moovd his footing old,
So backward still was turnd his wrinced
face:

Unlike to men, who ever, as they trace,
Both feet and face one way are wont to
lead.

This was the auncient keeper of that
place,

And foster father of the Gyaunt dead;
His name Ignaro did his nature right
ahead.

XXXII.

His reverend heares and holy gravitee
The knight much honord, 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.*

Again he askt, where that same knight
was layd,

Whom great Orgoglio with his puissaunce
fell

Had made his caytive thrall: againe he
sayde,

He could not tell: ne ever other answere
made.

XXXIII.

Then asked he, which way he in might
pas?

He could not tell, againe he answered. .
Thereat the courteous knight displeas
was,

And said; 'Old syre, it seemes thou hast
not red

How ill it sits with that same silver hed,
In vaine to mocke, or mockt in vaine to
bee:

But if thou be, as thou art pourtrahed
With natures pen, in ages grave degree,
Aread in graver wise what I demaund of
thee.'

XXXIV.

His answere likewise was, *he could not
tell:*

Whose sencelesse speach, and doted
ignorance,

Whenas the noble Prince had marked
well,

He ghest his nature by his countenance,
And calmd his wrath with goodly tem-
perance.

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
empeach.

XXXV.

There all within full rich arayd he
found,

With royall arras, and resplendent gold,

And did with store of every thing abound,
That greatest Princes presence might behold.

But all the floore (too filthy to be told)
With blood of guiltlesse babes, and innocents trew,
Which there were slaine as sheepe out of the fold,
Defiled was, that dreadfull was to vew;
And sacred ashes over it was strowed new.

XXXVI.

And there beside of marble stone was built
An Altare, carv'd with cunning ymagery,
On which trew Christians blood was often spilt,
And holy Martyres often doen to dye
With cruell malice and strong tyranny:
Whose blessed sprites, from underneath the stone,
To God for vengeance cryde continually;
And with great griefe were often heard to grone,
That hardest heart would bleede to hear their piteous mone.

XXXVII.

Through every rowme he sought, and everie bowr,
But no where could he find that wofull thrall:
At last he came unto an yron doore,
That fast was lockt, but key found not at all
Emongst that bounch to open it withall;
But in the same a little grate was pight,
Through which he sent his voyce, and lowd did call
With all his powre, to weet if living wight
Were housed therewithin, whom he enlargen might.

XXXVIII.

Therewith an hollow, dreary, murmuring voyce
These piteous plaintes and dolours did resound:
'O! who is that, which bringes me happy choyce
Of death, that here lye dying every stound,
Yet live perforce in balefull darkenesse bound?
For now three Moones have changed thrice their hew,
And have been thrice hid underneath the ground,
Since I the heavens chearefull face did vew.

O! welcome thou, that doest of death bring tydings trew.'

XXXIX.

Which when that Champion heard, with percing point
Of pittie deare his hart was thrilled sore;
And trembling horrour ran through every joynt,
For ruth of gentle knight so fowle forlore:
Which shaking off, he rent that yron 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 ever forth a filthie banefull smell.

XL.

But nether darkenesse fowle, nor filthy bands,
Nor noyous smell, his purpose could withhold,
(Entire affection hateth nicer hands)
But that with constant zeles and corage bold,
After long paines and labors manifold,
He found the meanes that Prisoner up to reare;
Whose feeble thighes, unable to uphold
His pined corse, him scarce to light could beare;
A ruefull spectacle of death and ghastly dreere.

XLI.

His sad dull eies, deepe sunck in hollow pits,
Could not endure th' unwonted sunne to view;
His bare thin cheekes for want of better bits,
And empty sides deceived of their dew,
Could make a stony hart his hap to rew;
His rawbone armes, whose mighty brawned bowrs
Were wont to rive steele plates, and helmes hew,
Were clene consum'd; and all his vitall powres
Decayd, and al his flesh shronk up like withered flowres.

XLII.

Whome when his Lady saw, to him she ran
With hasty joy: 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 she wasted
had,
She said; ' Ah dearest Lord! what evill
starre
On you hath frownd, and poured his in-
fluence bad,
That of your selfe ye thus berobbed arre,
And this misseeming hew your manly
looks doth marre?'

XLIII.

' But welcome now, my Lord in wele or
woe,
Whose presence I have lackt too long a
day:
And fie on Fortune, mine avowed foe,
Whose wrathful wreaques them selves doe
now alay;
And for these wronges shall treble pen-
ance pay
Of treble good: good growes of evils
priefe.'
The chearelesse man, whom sorrow did
dismay,
Had no delight to treaten of his grieffe;
His long endured famine needed more
reliefe.

XLIV.

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

XLV.

' Henceforth, Sir knight, take to you
wonted strength,
And maister these mishaps with patient
might.
Loe! where your foe lies strecht in mon-
strous length;
And loe! that wicked woman in your
sight,
The roote of all your care and wretched
plight,
Now in your powre, to let her live, or die.'
' To doe her die,' (quoth Una) ' were de-
spight,
And shame t'avenge so weake an enemy;
But spoile her of her scarlot robe, and let
her fly.'

XLVI.

So, as she bad, that witch they disaraid,
And robd of roiall robes, and purple pall,
And ornaments that richly were displaid;
Ne spared they to strip her naked all.
Then, when they had despoyled her tire
and call,
Such as she was their eies might her be-
hold,
That her misshaped parts did them appall:
A loathly, wrinckled hag, ill favoured,
old,
Whose secret filth good manners biddeth
not be told.

XLVII.

Her crafty head was altogether bald,
And, as in hate of honorable eld,
Was overgrowne with scurfe and filthy
scald;
Her teeth out of her rotten gummies were
feld,
And her sowre breath abhominably smeld;
Her dried duges, lyke bladders lacking
wind,
Hong downe, and filthy matter from them
weld;
Her wrizled skin, as rough as maple rind,
So scabby was that would have loathd all
womankind.

XLVIII.

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 dong all fowly dight;
And eke her feete most monstrous were in
sight;
For one of them was like an Eagles claw,
With griping talaunts armd to greedy
fight;
The other like a beares uneven paw,
More ugly shape yet never living creature
saw.

XLIX.

Which when the knights beled amazzd
they were,
And wondred at so fowle deformed wight.
' Such then,' (said Una,) ' as she seemeth
here,
Such is the face of falshood: such the sight
Of fowle Duessa, when her borrowed light
Is laid away, and counterfesauce
knowne.'
Thus when they had the witch disrobed
quight,
And all her filthy feature open showue,

They let her goe at will, and wander waies
unknowne.

L.

Shee, flying fast from heavens hated
face,
And from the world that her discovered
wide,
Fled to the wastfull wildernesses apace,
From living eyes her open shame to hide,

And lurkt in rocks and caves, long un-
espide.

But that faire crew of knights, and Una
faire,
Did in that castle afterwards abide,
To rest them selves, and weary powres
repaire;
Where store they fownd of al that dainty
was aud rare.

CANTO IX.

His loves and lignage Arthure tells :
The knights knitt friendly bands :
Sir Trevisan flies from Despeyre,
Whom Rederos knight withstands.

I.

O GOODLY golden chayne, wherewith
yfere
The vertues linked are in lovely wize ;
And noble mindes of yore allyed were,
In brave poursuitt of chevalrous emprize,
That none did others safety despize,
Nor aid envy to him in need that stands ;
But friendly each did others praise devise,
How to advaunce with favourable hands,
As this good Prince redeemd the Red-
crosse knight from bauds.

II.

Who when their powres, empayrd
through labor long,
With dew repast they had recured well,
And that weake captive wight now wexed
strong,
Them list no lenger there at leasure dwell,
But forward fare as their adventures fell ;
But, ere they parted, Una faire besought
That straunger knight his name and na-
tion tell ;
Least so great good, as he for her had
wrought,
Should die unknown, and buried be in
thankles thought.

III.

' Faire virgin,' (said the Prince,) ' yee
me require
A thing without the compas of my witt ;
For both the lignage, and the certein Sire,
From which I sprong, from mee are hidden
yitt ;
For al so soone as life did me admitt
Into this world, and shewed heavens light,
From mothers pap I taken was unfitt,
And streight deliver'd to a Fary knight,
To be brought in gentle thewes and
martiall might.

IV.

' Unto Old Timon he me brought bylive ;
Old Timon, who in youthly yeares hath
beene
In warlike feates th' expertest man alive,
And is the wisest now on earth I weene :
His dwelling is low in a valley greene,
Under the foot of Rauran mossy hore,
From whence the river Dee, as silver
cleene,
His tomling billowes rolls with gentle
rore ;
There all my daies he traird mee up in
vertuous lore.

V.

' Thither the great magicien Merlin
came,
As was his use, oftentimes to visitt mee ;
For he had charge my discipline to frame,
And Tutors nouriture to oversee.
Him oft and oft I askt in privity,
Of what loines and what lignage I did
spring ;
Whose aunswere bad me still assured bee,
That I was sonne and heire unto a king,
As time in her just term the truth to light
should bring.'

VI.

' Well worthy impe,' said then the Lady
gent,
' And Pupill fitt for such a Tutors hand !
But what adventure, or what high intent,
Hath brought you hither into Faery
land,
Aread, Prince Arthure, crowne of Martiall
band ?'
' Full hard it is,' (quoth he) ' to read aright
The course of heavenly cause, or under-
stand
The secret meaning of th' eternall might,

That rules mens waies, and rules the thoughts of living wight.

VII.

'For whether he, through fatal deepe foresight,
Me hither sent for cause to me unghost;
Or that fresh bleeding wound, which day and night
Whilome doth rancle in my riven brest,
With forced fury following his behest,
Me hither brought by wayes yet never found,
You to have helpt I hold my selfe yet blest.'
'Ah! courteous Knight,' (quoth she) 'what secret wound
Could ever find to grieve the gentlest hart on ground?'

VIII.

'Dear Dame,' (quoth he) 'you sleeping sparkes awake,
Which, troubled once, into huge flames will grow;
Ne ever will their fervent fury slake,
Till living moysture into smoke do flow,
And wasted life doe lye in ashes low:
Yet sithens silence lesseneth not my fire,
But, told, it flames; and, hidden, it does glow,
I will revele what ye so much desire.
Ah, Love! lay down thy bow, the whiles I may respire.

IX.

'It was in freshest flowre of youthly yeares,
When corage first does creepe in manly chest,
Then first the cole of kindly heat appears
To kindle love in every living brest:
But me had warnd old Timons wise behest,
Those creeping flames by reason to subdew,
Before their rage grew to so great unrest,
As miserable lovers use to rew,
Which still wex old in woe, whiles wo stil wexeth new.

X.

'That ydle name of love, and lovers life,
As losse of time, and vertues enemy,
I ever scord, and joyd to stirre up strife,
In midst of their mournfull Tragedy;
Ay wont to laugh when them I heard to cry,
And blow the fire which them to ashes brent:

Their God himselfe, grievd at my libertie,
Shott many a dart at me with fiers intent;
But I them warded all with wary government.

XI.

'But all in vaine: no fort can be so strong,
Ne fleshly brest can armed be so sownd,
But will at last be wonne with battrie long,
Or unawares at disavantage fownd.
Nothing is sure that growes on earthly grownd;
And who most trustes in arme of fleshly might,
And boastes in beauties chaine not to be bownd,
Doth soonest fall in disaventrous fight,
And yeeldes his caytive neck to victours most despight.

XII.

'Ensample make of him your haplesse joy,
And of my selfe now mated, as ye see;
Whose prouder vaunt that proud avenging boy
Did soone pluck downe, and curbd my libertee.
For on a day, prickt forth with jollitee
Of looser life and heat of hardiment,
Raunging the forest wide on courser free,
The fields, the floods, the heavens, with one consent,
Did seeme to laugh on me, and favour mine intent.

XIII.

'Forweared with my sportes, I did alight
From loftie steed, and downe to sleepe me layd;
The verdant gras my couch did goodly dight,
And pillow was my helmet fayre displayd;
Whiles every sence the humour sweet embayd,
And slombing soft my hart did steale away,
Me seemed, by my side a royall Mayd
Her daintie limbes full softly down did lay:
So fayre a creature yet saw never sunny day.

XIV.

'Most goodly glee and lovely blandishment
She to me made, and badd me love her deare;

For dearely sure her love was to me bent,
As, when just time expired, should
 appeare.
But whether dreames delude, or true it
 were,
Was never hart so ravisht with delight,
Ne living man like wordes did ever heare,
As she to me delivered all that night;
And at her parting said, She Queene of
 Faeries hight.

xv.

'When I awoke, and found her place
 devoyd,
And nought but pressed gras where she
 had lyen,
I sorrowed all so much as earst I joyd,
And washed all her place with watry eyen.
From that day forth I lov'd that face
 divyne;
From that day forth I cast in careful
 mynd,
To seek her out with labor and long tyne,
And never vowd to rest till her I fynd:
Nyne monethes I seek in vain, yet ni'll
 that vow unbynd.'

xvi.

Thus as he spake, his visage wexed pale,
And change of hew great passion did
 bewray;
Yett still he strove to cloke his inward
 bale,
And hide the smoke that did his fire dis-
 play,
Till gentle Una thus to him gan say:
'O happy Queene of Faeries! that hast
 fownd,
Mongst many, one that with his prowesse
 may
Defend thine honour, and thy foes con-
 fownd.
True loves are often sown, but seldom
 grow on grownd.'

xvii.

'Thine, O! then,' said the gentle Red-
 crosse knight,
'Next to that Ladies love, shalbe the place,
O fayrest virgin! full of heavenly light,
Whose wondrous faith, exceeding earthly
 race,
Was firmest fixt in myne extremest case.
And you, my Lord, the Patrone of my life,
Of that great Queene may well gaine
 worthie grace;
For onely worthie you through prowes
 priefe,
Yf living man mote worthie be to be her
 befo.'

xviii.

So diversly discoursing of their loves,
The golden Sunne his glistring head gan
 shew,
And sad remembraunce now the Prince
 amoves
With fresh desire his voyage to pursew;
Als Una earnd her travaill to renew.
Then those two knights, fast friendship
 for to bynd,
And love establish each to other trew,
Gave goodly gifts, the signes of gratefull
 mynd,
And eke, as pledges firme, right hands
 together joynd.

xix.

Prince Arthur gave a boxe of Diamond
 sure,
Embowd with gold and gorgeous orna-
 ment,
Wherein were cload few drops of liquor
 pure,
Of wondrous worth, and vertue excellent,
That any wovnd could heale incontinent.
Which to requite, the Redcrosse knight
 him gave
A booke, wherein his Saveours testament
Was writt with golden letters rich and
 brave:
A worke of wondrous grace, and hable
 soules to save.

xx.

Thus benee they parted; Arthur on his
 way
To seeke his love, and th' other for to
 fight
With Unaes foe, that all her realme did
 pray.
But she, now weighing the decayed plight
And shrunken synewes of her chosen
 knight,
Would not a while her forward course
 pursew,
Ne bring him forth in face of dreadfull
 fight,
Till he recovered had his former hew;
For him to be yet weake and wearie well
 she knew.

xxi.

So as they travailld, 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 aghast.
Still as he fledd his eye was backward
 cast,
As if his feare still followed him behynd:

Als flew his steed as he his bandes had
brast,
And with his winged heeles did tread the
wynd,
As he had bene a fole of Pegasus his
kynd.

XXII.

Nigh as he drew, they might perceive
his head
To bee unarmd, and curld uncombed
heares
Upstaring stiffe, dismaid with uncouth
dread:
Nor drop of blood in all his face appeares,
Nor life in limbe; and, to increase his
feares,
In fowle reproch of knighthoodes fayre
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
memoree.

XXIII.

The Redcrosse knight toward him
crossed fast,
To weet what mister wight was so dis-
mayd.
There him he findes all sencelesse and
aghast,
That of him selfe he seemd to be afrayd;
Whom hardly he from flying forward
stayd,
Till he these wordes to him deliver might:
'Sir knight, aread who hath ye thus arrayd,
And eke from whom make ye this hasty
flight?
For never knight I saw in such misseem-
ing plight.'

XXIV.

He answerd nought at all; but adding
new
Feare to his first amazment, staring wyde
With stony eyes and hartlesse hollow hew,
Astonisht stood, as one that had aspyde
Infernal furies with their chaines untyde.
Him yett againe, and yett againe, bespake
The gentle knight; who nought to him
replyde;
But, trembling every joynt, did inly
quake,
And foltring tongue, at last, these words
seemd forth to shake;

XXV.

'For Gods deare love, Sir knight, doe
me not stay;
For loe! he comes, he comes fast after
mee.'

Eft looking back would faine have runne
away;
But he him forst to stay, and tellen free
The secrete cause of his perplexitie:
Yett nathemore by his bold hartie speach
Could his blood frozen hart emboldened
bee,
But through his boldnes rather feare did
reach;
Yett, forst, at last he made through silence
sudein breach.

XXVI.

'And am I now in safetie sure,' (quoth
he)
'From him that would have forced me to
dye?
And is the point of death now turnd fro
mee,
That I may tell this haplesse history?'
'Fear nought,' (quoth he) 'no daunger
now is nye.'
'Then shall I you recount a ruefull cace,'
(Said he) 'the which with this unlucky
eye
I late beheld; and, had not greater grace
Me reft from it, had bene partaker of the
place.

XXVII.

'I lately chaunst (Would I had never
chaunst!)
With a fayre knight to keeopen companee,
Sir Terwin hight, that well himselfe ad-
vaunst
In all affayres, and was both bold and
free;
But not so happy as mote happy bee:
He lov'd, as was his lot, a Lady gent,
That him againe lov'd in the least degree;
For she was proud, and of too high intent,
And joyd to see her lover languish and
lament:

XXVIII.

'From whom retourning sad and com-
fortlesse,
As on the way together we did fare,
We met that villen, (God from him me
blesse!)
That cursed wight, from whom I scapt
whyleare,
A man of hell that calls himselfe De-
spayre:
Who first us greets, and after fayre
areedes
Of tydings straunge, and of adventures
rare:
So creeping close, as Snake in hidden
weedes,
Inquireth of our states, and of our knightly
deedes.'

XXIX.

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

XXX.

'With which sad instrument of hasty
death,
That wofull lover, loathing lenger light,
A wyde way made to let forth living
breath:
But I, more fearefull or more lucky wight,
Dismayd with that deformed dismall
sight,
Fledd fast away, halfe dead with dying
feare;
Ne yet assur'd of life by you, Sir knight,
Whose like infirmity like chaunce may
beare;
But God you never let his charmed
speeches heare!'

XXXI.

'How may a man,' (said he) 'with
idle speach
Be wonne to spoyle the Castle of his
health?'
'I wote,' (quoth he) 'whom tryall late
did teach,
That like would not for all this worldes
wealth.
His subtile tong like dropping honny
mealt'h
Into the heart, and searcheth every vaine;
That, ere one be aware, by secret stealth
His powre is reft, and weaknes doth re-
maine.
O! never, Sir, desire to try his guilefull
traine.'

XXXII.

'Certes,' (said he) 'hence shall I never
rest,
Till I that treachours art have heard and
tryde:
And you, Sir knight, whose name mote I
request,

Of grace do me unto his cabin guyde.'
'I, that hight Trevisan,' (quoth he) 'will
ryde
Against my liking backe to doe you grace:
But nor for gold nor glee will I abyde
By you, when ye arrive in that same
place;
For lever had I die then see his deadly
face.'

XXXIII.

Ere long they come where that same
wicked wight
His dwelling has, low in an hollow cave,
For underneath a cragy cliff ypight,
Darke, dolefull, dreary, like a greedy
grave,
That still for carrion carcasses doth crave:
On top whereof ay dwelt the ghastly
Owle,
Shrieking his balefull note, which ever
drape
Far from that haunt all other chearefull
fowle;
And all about it wandring ghostes did
wayle and howle.

XXXIV.

And all about old stockes and stubs of
trees,
Whereon nor fruit nor leafe was ever
seene,
Did hang upon the ragged rocky knees;
On which had many wretches hanged
beene,
Whose carcasses were scattred on the
greene,
And throwne about the cliffs. Arrived
there,
That bare-head knight, for dread and
dolefull teene,
Would faine have fled, ne durst approchen
neare;
But th' other forst him staye, and com-
forted in feare.

XXXV.

That darke some cave they enter, where
they find
That cursed man, low sitting on the ground,
Musing full sadly in his sullen mind:
His griesie lockes, long growen and un-
bound,
Disordred hong about his shoulders round,
And hid his face, through which his hol-
low eyne
Lookt deadly dull, and stared as astound;
His raw-bone cheekes, through penurie
and pine,
Were shronke into his jawes, as he did
never dyne.

XXXVI.

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 upon the gras
A dreary corse, whose life away did pas,
All wallowd in his own yet luke-warme
blood,
That from his wound yet welled fresh,
alas!
In which a rusty knife fast fixed stood,
And made an open passage for the gush-
ing flood.

XXXVII.

Which piteous spectacle, approving trew
The wofull tale that Trevisan had told,
Whenas the gentle Redcrosse knight did
vew,
With frie zeale he burnt in courage bold
Him to avenge before his blood were cold.
And to the villein sayd; 'Thou damned
wight,
The authour of this fact we here behold,
What justice can but judge against thee
right,
With thine owne blood to price his blood,
here shed in sight?'

XXXVIII.

'What franticke fit,' (quoth he) 'hath
thus distraught
Thee, foolish man, so rash a doome to
give?
What justice ever other judgement taught,
But he should dye who merites not to
live?
None els to death this man despayring
drive
But his owne guiltie mind, deserving
death.
Is then unjust to each his dew to give?
Or let him dye, that loatheth living
breath,
Or let him die at ease, that liveth here
uneath?'

XXXIX.

'Who travailes by the wearie wandring
way,
To come unto his wished home in haste,
And meetes a flood that doth his passage
stay,
Is not great grace to helpe him over past,
Or free his feet that in the myre sticke
fast?
Most envious man, that grieves at neigh-
bours good;

And fond, that joyest in the woe thou
hast!
Why wilt not let him passe, that long
hath stood
Upon the bancke, yet wilt thy selfe not
pas the flood?'

XL.

'He there does now enjoy eternall rest
And happy ease, which thou doest want
and crave,
And further from it daily wanderest:
What if some little payne the passage
have,
That makes frayle flesh to feare the bitter
wave,
Is not short payne well borne, that bringes
long ease,
And layes the soule to sleepe in quiet
grave?
Sleepe after toyle, port after stormie
seas,
Ease after warre, death after life, does
greatly please.'

XLI.

The knight much wondred at his sud-
deine wit,
And sayd; 'The terme of life is limited,
Ne may a man prolong, nor shorten, it:
The souldier may not move from watch-
full sted,
Nor leave his stand untill his Captaine
bed.'
'Who life did limit by almightie doome,'
(Quoth he) 'knowes best the termes es-
tablished;
And he, that points the Centonell his
roome,
Doth license him depart at sound of morn-
ing droome.'

XLII.

'Is not his deed, what ever thing is
donne
In heaven and earth? Did not he all
create
To die againe? All ends that was be-
gonne:
Their times in his eternall booke of fate
Are written sure, and have their certain
date.
Who then can strive with strong neces-
sitie,
That holds the world in his still chaung-
ing state,
Or shunne the death ordaynd by des-
tinie?
When houre of death is come, let none
aske whence, nor why.'

XLIII.

'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 blood-shed, and
avengement,
Now praysd, hereafter deare thou shalt
repent;
For life must life, and blood must blood,
repay.
Is not enough thy evill life forespent?
For he that once hath missed the right
way,
The further he doth goe, the further he
doth stray.

XLIV.

'Then doe no further goe, no further
But here by dayne, and to thy rest betake,
For what hath life that may it loved make,
An' rather cause it to forsake?
For sickness, age, losse, labour, sor-
row, strife,
Payne, hunger, cold that makes the hart
to quake,
And ever fickle fortune rageth rife;
All which, and thousands mo, do make a
loathsome life.

XLV.

'Thou, wretched man, of death hast
greatest need,
If in true ballaunce thou wilt weigh thy
state;
For never knight, that dared warlike
deed,
More luckless dissaventures did amate:
Witnes the dungeon deepe, wherein of late
Thy life shutt up 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 maist
happen fall.

XLVI.

'Why then doest thou, O man of sin!
desire
To draw thy dayes forth to their last de-
gree?
Is not the measure of thy sinfull hire
High heaped up with huge iniquitee,
Against the day of wrath to burden thee?
Is not enough, that to this Lady mild
Thou falsed hast thy faith with perjure,

And sold thy selfe to serve Duessa vild,
With whom in al abuse thou hast thy
selfe defild?

XLVII.

'Is not he just, that all this doth behold
From highest heven, and beares an equall
eie?
Shall he thy sins up in his knowledge fold,
And guilty be of thine impietie?
Is not his lawe, Let every sinner die;
Die shall all flesh? What then must
needs be donne,
Is it not better to doe willinglie,
Then linger till the glas be all out ronne?
Death is the end of woes: die soone, O
faeries sonne!

XLVIII.

The knight was much ennoyed with his
speech,
That as a swords poynt through his hart
did perse,
And in his conscience made a secrete
breach,
Well knowing trow all that he did reherse,
And to his fresh remembraunce did re-
verse
The ugly vew of his deformed crimes;
That all his manly powres it did disperse,
As he were charmed with inchaunted
rimes;
That oftentimes he quakt, and fainted
oftentimes.

XLIX.

In which amazement when the Mis-
creant
Perceived him to waver, weake and fraile,
Whiles trembling horror did his conscience
daunt,
And hellish anguish did his soule assaile;
To drive him to despaire, and quite to
quale,
Hee shewd him, painted in a table plaine,
The damned ghosts that doe in torments
waile,
And thousand feends that doe them end-
lesse paine
With fire and brimstone, which for ever
shall remaine.

L.

The sight whereof so throughly him
dismaid,
That nought but death before his eies he
saw,
And ever burning wrath before him laid,
By righteous sentence of th' Almightyes
law.

Then gan the villein him to overcraw,
 And brought unto him swords, ropes,
 poison, fire,
 And all that might him to perdition draw;
 And bad him choose what death he would
 desire;
 For death was dew to him that had pro-
 vokt Gods ire.

LI.

But, whenas none of them he saw him
 take,
 He to him raught a dagger sharpe and
 keene,
 And gave it him in hand: his hand did
 quake
 And tremble like a leafe of Aspin greene,
 And troubled blood through his pale face
 was seene
 To come and goe with tidings from the
 heart,
 As it a ronning messenger had beene.
 At last, resolv'd to work his finall smart,
 He lifted up his hand, that backe againe
 did start.

LII.

Which whenas Una saw, through every
 vaine
 The crudled cold ran to her well of life,
 As in a swowne: but, soone reliv'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 hearted
 Knight!
 What meanest thou by this reprochfull
 strife?
 Is this the battaile which thou vaunstst to
 fight

With that fire-mouthed Dragon, horrible
 and bright?

LIII.

'Come; come away, fraile, feeble,
 fleshly wight,
 Ne let vaine words bewitch thy manly
 hart,
 Ne divelish thoughts dismay thy constant
 spright:
 In heavenly mercies hast thou not a part?
 Why shouldst thou then despeire, that
 chosen art?
 Where justice growes, there grows eke
 greater grace,
 The which doth quench the brond of
 hellish smart,
 And that accurst hand-writing doth de-
 face.
 Arise, sir Knight; arise, and leave this
 cursed place.'

LIV.

So up he rose, and thence amounte
 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 hong him selfe, unbid, un-
 blest.
 But death he could not worke himselfe
 thereby;
 For thousand timbe he so him selfe had
 drest,
 Yet nathelesse it could not doe him die,
 Till he should die his last, that is, eter-
 nally.

CANTO X.

Her faithfull knight faire Una brings
 To house of Holinesse;
 Where he is taught repentaunce, and
 The way to heavenly blesse.

I.

WHAT man is he, that boasts of fleshly
 might
 And vaine assuraunce of mortality,
 Which, all so soone as it doth come to
 fight
 Against spirituall foes, yields 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 have, it is to ill,

But all the good is Gods, both power and
 eke will.

II.

By that which lately hapned Una saw
 That this her knight was feeble, and too
 faint;
 And all his sinewes woxen weake and raw,
 Through long enprisonment, and hard
 constraint,
 Which he endured in his late restraint,
 That yet he was unfitt for bloody fight.

Therefore, to cherish him with diets daint,
 She cast to bring him where he chearen
 might,
 Till he recovered had his late decayed
 plight.

III.

There was an auncient house nor far
 away,
 Renowmd throughout the world for sacred
 lore
 And pure unspotted life: so well, they
 say,
 It governd was, and guided evermore,
 Through wisedome of a matrone grave
 and hore;
 Whose onely joy was to relieve the needes
 Of wretched soules, and helpe the helpe-
 lesse pore:
 All night she spent in bidding of her bedes,
 And all the day in doing good and godly
 deedes.

IV.

Dame Cælia men did her call, as thought
 From heaven to come, or thither to arise;
 The mother of three daughters, well up-
 brought
 In goodly thewes, and godly exercise:
 The eldest two, most sober, chast, and
 wise,
 Fidelia and Speranza, virgins were;
 Though spoused, yet wanting wedlocks
 solemnize;
 But faire Charissa to a lovely fere
 Was lincked, and by him had many
 pledges dere.

V.

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

VI.

Each goodly thing is hardest to begin;
 But, entred in, a spatious court they see,
 Both plaine and pleasaunt to be walked
 in;
 Where them does meete a francklin faire
 and free,

And entertaines with comely courteous
 glee;

His name was Zele, that him right well
 became:

For in his speaches and behaveour hee
 Did labour lively to expresse the same,
 And gladly did them guide, till to the Hall
 they came.

VII.

There fayrely them receives a gentle
 Squire,
 Of myld demeanure and rare courtesee,
 Right cleanly clad in comely sad attyre;
 In word and deede that shewd great
 modestee,
 And knew his good to all of each degree,
 Hight Reverence. He them with speaches
 meet
 Does faire entreat; no courting nicetee,
 But simple, trew, and eke unfained sweet,
 As might become a Squire so great persons
 to greet.

VIII.

And afterwarde them to his Dame he
 leades,
 That aged Dame, the Lady of the place,
 Who all this while was busy at her beades;
 Which doen, she up arose with seemely
 grace,
 And toward them full matronely did pace.
 Where, when that fairest Una she beheld,
 Whom well she knew to spring from
 hevenly race,
 Her heart with joy unwonted inly sweld,
 As feeling wondrous comfort in her weaker
 eld:

IX.

And, her embracing, said; 'O happy
 earth,
 Whereon thy innocent feet doe ever tread!
 Most vertuous virgin, borne of hevenly
 berth,
 That, to redeeme thy woefull parents head
 From tyrans rage and ever-dying dread,
 Hast wandred through the world now long
 a day,
 Yett ceasest not thy weary soles to lead;
 What grace hath thee now hither brought
 this way?
 Or doen thy feeble feet unweeting hither
 stray?

X.

'Straunge thing it is an errant knight to
 see
 Here in this place; or any other wight,
 That hither turnes his steps. So few there
 bee,
 That chose the narrow path, or seeke the
 right:

All keepe the broad high way, and take
delight
With many rather for to goe astray,
And be partakers of their evill plight,
Then with a few to walke the rightest way.
O foolish men! why hast ye to your own
decay?’

XI.

‘Thy selfe to see, and tyred limbes to
rest,
O matrone sage,’ (quoth she) ‘I hither
came;
And this good knight his way with me
address,
Ledd with thy prayeses, and broad-blazed
fame,
That up to heven is blowne.’ The auncient
Dame
Him goodly greeted in her modest guise,
And enterteynd them both, as best became,
With all the court’sies that she could
devyse,
Ne wanted ought to shew her bounteous
or wise.

XII.

Thus as they gan of sondrie thinges
devise,
Loe! two most goodly virgins came in
place,
Ylinked arme in arme in lovely wise:
With countenance demure, and modest
grace,
They numbered even steps and equall pace;
Of which the eldest, that Fidelia hight,
Like sunny beames threw from her
Christall face
That could have dazd the rash beholders
sight,
And round about her head did shine like
hevens light.

XIII.

She was araied all in lilly white,
And in her right hand bore a cup of gold,
With wine and water filld up to the hight,
In which a Serpent did himselfe enfold,
That horror made to all that did behold;
But she no whitt 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 thinges were writt, hard to
be understood.

XIV.

Her younger sister, that Speranza hight,
Was clad in blew, that her beseeemed
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.
Upon her arme a silver anchor lay,
Whereon she leaned ever, as befell;
And ever up to heven, as she did pray,
Her stedfast eyes were bent, ne swarved
other way.

XV.

They, seeing Una, towardes her gan
wend,
Who them encounters with like courtesee;
Many kind speeches they betweene them
spend,
And greatly joy each other for to see:
Then to the knight with shamefast mod-
estie
They turne themselves, at Unaes meeke
request,
And him salute with well beseeming
glee;
Who faire them quites, as him beseemed
best,
And goodly gan discourse of many a noble
gest.

XVI.

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

XVII.

Then said the aged Cælia, ‘Deare dame,
And you, good Sir, I wote that of youre
toyle
And labors long, through which ye hither
came,
Ye both forwearied be: therefore, a
whyte
I read you rest, and to your bowres re-
coyle.’
Then called she a Groome, that forth him
ledd
Into a goodly lodge, and gan despoile
Of puissant armes, and laid in easie
bedd:
His name was meeke Obedience, rightfully
aredd.

XVIII.

Now when their wearie limbes with
kindly rest,
And bodies were refresh't with dew repast,
Fayre Una gan Fidelia fayre request,
To have her knight into her schoolehous
plaste,
That of her heavenly learning he might
taste,
And heare the wisdom of her wordes
divine.
She graunted; and that knight so much
agrate,
That she him taught celestiall discipline,
And opened his dull eyes, that light mote
in them shine.

XIX.

And that her sacred Booke, with blood
ywritt,
That none could reade except she did them
teach,
She unto him disclosed every whitt;
And heavenly documents thereout did
preach,
That weaker witt of man could never
reach;
Of God; of grace; of justice; of free-will;
That wonder was to heare her goodly
speech:
For she was hable with her wordes to kill,
And rayse againe to life the hart that she
did thrill.

XX.

And, when she list poure out her larger
spright,
She would commaund the hasty Sunne to
stay,
Or backward turne his course from hevens
hight:
Sometimes great hostes of men she could
dismay;
Dry-shod to passe she parts the fouds in
tway;
And eke huge mountaines from their
native seat
See would commaund themselves to beare
away,
And throw in raging sea with roaring
threat.
Almightie God her gave such powre and
puissance great.

XXI.

The faithfull knight now grew in little
space,
By hearing her, and by her sisters lore,
To such perfection of all heavenly grace,
That wretched world he gan for to abhore,

And mortall life gan loath as thing forlore,
Greevd with remembrance of his wicked
wayes,
And prickt with anguish of his sinnes so
sore,
That he desirde to end his wretched dayes:
So much the dart of sinfull guilt the soule
dismayes.

XXII.

But wise Speranza gave him comfort
sweet,
And taught him how to take assured hold
Upon her silver anchor, as was meet;
Els had his sinnes, so great and manifold,
Made him forget all that Fidelia told.
In this distressed doubtfull agony,
When him his dearest Una did behold
Disdeining life, desiring leave to dye,
She found her selfe assayld with great
perplexity;

XXIII.

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

XXIV.

Who, comming to that sowle-diseased
knight,
Could hardly him intreat to tell his grief:
Which knowne, and all that noyd his
heavie spright
Well searcht, eftsoones he gan apply
relief
Of salves and med'cines, which had pass-
ing prief;
And thereto added wordes of wondrous
might.
By which to ease he him recured brief,
And much aswag'd the passion of his
plight,
That he his paine endur'd, as seeming
now more light.

XXV.

But yet the cause and root of all his
ill,
Inward corruption and infected sin,

Not purg'd nor heald, behind remained
still,
And festring sore did ranckle yett
within,
Close creeping twixt the marow and the
skin:
Which to extirpe, he laid him privily
Downe in a darksome lowly place far
in,
Whereas he meant his corrosives to
apply,
And with streight diet tame his stubborne
malady.

XXVI.

In ashes and sackcloth he did array
His daintie corse, prond humors to abate;
And dieted with fasting every day,
The swelling of his woundes to mitigate;
And made him pray both carely and eke
late:
And ever, as superfluous flesh did rott,
Amendment readie still at hand did wayt,
To pluck it out with pincers fyrie whott,
That soone in him was lefte no one cor-
rupted jott.

XXVII.

And bitter Penaunce, with an yron
whip,
Was wont him once to disple every
day:
And sharp Remorse his hart did prick and
nip,
That drops of blood thence like a well did
play:
And sad Repentance used to embay
His blamefull body in salt water sore,
The filthy blottes of sin to wash away.
So in short space they did to health re-
store
The man that would not live, but erst lay
at deathes dore.

XXVIII.

In which his torment often was so
great,
That like a Lyon he would cry and
rore,
And rend his flesh, and his owne synewes
eat.
His owne deare Una, hearing evermore
His ruefull shriekes and gronings, often
tore
Her guiltlesse garments and her golden
heare,
For pitty of his payne and anguish sore:
Yet all with patience wisely she did
beare,
For well she wist his cryme could els be
never cleare.

XXIX.

Whom, thus recover'd by wise Patience
And trew Repentaunce, they to Una
brought;
Who, joyous of his cured conscience,
Him dearely kist, and fayrely eke be-
sought
Himselfe to chearish, and consuming
thought
To put away out of his carefull brest.
By this Charissa, late in child-bed
brought,
Was woxen strong, and left her fruitfull
nest:
To her fayre Una brought this un-
acquainted guest.

XXX.

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

XXXI.

A multitude of babes about her hong,
Playing their sportes, that joyd her to
behold;
Whom still she fed whiles they were
weake and young,
But thrust them forth still as they waxed
old:
And on her head she wore a tyre of gold,
Adorn'd with gemmes and owches won-
drous fayre,
Whose passing price uneach was to be
told:
And by her syde there sate a gentle payre
Of turtle doves, she sitting in an yvory
chayre.

XXXII.

The knight and Una entring fayre her
greet,
And bid her joy of that her happy brood;
Who them requites with court'sies seem-
ing meet,
And entertaynes with friendly chearefull
mood.
Then Una 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 Penance, where his
 spright
 Had past the paines of hell and long-
 enduring night.

xxxiii.

She was right joyous of her just re-
 quest;
 And taking by the hand that Faeries
 sonne,
 Gan him instruct in everie good behest,
 Of love, and righteousnes, and well to
 donne;
 And wrath and hatred warely to shonne,
 That drew on men Gods hatred and his
 wrath,
 And many soules in dolours had for-
 donne:
 In which when him she well instructed
 hath,
 From thence to heaven she teacheth him
 the ready path.

xxxiv.

Wherein his weaker wandring steps to
 guyde,
 An auncient matrone she to her does
 call,
 Whose sober lookes her wisdom well
 descryde:
 Her name was Mercy; well knowne over-
 all
 To be both gracious and eke liberall:
 To whom the carefull charge of him she
 gave,
 To leade aright, that he should never
 fall
 In all his waies through this wide worldes
 wave;
 That Mercy in the end his righteous soule
 might save.

xxxv.

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

xxxvi.

Eftsoones unto an holy Hospitall,
 That was foreby the way, she did him
 bring;
 In which seven Bead-men, that had
 vowed all
 Their life to service of high heavens
 King,
 Did spend their daies in doing godly
 thing.
 Their gates to all were open evermore,
 That by the wearie way were travailing;
 And one sate wayting ever them before,
 To call in commers-by that needy were
 and pore.

xxxvii.

The first of them, that eldest was and
 best,
 Of all the house had charge and governe-
 ment,
 As Guardian and Steward of the rest.
 His office was to give entertainment
 And lodging unto all that came and went;
 Not unto such as could him feast againe,
 And double quite for that he on them
 spent;
 But such as want of harbour did con-
 straine:
 Those for Gods sake his dewty was to
 entertaine.

xxxviii.

The second was as Almner of the
 place:
 His office was the hungry for to feed,
 And thristy give 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
 breede:
 The grace of God he layd up still in store,
 Which as a stocke he left unto his
 seede.
 He had enough; what need him care for
 more?
 And had he lesse, yet some he would give
 to the pore.

xxxix.

The third had of their wardrobe cus-
 tody,
 In which were not rich tyres, nor gar-
 ments gay,
 The plumes of pride, and wings of
 vanity,
 But clothes meet to keepe keene cold
 away,
 And naked nature seemely to aray;
 With which bare wretched wights he
 dayly clad,

The images of God in earthly clay;
 And, if that no spare clothes to give he
 had,
 His owne cote he would cut, and it dis-
 tribute glad.

XL.

The fourth appointed by his office
 was
 Poore prisoners to relieve with gracious
 ayd,
 And captives to redeeme with price of
 bras
 From Turkes and Sarazins, which them
 had stayd:
 And though they faulty were, yet well he
 wayd,
 That God to us forgiveth every howre
 Much more then that why they in bands
 were layd;
 And he, that harrowd hell with heavie
 stowre,
 The faulty soules from thence brought to
 his heavenly bowre.

XLI.

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 living we be-
 stow,
 If not well ended at our dying day.
 O man! have mind of that last bitter
 throw;
 For as the tree does fall, so lyes it ever
 low.

XLII.

The sixt had charge of them now being
 dead,
 In seemely sort their corses to engrave,
 And deck with dainty flowres their bry-
 dall bed,
 That to their heavenly spouse both sweet
 and brave
 They might appeare, when he their soules
 shall save.
 The wondrous workmanship of Gods owne
 mould,
 Whose face he made all beastes to feare,
 and gave
 All in his hand, even dead we honour
 should.
 Ah, dearest God, me graunt, I dead be
 not defould!

XLIII.

The seventh, now after death and
 buriall done,
 Had charge the tender Orphans of the
 dead
 And wydowes ayd, least they should be
 undone:
 In face of judgement 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 gave them
 ever free.

XLIV.

There when the Elfin knight arrived
 was,
 The first and chiefest of the seven, whose
 care
 Was guests to welcome, towards him did
 pas;
 Where seeing Mercie, that his steps upbare
 And alwaies led, to her with reverence
 rare
 He humbly louted in meeke lowlinesse,
 And seemely welcome for her did prepare:
 For of their order she was Patronesse,
 Albe Charissa were their chiefest founde-
 resse.

XLV.

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

XLVI.

Thence forward by that painfull way
 they pas
 Forth to an hill that was both steepe and
 hy,
 On top whereof a sacred chappell was,
 And eke a litle Hermitage thereby,
 Wherein an aged holy man did lie,
 That day and night said his devotion,
 Ne other worldly busines did apply:
 His name was hevenly Contemplation;
 Of God and goodnes was his medita-
 tion.

XLVII.

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

XLVIII.

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

XLIX.

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

L.

'What end,' (quoth she) 'should cause
us take such paine,
But that same end, which every living
wight
Should make his marke high heaven to
attaine ?
Is not from hence the way, that leadeth
right

To that most glorious house, that glistreth
bright
With burning starres and everliving fire,
Whereof the keies are to thy hand behight
By wise Fidelia ? Shee doth thee require,
To shew it to this knight, according his
desire.'

LI.

'Thrise happy man,' said then the father
grave,
'Whose staggering steps thy steady hand
doth lead,
And shewes the way his sinfull soule to
save !
Who better can the way to heaven aread
Then thou thyselfe, that was both borne
and bred
In hevenly throne, where thousand Angels
shine ?
Thou doest the praiers of the righteous
sead
Present before the majesty divine,
And his avenging wrath to clemency in-
cline.

LII.

'Yet, since thou bidst, thy pleasure
shalbe donne.
Then come, thou man of earth, and see
the way,
That never yet was seene of Faeries sonne ;
That never leads the traveler astray,
But after labors long and sad delay,
Erings them to joyous rest and endlesse
blis.
But first thou must a season fast and pray,
Till from her bands the spright assoiled is,
And have her strength recur'd from fraile
infirmities.'

LIII.

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

LIV.

Or like that sacred hill, whose head full
hie,

Adorn'd with fruitfull Olives all arownd,
Is, as it were for endlesse memory
Of that deare Lord who oft thereon was
fownd,
For ever with a flowring girlond crown'd:
Or like that pleasaunt Mount, that is for
ay
Through famous Poets verse each where
renownd,
On which the thrise three learned Ladies
play
Their hevenly notes, and make full many
a lovely lay.

LV.

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

LVI.

As he thereon stood gazing, he might
see
The blessed Angels to and fro descend
From highest heven in gladsome com-
panee,
And with great joy into that City wend,
As commonly as freind does with his freind.
Whereat he wondred much, and gan en-
quere,
What stately building durst so high extend
Her lofty towres unto the starry sphere,
And what unknown nation there empeo-
pled were?

LVII.

'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 sinful
guilt
With pretious blood, which cruelly was
split
On curs'd tree, of that unspotted lam,
That for the sinnes of al the world was
kilt:
Now are they Saints all in that City sam,
More dear unto their God then younglings
to their dam.'

LVIII.

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

LIX.

'Most trew,' then said the holy aged
man;
'Yet is Cleopolis, for earthly frame,
The fairest peece that eie beholden can;
And well besemes all knights of noble
name,
That covett in th' immortall booke of
fame
To be eternized, that same to haunt,
And doen their service to that soveraigne
Dame,
That glory does to them for guerdon
graunt:
For she is hevenly borne, and heaven may
justly vaunt.

LX.

'And thou, faire ymp, sprong out from
English race,
How ever now accompted Elfins sonne,
Well worthy doest thy service for her
grace,
To aide a virgin desolate, foredonne;
But when thou famous victory hast wonne,
And high emongst all knights hast hong
thy shield,
Thenceforth the suitt of earthly conquest
shonne,
And wash thy hands from guilt of bloody
field:
For blood can nought but sin, and wars
but sorrows yield.

LXI.

'Then seek this path that I to thee
presage,
Which after all to heaven shall thee send;
Then peaceably thy painefull pilgrimage
To yonder same Hierusalem doe bend,
Where is for thee ordained a blessed end:
For thou, emongst those Saints whom thou
doest see,

Shalt be a Saint, and thine owne nations
frend
And Patrone: thou *Saint George* shalt
called bee,
Saint George of mery *England*, the signe
of victoree.'

LXII.

'Unworthy wretch,' (quoth he) 'of so
great grace,
How dare I thinke such glory to attaine?'
'These, that have it attaynd, were in like
case,
As wretched men, and lived in like paine.'
'But deeds of armes must I at last be faine
And Ladies love to leave, so dearly
bought?'
'What need of armes, where peace doth
ay remaine,'
(Said he) 'and bitter battailes all are
fought?'
As for loose loves, they'are vaine, and
vanish into nought.'

LXIII.

'O! let me not,' (quoth he) 'then turne
again
Backe to the world, whose joyes so fruit-
lesse are;
But let me heare for aie in peace remaine,
Or streightway on that last long voiage
fare,
That nothing may my present hope em-
pare.'
'That may not be,' (said he) 'ne maist
thou yitt
Forgoe that royal maides bequeathed care,
Who did her cause into thy hand committ,
Till from her cursed foe thou have her
freely quitt.'

LXIV.

'Then shall I soone,' (quoth he) 'so God
me grace,
Abett that virgins cause disconsolate,
And shortly back returne unto this place,
To walkethis 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 nomi-
nate?'
'That word shall I,' (said he) 'avouchen
good,
Sith to thee is unknowne the cradle of thy
brood.'

LXV.

'For, well I wote, thou springst from
ancient race

Of Saxon kinges, that have with mightie
hand,
And many bloody battailes fought in face,
High reard their royall throne in Britans
land,
And vanquishd them, unable to withstand:
From thence a Faery thee unweeting reft,
There as thou slepst in tender swadling
band,
And her base Elfin brood there for thee
left:
Such, men do Chaungelings call, so
chaung'd by Faeries theft.

LXVI.

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

LXVII.

'O holy Sire!' (quoth he) 'how shall I
quight
The many favours I with thee have fownd,
That hast my name and nation redd aright,
And taught the way that does to heaven
bound!'
Thissaide, adowne he looked to the grownd
To have returnd; but dazed were his eyne
Through passing brightnes, which did
quite confound
His feeble sence, and too exceeding shyne.
So darke are earthly things compar'd to
things divine.

LXVIII.

At last, whenas himselfe he gan to fynd,
To Una back he cast him to retyre,
Who him awaited still with pensive mynd.
Great thankes, and goodly meed, to that
good syre
He thens departing gave for his paynes
hyre:
So came to Una, who him joyd to see;
And, after litle rest, gan him desyre
Of her adventure myndfull for to bee
So leave they take of Cælia and her
daughters three.

CANTO XI.

The knight with that old Dragon fights
Two days incessantly:
The third him overthrowes, and gayns
Most glorious victory.

laid

I.

HIGH time now gan it wex for Una fayre
To thinke of those her captive Parents
deare,
And their forwasted kingdom to repayre:
Whereto whenas they now approched
neare,
With hartie wordes her knight she gan to
cheare,
And in her modest maner thus bespake:
'Deare knight, as deare as ever knight
was deare,
That all these sorrowes suffer for my sake,
High heven behold the tedious toyle ye for
me take!

II.

'Now are we come unto my native
soyle.
And to the place where all our perilles
dwell;
Here hauntes that feend, and does his
dayly spoyle;
Therefore, henceforth, bee at your keep-
ing well,
And ever ready for your foeman fell:
The sparke of noble corage now awake,
And strive your excellent selfe to excell:
That shall ye evermore renowned make
'bove all knights on earth, that batteill
undertake.'

III.

And pointing forth, 'Lo! yonder is,'
(said she)
'The brasen towre, in which my parents
deare
For dread of that huge feend emprisond
be;
Whom I from far see on the walles appeare,
Whose sight my feeble soule doth greatly
cheare:
And on the top of all I do espye
The watchman wayting tydings glad to
heare;
That, (O my Parents!) might I happily
Unto you bring, to ease you of your
misery!'

IV.

With that they heard a roaring hideous
sownd,
That all the ayre with terror filled wyde,

And seemd uneach to shake the stedfast
ground.

Eftsoones that dreadful Dragon they
espyde,

Where stretch he lay upon the sunny side
Of a great hill, himselfe like a great hill:
But, all so soone as he from far descryde
Those glistring armes that heven with
light did fill,

He rousd himselfe full blyth, and hastned
them untill.

V.

Then badd the knight his Lady yede
aloof,

And to an hill herselfe withdraw asyde;
From whence she might behold that
battailles proof,

And eke be safe from daunger far de-
scryde.

She him obeyd, and turnd a little wyde. —
Now, O thou sacred Muse! most learned
Dame.

Fayre ympe of Phœbus and his aged
bryde,

The Nourse of time and everlasting fame,
That warlike handes ennoblest with im-
mortall name;

VI.

O! gently come into my feeble brest;
Come gently, but not with that mightie
rage,

Wherewith the martiall troupes thou doest
infest,

And hartes of great Heroës doest enrage,
That nought their kindled corage may
aswage:

Soone as thy dreadfull trompe begins to
sownd,

The God of warre with his fiers equipage
Thou doest awake, sleepe never he so
sownd;

And scared nations doest with horror
sterne astownd.

VII.

Fayre Goddesses, lay that furious fitt
asyde,

Till I of warres and bloody Mars doe sing,
And Bryton fieldes with Sarazin blood
bedyde,

ry Queene and Paynim

er horror heven and earth

g;

of labour long, and endlesse

praise :

ow a while lett downe that haughtie

string,

And to my tunes thy second tenor rayse,
That I this man of God his godly armes
may blaze.

VIII.

By this, the dreadful Beast drew nigh
to hand,

Halfe flying and halfe footing in his haste,
That with his largeness measured much
laud,

And made wide shadow under his huge
waste,

As mountaine doth the valley overcaste.
Approching nigh, he reared high afore
His body monstrous, horrible, and vaste;
Which, to increase his wondrous greatnes
more,

Was swoln with wrath and poysen, and
with bloody gore;

IX.

And over all with brasen scales was
armd,

Like plated cote of steele, so couched
neare

That nought mote perce; ne might his
corse bee harmd

With dint of swerd, nor push of pointed
speare:

Which as an Eagle, seeing pray appeare,
His aery plumes doth rouze, full rudely
dight;

So shaked he, that horror was to heare:
For as the clashing of an Armor bright,
Such noyse his rouzed scales did send unto
the knight.

X.

His flaggy winges, when forth he did
display,

Were like two sayles, in which the hollow
wynd

Is gathered full, and worketh speedy
way:

And eke the pennes, that did his pineons
bynd,

Were like mayne-yards with flying can-
vas lynd;

With which whenas him list the ayre to
beat,

And there by force unwonted passage
fynd,

The cloudes before him fledd for terror
great,

And all the hevens stood still amazed
with his threat.

XI.

His huge long tayle, wovnd up in
hundred foldes,

Does overspred his long bras-scaly back,
Whose wreathed boughtes when ever he
unfolds,

And thicke entangled knots adown does
slack,

Bespotted as with shieldes of red and
blacke,

It sweepeth all the land behind him farre,
And of three furlongs does but litle
lacke;

And at the point two stinges in fixed
arre,

Both deadly sharp, that sharpest steele
exceeden farre.

XII.

But stinges and sharpest steele did far
exceed

The sharpnesse of his cruel rending
clawes:

Dead was it sure, as sure as death in deed,
What ever thing does touch his ravenous
pawes,

Or what within his reach he ever drawes.
But his most hideous head my tongue to
tell

Does tremble; for his deepe devouring
jawes

Wyde gaped, like the griesly mouth of
hell,

Through which into his darke abyse all
ravin fell.

XIII.

And, that more wondrous was, in either
jaw

Three ranckes of yron teeth enraunged
were,

In which yett trickling blood, and gob-
bets raw,

Of late devoured bodies did appeare,
That sight therof bredd cold congealed
feare;

Which to increase, and all atonce to kill,
A cloud of smothering smoke, and sul-
phure seare,

Out of his stinking gorge forth steemed
still,

That all the ayre about with smoke and
stench did fill.

XIV.

His blazing eyes, like two bright shin-
ing shieldes,

Did burne with wrath, and sparkled living
fyre:

As two broad Beacons, sett in open fieldes,
Send forth their flames far off to every
shyre,

And warning give that enimies conspyre
With fire and sword the region to invade:
So flam'd his eyne with rage and rancor-
ous yre;

But far within, as in a hollow glade,
Those glaring lampes were sett that made
a dreadfull shade.

xv.

So dreadfully he towards him did pas,
Forelifting up a-loft his speckled brest,
And often bounding on the brused gras,
As for great joyance of his newcome
guest.

Eftsoones he gan advance his haughty
crest,
As chauffed Bore his bristles doth up-
reare;

And shoke his scales to battaile ready
drest,
That made the Redcrosse knight nigh
quake for feare,

As bidding bold defyaunce to his foeman
neare.

xvi.

The knight gan fayrely couch his steady
speare,
And fierseely ran at him with rigorous
might:

The pointed steele, arriving rudely there,
His harder hyde would nether perce nor
bight,

But, glauncing by, fourth passed forward
right.

Yet sore amoved with so puisaunt push,
The wrathfull beast about him turned
light,

And him so rudely, passing by, did brush
With his long tayle, that horse and man
to ground did rush.

xvii.

Both horse and man up lightly rose
againie,
And fresh encounter towards him ad-
drest;

But th' ydle stroke yet backe recoyld in
vaine,

And found no place his deadly point to
rest.

Exceeding rage enflam'd the furious
Beast,

To be avenged of so great despight;
For never felt his imperceable brest

So wondrous force from hand of living
wight;

Yet had he prov'd the powre of many a
puissant knight.

xviii.

Then, with his waving wings displayed
wyde,

Himselfe up high he lifted from the
ground,

And with strong flight did forcibly divyde
The yielding ayre, which nigh too feeble
found

Her flitting parts, and element unsound,
To beare so great a weight: he, cutting
way

With his broad sayles, about him soared
round;

At last, low stouping with unweldy sway,
Snatcht up both horse and man, to beare
them quite away.

xix.

Long he them bore above the subject
plaine,

So far as Ewghen bow a shaft may send,
Till struggling strong did him at last con-
straine

To let them downe before his flightes end:
As hagar hauke, presuming to contend
With hardy fowle above his hable might,
His wearie pounces all in vaine doth
spend

To trusse the pray too heavy for his
flight;

Which, comming down to ground, does
free it selfe by fight.

xx.

He so disseized of his gryping grosse,
The knight his thrillant speare againie
assayd

In his bras-plated body to embosse,
And three mens strength unto the stroake
he layd;

Wherewith the stiffe beame quaked as
affrayd,

And glauncing from his scaly necke did
glyde

Close under his left wing, then broad dis-
playd:

The percing steele there wrought a wound
full wyde,

That with the uncouth smart the Monster
lowdly cryde.

xxi.

He cryde, as raging seas are wont to
rore

When wintry storme his wrathful wreck
 does threat;
 The rolling billowes beate the ragged
 shore,
 As they the earth would shoulder from
 her seat;
 And greedy gulfe does gape, as he would
 eat
 His neighbour element in his revenge:
 Then gin the blustering brethren boldly
 threat
 To move the world from off his stedfast
 henge,
 And boystrous battaile make, each other
 to avenge.

XXII.

The steely head stuck fast still in his
 flesh,
 Till with his cruell clawes he snatcht the
 wood,
 And quite a sunder broke. Forth flowed
 fresh
 A gushing river of blacke gory blood,
 That drowned all the land whereon he
 stood;
 The streame thereof would drive a water-
 mill:
 Trebly augmented was his furious mood
 With bitter sence of his deepe rooted ill,
 That flames of fire he threw forth from
 his large nosethril.

XXIII.

His hideous tayle then hurled he about,
 And therewith all enwrapt the nimble
 thyes
 Of his froth-fomy steed, whose courage
 stout
 Striving to loose the knott that fast him
 tyes,
 Himselfe in streighter bandes too rash
 implies,
 That to the ground he is perforce con-
 straynd
 To throw his ryder; who can quickly
 ryse
 From off the earth, with durty blood dis-
 taynd,
 For that reprochfull fall right fowly he
 disdaynd;

XXIV.

And fiercely tooke his trenchand blade
 in hand,
 With which he stroke so furious and so
 fell,
 That nothing seemd the puissaunce could
 withstand:
 Upon his crest the hardned yron fell,
 But his more hardned crest was armd so
 well,

That deeper dint therein it would not
 make;
 Yet so extremely 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.

XXV.

The knight was wroth to see his stroke
 beguyld,
 And smot againe with more outrageous
 might;
 But backe againe the sparcling steele re-
 coyld,
 And left not any marke where it did light.
 As if in Adamant rocke it had benee pight.
 The beast, impatient of his smarting
 wound
 And of so fierce and forcible despight,
 Thought with his winges to stye above
 the ground;
 But his late wounded wing unserviceable
 found.

XXVI.

Then full of griefe and anguish vehe-
 ment,
 He lowdly brayd, that like was never
 heard;
 And from his wide devouring oven sent
 A flake of fire, that flashing in his
 beard
 Him all amazd, and almost made afeard:
 The scorching flame sore swunged all his
 face,
 And through his armour all his body
 seard,
 That he could not endure so cruell cace,
 But thought his armes to leave, and hel-
 met to unlace.

XXVII.

Not that great Champion of the antique
 world,
 Whom famous Poetes verse so much doth
 vaunt,
 And hath for twelve huge labours high
 extold,
 So many furies and sharpe fits did
 haunt,
 When him the poysoned garment did en-
 chaunt,
 When Centaures blood and bloody verses
 charmd;
 As did this knight twelve thousand dolours
 daunt,
 Whom fyrie steele now burnt, that erst
 him armd;
 That erst him goodly armd, now most of
 all him harmd.

XXVIII.

Faynt, wearie, sore, emboyled, grieved,
brent,
With heat, toyle, wounds, armes, smart,
and inward fire,
That never man such mischiefes did torment:
Death better were; death did he oft desire,
But death will never come when needes require.
Whom so dismayd when that his foe beheld,
He cast to suffer him no more respire,
But gan his sturdy sterne about to weld,
And him so strongly stroke, that to the ground him feld.

XXIX.

It fortun'd, (as fayre it then befell)
Behynd his backe, unweeting, 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
Defyld those sacred waves, it rightly hot
The well of life, ne yet his vertues had forgot:

XXX.

For unto 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 one were borne that very day.
Both Silo this, and Jordan, did excell,
And th' English Bath, and eke the German Spau;
Ne can Cephise, nor Hebrus, match this well:
Into the same the knight back overthrown fell.

XXXI.

Now gan the golden Phœbus for to sleepe
His fierie face in billowes of the west,
And his faint steedes watred in Ocean deepe,
Whiles from their journall labours they did rest;
When that infernall Monster, having kest
His wearie foe into that living well,

Gan high advaunce his broad discoloured brest
Above his wonted pitch, with countenance fell,
And clapt his yron wings as victor he did dwell.

XXXII.

Which when his pensive Lady 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 lowly bent,
All night shee watcht, ne once adowne would lay
Her dainty limbs in her sad dreriment,
But praying still did wake, and waking did lament.

XXXIII.

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

XXXIV.

At last she saw where he upstarted brave
Out of the well, wherein he drenched lay:
As Eagle, fresh out of the ocean wave,
Where he hath lefte his plumes all hory gray,
And deckt himselfe with fethers youthly gay,
Like Evas hauke up mounts unto the skies,
His newly-budded pineons to assay,
And marvelles at himselfe stil as he flies:
So new this new-borne knight to battell new did rise.

XXXV.

Whom when the damned feend 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 prove his late-renewed might,
High brandishing his bright deaw-burning blade,
Upon his crested scalp so sore did smite,

That to the scull a yawning wound it
made:
The deadly dint his dulled sences all dis-
maid.

XXXVI.

I wote not whether the revenging 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;
Els never could the force of fleshly arme,
Ne molten metall, in his blood embrew;
For till that stownd could never wight
him harme
By subtilty, nor slight, nor might, nor
mighty charme.

XXXVII.

The cruell wound enraged him so sore,
That loud he yelled for exceeding paine;
As hundred ramping Lions seemd to rore,
Whom ravenous hunger did thereto con-
straine:
Then gan he tosser aloft his stretched
traîne,
And therewith scourge the buxome aire
so sore,
That to his force to yelden it was faine;
Ne ought his sturdy strokes might stand
afore,
That high trees overthrew, and rocks in
peeces tore.

XXXVIII.

The same advauncing high above his
head,
With sharpe intended sting so rude him
smott,
That to the earth him drove, as stricken
dead;
Ne living wight would have him life be-
hott:
The mortall sting his angry needle shott
Quite through his shield, and in his
shoulder seasd,
Where fast it stucke, ne would thereout
be gott:
The griefe thereof him wondrous sore
diseasd,
Ne might his raneling paine with patience
be appeasd.

XXXIX.

But yet, more mindfull of his honour
deare
Then of the grievous smart which him did
wring,
From loathed soile he cau him lightly
reare,

And strove to loose the far infixd sting:
Which when in vaine he tryde with strug-
geling,
Inflam'd with wrath, his raging blade he
hefte,
And strooke so strongly, that the knotty
string
Of his huge taile he quite a sonder clefte;
Five joints thereof he hewd, and but the
stump him lefte.

XL.

Hart cannot thinke what outrage and
what cries,
With fowle enfouldred smoake and flash-
ing fire,
The hell-bred beast threw forth unto the
skies,
That all was covered with darknesse dire:
Then, fraught with raucour and engorged
yre,
He cast at once him to avenge for all;
And, gathering up himselfe out of the
mire
With his uneven wings, did fiercely fall
Upon his sunne-bright shield, and grypt it
fast withall.

XLI.

Much was the man encombred with his
hold,
In feare to lose his weapon in his paw,
Ne wist yett how his talaunts to unfold;
Nor harder was from Cerberus greedy jaw
To plucke a bone, then from his cruell
claw
To reave by strength the griped gage
away:
Thrise he assayd it from his foote to draw,
And thrise in vaine to draw it did assay;
It looted nought to thinke to robbe him
of his pray.

XLII.

Tho, when he saw no power might pre-
vaile,
His trusty sword he cald to his last aid,
Wherewith he fierly did his foe assaile,
And double blowes about him stoutly laid,
That glauncing fire out of the yron blaid,
As sparkles from the Audvile use to fly,
When heavy hammers on the wedge are
swaid:
Therewith at last he forst him to unty
One of his grasping feete, him to defend
thereby.

XLIII.

The other foote, fast fixed on his
shield,

Whenas no strength nor stroks mote him
 constraîne
 To loose, ne yet the warlike pledge to
 yield,
 He smott thereat with all his might and
 maine,
 That nought so wondrous puissaunce
 might sustaine:
 Upon the joint the lucky steele did light,
 And made such way that hewd it quite in
 twaine;
 The paw yett missed not his minisht
 might,
 But hong still on the shield, as it at first
 was pight.

XLIV.

For grieft thereof and diuelish despight,
 From his infernall fournaçe forth he threw
 Huge flames that dimmied all the hevens
 light,
 Enrold in duskish smoke and brimstone
 blew:
 As burning Aetna from his boyling stew
 Doth belch out flames, and rockes in
 peeces broke,
 And ragged ribs of mountaines molten
 new,
 Enwrapt in coleblacke cloudes and filthy
 smoke,
 That al the land with stench and heven
 with horror choke.

XLV.

The heate whereof, and harmefull pesti-
 lence,
 So sore him noyd, that forst him to re-
 tire
 A little backward from his best defence,
 To save his body from the scorching fire,
 Which he from hellish entrailes did ex-
 pire.
 It chaunst, (eternall God that chaunce
 did guide)
 As he recoiled backward, in the mire
 His nigh foreweried feeble feet did slide,
 And downe he fell, with dread of shame
 sore terrifide.

XLVI.

There grew a goodly tree him faire be-
 side,
 Loaden with fruit and apples rosy redd,
 As they in pure vermilion had been dide,
 Whereof great vertues over-all were redd;
 For happy life to all which thereon fedd,
 And life eke everlasting did befall:
 Great God it planted in that blessed stedd
 With his Almighty hand, and did it call
 The tree of life, the crime of our first
 fathers fall.

XLVII.

In all the world like was not to be fownd,
 Save in that soile, where all good things
 did grow,
 And freely sprong out of the fruitfull
 grownd,
 As incorrupted Nature did them sow,
 Till that dredd Dragon all did overthrow.
 Another like faire tree eke grew thereby,
 Whereof whoso did eat, eftsoones did
 know
 Both good and ill. O mournfull memory!
 That tree through one mans fault hath
 doen us all to dy.

XLVIII.

From that first tree forth flowd, as from
 a well,
 A trickling streame of Balme, most sove-
 eraine
 And dainty deare, which on the ground
 still fell,
 And overflowed all the fertile plaine,
 As it had deawed bene with timely raine:
 Life and long health that gracious oint-
 ment gave,
 And deadly woundes could heale, and reare
 againe
 The sencelesse corse appointed for the
 grave:
 Into that same he fell, which did from
 death him save.

XLIX.

For nigh thereto the ever damned Beast
 Durst not approach, for he was deadly
 made,
 And al that life preserved did detest;
 Yet he it oft adventur'd to invade.
 By this the drouping day-light gan to fade,
 And yield his rowme to sad succeeding
 night,
 Who with her sable mantle gan to shade
 The face of earth and wayes of living
 wight,
 And high her burning torch set up in
 heaven bright.

L.

When gentle Una saw the second fall
 Of her deare knight, who, weary of long
 fight
 And faint through losse of blood, moov'd
 not at all,
 But lay, as in a dreame of deepe delight,
 Besmeard with pretious Balme, whose
 vertuous might
 Did heale his woundes, and scorching heat
 alay;

Againe she stricken was with sore affright,
And for his safetie gan devoutly pray,
And watch the noyous night, and wait for
joyous day.

LI.

The joyous day gan early to appeare;
And fayre Aurora from the deawy bed
Of aged Tithone gan herselfe to reare
With rosy cheekes, for shame as blushing
red:

Her golden locks for hast were loosely
shed

About her eares, when Una her did marke
Clymbe to her charet, all with flowers
spred,

From heven high to chace the chearelesse
darke;

With mery note her lowd salutes the
mounting larke.

LII.

Then freshly up arose the doughty
knight,

All healed of his hurts and woundes wide,
And did himselfe to battaile ready dight;
Whose early foe awaiting him beside

To have devourd, so soone as day he spyde,
When now he saw himselfe so freshly
reare,

As if late fight had nought him damnifyde,
He woxe dismaid, and gan his fate to
feare:

Nathlesse with wonted rage he him ad-
vaunced neare.

LIII.

And in his first encounter, gaping wyde,
He thought attonce him to have swallowd
quight,

And rusht upon him with outrageous
pryde;

Who him rencountring fierce, as hauke in
flight,

Perforce rebutted backe. The weapon
bright,

Taking advantage of his open jaw,
Ran through his mouth with so importune
might,

That deepe emperst his darksom hollow
maw,

And, back retyrd, his life blood forth
with all did draw.

LIV.

So downe he fell, and forth his life did
breath,

That vanisht into smoke and cloudes
swift;

So downe he fell, that th' earth him under-
neath

Did grone, as feeble so great load to lift;
So downe he fell, as an huge rocky clift,

Whose false foundation waves have washt
away,

With dreadfull poyse is from the mayne-
land rift,

And rolling downe great Neptune doth
dismay:

So downe he fell, and like an heaped
mountaine lay.

LV.

The knight him selfe even trembled at
his fall,

So huge and horrible a masse it seemd;
And his deare Lady, that beheld it all,

Durst not approch for dread which she
misdeemd;

But yet at last, whenas the direfull feend
She saw not stirre, off-shaking vaine
affright

She nigher drew, and saw that joyous
end:

Then God she praysd, and thankt her
faithfull knight,

That had atchievde so great a conquest
by his might.

CANTO XII.

Fayre Una to the Redecrosse Knight

Betrouthed is with joy:

Though false Duessa, it to barre,

Her false sleightes doe employ.

I.

BEHOLD! I see the haven nigh at
hand

To which I meane my wearie course to
bend;

Vere the maine shete, and beare up with
the land,

The which afore is fayrly to be kend,
And seemeth safe from storms that may
offend;

There this fayre virgin wearie of her
way

Must landed bee, now at her journeyes
end;

There eke my feeble barke a while may
stay,
Till mery wynd and weather call her
thence away.

II.

Scarsely had Phæbus in the glooming
East
Yett harnessed his fyrie-footed teeme,
Ne reard above the earth his flaming
creast,
When the last deadly smoke aloft did
steeme,
That signe of last outbreathed life did
seeme
Unto the watchman on the castle-wall;
Who thereby dead that balefull Beast did
deeme,
And to his Lord and Lady lowd gan call,
To tell how he had seene the Dragons
fatal fall.

III.

Uprose with hasty joy, and feeble speed,
That aged Syre, the Lord of all that land,
And looked forth, to weet if trew indeed
Those tydinges were, as he did under-
stand:
Which whenas trew by tryall he out
fond,
He badd to open wyde his brasen gate,
Which long time had bene shut, and out
of hond
Proclaymed joy and peace through all his
state;
For dead now was their foe, which them
forrayed late.

IV.

Then gan triumphant Trompets sownd
on hye,
That sent to heven the echoed report
Of their new joy, and happie victory
Gainst him, that had them long opprest
with tort,
And fast imprisoned in sieged fort.
Then all the people, as in solemne feast,
To him assembled with one full consort,
Rejoycing at the fall of that great beast,
From whose eternall bondage now they
were releast.

V.

Forth came that auncient Lord, and
aged Queene,
Arayd in antique robes downe to the
grownd,
And sad habiliments right well besene:
A noble crew about them waited rownd

Of sage and sober peres, all gravely
gownd;
Whom far before did march a goodly
band
Of tall young men, all hable armes to
sownd;
But now they laurell branches bore in
hand,
Glad signe of victory and peace in all
their land.

VI.

Unto that doughtie Conquerour they
came,
And him before themselves prostrating
low,
Their Lord and Patrone loud did him
proclame,
And at his feet their lawrell boughes did
throw.
Soone after them, all dauncing on a row,
The comely virgins came, with girlands
dight,
As fresh as flowres in meadow greene doe
grow
When morning deaw upon their leaves
doth light;
And in their handes sweet Timbrels all
upheld on hight.

VII.

And them before the fry of children
yong
Their wanton sportes and childish mirth
did play,
And to the Maydens sownding tymbrels
song
In well attuned notes a joyous lay,
And made delightfull musick all the
way,
Untill they came where that faire virgin
stood:
As fayre Diana in fresh sommers day
Beholdes her nymphes enraung'd in shady
wood,
Some wrestle, some do run, some bathe in
christall flood.

VIII.

So she beheld those maydens meriment
With chearefull vew; who, when to her
they came,
Themselves to ground with gracious
humblesse bent,
And her ador'd by honorable name,
Lifting to heven her everlasting fame:
Then on her head they sett a girlond
greene,
And crowned her twixt earnest and twixt
game:

Who, in her self-resemblance well be-
seene,
Did seeme, such as she was, a goodly
maiden Queene.

IX.

And after all the raskall many ran,
Heaped together in rude rablement,
To see the face of that victorious man,
Whom all admired as from heaven sent,
And gazd upon with gaping wonderment;
But when they came where that dead
Dragon lay,
Stretcht on the ground in monstrous large
extent,
The sight with ydle feare did them dis-
may,
Ne durst approach him nigh to touch, or
once assay.

X.

Some feard, and fledd; some feard, and
well it faynd;
One, that would wiser seeme then all the
rest,
Warnd him not touch, for yet perhaps
remaynd
Some lingring life within his hollow
brest,
Or in his wombe might lurke some hidden
nest
Of many Dragonettes, his fruitfull seede:
Another saide, that in his eyes did rest
Yet spareklng fyre, and badd thereof
take heed;
Another said, he saw him move his eyes
indeed.

XI.

One mother, whenas her foolehardy
chylde
Did come too neare, and with his talants
play,
Halfe dead through feare, her litle babe
revyld,
And to her gossibs gan in counsell say;
'How can I tell, but that his talants may
Yet scratch my sonne, or rend his tender
hand?'
So diversly them selves in vaine they
fray;
Whiles some more bold to measure him
nigh stand,
To prove how many acres he did spred of
land.

XII.

Thus flocked all the folke him rownd
about;
The whiles that hoarie king, with all his
traîne,
Being arrived where that champion stout

After his foes defeasaunce did remaine,
Him goodly greetes, and fayre does en-
tertayne

With princely gifts of yvory and gold,
And thousand thanks him yeeldes for all
his paine.

Then when his daughter deare he does
behold,

Her dearely doth imbrace, and kisseth
manifold.

XIII.

And after to his Pallace he them
bringes,
With shaumes, and trompets, and with
Clarions sweet;

And all the way the joyous people singes,
And with their garments strowes the
paved street;

Whence mounting up, they fynd purvey-
aunce meet

Of all, that royall Princes court became;
And all the floore was underneath their
feet

Bespredd with costly scarlott of great
name,

On which they lowly sitt, and fitting pur-
pose frame.

XIV.

What needes me tell their feast and
goodly guize,

In which was nothing riotous nor vaine?
What needes of dainty dishes to devise,
Of comely services, or courtly trayne?

My narrow leaves cannot in them con-
tayne

The large discourse of roiall Princes
state.

Yet was their manner then but bare and
playne;

For th' antique world excesse and pryde
did hate:

Such proud luxurious pompe is swollen
up but late.

XV.

Then, when with meates and drinckes of
every kinde

Their fervent appetites they quenched
had,

That aunceint Lord gan fit occasion
finde,

Of strange adventures, and of perils
sad

Which in his travell him befallen had,
For to demaund of his renowned guest:

Who then with utt'rance grave, and
count'nance sad,

From poynt to poynt, as is before ex-
prest,

Discourst his voyage long, according his
request.

XVI.

Great pleasure, mixt with pittifull re-
gard,
That godly King and Queene did pas-
sionate,
Whyles they his pittifull adventures
heard;
That oft they did lament his lucklesse
state,
And often blame the too importune fate
That heaped on him so many wrathfull
wreakes;
For never gentle knight, as he of late,
So tossed was in fortunes cruell freakes:
And all the while salt teares bedewd
the hearers cheaks.

XVII.

Then sayd that royall Pere in sober
wise;
'Deare Sonne, great beene the evils which
ye bore
From first to last in your late enterprise,
That I note whether praise or pittie more;
For never living man, I weene, so sore
In sea of deadly daungers was distrest:
But since now safe ye seised have the
shore,
And well arrived are, (high God be
blest!)
Let us devize of ease and everlasting
rest.'

XVIII.

'Ah dearest Lord!' said then that
doughty knight,
'Of ease or rest I may not yet devize;
For by the faith which I to armes have
plight,
I bownden am streight after this emprize,
As that your daughter can ye well advize,
Backe to retourne to that great Faery
Queene,
And her to serve sixe yeares in warlike
wize,
Gainst that proud Paynim king that
works her teene:
Therefore I ought crave pardon, till I
there have beene.'

XIX.

'Unhappy falls that hard necessity,'
(Quoth he) 'the troubler of my happy
peace,
And vowed foe of my felicity;
Ne I against the same can justly preace:
But since that band ye cannot now re-
lease,
Nor doen undo, (for vowes may not be
vayne)

Soone as the terme of those six yeares
shall cease,
Ye then shall hither backe retourne
agayne,
The marriage to accomplish vovd be-
twixt you twain.

XX.

'Which, for my part, I covet to per-
forme
In sort as through the world I did pro-
clame,
That who-so kild that monster most
deforme,
And him in hardy battayle overcame,
Should have mine onely daughter to his
Dame,
And of my kingdome heyre apparaunt
bee:
Therefore, since now to thee perteynes
the same
By dew desert of noble chevalree,
Both daughter and eke kingdome lo! I
yield to thee.'

XXI.

'Then forth he called that his daughter
fayre,
The fairest Un', his onely daughter deare,
His onely daughter and his only hayre;
Who forth proceeding with sad sober
cheare,
As bright as doth the morning starre
appeare
Out of the East, with flaming lockes
bedight,
To tell that dawning day is drawing
neare,
And to the world does bring long-wished
light:
So faire and fresh that Lady shewd her-
selfe in sight.

XXII.

So faire and fresh, as freshest flowre in
May;
For she had layd her mournfull stole
aside,
And widow-like sad wimple throwne
away,
Wherewith her heavenly beautie she did
hide,
Whiles on her wearie journey she did
ride;
And on her now a garment she did weare
All lily white, withoutten spot or pride,
That seemd like silke and silver woven
neare;
But neither silke nor silver therein did
appeare.

XXIII.

The blazing brightnesse of her beauties
beame,
And glorious light of her sunshyn face,
To tell were as to strive against the
streame:

My ragged rimes are all too rude and
base

Her heavenly lineaments for to enchace.
Ne wonder; for her own deare loved
knight,

All were she daily with himselfe in place,
Did wonder much at her celestial sight:

Oft had he seene her faire, but never so
faire dight.

XXIV.

So fairely dight when she in presence
came,

She to her Syre made humble reverence,
And bowed low, that her right well be-
came,

And added grace unto her excellence:
Who with great wisdom and grave elo-
quence

Thus gan to say — But, eare he thus had
said,

With flying speede, and seeming great
pretence,

Came running in, much like a man dis-
mayd,

A Messenger with letters, which his
message said.

XXV.

All in the open hall amazed stood
At suddennesse of that unwary sight,
And wendred at his breathlesse hasty
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 foot was
pight;

Then to his handes that writt he did
betake,

Which he diclosing read thus, as the paper
spake:

XXVI.

'To thee, most mighty king of Eden
fayre,

Her greeting sends in these sad lines
adrest

The wofull daughter and forsaken heyre
Of that great Emperour of all the West;
And bids thee be revized for the best,
Ere thou thy daughter linck, the holy
band

Of wedlocke, to that new unknown
guest:

For he already plighted his right hand
Unto another love, and to another land.

XXVII.

'To me, sad mayd, or rather widow sad,
He was affyaunced long time before,
And sacred pledges he both gave, and
had,

False erraunt knight, infamous, and for-
swore!

Witness the burning Altars, which he
swore,

And guilty heavens of his bold perjury;
Which though he hath polluted oft of
yore,

Yet I to them for judgement just doe fly
And them conjure t' avenge this shame-
full injury.

XXVIII.

'Therefore, since mine he is, or free or
bond,

Or false or trew, or living or else dead,
Withhold, O soverayne Prince! your
hasty hond

From knitting league with him, I you
aread;

Ne weene my right with strength adowne
to tread,

Through weaknesse of my widowed or
woe;

For truth is strong her rightfull cause to
plead,

And shall finde friends, if need requireth
soe.

So bids thee well to fare, Thy neither
friend nor foe, *Fidessa.*'

XXIX.

When he these bitter byting wordes had
red,

The tydings straunge did him abashed
make,

That still he sate long time astonished,
As in great muse, ne word to creature
spake.

At last his solemn silence thus he brake,
With doubtfull eyes fast fixed on his
guest:

'Redoubted knight, that for myne only
sake

Thy life and honor late adventrest,
Let nought be hid from me that ought to
be exprest.

XXX.

What meane these shamy vowes and
joke threat

Throwne out from womanish impatient
mynd?

What hevens? what altars? what en-
raged heates,
Here heaped up with termes of love un-
kynd,
My conscience cleare with guilty bands
would bynd?
High God be witnesse that I guiltlesse
ame;
But if yourselfe, Sir knight, ye faulty
fynd,
Or wrapped be in loves of former Dame,
With cryme doe not it cover, but disclose
the same.'

XXXI.

To whom the Redcrosse knight this
answere sent:
'My Lord, my king, be nought hereat
dismayd,
Till well ye wote by grave intendment,
What woman, and wherefore, doth me up-
brayd
With breach of love and loialty betrayd.
It was in my mishaps, as hitherward
I lately traveild, that unwares I strayd
Out of my way, through perils straunge
and hard,
That day should faile me ere I had them
all declar'd.

XXXII.

'There did I find, or rather I was fownd
Of this false woman that Fidessa hight,
Fidessa hight the falsest Dame on
grownd,
Most false Duessa, royall richly dight,
That easy was t' inveigle weaker sight:
Who by her wicked arts and wylie skill,
Too false and strong for earthly skill or
might,
Unwares me wrought unto her wicked
will,
And to my foe betrayd when least I feared
ill.'

XXXIII.

Then stepped forth the goodly royall
Mayd,
And on the ground herselfe prostrating
low,
With sober countenance thus to him sayd:
'O! pardon me, my souveraine Lord, to
sheow
The secret treasons, which of late I know
To have bene wrought by that false sor-
ceresse:
Shee, onely she, it is, that earst did throw
This gentle knight into so great distresse,
That death him did awaite in daily
wretchednesse.

XXXIV.

'And now it seemes, that she suborned
hath
This crafty messenger with letters vaine,
To worke new woe and improvided scath,
By breaking of the band betwixt us
twaine;
Wherein she used hath the practicke
paine
Of this false footman, clokt with simple-
nesse,
Whome if ye please for to discover plaine,
Ye shall him Archimago find, I ghesse,
The falsest man alive: who tries, shall
find no lesse.'

XXXV.

The king was greatly moved at her
speach;
And, all with suddein indignation fraight,
Bad on that Messenger rude hands to
reach.
Eftsoones the Gard, which on his state did
wait,
Attacht that faytor false, and bound him
strait:
Who seeming sorely chauffed at his band,
As chained beare whom cruell dogs doe
bait,
With ydle force did faine them to with-
stand,
And often semblaunce made to scape out
of their hand.

XXXVI.

But they him layd full low in dungeon
deepe,
And bound him hand and foote with yron
chains;
And with continual watch did warely
keepe.
Who then would thinke that by his subtile
trains
He could escape fowle death or deadly
pains?
Thus, when that Princes wrath was paci-
fide,
He gan renew the late forbidden beins,
And to the knight his daughter deare he
tyde
With sacred rites and vowes for ever to
abyde.

XXXVII.

His owne two hands the holy knotts did
knitt,
That none but death for ever can divide;
His owne two hands, for such a turne
most fitt,
The housling fire did kindle and provide,

And holy water thereon sprinkled wide;
 At which the bushy Teade a groome did
 light,
 And sacred lamp in secret chamber hide,
 Where it should not be quenched day nor
 night,
 For feare of evil fates, but burnen ever
 bright.

XXXVIII.

Then gan they sprinkle all the posts
 with wine,
 And made great feast to solemnize that
 day:
 They all perfumde with frankincense
 divine,
 And precious odours fetcht from far away,
 That all the house did sweat with great
 aray;
 And all the while sweete Musicke did
 apply
 Her curious skill the warbling notes to
 play,
 To drive away the dull Melancholy;
 The whiles one sung a song of love and
 jollity.

XXXIX.

During the which there was an heavenly
 noise
 Heard sownd through all the Pallace
 pleasantly,
 Like as it had bene many an Angels voice
 Singing before th' eternall majesty,
 In their trinall triplicities on hye;
 Yett wist no creature whence that hevenly
 sweet
 Proceeded, yet each one felt secretly
 Himselfe thereby reft of his sences meet,
 And ravished with rare impression in his
 sprite.

XL.

Great joy was made that day of young
 and old,

And solemne feast proclaymd throughout
 the land,
 That their exceeding merth may not be
 told:
 Suffice it heare by signes to understand
 The usuall joyes at knitting of loves
 band.
 Thrise happy man the knight himselfe did
 hold,
 Possessed of his Ladies hart and hand;
 And ever, when his eie did her behold,
 His heart did seeme to melt in pleasures
 manifold.

XLI.

Her joyous presence, and sweet com-
 pany,
 In full content he there did long enjoy;
 Ne wicked envy, ne vile gealosity,
 His deare delights were habile to annoy:
 Yet, swimming in that sea of blissfull
 joy,
 He nought forgott how he whilome had
 sworne,
 In case he could that monstrous beast de-
 stroy,
 Unto his Faery Queene backe to retourne;
 The which he shortly did, and Una left to
 mourne.

XLII.

Now, strike your sailes, yee jolly Mar-
 iners,
 For we be come unto a quiet rode,
 Where we must land some of our passen-
 gers,
 And light this weary vessell of her lode:
 Here she a while may make her safe abode,
 Till she repaired have her tackles spent,
 And wants supplide; And then againe
 abroad
 On the long voiage whereto she is bent:
 Well may she speede, and fairely finish
 her intent!

THE SECOND BOOK
OF
THE FAERIE QUEENE

CONTAYNING THE LEGEND OF SIR GUYON, OR OF TEMPERAUNCE.

I.

RIGHT well I wote, most mighty Sovereine,
That all this famous antique history
Of some th' aboundance of an ydle braine
Will judged be, and painted forgery,
Rather then matter of just memory;
Sith none that breatheth living aire does know
Where is that happy land of Faery,
Which I so much doe vaunt, yet no where show,
But vouch antiquities, which no body can know.

II.

But let that man with better sence advize,
That of the world least part to us is red;
And daily how through hardy enterprize
Many great Regions are discovered,
Which to late age were never mentioned.
Who ever heard of th' Indian Peru?
Or who in venturous vessell measured
The Amazon huge river, now found trew?
Or fruitfulest Virginia who did ever vew?

III.

Yet all these were, when no man did them know,
Yet have from wisest ages hidden beene;
And later times thinges more unknowne shall show.
Why then should witlesse man so much misweene,
That nothing is but that which he hath seene?
What if within the Moones fayre shining sphaere,

What if in every other starre unseene
Of other worldes he happily should heare,
He wonder would much more; yet such to some appeare.

IV.

Of faery lond yet if he more inquiryre,
By certain signes, here sett in sondrie place,
He may it fynd; ne let him then admyre,
But yield his sence to bee too blunt and base,
That no'te without an hound fine footing trace.
And thou, O fayrest Princesse under sky!
In this fayre mirrhour maist behold thy face,
And thine owne realmes in lond of Faery,
And in this antique ymage thy great auncestry.

V.

The which O! pardon me thus to enfold
In covert vele, and wrap in shadowes light,
That feeble eyes your glory may behold,
Which ells could not endure those beames bright,
But would bee dazled with exceeding light.
O! pardon, and vouchsafe with patient care
The brave 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 abusd,
The Rederosse knight awaytes;
Fyndes Mordant and Amavia slaine
With pleasures poisoned baytes.

I.

THAT conning Architect of cancred
guyle,
Whom Princes late displeasure left in
bands,
For falsed letters, and suborned wyle,
Soone as the Rederosse knight he under-
stands
To beene departed out of Eden landes,
To serue againe his soveraine Elfin Queene,
His artes he moves, and out of caytives
handes
Himselfe he frees by secret meanes un-
senee;
His shackles emptie left, himselfe es-
caped cleene.

II.

And forth he fares, full of malicious
mynd,
To worken mischief, and avenging woe,
Where ever he that godly knight may
fynd,
His onely hart-sore, and his onely foe;
Sith Una now he algates must forgoe,
Whom his victorious handes did earst
restore
To native crowne and kingdom late ygoe;
Where she enjoyes sure peace for ever-
more,
As wetherbeaten ship arryv'd on happie
shore.

III.

Him therefore now the object of his
spight
And deadly food he makes: him to offend,
By forged treason or by open fight,
He seekes, of all his drifte the aymed
end:
Thereto his subtil engins he does bend,
His practick witt and his fayre fyled
tonge,
With thousand other sleightes; for well
he kend
His credit now in doubtfull ballaunce
long:
For hardly could bee hurt who was already
stong.

IV.

Still as he went he craftie stales did
lay,

With cunning traynes him to entrap un-
wares,
And privy spyals plast in all his way,
To weete what course he takes, and how
he fares,
To ketch him at a vauntage in his snares.
But now so wise and wary was the knight
By tryall of his former harmes and cares,
That he descryde and shonned still his
slight:
The fish that once was caught new bait
wil hardly byte.

V.

Nath'lesse th' Enchaunter would not
spare his payne,
In hope to win occasion to his will;
Which when he long awaited had in
vayne,
He chaungd his mynd from one to other
ill;
For to all good he enimy was still.
Upon the way him fortunated to meete,
Fayre marching underneath a shady
hill,
A goodly knight, all armd in harnesse
meete,
That from his head no place appeared
to his feete.

VI.

His carriage was full comely and up-
right;
His countenance demure and temperate;
But yett so sterne and terrible in sight,
That cheard his friendes, and did his foes
amate:
He was an Elfin borne of noble state
And mickle worship in his native land;
Well could he tourney, and in lists debate,
And knighthood tooke of good Sir Huons
hand,
When with king Oberon he came to Faery
land.

VII.

Him als accompanyd upon the way
A comely Palmer, clad in black attyre,
Of ypest yeares, and heares 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 seemd to be a sage and sober syre;
And ever with slow pace the knight did
lead,

Who taught his trampling steed with
equall steps to tread.

VIII.

Such whenas Archimago them did view,
He weened well to worke some uncouth
wyle:

Eftsoones untwisting his deceptfull clew,
He gan to weave a web of wicked guyle,
And, with faire countenance and flat-
tring style

To them approaching, thus the knight
bespake;

'Fayre sonne of Mars, that seeke with
warlike spoyle,

And great atchievements, great your selfe
to make,

Vouchsafe to stay your steed for humble
misers sake.'

IX.

He stayd his steed for humble misers
sake,

And badd tell on the tenor of his playnt:
Who feigning then in every limb to
quake

Through inward feare, and seeming pale
and faynt,

With piteous mone his percing speach gan
paynt:

'Deare Lady! how shall I declare thy
cace,

Whom late I left in languorous con-
straynt?

Would God! thy selfe now present were
in place

To tell this ruefull tale: thy sight could
win thee grace.

X.

'Or rather would, O! would it so had
chaunst,

That you, most noble Sir, had present
beene

When that lewd rybould, with vyle lust
advaunst,

Laid first his filthie hands on virgin
cleene,

To spoyle her dainty corps, so faire and
sheene

As on the earth, great mother of us all,
With living eye more fayre was never
seene

Of chastity and honour virginall:

Witnes, ye heavens, whom she in vaine
to help did call.'

XI.

'How may it be,' sayd then the knight
halfe wroth,

'That knight should knighthood ever so
have shent?'

'None but that saw,' (quoth he) 'would
weene for troth,

How shamefully that Mayd he did tor-
ment:

Her looser golden lockes he rudely rent,
And drew her on the ground; and his
sharpe sword

Against her snowy brest he fiercely bent,
And threatned death with many a bloodie
word:

Tounge hates to tell the rest that eye to
see abhord.'

XII.

Therewith amoved from his sober
mood,

'And lives he yet,' (said he) 'that wrought
this act?'

And doen the heavens afford him vitall
food?'

'He lives,' (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 stricken Deare doth chalenge by the
bleeding wound.'

XIII.

He stayd not lenger talke, but with
fierce yre

And zealous haste away is quickly gone
To seeke that knight, where him that

crafty Squyre
Supposd to be. They do arrive anone

Where sate a gentle Lady all alone,
With garments rent, and heare dis-
cheveled,

Wringing her handes, and making piteous
mone:

Her swollen eyes were much disfigured,
And her faire face with teares was fowly
blubbered.

XIV.

The knight, approaching nigh, thus to
her said:

'Fayre Lady, through fowle sorrow ill
bedight,
Great pittie is to see you thus dismayd,
And marre the blossom of your beauty
bright:
For-thy appease your grieft and heavy
plight,
And tell the cause of your conceived
payne;
For, if he live that hath you doen de-
spight,
He shall you doe dew recompence agayne,
Or els his wrong with greater puissance
maintaine.'

XV.

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

XVI.

Till her that Squyre bespake: 'Madame,
my life,
For Gods deare love be not so wilfull
bent,
But doe vouchsafe now to receive reliefe,
The which good fortune doth to you
present.
For what bootes it to weepe and to way-
ment
When ill is chaunst, but doth the ill
increase,
And the weake minde with double woe
torment?'
When she her Squyre heard speake, she
gan appease
Her voluntarie paine, and feele some
secret ease.

XVII.

Eftsoone she said; 'Ah! gentle trustie
Squyre,
What comfort can I, wofull wretch, con-
ceave?
Or why should ever I henceforth desyre
To see faire heavens face, and life not
leave,
Sith that false Traytour did my honour
reave?'
'False traytour certes,' (saide the Faerie
knight)

'I read the man, that ever would deceave
A gentle Lady, or her wrong through
might:
Death were too little paine for such a
fowle despight.

XVIII.

'But now, fayre Lady, comfort to you
make,
And read who hath ye wrought this
shamefull plight,
That short revenge the man may over-
take,
Where-so he be, and soone upon him light.'
'Certes,' (saide she) 'I wote not how he
hight,
But under him a gray steede he did wield,
Whose sides with dapled circles weren
dight:
Upright he rode, and in his silver shield
He bore a bloodie Crosse that quartred
all the field.'

XIX.

'Now by my head,' (saide Guyon) 'much
I muse,
How that same knight should doe so
fowle amis,
Or ever gentle Damzell so abuse:
For, may I boldly say, he surely is
A right good knight, and trew of word
ywis:
I present was, and can it wnesse well,
When armes he swore, and streight did
enterpris
Th' adventure of the Errant damozell;
In which he hath great glory wonne, as I
heare tell.

XX.

'Nathlesse he shortly shall againe be
tryde,
And fairely quit him of th' imputed blame;
Els, be ye sure, he dearely shall abyde,
Or make you good amendment for the
same:
All wrongs have mendes, but no amendes
of shame.
Now therefore, Lady, rise out of your
paine,
And see the salving of your blotted name.'
Full loth she seemd thereto, but yet did
faine,
For she was inly glad her purpose so to
gaine.

XXI.

Her purpose was not such as she did
faine,
Ne yet her person such as it was seene;
But under simple shew, and semblant
plaine,

Lurkt false Duessa secretly unseene,
As a chaste Virgin that had wronged
 beene:
So had false Archimago her disguysd,
To cloke her guile with sorrow and sad
teene:
And eke himselfe had craftily devisd
To be her Squire, and do her service well
aguysd.

XXII.

Her, late forlorne and naked, he had
found
Where she did wander in waste wilder-
nesse,
Lurking in rockes and caves far under
ground,
And with greene mosse cov'ring her
nakednesse
To hide her shame and loathly filthinesse,
Sith her Prince Arthur of proud orna-
ments
And borrowd beauty spoyld. Her nathe-
lesse
Th' enchaunter finding fit for his intents
Did thus revest, and deckt with dew
habiliments.

XXIII.

For all he did was to deceive good
knights,
And draw them from pursuit of praise
and fame
To slug in slouth and sensuall delights,
And end their daies with irrenowmed
shame.
And now exceeding grieffe him overcame,
To see the Redcrosse thus advanced
hye;
Therefore this craftie engine he did
frame,
Against his praise to stirre up enmitye
Of such, as vertues like mote unto him
allye.

XXIV.

So now he Guyon guydes an uncouth
way
Through woods and mountaines, till they
came at last
Into a pleasant dale that lowly lay
Betwixt two hils, whose high heads
overplast
The valley did with coole shade over-
cast:
Through midst thereof a little river
rold
By which there sate a knight with helme
unlaste,
Himselfe refreshing with the liquid cold,
After his travell long and labours man-
fold.

XXV.

'Lo! yonder he,' cryde Archimage
alowd,
'That wrought the shamefull fact which I
did shew;
And now he doth himselfe in secret
shrowd,
To fly the vengeaunce for his outrage
dew:
But vaine; for ye shall dearely do him
rew,
So God ye speed and send you good suc-
cesse,
Which we far off will here abide to vew.'
So they him left inflam'd with wrathful-
nesse,
That streight against that knight his
speare he did addresse.

XXVI.

Who, seeing him from far so fierce to
pricke,
His warlike armes about him gan em-
brace,
And in the rest his ready speare did
sticke:
Tho, when as still he saw him towards
pace,
He gan rencounter him in equall race.
They bene ymett, both ready to affrap,
When suddainly that warriour gan abace
His threatned speare, as if some new mis-
hap,
Had him betide, or hidden danger did
entrap;

XXVII.

And cryde, 'Mercie, Sir knight! and
mercie, Lord,
For mine offence and heedelesse hardi-
ment,
That had almost committed crime abhord,
And with reprochfull shame mine honour
shent,
Whiles cursed steele against that badge I
bent,
The sacred badge of my Redeemers
death,
Which on your shield is set for orna-
ment!'
But his fierce foe his steed could stay
uneath,
Who, prickt with courage kene, did cruell
battell breath.

XXVIII.

But, when he heard him speake, streight
way he knew
His error; and, himselfe inclyning,
sayd;

' Ah! deare Sir Guyon, well becommeth
you,
But me behoveth rather to upbrayd,
Whose hastie hand so far from reason
strayd,
That almost it did haynous violence
On that fayre ymage of that heavenly
Mayd,
That decks and armes your shield with
faire defence:
Your court'sie takes on you anothers dew
offence.'

XXIX.

So beene they both at one, and doen up-
reare
Their bevers bright each other for to
greet;
Goodly comportaunce each to other beare,
And entertaime themselves with court'sies
meet.
Then said the Rederosse knight; ' Now
mote I weat,
Sir Guyon, why with so fierce saliaunce,
And fell intent, ye did at earst me meet;
For sith I know your goodly governaunce,
Great cause, I weene, you guided, or some
uncouth chaunce.'

XXX.

' Certes,' (said he) ' well mote I shame
to tell
The foud encheason that me hither led.
A false infamous faitour late befell
Me for to meet, that seemed ill bested,
And playnd of grievous 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 in-
tent,
And now is fled: foule shame him follow
wher he went!'

XXXI.

So can he turne his earnest unto game,
Through goodly handling and wise fem-
peraunce.
By this his aged Guide in presence came;
Who, soone as on that knight his eye did
glauce,
Eftsoones of him had perfect cogni-
zaunce,
Sith him in Faery court he late avizd;
And sayd; ' Fayre sonne, God give you
happy chaunce,
And that deare Crosse uppon your shield
devizd,
Wherewith above all knights ye goodly
seeme agnizd!

XXXII.

' Joy may you have, and everlasting
fame,
Of late most hard atchiev'ment by you
donne,
For which enrolled is your glorious name
In heavenly Regesters above the Sunne,
Where you a Saint with Saints your seat
have wonne:
But wretched we, where ye have left your
marke,
Must now anew begin like race to ronne.
God guide thee, Guyon, well to end thy
warke,
And to the wished haven bring thy weary
barke!'

XXXIII.

' Palmer,' him answered the Rederosse
knight,
' His be the praise that this atchiev'ment
wrought,
Who made my hand the organ of his
might:
More then goodwill 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 thrise happy
newes;
For well ye worthy bene for worth and
gentle thewes.'

XXXIV.

So courteous conge both did give and
take,
With right hands plighted, pledges of
good will.
Then Guyon forward gan his voyage
make
With his blacke Palmer, that him guided
still:
Still he him guided over dale and hill,
And with his steedy staffe did point his
way;
His race with reason, and with words his
will,
From fowle intemperaunce he ofte did
stay,
And suffred not in wrath his hasty steps
to stray.

XXXV.

In this faire wize they traveld long
yfere,
Through many hard assayes which did
betide;

Of which he honour still away did beare,
And spred his glory through all countryes wide.

At last, as chaunst them by a forest side
To passe, for succour from the scorching ray,

They heard a ruefull voice, that dearnly eride

With percing shriekes and many a dolefull lay;

Which to attend awhile their forward steps they stay.

XXXVI.

'But if that carelesse heuens,' (quoth she) 'despise

The doome of just revenge, and take delight

To see sad pageaunts of mens miseries,
As bownd by them to live in lives despight;
Yet can they not warne death from wretched wight.

Come, then; come soone; come sweetest death, to me,

And take away this long lent loathed light:

Sharpe be thy wounds, but sweete the medicines be,

That long captived soules from weary thraldome free.

XXXVII.

'But thou, sweete Babe, whom frowning froward fate

Hath made sad wnesse of thy fathers fall,

Sith heven thee deignes to hold in living state,

Long maist thou live, and better thrive withall

Then to thy lucklesse parents did befall.
Live thou; and to thy mother dead attest

That cleare she dide from blemish criminal:

Thy litle hands embrewd in bleeding brest

Loe! I for pledges leave. So give me leave to rest.'

XXXVIII.

With that a deadly shrieke she forth did throw

That through the wood re-echoed againe;
And after gave a grone so deepe and low

That seemd her tender heart was rent in twaine,

Or thrild with point of thorough-piercing paine:

As gentle Hynd, whose sides with cruell steele

Through launched, forth her bleeding life does raine,

Whiles the sad pang approaching shee does feele,

Braies out her latest breath, and up her eies doth seele.

XXXIX.

Which when that warrior heard, dismounting strait

From his tall steed, he rusht into the thicke,

And soone arrived where that sad pourtraict

Of death and dolour lay, halfe dead, halfe quick;

In whose white alabaster brest did stick
A cruell knife that made a griesly wound,

From which forth gusht a stream of gore blood thicke,

That all her goodly garments staind arownd,

And into a deepe sanguine dide the grassy grownd.

XL.

Pitifull spectacle of deadly smart,

Beside a bubling fountaine low she lay,
Which shee increased with her bleeding hart,

And the cleane waves with purple gore did ray:

Als in her lap a lovely babe did play
His cruell sport, in stead of sorrow dew;

For in her streaming blood he did embay
His litle hands, and tender joints embrew:

Pitifull spectacle, as ever eie did vew!

XLI.

Besides them both, upon the soiled gras

The dead corse of an armed knight was spred,

Whose armour all with blood besprincled was;

His ruddy lips did smyle, and rosy red
Did paint his chearefull cheekes, yett being ded;

Seemd to have bene a goodly personage,
Now in his freshest flowre of lusty-hed,

Fitt to inflame faire Lady with loves rage,
But that fiers fate did crop the blossome

of his age.

XLII.

Whom when the good Sir Guyon did behold,

His hart gan waxe as starke as marble stone,

And his fresh blood did frieze with fearefull cold,

That all his sences seemd berefte attone :
 At last his mighty ghost gan deepe to
 grone,
 As Lion, grudging in his great disdaine,
 Mournes inwardly, and makes to him
 selfe mone ;
 Til ruth and fraile affection did constraine
 His stout courage to stoupe, and shew his
 inward paine.

XLIII.

Out of her gored wound the cruell steel
 He lightly snatcht, and did the floodgate
 stop
 With his faire garment; then gan softly
 feel
 Her feeble pulse, to prove if any drop
 Of living blood yet in her veynes did hop:
 Which when he felt to move, he hoped faire
 To call backe life to her forsaken shop.
 So well he did her deadly wounds repaire,
 That at the last shee gan to breath out
 living aire.

XLIV.

Which he perceiving greatly gan rejoyce,
 And goodly counsell, that for wounded
 hart
 Is meetest med'cine, tempred with sweete
 voice:
 'Ay me! deare Lady, which the ymage art
 Of ruefull pittie and impatient smart,
 What direfull chaunce, armd with aveng-
 ing fate,
 Or cursed hand, hath plaid this cruell part,
 Thus fowle to hasten your untimely date?
 Speake, O dear Lady, speake! help never
 comes too late.'

XLV.

Therewith her dim eie-lids she up gan
 reare,
 On which the drery death did sitt as sad
 As lump of lead, and made darke clouds
 appeare:
 But when as him, all in bright armour
 clad,
 Before her standing she espied had,
 As one out of a deadly dreame affright,
 She weakely started, yet she nothing
 drad:
 Streight downe againe herselfe, in great
 despight,
 She groveling threw to ground, as hating
 life and light.

XLVI.

The gentle knight her soone with care-
 full paine

Uplifted light, and softly did uphold:
 Thrise he her reard, and thrise she sunck
 againe,
 Till he his armes about her sides gan fold,
 And to her said; 'Yet, if the stony cold
 Have not all seized on your frozen hart,
 Let one word fall that may your grief
 unfold,
 And tell the secrete of your mortall smart:
 He oft finds present helpe who does his
 grieft impart.'

XLVII.

Then, casting up a deadly looke, full
 low
 Shee sight from bottome of her wounded
 brest;
 And after, many bitter throbs did throw,
 With lips full pale and foltring tong op-
 prest,
 These words she breathed forth from
 riven chest:
 'Leave, ah! leave off, whatever wight
 thou bee,
 To lett a weary wretch from her dew rest,
 And trouble dying soules tranquillitee;
 Take not away, now got, which none
 would give to me.'

XLVIII.

'Ah! far be it,' (said he) 'Deare dame,
 fro mee,
 To hinder soule from her desired rest,
 Or hold sad life in long captivitee;
 For all I seeke is but to have redrest
 The bitter pangs that doth your heart in-
 fest.
 Tell then, O Lady! tell what fatall priefe
 Hath with so huge misfortune you opprest;
 That I may cast to compas your reliefe,
 Or die with you in sorrow, and partake
 your grieft.'

XLIX.

With feeble hands then stretched forth
 on hie,
 As heven accusing guilty of her death,
 And with dry drops congealed in her eye,
 In these sad wordes she spent her utmost
 breath:
 'Heare then, O man! the sorrowes that
 uneath
 My tong can tell, so far all sence they
 pas.
 Loe! this dead corpse, that lies here under-
 neath,
 The gentlest knight, that ever on greene
 gras
 Gay steed with spurs did pricke, the good
 Sir Mortdant was:

L.

'Was, (ay the while, that he is not so now!)
My Lord, my love, my deare Lord, my deare love!
So long as hevens just with equall brow
Vouchsafed to behold us from above.
One day, when him high corage did emove,
As wont ye knightes to seeke adventures wilde,
He pricked forth his puissant force to prove.
Me then he left enwombd of this childe,
This luckles childe, whom thus ye see with blood defild.

LI.

'Him fortun'd (hard fortune ye may ghesse)
To come, where vile Acrasia does wonne;
Acrasia, a false enchaunteresse,
That many errant knightes hath fowle fordonne;
Within a wandring Island, that doth ronne
And stray in perilous gulfe, her dwelling is.
Fayre Sir, if ever there ye travell, shonne
The cursed land where many wend amis,
And know it by the name: it hight the *Bowre of blis*.

LII.

'Her blis is all in pleasure, and delight,
Wherewith she makes her lovers dronken mad;
And then with words, and weedes, of wondrous might,
On them she workes her will to uses bad:
My liefest Lord she thus beguiled had;
For he was flesh: (all flesh doth frayltie breed)
Whom when I heard to beene so ill bestad,
Weake wretch, I wrapt myselfe in Palmers weed,
And cast to seek him forth through danger and great dreed.

LIII.

'Now had fayre Cynthia by even tournes
Full measured three quarters of her yeare,
And thrise three tymes had fild her crooked hornes,
Whenas my wombe her burdein would forbeare,
And bad me call Lucina to me neare.
Lucina came; a manchild forth I brought
The woods, the nymphes, my bowres, my midwives, weare:

Hard help at need! So deare thee, babe,
I bought;
Yet nought too dear I deemd, while so my deare I sought.

LIV.

'Him so I sought; and so at last I fownd,
Where him that witch had thrall'd to her will,
In chaines of lust and lewde desyres ybownd,
And so transformed from his former skill,
That me he knew not, nether his owne ill;
Till, through wise handling and faire governaunce,
I him recured to a better will,
Purged from drugs of fowle intemperance:
Then meanes I gan devise for his deliverance.

LV.

'Which when the vile Enchaunteresse perceiv'd,
How that my Lord from her I would re-prive,
With cup thus charmd him parting she deceivd;
"Sad verse, give death to him that death does give,
"And losse of love to her that loves to live,
"So soone as Bacchus with the Nympe does lincke!"
So parted we, and on our journey drive;
Till, coming to this well, he stoupt to drincke:
The charme fulfild, dead suddainly he downe did sincke.

LVI.

'Which when I, wretch' — Not one word more she sayd,
But breaking off the end for want of breath,
And slyding soft, as downe to sleepe her layd,
And ended all her woe in quiet death.
That seeing, good Sir Guyon coud meath
From teares abstayne; for grieffe his hart did grate,
And from so heavie sight his head did wreath,
Accusing fortune, and too cruell fate,
Which ploug'd had faire Lady in so wretched state.

LVII.

Then turning to his Palmer said; 'Old syre,

Behold the ymage of mortalitie,
And feeble nature cloth'd with fleshly
tyre.

When raging passion with fierce tyranny
Robs reason of her dew regalitye,
And makes it servaunt to her basest
part,

The strong it weakens with infirmitie,
And with bold furie armes the weakest
hart :

The strong through pleasure soonest falles,
the weake through smart.'

LVIII.

'But temperance' (said he) 'with
golden squire
Betwixt them both can measure out a
meane;

Nether to melt in pleasures whott desyre,
Nor frye in hartlesse grieve and dolefull
tene:

Thrise happy man, who fares them both
atweene!

But sith this wretched woman overcome
Of anguish, rather then of crime, hath
bene,

Reserve her cause to her eternall doome;
And, in the meane, vouchsafe her honor-
able toombe.'

LIX.

'Palmer,' quoth he, 'death is an equall
doome

To good and bad, the common In of
rest;

But after death the tryall is to come,
When best shall bee to them that lived
best;

But both alike, when death hath both
supprest,

Religious reverence 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, unburied bad to
beene.'

LX.

So both agree their bodies to engrave:
The great earthes wombe they open to the
sky,

And with sad Cypresse seemely it em-
brave;

Then, covering with a clod their closed
eye,

They lay therein their corses tenderly,
And bid them sleepe in everlasting peace.

But, ere they did their utmost obsequy,
Sir Guyon, more affection to increace,
Bynempt a sacred vow, which none should
ay releace.

LXI.

The dead knights sword out of his
sheath he drew,

With which he cutt a lock of all their
heare,

Which medling with their blood and earth
he threw

Into the grave, and gan devoutly sweare;
'Such and such evil God on Guyon reare,

And worse and worse, young Orphane, be
thy payne,

If I, or thou, dew vengeance doe forbear,
Till guiltie blood her gerduon doe ob-
tayne!'

So shedding many teares they closd the
earth againe.

CANTO II.

Babes bloody handes may not be clensd :

The face of golden Meane :

Her sisters, two Extremities,

Strive her to banish cleane.

I.

Thus when Sir Guyon with his faithful
guyde

Had with dew rites and dolorous lament

The end of their sad Tragedie uptyde,

The litle babe up in his armes he hent;

Who with sweet pleasaunce, and bold
blandishment,

Gan smyle on them, that rather ought to
weepe,

As carelesse of his woe, or innocent

Of that was doen; that ruth emperced
deepe

In that knightes hart, and wordes with
bitter teares did steepe:

II.

'Ah! lucklesse babe, borne under cruell
starre,

And in dead parents balefull ashes bred,
Full little weenest thou what sorrowes are

Left thee for porcion of thy livelyhed;
Poore Orphane! in the wild world scat-
tered,

As budding braunch rent from the native
tree,

And thrown forth, till it be withered.
Such is the state of men: Thus enter
we
Into this life with woe, and end with
miseree!'

III.

Then, soft himselfe inclyning on his
knee
Downe to that well, did in the water
weene
(So love does loath disdainfull nicitee)
His guiltie handes from bloody gore to
cleene.
He washt them oft and oft, yet nought
they beene
For all his washing cleaner. Still he
strove;
Yet still the litle hands were bloody
seene:
The which him into great amaz'ment
drove,
And into diverse doubt his wavering won-
der clove.

IV.

He wist not whether blott of fowle
offence
Might not be purgd with water nor with
bath;
Or that high God, in lieu of innocence,
Imprinted had that token of his
wrath,
To shew how sore bloodguiltinesse he
hat'th;
Or that the charme and veneme which
they dronck,
Their blood with secret filth infected
hath,
Being diffused through the senceless
tronck,
That through the great contagion direful
deadly stonck.

V.

Whom thus at gaze the Palmer gan to
bord
With goodly reason, and thus fayre be-
spake;
'Ye bene right hard amated, gratious
Lord,
And of your ignorance great merveill
make,
Whiles cause not well conceived ye mis-
take:
But know, that secret vertues are in-
fused
In every fountaine, and in everie lake,
Which who hath skill them rightly to
have chused,
To proefe of passing wonders hath full
often usd:

VI.

'Of those, some were so from their
source indewd
By great Dame Nature, from whose fruit-
full pap
Their welheads spring, and are with
moisture deawd;
Which feedes each living plant with
liquid sap,
And filles with flowres fayre Florae
painted lap:
But other some, by guifte of later grace,
Or by good prayers, or by other hap,
Had vertue poured into their waters bace,
And thenceforth were renowmd, and
sought from place to place.

VII.

'Such is this well, wrought by occasion
straunge,
Which to her Nymph befell. Upon a
day,
As she the woodes with bow and shaftes
did raunge,
The hartlesse Hynd and Robucke to dis-
may,
Dan Faunus chaunst to meet her by the
way,
And, kindling fire at her faire-burning
eye,
Inflamed was to follow beauties pray,
And chased her that fast from him did
fly;
As hynd from her, so she fled from her
enimy.

VIII.

'At last, when fayling breath began to
faint,
And saw no meanes to scape, of shame
affrayd,
She set her downe to weepe for sore con-
straint;
And to Diana calling lowd for ayde,
Her deare besought to let her die a mayd.
The goddesse heard; and suddeine, where
she sate
Welling out streames of teares, and quite
dismayd
With stony feare of that rude rustick
mate,
Transformd her to a stone from stedfast
virgins state.

IX.

'Lo! now she is that stone; from
whose two heads,
As from two weeping eyes, fresh streames
do flow,
Yet colde through feare and old conceived
dreads;

And yet the stone her semblance seemes
to show,
Shapt like a maide, that such ye may her
know:
And yet her vertues in her water byde,
For it is chaste and pure as purest snow,
Ne lets her waves with any filth be dyde;
But ever, like herselfe, unstayned hath
beene tryde.

X.

'From thence it comes, that this babes
bloody hand
May not be clensd with water of this
well:
Ne certes, Sir, strive you it to withstand,
But let them still be bloody, as befell,
That they his mothers innocence may
tell,
As she bequeathd in her last testament;
That, as a sacred Symbole, it may dwell
In her sonnes flesh, to mind revengement,
And be for all chaste Dames an endlesse
moniment.'

XI.

He hearkned to his reason, and the
childe
Uptaking, to the Palmer gave to beare;
But his sad fathers armes with blood
defilde,
An heavie load, himselfe did lightly
reare;
And turning to that place, in which whyle-
are
He left his loftie steed with golden sell
And goodly gorgeous barbes, him found
not there:
By other accident, that earst befell,
He is convaide; but how, or where, here
fits not tell.

XII.

Which when Sir Guyon saw, all were
he wroth,
Yet algates mote he soft himselfe ap-
pease,
And fairely fare on foot, how ever loth:
His double burden did him sore disease.
So long they travelled with litle ease,
Till that at last they to a Castle came,
Built on a rocke adjoyning to the seas:
It was an auncient worke of antique
fame,
And wondrous strong by nature, and by
skillfull frame.

XIII.

Therein three sisters dwelt of sundry
sort,
The children of one syre by mothers
three;

Who dying whylome did divide this fort
To them by equall shares in equall fee:
But stryfull mind and diverse qualitee
Drew them in partes, and each made
others foe:
Still did they strive and daily disagree;
The eldest did against the youngest goe,
And both against the middest meant to
worken woe.

XIV.

Where when the knight arriv'd, he was
right well
Receiv'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 courteous Dame;
Who rich arayd, and yet in modest guize,
In goodly garments that her well became,
Fayre marching forth in honorable wize,
Him at the threshold mett, and well did
enterprize.

XV.

She led him up into a goodly bowre,
And comely courted with meet modestie;
Ne in her speach, ne in her haviour,
Was lightnesse seene or looser vanitie,
But gracious womanhood, and gravitie,
Above the reason of her youthly yeares.
Her golden lockes she roundly did uptye
In breaded tramels, that no looser heares
Did out of order stray about her daintie
eares.

XVI.

Whilest 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,
Accounting each her frend with lavish
fest:
They were two knights of perelesse puis-
sance,
And famous far abroad for warlike gest,
Which to these Ladies love did coun-
tenaunce,
And to his mistresse each himselfe strove
to advaunce.

XVII.

He that made love unto the eldest
Dame,
Was hight Sir Huddibras, an hardy man;
Yet not so good of deedes as great of
name,
Which he by many rash adventures wan,

Since errant armes to sew he first began:
More huge in strength than wise in
workes he was,
And reason with foole-hardize over ran;
Sterne melancholy did his courage pas,
And was, for terrour more, all armd in
shyning bras.

XVIII.

But he that lov'd the youngest was
Sansloy;
He, that faire Una late fowle outraged,
The most unruly and the boldest boy
That ever warlike weapons menaged,
And all to lawlesse lust encouraged
Through strong opinion of his matchlesse
might;
Ne ought he car'd whom he endamaged
By tortious wrong, or whom bereav'd of
right:
He, now this Ladies Champion, chose for
love to fight.

XIX.

These two gay knights, vovd to so
diverse loves,
Each other does envy with deadly hate,
And daily warre against his foeman
moves,
In hope to win more favour with his
mate,
And th' others pleasing service to abate,
To magnifie his owne. But when they
heard
How in that place straunge knight ar-
rived late,
Both knightes and ladies forth right
angry far'd,
And ferceely unto battell sterne them-
selves prepar'd.

XX.

But ere they could proceede unto the
place
Where he abode, themselves at discord
fell,
And cruell combat joynd in middle space:
With horrible assault, and fury fell,
They heapt huge strokes the scorned life
to quell,
That all on upore from her settled seat,
The house was raysd, and all that in did
dwell.
Seemd that lowde thunder with amaze-
ment great
Did rend the ratling skyes with flames of
fouldring heat.

XXI.

The noyse thereof cald forth that
straunger knight,

To weet what dreadfull thing was there
in hond;
Where whenas two brave knightes in
bloody fight
With deadly rancour he enraunged fond,
His sunbroad shield about his wrest he
bond,
And shyning blade unsheatld, with which
he ran
Unto that stead, their strife to under-
stand;
And at his first arrivall them began
With goodly meanes to pacifie, well as he
can.

XXII.

But they, him spying, both with greedy
forse
Attonce upon him ran, and him beset
With strokes of mortall steele without re-
morse,
And on his shield like yron sledges bet:
As when a Beare and Tygre, being met
In cruell fight on Lybicke Ocean wide,
Espye a traveler with feet surbet,
Whom they in equall pray hope to divide,
They stint their strife and him assayle on
everie side.

XXIII.

But he, not like a weary travelere,
Their sharp assault right boldly did rebut,
And suffred not their blowes to byte him
nere,
But with redoubled buffes them backe did
put:
Whose grieved mindes, which choler did
englut,
Against themselves turning their wrath-
full spight,
Gan with new rage their shieldes to hew
and cut;
But still, when Guyon came to part their
fight,
With heavie load on him they freshly gan
to smight.

XXIV.

As a tall ship tossed in troublous seas,
Whom raging windes, threatning to make
the pray
Of the rough rockes, doe diversly disease,
Meetes two contrarie billowes by the
way,
That her on either side doe sore assay,
And boast to swallow her in greedy
grave:
Shee, scorning both their spights, does
make wide way,
And with her brest breaking the fomy
wave,
Does ride on both their backs, and faire
her self doth save.

XXV.

So boldly he him beares, and rusheth
forth
Betweene them both by conduct of his
blade.
Wondrous great prowesse and heroick
worth
He shewed that day, and rare ensample
made,
When two so mighty warriors he dismade.
Attonce he wards and strikes; he takes
and paies;
Now first to yield, now forcing to invade;
Before, behind, and round about him laies;
So double was his paines, so double be his
praise.

XXVI.

Straunge sort of fight, three valiaunt
knights to see
Three combates joine in one, and to dar-
raine
A triple warre with triple enmittee,
All for their Ladies froward love to gaine,
Which gotten was but hate. So love does
raine
In stoutest minds, and maketh monstrous
warre;
He maketh warre, he maketh peace againe,
And yett his peace is but continual jarre:
O miserable men that to him subject arre!

XXVII.

Whilst thus they mingled were in furi-
ous armes,
The faire Medina, with her tresses torne
And naked brest, in pittie of their harmes,
Emongst them ran; and, falling them be-
forne,
Besought them by the womb which them
had born,
And by the loves which were to them most
deare,
And by the knighthood which they sure
had sworn,
Their deadly cruell discord to forbear,
And to her just conditions of faire peace
to heare.

XXVIII.

But her two other sisters, standing by,
Her lowd gainsaid, and both their cham-
pions bad
Pursew the end of their strong enmitie,
As ever of their loves they would be glad:
Yet she with pittie words, and counsell
sad,
Still strove their stubborne rages to re-
voke;
That at the last, suppressing fury mad,
They gan abstaine from dint of direfull
stroke,

And hearken to the sober speaches which
she spoke.

XXIX.

' Ah, puisaunt Lords! what cursed evil
Spright,
Or fell Eriunys, in your noble harts
Her hellish brond hath kindled with de-
spight,
And stird you up to worke your wilfull
smarts?
Is this the joy of armes? be these the
parts
Of glorious knighthood, after blood to
thrust,
And not regard dew right and just desarts?
Vaine is the vaunt, and victory unjust,
That more to mighty hands then rightfull
cause doth trust.

XXX.

' And were there rightfull cause of differ-
ence,
Yet were not better fayre it to accord
Then with bloodguiltinesse to heape of-
fence,
And mortal vengeaunce joyne to crime
abhorde?
O! fly from wrath; fly, O 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 fowle revenging rage, and base con-
tentious jarre.

XXXI.

' But lovely concord, and most sacred
peace,
Doth nourish vertue, and fast friendship
breeds,
Weake she makes strong, and strong thing
does increase,
Till it the pitch of highest praise exceeds:
Brave be her warres, and honorable deeds,
By which she triumphes over yre and pride,
And winnes an Olive girlond for her meeds.
Be, therefore, O my deare Lords! pacifide,
And this misseeming discord meekely lay
aside.'

XXXII.

Her gracious words their rancour did
appall,
And sunicke so deepe into their boyling
brests,
That downe they lett their cruell weapons
fall,
And lowly did abase their lofty crests

To her faire presence and discrete behests.
Then she began a treaty to procure,
And stablish terms betwixt both their re-
quests,
That as a law for ever should endure ;
Which to observe in word of knights they
did assure.

XXXIII.

Which to confirme, and fast to bind their
league,
After their weary sweat and bloody toile,
She them besought, during their quiet
treague,
Into her lodging to repaire awhile,
To rest themselves, and grace to reconcile.
They soone consent : so forth with her they
fare ;
Where they are well receivd, and made to
spoil
Themselves of soiled armes, and to prepare
Their minds to pleasure, and their mouths
to dainty fare.

XXXIV.

And those two froward sisters, their faire
loves,
Came with them eke, all were they won-
drous loth,
And fained cheare, as for the time behoves,
But could not colour yet so well the troth,
But that their natures bad appeared in
both ;
For both did at their second sister grutch
And inly grieve, as doth an hidden moth
The inner garment frett, not th' utter
touch :
One thought her cheare too litle, th' other
thought too much.

XXXV.

Elissa (so the eldest hight) did deeme
Such entertainment base, ne ought would
eat,
Ne ought would speake, but evermore did
seeme
As discontent for want of merth or meat :
No solace could her Paramour intreat
Her once to show, ne court, nor dalliaunce ;
But with bent lowring browes, as she would
threat,
She scould, and frownd with froward
countenance ;
Unworthy of faire Ladies comely gover-
nance.

XXXVI.

But young Perissa was of other mynd,
Full of disport, still laughing, loosely light,
And quite contrary to her sisters kynd :
No measure in her mood, no rule of right,

But poured out in pleasure and delight :
In wine and meats she flowd above the
banck,
And in excesse exceeded her owne might ;
In sumptuous tise she joyd her selfe to
pranck,
But of her love too lavish : (litle have she
thanck !)

XXXVII.

Fast by her side did sitt the bold Sansloy,
Fitt mate for such a mincing mineon,
Who in her loosenesse tooke exceeding
joy ;
Might not be found a francker franion,
Of her leawd parts to make companion :
But Huddibras, more like a Malecontent,
Did see and grieve at his bold fashion ;
Hardly could he endure his hardiment,
Yett still he satt, and inly did him selfe
torment.

XXXVIII.

Betwixt them both the faire Medina sate
With sober grace and goodly carriage :
With equal measure she did moderate
The strong extremities of their outrage.
That forward paire she ever would as-
swage,
When they would strive dew reason to
exceed ;
But that same froward twaine would ac-
corage,
And of her plenty adde unto their need :
So kept she them in order, and her selfe
in heed.

XXXIX.

Thus fairely shee attempered her feast,
And pleasd them all with meete satiety.
At last, when lust of meat and drinke was
ceast,
She Guyon deare besought of curtesie
To tell from whence he came through jeop-
ardy,
And whither now on new adventure
bownd :
Who with bold grace, and comely gravity,
Drawing to him the eies of all arownd,
From lofty siege began these words aloud
to sownd.

XL.

'This thy demaund, O Lady! doth re-
vive
Fresh memory in me of that great Queene,
Great and most glorious virgin Queene
alive,
That with her sovaine power, and scepter
shene,
All Faery lond does peaceably sustene.
In widest Ocean she her throne does reare,
That over all the earth it may be seene ;

As morning Sunne her beames dispredden
 cleare,
 And in her face faire peace and mercy
 doth appeare.

XLI.

In her the richesse of all heavenly grace
 In chiefe degree are heaped up on hie :
 And all, that els this worlds enclosure
 bace
 Hath great or glorious in mortall eye,
 Adornes the person of her Majestye ;
 That men, beholding so great excellence
 And rare perfection in mortalitye,
 Doe her adore with sacred reverence,
 As th' Idole of her makers great magnifi-
 cence.

XLII.

'To her I homage and my service owe,
 In number of the noblest knightes on
 ground ;
 Mongst whom on me she deigned to be-
 stowe
 Order of Maydenhead, the most renownd
 That may this day in all the world be
 found.
 An yearely solemne feast she woutes to
 hold,
 The day that first doth lead the yeare
 around,
 To which all knights of worth and cour-
 age bold
 Resort, to heare of straunge adventures
 to be told.

XLIII.

'There this old Palmer shewd himselfe
 that day,
 And to that mighty Princesse did com-
 plaine
 Of grievous mischiefes which a wicked
 Fay
 Had wrought, and many whelmd in deadly
 paine ;
 Whereof he crav'd redresse. My Sover-
 aine,
 Whose glory is in gracious deeds, and
 joyes
 Throughout the world her mercy to main-
 taine,

Eftsoones devisd redresse for such an-
 noyes :
 Me, all unfitt for so great purpose, she
 employes.

XLIV.

'Now hath faire Phebe with her silver
 face
 Thrise seene the shadowes of the neather
 world,
 Sith last I left that honorable place,
 In which her roiall presence is enrold ;
 Ne ever shall I rest in house nor hold,
 Till I that false Acrasia have wounne ;
 Of whose fowle deedes, too hideous to bee
 told,
 I witnesse am, and this their wretched
 sonne,
 Whose wofull parents she hath wickedly
 fordonne.'

XLV.

'Tell on, fayre Sir,' said she, 'that
 dolefull tale,
 From which sad ruth does seeme you to
 restraine,
 That we may pittie such unhappie bale,
 And learne from pleasures poyson to ab-
 staine :
 Ill by ensample good doth often gayne.'
 Then forward he his purpose gan pursew,
 And told the story of the mortall payne,
 Which Mordant and Amavia did rew,
 As with lamenting eyes him selfe did
 lately vew.

XLVI.

Night was far spent ; and now in Ocean
 deep
 Orion, flying fast from hissing snake,
 His flaming head did hasten for to steep,
 When of his pitteous tale he end did
 make :
 Whilst with delight of that he wisely
 spake
 Those guesstes, beguyled, did beguyle their
 eyes
 Of kindly sleepe that did them overtake.
 At last, when they had markt the
 chaunged skyes,
 They wist their houre was spent ; then
 each to rest him hyes.

CANTO III.

Vaine Braggadocchio, getting Guy-
 ons horse, is made the scorn
 Of knighthood trow ; and is of fayre
 Belphebe fowle forlorne.

I.

SOONE as the morrow fayre with purple
 beames

Disperst the shadowes of the misty night,
 And Titan, playing on the eastern
 streames,

Gan cleare the deawy ayre with spring-
ing light,
Sir Guyon, mindfull of his vow yplight,
Uprose from drowsie couch, and him
address
Unto the journey which he had behight:
His puissant armes about his noble brest,
And many-folded shield he bound about
his wrest.

II.

Then, taking Congé of that virgin pure,
The bloody-handed babe unto her truth
Did earnestly committ, and her conjure
In vertuous lore to traine his tender youth,
And all that gentle noriture ensu'th;
And that, so soone as ryper yeares he
raught,
He might, for memory of that dayes ruth,
Be called Ruddymane; and thereby taught
T' avenge his Parents death on them that
had it wrought.

III.

So forth he far'd, as now befell, on foot,
Sith his good steed is lately from him
gone;
Patience perforce: helplesse what may it
boot
To frett for anger, or for grieffe to mone?
His Palmer now shall foot no more alone.
So fortune wrought, as under greene
woodes syde
He lately heard that dying Lady grone,
He left his steed without, and speare be-
syde,
And rushed in on foot to ayd her ere she
dyde.

IV.

The whyles a losell wandring by the
way,
One that to bountie never cast his mynd,
Ne thought of honour ever did assay
His baser brest, but in his kestrell kynd
A pleasing vaine of glory he did fynd,
To which his flowing toung and troublous
spright
Gave him great ayd, and made him more
inelynd:
He, that brave steed there finding ready
dight,
Purloynd both steed and speare, and ran
away full light.

V.

Nov. an his hart all swell in jollity,
And of him selfe great hope and help con-
ceiv'd,
That puffed up with smoke of vanity,
And with selfe-loved personage deceiv'd,

He gan to hope of men to be receiv'd
For such as he him thought, or faine would
bee:
But for in court gay portance he per-
ceiv'd,
And gallant shew to be in greatest gree,
Eftsoones to court he cast t' advance his
first degree.

VI.

And by the way he chanced to espy
One sitting ydle on a sunny banck,
To him avaunting in great bravery,
As Peacocke that his painted plumes doth
prauce,
He smote his courser in the trembling
flauce,
And to him threatned his hart-thrilling
speare:
The seely man, seeing him ryde so ranck,
And ayme at him, fell flatt to ground for
feare,
And crying, 'Mercy!' loud, his pitious
handes gan reare.

VII.

Thereat the Scarcrow waxed wondrous
prowd,
Through fortune of his first adventure
fayre,
And with big thundring voice revyld him
lowd:
'Vile Caytive, vassall of dread and de-
spayre,
Unworthie of the commune breathed ayre,
Why livest thou, dead dog, a lenger day,
And doest not unto death thyselfe pre-
payre?
Dy, or thyselfe my captive yield for ay.
Great favour I thee graunt for aunswere
thus to stay.'

VIII.

'Hold, O deare Lord! hold your dead-
doing hand,'
Then loud he cryde; 'I am your humble
thrall.'
'Ay wretch,' (quoth he) 'thy destinies
withstand
My wrathfull will, and doe for mercy call.
I give thee life: therefore prostrated fall.
And kisse my stirrup; that thy homage
bee.'
The Miser threw him selfe, as an Offall,
Streight at his foot in base humilitee,
And cleeped him his liege, to hold of him
in fee.

IX.

So happy peace they made and faire
accord.

Eftsoones this liegeman gan to wexe more
bold,
And when he felt the folly of his Lord,
In his owne kind he gan him selfe unfold;
For he was wylie witted, and growne old
In cunning sleightes and practick knavery.
From that day forth he cast for to uphold
His ydle humour with fine flattery,
And blow the bellows to his swelling
vanity.

x.

Trompart, fitt man for Braggadochio,
To serve at court in view of vaunting eye;
Vaine-glorious man, when fluttring wind
does blow
In his light winges, is lifted up to skye;
The scorne of knighthood and trew chev-
alrye,
To thinke, without desert of gentle deed
And noble worth, to be advaunced hye:
Such prayse is shame; but honour, ver-
tues meed,
Doth beare the fayrest flowre in honour-
able seed.

xi.

So forth they pas, a well consorted
payre,
Till that at length with Archimage they
meet:
Who seeing one, that shone in armour
fayre,
On goodly courser thondring with his feet,
Eftsoones supposed him a person meet
Of his revenge to make the instrument;
For since the Rederosse knight he erst did
weet
To been with Guyon knitt in one consent,
The ill, which eart to him, he now to
Guyon ment.

xii.

And coming close to Trompart gan in-
quere
Of him, what mightie warriour that mote
bee,
That rode in golden sell with single spere,
But wanted sword to wreake his enmittee?
'He is a great adventurer,' (said he)
'That hath his sword through hard assay
forgone,
And now hath vowd, till he avenged bee
Of that despight, never to wearen none:
That spere is him enough to doen a thou-
sand grone.'

xiii.

Th' enchaunter greatly joyed 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 lowly did begin
To plaine of wronges, which had com-
mitted bin
By Guyon, and by that false Rederosse
knight;
Which two, through treason and decept-
full gin,
Had slayne Sir Mordant and his Lady
bright:
That mote him honour win to wreak so
foule despight.

xiv.

Therewith all suddainly he seemd en-
ragd,
And threatned death with dreadfull coun-
tenaunce,
As if their lives had in his hand benee
gagd;
And with stiffe force shaking his mortall
launce,
To let him weet his doughtie valiaunce,
Thus said: 'Old man great sure shal be
thy meed,
If, where those knights for feare of dew
vengeaunce
Doe lurke, thou certeinly to mee areed,
That I may wreake on them their hainous
hatefull deed.'

xv.

'Certes, my Lord,' (said he) 'that shall
I soone,
And give you eke good helpe to their de-
cay.
But mote I wisely you advise to doon,
Give no ods to your foes, but doe purvay
Your selfe of sword before that bloody
day;
For they be two the prowest knights on
grownd,
And oft approv'd in many hard assay;
And eke of surest steele that may be
fownd,
Do arme your self against that day, them
to confownd.'

xvi.

'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;
Els never should thy judgement be so
frayle
To measure manhood by the sword or
mayle.

Is not enough fowre quarters of a ~~leafe~~
Withouten sword or shield, an ~~honor~~ to
quayle?

Thou litle wotest what this right-hand
can:

Speake they which have beheld the bat-
tailes which it wan.'

XVII.

The man was much abashed at his
boast;

Yet well he wist that whoso would contend
With either of those knightes on even
coast,

Should neede of all his armes him to de-
fend,

Yet feared least his boldnesse should
offend,

When Braggadocchio saide; 'Once I did
swear,

When with one sword seven knightes I
brought to end,

Thenceforth in battaile never sword to
beare,

But it were that which noblest knight on
earth doth weare.'

XVIII.

'Perdy, Sir knight,' saide then th' en-
chaunter blive,

'That shall I shortly purchase to your
hond;

For now the best and noblest knight alive
Prince Arthur is, that wonnes in Faerie
lond:

He hath a sword that flames like burning
brond.

The same by my device I undertake
Shall by to morrow by thy side be fond.'

At which bold word that boaster gan to
quake,

And wondred in his minde what note
that Monster make.

XIX.

He staid not for more bidding, but away
Was sudden vanished out of his sight:

The Northerne winde his wings did broad
display

At his commaund, and reared him up
light

From off the earth to take his aerie flight.

They lookt about, but nowhere could es-
pye

Tract of his foot: then dead through great
affright

They both nigh were, and each bad other
flye:

Both fled attonce, ne ever backe retourned
eye;

XX.

Till that they come note a forrest greene
In which they shrowd themselves from
causeles feare;

Yet feare them follows still where so
they beene:

Each trembling leafe and whistling wind
they heare,

As ghastly bug, does greatly them affeare;
Yet both doe strive their fearefulnessse to
faie.

At last they heard a horne that shrilled
cleare

Throughout the wood that echoed againe,
And made the forrest ring, as it would
riue in twaine.

XXI.

Eft through the thicke they heard one
rudely rush,

With noyse whereof he from his loftie
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 foorth

A goodly Ladie clad in hunters weed,
That seemd to be a woman of great worth,

And by her stately portance borne of
heavenly birth.

XXII.

Her face so faire as flesh it seemed not,
But hevenly pourtraict of bright Angels
hew,

Cleare as the skye, withouten blame or
blot,

Through goodly mixture of complexions
dew;

And in her cheekes the vermeill red did
shew

Like roses in a bed of lilies shed,
The which ambrosiall odours from them
threw,

And gazers sence with double pleasure
fed,

Hable to heale the sicke, and to revive
the ded.

XXIII.

In her faire eyes two living lamps did
flame,

Kindled above at th' hevenly makers light,
And darted fyrie beames out of the same,

So passing persant, and so wondrous
bright,

That quite bereav'd the rash beholders
sight:

In them the blinded god his lustfull fyre
To kindle oft assayd, but had no might;
For, with dredd Majestie and awfull yre,
She broke his wanton darts, and quenched
 bacé desyre.

XXIV.

Her yvorie forehead, full of bountie
 brave,
Like a broad table did it selfe dispred,
For Love his loftie triumphes to engrave,
And write the battailes of his great god-
 hed:
All good and honour might therein be red,
For there their dwelling was. And, when
 she spake,
Sweete wordes like dropping honny she
 did shed;
And twixt the perles and rubins softly
 brake
A silver sound, that heavenly musicke
 seemd to make.

XXV.

Upon her eyelids many Graces sate,
Under the shadow of her even browes,
Working belgardes and amorous retrate;
And everie one her with a grace endowes,
And everie one with meekenesse to her
 bowes.
So glorious mirrhour of celestiall grace,
And soveraine monument of mortall vowes,
How shall frayle pen describe her heav-
 enly face,
For feare, through want of skill, her
 beauty to disgrace?

XXVI.

So faire, and thousand thousand times
 more faire,
She seemd, when she presented was to
 sight;
And was yclad, for heat of scorching aire,
All in a silken Camus lilly whight,
Purpled upon with many a folded plight,
Which all above besprinckled was
 throughout
With golden aygulets, that glistred bright
Like twinckling starres; and all the skirt
 about
Was hemd with golden fringe.

XXVII.

Below her ham her weed did somewhat
 trayne,
And her streight legs most bravely were
 embayld
In gilden buskins of costly Cordwayne,
All bard with golden bendes, which were
 entayld

With curious antickes, and full fayre
 aumayld:
Before, they fastned were under her
 knee
In a rich jewell, and therein entrayld
The ends of all the knots, that none might
 see
How they within their fouldings close
 enwrapped bee:

XXVIII.

Like two faire marble pillours they were
 seene,
Which doe the temple of the Gods sup-
 port,
Whom all the people decke with girlands
 greene,
And honour in their festivall resort;
Those same with stately grace and princely
 port
She taught to tread, when she herselfe
 would grace;
But with the woody Nymphes when she
 did play,
Or when the flying Libbard she did chace,
She could them nimbly move, and after
 fly apace.

XXIX.

And in her hand a sharpe bore-speare she
 held,
And at her backe a bow and quiver gay,
Stuft with steele-headed dartes, where-
 with she queld
The salvage beastes in her victorious
 play,
Knit with a golden bauldricke, which fore-
 lay
Athwart her snowy brest, and did divide
Her daintie paps; which, like young fruit
 in May,
Now little gan to swell, and being tide
Through her thin weed their places only
 signifide.

XXX.

Her yellow lockes, crisped like golden
 wyre,
About her shoulders weren loosely shed,
And, when the winde emongst them did
 inspyre,
They waved like a penon wyde dispred,
And low behinde her backe were scattered:
And, whether art it were or heedlesse
 hap,
As through the flouring forrest rash she
 fled,
In her rude heares sweet flowres them-
 selves did lap,
And flourishing fresh leaves and blos-
 somes did enwrap.

XXXI.

Such as Diana by the sandy shore
Of swift Eurotas, or on Cynthus greene,
Where all the Nymphes have her unwares
forlore,
Wand'reth alone with bow 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
joy,
To succour the weake state of sad afflicted
Troy.

XXXII.

Such when as hartlesse Trompart her
did vew,
He was dismayed in his coward minde,
And doubted whether he himselfe should
shew,
Or fly away, or bide alone behinde;
Both feare and hope he in her face did
finde:
When she at last him spying thus be-
spake:
'Hayle, Groom! didst not thou see a
bleeding Hynde,
Whose right haunch earst my stedfast
arrow strake?
If thou didst, tell me, that I may her
overtake.'

XXXIII.

Wherewith reviv'd, this answere forth
he threw:
'O Goddess, (for such I thee take to bee)
For nether doth thy face terrestriall
shew,
Nor voyce sound 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 forgive it mee,
To weete which of the gods I shall thee
name,
That unto thee dew worship I may rightly
frame.'

XXXIV.

To whom she thus — but ere her words
ensewd,
Unto the bush her eye did suddein glance,
In which vaine Braggadocchio was mewd,
And saw it stirre: she lefte her percing
launce,
And towards gan a deadly shafte
advance,
In mind to marke the beast. At which
sad stowre
Trompart forth stept to stay the mortall
chance,

Out crying; 'O! what ever heavenly
powre,
Or earthly wight thou be, withhold this
deadly howre.

XXXV.

'O! stay thy hand; for yonder is no
game
For thy fiers arrowes, them to exercize,
But loe! my Lord, my liege, whose war-
like name
Is far renownd through many bold
emprize;
And now in shade he shrowded yonder
lies.'
She staid: with that he crauld out of his
nest,
Forth creeping on his caitive hands and
thies;
And, standing stoutly up, his lofty crest
Did fiercely shake, and rowze as comming
late from rest.

XXXVI.

As fearfull fowle, that long in secret
cave
For dread of soring hauke her selfe hath
hid,
Nor caring how, her silly life to save,
She her gay painted plumes disorderid;
Seeing at last her selfe from daunger rid,
Peepes forth, and soone renews her native
pride:
She gins her feathers fowle disfigured
Prowdly to prune, and sett on every side;
She shakes off shame, ne thinks how erst
she did her hide.

XXXVII.

So when her goodly visage he beheld,
He gan himselfe to vaunt: but, when he
vewd
Those deadly tooles which in her hand she
held,
Soone into other fitts he was transmewd,
Till she to him her gracious speach
renewd:
'All haile, Sir knight! and well may thee
befall,
As all the like, which honor have pursewd
Through deeds of armes and prowesse
martiall.
All vertue merits praise, but such the
most of all.'

XXXVIII.

To whom he thus: 'O fairest under
skie!
Trew be thy words, and worthy of thy
praise,

That warlike feats doest highest glorifie.
 Therein I have spent all my youthly
 daies,
 And many battailes fought and many
 fraies
 Throughout the world, wher-so they might
 be found,
 Endeavoring my dreaded name to raise
 Above the Moone, that fame may it
 resound
 In her eternall tromp, with laurell girlond
 cround.

XXXIX.

'But what art thou, O Lady! which
 doest raunge
 In this wilde forest, where no pleasure is,
 And doest not it for joyous court
 exchange,
 Emongst thine equall peres, where happy
 blis
 And all delight does raigne, much more
 then this?
 There thou maist love, and dearly loved
 be,
 And swim in pleasure, which thou here
 doest mis:
 There maist thou best be seene, and best
 maist see:
 The wood is fit for beasts, the court is
 fitt for thee.'

XL.

'Who-so in pompe of prowd estate'
 (quoth she)
 'Does swim, and bathes him selfe in
 courtly blis,
 Does waste his dayes in darke obscuritee,
 And in oblivion ever buried is;
 Where ease abownds yt's eath to doe amis:
 But who his limbs with labours, and his
 mynd
 Behaves with cares, cannot so easy mis.
 Abroad in armes, at home in studious
 kynd,
 Who seekes with painfull toile shall honor
 soonest fynd:

XLI.

'In woods, in waves, in warres, she
 wents to dwell,
 And wil be found with perill and with
 paine;
 Ne can the man that moulds in ydle cell
 Unto her happy mansion attaine:
 Before her gate high God did Sweate
 ordaine,
 And wakefull watches ever to abide;
 But easy is the way and passage plaine
 To pleasures pallace: it may soone be
 spide,

And day and night her dores to all stand
 open wide.

XLII.

'In Princes court'—the rest she would
 have sayd,
 But that the foolish man, fild with
 delight
 Of her sweete words that all his sence
 dismayd,
 And with her wondrous beauty ravisht
 quight,
 Gan burne in filthy lust; and, leaping
 light,
 Thought in his bastard armes her to
 embrace.
 With that she, swarving backe, her
 Javelin bright
 Against him bent, and fiercely did menace:
 So turned her about, and fled away apace.

XLIII.

Which when the Pesaunt saw, amazd
 he stood,
 And grieved at her flight; yet durst he
 nott
 Pursew her steps through wild unknowen
 wood:
 Besides he feard her wrath, and threatned
 shott,
 Whiles in the bush he lay, not yett
 forgott:
 Ne car'd he greatly for her presence
 vayne,
 But turning said to Trompart; 'What
 fowle blott
 Is this to knight, that Lady should
 agayne
 Depart to woods untoucht, and leave so
 proud disdayne.'

XLIV.

'Perdy,' (said Trompart) 'lett her pas
 at will,
 Least by her presence daunger mote
 befall;
 For who can tell (and sure I feare it ill)
 But that shee is some powre celestiall?
 For whiles she spake her great words did
 appall
 My feeble corage, and my heart oppresse,
 That yet I quake and tremble over-all.'
 'And I,' (said Braggadocchio) 'thought
 no lesse,
 When first I heard her horn sound with
 such ghastrinesse.

XLV.

'For from my mothers wombe this
 grace I have
 Me given by eternall destiny,

That earthly thing may not my corage
brave
Dismay with feare, or cause one foot to flye,
But either hellish feends, or powres on hye:
Which was the cause, when earst that
horne I heard,
Weening it had benee thunder in the skye,
I hid my selfe from it, as one affeard;
But, when I other knew, my self I boldly
read.

XLVI.

'But now, for feare of worse that may
betide,

Let us soone hence depart.' They soone
agree:
So to his steed he gott, and gan to ride
As one unfit therefore, that all might
see
He had not trayned bene in chevalree.
Which well that valiaunt courser did
discerne;
For he despisd to tread in dew degree,
But chaufd and fom'd with corage fiers
and sterne,
And to be easd of that base burden still
did erne.

CANTO IV.

Guyon does Furor bind in chaines,
And stops occasion:
Delivers Phaon, and therefore
By strife is rayld uppon.

I.

IN brave poursuitt of honorable deed,
There is I know not (what) great
difference

Betweene the vulgar and the noble seed,
Which unto things of valorous pretence
Seemes to be borne by native influence;
As feates of armes, and love to entertaine:
But chiefly skill to ride seemes a science
Proper to gentle blood: some others faine
To menage steeds, as did this vaunter,
but in vaine.

II.

But he, the rightfull owner of that steede,
Who well could menage and subdew his
pride,
The whiles on foot was forced for to yeed
With that blacke Palmer, his most trusty
guide,
Who suffred not his wandring feete to slide;
But when strong passion, or weake flesh-
linesse,
Would from the right way seeke to draw
him wide,
He would, through temperaunce and sted-
fastnesse,
Teach him the weak to strengthen, and
the strong suppress.

III.

It fortun'd, forth faring on his way,
He saw from far, or seemed for to see,
Some troublous uprore or contentious fray,
Whereto he drew in hast it to agree.
A mad man, or that feigned mad to bee,
Drew by the heare along upon the grownd
A handsom stripling with great crueltee,

Whom sore he bett, and gor'd with many
a wovnd,
That cheekes with teares, and sydes with
blood, did all abownd.

IV.

And him behynd a wicked Hag did
stalke,
In ragged robes and filthy disaray;
Her other leg was lame, that she no'te
walke,
But on a staffe her feeble steps did stay:
Her lockes, that loathly were and hoarie
gray,
Grew all afore, and loosely hong unrold;
But all behinde was bald, and worne away,
That none thereof could ever taken
hold;
And eke her face ill-favourd, full of
wrinkles old.

V.

And ever as she went her tounge did
walke
In fowle reproch, and termes of vile
despight,
Provoking him, by her outrageous talke,
To heape more vengeance on that wretched
wight:
Sometimes she raught him stones, wher-
with to smite,
Sometimes her staffe, though it her one
leg were,
Withouten which she could not goe up-
right;
Ne any evill meanes she did forbear,
That might him move to wrath, and indig-
nation reare.

VI.

The noble Guyon, mov'd with great remorse,
 Approching, first the Hag did thrust away;
 And after, adding more impetuous forse,
 His mighty hands did on the madman lay,
 And pluckt him backe; who, all on fire
 streight way,
 Against him turning all his fell intent,
 With beastly brutish rage gan him assay,
 And smott, and bitt, and kickt, and
 scratcht, and rent,
 And did he wist not what in his avengement.

VII.

And sure he was a man of mickle might,
 Had he had governaunce it well to guyde;
 But, when the frantick fitt inflamd his
 spright,
 His force was vaine, and strooke more
 often wyde,
 Then at the aymed marke which he had
 eyde:
 And oft himselfe he chaunst to hurt
 unwares,
 Whylest reason, blent through passion,
 nought descryde;
 But, as a blindfold Bull, at randon fares,
 And where he hits nought kuowes, and
 whom he hurts nought cares.

VIII.

His rude assault and rugged handeling
 Straunge seemed to the knight, that aye
 with foe
 In fayre 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 sternly grypt, and hailing to and fro,
 To overthrow him strongly did assay,
 But overthrew him selfe unwares, and
 lower lay:

IX.

And being downe the villein sore did
 beate
 And bruze with clownish fistes his manly
 face;
 And eke the Hag, with many a bitter
 threat,
 Still cald upon to kill him in the place.
 With whose reproch, and odious menace,
 The knight boyling in his haughtie
 hart
 Knitt all his forces, and gan soone unbrace
 His grasping hold: so lightly did upstart,
 And drew his deadly weapon to maintaine
 his part.

X.

Which when the Palmer saw, he loudly
 cryde,
 'Not so, O Guyon! never thinke that so
 That Monster can be maistred or de-
 stroyd:
 He is not, ah! he is not such a foe,
 As steele can wound, or strength can over-
 throoe.
 That same is Furor, cursed cruel wight,
 That unto knighthood workes much shame
 and woe:
 And that same Hag, his aged mother, hight
 Occasion; the roote of all wrath and
 despight.

XI.

'With her, whoso will raging Furor
 tame,
 Must first begin, and well her amenage:
 First her restraine from her reprochfull
 blame
 And evill meanes, with which she doth
 enrage
 Her frantick sonne, and kindles his corage;
 Then, when she is withdrawne or strong
 withstood,
 It's eath his ydle fury to aswage,
 And calme the tempest of his passion wood:
 The bankes are overflowne when stopped
 is the flood.'

XII.

Therewith Sir Guyon left his first em-
 prise,
 And, turning to that woman, fast her hent
 By the hoare lockes that hong before her
 eyes,
 And to the ground her threw: yet n'ould
 she stent
 Her bitter rayling and foule revilement,
 But still provokt her sonne to wreake her
 wrong;
 But nathelesse he did her still torment,
 And, catching hold of her ungratious tonge
 Thereon an yron lock did fasten firme and
 strong.

XIII.

Then, whenas use of speach was from
 her left,
 With her two crooked handes she signes
 did make,
 And beckned him, the last helpe she had
 left;
 But he that last left helpe away did take,
 And both her handes fast bound unto a
 stake,
 That she note stirre. Then gan her sonne
 to flye
 Full fast away, and did her quite forsake;
 But Guyon after him in hast did hye,

And soone him overtooke in sad perplexitye.

XIV.

In his strong armes he stifly him embraste,
Who him gainstriving nought at all prevailld;

For all his power was utterly defaste,
And furious fitts at earst quite weren quaild:

Oft he re'nforst, and oft his forces fayld,
Yet yield he would not, nor his rancor slack.

Then him to ground he cast, and rudely hayld,

And both his hands fast bound behind his backe,

And both his feet in fetters to an yron racke.

XV.

With hundred yron chaines he did him bind,

And hundred knots, that did him sore constraîne;

Yet his great yron teeth he still did grind
And grimly gnash, threatning revenge in vaine:

His burning eyen, whom bloody strakes did staine,

Stared full wide, and threw forth sparkes of fyre;

And more for ranck despite then for great paine,

Shakt his long locks colourd like copperwyre,

And bitt his tawny beard to shew his raging yre.

XVI.

Thus when as Guyon Furor had captivd,
Turning about he saw that wretched Squyre,

Whom that mad man of life nigh late deprivd,

Lying on ground, all soild with blood and myre:

Whom whenas he perceived to respyre,
He gan to comfort, and his woundes to dresse.

Being at last recured, he gan inquire
What hard mishap him brought to such distresse,

And made that caytives thrall, the thrall of wretchednesse.

XVII.

With hart then throbbing, and with watry eyes,

'Fayre Sir' (quoth he) 'what man can shun the hap,

That hidden lyes unwares him to surpryse?
Misfortune waites advantage to entrap

The man most wary in her whelming lap:
So me weake wretch, of many weakest one,

Unweeting and unaware of such mishap,
She brought to mischiefe through Occasion

Where this same wicked villein did me light upon.

XVIII.

'It was a faithlesse Squire, that was the sourse

Of all my sorrow and of these sad teares,
With whom from tender dug of commune nourse

Attouce I was upbrought; and eft, when yeares

More rype us reason lent to chose our Peares,

Our selves in league of vowed love wee knitt;

In which we long time, without gealous feares

Or faultie thoughts, contynewd as was fitt;

And for my part, I vow, dissembled not a whit.

XIX.

'It was my fortune, commune to that age,

To love a Lady fayre of great degree,
The which was borne of noble parentage,

And set in highest seat of dignitee,
Yet seemd no lesse to love then lov'd to bee:

Long I her serv'd, and found her faithfull still,

Ne ever thing could cause us disagree.
Love, that two harts makes one, makes eke one will;

Each strove to please, and others pleasure to fulfill.

XX.

'My friend, hight Philemon, I did partake

Of all my love and all my privitie; who greatly joyous seemed for my sake,

And gratious to that Lady as to mee;
Ne ever wight that mote so welcome bee

As he to her, withouten blott or blame;
Ne ever thing that she could think or see,

But unto him she would impart the same.
O wretched man, that would abuse so gentle Dame!

XXI.

'At last such grace I found, and meanes I wrought,

That I that Lady to my spouse had wonne;

Accord of friendes, consent of Parents
sought,
Affyaunce made, my happinesse begonne,
There wanted nought but few rites to be
donne,
Which mariage make: that day too farre
did seeme.
Most joyous man, on whom the shining
Sunne
Did shew his face, my selfe I did esteeme,
And that my falsere friend did no less joy-
ous deeme.

XXII.

‘But ear that wished day his beame
disclosed,
He, either envying my toward good,
Or of him selfe to treason ill disposd,
One day unto me came in friendly mood,
And told for secret, how he understood
That Lady, whom I had to me assynd,
Had both distaind her honorable blood,
And eke the faith which she to me did
bynd;
And therefore wisht me stay till I more
truth should fynd.

XXIII.

‘The gnawing anguish, and sharpgelosy,
Which his sad speach infixd in my brest,
Ranckled so sore, and festred inwardly,
That my engreeved mind could find no
rest,
Till that the truth thereof I did out wrest;
And him besought, by that same sacred
band
Betwixt us both, to counsell me the best:
He then with solemne oath and plighted
hand
Assurd, ere long the truth to let me under-
stand.

XXIV.

‘Ere long with like againe he boarded
mee,
Saying, he now had boulded all the floure,
And that it was a groome of base degree,
Which of my love was partener Para-
moure:
Who used in a darkesome inner bowre
Her oft to meete: which better to approve,
He promised to bring me at that howre,
When I should see that would me nearer
move,
And drive me to withdraw my blind
abused love.

XXV.

‘This gracelesse man, for furtherance
of his guile,
Did court the handmayd 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 she hight,)
What great despight doth fortune to thee
beare,
Thus lowly to abase thy beautie bright,
That it should not deface all others lesser
light?

XXVI.

‘But if she had her least helpe to thee
lent,
T’ adorne thy forme according thy desart,
Their blazing pride thou wouldest soone
have blent,
And staynd their prayes with thy least
good part;
Ne should faire Claribell with all her art,
Tho’ she thy Lady be, approach thee neare:
For prooffe thereof, this evening, as thou
art,
Aray thyselfe in her most gorgeouse geare,
That I may more delight in thy embrace-
ment deare.

XXVII.

‘The Mayden, proud through praise and
mad through love,
Him hearkned to, and soone her selfe
arayd,
The whiles to me the treachour did re-
move
His craftie engin; and, as he had sayd,
Me leading, in a secret corner layd,
The sad spectatour of my Tragedie:
Where left, he went, and his owne false
part playd,
Disguised like that groome of base degree,
Whom he had feignd th’ abuser of my
love to bee.

XXVIII.

‘Eftsoones he came unto th’ appointed
place,
And with him brought Pryene, rich
arayd,
In Claribellae’s clothes. Her proper
face
I not discerned in that darkesome shade,
But weend it was my love with whom he
playd.
Ah God! what horreur and tormenting
griefe
My hart, my handes, mine eies, and all
assayd!
Me liefer were ten thousand deathes
priefe
Then wounde of gealous worme, and
shame of such priefefe.

XXIX.

'I home retourning, fraught with fowle
despight,
And chawing vengeance all the way I
went,
Soone as my loathed love appeard in
sight,
With wrathfull hand I slew her innocent,
That after soone I dearely did lament;
For, when the cause of that outrageous
deede
Demaunded, I made plaine and evident,
Her faultie Handmayd, which that bale
did breede,
Confest how Philemon her wrought to
chaunge her weede.

XXX.

'Which when I heard, with horrible
affright
And hellish fury all enragd, I sought
Upon myselfe 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 gave him drinke anon,
And washt away his guilt with guilty
potion.

XXXI.

'Thus heaping crime on crime, and
griefe on griefe,
To losse of love adjoyning losse of
frend,
I meant to purge both with a third mis-
chiefe,
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 murderous blade did
bend,
She fled away with ghastly dreriment,
And I, poursewing my fell purpose, after
went.

XXXII.

'Feare gave her wings, and rage en-
forst 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 poursewd apace,
And shortly overtooke: I, breathing yre,
Sore chauffed at my stay in such a cace,
And with my heat kindled his cruell fyre;

Which kindled once, his mother did more
rage inspyre.

XXXIII.

'Betwixt them both they have me doen
to dye,
Through wounds, and strokes, and stub-
borne handeling,
That death were better then such agony
As griefe and fury unto me did bring;
Of which in me yet stickes the mortall
sting,
That during life will never be appeald!
When he thus ended had his sorrowing,
Said Guyon; 'Squyre, sore have ye beene
diseasd,
But all your hurts may soone through
temperance be easd.'

XXXIV.

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 suff'rance growe to
fearefull end:
Whiles they are weake, betimes with
them contend;
For, when they once to perfect strength
do grow,
Strong warres they make, and cruell
battry bend
Gainst fort of Reason, it to overthrow:
Wrath, gelosy, griefe, love, this Squyre
have laide thus low.

XXXV.

'Wrath, gealosie, griefe, love, do thus
expell:
Wrath is a fire; and gealosie a weede;
Griefe is a flood; and love a monster fell;
The fire of sparkes, the weede of little
seede,
The flood of drops, the Monster filth did
breede:
But sparks, seed, drops, and filth, do thus
delay;
The sparks soone quench, the springing
seed outweed,
The drops dry up, and filth wipe cleane
away:
So shall wrath, gealosity, griefe, love, die
and decay.'

XXXVI.

'Unlucky Squyre,' (saide Guyon) 'sith
thou hast
Falne into mischiefe through intemper-
ance,

Henceforth take heede of that thou now
 hast past,
 And gujde thy waies with warie gov-
 ernance,
 Least worse betide thee by some later
 chaunce.
 But read how art thou nam'd, and of
 what kin?'
 'Phaon I hight,' (quoth he) 'and do ad-
 vance
 Mine auncestry from famous Coradin,
 Who first to rayse our house to honour
 did begin.

XXXVII.

Thus as he spake, lo! far away they
 spyde
 A varlet ronning towards hastily,
 Whose flying feet so fast their way ap-
 plyde,
 That round about a cloud of dust did fly,
 Which, mingled all with sweate, did dim
 his eye.
 He soone approached, panting, breathlesse,
 whot,
 And all so soyld that none could him
 descry:
 His countenance was bold, and bashed
 not
 For Guyons lookes, but scornefull eye-
 glaunce at him shot.

XXXVIII.

Behind his backe he bore a brasen
 shield,
 On which was drawn faire, in colours
 fit,
 A flaming fire in midst of bloody 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 dartes, exceeding
 flit
 And deadly sharp, he held, whose heads
 were dight
 In poyson and in blood of malice and
 despight.

XXXIX.

When he 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 jeo-
 pardee.'
 The knight at his great boldnesse won-
 dered;

And, though he scornd his ydle vanitee,
 Yet mildly him to purpose answered;
 For not to grow of nought he it coniec-
 tured.

XL.

'Varlet, this place most dew to me I
 deeme,
 Yielded by him that held it forcibly:
 But whence should come that harme,
 which thou dost seeme
 To threat to him that mindes his chaunce
 t' abye?'
 'Perdy,' (sayd he) 'here comes, and is
 hard by,
 A knight of wondrous powre and great
 assay,
 That never yet encountred enemy
 But did him deadly daunt, or fowle dis-
 may;
 Ne thou for better hope, if thou his pres-
 ence stay.'

XLI.

'How hight he then,' (sayd Guyon)
 'and from whence?'
 'Pyrochles is his name, renowned farre
 For his bold feates and hardy confidence,
 Full oft approvd in many a cruell warre;
 The brother of Cymoehles, both which arre
 The sonnes of old Acrates and Despight;
 Acrates, some of Phlegeton and Jarre;
 But Phlegeton is sonne of Herebus and
 Night;
 But Herebus sonne of Aeternitie is hight.

XLII.

'So from immortall race he does pro-
 ceede,
 That mortall hands may not withstand
 his might,
 Drad for his derring doe and bloody deed;
 For all in blood and spoile is his delight.
 His am I Atin, his in wrong and right,
 That matter make for him to worke upon,
 And stirre him up to strife and cruell
 fight.
 Fly therefore, fly this fearefull stead
 anon,
 Least thy foolhardize worke thy sad con-
 fusion.'

XLIII.

'His be that care, whom most it doth
 concerne,'
 (Sayd he) 'but whither with such hasty
 flight
 Art thou now bownd? for well mote I
 discerne
 Great cause, that carries thee so swifte
 and light.'
 'My Lord,' (quoth he) 'me sent, and
 streight behight

To seeke Occasion, where so she bee:
For he is all disposd to bloody fight,
And breathes out wrath and hainous
crueltee:
Hard is his hap that first fals in his jeop-
ardee.'

XLIV.

'Mad man,' (said then the Palmer)
'that does seeke
Occasion to wrath, and cause of strife:
Shee comes unsought, and shonned fol-
lowes eke.
Happy! who can abstaine, when Rancor
rife
Kindles Revenge, and threats his rusty
knife.
Woe never wants where every cause is
caught;
And rash Occasion makes unquiet life!'
'Then loe! wher bound she sits, whom
thou hast sought,'
Said Guyon: 'let that message to thy Lord
be brought.'

XLV.

That when the varlett heard and saw,
streight way
He wexed wondrous wrath, and said;
'Vile knight,

That knights and knighthood doest with
shame upbray,
And shewst th'ensample of thy childishe
might,
With silly weake old woman that did
fight!
Great glory and gay spoile, sure hast thou
gott,
And stoutly prov'd thy puissance here
in sight.
That shall Pyrochles well requite, I wott,
And with thy blood abolish so reproch-
full blott.'

XLVI.

With that one of his thrillant darts he
threw,
Headed with yre and vengeable despight.
The quivering steele his aymed end wel
knew,
And to his brest it selfe intended right:
But he was wary, and, ere it empight
In the meant marke, advaunst his shield
atweene,
On which it seizing no way enter might,
But backe rebownding left the forekhead
keene:
Eftsoones he fled away, and might no
where be seene.

CANTO V.

Pyrochles does with Guyon fight,
And Furors chayne untyes,
Who him sore wounds: whiles Atin to
Cymochles for ayd flies.

I.

Who ever doth to temperaunce apply
His stedfast life, and all his actions
frame,
Trust me, shal find no greater enemy
Then stubborne perturbation to the
same;
To which right wel the wise doe give that
name,
For it the goodly peace of staid mindes
Does overthrow, and troublous warre
proclame:
His owne woes author, who so bound it
findes,
As did Pyrochles, and it wilfully unbindes.

II.

After that varlets flight, it was not
long
Ere on the plaine fast pricking Guyon
spide
One in bright armes embatteiled full
strong,

That, as the Sunny beames do glaunce
and glide
Upon the trembling wave, so shined
bright,
And round about him threw forth spark-
ling fire,
That seemd him to enflame on every side:
His steed was bloody red, and fomed
yre,
When with the maistring spur he did him
roughly stire.

III.

Approching nigh, he never staid to
greete,
Ne chaffar words, prowde corage to pro-
voke,
But prickt so fiers, that underneath his
feete
The smouldring dust did rownd about him
smoke,
Both horse and man nigh able for to
choke;

And fayrly couching his steeleheaded
speare,
Him first saluted with a sturdy stroke:
It booted nought Sir Guyon, comming
neare,
To thincke such hideous puissaunce on
foot to beare;

IV.

But lightly shunned it; and, passing by,
With his bright blade did smite at him so
fell,
That the sharpe steele, arriving forcibly
On his broad shield, bitt not, but glaunc-
ing fell
On his horse necke before the quilted sell,
And from the head the body sundred
quight.
So him dismounted low he did compell
On foot with him to matchen equall fight:
The truncked beast fast bleeding did him
fowly dight.

V.

Sore bruized with the fall he slow up-
rose,
And all enraged thus him loudly shent;
'Disleall Knight, whose coward corage
chose
To wreake it selfe on beast all innocent,
And shund the marke at which it should
be ment;
Therby thine armes seem strong, but
manhood frayl:
So hast thou oft with guile thine honor
blent;
But litle may such guile thee now avayl,
If wonted force and fortune doe me not
much fayl.'

VI.

With that he drew his flaming sword,
and strooke
At him so fiercely, that the upper marge
Of his sevenfolded 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 sowle from thence it would
discharge;
Nathelless so sore a buff to him it lent,
That made him reele, and to his brest his
bever bent.

VII.

Exceeding wroth was Guyon at that
blow,
And much ashamd that stroke of living
arme
Should him dismay, and make him stoup
so low,

Though otherwise it did him litle harme:
Tho, hurling high his yron braced arme,
He smote so manly on his shoulder
plate,
That all his left side it did quite disarme;
Yet there the steel stayd not, but inly
bate
Deepe in his flesh, and opened wide a red
floodgate.

VIII.

Deadly dismayd with horror of that
dint
Pyrochles was, and grieved eke entyre;
Yet nathemore did it his fury stint,
But added flame unto his former fire,
That wel nigh molt his hart in raging yre:
Ne thenceforth his approved skill, to
ward,
Or strike, or hurtle rownd in warlike gyre,
Remembered he, ne car'd for his saufgard,
But rudely rag'd, and like a cruell tygre
far'd.

IX.

He hewd, and lasht, and foynd, and
thondred blowes,
And every way did seeke into his life;
Ne plate, ne male, could ward so mighty
throwes,
But yellded passage to his cruell knife.
But Guyon, in the heat of all his strife,
Was wary wise, and closely did awayt
Avauntage, whilest his foe did rage most
rife:
Sometimes athwart, sometimes he strook
him strayt,
And falsed oft his blowes t' illude him
with such bayt.

X.

Like as a Lyon, whose imperiall powre
A proud rebellious Unicorn defyes,
T' avoide the rash assault and wrathful
stowre
Of his fiers foe, him to a tree applyes,
And when him ronning in full course he
spyes,
He slips aside; the whiles that furious
beast
His precious horne, sought of his en-
myes,
Strikes in the stocke, ne thence can be
releast,
But to the mighty victor yields a bounte-
ous feast.

XI.

With such faire sleight him Guyon
often fayld,
Till at the last all breathlesse, weary,
faint,

Him spying, with fresh onsett he as-
sayd,
And kindling new his corage seeming
quaint,
Strooke him so hugely, that through
great constraint
He made him stoup perforce unto his
knee,
And doe unwilling worship to the Saint,
That on his shield depainted he did see:
Such homage till that instant never
learned hee.

XII.

Whom Guyon seeing stoup, poursewed
fast
The present offer of faire victory,
And soone his dreadfull blade about he
cast,
Wherewith he smote his haughty crest so
hye,
That streight on grownd made him full
low to lye;
Then on his brest his victor foote he
thrust:
With that he cryde; 'Mercy! doe me not
dye,
Ne deeme thy force by fortunes doome
unjust,
That hath (mangre ner spight) thus low
me laid in dust.'

XIII.

Eftsoones his cruel hand Sir Guyon
stayd,
Tempring the passion with advizement
slow,
And maistring might on enemy dismayd:
For th' equall die of warre he well did
know:
Then to him said; 'Live, and alleagaunce
owe

To him that gives thee life and liberty;
And henceforth by this daies ensample
trow,
That hasty wroth, and heedlesse hazardry,
Doe breede repentaunce late, and lasting
infamy.'

XIV.

So up he let him rise; who, with grim
looke
And count'naunce sterne, upstanding, gan
to grind
His grated teeth for great disdeigne, and
shooke
His sandy lockes, long hanging downe
behind,
Knotted in blood and dust, for grief of
mind
That he in ods of armes was conquered:
Yet in himselfe some comfort he did find,

That him so noble knight had maystered;
Whose bounty more then might, yet both,
he wondered.

XV.

Which Guyon marking said; 'Be
nought agriev'd,
Sir knight, that thus ye now subdewed
arre:
Was never man, who most conquestes
atchiev'd,
But sometimes had the worse, and lost by
warre,
Yet shortly gaynd that losse exceeded
farre.
Losse is no shame, nor to bee lesse then
foe;
But to bee lesser then himselfe doth
marre
Both loosers lott, and victours prayse
alsoe:
Vaine others overthrowes who selfe doth
overthrow.

XVI.

'Fly, O Pyrochles! fly the dreadfull
warre
That in thy selfe thy lesser partes do
move;
Outrageous anger, and woe-working jarre,
Direfull impatience, and hart-murdring
love:
Those, those thy foes, those warriours far
remove,
Which thee to endlesse bale captived lead.
But sith in might thou didst my mercy
prove,
Of courtesie to mee the cause aread
That thee against me drew with so im-
petuous dread.

XVII.

'Dreadlesse,' (said he) 'that shall I
soone declare.
It was complaind that thou hadst done
great tort
Unto an aged woman, poore and bare,
And thralld her in chaines with strong
effort,
Voide of all succour and needfull comfort;
That ill besemes 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 captive sonne yield his first
libertee.'

XVIII.

Thereat Sir Guyon smylde; 'And is
that all,'

(Said he) 'that thee so sore displeas'd
hath?

Great mercy, sure, for to enlarge a thrall,
Whose freedom shall thee turne to great-
est scath!

Nath'lesse now quenche thy whott emboyl-
ing wrath:

Loe! there they bee; 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
captivitee.

XIX.

Soone as Occasion felt her selfe untyde,
Before her sonne could well assoyled
bee,

She to her use returnd, and streight
defyde

Both Guyon and Pyrochles; th' one (said
shee)

Because he wonne; the other, because
hee

Was wonne. So matter did she make of
nought,

To stirre up strife, and garre them dis-
agree:

But, soone as Furor was enlargd, she
sought

To kinde his quencht fyre, and thousand
causes wrought.

XX.

It was not long ere she inflam'd him so,
That he would algates with Pyrochles
fight,

And his redeemer chalengd for his foe,
Because he had not well mainteind his
right,

But yielded had to that same straunger
knight.

Now gan Pyrochles wex as wood as hee,
And him affronted with impatient might:

So both together fiers engrasped bee,
Whyles Guyon standing by their un-
couth strife does see.

XXI.

Him all that while Occasion did provoke
Against Pyrochles, and new matter
fram'd

Upon the old, him stirring to bee wroke
Of his late wronges, in which she oft him
blam'd

For suffering such abuse as knighthood
sham'd,

And him dishabled quyte. But he was
wise,

Ne would with vaine occasions be in-
flam'd;

Yet others she more urgent did devise;
Yet nothing could him to impatience
entise.

XXII.

Their fell contention still increased
more,

And more thereby increased Furors
might,

That he his foe has hurt and wounded
sore,

And him in blood and durt deformed
quight.

His mother eke, more to augment his
spight,

Now brought to him a flaming fyre
broad,

Which she in Stygian lake, ay burning
bright,

Had kindled: that she gave into his
hond,

That armd with fire more hardly he mote
him withstound.

XXIII.

The gan that villein wex so fiers and
strong,

That nothing might sustaine his furious
forse:

He cast him downe to ground, and all
along

Drew him through durt and myre without
remorse,

And fowly battered his comely corse,
That Guyon much disdeigned so loathly
sight.

At last he was compeld to cry perforce,
'Help, O Sir Guyon! helpe, most noble
knight,

To ridd a wretched man from handes of
hellish wight!'

XXIV.

The knight was greatly moved at his
playnt,

And gan him dight to succour his dis-
tresse,

Till that the Palmer, by his grave re-
straynt,

Him stayd from yielding pitifull redresse,
And said; 'Deare sonne, thy causelesse
ruth represses,

Ne let thy stout hart melt in pittie vayne:
He that his sorrow sought through wilful-
nesse,

And his foe fettred would release agayne,
Deserves to taste his follies fruit, re-
pentent payne.'

XXV.

Guyon obeyd: So him away he drew
From needlesse trouble of renewing
fight

Already fought, his voyage to poursew.
But rash Pyrochles varlett, Atin hight,
When late he saw his Lord in heave
plight

Under Sir Guyons puissaunt stroke to
fall,

Him deeming dead, as then he seemd in
sight,

Fledd fast away to tell his funerall
Unto his brother, whom Cymochles men
did call.

XXVI.

He was a man of rare redoubted might,
Famous throughout the world for war-
like prayse,

And glorious spoiles, purchast in perilous
fight:

Full many doughtie knightes he in his
dayes

Had doen to death, subdewde in equall
frayes

Whose carkases, for terrour of his name,
Of fowles and beastes he made the piteous
prayes,

And hong their conquerd armes, for more
defame,

On gallow trees, in honour of his dearest
Dame.

XXVII.

His dearest Dame is that Enchaunter-
esse,

The vyle Acrasia, that with vaine de-
lightes,

And ydle pleasures in her Bowre of
Blisse,

Does charme her lovers, and the feeble
sprightes

Can call out of the bodies of fraile
wightes;

Whom then she does transforme to mon-
strous hewes,

And horribly misshapes with ugly sightes,
Captiv'd eternally in yron mewes

And darksom dens, where Titan his face
never shewes.

XXVIII.

There Atin fownd Cymochles so-
journing,

To serve his Lemans love: for he by
kynd

Was given all to lust and loose living,
When ever his fiers handes he free mote
fynd:

And now he has poured out his ydle mynd
In daintie delices, and lavish joyes,

Having his warlike weapons cast behynd,
And flowes in pleasures and vaine pleasing
toyes,
Mingled amongst loose Ladies and lascivi-
ous boyes.

XXIX.

And over him art, stryving to compayre
With nature, did an Arber greene dispred,
Framed of wanton Yvie, flouring fayre,
Through which the fragrant Eglantine
did spred

His prickling armes, entrayld with roses
red,

Which daintie odours round about them
threw:

And all within with flowres was garnished,
That, when myld Zephyrus emongst them
blew,

Did breath out bounteous smels, and
painted colors shew.

XXX.

And fast beside there trickled softly
downie

A gentle streame, whose murmuring wave
did play

Emongst the pumy stones, and made a
sowne,

To lull him soft asleepe that by it lay:
The wearie Traveler, wandring that way,

Therein did often quench his thrifty heat,
And then by it his wearie limbes display,

Whiles creeping slomber made him to
forget

His former payne, and wypt away his
toilsom sweat.

XXXI.

And on the other syde a pleasaunt grove
Was shott up high, full of the stately tree

That dedicated is t' Olympick Jove,
And to his sonne Alcides, whenas hee

In Nemus gayned goodly victoree:
Therein the mery birdes of every sorte

Chaunted alowd their chearefull har-
monee,

And made emongst them selves a sweete
consort,

That quickned the dull spright with
musicall comfort.

XXXII.

There he him found all carelesly
displaid,

In secrete shadow from the sunny ray,
On a sweet bed of lillies softly laid,

Amidst a flock of Damzelles fresh and
gay,

That round about him dissolute did play
Their wanton follies and light meriments:

Every of which did loosely disaray
Her upper partes of meet habiliments,
And shewd them naked, deckt with many
ornaments.

XXXIII.

And every of them strove with most
delights
Him to aggrate, and greatest pleasures
shew:
Some framd faire lookes, glancing like
evening lights;
Others sweet wordes, dropping like honny
dew;
Some bathed kisses, and did soft embrew
The sugred licour through his melting
lips:
One boastes her beautie, and does yield
to vew
Her dainty limbes above her tender hips;
Another her out boastes, and all for tryall
strips.

XXXIV.

He, like an Adder lurking in the weedes,
His wandring thought in deepe desire
does steepe,
And his frayle eye with spoyle of beauty
feedes:
Sometimes he falsely faines himselfe to
sleepe,
Whiles through their lids his wanton eies
do peepe
To steale a snatch of amorous conceipt,
Whereby close fire into his heart does
creepe:
So he them deceives, deceivd in his decept,
Made dronke with drugs of deare voluptuous
receipt.

XXXV.

Atin, arriving there, when him he spyde
Thus in still waves of deepe delight to
wade,
Fiercely approaching to him lowdly cryde,
'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 hong up his mortall
blade,

That hath so many haughty conquests
wonne?
Is all his force forlorne, and all his glory
donne?'

XXXVI.

Then, pricking him with his sharp-
pointed dart,
He saide; 'Up, up! thou womanish weake
knight,
That here in Ladies lap entombd art,
Unmindfull of thy praise and prowest
might,
And weetlesse eke of lately wrought
despight,
Whiles sad Pyrochles lies on sencelesse
ground,
And groneth out his utmost grudging
spright
Through many a stroke and many a
streaming wound,
Calling thy help in vaine that here in
joyes art dround.'

XXXVII.

Suddeinly out of his delightfull dreame
The man awoke, and would have questiond
more;
But he would not endure that wofull
theame
For to dilate at large, but urged sore,
With percing wordes and pittifull implore,
Him hasty to arise. As one affright
With hellish feends, or Furies made up-
rore,
He then uprose, inflamd with fell despight,
And called for his armes, for he would
algates fight:

XXXVIII.

They bene ybrought; he quickly does
him dight,
And lightly mounted passeth on his way;
Ne Ladies loves, ne sweete entreaties,
might
Appease his heat, or hastie passage stay;
For he has vovd to beene avengd that day
(That day it selfe him seemed all too long)
On him, that did Pyrochles deare dismay:
So proudly pricketh on his courser strong,
And Atin ay him pricks with spurs of
shame and wrong.

CANTO VI.

Guyon is of immodest Merth
Led into loose desyre ;
Fights with Cymochles, whiles his bro-
ther burns in furious fyre.

I.

A HARDER lesson to learne Continence
In joyous pleasure then in grievous paine ;
For sweetnesse doth allure the weaker
sence
So strongly, that uneathes it can refraine
From that which feeble nature covets
faine :

But grieffe and wrath, that be her enemies
And foes of life, she better can abstaine :
Yet vertue vautes in both her victories,
And Guyon in them all shewes goodly
maysteries.

II.

Whom bold Cymochles traueiling to
finde,
With cruell purpose bent to wreake on him
The wrath which Atin kindled in his
mind,
Came to a river, by whose utmost brim
Wayting to passe, he saw whereas did swim
Along the shore, as swift as glauce of
eye,

A litle Gondelay, bedecked trim
With boughes and arbours woven cun-
ningly,
That like a litle forrest seemed outwardly.

III.

And therein sate a Lady fresh and fayre,
Making sweet solace to herselfe alone:
Sometimes she song as lowd as larke in
ayre,
Sometimes she laught, as merry as Pope
Jone ;

Yet was there not with her else any one,
That to her might move cause of meriment :
Matter of merth enough, though there
were none,
She could devise ; and thousand waies
invent
To feede her foolish humour and vaine
jolliment.

IV.

Which when far off Cymochles heard
and saw,
He lowdly cald to such as were aboard
The litle barke unto the shore to draw,
And him to ferry over that deepe ford.
The merry mariner unto his word

Soone hearkned, and her painted bote
streightway
Turnd to the shore, where that same
warlike Lord
She in receiv'd ; but Atin by no way
She would admit, albe the knight her much
did pray.

V.

Eftsoones her shallow ship away did
slide,
More swift then swallow sheres the liquid
skye,
Withouten oare or Pilot it to guide,
Or winged canvas with the wind to fly :
Onely she turnd a pin, and by and by
It cut away upon the yielding wave,
Ne cared she her course for to apply ;
For it was taught the way which she
would have,
And both from rocks and flats it selfe
could wisely save.

VI.

And all the way the wanton Damsell
found
New merth her passenger to entertaine ;
For she in pleasaunt purpose did abound,
And greatly joyed merry tales to faine,
Of which a store-house did with her
remaine :
Yet seemed, nothing well they her
became ;
For all her wordes she drownd with
laughter vaine,
And wanted grace in utt'ring of the same,
That turned all her pleasaunce to a
scoffing game.

VII.

And other whiles vaine toyes she would
deuize,
As her fantasticke wit did most delight :
Sometimes her head she fondly would
aguize
With gaudy girlonds, or fresh flowrets
dight
About her necke, or rings of rushes plight :
Sometimes, to do him laugh, she would
assay
To laugh at shaking of the leaves light

Or to behold the water worke and play
About her little frigot, therein making
way.

VIII.

Her light behavioir and loose dalliaunce
Gave wondrous great contentment to the
knight,

That of his way he had no sovenaunce,
Nor care of vow'd revenge and cruell fight,
But to weake wench did yield his martiall
might :

So easie was to quench his flamed minde
With one sweete drop of sensuall delight.
So easie is t' appease the stormy winde
Of malice in the calme of pleasaunt
woman-kind.

IX.

Diverse discourses in their way they
spent ;

Mongst which Cymochles of her questioned
Both what she was, and what that usage
ment,

Which in her cott she daily practized ?
' Vaine man,' (saide she) ' that wouldest be
reckoned

A straunger in thy home, and ignoraunt
Of Phædria, (for so my name is red)
Of Phædria, thine owne fellow servaunt ;
For thou to serve Acrasia thy selfe doest
vaunt.

X.

' In this wide Inland sea, that hight by
name

The Idle lake, my wandring ship I row,
That knowes her port, and thither sayles
by ayme,

Ne care, ne feare I how the wind do blow,
Or whether swift I wend, or whether slow :
Both slow and swift alike do serve my
tourne ;

Ne swelling Neptune ne lowd thundring
Jove

Can change my cheare, or make me ever
mourne :

My little boat can safely passe this perilous
bourne.'

XI.

Whiles thus she talked, and whiles thus
she toyd,

They were far past the passage which he
spake,

And come unto 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, issewing on the shore,
Disburnd her. Their way they forward
take

Into the land that lay them faire before,

Whose pleasaunce she him shewd, and
plentifull great store.

XII.

It was a chosen plott of fertile land,
Emongst wide waves sett, like a litle nest,
As if it had by Natures cunning hand
Bene choycely picked out from all the rest,
And laid forth for ensample of the best :
No daintie flowre or herbe that growes on
grownd,

No arborett with painted blossomes drest
And smelling sweete, but there it might be
fownd

To bud out faire, and throwe her sweete
smels al arownd.

XIII.

No tree whose braunches did not bravely
spring ;

No braunch whereon a fine bird did not
sitt ;

No bird but did her shrill notes sweetely
sing ;

No song but did containe a lovely ditt.
Trees, braunches, birds, and songs, were
framed fitt

For to allure fraile mind to carelesse ease :
Carelesse the man soone woxe, and his
weake witt

Was overcome of thing that did him please ;
So pleased did his wrathfull purpose faire
appease.

XIV.

Thus when shee had his eyes and sences
fed

With false delights, and fild with pleas-
ures vayn,

Into a shady dale she soft him led,
And layd him downe upon a grassy playn ;
And her sweete selfe without dread or dis-
dayn

She sett beside, laying his head disarmd
In her loose lap, it softly to sustayn,
Where soone he slumbred fearing not be
harmd :

The whiles with a love lay she thus him
sweetly charmd.

XV.

' Behold, O man ! that toilesome paines
doest take,

The flowrs, the fields, and all that pleas-
aunt growes,

How they them selves doe thine ensauple
make,

Whiles nothing envious nature them forth
throwes

Out of her fruitfull lap ; how no man
knowes,

They spring, they bud, they blossome fresh
 and faire,
 And decke the world with their rich pom-
 pous showes;
 Yet no man for them taketh paines or care,
 Yet no man to them can his carefull paines
 compare.

XVI.

'The lilly, Lady of the flowring field,
 The flowre-deluce, her lovely Paramoure,
 Bid thee to them thy fruitlesse labors yield,
 And soone leave off this toylsome weary
 stoure:

Loe, loe! how brave she decks her boun-
 teous bourne,
 With silkin curtains and gold coverletts,
 Therein to shrowd her sumptuous Bela-
 moure;
 Yet nether spinnes nor cards, ne cares nor
 fretts,
 But to her mother Nature all her care she
 lets.

XVII.

'Why then doest thou, O man! that of
 them all

Art Lord, and eke of nature Soveraine,
 Wilfully make thyselfe a wretched thrall,
 And waste thy joyous howres in needelesse
 paine,

Seeking for daunger and adventures vaine?
 What bootes it al to have, and nothing
 use?

Who shall him rew that swimming in the
 maine

Will die for thirst, and water doth refuse?
 Refuse such fruitlesse toile, and present
 pleasures chuse.'

XVIII.

By this she had him lulled fast asleepe,
 That of no worldly thing he care did
 take:

Then she with liquors strong his eies did
 steepe,

That nothing should him hastily awake.
 So she him lefte, and did her selfe betake
 Unto her boat again, with which she cleft
 The slouthfull wave of that great griesy
 lake:

Soone shee that Island far behind her
 lefte,

And now is come to that same place where
 first she wefte.

XIX.

By this time was the worthy Guyon
 brought

Unto the other side of that wide strond
 Where she was rowing, and for passage
 sought.

Him needed not long call; shee soone to
 hond

Her ferry brought, where him she byding
 fond

With his sad guide: him selfe she tooke
 aboard,

But the Blacke Palmer suffred still to
 stond,

Ne would for price or prayers once affoord
 To ferry that old man over the perloous
 foord.

XX.

Guyon was loath to leave his guide be-
 hind,

Yet being entred might not backe retyre;
 For the flitt barke, obeying to her mind,
 Forth launched quickly as she did desire,
 Ne gave him leave to bid that aged sire
 Adieu; but nimbly ran her wonted course
 Through the dull billowes thicke as
 troubled mire,

Whom nether wind out of their seat could
 forse

Nor timely tides did drive out of their slug-
 gish sourse.

XXI.

And by the way, as was her wonted
 guize,

Her mery fitt shee freshly gan to reare,
 And did of joy and jollity devize,
 Her selfe to cherish, and her guest to cheare.
 The knight was courteous, and did not for-
 beare

Her honest merth and pleasaunce to par-
 take:

But when he saw her toy, and gibe, and
 gear,

And passe the bonds of modest merimake,
 Her dalliaunce he despis'd, and follies did
 forsake.

XXII.

Yet she still followed her former style,
 And said and did all that mote him delight,
 Till they arrived in that pleasaunt Ile,
 Where sleeping late she lefte her other
 knight.

But whenas Guyon of that land had sight,
 He wist him selfe amisse, and angry said;
 'Ah, Dame! perdy ye have not doen me
 right,

Thus to mislead mee, whiles I you obaid:
 Me litle needed from my right way to have
 straid.'

XXIII.

'Faire Sir,' (quoth she) 'be not displead
 at all.

Who fares on sea may not commaund his
 way,

Ne wind and weather at his pleasure call:
 The sea is wide, and easy for to stray;

The wind unstable, and doth never stay.
But here a while ye may in safety rest,
Till season serve new passage to assay;
Better safe port then be in seas distrest.
Therewith she laugh, and did her earnest
end in jest.

XXIV.

But he, halfe discontent, mote nathelesse
Himselfe appease, and issewd forth on
shore;
The joyes whereof and happy fruitful-
nesse,
Such as he saw she gan him lay before,
And all, though pleasaunt, yet she made
much more:
The fields did laugh, the flowres did freshly
spring,
The trees did bud, and early blossomes
bore;
And all the quire of birds did sweetly sing,
And told that gardins pleasures in their
caroling.

XXV.

And she, more sweete then any bird on
bough,
Would oftentimes emongst them beare a
part,
And strive to passe (as she could well
enough)
Their native musicke by her skilful art:
So did she all that might his constant hart
Withdraw from thought of warlike enter-
prize,
And drowne in dissolute delights apart,
Where noise of armes, or vew of martiall
guize,
Might not revive desire of knightly exer-
cize.

XXVI.

But he was wise, and wary of her will,
And ever held his hand upon 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, fairly tempring, fond desire subdewd,
And ever her desired to depart.
She list not heare, but her disports pour-
sewd,
And ever bad him stay till time the tide
renewd.

XXVII.

And now by this Cymochles howre was
spent,
That he awoke out of his ydle dreme;
And, shaking off his drowsy dreriment,
Gan him avize, howe ill did him beseme
In slouthfull sleepe his molten hart to
steme,

And quench the brond of his conceived yre:
Tho up he started, stird with shame ex-
treme,
Ne staid for his Damsell to inquire,
But marched to the Strond there passage
to require.

XXVIII.

And in the way he with Sir Guyon mett,
Accompanyde with Phædria the faire:
Eftsoones he gan to rage, and inly frett,
Crying; 'Let be that Lady debonaire,
Thou recreaunt knight, and soone thyselfe
prepaire
To batteile, if thou meane her love to gayn.
Loe, loe! already how the fowles in aire
Doe flocke, awaiting shortly to obtayn
Thy carcas for their pray, the guerdon of
thy payn.'

XXIX.

And therewithall he fiersly at him flew,
And with importune outrage him assayld;
Who, soone preparad to field, his sword
forth drew,
And him with equall vawew countervayld:
Their mightie strokes their haberjeons
dismayld,
And naked made each others manly
spalles;
The mortall steele despiteously entayld
Deepe in their flesh, quite through the
yron walles,
That a large purple streame adowne their
giambeux falles.

XXX.

Cymochles, that had never mett before
So puissant foe, with envious despight
His prow presumed force increased more,
Disdeigning too bee held so long in fight.
Sir Guyon, grudging not so much his might
As those unknighly raylinges which he
spoke,
With wrathfull fire his corage kindled
bright,
Thereof devising shortly to be wroke,
And doubling all his powres redoubled
every stroke.

XXXI.

Both of them high attonce their handes
enhaunst,
And both attonce their huge blowes down
did sway.
Cymochles sword on Guyons shield
yglaunst,
And thereof nigh one quarter sheard
away;
But Guyons angry blade so fiers did play
On th' others helmet, which as Titan
shone,

That quite it clove his plumed crest in
tway,
And bared all his head unto the bone;
Wherewith astonisht, still he stood as
sencelesse stone.

XXXII.

Still as he stood, fayre Phædría, that
beheld
That deadly daunger, soone atweene them
ran;
And at their feet her selfe most humbly
feld,
Crying with pitteous voyce, and count'
nance wan,
' Ah, well away! most noble Lords, how
can
Your cruell eyes endure so pitteous sight,
To shed your lives on ground? Wo worth
the man,
That first did teach the cursed steele to
bight
In his owne flesh, and make way to the
living spright!

XXXIII.

' If ever love of Lady did empierce
Your yron brestes, or pittie could find
place,
Withhold your bloody handes from bat-
tall fierce;
And, sith for me ye fight, to me this grace
Both yield, to stay your deadly stryfe a
space.'
They stayd a while, and forth she gan pro-
ceede:
' Most wretched woman and of wicked race,
That am the authour of this hainous deed,
And cause of death betweene two doughtie
knights do breed!

XXXIV.

' But, if for me ye fight, or me will serve,
Not this rude kynd of battaill, nor these
armes
Are meet, the which doe men in bale to
sterve,
And doolefull sorrow heape with deadly
harmes:
Such cruell game my scarmoges disarmes.
Another warre, and other weapons, I
Doe love, where love does give his sweet
Alarmes
Without bloodshed, and where the enemy
Does yield unto his foe a pleasaunt victory.

XXXV.

' Debatefull strife, and cruell enmity,
The famous name of knighthood fowly
shend;

But lovely peace, and gentle amity,
And in Amours the passing howres to
spend,
The mightie martiall handes doe most
commend:
Of love they ever greater glory bore
Then of their armes; Mars is Cupidoes
frend,
And is for Venus loves renowned more
Then all his wars and spoiles, the which
he did of yore.'

XXXVI.

Therewith she sweetly smyld. They,
though full bent
To prove extremities of bloody fight,
Yet at her speach their rages gan relent,
And calme the sea of their tempestuous
spight.
Such powre have pleasing wordes: such is
the might
Of courteous clemency in gentle hart.
Now after all was ceast, the Faery knight
Besought that Damzell suffer him depart,
And yield him ready passage to that other
part.

XXXVII.

She no lesse glad then he desirous was
Of his departure thence; for of her joy
And vaine delight she saw he light did
pas,
A foe of folly and immodest toy,
Still solemne sad, or still disdainfull coy;
Delighting all in armes and cruell warre,
That her sweet peace and pleasures did
annoy,
Troubled with terrour and unquiet jarre,
That she well pleased was thence to amove
him farre.

XXXVIII.

Tho him she brought aboard, and her
swift bote
Forthwith directed to that further strand;
The which on the dull waves did lightly
fote,
And soone arrived on the shallow sand,
Where gladsome Guyon salied forth to
land,
And to that Damsell thankes gave for re-
ward.
Upon that shore he spyed Atin stand,
There by his maister left, when late he
far'd
In Phædrías flitt barch over that perlous
shard.

XXXIX.

Well could he him remember, sith of late
He with Pyrochles sharp debatement
made:

Streight gan he him revyle, and bitter
rate,
As Shepherdes curre, that in darke even-
inges shade
Hath tracted forth some salvage beastes
trade:
'Vile Miscreaunt,' (said he) 'whither dost
thou flye
The shame and death, which will the soone
invade?
What coward hand shall doe thee next to
dye,
That art thus fowly fledd from famous
enimy?'

XL.

With that he stifly shooke his steelhead
dart:
But sober Guyon, hearing him so rayle,
Though somewhat moved in his mightie
hart,
Yet with strong reason maistred passion
fraile,
And passed fayrely forth. He, turning
taile,
Back to the strond retyrd, and there still
stayd,
Awaiting passage which him late did faile;
The whiles Cymochles with that wanton
mayd
The hasty heat of his avowd revenge
delayd.

XLI.

Whylest there the varlet stood, he saw
from farre
An armed knight that towardes him fast
ran;
He ran on foot, as if in lucklesse warre
His forlorne steed from him the victour
wan:
He seemed breathlesse, hartlesse, faint,
and wan;
And all his armour sprinkled was with
blood,
And soyled with durtie gore, that no man
can
Discerne the hew thereof. He never stood,
But bent his hastie course towardes the
ydle flood.

XLII.

The varlet saw, when to the flood he
came,
How without stop or stay he fiersly lept,
And deepe him selfe beducked in the same,
That in the lake his loftie crest was stept,
Ne of his safetie seemed care he kept;
But with his raging armes he rudely flasht
The waves about, and all his armour swept,
That all the blood and filth away was
washt;

Yet still he bet the water, and the bil-
lowes dasht.

XLIII.

Atin drew nigh to weet what it mote bee,
For much he wondred at that uncouth
sight:
Whom should he but his owne deare Lord
there see,
His owne deare Lord Pyrochles in sad
plight,
Ready to drowne him selfe for fell de-
spight:
'Harrow now out, and well away!' he
cryde,
'What dismall day hath lent this cursed
light,
To see my Lord so deadly damnifyde?
Pyrochles, O Pyrochles! what is thee be-
tyde?'

XLIV.

'I burne, I burne, I burne!' then lowd
he cryde,
'O! how I burne with implacable fyre;
Yet nought can quench mine inly flaming
syde,
Nor sea of licour cold, nor lake of myre:
Nothing but death can doe me to respyre.'
'Ah! be it,' (said he) 'from Pyrochles
farre
After pursewing death once to requyre,
Or think, that ought those puissant hands
may marre:
Death is for wretches borne under un-
happy starre.'

XLV.

'Perdye, then is it fitt for me,' (said he)
'That am, I weene, most wretched man
alive;
Burning in flames, yet no flames can I
see,
And dying dayly, dayly yet revive.
O Atin! helpe to me last death to give.'
The varlet at his plaint was grieved so
sore,
That his deepe wounded hart in two did
rive;
And, his owne health remembring now no
more,
Did follow that ensample which he blam'd
afore.

XLVI.

Into the lake he lept his Lord to ayd,
(So Love the dread of daunger doth de-
spise)
And of him catching hold him strongly
stayd
From drowning. But more happy he then
wise,

Of that seas nature did him not advise:
 The waves thereof so slow and sluggish
 were,
 Engrost with mud which did them fowle
 agrise,
 That every weighty thing they did up-
 beare,
 Ne ought mote ever sinck downe to the
 bottom there.

XLVII.

Whiles thus they strugled in that ydle
 wave,
 And strove in vaine, the one him selfe to
 drowne,
 The other both from drowning for to save,
 Lo! to that shore one in an auncient
 gowne,
 Whose hoary locks great gravitie did
 crowne,
 Holding in hand a goodly arming sword,
 By fortune came, ledd with the troublous
 sowne:
 Where drenched deepe he fownd in that
 dull ford
 The carefull servaunt stryving with his
 raging Lord.

XLVIII.

Him Atin spying knew right well of
 yore,
 And lowdly cald; 'Help, helpe! O Archi-
 mage!
 To save my Lord in wretched plight for-
 lore;
 Helpe with thy hand, or with thy counsell
 sage:
 Weake handes, but counsell is most strong
 in age.'
 Him when the old man saw, he wondred
 sore
 To see Pyrochles there so rudely rage;
 Yet sithens helpe, he saw, he needed
 more
 Then pittie, he in hast approched to the
 shore,

XLIX.

And cald; 'Pyrochles! what is this I
 see?

What hellish fury hath at earst thee
 hent?

Furious ever I thee knew to bee,
 Yet never in this straunge astonish-
 ment.'

'These flames, these flames' (he cryde)
 'doe me torment.'

'Wha flames,' (quoth he), when I thee
 present see

In daunger rather to be drent then brent?'

'Harrow! the flames which me consume,'

(said hee)

'Ne can be quencht, within my secret

bowelles bee.

L.

'That cursed man, that cruel feend of
 hell,

Furor, oh! Furor hath me thus bedight:
 His deadly woundes within my liver
 swell,

And his whott fyre burnes in mine en-
 tralles bright,

Kindled through his infernall brond of
 spight,

Sith late with him I battell vaine would
 boste;

That now, I weene, Joves dreaded thunder
 light

Does scorch not halfe so sore, nor damned
 ghoste

In flaming Phlegeton does not so felly
 roste.'

LI.

Which when as Archimago heard, his
 grieffe

He knew right well, and him attonce dis-
 arm'd;

Then searcht his secret woundes, and
 made a priefe

Of every place that was with bruizing
 harmd,

Or with the hidden fire too inly warmd.
 Which doen, he balmes and herbes thereto

applyde,
 And evermore with mightie spels them
 charmd;

That in short space he has them qualifyde,
 And him restor'd to helth that would have
 algates dyde.

CANTO VII.

Guyon findes Mamon in a delve
 Sunning his threasure here ;
 Is by him tempted, and led downe
 To see his secrete store.

I.

As Pilot well expert in perilous wave,
 That to a stedfast starre his course hath
 bent,
 When foggymistes or cloudy tempests have
 The faithfull light of that faire lampe
 yblent,
 And cover'd heaven with hideous dreriment,
 Upon his card and compas firmes his eye,
 The maysters of his long experiment,
 And to them does the stedy helme apply,
 Bidding his winged vessell fairely forward fly:

II.

So Guyon having lost his trustie guyde,
 Late left beyond that Ydle lake, proceeds
 Yet on his way, of none accompanyde;
 And evermore himselfe with comfort feedes
 Of his own vertues and praise-worthie
 deedes.
 So, long he yode, yet no adventure found,
 Which fame of her shrill trompet worthy
 reedes;
 For still he traveild through wide wast-
 full ground,
 That nought but desert wildernesses
 shewed all around.

III.

At last he came unto a gloomy glade,
 Cover'd with boughes and shrubs from
 heavens light,
 Whereas he sitting found in secret shade
 An uncouth, salvage, and uncivile wight,
 Of griesly hew and fowle ill favour'd
 sight;
 His face with smoke was tand, and eies
 were beard,
 His head and beard with sout were ill
 bedight,
 His cole-blacke hands did seeme to have
 ben seard
 In smythes fire-spitting forge, and nayles
 like clawes appeard.

IV.

His yron cote, all overgrowne with rust,
 Was underneath enveloped with gold ;

Whose glistring glosse, darkned with
 filthy dust,
 Well yet appeared to have beene of old
 A worke of rich entayle and curious
 mould,
 Woven with antickes and wyld ymagery ;
 And in his lap a masse of coyne he told,
 And turned upside downe, to feede his
 eye
 And covetous desire with his huge
 threasury.

V.

And round about him lay on every side
 Great heapes of gold that never could be
 spent ;
 Of which some were rude owre, not puri-
 fide
 Of Mulcibers devouring element ;
 Some others were new driven, and dis-
 tent
 Into great Ingowes and to wedges square ;
 Some in round plates withouten moni-
 ment ;
 But most were stampt, and in their metal
 bare
 The antique shapes of kings and kesars
 straunge and rare.

VI.

Soone as he Guyon saw, in great affright
 And haste he rose for to remove aside
 Those pretious hils from straungers envi-
 ous 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 terrifyde ;
 And though himselfe were at the sight
 dismayd,
 Yet him perforce restraynd, and to him
 doubtfull sayd :

VII.

' What art thou, man, (if man at all thou
 art)
 That here in desert hast thine habitaunce,
 And these rich hils of welth doest hide
 apart
 From the worldes eye, and from her right
 usauance ?'

Thereat, with staring eyes fixed askaunce,
In great disdain he answerd: 'Hardy
Elfe,
That darest view my direfull counte-
naunce,
I read thee rash and heedlesse of thy selfe,
To trouble my still seate, and heapes of
pretious selfe.

VIII.

'God of the world and worldlings I me
call,
Great Mammon, greatest god below the
skye,
That of my plenty poure out unto all,
And unto none my graces do envye:
Riches, renewme, and principality,
Honour, estate, and all this worldes good,
For which men swinck and sweat inces-
santly,
Fro me do flow into an ample flood,
And in the hollow earth have their eternall
brood.

IX.

'Wherefore, if me thou deigne to serve
and sew,
At thy commaund lo! all these mountaines
bee:
Or if to thy great mind, or greedy vew,
All these may not suffice, there shall to thee
Ten times so much be nombred francke
and free.'
'Mammon,' (said he) 'thy godheads
vaunt is vaine,
And idle offers of thy golden fee;
To them that covet such eye-glutting gaine
Proffer thy giftes, and fitter servaunts
entertaine.

X.

'Me ill besits, that in der-doing armes
And honours suit my vowed daies do spend,
Unto thy bounteous baytes and pleasing
charmes,
With which weake men thou witchest, to
attend;
Ragard of worldly mucke doth fowly
blend,
And low abase the high heroicke spright,
That joyes for crownes and kingdomes to
contend:
Faire shields, gay steedes, bright armes
be my delight;
Those be the riches fit for an advent'rous
knight.'

XI.

'Vaine glorious Elfe,' (saide he) 'doest
not thou weete,
That money can thy wantes at will supply?
Shields, steeds, and armes, and all things
for thee meet,

It can purvay in twinkling of an eye;
And crownes and kingdomes to thee mul-
tiply.
Do not I kings create, and throw the
croune
Sometimes to him that low in dust doth ly,
And him that raignd into his rowme thrust
downe,
And whom I lust do heape with glory and
renowne?'

XII.

'All otherwise' (saide 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 lavish-
nesse,
Leaving behind them grieffe and heavi-
nesse:
Infinite mischiefes of them doe arize,
Strife and debate, bloodshed and bitter-
nesse,
Outrageous wrong, and hellish covetize,
That noble heart as great dishonour doth
despize.

XIII.

'Ne thine be kingdomes, ne the scepters
thine;
But realmes and rulers thou doest both
confound,
And loyall truth to treason doest in-
cline:
Witnessse the guiltlesse blood poured off
on ground,
The crowned often slaine, the slayer
cround;
The sacred Diademe in peeces rent,
And purple robe gored with many a wound,
Castles surprizd, great cities sackt and
brent:
So mak'st thou kings, and gaynest wrong-
full government.

XIV.

'Long were to tell the troublous stormes
that tosse
The private state, and make the life un-
sweet:
Who swelling sayles in Caspian sea doth
crosse,
And in frayle wood on Adrian gulf doth
fleet,
Doth not, I weene, so many evils meet.'
Then Mammon waxing wroth; 'And why
then,' sayd,
'Are mortall men so fond and indiscreet
So evill thing to seeke unto their ayd,
And having not complaine, and having it
upbrayd?'

XV.

'Indeede,' (quoth he) 'through fowle
intemperaunce,
Fraylor men are oft captiv'd to covetise;
But would they thinke with how small
allowaunce
Untroubled Nature doth her selfe suffice,
Such superfluities they would despise,
Which with sad cares empeach our native
joyes.
At the well-head the purest streames arise;
But mucky filth his braunching armes
annoies,
And with uncomely weedes the gentle
wave accloyes.'

XVI.

'The antique world, in his first flowring
youth,
Fownd no defect in his Creators grace;
But with glad thankes, and unreproved
truth,
The guifts of soveraine bounty did em-
brace:
Like Angels life was then mens happy
cace;
But later ages pride, like corn-fed steed,
Abusd her plenty and fat swolne encrease
To all licentious lust, and gan exceed
The measure of her meane and naturall
first need.'

XVII.

'Then gan a cursed hand the quiet
wombe
Of his great Grandmother with steele to
wound,
And the hid treasures in her sacred tombe
With Sacriledge to dig. Therein he fownd
Fountaines of gold and silver to abownd,
Of which the matter of his huge desire
And pompous pride eftsoones he did com-
pownd;
Then avarice gan through his veines in-
spire
His greedy flames, and kindled life-
devouring fire.'

XVIII.

'Sonne,' (said he then) 'lett be thy
bitter scorne,
And leave the rudenesse of that antique
age
To them that liv'd therin in state forlorne:
Thou, that doest live in later times, must
wage
Thy workes for wealth, and life for gold
engage.
If then thee list my offred grace to use,
Take what thou please of all this sur-
plusage;

If thee list not, leave have thou to refuse:
But thing refused doe not afterward
accuse.'

XIX.

'Me list not' (said the Elfin knight)
'receave
Thing offred, till I know it well be gott;
Ne wote I but thou didst these goods be-
reave
From rightfull owner by unrighteous lott,
Or that bloodguiltinesse or guile them
blott.'
'Perdy,' (quoth he) 'yet never eie did vew,
Ne tong did tell, ne hand these handled not;
But safe I have them kept in secret mew
From heavens sight, and powre of al which
them poursew.'

XX.

'What secret place' (quoth he) 'can
safely hold
So huge a masse, and hide from heavens
eie?
Or where hast thou thy wonne, that so
much gold
Thou canst preserve from wrong and
robbery?'
'Come thou,' (quoth he) 'and see.' So
by and by
Through that thick covert he him led, and
fownd
A darkesome way, which no man could
descry,
That deep descended through the hollow
grownd,
And was with dread and horror compassed
arownd.'

XXI.

At length they came into a larger space,
That stretcht itselfe into an ample playne;
Through which a beaten broad high way
did trace,
That streight did lead to Plutoes griesly
rayne.
By that wayes side there sate internall
Payne,
And fast beside him sat tumultuous Strife:
The one in hand an yron whip did strayne,
The other brandished a bloody knife;
And both did gnash their teeth, and both
did threten life.

XXII.

On thother side in one consort there sate
Cruell Revenge, and rancorous Despight,
Disloyall Treason, and hart-burning Hate;
But gnawing Gealosity, out of their sight
Sitting alone, his bitter lips did bight;
And trembling Feare still to and fro did fly,

And found no place wher safe he shroud
 him might:
 Lamenting Sorrow did in darknes lye,
 And shame his ugly face did hide from
 living eye.

XXIII.

And over them sad horror with grim hew
 Did alwaies sore, beating his yron wings;
 And after him Owles and Night-ravens
 flew,
 The hatefull messengers of heavy things,
 Of death and dolor telling sad tidings;
 Whiles sad Celeno, sitting on a clifte,
 A song of bale and bitter sorrow sings,
 That hart of flint asonder could have rifte;
 Which having ended after him she flyeth
 swifte.

XXIV.

All these before the gates of Pluto lay,
 By whom they passing spake unto them
 nought;
 But th' Elfin knight with wonder all the
 way
 Did feed his eyes, and fild his inner
 thought.

At last him to a litle dore he brought,
 That to the gate of Hell, which gaped wide,
 Was next adjoyning, ne them parted
 ought:
 Betwixt them both was but a litle stride,
 That did the house of Richesse from hell-
 mouth divide.

XXV.

Before the dore sat selfe-consuming
 Care,
 Day and night keeping wary watch and
 ward,
 For feare least Force or Fraud should
 unaware
 Breake in, and spoile the treasure there
 in gard:
 Ne would he suffer Sleepe once thither-
 ward
 Approach, albe his drowsy den were next;
 For next to death is Sleepe to be compar'd;
 Therefore his house is unto his annex:
 Here Sleep, ther Richesse, and Hel-gate
 them both betwext.

XXVI.

So soon as Mammon there arrivd, the
 dore
 To him did open and affoorded way:
 Him followed eke Sir Guyon evermore,
 Ne darkenesse him, ne daunger might
 dismay.
 Soone as he entred was, the dore streight
 way

Did shutt, and from behind it forth there
 lept
 An ugly feend, more fowle then dismall
 day,
 The which with monstrous stalke behind
 him stept,
 And ever as he went dew watch upon him
 kept.

XXVII.

Well hoped hee, ere long that hardy
 guest,
 If ever covetous hand, or lustfull eye,
 Or lips he layd on thing that likte him
 best,
 Or ever sleepe his eie-strings did untye,
 Should be his pray. And therefore still
 on hye
 He over him did hold his cruell clawes,
 Threatning with greedy gripe to doe him
 dye,
 And rend in peeces with his ravenous
 pawes,
 If ever he transgrest the fatall Stygian
 lawes.

XXVIII.

That houses forme within was rude and
 strong,
 Lyke an huge cave hewne out of rocky
 clifte,
 From whose rough vault the ragged
 breaches hong
 Embost with massy gold of glorious
 gnisfe,
 And with rich metall loaded every rifte,
 That heavy ruine they did seeme to
 threatt;
 And over them Arachne high did lifte
 Her cunning web, and spred her subtile
 nett,
 Enwrapped in fowle smoke and clouds
 more black then Jett.

XXIX.

Both rooffe, and floore, and walls, were
 all of gold,
 But overgrowne with dust and old
 decay,
 And hid in darkenes, that none could
 behold
 The hew thereof; for vew of cherefull
 day
 Did never in that house it selfe display,
 But a faint shadow of uncertein light:
 Such as a lamp, whose life does fade
 away,
 Or as the Moone, cloathed with cloudy
 night,
 Does show to him that walkes in feare
 and sad affright.

XXX.

In all that rowme was nothing to be
 seene
 But huge great yron chests, and coffers
 strong,
 All bard with double bends, that none
 could weene
 Them to efforce by violence or wrong:
 On every side they placed were along;
 But all the grownd with sculs was scat-
 tered,
 And dead mens bones, which round about
 were flong;
 Whose lives, it seemed, whilome there
 were shed,
 And their vile carcasses now left unburied.

XXXI.

They forward passe; ne Guyon yet
 spoke word,
 Till that they came unto an yron dore,
 Which to them opened of his owne accord,
 And shewd of richesse such exceeding
 store,
 As eie of man did never see before,
 Ne ever could within one place be fownd,
 Though all the wealth which is, or was
 of yore,
 Could gathered be through all the world
 arownd,
 And that above were added to that under
 grownd.

XXXII.

The charge thereof unto a covetous
 Spright
 Commaunded was, who thereby did at-
 tend,
 And warily awaited day and night,
 From other covetous feendes it to defend,
 Who it to rob and ransacke did intend.
 Then Mammon, turning to that warriour,
 said;
 'Loe! here the worldes blis: loe! here
 the end,
 To which al men doe ayme, rich to be
 made:
 Such grace now to be happy is before
 thee laid.'

XXXIII.

'Certes,' (sayd he) 'I n'll thine offred
 grace,
 Ne to be made so happy doe intend:
 Another blis before mine eyes I place,
 Another happines, another end.
 To them that list these base regards I
 lend;
 But I in armes, and in atchievements
 brave,
 Do rather choose my flitting houres to
 spend,

And to be Lord of those that riches have,
 Then them to have my selfe, and be their
 servile slave.'

XXXIV.

Thereat the feend his gnashing teeth
 did grate,
 And griev'd so long to lacke his greedie
 pray;
 For well he weened that so glorious bayte
 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 save from such decay!
 But, whenas Mammon saw his purpose
 mist,
 Him to entrap unwares another way he
 wist.

XXXV.

Thence forward he him ledd, and
 shortly brought
 Unto another rowme, whose dore forth-
 right
 To him did open, as it had bene taught.
 Therein an hundred raunges weren pight,
 And hundred furnaces all burning bright:
 By every fournace many feendes did byde,
 Deformed creatures, horrible in sight;
 And every feend his busie paines applyde
 To melt the golden metall, ready to be
 tryde.

XXXVI.

One with great bellowes gathered fill-
 ing ayre,
 And with forst wind the fewell did
 inflame;
 Another did the dying bronds repayre
 With yron tongs, and sprinckled ofte the
 same
 With liquid waves, fiers Vulcans rage to
 tame,
 Who, maystring them, renewd his former
 heat:
 Some scumd the drosse that from the
 metall came;
 Some stird the molten owre with ladles
 great;
 And every one did swincke, and every
 one did sweat.

XXXVII.

But, when an earthly wight they pres-
 ent saw
 Glistring in armes and battailous aray,
 From their whot work they did them-
 selves withdraw
 To wonder at the sight; for till that day

They never creature saw that cam that way:
 Their staring eyes sparckling with fer-
 vent fyre
 And ugly shapes did nigh the man dis-
 may,
 That, were it not for shame, he would
 retyre;
 Till that him thus bespake their souveraine
 Lord and syre;

XXXVIII.

'Behold, thou Faeries sonne, with mor-
 tall eye,
 That living eye before did never see.
 The thing, that thou didst crave so ear-
 nestly,
 To weet whence all the wealth late shewd
 by mee
 Proceeded, lo! now is reveald to thee.
 Here is the fountaine of the worldes good:
 Now, therefore, if thou wilt enriched bee,
 Advise thee well, and change thy wilfull
 mood,
 Least thou perhaps hereafter wish, and
 be withstood.'

XXXIX.

'Suffise it then, thou Money God,
 (quoth hee)
 'That all thine ydle offers I refuse.
 All that I need I have: what needeth mee
 To covet more then I have cause to use?
 With such vaine shewes thy worldlinges
 vyle abuse;
 But give me leave to follow mine emprise.'
 Mammon was much displeasd, yet no'te
 he chuse
 But beare the rigour of his bold mesprise;
 And thence him forward ledd him further
 to entise.

XL.

He brought him, through a darksom
 narrow strayt,
 To a broad gate all built of beaten gold:
 The gate was open; but therein did wayt
 A sturdie vellein, stryding stiffe and bold,
 As if the highest God defy he would:
 In his right hand an yron club he held,
 But he himselfe was all of golden mould,
 Yet had both life and sence, and well
 could weld
 That cursed weapon, when his cruell foes
 he queld.

XLI.

Disdayne he called was, and did dis-
 dayne
 To be so cald, and who so did him call:
 Sterne was his looke, and full of stomacke
 vayne;

His portance terrible, and stature tall,
 Far passing th' hight of men terrestriall,
 Like an huge Gyant of the Titans race;
 That made him scorne all creatures great
 and small,
 And with his pride all others powre de-
 face:
 More fitt emongst black fiendes then men
 to have his place.

XLII.

Soone as those glitterand armes he did
 espye,
 That with their brightness made that
 darknes light,
 His harmefull club he gan to hurtle hye,
 And threaten batteill to the Faery knight;
 Who likewise gan himselfe to batteill dight,
 Till Mammon did his hasty hand withhold,
 And counsell him abstaine from perilous
 fight;
 For nothing might abash the vellein bold,
 Ne mortall steele emperce his miscreated
 mould.

XLIII.

So having him with reason pacifyde,
 And that fiers Carle commaunding to for-
 beare,
 He brought him in. The rowme was
 large and wyde,
 As it some Gyeld or solemne Temple
 weare.
 Many great golden pillours did upbeare
 The massy rooffe, and riches huge sus-
 tayne;
 And every pillour decked was full deare
 With crownes, and Diademes, and titles
 vaine,
 Which mortall Princes wore whiles they
 on earth did rayne.

XLIV.

A route of people there assembled were,
 Of every sort and nation under skye,
 Which with great uprore preaced to draw
 nere
 To th' upper part, where was advanced
 hye
 A stately siege of souveraine majesty;
 And thereon satt a woman, gorgeous gay
 And richly cladd in robes of royaltie,
 That never earthly Prince in such aray
 His glory did enhance, and pompous
 pryde display.

XLV.

Her face right wondrous faire did seeme
 to bee,
 That her broad beauties beam great
 brightnes threw

Through the dim shade, that all men
might it see:
Yet was not that same her owne native
hew,
But wrought by art and counterfetted
shew,
Thereby more lovers unto her to call:
Nath'lesse most heavenly faire in deed and
vew
She by creation was, till she did fall;
Thenceforth she sought for helps to cloke
her crime withall.

XLVI.

There, as in glistring glory she did sitt,
She held a great gold chaine ylincked
well,
Whose upper end to highest heven was
knitt,
And lower part did reach to lowest Hell;
And all that preace did rownd about her
swell
To catchen hold of that long chaine,
thereby
To climbe aloft, and others to excell:
That was Ambition, rash desire to sty,
And every linck thereof a step of dignity.

XLVII.

Some thought to raise themselves to
high degree
By riches and unrighteous reward;
Some by close shouldring; some by flat-
teree;
Others through friendes; others for base
regard,
And all by wrong waies for themselves
prepard:
Those that were up themselves kept others
low;
Those that were low themselves held
others hard,
Ne suffred them to ryse or greater grow;
But every one did strive his fellow downe
to throw.

XLVIII.

Which whenas Guyon saw, he gan in-
quire,
What meant that preace about that Ladies
throne,
And what she was that did so high aspyre?
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
Derived are, and all this wordes blis,
For which ye men doe strive; few gett,
but many mis:

XLIX.

'And fayre Philotime she rightly hight,
The fairest wight that wonneth under
skie,
But that this darksom neather world her
light
Doth dim with horror and deformity;
Worthie of heven and hye felicitie,
From whence the gods have her for envy
thrust:
But, sith thou hast found favour in mine
eye,
Thy spouse I will her make, if that thou
lust,
That she may thee advance for works and
merits just.'

L.

'Gramercy, Mammon,' (said the gentle
knight)
'For so great grace and offred high es-
state;
But I, that am fraile flesh and earthly
wight,
Unworthy match for such immortall mate
My selfe well wote, and mine unequall
fate:
And were I not, yet is my trouth yplight,
And love avowd to other Lady late,
That to remove the same I have no might:
To change love causelesse is reproch to
warlike knight.'

LI.

Mammon emmoved was with inward
wrath;
Yet, forcing it to fayne, him forth thence
ledd,
Through griesly shadowes by a beaten
path,
Into a gardin goodly garnished
With herbs and fruits, whose kinds mote
not be redd:
Not such as earth out of her fruitfull
woomb
Throwes forth to men, sweet and well
savored,
But direfull deadly black, both leafe and
bloom,
Fitt to adorne the dead, and deck the
dreyry toombe.

LII.

There mournfull Cypressse grew in
greatest store,
And trees of bitter Gall, and Heben sad;
Dead sleeping Poppy, and black Helle-
bore;
Cold Coloquintida, and Tetra mad;
Mortall Samnitis, and Cicuta bad,

With which th' unjust Atheniens made to
 dy
 Wise Socrates; who, thereof quaffing
 glad,
 Poured out his life and last Philosophy
 To the fayre Critias, his dearest Belamy!

LIII.

The Gardin of Proserpina this hight;
 And in the midst thereof a silver seat,
 With a thick Arber goodly over-dight,
 In which she often usd from open heat
 Her selfe to shroud, and pleasures to en-
 treat:

Next thereunto did grow a goodly tree,
 With braunches broad spredd and body
 great,
 Clothed with leaves, that none the wood
 mote see,
 And loaden all with fruit as thick as it
 might bee.

LIV.

Their fruit were golden apples glistring
 bright,
 That goodly was their glory to behold;
 On earth like never grew, ne living wight
 Like ever 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' Enbœan young
 man wan
 Swift Atalanta, when through craft he
 her out ran.

LV.

Here also sprong that goodly golden
 fruit,

With which Acontius got his lover trew,
 Whom he had long time sought with fruit-
 lesse suit:

Here eke that famous golden Apple grew,
 The which amongst the gods false Ate
 threw;

For which th' Idæan Ladies disagreed,
 Till partiall Paris dempt it Venus dew,
 And had of her fayre Helen for his meed,
 That many noble Greekes and Trojans
 made to bleed.

LVI.

The warlike Elfe much wondred at this
 tree,

So fayre and great that shadowed all the
 ground,

And his broad braunches, laden with rich
 fee,

Did stretch themselves without the utmost
 bound

Of this great gardin, compast with a
 mound;

Which over-hanging, they themselves did
 steepe

In a blacke flood, which flow'd about it
 round.

That is the river of Cocytus deepe,
 In which full many soules do endlesse
 wayle and weepe.

LVII

Which to behold he clomb up to the
 bancke,

And looking downe saw many damned
 wightes

In those sad waves, which direfull deadly
 stancke,

Plonged continually of cruell Sprightes,
 That with their piteous cryes, and yelling
 shrighetes,

They made the further shore resounden
 wide.

Emongst the rest of those same ruefull
 sightes,

One cursed creature he by chance espide,
 That drenched lay full deepe under the
 Garden side.

LVIII.

Deepe was he drenched to the upmost
 chin,

Yet gaped still as coveting to drinke
 Of the cold liquor which he waded in;

And stretching forth his hand did often
 thinke

To reach the fruit which grew upon the
 brincke;

But both the fruit from hand, and flood
 from mouth,

Did fly abacke, and made him vainely
 swincke;

The whiles he sterv'd with hunger, and
 with drouth,

He daily dyde, yet never throughly dyen
 couth.

LIX.

The knight, him seeing labour so in
 vaine,

Askt who he was, and what he ment
 thereby?

Who, groning deepe, thus answerd him
 againe:

'Most cursed of all creatures under skye,
 Lo! Tantalus, I here tormented lye:

Of whom high Jove wont whylome feasted
 be

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, give to eat and
drinke to meel'

LX.

'Nay, nay, thou greedy Tantalus,'
(quoth he)
'Abide the fortune of thy present fate;
And unto all that live in high degree,
Ensamble be of mind intemperate,
To teach them how to use their present
state.'

Then gan the cursed wretch alowd to cry,
Accusing highest Jove and gods ingrate;
And eke blaspheming heaven bitterly,
As author of injustice, there to let him
dye.

LXI.

He lookt a litle further, and espyde
Another wretch, whose carcas deepe was
drent

Within the river, which the same did
hyde;

But both his handes, most filthy feculent,
Above the water were on high extent,
And faynd to wash themselves incessantly,
Yet nothing cleaner were for such in-
tent,

But rather fowler seemed to the eye;
So lost his labour vaine and ydle industry.

LXII.

The knight him calling asked who he
was?

Who, lifting up nis head, him answerd
thus;

'I Pilate am, the falsest Judge, alas!
And most unjust; that, by unrighteous
And wicked doome, to Jewes despiteous
Delivered up the Lord of life to dye,
And did acquite a murdrer felonous;
The whiles my handes I washt in purity,
The whiles my soule was soylde with fowle
iniquity.'

LXIII.

Infinite moe tormented in like paine
He there beheld, too long here to be told:
Ne Mammon would there let him long
remayne,
For terrour of the tortures manifold,
In which the damned soules he did be-
hold,

But roughly him bespake: 'Thou feare-
full foole,

Why takest not of that same fruite of
gold?

Ne sittest downe on that same silver
stoole.

To rest thy weary person in the shadow
coole?'

LXIV.

All which he did to do him deadly fall
In frayle intemperaunce through sinfull
bayt;

To which if he inclyned had at all,
That dreadfull feend, which did behinde
him wayt,

Would him have rent in thousand peeces
strayt:

But he was wary wise in all his way,
And well perceived his deceitfull sleight,
Ne suffred lust his safety to betray.

So goodly did beguile the Guyler of his
pray.

LXV.

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
upbeare,

Like mightie pillours, this frayle 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:
Forthy great Mammon fayrely he be-
sought

Into the world to guyde him backe, as he
him brought.

LXVI.

The God, though loth, yet was con-
straynd t' obay:

For lenger time then that no living wight
Below the earth might suffred be to stay:
So backe againe him brought to living
light.

But all so soone as his enfeebled spright
Gan sucke this vitall ayre into his brest,
As overcome with too exceeding might,
The life did flit away out of her nest,
And all his sences were with deadly fit
opprest.

CANTO VIII

Sir Guyon, layd in swowne, is by
 Acrates sonnes despoild;
 Whom Arthure soone hath reskewed,
 And Paynim brethren foild.

I.

AND is there care in heaven? And is
 there love
 In heavenly spirits to these creatures bace,
 That may compassion of their evilles
 move?
 There is: else much more wretched were
 the cace
 Of men then beasts. But O! th' exceed-
 ing grace
 Of highest God that loves his creatures
 so,
 And all his workes with mercy doth em-
 brace,
 That blessed Angels he sends to and fro,
 To serve to wicked man, to serve his
 wicked foe.

II.

How oft do they their silver bowers
 leave,
 To come to succour us that succour want!
 How oft do they with golden pineons
 cleave
 The fitting skyes, like flying Pursuivant,
 Against fowle feendes to ayd us militant!
 They for us fight, they watch and dewly
 ward,
 And their bright Squadrons round about
 us plant;
 And all for love, and nothing for reward.
 O! why should hevenly God to men have
 such regard?

III.

During the while that Guyon did abide
 In Mamons house, the Palmer, whom why-
 leare
 That wanton Mayd of passage had denide,
 By further search had passage found else-
 where;
 And, being on his way, approached neare
 Where Guyon lay in traunce; when sud-
 deinly
 He heard a voyce that called lowd and
 cleare,
 'Come hither! hither! O, come hastily!'
 That all the fields resounded with the
 rnefull cry.

IV.

The Palmer lent his eare unto the noyce,
 To weet who called so importunely:
 Againe he heard a more efforced voyce,

That bad him come in haste. He by and by
 His feeble feet directed to the cry;
 Which to that shady delve him brought at
 last,
 Where Mammon earst did sunne his
 treasury;
 There the good Guyon he found slumbring
 fast
 In senceles dreame; which sight at first
 him sore aghast.

V.

Beside his head there satt a faire young
 man,
 Of wondrous beauty and of freshest
 yeares,
 Whose tender bud to blossome new began,
 And florish faire above his equall peares:
 His snowy front, curled with golden
 heares,
 Like Phœbus face adorn'd with sunny
 rayes,
 Divinely shone; and two sharpe winged
 sheares,
 Decked with diverse plumes, like painted
 Jayes,
 Were fixed at his backe to cut his ayery
 wayes.

VI.

Like as Cupido on Idæan hill,
 When having laid his cruell bow away
 And mortall arrowes, wherewith he doth
 fill
 The world with murderous spoiles and
 bloody pray,
 With his faire mother he him dights to
 play,
 And with his goodly sisters, Graces three:
 The Goddess, pleased with his wanton
 play,
 Suffers her selfe through sleepe beguild to
 bee,
 The whiles the other Ladies mind their
 mery glee.

VII.

Whom when the Palmer saw, abasht he
 was
 Through fear and wonder that he nought
 could say,
 Till him the childe bespoke; 'Long lackt,
 alas!
 Hath bene thy faithfull aide in hard assay,

Whiles deadly fitt thy pupill doth dismay.
Behold this heavy sight, thou reverend
Sire!

But dread of death and dolor doe away;
For life ere long shall to her home retire,
And he that breathlesse seems shal corage
both respire.

VIII.

'The charge, which God doth unto me
arrett,

Of his deare safety, I to thee commend;
Yet will I not forgoe, ne yet forgett
The care thereof my selfe unto the end,
But evermore him succour, and defend
Against his foe and mine: watch thou, I
pray;

For evill is at hand him to offend.'
So having said, eftsoones he gan display
His painted nimble wings, and vanisht
quite away.

IX.

The Palmer seeing his lefte empty
place,
And his slow eies beguiled of their sight,
Woxe sore affraid, and standing still a
space

Gaz'd after him, as fowle escapt by flight.
At last, him turning to his charge behight,
With trembling hand his troubled pulse
gan try;

Where finding life not yet dislodged
quight,

He much rejoyst, and courd it tenderly,
As chicken newly hatcht, from dreaded
destiny.

X.

At last he spide where towards him did
pace

Two Paynim knights al armd as bright as
skie,

And them beside an aged Sire did trace,
And far before a light-foote Page did flie,
That breathed strife and troublous enmi-
tie.

Those were the two sonnes of Acrates old,
Who, meeting earst with Archimago slie
Foreby that idle strond, of him were told
That he which earst them combatted was
Guyon bold

XI.

Which to avenge on him they dearly
vowd,

Where ever that on ground they mote him
find:

False Archimage provokte their corage
prowd,

And stryful Atin in their stubborne mind
Coles of contention and whot vengeance
tind.

Now bene they come whereas the Palmer
sate,

Keeping that slombred corse to him as-
sind:

Well knew they both his person, sith of
late

With him in bloody armes they rashly did
debate.

XII.

Whom when Pyrochles saw, inflam'd
with rage

That sire he fowl bespake: 'Thou dotard
vile,

That with thy brutenesse shendst thy
comely age,

Abandon soone, I read, the caytive spoile
Of that same outcast carcass, that ere-
while

Made it selfe famous through false
trechery,

And crownd his coward crest with knightly
stile;

Loe! where he now inglorious doth lye,
To proove he lived il that did thus fowly
dye.'

XIII.

To whom the Palmer fearlesse an-
swered:

'Certes, Sir Knight, ye bene too much to
blame,

Thus for to blott the honor of the dead,
And with fowle cowardize his carcass
shame,

Whose living handes immortalizd his
name.

Vile is the vengeance on the ashes cold,
And envy base to barke at sleeping fame.

Was never wight that treason of him
told:

Your self his prowess prov'd, and found
him fiers and bold.'

XIV.

Then sayd Cymochles: 'Palmer, thou
doest dote,

Ne canst of prowess ne of knighthood
deeme,

Save as thou seest or hearst. But well I
wote,

That of his puissaunce tryall made ex-
treeme:

Yet gold al is not that doth golden seeme;
Ne all good knights that shake well
speare and shield.

The worth of all men by their end es-
teeme,

And then dew praise or dew reproch them
yield;

Bad therefore I him deeme that thus lies
dead on field.'

xv.

'Good or bad,' gan his brother fiers
 reply,
 'What doe I recke, sith that he dide
 entire?
 Or what doth his bad death now satisfy
 The greedy hunger of revenging yre,
 Sith wrathfull hand wrought not her
 owne desire?
 Yet since no way is lefte to wreake my
 spight,
 I will him reave 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?'

xvi.

'Fayr Sir,' said then the Palmer suppli-
 aunt,
 'For knightoods love doe not so fowle a
 deed,
 Ne blame your honor with so shamefull
 vaunt
 Of vile revenge. To spoile the dead of
 weed
 Is sacrilege, and doth all sinnes exceed:
 But leave these relicks of his living might
 To decke his heree, and trap his tomb-
 blacke steed.'
 'What herce or steed' (said he) 'should
 he have dight,
 But be entombd in the raven or the
 kight?'

xvii.

With that, rude hand upon his shield he
 laid,
 And th' other brother gan his helme un-
 lace,
 Both fiercely bent to have him disaraid;
 Till that they spyde where towards them
 did pace
 An armed knight, of bold and bounteous
 grace,
 Whose squire bore after him an heben
 launce
 And covered shield. Well kend him so far
 space
 Th' enchaunter by his armes and ame-
 nance,
 When under him he saw his Lybian steed
 to prounce;

xviii.

And to those brethren sayd; 'Rise, rise
 bylive,
 And unto batteil doe your selves addressse;
 For yonder comes the prowest knight
 alive,

Prince Arthur, flowre of grace and
 nobillesse,
 That hath to Paynim knights wrought
 gret distresse,
 And thousand Sar'zins fowly donne to dye.'
 That word so deepe did in their harts
 impresse,
 That both eftsoones upstartd furiously,
 And gan themselves prepare to batteill
 greedily.

xix.

But fiers Pyrochles, lacking his owne
 sword,
 The want thereof now greatly gan to
 plaine,
 And Archimage besought, him that afford
 Which he had brought for Braggadochio
 vaine.
 'So would I,' (said th' enchaunter) 'glad
 and faine
 Beteeme to you this sword, you to defend,
 Or ought that els your honour might
 maintaine;
 But that this weapons powre I well have
 kend
 To be contrary to the worke which ye
 intend:

xx.

'For that same knights owne sword
 this is, of yore
 Which Merlin made by his almightie art
 For that his noursling, when he knight-
 hood swore,
 Therewith to doen his foes eternall smart,
 The metall first he mixt with Medawart,
 That no enchantment from his dint might
 save;
 Then it in flames of Aetna wrought apart,
 And seven times dipped in the bitter wave
 Of hellish Styx, which hidden vertue to it
 gave.

xxi.

'The vertue is, that nether steele nor
 stone
 The stroke thereof from entraunce may
 defend;
 Ne ever may be used by his fone,
 Ne forst his rightful owner to offend;
 Ne ever will it breake, ne ever bend:
 Wherefore *Morddure* it rightfully is hight.
 In vaine therefore, Pyrochles, should I
 lend
 The same to thee, against his lord to
 fight;
 For sure yt would deceive thy labor and
 thy hight.'

xxii.

'Foolish old man,' said then the Pagan
 wroth,

'That weenest words or charms may force
withstond :

Soone shalt thou see, and then beleeve for
troth,

That I can carve with this inchaunted
bround

His Lords owne flesh.' Therewith out of
his hond

That vertuous steele he rudely suatcht
away,

And Guyons shield about his wrest he
bond :

So ready dight fierce battaile to assay,
And match his brother proud in battail-
ous aray.

XXIII.

By this, that straunger knight in pres-
ence came,

And goodly salued them; who nought
again

Him answered, as courtesie became;
But with sterne lookes, and stomachous
disdain,

Gave signes of grudge and discontentment
vaine.

Then, turning to the Palmer, he gan spy
Where at his feet, with sorrowfull demayne

And deadly hew, an armed corse did lye,
In whose dead face he redd great mag-
nanimity.

XXIV.

Sayd he then to the Palmer: 'Reverend
Syre,

What great misfortune hath betidd this
knight?

Or did his life her fatall date expyre,
Or did he fall by treason, or by fight?

How ever, sure I rew his pitteous plight.'
'Not one, nor other,' sayd the Palmer

grave,
'Hath him befallne; but cloudes of deadly
night

A while his heavy eylids cover'd have,
And all his sences drowned in deep sence-
lesse wave:

XXV.

'Which those his cruell foes, that stand
hereby,

Making advauntage, to revenge their
spight,

Would him disarm and treaten shame-
fully;

Unworthie usage of redoubted knight.
But you, faire Sir, whose honourable
sight

Doth promise hope of helpe and timely
grace,

Mote I beseech to succour his sad plight,
And by your powre protect his feeble
case?

First praye of knighthood is fowle out-
rage to deface.'

XXVI.

'Palmer,' (said he) 'no knight so rude, I
weene,

As to doen outrage to a sleeping ghost;
Ne was there ever uoble corage scene,

That in advauntage would his puissaunce
bost:

Honour is least where oddes appeareth
most.

May bee, that better reason will aswage
The rash revengers heat. Words, well
dispost,

Have secrete powre t' appease inflamed
rage:

If not, leave unto me thy knights last
patronage.'

XXVII.

Tho, turning to those brethren, thus
bespoke:

'Ye warlike payre, whose valorous great
might,

It seemes, just wronges to vengeaunce doe
provoke,

To wreake your wrath on this dead seem-
ing knight,

Mote ought allay the storme of your
despight,

And settle patience in so furious heat?
Not to debate the chalenge of your right,
But for his carkas pardon I entreat,

Whom fortune hath already laid in lowest
seat.'

XXVIII.

To whom Cymochles said; 'For what
art thou,

That mak'st thy selfe his dayes-man, to
prolong

The vengeaunce prest? Or who shall let
me now

On this vile body from to wreak my
wrong,

And made his carkas as the outcast dong?
Why should not that dead carrion satisfye

The guilt which, if he lived had thus long,
His life for dew revenge should deare
abye?

The trespass still doth live, albee the
person dye.'

XXIX.

'Indeed,' then said the Prince, 'the evill
donne

Dyes not, when breath the body first doth
leave;

But from the grandsyre to the Nephewes
sonne,

And all his seede the curse doth often
cleave,

Till vengeance utterly the guilt bereave:
So streightly God doth judge. But gentle
Knight,
That doth against the dead his hand
upheave,
His honour staines with rancour and
despight,
And great disparagment makes to his
former might.'

XXX.

Pyrochles gan reply the second tyme,
And to him said: ' Now, felon, sure I read,
How that thou art partaker of his cryme:
Therefore, by Termagaunt thou shalt be
dead.'
With that his hand, more sad then lomp
of lead,
Uplifting high, he weened with Morddure,
His owne good sword Morddure, to cleave
his head.
The faithfull steele such treason no'uld
endure,
But, swarving from the marke, his Lordes
life did assure.

XXXI.

Yet was the force so furious and so fell,
That horse and man it made to reele
asyde:
Nath'lesse the Prince would not forsake
his sell,
For well of yore he learned had to ryde,
But full of anger fiersly to him cryde;
' False traitour! miscreaunt! thou broken
hast
The law of armes to strike foe undefide:
But thou thy treasons fruit, I hope, shalt
taste
Right sowre, and feele the law the which
thou hast defast.'

XXXII.

With that his balefull speare he fiercely
bent
Against the Pagans brest, and therewith
thought
His cursed life out of her lodge have
rent;
But ere the point arrived where it ought,
That seven fold shield, which he from
Guyon brought,
He cast between to ward the bitter
stownd:
Through all those foldes the steelehead
passage wrought,
And through his shoulder perst; wher-
with to ground
He groveling fell, all gored in his gushing
wound.

XXXIII.

Which when his brother saw, fraught
with great griefe
And wrath, he to him leaped furiously,
And fowly saide: ' By Mahoune, cursed
thiefe,
That direfull stroke thou dearely shalt
aby:'
Then, hurling up his harmefull blade
on hy,
Smote him so hugely on his haughtie
crest,
That from his saddle forced him to fly;
Els mote it needes downe to his manly
brest
Have cleft his head in twaine, and life
thence dispossest.

XXXIV.

Now was the Prince in daungerous dis-
tresse,
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 him selfe againe to cruel fight
Three times more furious and more
puissaunt,
Unmindfull of his wound, of his fate
ignoraunt.

XXXV.

So both attonce him charge on either
syde
With hideous strokes and importable
powre,
That forced him his ground to traverse
wyde,
And wisely watch to ward that deadly
stowre;
For in his shield, as thicke as stormie
showre,
Their strokes did raine: yet did he never
quaile,
Ne backward shrinke, but as a stedfast
towre,
Whom foe with double battry doth assaile,
Them on her bulwarke beares, and bids
them nought availe.

XXXVI.

So stoutly he withstood their strong as-
say;
Till that at last, when he advantage spyde,
His poynant speare he thrust with puis-
sant sway

At proud Cymochles, whiles his shield was
wyde,
That through his thigh the mortall steele
did gryde:
He, swarving with the force, within his
flesh
Did breake the launce, and let the head
abyde.
Out of the wound the red blood flowed
fresh,
That underneath his feet soone made a
purple plesh.

XXXVII.

Horribly then he gan to rage and rayle,
Cursing his Gods, and him selfe damning
deepe:
Als when his brother saw the red blood
rayle
Adowne so fast, and all his armour steepe,
For very felnesse lowd he gan to weepe,
And said; 'Caytive, curse on thy cruell
hond,
That twice hath spedd; yet shall it not
thee keepe
From the third brunt of this my fatall
brond:
Lo! where the dreadfull Death behynd thy
backe doth stond.'

XXXVIII.

With that he strooke, and thother
strooke withall,
That nothing seemd mote beare so mon-
strous might:
The one upon his covered shield did fall,
And glauncing downe would not his owner
byte;
But thother did upon his troncheon smyte,
Which hewing quite asunder, further way
It made, and on his hacqueton did lyte,
The which dividing with importune sway,
It seizd in his right side, and there the dint
did stay.

XXXIX.

Wyde was the wound, and a large luke-
warne flood,
Red as the Rose, thence gushed grievously;
That when the Paynym spyde the stream-
ing blood,
Gave him great hart and hope of victo-
ry.
On th' other side, in huge perplexity
The Prince now stood, having his weapon
broke;
Nought could he hurt, but still at warde
did ly:
Yet with his troncheon he so rudely stroke
Cymochles twice, that twice him forst his
foot revoke.

XL.

Whom when the Palmer saw in such dis-
tresse,
Sir Guyon's sword he lightly to him raught,
And said; 'Fayre Sonne, great God thy
right hand blesse,
To use that sword so well as he it ought!
Glad was the knight, and with fresh cour-
age fraught,
When as againe he armed felt his hond:
Then like a Lyon, which hath long time
saught
His robbed whelpes, and at the last them
fond
Emongst the shepeheard swaynes, then
wexeth wood and yond:

XLI.

So fierce he laid about him, and dealt
blowes
On either side, that neither mayle could
hold,
Ne shield defend the thunder of his
throwes:
Now to Pyrochles many strokes he told;
Eft to Cymochles twice so many fold;
Then, backe againe turning his busie hond,
Them both atonce compeld with courage
bold
To yield wide way to his hart-thrilling
brond;
And though they both stood stiffe, yet could
not both withstond.

XLII.

As salvage Bull, whom two fierce mas-
tives bayt,
When rancour doth with rage him once
engore,
Forgets with wary warde them to awayt,
But with his dreadful hornes them drives
afore,
Or flings aloft, or treads downe in the
flore,
Breathing out wrath, and bellowing dis-
daine,
That all the forest quakes to heare him
rore:
So rag'd Prince Arthur twixt his foemen
twaine,
That neither could his mightie puissance
sustaine.

XLIII.

But ever at Pyrochles when he smitt,
(Who Guyons shield cast ever him before,
Whereon the Faery Queenes pourtract was
writt,)
His hand relented and the stroke forbore,
And his deare hart the picture gan adore;

Which oft the Paynim sav'd from deadly
 stowre:
 But him henceforth the same can save no
 more;
 For now arrived is his fatall howre,
 That no'te avoyded be by earthly skill or
 powre.

XLIV.

For when Cymochles saw the fowle re-
 proch,
 Which them appeached, prickt with guiltie
 shame
 And inward grieffe, he fiercely gan ap-
 proch,
 Resolv'd to put away that loathly blame,
 Or dye with honour and desert of fame;
 And on the haubergh stroke the Prince so
 sore,
 That quite disparted all the linked frame,
 And pierced to the skin, but bit no more;
 Yet made him wise to reele, that never
 moov'd afore.

XLV.

Whereat renfiest with wrath and sharp
 regret,
 He stroke so hugely with his borrowd
 blade,
 That it empierst the Pagans burganet;
 And, cleaving the hard steele, did deepe
 invade
 Into his head, and cruell passage made
 Quite through his brayne. He, tumbling
 downe on ground,
 Breathd out his ghost, which, to th' in-
 fernal shade
 Fast flying, there eternall torment found
 For all the sinnes wherewith his lewd life
 did abound.

XLVI.

Which when his german saw, the stony
 feare
 Ran to his hart, and all his sence dismayd,
 Ne thenceforth life ne corage did appeare;
 But as a man whom hellish feendes have
 frayd,
 Long trembling. still he stooode: at last
 thus sayd;
 'Traytour, what hast thou doen? How
 ever may
 Thy cursed hand so cruelly have swayd
 Against that knight! Harrow and well
 away!
 After so wicked deede why liv'st thou
 lenger day?'

XLVII.

With that all desperate, as loathing
 light,
 And with revenge desyring soone to dye,

Assembling all his force and utmost might,
 With his owne swerd he fierce at him did
 flye,
 And strooke, and foynd, and lasht out-
 rageously,
 Withouten reason or regard. Well knew
 The Prince, with pacience and sufferance
 sly
 So hasty heat soone cooled to subdew:
 Tho, when this breathlesse woxe, that bat-
 teil gan renew.

XLVIII.

As when a windy tempest bloweth hie,
 That nothing may withstand his stormy
 stowre,
 The clowdes, as thinges affrayd, before
 him flye;
 But all so soone as his outrageous powre
 Is layd, they fiercely then begin to
 showre;
 And, as in scorne of his spent stormy
 spight,
 Now all attonce their malice forth do
 poure:
 So did Prince Arthur beare himselve in
 fight,
 And suffred rash Pyrochles waste his ydle
 might.

XLIX.

At last, when as the Sarazin perceiv'd
 How that straunge sword refusd to serve
 his neede,
 But when he stroke most strong the dint
 deceiv'd,
 He flong it from him; and, devoyd of dreed,
 Upon 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 under
 him down cast.

L.

Nought booted it the Paynim then to
 strive:
 For as a Bittur in the Eagles clawe,
 That may not hope by flight to scape alive,
 Still waytes for death with dread and trem-
 bling aw;
 So he, now subject to the victours law,
 Did not once move, nor upward cast his
 eye,
 For vile disdain and rancour, which did
 gnaw
 His hart in twaine with sad melancholy;

As one that loathed life, and yet despyd
to dye.

LI.

But full of princely bounty and great
mind,
The conquerour nought cared him to
slay;
But casting wronges and all revenge be-
hind,
More glory thought to give life then decay,
And sayd; 'Paynim, this is thy dismall
day;
Yet if thou wilt renounce thy miscreaunce,
And my trew liegeman yield thy selfe for
ay,
Life will I graunt thee for thy valiaunce,
And all thy wronges will wipe out of my
sovenaunce.'

LII.

'Foole!' (sayd the Pagan) 'I thy gift
defye,
But use thy fortune as it doth befall;
And say, that I not overcome doe dye,
But in despite 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 unlace,
And left his headlesse body bleeding all
the place.

LIII.

By this Sir Guyon from his traunce
awakt,
Life having maystered her sencelesse
foe,
And looking up, whenas his shield he lakt
And sword saw not, he wexed wondrous
woe;
But when the Palmer, whom he long ygoe
Had lost, he by him spyde, right glad he
grew,
And saide; 'Deare sir, whom wandring to
and fro
I long have lakt, I joy thy face to vew:
Firme is thy faith, whom daunger never
fro me drew.

LIV.

'But read, what wicked hand hath
robbed mee
Of my good sword and shield?' The
Palmer, glad
With so fresh hew uprysing him to see,
Him answered: 'Fayre sonne, be no whit
sad
For want of weapons; they shall soone
be had.'
So gan he to discourse the whole debate,
Which that straunge knight for him sus-
tained had,
And those two Sarazins confounded late,
Whose carcasses on ground were horribly
prostrate.

LV.

Which when he heard, and saw the
tokens trew,
His hart with great affection was em-
bayd,
And to the Prince, bowing with reverence
dew
As to the patrone of his life, thus sayd;
'My Lord, my liege, by whose most gra-
tious ayd
I live this day, and see my foes subdewd,
What may suffice to be for meede repayd
Of so great graces as ye have me shewd,
But to be ever bound' _____

LVI.

To whom the Infant thus; 'Fayre Sir,
what need
Good turnes be counted as a servile bond
To bind their doers to receive their
meed?
Are not all knightes by oath bound to
withstond
Oppressours powre by armes and puissant
hond?
Suffise that I have done my dew in place.'
So goodly purpose they together fond
Of kinnesse and of courteous aggrace;
The whiles false Archimage and Atin fled
apace.

CANTO IX.

The house of Temperance, in which
Doth sober Alma dwell,
Besiegd of many foes, whom straung-
er knightes to flight compell.

I.

OF all Gods workes which doe this
worlde adorne,
There is no one more faire and excellent

Then is mans body, both for powre and
forme,
Whiles it is kept in sober government;
But none then it more fowle and indecent,

Distempred through misrule and passions
bace;

It growes a Monster, and incontinent
Doth loose his dignity and native grace:
Behold, who list, both one and other in
this place.

II.

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 fayre
accord,
Till him the Prince with gentle court did
bord:
'Sir knight, mote I of you this court'sy
read,
To weet why on your shield, so goodly
scord,
Beare ye the picture of that Ladies head?
Full lively is the semblaunt, though the
substance dead.'

III.

'Fayre Sir,' (sayd he) 'if in that picture
dead
Such life ye read, and vertue in vaine
shew;
What mote ye weene, if the trew lively-
head
Of that most glorious visage ye did
vew:
But yf the beauty of her mind ye knew,
That is, her bounty, and imperiall
powre,
Thousand times fairer than her mortall
hew,
O! how great wonder would your thoughts
deuoure,
And infinite desire into your spirite poure.'

IV.

'Shee is the mighty Queene of Faery,
Whose faire retraits I in my shield doe
beare:
Shee is the flowre of grace and chastity
Throughout the world, renowned far and
neare,
My liefe, my liege, my Sovereaine, my
deare,
Whose glory shineth as the morning
starre,
And with her light the earth enlumines
cleare:
Far reach her mercies, and her praises
farre,
As well in state of peace, as puissaunce in
warre.'

V.

'Thrise happy man,' (said then the
Briton knight)
'Whom gracious lott and thy great
valiaunce
Have made thee soldier of that Princesse
bright,
Which with her bounty and glad counte-
naunce
Doth blesse her servaunts, and them high
advaunce.
How may straunge knight hope ever to
aspire,
By faithfull service and meete amenaunce,
Unto such blisse? sufficient were that
hire
For losse of thousand lives, to die at her
desire.'

VI.

Said Guyon, 'Noble Lord, what meed
so great,
Or grace of earthly Prince so souveraine,
But by your wondrous worth and warlike
feat
Ye well may hope, and easely attaine?
But were your will her sold to entertaine,
And numbred be mongst knights of May-
denhed,
Great guerdon, well I wote, should you
remaine,
And in her favor high bee reckoned,
As Arthegall and Sophy now beene
honored.'

VII.

'Certes,' (then said the Prince) 'I God
avow,
That sith I armes and knighthood first
did plight,
My whole desire hath beene, and yet is
now,
To serve that Queene with al my powre
and might.
Seven times the Sunne, with his lamp-
burning light,
Hath walkte about the world, and I no
lesse,
Sith of that Goddessse I have sought the
sight,
Yet no where can her find: such happi-
nesse
Heven doth to me envy, and fortune
favourlesse.'

VIII.

'Fortune, the foe of famous chevi-
saunce,
'Seldom' (said Guyon) 'yields to vertue
aide,
But in her way throwes mischief and
mischance,

Whereby her course is stopt and passage
staid :

But you, faire Sir, be not herewith dis-
maid,

But constant keepe the way in which ye
stand ;

Which, were it not that I am els delaid
With hard adventure which I have in
hand,

I labour would to guide you through al
Faery land.'

IX.

'Gramercy Sir,' said he ; 'but mote I
weete

What strange adventure doe ye now
pursew ?

Perhaps my succour or advizement meete
Mote stead you much your purpose to
subdew.'

Then gan Sir Guyon all the story shew
Of false Acrasia, and her wicked wiles ;
Which to average the Palmer him forth
drew

From Faery court. So talked they, the
whiles

They wasted had much way, and measurd
many miles.

X.

And now faire Phoebus gan decline in
haste

His weary wagon to the Westerne vale,
Whenas they spide a goodly castle, plaste
Foreby a river in a pleasaunt dale ;

Which choosing for that evenings hos-
pitale,

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 every loup fast lockt, as fearing
foes despight.

XI.

Which when they saw, they weened
fowle reproch

Was to them doen, their entranche to
forestall,

Till that the Squire gan nigher to approch,
And wind his horne under the castle wall,
That with the noise it shooke as it would
fall.

Eftsoones forth looked from the highest
spire

The watch, and lowd unto the knights
did call,

To weete what they so rudely did require?
Who gently answered, They entranche
did desire.

XII.

'Fly fly, good knights,' (said he) 'fly
fast away,

If that your lives ye love, as meete ye
should ;

Fly fast, and save your selves from neare
decay ;

Here may ye not have entranche, though
we would :

We would, and would againe, if that we
could ;

But thousand enemies about us rave,
And with long siege us in the castle
hould.

Seven yeares this wize they us besieged
have,

And many good knights slaine that have
us sought to save.'

XIII.

Thus as he spoke, loe! with outragious
cry

A thousand villeins rownd about them
swarmd

Out of the rockes and caves adjoyning
nye ;

Vile caitive wretches, ragged, rude, de-
formd,

All threatening death, all in strange
manner armd ;

Some with unweldy clubs, some with
long speares,

Some rusty knives, some staves in fier
warmd :

Sterne was their looke ; like wild amazed
steares,

Staring with hollow eies, and stiffe up-
standing heares.

XIV.

Fiersly at first those knights they did
assayle,

And drove them to recoile ; but when
again

They gave fresh charge, their forces gan
to fayle,

Unhable their encounter to sustaine ;
For with such puissaunce and impetuous
maine

Those Champions broke on them, that
forst them fly,

Like scattered Sheepe, whenas the Shep-
herds swaine

A Lyon and a Tigre doth espye,
With greedy pace forth rushing from the
forest nye.

XV.

A while they fled, but soone retourn'd
again

With greater fury then before was fownd ;

And evermore their cruell Capitaine
Sought with his raskall routs t'enclose
them rownd,
And, overronne, to tread them to the
grownd;
But soone the knights with their bright
burning blades
Broke their rude troupes, and orders did
confownd,
Hewing and slashing at their idle shades;
For though they bodies seem, yet sub-
stance from them fades.

XVI.

As when a swarme of Gnats at eventide
Out of the fennes of Allan doe arise,
Their murmuring small trompetts sown-
den wide,
Whiles in the aire their clustring army
flies,
That as a cloud doth seeme to dim the
skies;
Ne man nor beast may rest, or take re-
past
For their sharpe wounds and noyous in-
juries,
Till the fierce Northerne wind with blus-
tring blast
Doth blow them quite away, and in the
Ocean cast.

XVII.

Thus when they had that troublous rout
disperst,
Unto the castle gate they come againe,
And entraunce crav'd which was denied
erst.
Now when report of that their perlous
paine,
And combrous conflict which they did
sustaine,
Came to the Ladies care which there did
dwell,
Shée forth issewed with a goodly traine
Of Squires and Ladies equipaged well,
And entertained them right fairely, as
befell.

XVIII.

Alma she called was; a virgin bright,
That had not yet felt Cupides wanton
rage;
Yet was shée woo'd of many a gentle
knight,
And many a Lord of noble parentage,
That sought with her to lincke in mar-
riage:
For shée was faire as faire mote ever bee,
And in the flowre now of her freshest age;
Yet full of grace and goodly modestee,
That even heven joyced her sweete face
to see.

XIX.

In robe of lilly white she was arayd,
That from her shoulder to her heele downe
raught;
The traine whereof loose far behind her
strayd,
Braunched with gold and perle most
richly wrought,
And borne of two faire Damsels which
were taught
That service well. Her yellow golden
heare
Was trimly woven and in tresses wrought,
Ne other tire she on her head did weare,
But crowned with a garland of sweete
Rosiere.

XX.

Goodly shée entertaind those noble
knights,
And brought them up into her castle
hall;
Where gentle court and gracious delight
Shée to them made, with mildnesse vir-
ginall,
Shewing her selfe both wise and liberall.
Then, when they rested had a season dew,
They her besought of favour speciall
Of that faire Castle to afford them vew:
Shée granted; and, them leading forth,
the same did shew.

XXI.

First she them led up to the Castle
wall,
That was so high as foe might not it
clime,
And all so faire and fensible withall;
Not built of bricke, ne yet of stone and
lime,
But of thing like to that Ægyptian slime,
Whereof king Nine whilome built Babell
towre.
But O great pitty! that no lenger time
So goodly workemanship should not en-
dure:
Soone it must turne to earth; no earthly
thing is sure.

XXII.

The frame thereof seemd partly circ-
ulare,
And part triangulare; O worke divine!
Those two the first and last propotions
are;
The one imperfect, mortall, fœminine,
Th' other immortall, perfect, masculine;
And twixt them both a quadrate was the
base,
Proportiond equally by seven and nine:
Nine was the circle sett in heavens place:

All which compacted made a goodly
Diapase.

XXIII.

Therein two gates were placed seemly
well:
The one before, by which all in did pas,
Did th' other far in workmanship excell;
For not of wood, nor of enduring bras,
But of more worthy substance fram'd it
was:
Doubly disparted, it did locke and close,
That when it locked none might thorough
pas,
And when it opened, no man might it
close;
Still open to their friendes, and closed to
their foes.

XXIV.

Of hewen stone the porch was fayrely
wrought,
Stone more of valew, and more smooth
and fine,
Then Jett or Marble far from Ireland
brought;
Over the which was cast a wandring vine,
Enchaced with a wanton yvie twine;
And over it a fayre Portcullis hong,
Which to the gate directly did incline
With comely compasse and compacture
strong,
Nether unseemly short, nor yet exceed-
ing long.

XXV.

Within the Barbican a Porter sate,
Day and night duely keeping watch and
ward;
Nor wight nor word mote passe out of the
gate,
But in good order, and with dew regard;
Utterers of secrets he from thence debard,
Bablers of folly, and blazers of cryme:
His larumbell might lowd and wyde be
hard
When cause requyrd, but never out of
time;
Early and late it rong, at evening and at
prime.

XXVI.

And rownd about the porch on every
syde
Twise sixteene warders satt, all armed
bright
In glistring steele, and strongly fortifyde:
Tall yeomen seemed they and of great
might,
And were enraunged ready still for fight.
By them as Alma passed with her guestes,
They did obeysaunce, as besemed right,
And then againe retourned to their restes:

The Porter eke to her did lout with hum-
ble gestes.

XXVII.

Thence she them brought into a stately
Hall,
Wherein were many tables fayre dispred,
And ready dight with drapets festivall,
Against the viaundes should be ministred.
At th' upper 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; rype of
age,
And in demeanure sober, and in counsell
sage.

XXVIII.

And through the Hall there walked to
and fro
A jolly yeoman, Marshall of the same,
Whose name was Appetite: he did bestow
Both guestes and meate, when ever in they
came,
And knew them how to order without
blame,
As him the 'Steward badd. They both
attone
Did dewty to their Lady, as became;
Who, passing by, forth ledd her guestes
anone
Into the kitchin rowme, ne spard for nice-
nesse none.

XXIX.

It was a vault ybuilt for great dispence,
With many raunges reard along the wall,
And one great chimney, whose long ton-
nell thence
The smoke forth threw. And in the midst
of all
There placed was a caudron wide and tall
Upon a mightie fornace, burning whott,
More whott then Aetn', or flaming Mon-
giball
For day and night it brent, ne ceased not,
So long as any thing it in the caudron
gott.

XXX.

But to delay the heat, leas't by mis-
chance
It might breake out and set the whole on
fyre,
There added was by goodly ordinance
An huge great payre of bellowes, which
did styre
Continually, and cooling breath inspyre.
Whot the Caudron many Cookes accoyld
With hookes and ladles, as need did re-
quyre;
The whyles the viaundes in the vessell
boyl'd

They did about their businesse sweat, and
sorely toyl'd.

xxxI.

The maister Cooke was cald Concoction ;
A carefull man, and full of comely guyse.
The kitchin clerke, that hight Digestion,
Did order all th' Achates in seemely wise,
And set them forth, as well he could devise.

The rest had severall offices assynd ;
Some to remove the scum as it did rise ;
Others to beare the same away did mynd ;
And others it to use according to his kynd.

xxxII.

But all the liquour, which was fowle
and waste,
Not good nor serviceable elles for ought,
They in another great rownd vessell plaste,
Till by a conduit pipe it thence were
brought :
And all the rest, that noyous was and
nought,
By secret wayes, that none might it espy,
Was close convaidd, and to the backgate
brought,
That cleped was Port Esquiline, whereby
It was avoided quite, and throwne out
privily.

xxxIII.

Which goodly order and great work-
mans skill
Whenas those knightes beheld, with rare
delight
And gazing wonder they their mindes did
fill ;
For never had they seene so straunge 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.

xxxIV.

And in the midst thereof upon the floure
A lovely bevy of faire Ladies sate,
Courtied of many a jolly Paramoure,
The which them did in modest wise amate,
And each one sought his Lady to aggrate :
And eke emongst them litle Cupid playd
His wanton sportes, being returned late
From his fierce warres, and having from
him layd
His cruell bow, wherewith he thousands
hath dismayd.

xxxv.

Diverse delights they fownd them selves
to please ;
Some song in sweet consort ; some laught
for joy ;
Some plaid with strawes ; some ydly satt
at ease ;
But other some could not abide to toy ;
All pleasaunce was to them grieve 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 straungers presence every one
did hush.

xxxvi.

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
Themselves to court, and each a damzell
chose.
The Prince by chaunce did on a Lady light,
That was right faire and fresh as morning
rose,
But somewhat sad and solemne eke in
sight,
As if some pensive thought constrained her
gentle spright.

xxxvii.

In a long purple pall, whose skirt with
gold
Was fretted all about, she was arayd ;
And in her hand a Poplar braunch did
hold :
To whom the Prince in courteous maner
sayd ;
' Gentle Madame, why beene ye thus dis-
mayd,
And your faire beautie doe with sadnes
spill ?
Lives any that you hath thus ill apayd ?
Or doen you love ? or doen you lack your
will ?
What ever bee the cause, it sure beseemes
you ill.'

xxxviii.

' Fayre Sir,' said she, halfe in disdain-
ful wise,
' How is it that this mood in me ye blame,
And in your selfe doe not the same advise ?
Him ill beseemes anothers fault to name,
That may unwares bee blotted with the
same :

Pensive I yeeld I am, and sad in mind,
Through great desire of glory and of fame;
Ne ought, I weene, are ye therein behynd,
That have three years sought one, yet no
where can her find.'

XXXIX.

The Prince was inly moved at her speach,
Well weeting trew what she had rashly
told;
Yet with faire semblaunt sought to hyde
the breach,
Which change of colour did perforce un-
fold,
Now seeming flaming whott, now stony
cold:
Tho, turning soft aside, he did inquire
What wight she was that Poplar braunch
did hold?
It answered was, her name was Prays-
desire,
That by well doing sought to honour to
aspire.

XL.

The whyles the Faery knight did enter-
tayne
Another Damsell of that gentle crew,
That was right fayre and modest of de-
mayne,
But that too oft she chaung'd her native
hew.
Straunge was her tyre, and all her garment
blew,
Close round about her tuckt with many a
plight:
Upon her fist the bird, which shoneth
vew,
And keepe in covert close from living
wight,
Did sitt, as yet ashamd how rude Pan did
her dight.

XLI.

So long as Guyon with her commoned,
Unto the ground she cast her modest eye,
And ever and anone with rosy red
The bashfull blood her snowy cheekes did
dye,
That her became, as polisht yvory
Which cunning Craftesman hand hath
overlayd
With fayre vermilion or pure Castory.
Great wonder had the knight to see the
mayd
So straungely passioned, and to her gently
said:

XLII.

'Fayre Damzell, seemeth by your
troubled cheare,
That either me too bold ye 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,
aryse.

If it be I, of pardon I you pray;
But if ought else that I mote not devyse,
I will, if please you it discure, assay
To ease you of that ill, so wisely as I
may.'

XLIII.

She answerd nought, but more abasht
for shame
Held downe her head, the whiles her lovely
face
The flashing blood with blushing did in-
flame,
And the strong passion mard her modest
grace,
That Guyon mervayld at her uncouth
cace;
Till Alma him bespake: 'Why wonder yee,
Faire Sir, at that which ye so much em-
brace?
She is the fountaine of your modestee:
You shamefast are, but Shamefastnes it
selfe is shee.'

XLIV.

Thereat the Elfe did blush in privitee,
And turnd his face away, but she the same
Dissembled faire, and faynd to oversee.
Thus they awhile with court and goodly
game
Themselves did solace each one with his
Dame,
Till that great Lady thence away them
sought
To vew her Castles other wondrous frame:
Up to a stately Turret she them brought,
Ascending by ten steps of Alabaster
wrought.

XLV.

That Turrets frame most admirable was,
Like highest heaven compassed around,
And lifted high above this earthly masse,
Which it surweyd as hils doen lower
ground;
But not on ground mote like to this be
found:
Not that, which antique Cadmus whylome
built
In Thebes, which Alexander did confound:
Nor that proud towre of Troy, though
richly guilt,
From which young Hectors blood by cruell
Greekes was spilt.

XLVI.

The rooffe hereof was arched over head,
And deckt with flowers and herbars
daintily:

Two goodly Beacons, set in watches stead,
 Therein gave light, and flamd continually;
 For they of living fire most subtilly
 Were made, and set in silver sockets
 bright,
 Cover'd with lids deviz'd of substance sly,
 That readily they shut and open might.
 O! who can tell the prayes of that makers
 might?

XLVII.

Ne can I tell, ne can I stay to tell,
 This parts great workemanship and wondrous
 powre,
 That all this other worldes worke doth
 excell,
 And likest is unto that heavenly towre
 That God hath built for his owne blessed
 bowre.
 Therein were divers rowmes, and divers
 stages;
 But three the chiefest and of greatest
 powre,
 In which there dwelt three honorable
 sages,
 The wisest men, I weene, that lived in
 their ages.

XLVIII.

Not he, whom Greece, the Nourse of all
 good arts,
 By Phœbus doome the wisest thought
 alive,
 Might be compar'd to these by many parts:
 Nor that sage Pylia syre, which did survive
 Three ages, such as mortall men contrive,
 By whose advise old Priams cittie fell,
 With these in praise of pollicies mote
 strive.
 These three in these three rowmes did
 sondry dwell,
 And counselled faire Alma how to governe
 well.

XLIX.

The first of them could things to come
 foresee;
 The next could of things present best
 advize;
 The third things past could keep in mem-
 oree;
 So that no time nor reason could arise,
 But that the same could one of these com-
 prize.
 For-ty the first did in the forepart sit,
 That nought mote hinder his quicke pre-
 judize:
 He had a sharpe foresight and working
 wit
 That never idle was, ne once would rest a
 whit.

L.

His chamber was dispaigned all within
 With sondry colours, in the which were
 writ
 Infinite shapes of things dispersed thin;
 Some such as in the world were never yit,
 Ne can devized be of mortall wit;
 Some daily seene and knowen by their
 names,
 Such as in idle fantasies do flit;
 Infernall Hags, Centaurs, feendes, Hippo-
 dames,
 Apes, Lyons, Aegles, Owles, fooles, lovers,
 children, Dames.

LI.

And all the chamber filled was with flies
 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 hives with honny do abound.
 All those were idle thoughtes and fanta-
 sies,
 Devices, dreames, opinions unsound,
 Shewes, visions, sooth-sayes, and prophe-
 sies;
 And all that fained is, as leasings, tales,
 and lies.

LII.

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, sharpe staring
 eyes,
 That mad or foolish seemd: one by his
 vew
 Mote deeme him borne with ill-disposed
 skyes,
 When oblique Saturne sate in th' house of
 agonyes.

LIII.

Whom Alma having shewed to her
 gwestes,
 Thence brought them to the second rowme,
 whose wals
 Were painted faire with memorable gestic
 Of famous Wisards; and with picturals
 Of Magistrates, of courts, of tribunals,
 Of commen-wealthes, of states, of pollicy,
 Of lawes, of judgements, and of decretals,
 All artes, all science, all Philosophy,
 And all that in the world was ay thought
 wittily.

LIV.

Of those that rowme 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 usage
He now was growne right wise and wondrous sage:
Great pleasure had those straunger
knightes to see
His goodly reason and grave personage,
That his disciples both desyrd to bee;
But Alma thence them led to th' hind-
most rowme of three.

LV.

That chamber seemed ruinous and old,
And therefore was removed far behind,
Yet were the wals, that did the same
uphold,
Right firme and strong, though somewhat
they declind;
And therein sat an old old man, halfe
blind,
And all decrepit in his feeble corse,
Yet lively vigour rested in his mind,
And recompent them with a better scorse:
Weake body wel is chang'd for minds
redoubled forse.

LVI.

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 els the which this world doth
weld;
But laid them up in his immortall scrine,
Where they for ever incorrupted dweld:
The warres he well remembered of king
Nine,
Of old Assaracus, and Inachus divine.

LVII.

The yeares of Nestor nothing were to
his,
Ne yet Mathusalem, though longest liv'd;
For he remembered both their infancis:
Ne wonder then, if that he were depriv'd
Of native strength now that he them
surviv'd.

His chamber all was hangd about with
rolls
And old records from auncient times
derivd,
Some made in books, some in long parch-
ment scrolls,
That were all worm-eaten and full of
canker holes.

LVIII.

Amidst them all he in a chaire was sett,
Tossing and turning them withouten end;
But for he was unahle them to fett,
A litle boy did on him still attend
To reach, when ever he for ought did
send;
And oft when thinges were lost, or laid
amis,
That boy them sought and unto him did
lend:
Therefore he Anamnestes cleped is;
And that old man Eumnestes, by their
propertis.

LIX.

The knightes there entring did him
reverence dew,
And wondred at his endlessse exercise:
Then as they gan his Library to vew,
And antique Regesters for to avise,
There chanced to the Princes hand to
rize
An auncient booke, hight *Briton moni-
ments*,
That of this lands first conquest did
devize,
And old division into Regiments,
Till it reduced was to one maus governe-
ments.

LX.

Sir Guyon chaunst eke on another
booke,
That hight *Antiquitee of Faery lond*:
In which whenas he greedily did looke,
Th' ofspring of Elves and Faeryes there
he fond,
As it delivered was from hond to hond:
Whereat they, burning both with fervent
fire
Their countreys auncestry to understand,
Crav'd leave 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 Uthers rayne;
And rolls of Elfin Emperours,
Till time of Gloriane.

I.

WHO now shall give unto me words and
sound
Equall unto this haughty enterprise?
Or who shall lend me wings, with which
from ground
My lowly verse may loftily arise,
And lift it selfe unto the highest skyes?
More ample spirit than hitherto was wount
Here needes me, whiles the famous
auncestryes
Of my most dreaded Soueraigne I recount,
By which all earthly Princes she doth far
surmount.

II.

Ne under Sunne that shines so wide and
faire,
Whence all that lives does borrow life
and light,
Lives ought that to her linage may
compaire;
Which though from earth it be derived right,
Yet doth it selfe stretch forth to hevens
hight,
And all the world with wonder overspred;
A labor huge, exceeding far my might.
How shall fraile pen, with feare dis-
paraged,
Conceive such soueraigne glory and great
bountyhed?

III.

Argument worthy of Mæonian quill;
Or rather worthy of great Phoebus rote,
Whereon the ruines of great Ossa hill,
And triumphes of Phlegraean Iove, he
wrote,
That all the Gods admird his lofty note.
But if some relish of that heavenly lay
His learned daughters would to me report
To decke my song withall, I would assay
Thy name, O soueraigne Queene! to blazon
far away.

IV.

Thy name, O soueraigne Queene! thy
realme, and race,
From this renowned Prince derived arre,
Who mightily upheld that royall mace
Which now thou bear'st, to thee descended
farre
From mighty kings and conquerours in
warre,

Thy fathers and great Grandfathers of
old,
Whose noble deeds above the Northern
starre
Immortal fame for ever hath enrold;
As in that old mans booke they were in
order told.

V.

The land which warlike Britons now
possesse,
And therein have their mighty empire
raysd,
In antique times was salvage wilderness,
Unpeopled, unmannurd, unprovd, un-
praysd;
Ne was it Island then, ne was it payzd
Amid the ocean waves, ne was it sought
Of merchants farre for profits therein
praysd;
But was all desolate, and of some thought
By sea to have bene from the Celticke
maynland brought.

VI.

Ne did it then deserve a name to have,
Till that the venturous Mariner that way
Learning his ship from those white rocks
to save,
Which all along the Southerne sea-coast
lay
Threatning unheedy wrecke and rash
decay,
For safety that same his sea-marke made,
And namd it ALBION: But later day,
Finding in it fit ports for fishers trade,
Gan more the same frequent, and further
to invade.

VII.

But far in land a salvage nation dwelt
Of hideous Giaunts, and halfe beastly
men,
That never tasted grace, nor goodnes
felt;
But wild like beastes lurking in loathsome
den,
And flying fast as Roebucke through the
fen,
All naked without shame or care of cold,
By hunting and by spoiling livened;
Of stature huge, and eke of corage bold,
That sonnes of men amazd their stern-
nesse to behold.

VIII.

But whence they sprong, or how they
 were begott,
 Uneath is to assure; uneath to wene
 That monstrous error, which doth some
 assott,
 That Dioclesians fifty daughters shene
 Into this land by chaunce have driven
 bene;
 Where, companing with feends and filthy
 Sprights
 Through vaine illusion of their lust
 unclene,
 They brought forth Geaunts, and such
 dreadful wights
 As far exceeded men in their immeasurd
 mights.

IX.

They held this land, and with their
 filthinesse
 Polluted this same gentle soyle long time;
 That their owne mother loathd their beast-
 linessse,
 And gan abhorre her broods unkindly
 crime,
 All were they borne of her owne native
 slime:
 Until that Brutus, anciently deriv'd
 From roiall stocke of old Assaraes line,
 Driven by fatall error here arriv'd,
 And them of their unjust possession
 depriv'd.

X.

But ere he had established his throne,
 And spread his empire to the utmost shore,
 He fought great batteils with his salvage
 fone;
 In which he them defeated evermore,
 And many Giaunts left on growing flore:
 That well can witnes yet unto this day
 The westerne Hogh, besprincled with the
 gore
 Of mighty Gočmot, whome in stout fray
 Corineus conquered, and cruelly did slay.

XI.

And eke that ample Pitt, yet far
 renownd
 For the large leape which Debon did
 compell
 Coulin to make, being eight lugs of
 grownd,
 Into the which retourning backe 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.

XII.

In meed of these great conquests by
 them gott,
 Corineus had that Province utmost west
 To him assigned for his worthy lott,
 Which of his name and memorable gest
 He called Cornwaile, yet so called best;
 And Debons shayre was that is Devon-
 shyre:
 But Canute had his portion from the rest,
 The which he cald Canutium, for his hyre;
 Now Cantium, which Kent we comenly
 inquire.

XIII.

Thus Brute this Realme unto his rule
 subdewd,
 And raigned long in great felicity,
 Lov'd of his freends, and of his foes
 eschewd:
 He left three sonnes, his famous progeny,
 Borne of fayre Inogene of Italy;
 Mongst whom he parted his imperiall
 state,
 And Loctrine left chiefe Lord of Britany.
 At last ripe age bad him surrender late
 His life, and long good fortune, unto
 ffnall fate.

XIV.

Loctrine was left the soveraine Lord of
 all:
 But Albanact had all the Northerne part,
 Which of himselfe Albania he did call;
 And Camber did possesse the Westerne
 quart,
 Which Severne now from Logris doth
 depart:
 And each his portion peaceably enjoyd,
 Ne was there outward breach, nor grudge
 in hart,
 That once their quiet government annoyd;
 But each his paynes to others profit still
 employd.

XV.

Untill a nation straunge, with visage
 swart,
 And corage fierce that all men did affray,
 Which through the world then swarmd in
 every part,
 And overflowd all countries far away,
 Like Noyes great flood, with their impor-
 tune sway,
 This land invaded with like violence,
 And did themselves through all the North
 display:
 Untill that Loctrine for his Realmes de-
 fence,
 Did head against them make and strong
 munificence,

XVI.

He them encountred, a confused rout,
Foreby the River that whylome was
hight
The ancient Abus, where with courage
stout
He them defeated in victorious fight,
And chaste so fiercely after fearefull
flight,
That forst their chiefetain, for his safeties
sake,
(Their Chiefetain Humber named was
aright,)
Unto the mighty streame him to betake,
Where he an end of batteill and of life
did make.

XVII.

The king retourned proud of victory,
And insolent wox through unwonted ease,
That shortly he forgot the jeopardy,
Which in his land he lately did appease,
And fell to vaine voluptuous disease:
He lov'd faire Ladie Estrild, leudly 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.

XVIII.

The noble daughter of Corineüs
Would not endure to bee so vile disdaind,
But, gathering force and corage valorous,
Encountred him in batteill well ordaind,
In which him vanquisht she to fly con-
straind:
But she so fast pursewd, that him she
tooke
And threw in bands, where he till death
remaind;
Als his faire Lemans flying through a
brooke
She overhent, nought moved with her
piteous looke;

XIX.

But both her selfe, and eke her daughter
deare,
Begotten by her kingly Paramoure,
The faire Sabrina, almost dead with feare,
She there attached, far from all succoure;
The one she slew upon the present floure;
But the sad virgin, innocent of all,
Adowne the rolling river she did poure,
Which of her name now Severne men do
call:
Such was the end that to disloyall love
did fall.

XX.

Then for her sonne, which she to Locrin
bore,
Madan was young, unmeet the rule to
sway,
In her owne hand the crowne she kept in
store,
Till ryper years 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 obey:
But, when her sonne to mans estate did
wex,
She it surrendred, ne her selfe would
lenger vex.

XXI.

Tho Madan raignd, unworthie of his
race,
For with all shame that sacred throne he
filld.
Next Memprise, as unworthy of that
place;
In which being consorted with Manild,
For thirst of single kingdom him he kild.
But Ebranck salved both their infamies
With noble deedes, and warreyd on Brun-
child
In Henault, where yet of his victories
Brave monuments remaine, which yet that
land envies.

XXII.

An happy man in his first dayes he was,
And happy father of faire progeny:
For all so many weekes as the yeare has,
So many children he did multiply:
Of which were twentie sonnes, which did
apply
Their mindes to prayse and chevalrous
desyre:
Those germans did subdew all Germany,
Of whom it hight; but in the end their
Syre
With foule repulse from Fraunce was
forced to retyre.

XXIII.

Which blott his sonne succeeding in his
seat,
The second Brute, the second both in
name
And eke in semblance of his puissaunce
great,
Right well recur'd, and did away that
blame
With recompence of everlasting fame:
He with his victour sword first opened

The bowels of wide Fraunce, a forlorne
 Dame,
 And taught her first how to be con-
 quered;
 Since which, with sondrie spoiles she
 hath been ransacked.

XXIV.

Let Scaldis tell, and let tell Hania,
 And let the marsh of Esthambruges tell,
 What colour were their waters that same
 day,
 And all the moore twixt Elversham and
 Dell,
 With blood of Henalois which therein
 fell.
 How oft that day did sad Brunchildis see
 The greene shield dyde in dolorous ver-
 mell?
 That not *Scuith guiridh* it mote seeme to
 bee,
 But rather *y scuith gogh*, signe of sad
 crueltee.

XXV.

His sonne, king Leill, by fathers labour
 long,
 Enjoyd an heritage of lasting peace,
 And built Cairleill, and built Cairleon
 strong.
 Next Huddibras his realme did not
 encrease,
 But taught the land from wearie wars to
 cease:
 Whose footsteps Bladud following, in
 artes
 Exceld at Athens all the learned preace,
 From whence he brought them to these
 salvage parts,
 And with sweet science mollifide their
 stubborne harts.

XXVI.

Ensampl of his wondrous faculty,
 Behold the boyling bathes at Cairbadon,
 Which seeth with secret fire eternally,
 And in their entrailles, full of quick Brim-
 ston,
 Nourish the flames which they are warmd
 upon,
 That to their people wealth they forth do
 well,
 And health to every forreyne nation:
 Yet he at last, contending to excell
 The reach of men, through flight into
 fond mischief fell.

XXVII.

Next him king Leyr in happie peace
 long raynd,

But had no issue male him to succeed,
 But three faire daughters, which were
 well uptraine
 In all that seemed fitt for kingly seed:
 Mongst whom his realme he equally de-
 creed
 To have divided. Tho, when feeble age
 Nigh to his utmost date he saw proceed,
 He cald his daughters, and with speeches
 sage
 Inquyrd, which of them most did love
 her parentage?

XXVIII.

The eldest, Gonorill, gan to protest
 That she much more than her owne life
 him lov'd;
 And Regan greater love to him profest
 Then all the world, when ever it were
 proof'd;
 But Cordeill said she lov'd him as be-
 hoov'd:
 Whose simple answeare, wanting colours
 fayre
 To paint it forth, him to displeasaunce
 moov'd,
 That in his crown he counted her no
 hayre,
 But twixt the other twain his kingdom
 whole did shayre.

XXIX.

So wedded th' one to Maglan king of
 Scottes,
 And thother to the king of Cambria,
 And twixt them shayrd his realme by
 equall lottes;
 But without dowre the wise Cordelia
 Was sent to Aggannip of Celtica.
 Their aged Syre, thus eased of his crowne,
 A private life ledd in Albania
 With Gonorill, long had in great renowne,
 That nought him griev'd to beene from
 rule deposed downe.

XXX.

But true it is that, when the oyle is
 spent,
 The light goes out, and weeke is throwne
 away:
 So, when he had resignd his regiment,
 His daughter gan despise his drouping
 day,
 And wearie wax of his continuall stay.
 Tho to his daughter Regan he repayrd,
 Who him at first well used every way;
 But when of his departure she de-
 spayrd,
 Her bountie she abated, and his cheare
 empayrd.

xxxI.

The wretched man gan then advise too late,
That love is not where most it is profest;
Too truely tryde in his extremest state.
At last, resolv'd likewise to prove the rest,
He to Cordelia him selfe address,
Who with entyre affection him receav'd,
As for her Syre and king her seemed best;
And after all an army strong she leav'd,
To war on those which him had of his realme bereav'd.

xxxII.

So to his crowne she him restord againe;
In which he dyde, made ripe for death by eld,
And after wild 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 overcommen kept in prison long,
Till weary of that wretched life her selfe she hong.

xxxIII.

Then gan the bloody brethren both to raine;
But fierce Cundah gan shortly to envy
His brother Morgan, prickt with proud disdain
To have a pere in part of soverainty;
And kindling coles of cruell enmity,
Raisd warre, and him in batteill overthrew.
Whence as he to those woody hilles did fly,
Which hight of him Glamorgan, there him slew;
Then did he raigne alone, when he none equal knew.

xxxIV.

His sonne Rivall' his dead rowme did supply;
In whose sad time blood did from heaven rayne.
Next great Gurgustus, then faire Cæcily,
In constant peace their kingdoms did contayne.
After whom Lago, and Kinmarke did rayne,
And Gorbogud, till far in years he grew:
Then his ambitious sonnes unto them twayne

Arraught the rule, and from their father drew;
Stout Ferrex and sterne Porrex him in prison threw.

xxxV.

But O! the greedy thirst of revall crowne,
That knowes no kinred, nor regards no right,
Stird Porrex up to put his brother downe;
Who, unto him assembling forreigne might,
Made warre on him, and fell him selfe 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 murdered pittilesse.

xxxVI.

Here ended Brutus sacred progeny,
Which had seven hundred yeares this scepter borne
With high renowine and great felicity:
The noble branch from th' antique stocke was torne
Through discord, and the roiall throne forlorne.
Thenceforth this Realme was into factions rent,
Whilest each of Brutus boasted to be borne,
That in the end was left no monument
Of Brutus, nor of Britons glorie auncient.

xxxVII.

Then up arose a man of matchlesse might,
And wondrous wit to menage high affayres,
Who, stird with pittie of the stressed plight
Of this sad realme, cut into sondry shayres
By such as claymd themselves Brutes rightfull hayres,
Gathered the Princes of the people loose
To taken counsell of their common cares;
Who, with his wisdom won, him streight did choose
Their king, and swore him fealty to win or loose.

xxxVIII.

Then made he head against his enemies,
And Ymner slew of Logris miscreate;
Then Ruddoc and proud Stater, both allies,

This of Albany newly nominate,
 And that of Cambry king confirmed late,
 He overthrew through his owne valiance;
 Whose countries he redus'd to quiet state,
 And shortly brought to civile gouernance,
 Now one, which earst were many made
 through variaunce.

XXXIX.

Then made he sacred lawes, which some
 men say
 Were unto him reueald in vision;
 By which he freed the Traveilers highway,
 The Churches part, and Ploughmans
 portion,
 Restraining stealth and strong extortion,
 The gracious Numa of great Britany;
 For till his dayes, the chiefe dominion
 By strength was wielded without pollicy:
 Therefore he first wore crowne of gold
 for dignity.

XL.

Donwallo dyde, (for what may live for
 ay?)
 And left two sonnes, of pearelesse
 prowess both,
 That sacked Rome too dearely did assay,
 The recompence of their perjured oth;
 And ransackt Greece wel tryde, when
 they were wroth;
 Besides subjected France and Germany,
 Which yet their praises speake, all be
 they loth,
 And inly tremble at the memory
 Of Brennus and Belinus, kinges of Brit-
 any.

XLI.

Next them did Gurgiunt, great Belinus
 sonne,
 In rule succede, and eke in fathers
 praise;
 He Easterland subdewd, and Denmarke
 wonne,
 And of them both did foy and tribute
 raise,
 The which was dew in his dead fathers
 daies.
 He also gave to fugitives of Spayne,
 Whom he at sea found wandring from
 their waies,
 A seate in Ireland safely to remayne,
 Which they should hold of him, as sub-
 ject to Britayne.

XLII.

After him raigned Guitheline his
 hayre,

The justest man and trewest in his daies,
 Who had to wife Dame Mertia the fayre,
 A woman worthy of immortal praise,
 Which for this Realme found many
 goodly layes,
 And wholesome Statutes to her husband
 brought.
 Her many deemd to have beene of the
 Fayes,
 As was Agerie that Numa tought:
 Those yet of her be Mertian lawes both
 nam'd and thought.

XLIII.

Her sonne Sisillus after her did rayne;
 And then Kimarus; and then Danius:
 Next whom Morindus did the crowne
 sustayne;
 Who, had he not with wrath outrageous
 And cruell rancour dim'd his valorous
 And mightie deedes, should matched have
 the best:
 As well in that same field victorious
 Against the forreine Morands he exprest;
 Yet lives his memorie, though carcass
 sleepe in rest.

XLIV.

Five sonnes he left, begotten of one
 wife,
 All which successively by turnes did rayne:
 First Gorboman, a man of vertuous life;
 Next Archigald, who for his proud dis-
 dayne
 Deposed was from princedom soverayne,
 And pitteous Elidure put in his sted;
 Who shortly it to him restord agayne,
 Till by his death he it recovered:
 But Peridure and Vigent him disthron-
 ized.

XLV.

In wretched prison long he did re-
 maine,
 Till they outraigned had their utmost
 date,
 And then therein reseized was againe,
 And ruled long with honorable state,
 Till he surrendered Realme and life to
 fate.
 Then all the sonnes of these five brethren
 raynd
 By dew successe, and all their Nephewes
 late;
 Even thrise eleven descents the crowne
 retaynd,
 Till aged Hely by dew heritage it gaynd.

XLVI.

He had two sonnes, whose eldest, called
 Lud,

Left of his life most famous memory,
And endlesse monuments of his great
good:

The ruin'd wals he did reëdifye
Of Troynovant, gainst force of enimy,
And built that gate which of his name is
hight,
By which he lyes entombd solemnly.
He left two sonnes, too young to rule
aright,
Androgeus and Tenantius, pictures of his
might.

XLVII.

Whilst they were young, Cassibalane,
their Eme,
Was by the people chosen in their sted,
Who on him tooke the roiall Diademe,
And goodly well long time it governed;
Till the prowde Romanes him disquieted,
And warlike Cæsar, tempted with the
name

Of this sweet Island never conquered,
And envying the Britons blazed fame,
(O hideous hunger of dominiou!) hither
came.

XLVIII.

Yet twise they were repulsed backe
again,
And twise renforst backe to their ships to
fly;
The whiles with blood 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 native soyle,
And envious of Uncles soveraintie,
Betrayd his cuntry unto forreine
spoyle.
Nought els but treason from the first this
land did foyle.

XLIX.

So by him Cæsar got the victory,
Through great bloodshed and many a sad
assay,
In which himselfe was charged heavily
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 defrayd:
Yet oft the Briton kings against them
strongly swayd.

L.

Next him Tenantius raignd; then
Kimbeline,

What time th' eternall Lord in fleshly
slime

Enwombd was, from wretched Adams
line

To purge away the guilt of sinfull crime.
O joyous memorie of happy time,
That heavenly grace so plenteously dis-
playd!

(O too high ditty for my simple rime!)
Soone after this the Romanes him war-
rayd;

For that their tribute he refusd to let be
payd.

LI.

Good Claudius, that next was Emper-
our,
An army brought, and with him batteile
fought,

In which the king was by a Treachetour
Disguised slaine, ere any thereof thought:
Yet ceased not the bloody fight for ought;
For Arvirage his brothers place supplyde
Both in his armes and crowne, and by
that draught

Did drive the Romanes to the weaker
syde,

That they to peace agreed. So all was
pacifyde.

LII.

Was never king more highly magnifide,
Nor dredd of Romanes, then was Arvir-
age;

For which the Emperour to him allide
His daughter Genuiss' in marriage:
Yet shortly he renounst the vassallage
Of Rome againe, who hither hastily sent
Vespasian, that with great spoile and
rage

Forwasted all, till Genuissa gent
Persuaded him to cease, and her lord to
relent.

LIII.

He dide; and him succeeded Marius,
Who joyd his dayes in great tranquillity.
Then Coyll; and after him good Lucius,
That first received Christianity,
The sacred pledge of Christes Evangely.
Yet true it is, that long before that day
Hither came Joseph of Arimathy,
Who brought with him the holy grayle,
they say,
And preachd the truth; but since it greatly
did decay.

LIV.

This good king shortly without issew
dide,
Whereof great trouble in the kingdome
grew,
That did her selfe in sondry parts divide,

And with her powre her owne selfe over-
threw,
Whilset Romanes daily did the weake sub-
dew:
Which seeing, stout Bunduca up arose,
And taking armes the Britons to her
drew;
With whom she marched streight against
her foes,
And them unwares besides the Severne
did enclose.

LV.

There she with them a cruell batteill
tryde,
Not with so good successe as shee de-
serv'd;
By reason that the Captaines on her syde,
Corrupted by Paulinus, from her swerv'd:
Yet, such as were through former flight
preserv'd
Gathering againe, her Host she did renew,
And with fresh corage on the victor servd:
But being all defeated, save a few,
Rather than fly, or be captiv'd, her selfe
she slew.

LVI.

O famous moniment of womens prayse!
Matchable either to Semiramis
Whom antique history so high doth rayse,
Or to Hypsipphil', or to Thomiris.
Her Host two hundred thousand numbred
is;
Who, whiles good fortune favoured her
might,
Triumphed oft against her enemies;
And yet, though overcome in haplesse
fight,
Shee triumphed on death, in enemies
despight.

LVII.

Her reliques Fulgent having gathered,
Fought with Severus, and him overthrew,
Yet in the chace was slaine of them that
fled,
So made them victors whome he did sub-
dew.
Then gan Carausius tirannize 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 enjoyed but short
happy howre:

LVIII.

For Asclepiodate him overcame,
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 batteill slaine:

Who after long debate, since Lucies tyme,
Was of the Britons first crownd Sovereaine.
Then gan this Realme renew her passed
prime:
He of his name Coylchester built of stone
and lime.

LIX.

Which when the Romanes heard, they
hither sent
Constantius, a man of mickle might,
With whome king Coyll made an agreë-
ment,
And to him gave for wife his daughter
bright,
Fayre Helena, the fairest living 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 daies,
As well in curious instruments as cunning
laies.

LX.

Of whom he did great Constantine be-
gett,
Who afterward was Emperour of Rome,
To which whiles absent he his mind did
sett,
Octavius here left into his roome,
And it usurped by unrighteous doome:
But he his title justifie by might,
Slaying Traherne, and having overcome
The Romane legion in dreadfull fight.
So settled he his kingdome, and confirmd
his right:

LXI.

But wanting yssew male, his daughter
deare
He gave in wedlocke to Maximian,
And him with her made of his kingdome
heyre,
Who soone by meanes thereof the Em-
pire wan,
Till murdred by the freends of Gratian.
Then gan the Hunnes and Picts invade
this land,
During the raigne of Maximinian;
Who dying left none heire them to with-
stand,
But that they overran all parts with easy
hand.

LXII.

The weary Britons, whose war-hable
youth
Was by Maximian lately ledd away,
With wretched miseries and woefull ruth,
Were to those Pagans made an open pray,
And daily spectacle of sad decay:
Whome Romane warres, which now fowr
hundred yeares
And more had wasted, could no whit dis-
may;

Til, by consent of Commons and of Peares,
They crownd the second Constantine with
joyous teares.

LXIII.

Who having oft in batteill vanquished
Those spoylefull Picts, and swarming Easterlings,
Long time in peace his realme established,
Yet oft annoyd with sondry bordragings,
Of neighbour Scots, and forrein Scatterlings
With which the world did in those dayes
abound:
Which to outbarre, with painefull pyou-
ings
From sea to sea he heapt a mighty mound,
Which from Alchud to Panwelt did that
border bownd.

LXIV.

Three sones he dying left, all under age;
By meanes whereof their uncle Vortigere
Usurpt 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 Germany straunge aid to reare;
From whence eftsoones arrived here three
hoyes
Of Saxons, whom he for his safety im-
ployes.

LXV.

Two brethren were their Capitayns,
which hight
Hengist and Horsus, well approv'd in
warre,
And both of them men of renownmed
might;
Who making vantage of their civile jarre,
And of those forreyners 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 help-
ing hand,
And Vortiger have forst the kingdome to
aband.

LXVI.

But by the helpe of Vortimere his sonne,
He is againe unto his rule restord;
And Hengist, seeming sad for that was
donne,
Received is to grace and new accord,
Through his faire daughters face and flat-
tring word.

Soone after which three hundred Lords he
slew
Of British blood, all sitting at his bord;
Whose dolefull monuments who list to
rew,
Th' eternall marks of treason may at
Stonheng vew.

LXVII.

By this the sonnes of Constantine, which
fled,
Ambrose and Uther, did ripe yeares at-
tayne,
And, here arriving, strongly challenged
The crowne which Vortiger did long de-
tayne:
Who, flying from his guilt, by them was
slayne;
And Hengist eke soon brought to shame-
full death.
Thenceforth Aurelius peaceably did rayne,
Till that through poyson stopped was his
breath;
So now entombed lies at Stoneheng by the
heath.

LXVIII.

After him Uther, 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' Author selfe could not at least at-
tend
To finish it: that so untimely breach
The Prince him selfe halfe seemed to
offend;
Yet secret pleasure did offence empeach,
And wonder of antiquity long stopt his
speach.

LXIX.

At last, quite ravisht with delight to
heare
The royall Ofspring of his native land,
Cryde out; 'Deare countrey! O! how
dearely deare
Ought thy remembrance and perpetuall
band
Be to thy foster Childe, that from thy
hand
Did commun breath and nouriture re-
ceave.
How brutish is it not to understand
How much to her we owe, that all us gave;
That gave unto us all what ever good we
have.

LXX.

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 leaves here to repeat :
It told how first Prometheus did create
A man, of many parts from beasts de-
ryv'd,
And then stole fire from heven to animate
His worke, for which he was by Jove de-
pryv'd
Of life him self, and hart-strings of an
Aegle ryv'd.

LXXI.

That man so made he called Elfe, to weet
Quick, the first author of all Elfin kynd;
Who, wandring through the world with
wearie feet,
Did in the gardins of Adonis fynd
A goodly creature, whom he deemd in
mynd
To be no earthly wight, but either Spright,
Or Angell, th' authour of all woman kynd;
Therefore a Fay he her according hight,
Of whom all Faeryes spring, and fetch
their lignage right.

LXXII.

Of these a mighty people shortly grew,
And puissant kinges which all the world
warrayd,
And to them selves 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 laid
Cleopolis foundation first of all:
But Elfiline enclosd it with a golden wall.

LXXIII.

His sonne was Elfinell, who overcame
The wicked Gobelines in bloody field;
But Elfant was of most renowned fame,
Who all of Christall did Panthea build:
Then Elfar, who two brethren gyaantes
kild,
The one of which had two heades, th' other
three:
Then Elfinor, who was in magick skild;
He built by art upon the glassy See
A bridge of bras, whose sound heavens
thunder seem'd to bee.

LXXIV.

He left three sonnes, the which in order
raynd,

And all their Ofspring, in their dew de-
scents;
Even seven hundred Princes, which main-
taynd
With mightie deedes their sondry govern-
ments;
That were too long their infinite contents
Here to record, ne much materiall:
Yet should they be most famous moni-
ments,
And brave ensample, both of martiall
And civil rule, to kinges and states im-
periall.

LXXV.

After all these Elfcleos did rayne,
The wise Elfcleos, in great Majestie,
Who mightily that scepter did sustayne,
And with rich spoyles and famous victorie
Did high advaunce the crowne of Faery:
He left two sonnes, of which faire Elferon,
The eldest brother, did untimely dy;
Whose emptie place the mightie Oberon
Doubly supplide, in spousall and dominion.

LXXVI.

Great was his power and glorie over all
Which, him before, that sacred seate did
fill,
That yet remains his wide memoriall.
He dying left the fairest Tanaquill,
Him to succede therein, by his last will:
Fairer and nobler liveth none this howre,
Ne like in grace, ne like in learned skill;
Therefore they Glorian call that glorious
flowre:
Long mayst thou, Glorian, live in glory
and great powre!

LXXVII.

Begyld thus with delight of novelties,
And naturall desire of countryes state,
So long they redd 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 unwilling from their bookes them
brought,
And fayrely feasted as so noble knightes
she ought.

CANTO XI.

The enimies of Temperaunce
Besiege her dwelling place:
Prince Arthure them repelles, and fowle
Maleger doth deface.

I.

WHAT warre so cruel, or what siege so
sore,
As that which strong affections doe apply
Against the forte of reason evermore,
To bring the sowle into captivity?
Their force is fiercer through infirmity
Of the fraile flesh, relenting to their rage,
And exercise most bitter tyranny
Upon the partes brought into their bon-
dage:
No wretchednesse is like to sinfull vellen-
age.

II.

But in a body which doth freely yeeld
His partes to reasons rule obedient,
And letteth her that ought the scepter
weeld,
All happy peace and goodly government
Is settled there in sure establishment.
There Alma, like a virgin Queene most
bright,
Doth florish in all beautie excellent;
And to her guesstes doth bounteous banquet
dight,
Attempted goodly well for health and for
delight.

III.

Early, before the Morne with cremosin
ray
The windowes of bright heaven opened
had,
Through which into the world the dawn-
ing day
Might looke, that maketh every creature
glad,
Uprose Sir Guyon, in bright armour elad,
And to his purposd journey him prepar'd:
With him the Palmer eke in habit sad
Him selfe address to that adventure hard:
So to the rivers syde they both together
far'd:

IV.

Where them awaited ready at the ford
The Ferriman, as Alma had behight,
With his well-rigged bote: They goe
abord,
And he eftsoones gan launch his barke
forthright.
Ere long they rowed were quite out of
sight,
And fast the land behynd them fled away.

But let them pas, whiles wind and wether
right
Doe serve their turnes: here I a while
must stay,
To see a cruell fight doen by the prince
this day.

V.

For all so soone as Guyon thence was
gon
Upon his voyage with his trustie guyde,
That wicked band of villeins fresh begon
That castle to assaile on every side,
And lay strong siege about it far and
wyde.
So huge and infinite their numbers were,
That all the land they under them did
hyde;
So fowle and ugly, that exceeding feare
Their visages imprest when they ap-
proched neare.

VI.

Them in twelve troupes their Captein
did dispart,
And round about in fittest steades did
place,
Where each might best offend his proper
part,
And his contrary object most deface,
As every one seem'd meetest in that cace.
Seven of the same against the Castle gate
In strong entrenchments he did closely
place,
Which with inessaunt force and endlesse
hate
They battred day and night, and entraunce
did awate.

VII.

The other five five sondry wayes he sett
Against the five great Bulwarkes of that
pyle,
And unto each a Bulwarke did arrett,
T' assaile with open force or hidden gayle,
In hope thereof to win victorious spoile.
They all that charge did fervently apply
With greedie malice and importune toyle,
And planted there their huge artillery,
With which they dayly made most dread-
full battery.

VIII.

The first troupe was a monstrous rable-
ment

Of fowle misshapen wightes, of which
 some were
 Headed like Owles, with beekes uncomely
 bent;
 Others like Dogs; others like Gryphons
 dreare;
 And some had wings, and some had clawes
 to teare:
 And every one of them had Lynces eyes;
 And every one did bow and arrowes beare.
 All those were lawlesse lustes, corrupt
 envyes,
 And covetous aspects, all cruell enimyes.

IX.

Those same against the bulwarke of the
 Sight
 Did lay strong siege and battailous as-
 sault,
 Ne once did yield it respitt day nor night;
 But soone as Titan gan his head exault,
 And soone againe as he his light with-
 hault,
 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.

X.

The second Bulwarke was the Hearing
 sence,
 Gainst which the second troupe assign-
 ment makes;
 Deformed creatures, in straunge differ-
 ence,
 Some having heads like Harts, some like
 to Snakes,
 Some like wilde Bores late rouzd out of
 the brakes:
 Slaunderous reproches, and fowle infa-
 mies,
 Leasinges, backbytinges, and vain-glorious
 crakes,
 Bad counsels, prayses, and false flatteries:
 All those against that fort did bend their
 batteries.

XI.

Likewise that same third Fort, that is
 the Smell,
 Of that third troupe was cruelly assayd;
 Whose hideous shapes were like to
 feendes of hell,
 Some like to houndes, some like to Apes,
 dismayd,
 Some like to Puttockes, all in plumes
 arayd;
 All shap't according their conditions:
 For by those ugly formes weren pourtrayd
 Foolish delights, and fond abusions,

Which doe that sence besiege with light
 illusions.

XII.

And that fourth band which cruell
 battry bent
 Against the fourth Bulwarke, that is the
 Taste,
 Was, as the rest, a grysie rablement;
 Some mouth'd like greedy Oystriages;
 some faste
 Like loathly Toades; some fashioned in
 the waste
 Like swine: for so deformed is luxury,
 Surfeat, misdiet, and unthriftie waste,
 Vaine feastes, and ydle superfluity:
 All those this sences Fort assayle inces-
 santly.

XIII.

But the fift troupe, most horrible of
 hew
 And ferce of force, is dreadfull to report;
 For some like Snailles, some did like
 spyders shew,
 And some like ugly Urchins thick and
 short:
 Cruelly they assayd that fift Fort,
 Armed with dartes of sensuall Delight,
 With stinges of carnall lust, and strong
 effort
 Of feeling pleasures, with which day and
 night
 Against that same fift bulwarke they
 continued fight.

XIV.

Thus these twelve troupes with dread-
 full puissance
 Against that Castle restlesse siege did
 lay,
 And evermore their hideous Ordinaunce
 Upon the Bulwarkes cruelly did play,
 That now it gan to threaten neare decay:
 And evermore their wicked Capitayn
 Provoked them the breaches to assay,
 Sometimes with threats, sometimes with
 hope of gayn,
 Which by the ransack of that peece they
 should attayn.

XV.

On th' other syde, th' assieged Castles
 ward
 Their stedfast stonds did mightily main-
 taine,
 And many bold repulse and many hard
 Atchievement wrought, with perill and
 and with payne,
 That goodly frame from ruine to sus-
 taine:
 And those two brethren Gyauntes did
 defend

The walles so stoutly with their sturdie
mayne,
That never entraunce any durst pretend,
But they to direfull death their groning
ghosts did send.

xvi.

The noble Virgin, Ladie of the Place,
Was much dismayed with that dreadful
sight,
For never was she in so evill cace,
Till that the Prince, seeing her wofull
plight,
Gan her recomfort from so sad affright,
Offering his service, and his dearest life
For her defence against that Carle to
fight,
Which was their chiefe and th' authour
of that strife:
She him remerci'd as the Patrone of her
life.

xvii.

Eftsoones himselfe in glitterand armes
he dight,
And his well proved weapons to him
hent;
So, taking courteous congé, he behight
These gates to be unbar'd, and forth he
went.
Fayre mote he thee, the prowest and
most gent,
That ever brandished bright steele on
hye!
Whome soone as that unruly rablement
With his gay Squyre issewing did espye,
They reard a most outrageous dreadfull
yelling cry:

xviii.

And there withall attonce at him let
fly
Their fluttring arrowes, thicke as flakes
of snow,
And round about him flocke impetuously:
Like a great water flood, that tomling
low
From the high mountaines, threatoes to
overflow
With suddien fury all the fertile playne,
And the sad husbandmans long hope doth
throw
Adowne the streame, and all his vowes
make vayne;
Nor bounds nor banks his headlong ruine
may sustayne.

xix.

Upon his shield their heaped hayle he
bore,

And with his sword disperst the raskall
flockes,
Which fled asonder, and him fell before;
As withered leaves drop from their dried
stockes,
When the wroth Western wind does
reave their locks:
And underneath him his courageous
steed,
The fierce Spumador, trode them downe
like docks;
The fierce Spumador, borne of heavenly
seed,
Such as Laomedon of Phœbus race did
breed.

xx.

Which suddene horror and confused
cry
When as their Capteine heard, in haste
he yode
The cause to weet, and fault to remedy:
Upon a Tygre swift and fierce he rode,
That as the winde ran underneath his
lode,
Whiles his long legs nigh raught unto the
ground.
Full large he was of limbe, and shoulders
brode,
But of such subtile substance and un-
sound,
That like a ghost he seem'd whose grave-
clothes were unbound:

xxi.

And in his hand a bended bow was
seene,
And many arrowes under his right side,
All deadly dangerous, all cruell keene,
Headed with flint, and fethers bloody
dide;
Such as the Indians in their quivers hide:
Those could he well direct and streight as
line,
And bid them strike the marke which he
had eyde;
Ne was there salve, ne was there medi-
cine,
That mote recure their wounds; so inly
they did tine.

xxii.

As pale and wan as ashes was his
looke,
His body leane and meagre as a rake,
And skin all withered like a dried rooke;
Thereto as cold and dreery as a snake,
That seemd to tremble evermore and
quake;
All in a canvas thin he was bedight,
And girded with a belt of twisted brake:

Upon his head he wore an Helmet light,
Made of a dead maus skull, that seemd a
ghastly sight.

XXIII.

Maleger was his name; and after him
There follow'd fast at hand two wicked
Hags,
With hoary lockes all loose, and visage
grim;
Their feet unshod, their bodies wrapt in
rags,
And both as swift on foot as chased
Stags;
And yet the one her other legge had
lame,
Which with a staffe, all full of litle snags,
She did support, and Impotence her
name:
But th' other was Impatience, arm'd
with raging flame.

XXIV.

Soone as the Carle from far the Prince
espyde
Glistring in armes and warlike ornament,
His Beast he felly prickt on either syde,
And his mischievous bow full readie
bent,
With which at him a cruell shaft he
sent:
But he was warie, and it warded well
Upon his shield, that it no further went,
But to the ground the idle quarrell fell:
Then he another and another did expell.

XXV.

Which to prevent the Prince his mortall
speare
Soone to him raught, and fierce at him
did ride,
To be avenged 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 poursue the Infant after hide
So fast as his good Courser could him
beare;
But labour lost it was to weene approch
him neare.

XXVI.

For as the winged wind his Tigre fled,
That vew of eye could scarse him over-
take,
Ne scarse his feet on ground were seene
to tred:
Through hils and dales he speedy way
did make,

Ne hedge ne ditch his readie passage
brake;
And in his flight the villein turn'd his
face
(As wonts the Tartar by the Caspian
lake,
Whenas the Russian him in fight does
chace)
Unto his Tygres taile, and shot at him
apace.

XXVII.

Apace he shot, and yet he fled apace,
Still as the greedy knight nigh to him
drew;
And oftentimes he would relent his pace,
That him his foe more fiercely should
poursew:
But when his uncouth manner he did
vew,
He gan avize to follow him no more,
But keepe his standing, and his shaftes
eschew,
Untill he quite had spent his perlous
store,
And then assayle him fresh, ere he could
shift for more.

XXVIII.

But that lame Hag, still as abroad he
strew
His wicked arrowes, gathered them
again,
And to him brought, fresh battell to
renew;
Which he espying cast her to restraine
From yielding succour to that cursed
Swaine,
And her attaching thought her hands to
tye;
But soone as him dismounted on the
plaine
That other Hag did far away espye
Binding her sister, she to him ran hastily;

XXIX.

And catching hold of him, as downe he
lent,
Him backward overthrew, and downe
him stayd
With their rude handes and gryesly gra-
plement:
Till that the villein, comming to their ayd,
Upon him fell, and lode upon him layd:
Full litle 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.

xxx.

So greatest and most glorious thing on
ground
May often need the helpe of weaker hand;
So feeble is mans state, and life unsound,
That in assurance it may never stand,
Till it dissolved be from earthly band.
Proofe be thou, Princee, the prowest man
alyve,
And noblest borne of all in Britayne land;
Yet thee fierce Fortune did so nearely
drive,
That, had not grace thee blest, thou
shouldest not survive.

xxxI.

The Squyre arriving fiercely in his
armes
Snatcht first the one, and then the other
Jade,
His chiefest letts and authors of his
harmes,
And them perforce withheld with threat-
ned blade,
Least that his Lord they should behinde
invade;
The whiles the Prince, prickt with re-
prochful shame,
As one awakte out of long slombring
shade,
Revivng thought of glory and of fame,
Unitcd all his powres to purge him selfe
from blame.

xxxII.

Like as a fire, the which in hollow cave
Hath long bene underkept and down sup-
prest,
With murmurous disdayne doth inly rave,
And grudge in so streight prison to be
prest,
At last breakes forth with furious unrest,
And strives to mount unto his native seat;
All that did earest it hinder and molest,
Yt now devoures with flames and scorch-
ing heat,
And carries into smoake with rage and
horror great.

xxxIII.

So mightely the Briton Prince him
rouzd
Out of his holde, and broke his caytive
bands;
And as a Beare, whom angry cures have
touzd,
Having off-shakt them and escapt their
hands,
Becomes more fell, and all that him with-
stands

Treads down and overthrowes. Now had
the Carle
Alighted from his Tigre, and his hands
Discharged of his bow and deadly quar'le,
To seize upon his foe flatt lying on the
marle.

xxxIV.

Which now him turnd to disavantage
deare;
For neither can he fly, nor other harme,
But trust unto his strength and manhood
meare,
Sith now he is far from his monstrous
swarne,
And of his weapons did himselfe disarme.
The knight, yet wrothfull for his late dis-
grace,
Fiercely advaunst his valorous right
arme,
And him so sore smott with his yron mace,
That groveling to the ground he fell, and
fld his place.

xxxv.

Wel weened hee that field was then his
owne,
And all his labor brought to happy end;
When suddain up the villeine overthrowne
Out of his swowne arose, fresh to contend,
And gan him selfe to second battaill bend,
As hurt he had not beene. Thereby there
lay
An huge great stone, which stood upon
one end,
And had not bene removed many a day;
Some land-marke seemd to bee, or signe
of sundry way:

xxxVI.

The same he snatcht, and with exceed-
ing sway
Threw at his foe, whe was right well aware
To shonne the engin of his meant decay;
It booted not to thinke that throw to
beare,
But grownd he gave, and lightly lept
areare:
Eft fierce retourning, as a faulcon fayre,
That once hath failed of her souse full
neare,
Remounts againe into the open ayre,
And unto better fortune doth her selfe
prepayre.

xxxVII.

So brave retourning, with his brandisht
blade
He to the Carle him selfe agayn address,
And strooke at him so sternely, that he
made
An open passage through his riven brest,

That halfe the steele behind his backe did
rest;
Which drawing backe, he looked ever-
more
When the hart blood should gush out of
his chest,
Or his dead corse should fall upon the
flore;
But his dead corse upon the flore fell
nathemore.

XXXVIII.

Ne drop of blood appeared shed to bee,
All were the wovnd so wide and wonder-
ous
That through his carcas one might playnly
see.
Halfe in amaze with horror hideous,
And halfe in rage to be deluded thus,
Again through both the sides he strooke
him quight,
That made his spright to grone full pite-
ous;
Yet nathemore forth fled his groning
spright,
But freshly, as at first, prepard himselfe
to fight.

XXXIX.

Thereat he smitten was with great
affright,
And trembling terror did his hart apall;
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 wandering ghost that wanted funerall,
Or aery spirite under false pretence,
Or hellish feend raysd up through divelish
science.

XL.

His wonder far exceeded reasons reach,
That he began to doubt his dazeled sight,
And oft of error did himselfe appeach:
Flesh without blood, 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 seemd a mortall
wight,
That was most strong in most infirmitee;
Like did he never heare, like did he never
see.

XLI.

Awhile he stood in this astonishment,
Yet would he not for all his great dismay
Give over to effect his first intent,
And th' utmost meanes of victory assay,

Or th' utmost yssew of his owne decay.
His owne good sword Mordure, that never
fayld
At need till now, he lightly threw away,
And his bright shield that nought him now
avayld;
And with his naked hands him forcibly
assayld.

XLII.

Twixt his two mighty armes him up he
snatcht,
And crusht his carcas so against his brest,
That the disdainfull sowle he thence dis-
patcht,
And th' ydle breath all utterly exprest.
Tho, when he felt him dead, adowne he
kest
The lumpish corse unto the sencelesse
grownd;
Adowne he kest it with so puissant wrest,
That backe againe it did alofte rebownd,
And gave against his mother earth a
gronefull sownd.

XLIII.

As when Joves harness-bearing Bird
from hye
Stoupes at a flying heron with proud dis-
dayue,
The stone-dead quarrey falls so forciblye,
That yt rebownds against the lowly
playne,
A second fall redoubling backe agayne.
Then thought the Prince all peril sure was
past,
And that he victor onely did remayne;
No sooner thought, then that the Carle as
fast
Gan heap huge strokes on him, as ere he
down was cast.

XLIV.

Nigh his wits end then woxe th' amazed
knight,
And thought his labor lost, and travell
vayne,
Against this lifelesse shadow so to fight:
Yet life he saw, and felt his mighty mayne,
That, whiles he marveild still, did still
him payne;
Forthy he gan some other wayes advize,
How to take life from that dead-living
swayne,
Whom still he marked freshly to arize
From th' earth, and from her womb new
spirits to reprize.

XLV.

He then remembred well, that had bene
sayd,

How th' Earth his mother was, and first
 him bore;
 She eke, so often as his life decayd,
 Did life with usury to him restore,
 And reysd him up much stronger then
 before,
 So soone as he unto her wombe did fall:
 Therefore to grownd he would him cast
 no more,
 Ne him committ to grave terrestriall,
 But beare him farre from hope of succour
 usuall.

XLVI.

Tho up he caught him twixt his puissant
 hands,
 And having scrzud out of his carrion corse
 The lothfull life, now loosd from sinfull
 bands,
 Upon his shoulders carried him perforce
 Above three furlongs, taking his full
 course
 Until he came unto a standing lake;
 Him thereinto he threw without remorse,
 Ne stird, till hope of life did him forsake:
 So end of that Carles dayes and his owne
 paynes did make.

XLVII.

Which when those wicked Hags from
 far did spye,
 Like two mad dogs they ran about the
 lands,
 And th' one of them with dreadfull yelling
 crye,
 Throwing away her broken chaines and
 bands,
 And having quencht her burning fier-
 brands,

Hedlong her selfe did cast into that lake;
 But Impotence with her owne wilfull
 hands
 One of Malegers cursed darts did take,
 So ryv'd her trembling hart, and wicked
 end did make.

XLVIII.

Thus now alone he conquerour remaines:
 Tho, cumming to his Squyre that kept his
 steed,
 Thought to have mounted; but his feeble
 vaines
 Him faild thereto, and served not his
 need,
 Through losse of blood which from his
 wounds did bleed,
 That he began to faint, and life decay:
 But his good Squyre, him helping up
 with speed,
 With stedfast hand upon his horse did
 stay,
 And led him to the Castle by the beaten
 way.

XLIX.

Where many Groomes and Squyres
 ready were
 To take him from his steed full tenderly;
 And eke the fayrest Alma mett him there
 With balme, and wine, and costly spicery,
 To comfort him in his infirmity.
 Eftesoones shee causd him up to be con-
 vayd,
 And of his armes despoyled easily
 In sumptuous bed shee made him to be
 layd;
 And al the while his wounds were dress-
 ing by him stayd.

CANTO XII.

Guyon, by Palmers governaunce,
 Passing through perilles great,
 Doth overthrow the Bowre of blis,
 And Acrasy defeat.

I.

Now ginnes that goodly frame of Tem-
 peraunce
 Fayrely to rise, and her adorned hed
 To, pricke of highest prayse forth to ad-
 vaunce,
 Formerly grounded and fast setteled
 On firme foundation of true bountyhed:
 And this brave knight, that for this ver-
 tue fightes,
 Now comes to point of that same peril-
 ous sted,

Where Pleasure dwelles in sensuall de-
 lights,
 Mongst thousand dangers, and ten thou-
 sand Magick mights.

II.

Two dayes now in that sea he sayled
 has,
 Ne ever land beheld, ne living wight,
 Ne ought save perill still as he did pas:
 Tho, when appeared the third Morrow
 bright

Upon the waves to spred her trembling
light,
An hideous roring far away they heard,
That all their sences filled with affright;
And streight they saw the raging surges
reard
Up to the skyes, that them of drowning
made afeard.

III.

Said then the Boteman, 'Palmer, stere
aright,
And keepe an even course; for yonder
way
We needes must pas (God doe us well
acquight!)
That is the Gulfe of Greedinesse, they
say,
That deepe engorgeth all this worldes
pray;
Which having swallowd up excessively,
He soone in vomit up againe doth lay,
And belcheth forth his superfluity,
That all the seas for feare doe seeme
away to fly.

IV.

'On thother syde an hideous Rocke is
pight
Of mightie Magnes stone, whose craggie
clift
Depending from on high, dreadfull to
sight,
Over the waves his rugged armes doth
lift,
And threatneth downe to throw his ragged
rift
On whoso cometh nigh; yet nigh it
drawes
All passengers, that none from it can
shift:
For, whiles they fly that Gulfes devour-
ing jawes,
They on this rock are rent, and sunck in
helples wawes.'

V.

Forward they passe, and strongly he
them rowes,
Untill they nigh unto that Gulfe arryve,
Where streame more violent and greedy
grows:
Then he with all his puisaunce doth
stryve
To strike his oares, and mightily doth
drive
The hollow vessell through the threatfull
wave;
Which, gaping wide to swallow them
alyve
In th' huge abyse of his engulping grave,

Doth rore at them in vaine, and with
great terrour rave.

VI.

They, passing by, that grisely mouth
did see
Sucking the seas into his entralles
deepe,
That seemd 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 livers to tor-
ment:
But nought that falles into this direfull
deepe
Ne that approacheth nigh the wyde de-
scent,
May backe retourne, but is condemned to
be drent.

VII.

On thother side they saw that perilus
Rocke,
Threatning it selfe on them to ruinate,
On whose sharp cliftes the ribs of vessels
broke;
And shivered ships, which had beene
wrecked late,
Yet stuck with carkases exanimate
Of such, as having all their substance
spent
In wanton joyes and lustes intemperate,
Did afterwards make shipwrack violent
Both of their life and fame, for ever
fowly blent.

VIII.

Forthy this hight The Rocke of vile
Reproch,
A dangerous and detestable place,
To which nor fish nor fowle did once
approch,
But yelling Meawes, with Seagulles hoars
and bace,
And Cormoyraunts, with birds of rav-
enous race,
Which still sat waiting on that wastfull
clift
For spoile of wretches, whose unhappy
cace,
After lost credit and consumed thrift,
At last them driven hath to this despaire-
full drift.

IX.

The Palmer, seeing them in safetie
past,
Thus saide; 'Behold th' ensamples in our
sights

Of lustfull luxurie and thriftlesse wast.
 What now is left of miserable wightes,
 Which spent their looser daies in leud
 delightes,
 But shame and sad reproch, here to be
 red
 By these rent reliques, speaking their ill
 plights?
 Let all that live hereby be counselled
 To shunne Roche of Reproch, and it as
 death to dred!

X.

So forth they rowed; and that Ferry-
 man
 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 Islandes spy
 On every side floting the floodes emong:
 Then said the knight; 'Lo! I the land
 desery:
 Therefore, old Syre, thy course doe there-
 unto apply.'

XI.

'That may not bee,' said then the
 Ferryman,
 'Least wee unweeting hap to be for-
 donne;
 For those same Islands, seeming now and
 than,
 Are not firme land, nor any certein
 wonne,
 But stragling plots which to and fro doe
 ronne
 In the wide waters: therefore are they
 light
 The Wandring Islands. Therefore doe
 them shonne;
 For they have ofte drawne many a
 wandring wight
 Into most deadly daunger and distressed
 plight.

XII.

'Yet well they seeme to him, that farre
 doth vew,
 Both faire and fruitfull, and the grownd
 dispred
 With grassy greene of delectable hew;
 And the tall trees with leaves appareled
 Are deckt with blossoms dyde in white
 and red,
 That mote the passengers thereto allure;
 But whosoever once hath fastened
 His foot thereon, may never it recure,
 But wandreth evermore uncertein and
 unsure.

XIII.

'As th' Isle of Delos whylome, men re-
 port,
 Amid th' Aegæan sea long time did stray,
 Ne made for shipping any certein port,
 Till that Latona travailing that way,
 Flying from Junoes wrath and hard
 assay,
 Of her fayre twins was there delivered,
 Which afterwards did rule the night and
 day:
 Thenceforth it firmly was established,
 And for Apolloes temple highly herried.'

XIV.

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 seemd so sweet and pleasaunt to
 the eye,
 That it would tempt a man to touchen
 there:
 Upon the bank they sitting did espy
 A daintie damsell dressing of her heare,
 By whom a little skippet floting did
 appeare.

XV.

She, them espying, loud to them can
 call,
 Bidding them nigher draw unto the
 shore,
 For she had cause to busie them withall;
 And therewith lowdly laught: But nathe-
 more
 Would they once turne, but kept on as
 afore:
 Which when she saw, she left her lockes
 undight,
 And running to her boat withouten ore,
 From the departing land it launched
 light,
 And after them did drive with all her
 power and might.

XVI.

Whom overtaking, she in merry sort
 Them gan to bord, and purpose diversly;
 Now faining dalliaunce and wanton
 sport,
 Now throwing forth lewd wordes im-
 modestly:
 Till that the Palmer gan full bitterly
 Her to rebuke for being loose and light:
 Which not abiding, but more scornfully
 Scoffing at him that did her justly wite,

She turnd her bote about, and from them
rowed quite.

XVII.

That was the wanton Phædria, which
late
Did ferry him over the Idle lake:
Whom nought regarding they kept on
their gate,
And all her vaine allurements did forsake;
When then the wary Boteman thus be-
spake:
'Here now behoveth us well to avyse,
And of our safety good heede to take;
For here before a perlous passage lyes,
Where many Mermayds haunt making
false melodies:

XVIII.

'But by the way there is a great Quick-
sand,
And a whirlpoole of hidden jeopardy;
Therefore, Sir Palmer, keepe an even
hand,
For twixt them both the narrow way doth
ly.'
Scarse had he saide, when hard at hand
they spy
That quicksand nigh with water covered;
But by the checked wave they did descry
It plaine, and by the sea discoloured:
It called was the quicksand of Unthrifty-
hed.

XIX.

They, passing by, a goodly Ship did see
Laden from far with precious merchan-
dize,
And bravely furnished as ship might bee,
Which through great disaventure, or mes-
prize,
Her selfe had ronne into that hazardize;
Whose mariners and merchants with much
toyle
Labour'd in vaine to have recur'd their
prize,
And the rich wares to save from pitteous
spoyle;
But neither toyle nor t.aveill might her
backe recoyle.

XX.

On th' other side they see that perilous
Poole,
That called was the Whirlpoole of decay;
In which full many had with haplesse
doole
Beene suncke, of whom no memorie did
stay:
Whose circled waters rapt with whirling
sway,

Like to a restlesse wheele, still ronning
round,
Did covet, as they passed by that way,
To draw their bote within the utmost
bound
Of his wide Labyrinth, and then to have
them dround.

XXI.

But th' heedful Boteman strongly forth
did stretch
His brawnie armes, and all his bodie
straine,
That th' utmost sandy breach they shortly
fetch,
Whiles the dredd daunger does behind
remaine.
Suddeine they see from midst of all the
Maine
The surging waters like a mountaine rise,
And the great sea, puft up with proud
disdaine,
To swell above the measure of his guise,
As threatening to devoure all that his
powre despise.

XXII.

The waves come rolling, and the billowes
rore
Outragiously, as they enraged were,
Or wrathfull Neptune did them drive
before
His whirling charet for exceeding feare;
For not one puffe of winde there did ap-
peare,
That all the three thereat woxe much
afraid,
Unweeting what such horroure straunge
did reare.
Eftsoones they saw an hideous hoast
arrayd
Of huge Sea monsters, such as living sence
dismayd:

XXIII.

Most ugly shapes and horrible aspects,
Such as Dame Nature selfe mote feare to
see,
Or shame that ever should so fowle defects
From her most cunning hand escaped bee;
All dreadfull pourtraicts of deformitee:
Spring-headed Hydres; and sea-should-
ring Whales;
Great whirlpooles which all fishes make
to flee;
Bright Scolopendraes arm'd with silver
scales;
Mighty Monoceroses with immeasured
tayles.

XXIV.

The dreadful Fish that hath deserv'd
the name

Of Death, and like him lookes in dread-
full hew;
The griesly Wasserman, that makes his
game
The flying ships with swiftnes to pursue:
The horrible Sea-satyre, that doth shew
His fearefull face in time of greatest
storme;
Huge Ziffins, whom Mariners eschew
No lesse then rockes, (as travellers in-
forme)
And greedy Rosmarines with visages de-
forme.

XXV.

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 waves 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 en-
trall.

XXVI.

'Feare nought,' then saide the Palmer
well aviz'd,
'For these same Monsters are not these
in deed,
But are into these fearefull shapes dis-
guiz'd
By that same wicked witch, to worke us
dreed,
And draw from on this journey to pro-
ceed.'
Tho lifting up 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.

XXVII.

Quit from that danger forth their course
they kept;
And as they went they heard a ruefull
cry
Of one that wayld and pittifully wept,
That through the sea resounding plaints
did fly:
At last they in an Island did espy
A seemely 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 ever-
more.

XXVIII.

Which Guyon hearing streight his
Palmer bad
To stere the bote towards that dolefull
Mayd,
That he might know and ease her sorrow
sad;
Who, him avizing 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 apayd;
But onely womanish fine forgery,
Your stubborne hart t'affect with fraile
infirmity.

XXIX.

'To which when she your courage hath
inclind
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 Boteman
strayt
Held on his course with stayed stedfast-
nesse,
Ne ever shroncke, ne ever sought to bayt
His tyred armes for toylesome wearinesse,
But with his oares did sweepe the watry
wildernesse.

XXX.

And now they nigh approached to the
sted
Whereas those Mermayds dwelt: it was a
still
And calmy bay, on th' one side sheltered
With the brode shadow of an hoarie hill;
On th' other side an high rocke toured
still,
That twixt them both a pleasaunt port
they made,
And did like an halfe Theatre fulfill:
There those five sisters had continuall
trade,
And usd to bath themselves in that de-
ceptfull shade.

XXXI.

They were faire Ladies, till they fondly
striv'd
With th' Heliconian maides for maystery;
Of whom they, over-comen, were depriv'd
Of their proud beauteie, and th' one moyity
Transformed to fish for their bold surque-
dry;
But th' upper halfe their hew retayned
still,
And their sweet skill in wonted melody;

Which ever after they abusd to ill,
T' allure weake travellers, whom gotten
they did kill.

XXXII.

So now to Guyon, as he passed by,
Their pleasaunt tunes they sweetly thus
applyde:

'O thou fayre sonne of gentle Faery,
That art in mightie armes most magnifyde
Above all knights that ever batteill tryde,
O! turne thy rudder hitherward awhile:
Here may thy storme-bett vessell safely
ryde,
This is the Port of rest from troublous
toyle,
The worldes sweet In from paine and
wearisome turmoyle.'

XXXIII.

With that the rolling sea, resounding
soft,
In his big base them fitly answered;
And on the rocke the waves breaking aloft
A solemne Meane unto them measured;
The whiles sweet Zephyrus lowd whistled
His treble, a straunge kinde of harmony,
Which Guyons senses softly tickeled,
That he the boteman bad row easily,
And let him heare some part of their rare
melody.

XXXIV.

But him the Palmer from that vanity
With temperate advice discourseled,
That they it past, and shortly gan descry
The land to which their course they
leveled;
When suddainly a grosse fog over-sprede
With his dull vapour all that desert has,
And heavens chearefull face enveloped,
That all things one, and one as nothing
was,
And this great Universe seemd one confu-
sused mas.

XXXV.

Thereat they greatly were dismayd, ne
wist
How to direct theyr way in darkenes wide,
But feard to wander in that wastefull
mist,
For tomling into mischiefes unespide:
Worse is the daunger hidden then describe.
Suddainly an innumerable flight
Of harmefull fowles about them fluttering
cride,
And with their wicked wings them ofte
did smight,
And sore annoyed, groping in that griesly
night.

XXXVI.

Even all the nation of unfortunate
And fatal birds about them flocked
were,
Such as by nature men abhorre and hate;
The ill-faste Owle, deaths dreadfull mes-
sengere;
The hoars Night-raven, trump of dolefull
drere;
The lether-winged Batt, dayes enemy;
The ruefull Strich, still waiting on the
bere;
The whistler shrill, that whoso heares
doth dy;
The hellish Harpyes, prophets of sad
destiny.

XXXVII.

All those, and all that els does horror
breed,
About them flew, and fild their sayles
with feare:
Yet stayd they not, but forward did pro-
ceed,
Whiles th' one did row, and th' other
stifly steare;
Till that at last the weather gan to cleare,
And the faire land it selfe did playnly
sheow.
Said then the Palmer; 'Lo! where does
appeare
The sacred soile where all our perills grow.
Therefore, Sir knight, your ready arms
about you throw.'

XXXVIII.

He hearkned, and his armes about him
tooke,
The whiles the nimble bote 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 governed;
But th' other by his bote behind did stay.
They marched fayrly forth, of nought
yded.
Both firmly armd for every hard assay,
With constancy and care, gainst daunger
and dismay.

XXXIX.

Ere long they heard an hideous bellow-
ing
Of many beasts, that roard outrageously,
As if that hungers poynt or Venus sting
Had them enraged with fell surquedry:
Yet nought they feard, but past on
hardily,
Untill they came in vew of those wilde
beasts,

Who all attonce, gaping full greedily,
And rearing fiercely their upstaring crests,
Ran towards to deuoure those unexpected
guests.

XL.

But soone as they approcht with deadly
threat,
The Palmer over them his staffe upheld,
His mighty staffe, that could all charmes
defeat.
Eftesooones their stubborne corages were
queld,
And high aduanced crests downe meekely
feld;
Instead of fraying, they them selves did
feare,
And trembled as them passing they beheld:
Such wondrous powre did in that staffe
appeare,
All monsters to subdew to him that did it
beare.

XLI.

Of that same wood it fram'd was cun-
ingly,
Of which Caduceus whilome was made,
Caduceus, the rod of Mercury,
With which he wonts the Stygian realmes
invade
Through ghastly horror and eternall
shade:
Th' infernall feends with it he can
asswage,
And Orcus tame, whome nothing can per-
suade,
And rule the Furies when they most doe
rage.
Such vertue in his staffe had eke this
Palmer sage.

XLII.

Thence passing forth, they shortly doe
arryve
Whereas the Bowre of Blisse was situate;
A place pickt out by choyce of best alyve,
That natures worke by art can imitate:
In which whatever in this worldly state
Is sweete and pleasing unto living sense,
Or that may dayntest fantasy aggrate,
Was poured forth with plentifull dis-
pence,
And made there to abound with lavish
affluence.

XLIII.

Goodly it was enclosed rownd about,
As well their entred guesstes to keep
within,
As those unruly beasts to hold without;
Yet was the fence thereof but weake and
thin:

Nought feard theyr force that fortillage to
win,
But wisdomes powre, and temperaunces
might,
By which the mightiest things efforced
bin:
And eke the gate was wrought of sub-
stance light,
Rather for pleasure then for batterye or
fight.

XLIV.

Yt framed was of precious yvory,
That seemd a worke of admirable witt;
And therein all the famous history
Of Jason and Medæa was ywritt;
Her mighty charmes, her furious loving
fitt;
His goodly conquest of the golden fleece,
His falsed fayth, and love too lightly
fitt;
Thẽ wondrous Argo, which in venturous
peece
First through the Euxine seas bore all
the flour of Greece.

XLV.

Ye might have seene the frothy bil-
lowes fry
Under the ship as thorough them she
went,
That seemd the waves were into yvory,
Or yvory into the waves were sent;
And otherwhere the snowy substance
spret
With vermell, like the boyes blood
therein shed,
A piteous spectacle did represent;
And otherwhiles, with gold besprinkeled,
Yt seemd thenchaunted flame which did
Cræusa wed.

XLVI.

All this and more might in that goodly
gate
Be red, that ever 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 travellers to him seemd to entize:
His looser garment to the ground did fall,
And flew about his heeles in wanton
wize,
Not fit for speedy pace, or manly exer-
cize.

XLVII.

They in that place him Genius did call:
Not that celestiall powre, to whom the
care

Of life, and generation of all
That lives, pertaines in charge particu-
lare,
Who wondrous things concerning our
welfare,
And straunge phantomes doth lett us ofte
foresee,
And ofte of secret ill bids us beware:
That is our Selfe, whom though we do
not see,
Yet each doth in him selfe it well per-
ceive to bee.

XLVIII.

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 envyes to all,
That secretly doth us procure to fall
Through guilefull semblants which he
makes us see:
He of this Gardin had the governall,
And Pleasures porter was devizd to bee,
Holding a staffe in hand for mere for-
malitee.

XLIX.

With diverse flowres he daintily was
deekt,
And strowed rownd about; and by his
side
A mighty Mazer bowle of wine was sett,
As if it had to him bene sacrificde,
Wherewith all new-come guests he graty-
fide:
So did he eke Sir Guyon passing by;
But he his ydle curtesie defide,
And overthrew his bowle disdainfully,
And broke his staffe with which he
charmed semblants sly.

L.

Thus being entred, they behold arownd
A large and spacious plaine, on every
side
Strowed with pleasauns; whose fayre
grassy grownd
Mantled with greene, and goodly beauti-
fide
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 lavishly adorne,
When forth from virgin bowre she comes
in th' early morne.

LI.

Therewith the Heavens alwayes joviall
Lookte on them lovely, still in stedfast
state,

Ne suffred storme nor frost on them to
fall,
Their tender buds or leaves to violate;
Nor scorching heat, nor cold intemperate,
T' afflict the creatures which therein did
dwell;
But the milde ayre with season moderate
Gently attempted, and disposd so well,
That still it breathed forth sweet spirit
and holesom smell:

LII.

More sweet and holesome then the
pleasaunt hill
Of Rhodope, on which the Nimphe that
bore
A gyaunt babe herselfe for grieffe did kill;
Or the Thessalian Tempe, where of yore
Fayre Daphne Phœbus hart with love did
gore;
Or Ida, where the Gods lov'd to repayre,
When ever they their heavenly bowres
forlore;
Or sweet Parnasse, the haunt of Muses
fayre;
Or Eden selfe, if ought with Eden mote
compayre.

LIII.

Much wondred Guyon at the fayre
aspect
Of that sweet place, yet suffred no de-
light
To sincke into his sence, nor mind affect,
But passed forth, and lookt still forward
right,
Brydling his will and maystering his
might,
Till that he came unto another gate;
No gate, but like one, being goodly dight
With bowes and braunches, which did
broad dilate
Their clasping armes in wanton wreath-
ings intricate:

LIV.

So fashioned a Porch with rare device.
Archt over head with an embracing vine,
Whose bounces hanging downe seemd to
entice
All passers by to taste their lushious wine,
And did them selves into their hands
incline,
As freely offering to be gathered;
Some deepe empurpled as the Hyacine,
Some as the Rubine laughing sweetely red,
Some like faire Emeraudes, not yet well
ripened.

LV.

And them amongst some were of bur-
nisht gold,

So made by art to beautify the rest,
Which did themselves amongst the leaves
enfold,
As lurking from the vew of covetous
guest,
That the weake boughes, with so rich load
opprest
Did bow adowne as overburdened.
Under that Porch a comely dame did
rest
Clad in fayre weedes but fowle disordered,
And garments loose that seemd unmeet
for womanhed.

LVI.

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 scruzd with daintie
breach
Of her fine fingers, without fowle em-
peach,
That so faire winepresse made the wine
more sweet:
Thereof she usd to give to drinke to each,
Whom passing by she happened to meet:
It was her guise all Straungers goodly so
to greet.

LVII.

So she to Guyon offred it to tast,
Who, taking it out of her tender hand,
The cup to ground did violently cast,
That all in peeces it was broken fond,
And with the liquor stained all the lond:
Whereat Excesse exceedingly was wroth,
Yet no'te the same amend, ne yet with-
stood,
But suffered him to passe, all were she
loth;
Who, nought regarding her displeasure,
forward goth.

LVIII.

There the most daintie Paradise on
ground
It selfe doth offer to his sober eye,
In which all pleasures plenteously abownd,
And none does others happinesse envye;
The painted flowres, the trees upshooting
hye,
The dales for shade, the hilles for breath-
ing space,
The trembling groves, the christall run-
ning by,
And, that which all faire workes doth
most aggrace,
The art which all that wrought appeared
in no place.

LIX.

One would have thought, (so cunningly
the rude
And scorned partes were mingled with the
fine)
That nature had for wantonnesse ensude
Art, and that Art at nature did repine;
So striving each th' other to undermine,
Each did the others worke more beautify;
So diff'ring both in willes agreed in fine:
So all agreed, through sweete diversity,
This Gardin to adorne with all variety.

LX.

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 every channell running one
might see;
Most goodly it with curious ymageree
Was overwrought, and shapes of naked
boyes,
Of which some seemd with lively jollitee
To fly about, playing their wanton toyes,
Whylest others did them selves embay in
liquid joyes.

LXI.

And over all of purest gold was spred
A trayle of yvie in his native hew;
For the rich metall was so coloured,
That wight who did not well avis'd it wew
Would surely deeme it to bee yvie trew:
Low his lascivious armes adown did
creepe,
That themselves dipping in the silver
dew
Their fleecy flowres they fearefully did
steepe,
Which drops of Christall seemd for wan-
tones to weep.

LXII.

Infinit streames continually did well
Out of this fountaine, sweet and faire to
see,
The which into an ample laver fell,
And shortly grew into so great quantitie,
That like a litle lake it seemd to bee;
Whose depth exceeded not three cubits
height,
That through the waves one might the
bottom see,
All pav'd beneath with Jaspas shining
bright,
That seemd the fountaine in that sea did
sayle upright.

LXIII.

And all the margent round about was
set
With shady Laurell trees, thence to defend
The sunny beames which on the billowes
bett,
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 hyde
Their dainty partes from vew of any
which them eyd.

LXIV.

Sometimes the one would lift the other
quight
Above the waters, and then downe againe
Her plong, as over-maystered by might,
Where both awhile would covered re-
maine,
And each the other from to rise restraine;
The whites their snowy limbes, as through
a vele,
So through the christall waves appeared
plaine:
Then suddainly both would themselves
unhele,
And th' amarous sweet spoiles to greedy
eyes revele.

LXV.

As that faire Starre, the messenger of
morne,
His deawy face out of the sea doth reare;
Or as the Cyprian goddess, newly borne
Of th' Ocean's fruitfull froth, did first
appeare:
Such seemed they, and so their yellow
heare
Christalline humor dropped downe apace.
Whom such when Guyon saw, he drew
him neare,
And somewhat gan relent his earnest
pace;
His stubborne brest gan secret pleasance
to embrace.

LXVI.

The wanton Maidens, him espying, stood
Gazing awhile at his unwonted guise;
Then th' one her selfe low ducked in the
flood,
Abasht that her a straunger did avise;
But thother rather higher did arise,
And her two lilly paps aloft displayd,
And all that might his melting hart en-
tyse

To her delights she unto him bewrayd;
The rest hidd underneath him more de-
sirus made.

LXVII.

With that the other likewise up arose,
And her faire lockes, which formerly were
bownd
Up in one knott, she low adowne did lose,
Which flowing low and thick her cloth'd
arownd,
And th' yvorie in golden mantle gownd:
So that faire spectacle from him was reft,
Yet that which reft it no lesse faire was
fownd.
So hidd in lockes and waves from lookers
theft,
Nought but her lovely face she for his
looking left.

LXVIII.

Withall she laughed, and she blusht
withall,
That blushing to her laughter gave more
grace,
And laughter to her blushing, as did fall.
Now when they spyde the knight to slacke
his pace
Them to behold, and in his sparkling face
The secrete signes of kindled lust appeare,
Their wanton meriments they did en-
crease,
And to him beckned to approach more
neare,
And shewd him many sights that corage
cold could reare.

LXIX.

On which when gazing him the Palmer
saw,
He much rebukt those wandring eyes of
his,
And counseld well him forward thence
did draw.
Now are they come nigh to the Bowre of
blis,
Of her fond favorites so nam'd amis,
When thus the Palmer: 'Now, Sir, well
avise;
For here the end of all our travell is:
Here wones Acrasia, whom we must sur-
prise,
Els she will slip away, and all our drift
despise.

LXX.

Eftsoones they heard a most melodious
sound,
Of all that mote delight a daintie eare,
Such as attonce might not on living
ground,

Save in this Paradise, be heard elsewhere:
 Right hard it was for wight which did it
 heare,
 To read what manner musicke that mote
 bee;
 For all that pleasing is to living eare
 Was there consorted in one harmonee;
 Birdes, voices, instruments, windes, wa-
 ters, all agree:

LXXI.

The joyous birdes, shrouded in cheare-
 full shade
 Their notes unto the voice attempted
 sweet;
 Th' Angelicall soft trembling voyces made
 To th' instruments divine resonance
 meet;
 The silver sounding instruments did meet
 With the base murmure of the waters
 fall;
 The waters fall with difference discreet,
 Now soft, now loud, unto the wind did
 call;
 The gentle warbling wind low answered
 to all.

LXXII.

There, whence that Musick seemed
 heard to bee,
 Was the faire Witch her selfe now solac-
 ing
 With a new Lover, whom, through sor-
 ceree
 And witchcraft, she from farre did thither
 bring:
 There she had him now laid aslumbering
 In secret shade after long wanton joyes;
 Whilst round about them pleasauntly did
 sing
 Many faire Ladies and lascivious boyes,
 That ever mixt their song with light licen-
 tious toyes.

LXXIII.

And all that 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 sucke his
 spright,
 Quite molten into lust and pleasure lewd;
 Wherewith she sighed soft, as if his case
 she rewld.

LXXIV.

The whiles some one did chaunt this
 lovely lay:

Ah! see, whoso fayre thing doest 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 fairer seemes the lesse ye see her
 may.
 Lo! see soone after how more bold and
 free
 Her bared bosome she doth broad dis-
 play;
 Lo! see soone after how she fades and
 falls away.

LXXV.

So passeth, in the passing of a day,
 Of mortall life the leafe, the bud, the
 flowre;
 Ne more doth florish after first decay,
 That earst was sought to deck both bed
 and bowre
 Of many a lady', and many a Paramowre.
 Gather therefore the Rose whilest yet is
 prime,
 For sonne comes age that will her pride
 deflowre;
 Gather the Rose of love whilest yet is
 time,
 Whilest loving thou mayst loved be with
 equall crime.

LXXVI.

He ceast; and then gan all the quire of
 birdes
 Their diverse notes t'attune unto his lay,
 As in approvaunce of his pleasing wordes.
 The constant payre heard all that he did
 say,
 Yet swarved not, but kept their forward
 way
 Through many covert groves and thickets
 close,
 In which they creeping did at last display
 That wanton Lady with her lover lose,
 Whose sleepeie head she in her lap did
 soft dispose.

LXXVII.

Upon a bed of Roses she was layd,
 As faint through heat, or dight to pleas-
 ant sin;
 And was arayd, or rather disarayd,
 All in a vele of silke and silver thin,
 That hid no whit her alablaster skin,
 But rather shewd more white, if more
 might bee:
 More subtle web Arachne cannot spin;
 Nor the fine nets, which oft we woven
 see

Of scorched deaw, do not in th' ayre
more lightly flee.

LXXVIII.

Her snowy brest was bare to ready spoyle
Of hungry eies, which n'ote therewith be
fild;
And yet, through languour of her late
sweet toyle,
Few drops, more cleare then Nectar,
forth distild,
That like pure Orient perles adowne it
trild;
And her faire eyes, sweet smyling in
delight,
Moystened their fierie beames, with
which she thrild
Fraile harts, yet quenched not; like
starry light,
Which, sparckling on the silent waves,
does seeme more bright.

LXXIX.

The young man, sleeping by her, seemd
to be
Some goodly swayne of honorable place,
That certes it great pittie was to see
Him his nobility so fowle deface:
A sweet regard and amiable grace,
Mixed with manly sternesse, did appeare,
Yet sleeping, in his well proportiond
face;
And on his tender lips the downy heare
Did now but freshly spring, and silken
blossoms beare.

LXXX.

His warlike Armes, the ydle instru-
ments
Of sleeping praise, were hong upon a tree;
And his brave shield, full of old moni-
ments,
Was fowly ras't, that none the signes
might see:
Ne for them ne for honour cared hee,
Ne ought that did to his advaancement
tend;
But in lewd loves, and wastfull luxuree,
His dayes, his goods, his bodie, he did
spend:
O horrible enchantment, that him so did
blend!

LXXXI.

The noble Elfe and carefull Palmer
drew
So nigh them, minding nought but lust-
full game,
That suddain forth they on them rusht,
and threw
A subtle net, which only for that same
The skilfull Palmer formally did frame:

So held them under fast; the whiles the
rest
Fled all away for feare of fowler shame,
The faire Enchauntresse, so unwares
opprest,
Tryde all her arts and all her sleights
thence out to wrest.

LXXXII.

And eke her lover strove, but all in
vaine;
For, that same net so cunningly was
wound,
That neither guile nor force might it
distraine.
They tooke them both, and both them
strongly bound
In captive bandes, which they readie
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 un-
tyde,
And counsell sage in steed thereof to him
applyde.

LXXXIII.

But all those pleasaunt bowres, and
Pallace brave,
Guyon broke downe with rigour pittie-
lesse;
Ne ought their goodly workmanship
might save
Them from the tempest of his wrathful-
nesse,
But that their blisse he turn'd to baleful-
nesse.
Their groves he feld; their gardins did
deface;
Their arbers spoyle; their Cabinets sup-
presse;
Their banket houses burne; their build-
ings race;
And, of the fayrest late, now made the
fowlest place.

LXXXIV.

Then led they her away, and eke that
knight
They with them led, both sorrowfull and
sad.
The way they came, the same retourn'd
they right,
Till they arrived where they lately had
Charm'd those wild-beasts that rag'd
with furie mad;
Which, now awaking, fierce at them gan
fly,
As in their mistresse reskew whom they
lad;
But them the Palmer soone did pacify.

Then Guyon askt, what meant those
beastes which there did ly?

LXXXV.

Sayd he; 'These seeming beasts are
men indeed,
Whom this Enchauntresse hath trans-
formed thus;

Whylome her lovers, which her lustes
did feed,

Now turned into figures hideous,
According to their mindes like mon-
struous.'

'Sad end,' (quoth he) 'of life intemper-
ate,

And mourneful meed of joyes delicious!
But, Palmer, if it mote thee so aggrate,
Let them returned be unto their former
state.'

LXXXVI.

Streight way he with his vertuous staffe
them strooke,

And streight of beastes they comely men
became;

Yet being men they did unmanly looke,

And stared glastly; so, for upward
shame,

And some for wrath to see the
Dame:

But one above the rest in specie,
That had an hog beene late, high
by name,

Repyned greatly, and did him
That had from hoggish idome
brought to naturall.

LXXXVII.

Saide Guyon; 'See the mind
man,

That hath so soone forgot the
Of his creation, when he life began

That now he chooseth with vile
To be a beast, and lacke intellig

To whom the Palmer thus: 'The
hill kinde

Delights in filth and fowle inco
Let Gryll be Gryll, and have his
minde;

But let us hence depart whilest
serves and winde.'

THE THIRDE BOOKE
OF
THE FAERIE QUEENE

CONTAYNING THE LEGEND OF BRITOMARTIS, OR OF CHASTITY.

I.

It falls me here to write of Chastity,
The fayrest vertue, far above the rest:
For which what needes me fetch from
Faery
Forreine ensamples it to have exprest?
Sith it is shrined in my Soveraines brest,
And formd so lively in each perfect part,
That to all Ladies, which have it profest,
Need but behold the pourtraict of her
hart;
If pourtrayd it might bee by any living
art.

II.

But living art may not least part ex-
presse,
Nor life-resembling pencill it can paynt:
All were it Zeuxis or Praxiteles,
His daedale hand would faile and greatly
faynt,
And her perfections with his error taynt:
Ne Poets witt, that passeth Painter farre
In picturing the parts of beauty daynt,
So hard a workemanship adventure darre,
For fear, through want of words, her ex-
cellence to marre.

III.

How then shall I, Apprentice to the skill
That whilome in divinst wits did rayne,
Presume so high to stretch mine humble
quill?
Yet now my luckelesse lott doth me con-
strayne

Hereto perforce. But, O dredd Sover-
ayne!
Thus far-forth pardon, sith that choicest
witt
Cannot your glorious pourtraict figure
playne,
That I in colourd showes may shadow itt,
And antique praises unto present persons
fitt.

IV.

But if in living colours, and right hew,
Thy selfe thou covet to see pictured,
Who can it doe more lively, or more trew,
Then that sweete verse, with Nectar
sprinckeled,
In which a gracious servaunt pictured
His Cynthia, his heavens fayrest light?
That with his melting sweetnes ravished,
And with the wonder of her beames bright,
My sences lulled are in slomber of delight.

V.

But let that same delitious Poet lend
A little leave unto a rusticke Muse
To sing his mistresse prayse; and let him
mend,
If ought amis her liking may abuse:
Ne let his fayrest Cynthia refuse
In mirrours more then one her selfe to
see;
But either Gloriana let her chuse,
Or in Belphœbe fashioned to bee;
In th' one her rule, in th' other her rare
chastitee.

CANTO I.

Guyon encountreth Britomart:
Fayre Florimell is chased:
Duessaes traines and Malecas-
taes champions are defaced.

I.

THE famous Briton Prince and Faery
knight,

After long wayes and perilous paines en-
dur'd,
Having their weary limbes to perfect plight

Restord, and sory wounds right well recur'd,
Of the faire Alma greatly were procur'd
To make there lenger sojourne and abode;
But when thereto they might not be allur'd,
From seeking praise and deeds of armes abrode,
They courteous congé tooke, and forth together yode.

II.

But the captiv'd Acrasia he sent,
Because of travell long, a nigher way,
With a strong gard, all reskew to prevent,
And her to Faery court safe to convey;
That her for witnes of his hard assay
Unto his Faery Queene he might present:
But he him selfe betooke another way,
To make more triall of his hardiment,
And seek adventures as he with Prince
Arthure went.

III.

Long so they traileth through wastefull wayes,
Where daungers dwelt, and perils most did wonne,
To hunt for glory and renowned prayse.
Full many Countreyes they did overroune,
From the uprising to the setting Sunne,
And many hard adventures did atchieve;
Of all the which they honour ever wonne,
Seeking the weake oppressed to relieve,
And to recover right for such as wrong
did grieve.

IV.

At last, as through an open plaine they yode,
They spide a knight that towards pricked fayre;
And him beside an aged Squire there rode,
That seemd to couch under his shield three-square,
As if that age badd him that burden spare,
And yield it those that stouter could it wield.
He them espying gan him selfe prepare,
And on his arme addressse his goodly shield
That bore a Lion passant in a golden field.

V.

Which seeing, good Sir Guyon deare besought
The Prince of grace to let him ronne that turne.
He graunted: then the Faery quickly raught
His poynant speare, and sharply gan to spurne

His fomy steed, whose fiery feete did burne
The verdant gras as he thereon did tread;
Ne did the other backe his foote returne,
But fiercely forward came withouten dread,
And bent his dreadful speare against the others head.

VI.

They beene ymett, and both theyr points arriv'd;
But Guyon drove so furious and fell,
That seemd both shield and plate it would have riv'd;
Nathelesse 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 him selfe he bare,
That mischievous mischaunce his life and limbs did spare.

VII.

Great shame and sorrow of that fall he tooke;
For never yet, sith warlike armes he bore
And shivering speare in bloody field first shooke,
He fownd him selfe dishonorod so sore.
Ah! gentlest knight, that ever armor bore,
Let not thee grieve dismounted to have beene,
And brought to grownd that never wast before;
For not thy fault, but secret powre un-seene:
That speare enchanted was which layd thee on the greene.

VIII.

But weenedst thou what wight thee overthrew,
Much greater grieve and shamefuller regrett
For thy hard fortune then thou wouldst renew,
That of a single damzell thou wert mett
On equal plaine, and there so hard be-sett:
Even the famous Britomart it was,
Whom straunge adventure did from Britayne sett
To seeke her lover (love far sought alas!)
Whose image shee had seene in Venus looking glas.

IX.

Full of disdainfull wrath he fierce up rose

For to revenge that fowle reprochefull
shame,
And snatching his bright sword began to
close
With her on foot, and stoutly forward
came:
Dye rather would he then endure that
same.
Which when his Palmer saw, he gan to
feare
His toward perill, and untoward blame,
Which by that new rencounter he should
reare;
For death sate on the point of that en-
chaunted speare:

X.

And hasting towards him gan fayre
perswade
Not to provoke misfortune, nor to weene
His speares default to mend with cruell
blade;
For by his mightie Science he had seene
The secrete vertue of that weapon keene,
That mortall puissance mote not with-
stand.
Nothing on earth mote alwaies happy
beene:
Great hazard were it, and adventure fond,
To loose long gotten honour with one evill
hond.

XI.

By such good meanes he him discour-
selled
From prosecuting his revenging rage:
And eke the Prince like treaty handeled,
His wrathfull will with reason to aswage;
And laid the blame, not to his carriage,
But to his starting steed that swarv'd
asyde,
And to the ill purveyaunce of his page,
That had his furnitures not firmly tyde.
So is his angry corage fayrly pacifyde.

XII.

Thus reconcilement was betweene them
knitt,
Through goodly temperaunce and affec-
tion chaste;
And either vowd with all their power and
witt
To let not others honour be defaste
Of friend or foe, who ever it embaste;
Ne armes to beare against the others syde:
In which accord the Prince was also
plaste,
And with that golden chaine of concord
tyde.
So goodly all agreed they forth yfere did
ryde.

XIII.

O! goodly usage of those antique
tymes,
In which the sword was servaunt unto
right;
When not for malice and contentious
crymes,
But all for prayse, and prooffe of manly
might,
The martiall brood accustomed to fight:
Then honour was the meed of victory,
And yet the vanquished had no despight.
Let later age that noble use envy,
Vyle rancor to avoid and cruel surquedry.

XIV.

Long they thus traveled in friendly
wise,
Through countreyes waste, and eke well
edifyde,
Seeking adventures hard, to exercise
Their puissance, whylome full dernity
tryde.
At length they came into a forest wyde,
Whose hideous horror and sad trembling
sownd,
Full griesly seemd: Therein they long
did ryde,
Yet tract of living creature none they
fownd,
Save Beares, Lyons, and Buls, which
romed them arownd.

XV.

All suddenly out of the thickest brush,
Upon a milkwhite Palfrey all alone,
A goodly Lady did foreby them rush,
Whose face did seeme as cleare as Chris-
tall 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 fledd so fast that nothing mote
him hold,
And scarce them leasure gave her passing
to behold.

XVI.

Still as she fledd her eye she backward
threw,
As fearing evill that pursewd her fast;
And her faire yellow locks behind her
flew,
Loosely disperst with puff of every blast:
All as a blazing starre doth farre outeast
His hearie beames, and flaming lockes
dispredd,

At sight whereof the people stand aghast;
But the sage wisard telles, as he has
redd,
That it importunes death and dolefull
dreryhedd.

XVII.

So as they gazed after her a while,
Lo! where a griesly foster forth did rush,
Breathing out beastly lust her to defyle:
His tyreling Jade he fiersly forth did
push
Through thicke and thin, both over banck
and bush,
In hope her to attaine by hooke or
crooke,
That from his gory sydes the blood did
gush.
Large were his limbes, and terrible his
looke,
And in his clownish hand a sharp bore
speare he shooke.

XVIII.

Which outrage when those gentle
knights did see,
Full of great envy and fell gealosity
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 bylive
Her selfe pursewd, in hope to win thereby
Most goodly meede, the fairest Dame
alive:
But after the foule foster Timias did
strive.

XIX.

The whiles faire Britomart, whose con-
stant mind
Would not so lightly follow beauties
chace,
Ne reckt of Ladies Love, did stay be-
hynd,
And them awayted there a certaine
space,
To weet if they would turne backe to
that place;
But when she saw them gone she forward
went,
As lay her journey, through that perlous
Pace,
With stedfast corage and stout hardi-
ment:
Ne evil thing she feard, ne evill thing she
ment.

XX.

At last, as nigh out of the wood she
came,

A stately Castle far away she spyde,
To which her steps directly she did frame.
That Castle was most goodly edifyde,
And plaste for pleasure nigh that forrest
syde:

But faire before the gate a spatious
playne,
Mantled with greene, it selfe did spredden
wyde,
On which she saw six knights, that did
darrayne
Fiers battaill against one with cruell
might and mayne.

XXI.

Mainely they all attonce upon him laid,
And sore beset on every side arownd,
That nigh he breathlesse grew, yet
nought dismayd,
Ne ever to them yielded foot of grownd,
All had he lost much blood through
many a wownd,
But stoutly dealt his blowes, and every
way,
To which he turned in his wrathfull
stownd,
Made them recoile, and fly from dredd
decay,
That none of all the six before him durst
assay.

XXII.

Like dastard Cures that, having 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 jeopardy
When Britomart him saw, she ran apace
Unto his reskew, and with earnest cry
Badd those same six forbear that single
enimy.

XXIII.

But to her cry they list not lenden eare,
Ne ought the more their mightie strokes
surceasse.
But gathering him rownd about more
neare,
Their direfull rancour rather did en-
crease;
Till that she rushing through the thickest
preasse
Perforce disparted their compacted gyre,
And soone compeld to hearken unto
peace.
Tho gan she myldly of them to inquire

The cause of their dissention and outrageous yre.

XXIV.

Whereto that single knight did answer frame:

'These six would me enforce by oddes of might

To chaunge my lief, and love another Dame;

That death me liefer were then such despight,

So unto wrong to yield my wrested right:

For I love one, the truest one on grownd,

Ne list me chaunge; she th' Errant Damzell hight;

For whose deare sake full many a bitter stownd

I have endured, and tasted many a bloody wownd.'

XXV.

'Certes,' (said she) 'then beene ye sixe to blame,

To weene your wrong by force to justify;

For knight to leave his Lady were great shame

That faithfull is, and better were to dy.

All losse is lesse, and lesse the infamy,

Then losse of love to him that loves but one:

Ne may love be compeld by maistry;

For soone as maistry comes sweet Love anone

Taketh his nimble winges, and soone away is gone.'

XXVI.

Then spake one of those six; 'There dwelleth here

Within this castle wall a Lady fayre,

Whose souveraine beautie hath no living pere;

Thereto so bounteous and so debonayre,

That never any mote with her compayre:

She hath ordaind this law, which we approve,

That every knight which doth this way repayre,

In case he have no Lady nor no love,

Shall doe unto her service, never to remove:

XXVII.

'But if he have a Lady or a Love,

Then must he her forgoe with fowle defame,

Or els with us by dint of sword approve,

That she is fairer then our fairest Dame;

As did this knight, before ye hither came.'

'Perdy,' (said Britomart) 'the choise is hard;

But what reward had he that overcame?'

'He should advanched bee to high regard,'

(Said they) 'and have our Ladies love for his reward.'

XXVIII.

'Therefore aread, Sir, if thou have a love.'

'Love hath I sure,' (quoth she) 'but Lady none;

Yet will I not fro mine own love remove,

Ne to your Lady will I service done,

But wreake your wronges wrought to this knight alone,

And prove his cause.' With that, her mortall speare

She mightily aventred towards one,

And downe him smot ere well aware he weare;

Then to the next she rode, and downe the next did beare.

XXIX.

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 do but two of six 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 trew love most of might,

That for his trusty servaunts doth so strongly fight.'

XXX.

'Too well we see,' (saide they) 'and prove too well

Our faulty weakenes, and your matchlesse might:

Forthy, faire Sir, yours be the Damozell,

Which by her owne law to your lot doth light,

And we your liegemen faith unto you plight.'

So underneath her feet their swords they mard,

And, after, her besought, well as they might,

To enter in and reape the dew reward.

She granted; and then in they all together far'd.

XXXI.

Long were it to describe the goodly
 frame,
 And stately port of Castle Joyeous,
 (For so that Castle hight by commun
 name)
 Where they were entertaynd with cour-
 teous
 And comely glee of many gracious
 Faire Ladies, and of many a gentle knight,
 Who, through a Chamber long and spa-
 cious,
 Eftsoones them brought unto their Ladies
 sight,
 That of them cleeped was the Lady of
 Delight.

XXXII.

But for to tell the sumptuous aray
 Of that great chamber should be labour
 lost;
 For living wit, I weene, cannot display
 The roiall riches and exceeding cost
 Of every pillour and of every post,
 Which all of purest bullion framed were,
 And with great perles and pretious stones
 embost;
 That the bright glisten of their beames
 cleare
 Did sparckle forth great light, and glori-
 ous did appeare.

XXXIII.

These stranger knights, through pass-
 ing, forth were led
 Into an inner rowme, whose royallee
 And rich purveyance might uneth be red;
 Mote Princes place be seeme so deckt to
 bee.
 Which stately manner whenas they did
 see,
 The image of superfluous riotize,
 Exceeding much the state of meane de-
 gree,
 They greatly wondred whence so sumptu-
 ous guise
 Might be maintaynd, and each gan diverse-
 ly devise.

XXXIV.

The wals were round about appareiled
 With costly clothes of Arras and of Toure:
 In which with cunning hand was pour-
 trahed
 The love of Venus and her Paramoure,
 The fayre Adonis, turned to a flowre:
 A worke of rare device and wondrous wit.
 First did it shew the bitter baleful stowre,
 Which her essayd with many a fervent fit,
 When first her tender hart was with his
 beantie smit.

XXXV.

Then with what sleights and sweet
 allurements she
 Entyst the Boy, as well that art she knew,
 And wooed him her Paramoure to bee,
 Now making girlonds of each flowre that
 grew,
 To crowne his golden lockes with honour
 dew;
 Now leading him into a secret shade
 From his Beauperes, and from bright
 heavens vew,
 Where him to sleepe she gently would
 perswade,
 Or bathe him in a fountaine by some
 covert glade:

XXXVI.

And whilst he slept she over him would
 spread
 Her mantle, colour'd like the starry skyes,
 And her soft arme lay underneath his hed,
 And with ambrosiall kisses bathe his eyes;
 And whilst he bath'd with her two crafty
 spyes
 She secretly would search each daintie
 lim,
 And throw into the well sweet Rose-
 maryes,
 And fragrant violets, and Paunces trim;
 And ever with sweet Nectar she did
 sprinkle him.

XXXVII.

So did she steale his heedelesse hart
 away
 And joye his love in secret spiesde:
 But for she saw him bent to cruell play,
 To hunt the salvage beast in forrest wyde,
 Dreadfull of daunger that mote him be-
 tyde,
 She oft and oft advyzed him to refraine
 From chase of greater beastes, whose
 brutish pryde
 Mote breede him seath unwares: but all
 in vaine:
 For who can shun the chance that dest'ny
 doth ordaine?

XXXVIII.

Lo! where beyond he lyeth languishing,
 Deadly engord of a great wilde Bore;
 And by his side the Goddesses groveling
 Makes for him endlesse mone, and ever-
 more
 With her soft garment wipes away the
 gore
 Which staynes his snowy skin with hate-
 full hew:

But, when she saw no helpe might him
 restore,
 Him to a dainty flowre she did transmew,
 Which in that cloth was wrought as if it
 lively grew.

XXXIX.

So was that chamber clad in goodly
 wize:
 And rownd about it many beds were
 dight,
 As whylome was the antique worldes
 guize,
 Some for untimely ease, some for delight,
 As pleased them to use that use it might;
 And all was full of Damzels and of
 Squyres,
 Dauncing and reveling both day and
 night,
 And swimming deepe in sensuall desyres;
 And Cupid still emongest them kindled
 lustfull fyres.

XL.

And all the while sweet Musicke did
 divide
 Her looser notes with Lydian harmony;
 And all the while sweet birdes thereto
 applide
 Their daintie layes and dulcet melody,
 Ay caroling of love and jollity,
 That wonder was to heare their trim con-
 sort.
 Which when those knights beheld, with
 scornfull eye
 They deigned such lascivious disport,
 And loath'd the loose demeanure of that
 wanton sort.

XLI.

Thence they were brought to that great
 Ladies vew,
 Whom they found sitting on a sumptuous
 bed
 That glistred all with gold and glorious
 shew,
 As the proud Persian Queenes accus-
 tomed.
 She seemd a woman of great bountihed,
 And of rare beautie, saving that askaunce
 Her wanton eyes, ill signes of womanhed,
 Did roll too lightly, and too often glauce,
 Without regard of grace or comely ame-
 nauce.

XLII.

Long worke it were, and needlesse, to
 devise
 Their goodly entertainment and great
 glee.
 She caused them be led in courteous wize

Into a bowre, disarmed for to be,
 And cheared well with wine and spiceree:
 The Redcrosse Knight was soon disarmed
 there;
 But the brave Mayd would not disarmed
 bee,
 But onely vented up her umbriere,
 And so did let her goodly visage to appere.

XLIII.

As when fayre Cynthia, in darkesome
 night,
 Is in a noyous cloud enveloped,
 Where she may finde the substance thin
 and light,
 Breakes forth her silver beames, and her
 bright hed
 Discovers to the world discomfited:
 Of the poore traveller that went astray
 With thousand blessings she is heried.
 Such was the beautie and the shining ray,
 With which fayre Britomart gave light
 unto the day.

XLIV.

And eke those six, which lately with
 her fought,
 Now were disarmd, and did them selves
 present
 Unto her vew, and company unsought;
 For they all seemed courteous and gent,
 And all sixe brethren, borne of one parent,
 Which had them traynd in all civillitee,
 And goodly taught to tilt and tournament:
 Now were they liegmen to this Ladie free,
 And her knights service ought, to hold of
 her in fee.

XLV.

The first of them by name Gardantè
 hight,
 A jolly person, and of comely vew;
 The second was Parlantè, a bold knight;
 And next to him Jocantè did ensew;
 Basciantè did him selfe most courteous
 shew;
 But fierce Bacchantè seemd too fell and
 keene;
 And yett in armes Noctantè greater grew:
 All were faire knights, and goodly well
 besene;
 But to faire Britomart they all but sha-
 dows beene.

XLVI.

For shee was full of amiable grace
 And manly terror mixed therewithall;
 That as the one stird up affections bace,
 So th' other did mens rash desires apall,
 And hold them backe that would in error
 fall:

As hee that hath espide a vermeill Rose,
To which sharp thornes and breres the
way forstall,
Dare not for dread his hardy hand expose,
But wishing it far off his ydle wish doth
lose.

XLVII.

Whom when the Lady saw so faire a
wight,
All ignorant of her contrary sex,
(For shee her weend a fresh and lusty
knight,)
Shee greatly gan enamoured to wex
And with vaine thoughts her falsed fancy
vex:
Her fickle hart conceived hasty fyre,
Like sparkes of fire which fall in scleuder
flex,
That shortly brent into extreme desyre,
And ransackt all her veines with passion
entyre.

XLVIII.

Eftsoones shee grew to great impa-
tience,
And into termes of open outrage brust,
That plaine discovered her incontinence;
Ne reckt shee who her meaning did mis-
trust,
For she was given all to fleshly lust,
And poured forth in sensuall delight,
That all regard of shame she had discust,
And meet respect of honor putt to flight:
So shamelesse beauty soone becomes a
loathly sight.

XLIX.

Faire Ladies, that to love captived arre,
And chaste desires doe nourish in your
mind,
Let not her fault your sweete affections
marre,
Ne blott the bounty of all womankind,
'Mongst thousands good one wanton Dame
to find:
Emongst the Roses grow some wicked
weeds:
For this was not to love, but lust, inclind;
For love does alwaies bring forth boun-
teous deeds,
And in each gentle hart desire of honor
breeds.

L.

Nought so of love this looser Dame did
skill,
But as a cole to kindle fleshly flame,
Giving the bridle to her wanton will,
And treading under foote her honest
name:
Such love is hate, and such desire is
shame.

Still did she rove at her with crafty
glaunce
Of her false eies, that at her hart did
ayme,
And told her meaning in her counte-
naunce;
But Britomart dissembled it with igno-
raunce.

LI.

Supper was shortly dight, and downe
they satt;
Where they were served with all sump-
tuous fare,
Whiles fruitfull Ceres and Lyæus fatt
Poured out their plenty without spight
or spare.
Nought wanted there that dainty was
and rare,
And aye the cups their bancks did over-
flow;
And aye betweene the cups she did pre-
pare
Way to her love, and secret darts did
throw;
But Britomart would not such guilfull
message know.

LII.

So, when they slaked had the fervent
heat
Of appetite with meates of every sort,
The Lady did faire Britomart entreat
Her to disarme, and with delightfull
sport
To loose her warlike limbs and strong
effort;
But when shee mote not thereunto be
wonne,
(For shee her sexe under that straunge
purport
Did use to hide, and plaine appaurance
shonne)
In playner wise to tell her grievance she
begonne.

LIII.

And all attonce discovered her desire
With sighes, and sobs, and plaints, and
piteous grieffe,
The outward sparkes of her inburning
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
dye:
But the chaste damzell, that had never
priefe
Of such malengine and fine forgerye,
Did easly beleeve her strong extremitye.

LIV.

Full easy was for her to have beliefe,
 Who by self-feeling of her feeble sexe,
 And by long triall of the inward griefe
 Wherewith imperious love her hart did
 vexe,
 Could judge what paines doe loving harts
 perplexe.
 Who meanes no guile be guiled soonest
 shall,
 And to faire semblaunce doth light faith
 annexe:
 The bird that knowes not the false
 fowlers call,
 Into his hidden nett full easely doth fall.

LV.

Forthy she would not in discourteise
 wise
 Scorne the faire offer of good will pro-
 fest;
 For great rebuke it is love to despise,
 Or rudely sdeigne a gentle harts request,
 But with faire countenance, as besemed
 best,
 Her entertynd: nath'lesse shee inly
 deemd
 Her love too light, to wooe a wandring
 guest;
 Which she misconstruing, thereby es-
 teemd
 That from like inward fire that outward
 smoke had steemd.

LVI.

Therewith a while she her flit fancy
 fedd.
 Till she mote winne fit time for her de-
 sire;
 But yet her wound still inward freshly
 bledd,
 And through her bones the false instilled
 fire
 Did spred it selfe, and venime close in-
 spire.
 Tho were the tables taken all away;
 And every knight, and every gentle
 Squire,
 Gan choose his Dame with *Bascimano*
 gay,
 With whom he ment to make his sport
 and courtly play.

LVII.

Some fell to daunce, some fel to haz-
 ardry,
 Some to make love, some to make mery-
 ment,
 As diverse witts to diverse things apply;
 And all the while faire Malecasta bent

Her crafty engins to her close intent.
 By this th' eternall lampes, where with
 high Jove
 Doth light the lower world, where halfe
 yspent,
 And the moist daughters of huge Atlas
 strove
 Into the Ocean deepe to drive their weary
 drove.

LVIII.

High time it seemed then for everie
 wight
 Them to betake unto their kindly rest:
 Eftesoones long waxen torches weren
 light
 Unto their bowres to guyden every
 guest.
 Tho, when the Britonesse saw all the
 rest
 Avoided quite, she gan her selfe despoile,
 And safe committ to her soft fethered
 nest;
 Wher through long watch, and late daies
 weary toile,
 She soundly slept, and carefull thoughts
 did quite assoile.

LIX.

Now whenas all the world in silence
 deepe
 Yshrowded was, and every mortall
 wight
 Was drowned in the depth of deadly
 sleepe;
 Faire Malecasta, whose engrieved spright
 Could find no rest in such perplexed
 plight,
 Lightly arose out of her wearie bed,
 And, under the blacke vele of guilty
 Night,
 Her with a scarlott mantle covered
 That was with gold and Ermines faire
 enveloped.

LX.

Then panting soft, and trembling
 every joynt,
 Her fearful feete towards the bowre she
 mov'd,
 Where she for secret purpose did appoynt
 To lodge the warlike maide, unwisely
 loov'd;
 And, to her bed approaching, first she
 proov'd
 Whether she slept or wakte: with her
 soft hand
 She softly felt if any member moov'd,
 And lent her wary eare to understand
 If any puffe of breath or signe of sence
 shee fond.

LXI.

Which whenas none she fond, with
easy shifte,
For feare least her unwares she should
abrayd,
Th' embroider'd quilt she lightly up did
lifte,
And by her side her selfe she softly layd,
Of every finest fingers touch affrayd;
Ne any noise she made, ne word she spake,
But inly sigh'd. At last the royall Mayd
Out of her quiet slomber did awake,
And chaunged her weary side the better
ease to take.

LXII.

Where feeling one close couched by
her side,
She lightly lept out of her filed bedd,
And to her weapon ran, in minde to gride
The loathed leachour. But the Dame,
halfe dedd
Through suddain feare and ghastly drieri-
hedd,
Did shriek alowd, that through the hous
it rong,
And the whole family, therewith adredd,
Rashly out of their rouzed couches
sprong,
And to the troubled chamber all in arms
did throng.

LXIII.

And those sixe knights, that ladies
Champions
And eke the Rederosse knight ran to the
stownd.
Halfe armd and halfe unarmed, with
them attons:
Where when confusedly they came, they
fownd
Their lady lying on the sencelesse grownd:
On thother side they saw the warlike
Mayd
Al in her snow-white smocke, with locks
unbownd,
Threatning the point of her avenging
blaed;
That with so troublous terror they were all
dismayd.

LXIV.

About their Ladye first they flockt
arownd;
Whom having laid in comfortable couch,
Shortly they reard out of her frosen
swownd;
And afterwarde they gan with fowle
reproch
To stirre up strife, and troublous con-
tecke broch:
But by ensample of the last dayes losse,

None of them rashly durst to her ap-
proch,
Ne in so glorious spoile themselves em-
bosse:
Her succourd eke the Champion of the
bloody Crosse.

LXV.

But one of those sixe knights, Gar-
dantè hight,
Drew out a deadly bow and arrow keene,
Which forth he sent, with felonous de-
spight
And fell intent, against the virgin sheene:
The mortall steele stayd 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 steep.

LXVI.

Wherewith enrag'd she fiercely at
them flew,
And with her flaming sword about her
layd,
That none of them foule mischief could
eschew,
But with her dreadfull strokes were all
dismayd:
Here, there, and every where, about her
swayd
Her wrathfull steele, that none mote it
abyde;
And eke the Rederosse knight gave her
good ayd,
Ay joyning foot to foot, and syde to
syde;
That in short space their foes they have
quite terrifyde.

LXVII.

Tho, whenas all were put to shamefull
flight,
The noble Britomartis her arayd,
And her bright armes about her body
dight.
For nothing would she lenger there be
stayd,
Where so loose life, and so ungentle
trade,
Was usd of knightes and Ladies seeming
gent:
So earely, ere the grosse Earthes gryesy
shade
Was all disperst out of the firmament,
They tooke their steeds, and forth upon
their journey went.

CANTO II.

The Rederosse knight to Britomart
 Describeth Artegall:
 The wondrous myrrhour, by which she
 In love with him did fall.

I.

HERE have I cause in men just blame
 to find,
 That in their proper praise too partiall
 bee,
 And not indifferent to woman kind,
 To whom no share in armes and cheualree
 They doe impart, ne maken memoree
 Of their brave gestes and prowesse martiall:
 Scarse do they spare to one, or two, or
 three,
 Rowme in their writtes; yet the same
 writing small
 Does all their deedes deface, and dims their
 glories all.

II.

But by record of antique times I finde
 That wemen wont in warres to beare most
 sway,
 And to all great exploites them selves in-
 clind,
 Of which they still the girlond bore away;
 Till envious Men, fearing their rules de-
 cay,
 Gan coyne streight lawes to curb their
 liberty:
 Yet sith they warlike armes have laide
 away,
 They have exceld in artes and pollicy,
 That now we foolish men that prayse gin
 eke t'envy.

III.

Of warlike puissaunce in ages spent,
 Be thou, faire Britomart, whose prayse I
 wryte;
 But of all wisdom bee thou precedent,
 O souveraine Queene! whose prayse I
 would endyte,
 Endite I would as dewtie doth excyte;
 But ah! my rymes too rude and rugged
 arre,
 When in so high an object they do lyte,
 And, striving fit to make, I feare, doe
 marre:
 Thy selfe thy prayses tell, and make them
 knowne farre.

IV.

She, travelling with Guyon, by the way
 Of sondry thinges faire purpose gan to find,

T'abridg their journey long, and lingring
 day;
 Mongst which it fell into that Fairies
 mind
 To aske this Briton Maid, what uncouth
 wind
 Brought her into those partes, and what
 inquest
 Made her dissemble her disguised kind?
 Faire Lady she him seemd, like Lady
 drest,
 But fairest knight alive, when armed was
 her brest.

V.

Thereat she sighing softly had no powre
 To speake a while, ne ready answeere
 make;
 But with hart-thrilling throbs and bitter
 stowre,
 As if she had a fever fitt, did quake,
 And every daintie limbe with horroure
 shake;
 And ever and anone the rosy red
 Flasht through her face, as it had benee
 a flake
 Of lightning through bright heven ful-
 mined:
 At last, the passion past, she thus him
 answered.

VI.

'Faire Sir, I let you weete, that from
 the howre
 I taken was from nourses tender pap,
 I have been trained up in warlike stowre,
 To tossen speare and shield, and to affrap
 The warlike ryder to his most mishap:
 Sithence I loathed have my life to lead,
 As Ladies wont, in pleasures wanton lap,
 To finger the fine needle and nyce thread,
 Me lever were with point of foemans
 speare be dead.

VII.

'All my delight on deedes of armes is
 sett,
 To hunt out perilles and adventures hard,
 By sea, by land, where so they may be
 mett,
 Onely for honour and for high regard,
 Without respect of richesse or reward:
 For such intent into these partes I came,

Withouten compasse or withouten card,
Far fro my native soyle, that is by name
The greater Brytayne, here to seek for
praise and fame.

VIII.

'Fame blazed hath, that here in Faery
lond
Doe many famous knightes and Ladies
wonne,
And many straunge adventures to bee
fond,
Of which great worth and worship may
be wonne;
Which to prove, I this voyage have be-
gonne.
But mote I weet of you, right courteous
knight,
Tydings of one that hath unto me donne
Late foule dishonour and reprochfull
spight,
The which I seeke to wreake, and Arthe-
gall he hight.'

IX.

The worde gone out she backe againe
would call,
As her repenting so to have missayd,
But that he, it uptaking ere the fall,
Her shortly answered: 'Faire martiall
Mayd,
Certes ye misavised beene t'upbrayd
A gentle knight with so unknighly blame;
For, weet ye well, of all that ever playd
At tilt or tourney, or like warlike game,
The noble Arthegall hath ever borne the
name.

X.

'Forthy great wonder were it, if such
shame
Should ever enter in his bounteous
thought,
Or ever doe that mote deserven blame:
The noble corage never weeneth ought
That may unworthy of it selfe be thought.
Therefore, faire Damzell, be ye well
aware,
Least that too farre ye have your sorrow
sought:
You and your countrey both I wish wel-
fare,
And honour both; for each of other wor-
thy are.'

XI.

The royall Maid woxe inly wondrous
glad,
To heare her Love so highly magnifyde;
And joyd that ever she affixed had
Her hart on knight so goodly glorifyde,
How ever finely she it faind to hyde.

The loving mother, that nine monethes
did beare
In the deare closett of her painefull syde
Her tender babe, it seeing safe appeare,
Doth not so much rejoyce as she rejoyced
there.

XII.

But to occasion him to further talke,
To feed her humor with his pleasing style,
Her list in stryfull termes with him to
balke,
And thus replyde: 'How ever, Sir, ye fyle
Your courteous tongue his prayses to
complye,
It ill besemes a knight of gentle sort,
Such as ye have him boasted, to beguyle
A simple maide, and worke so hainous tort,
In shame of knighthood, as I largely can
report.

XIII.

'Let bee therefore my vengeaunce to
disswade,
And read where I that faytour false may
find.'
'Ah! but if reason faire might you per-
swade
To slake your wrath, and mollify your
mind,'
(Said he) 'perhaps ye should it better find:
For hardie thing it is, to weene by might
That man to hard conditions to bind,
Or ever hope to match in equall fight,
Whose prowess paragone saw never liv-
ing wight.

XIV.

'Ne soothlich is it easie for to read
Where now on earth, or how, he may be
fownd;
For he ne wonneth in one certeine stead,
But restlesse walketh all the world
arownd,
Ay doing thinges that to his fame re-
downd,
Defending Ladies cause and Orphans
right,
Whereso he heares that any doth con-
fownd
Them comfortlesse through tyranny or
might:
So is his sovaine honour raise to heavens
hight.'

XV.

His feeling wordes her feeble sence much
pleased,
And softly sunck into her molten hart:
Hart that is inly hurt is greatly eased
With hope of thing that may allegge his
smart;
For pleasing wordes are like to Magick art,

That doth the charmed Snake in slomber
lay.
Such secrete ease felt gentle Britomart,
Yet list the same efforce with faind gaine-
say;
So dischord ofte in Musick makes the
sweeter lay:—

XVI.

And sayd; 'Sir knight, these ydle
termes forbear;e;
And, sith it is uneaith to finde his haunt,
Tell me some markes by which he may
appeare,
If chauce I him encounter paravaunt;
For perdy one shall other slay, or daunt:
What shape, what shield, what armes,
what steed, what stedd,
And what so else his person most may
vaunt?'
All which the Redcrosse knight to point
aredd,
And him in everie part before her fash-
ioned.

XVII.

Yet him in everie part before she knew,
However list her now her knowledge
fayne,
Sith him whylome in Britayne she did
vew,
To her revealed in a mirrhour playne;
Whereof did grow her first engrafted
payne,
Whose root and stalke so bitter yet did
taste,
That but the fruit more sweetnes did con-
tayne,
Her wretched dayes in dolour she mote
waste,
And yield the pray of love to lothsome
death at last.

XVIII.

By straunge occasion she did him be-
hold,
And much more straungely gan to love
his sight,
As it in bookes hath written beene of
old.
In Deheubarth, that now South-wales is
hight,
What time king Ryence raign'd and
dealed right,
The great Magitien Merlin had deviz'd,
By his deepe science and hell-dreaded
might,
A looking glasse, right wondrously
aguiz'd,
Whose vertues through the wyde worlde
soone were solemniz'd.

XIX.

It vertue had to shew in perfect sight
Whatever thing was in the world con-
taynd,
Betwixt the lowest earth and hevens
hight,
So that it to the looker appertaynd:
Whatever foe had wrought, or frend had
faynd,
Therein discovered was, ne ought mote
pas,
Ne ought in secret from the same re-
maynd;
Forthy it round and hollow shaped was,
Like to the world itselfe, and seemd a
world of glas.

XX.

Who wonders not, that reades so won-
derous worke?
But who does wonder, that has red the
Towre
Wherein th' Aegyptian Phao long did
lurke
From all mens vew, that none might her
discoure,
Yet she might all men vew out of her
bowre?
Great Ptolomæe it for his lemans sake
Ybuided all of glasse, by Magicke powre,
And also it impregnable did make;
Yet when his love was false he with a
peaze it brake.

XXI.

Such was the glassy globe that Merlin
made,
And gave unto king Ryence for his gard,
That never foes his kingdome might in-
vade,
But he it knew at home before he hard
Tydings thereof, and so them still debar'd.
It was a famous Present for a Prince,
And worthy worke of infinite reward,
That treasons could bewray, and foes con-
vince:
Happy this Realme, had it remayned ever
since!

XXII.

One day it fortun'd fayre Britomart
Into her fathers closet to repayre;
For nothing he from her reserv'd apart,
Being his onely daughter and his hayre;
Where when she had espyde that mirrhour
fayre,
Her selfe awhile therein she vewd in
vaine:
Tho, her avizing of the vertues rare
Which thereof spoken were, she gan
againe

Her to bethinke of that mote to her selfe
pertaine.

XXIII.

But as it falleth, in the gentlest harts
Imperious Love hath highest set his
throne,
And tyrannizeth in the bitter smarts
Of them that to him buxome are and
prone:
So thought this Mayd (as maydens use to
done)
Whom fortune for her husband would
allot:
Not that she lusted after any one,
For she was pure from blame of sinfull
blott;
Yet wist her life at last must lincke in
that same knot.

XXIV.

Eftsoones there was presented to her
eye
A comely knight, all arm'd in complete
wize,
Through whose bright ventayle, lifted up
on hye,
His manly face, that did his foes agrize,
And frends to termes of gentle truce
entize,
Lookt forth, as Phœbus face out of the
east
Betwixt two shady mountaynes doth
arize:
Portly his person was, and much increast
Through his Heroicke grace and honor-
able gest.

XXV.

His crest was covered with a couchant
Hownd,
And all his armour seemd of antique
mould,
But wondrous massy and assured sownd,
And round about yfretted all with gold,
In which there written was, with cyphres
old,
Achilles armes, which Arthegall did win;
And on his shield enveloped sevenfold
He bore a crowned little Ermelin,
That dect the azure field with her fayre
pouldred skin.

XXVI.

The Damzell well did vew his Person-
age
And liked well, ne further fastned not,
But went her way; ne her unguilty age
Did weene, unwares, that her unlucky
lot
Lay hidden in the bottome of the pot.

Of hurt unwist most daunger doth re-
dound;
But the false Archer, which that arrow
shot
So slyly that she did not feele the wound,
Did smyle full smoothly at her weetlesse
wofull stound.

XXVII.

Thenceforth the fether in her lofty
crest,
Ruffed of love, gan lowly to availe;
And her proud portance and her princely
gest,
With which she earst tryumphed, now
did quaile:
Sad, solemne, sowre, and full of fancies
fraile,
She woxe; yet wist she nether how, nor
why.
She wist not, silly Mayd, what she did
aile,
Yet wist she was not well at ease perdy;
Yet thought it was not love, but some
melancholy.

XXVIII.

So soone as Night had with her pallid
hew
Defaste the beautie of the shyning skye,
And reft from men the worldes desired
vew,
She with her Nourse adowne to sleepe did
lye;
But sleepe full far away from her did fly:
In stead thereof sad sighes and sorrowes
deepe
Kept watch and ward about her warily,
That nought she did but wayle, and often
steepe
Her dainty couch with teares which closely
she did weepe.

XXIX.

And if that any drop of slombring rest
Did chauce to still into her weary
spright,
When feeble nature felt her selfe opprest,
Streight-way with dreames, and with fan-
tastick sight
Of dreadfull things, the same was put to
flight;
That oft out of her bed she did astart,
As one with vew of ghastly feends affright:
Tho gan she to renew her former smart,
And thinke of that fayre visage written
in her hart.

XXX.

One night, when she was tost with such
unrest,

Her aged Nourse, whose name was Glaucē
 height,
 Feeling her leape out of her loathed
 nest,
 Betwixt her feeble armes her quickly
 keight,
 And downe againe her in her warme bed
 dight:
 'Ah! my deare daughter, ah! my dearest
 dread,
 What uncouth fit,' (sayd she) 'what evill
 plight
 Hath thee opprest, and with sad dreary-
 head
 Chaunged thy lively cheare, and living
 made thee dead?

XXXI.

'For not of nought these suddein
 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 doest thy selfe in-
 close;
 Ne tastest Princes pleasures, ne doest
 spred
 Abroad thy fresh youths fayrest flowre,
 but lose
 Both leafe and fruite, both too untimely
 shed,
 As one in wilfull bale for ever buried.

XXXII.

'The time that mortall men their weary
 cares
 Do lay away, and all wilde beastes do
 rest,
 And every river eke his course forbear-
 es,
 Then doth this wicked evill thee infest,
 And rive with thousand throbs thy thrilled
 brest:
 Like an huge Aetn' of deepe engulfed
 gryefe,
 Sorrow is heaped in thy hollow chest,
 Whence forth it breakes in sighes and
 anguish ryfe,
 As smoke and sulphure mingled with con-
 fused stryfe.

XXXIII.

'Ay me! how much I feare least love
 it bee!
 But if that love it be, as sure I read
 By known signes and passions which
 I see,
 Be it worthy of thy race and royall sead,
 Then I avow, by this most sacred head

Of my deare foster childe, to ease thy
 griefe
 And win thy will: Therefore away doe
 dread;
 For death nor daunger from thy dew
 reliefe
 Shall me debarre: tell me therefore, my
 liefest liefe!

XXXIV.

So having sayd, her twixt her armes
 twaine
 Shee streightly straynd, and colled ten-
 derly;
 And every trembling joynt and every
 vaine
 Shee softly felt, and rubbed busily,
 To doe the frosen cold away to fly;
 And her faire deawy eies with kisses
 deare
 Shee ofte did bathe, and ofte againe did
 dry;
 And ever her importund not to feare
 To let the secret of her hart to her ap-
 peare.

XXXV.

The Damzell pauzd; and then thus fear-
 fully:
 'Ah! Nurse, what needeth thee to eke my
 payne?
 Is not enough that I alone doe dye,
 But it must doubled bee with death of
 twaine?
 For nought for me but death there doth
 remaine.'
 'O daughter deare!' (said she) 'despire
 no whit;
 For never sore but might a salve obtaine:
 That blinded God, which hath ye blindly
 smit,
 Another arrow hath your lovers hart to
 hit.'

XXXVI.

'But mine is not' (quoth she) 'like
 other wownd;
 For which no reason can finde remedy.'
 'Was never such, but mote the like be
 fownd,'
 (Said she) 'and though no reason may
 apply
 Salve to your sore, yet love can higher
 stye
 Then reasons reach, and oft hath wonders
 donne.'
 'But neither God of love nor God of skye
 Can doe' (said she) 'that which cannot
 be donne.'
 'Things ofte impossible' (quoth she)
 'seeme, ere begonne.

XXXVII.

'These idle wordes' (said she) 'doe
nought aswage
My stubborne smart, but more annoiaunce
breed :

For no, no usuall fire, no usuall rage
Yt is, O Nourse! which on my life doth
feed,
And sucks the blood which from my hart
doth bleed:
But since thy faithful zeles lets me not
hyde
My crime, (if crime it be) I will it reed.
Nor Prince nor pere it is, whose love hath
gryde
My feeble brest of late, and launched this
wound wyde.

XXXVIII.

'Nor man it is, nor other living wight,
For then some hope I might unto me
draw;
But th' only shade and semblant of a
knight,
Whose shape or person yet I never saw,
Hath me subjected to loves cruell law:
The same one day, as me misfortune led,
I in my fathers wondrous mirrhour saw,
Aud, pleased with that seeming goodly-
hed,
Unwares the hidden hooke with baite I
swallowed.

XXXIX.

'Sithens it hath infixed faster hold
Within my bleeding bowells, and so sore
Now ranckleth in this same fraile fleshy
mould,
That all my entrailes flow with poisonous
gore,
And th' ulcer groweth daily more and
more;
Ne can my ronning sore finde remedee,
Other then my hard fortune to deplore,
And languish, as the leafe falm from the
tree,
Till death make one end of my daies and
miseree!'

XL.

'Daughter,' (said she) 'what need ye
be dismayd?
Or why make ye such Monster of your
minde?
Of much more uncouth thing I was
affrayd,
Of filthy lust, contrary unto kinde;
But this affection nothing straunge I finde;
For who with reason can you aye reprove
To love the semblaunt pleasing most your
minde,

And yield your heart whence ye cannot
remove?
No guilt in you, but in the tyranny of
love.

XLI.

'Not so th' Arabian Myrrhe did set her
mynd,
Nor so did Biblis spend her pining hart;
But lov'd their native flesh against al
kynd,
And to their purpose used wicked art:
Yet playd Pasiphaë a more monstrous
part,
That lov'd a Bul, and learnd a beast to
bee.
Such shamefull lustes who loaths not,
which depart
From course of nature and of modestee?
Sweete love such lewdnes bands from his
faire companee.

XLII.

'But thine, my Deare, (welfare thy
heart, my deare!)
Though straunge beginning had, yet fixed
is
On one that worthy may perhaps appeare;
And certes seemes bestowed not amis:
Joy thereof have thou and eternall blis!
With that, upleaning on her elbow weake,
Her alablaster brest she soft did kis,
Which all that while shee felt to pant and
quake,
As it an Earth-quake were: at last she
thus bespake.

XLIII.

'Beldame, your words doe worke me
litle ease;
For though my love be not so lewdly bent
As those ye blame, yet may it nought
appease
My raging smart, ne ought my flame
relent,
But rather doth my helpelesse grieffe aug-
ment;
For they, how ever shamefull and un-
kinde,
Yet did possesse their horrible intent;
Short end of sorrowes they therby did
finde;
So was their fortune good, though wicked
were their minde.

XLIV.

'But wicked fortune mine, though
minde be good,
Can have no ende nor hope of my desire,
But feed on shadowes whiles I die for food,

And like a shadowe waxe, whiles with
entire
Affection I doe languish and expire.
I, fonder then Cephisus foolish chyld,
Who, having vewed in a fountaine shere
His face, was with the love thereof be-
guyld;
I, fonder, love a shade, the body far exyld.'

XLV.

'Nought like,' (quoth shee) 'for that
same wretched boy
Was of him selfe the ydle Paramoure,
Both love and lover, without hope of joy,
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 body, wheresoever that it light,
May learned be by cyphers, or by Magicke
might.

XLVI.

'But if thou may with reason yet re-
presse
The growing evill, ere it strength have
gott,
And thee abandond wholly do possesse,
Against it strongly strive, and yield thee
nott
Til thou in open fielde adowne be smott:
But if the passion mayster thy fraile
might,
So that needs love or death must bee thy
lott,
Then, I avow to thee, by wrong or right
To compas thy desire, and find that loved
knight.'

XLVII.

Her chearefull words much heard 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 busy
ayd;
So that at last a litle creeping sleepe
Surprisd her sence: Shee, therewith well
apayd,
The drunken lamp down in the oyl did
steepe,
And sett her by to watch, and sett her by
to weepe.

XLVIII.

Earely, the morrow next, before that day
His joyous face did to the world revele,

They both uprose and tooke their ready
wey
Unto the Church, their praiers to appele
With great devotion, and with little zeale:
For the faire Damzel from the holy herse
Her love-sicke hart to other thoughts did
steale;
And that old Dame said many an idle verse,
Out of her daughters hart fond fancies to
reverse.

XLIX.

Retourned home, the royall Infant fell
Into her former fitt; for-why no powre
Nor guidance of herselfe in her did
dwell:
But th' aged Nourse, her calling to her
bowre,
Had gathered Rew, and Savine, and the
flowre
Of Camphora, and Calamint, and Dill;
All which she in a earthen Pot did poure,
And to the brim with Coltwood did it fill,
And many drops of milk and blood
through it did spill.

L.

Then, taking thrise three heares from
off her head,
Then trebly breaded in a threefold lace,
And round about the Pots mouth bound
the thread;
And, after having whispered a space
Certain sad words with hollow voice and
bace,
Shee to the virgin sayd, thrise sayd she
itt;
'Come daughter, come; come, spit upon
my face;
Spitt thrise upon me, thrise upon me spitt;
Th' uneven number for this busines is
most fitt.'

LI.

That sayd, her rownd about she from
her turnd,
She turned her contrary to the Sunne;
Thrise she her turnd contrary, and returnd
All contrary; for she the right did shunne;
And ever what she did was straight un-
donne.
So thought she to undoe her daughters
love;
But love, that is in gentle brest begonne,
No ydle charmes so lightly may remove:
That well can witness who by tryall it
does prove.

LII.

Ne ought it mote the noble Mayd avayle,
Ne slake the fury of her cruell flame,
But that shee still did waste, and still did
wayle,

That, through long languour and hart-
burning brame,
She shortly like a pyned ghost became
Which long hath waited by the Stygian
strond.

That when old Glaucè saw, for feare least
blame
Of her miscarriage should in her be fond,
She wist not how t'amend, nor how it to
withstood.

CANTO III.

Merlin bewrayes to Britomart
The state of Arthegall;
And shews the famous Progeny,
Which from them springen shall.

I.

Most sacred fyre, that burnest mightily
In living breasts, ykindled first above
Amongst th' eternall spheres and lamping
sky,
And thence poured into men, which men
call Love!
Not that same, which doth base affections
move
In brutish mindes, and filthy lust inflame,
But that sweete fit that doth true beautie
love,
And chosest vertue for his dearest Dame,
Whence spring all noble deedes and never
dying fame:

II.

Well did Antiquity a God thee deeme,
That over mortall mindes hast so great
might,
To order them as best to thee doth seeme,
And all their actions to direct aright:
The fatall purpose of divine foresight
Thou doest effect in destined descents,
Through deepe impression of thy secret
might,
And stirredst up th' Heroës high intents,
Which the late world admyres for won-
drous monuments.

III.

But thy dredd dartes in none doe triumph
more,
Ne braver prooffe in any of thy powre
Shewd'st thou, then in this royall Maid
of yore,
Making her seeke an unknowne Para-
mour, e,
From the worlds end, through many a
bitter stowre:
From whose two loynes thou afterwarde
did raise
Most famous fruites of matrimoniall bowre,
Which through the earth have spredd
their living prayse,
That fame in tromp of gold eternally
displays.

IV.

Begin then, O my dearest sacred Dame!
Daughter of Phæbus and of Memorye,
That doest ennoble with immortall name
The warlike Worthies, from antiquitye,
In thy great volume of Eternitye:
Begin, O Clio! and recount from hence
My glorious Soveraines goodly auncestrye,
Till that by dew degrees, and long pro-
tense,
Thou have it lastly brought unto her Excel-
lence.

V.

Full many wayes within her troubled
mind
Old Glaucè cast to cure this Ladies griefe;
Full many waies she sought, but none
could find,
Nor herbes, nor charmes, nor counsel, that
is chiefe
And choicest med'cine for sick harts
reliefe:
Forthy great care she tooke, and greater
feare,
Least that it should her turne to fowle
reprieft
And sore reproch, when so her father deare
Should of his dearest daughters hard mis-
fortune heare.

VI.

At last she her avisde, that he which
made
That mirrhour, wherein the sicke Damosell
So straungely vewed her straunge lovers
shade,
To weet, the learned Merlin, well could
tell
Under what coast of heaven the man did
dwell,
And by what means his love might best
be wrought:
For, though beyond the Africk Ismael
Or th' Indian Peru he were, she thought
Him forth through infinite endeavour to
have sought.

VII.

Forthwith them selves disguising both
 in straunge
 And base atyre, 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, low underneath the
 ground,
 In a deepe delve, farre from the vew of
 day,
 That of no living wight he mote be found,
 When so he counseld with his sprights
 encompass round.

VIII.

And, if thou ever happen that same way
 To travell, go to see that dreadful place.
 It is an hideous hollow cave (they say)
 Under a Rock that lyes a litle space
 From the swift Barry, tumbling downe
 apace
 Emongst the woody hilles of Dynevowre:
 But dare thou not, I charge, in any cace
 To enter into that same balefull Bowre,
 For feare the cruell Feendes should thee
 unwares devowre:

IX.

But standing high aloft low lay thine
 eare,
 And there such ghaftly noyse of yron
 chaines
 And brasen Caudrons thou shalt rombling
 heare,
 Which thousand sprights with long endur-
 ing paines
 Doe tosse, that it will stonn thy feeble
 braines;
 And oftentimes great grones, and grievous
 stownds,
 When too huge toile and labour them
 constraines,
 And oftentimes loud strokes and ringing
 sownds
 From under that deepe Rock most horribly
 rebowndes.

X.

The cause, some say, is this: A litle
 whyle
 Before that Merlin dyde, he did intend
 A brasen wall in compas to compyle
 About Cairmardin, and did it commend
 Unto these Sprights to bring to perfect
 end:
 During which worke the Lady of the Lake,

Whom long he lov'd, for him in hast did
 send;
 Who, thereby forst his workemen to for-
 sake,
 Them bownd till his retourne their labour
 not to slake.

XI.

In the meane time, through that false
 Ladies traine
 He was surprisd, and buried under beare,
 Ne ever to his worke returnd againe:
 Nath'lesse those feends may not their
 work forbear,
 So greatly his commandement they feare,
 But there doe toyle and traveile day and
 night,
 Untill that brasen wall they up doe reare;
 For Merlin had in Magick more insight
 Then ever him before, or after, living
 wight:

XII.

For he by wordes could call out of the
 sky
 Both Sunne and Moone, and make them
 him obay;
 The Land to sea, and sea to maineland dry,
 And darksom night he eke could turne to
 day:
 Huge hostes of men he could alone dismay,
 And hostes of men of meanest thinges
 could frame,
 When so him list his enimies to fray;
 That to this day, for terror of his fame,
 The feends do quake when any him to
 them does name.

XIII.

And, sooth, men say that he was not
 the sonne
 Of mortall Syre or other living wight,
 But wondrously begotten, and begonne
 By false illusion of a guilefull Spright
 On a faire Lady Nonne, that whilome hight
 Matilda, daughter to Pubidius,
 Who was the lord of Mathraval by right,
 And coosen unto king Ambrosius;
 Whence he indued was with skill so mer-
 veilous.

XIV.

They, here arriving, staid awhile with-
 out,
 Ne durst adventure rashly in to wend,
 But of their first intent gan make new
 dout,
 For dread of daunger which it might por-
 tend;
 Untill the hardy Mayd (with love to frend)
 First entering, the dreadful Mage there
 fownd

Deepe busied bout worke of wondrous end,
And writing straunge characters in the
ground,
With which the stubborne feendes he to
his service bownd.

XV.

He nought was moved at their entraunce
bold,
For of their comming well he wist afore;
Yet list them bid their businesse to unfold,
As if ought in this world in secrete store
Were from him hidden, or unknowne of
yore.
Then Glaucé thus: 'Let not it thee offend,
That we thus rashly through thy darksome
dore
Unwares have prest; for either fatall end,
Or other mightie cause, us two did hither
send.'

XVI.

He bad tell on; And then she thus began.
'Now have three Moones with borrowd
brothers light
Thrise shined faire, and thrise seemd dim
and wan,
Sith a sore evill, which this virgin bright
Tormenteth and doth plunge in dolefull
plight,
First rooting tooke; but what thing it
mote bee,
Or whence it sprong, I can not read aright:
But this I read, that, but if remedee
Thou her afford, full shortly I her dead
shall see.'

XVII.

Therewith th' Enchaunter softly gan to
smyle
At her smooth speches, weeting inly well
That she to him dissembled womanish
guyle,
And to her said: 'Beldame, by that ye tell
More neede of leach-crafte hath your
Damozell,
Then of my skill: who helpe may have
elsewhere,
In vaine seekes wonders out of Magick
spell.'
Th' old woman wox half blanck those
wordes to heare,
And yet was loth to let her purpose plaine
appeare;

XVIII.

And to him said: 'Yf any leaches skill,
Or other learned meanes, could have
redrest
This my deare daughters deepe engraffed
ill,
Certes I should be loth thee to molest;

But this sad evill, 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 evill spright, that in her doth such tor-
ment breed.'

XIX.

The wisard could no lenger beare her
bord,
But, brusting forth in laughter, to her
sayd:
'Glaucé, what needes this colourable word
To cloke the cause that hath it selfe be-
wrayd?
Ne ye, fayre Britomartis, thus arayd,
More hidden are then Sunne in cloudy vele;
Whom thy good fortune, having fate
obayd,
Hath hither brought for succour to appele;
The which the powres to thee are pleased
to revele.'

XX.

The doubtfull Mayd, seeing her selfe
descryde,
Was all abasht, and her pure yvory
Into a cleare Carnation suddene dyde;
As fayre Aurora, rysing hastily,
Doth by her blushing tell that she did lye
All night in old Tithonus frozen bed,
Whereof she seemes ashamed inwardly:
But her olde Nourse was nought dishar-
tened,
But vauntage made of that which Merlin
had adred;

XXI.

And sayd; 'Sith then thou knowest all
our grieffe,
(For what doest not thou knowe?) of grace
I pray,
Pitty our playnt, and yield us meet re-
lief.'
With that the Prophet still awhile did stay,
And then his spirite thus gan fourth dis-
play:
'Most noble Virgin, that by fatall lore
Hast learn'd to love, let no whit thee
dismay
The hard beginne that meetes thee in the
dore,
And with sharpe fits thy tender hart op-
presseth sore:

XXII.

'For so must all things excellent begin;
And eke enrooted deepe must be that Tree,
Whose big embodied braunches shall not
lin

Till they to hevens hight forth stretched
bee:

For from thy wombe a famous Progenee
Shall spring out of the auncient Trojan
blood,

Which shall revive the sleeping memoree
Of those same antique Peres, the hevens
brood,

Which Greeke and Asian rivers stayned
with their blood.

XXIII.

'Renowmed kings, and sacred Emperours,
Thy fruitfull Ofspring, shall from thee
descend;

Brave 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 upreare, and mightily defend
Against their forren foe that commes from
farre,

Till universall peace compound all civill
jarre.

XXIV.

'It was not, Britomart, thy wandring
eye

Glauncing unwares in charmed looking
glas,

But the streight course of heavenly destiny,
Led with eternall providence, that has
Gyuded thy glaunce, to bring his will to
pas:

Ne is thy fate, ne is thy fortune ill,
To love the prowest knight that ever was.
Therefore submit thy wayes unto his will,
And doe by all dew meanes thy destiny
fulfill.'

XXV.

'But read,' (saide Glaucè) 'thou
Magitian,

What meanes shall she out seeke, or what
wales take?

How shall she know, how shall she finde
the man?

Or what needes her to toyle, sith fates
can make

Way for themselves their purpose to per-
take?'

Then Merlin thus: 'Indeede the fates are
firme,

And may not shrinck, though all the world
do shake;

Yet ought mens good endeouours them con-
firme,

And guyde the heavenly causes to their
constant terme.

XXVI.

'The man, whom heavens have ordaynd
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 whylome by false Faries stolne away,
Whyles 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:

XXVII.

'But sooth he is the sonne of Gorlois,
And brother unto Cador, Cornish king;

And for his warlike feates renowmed is,
From where the day out of the sea doth
spring,

Untill the closure of the Evening:
From thence him, firmly bound with
faithfull band,

To this his native soyle thou backe shalt
bring,

Strongly to ayde his countrey to withstand
The powre of forreine Paynimis which in-
vade thy land.

XXVIII.

'Great ayd thereto his mighty puis-
sauce

And dreaded name shall give in that sad
day;

Where also prooffe of thy prow valiaunce
Thou then shalt make, t' increase thy
lover's 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 practise criminall
Of secrete foes, that him shall make in
mischiefe fall.

XXIX.

'With thee yet shall he leave, for
memory

Of his late puissaunce, his ymage dead,
That living him in all activity

To thee shall represent. He, from the
head

Of his coosen 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 bloody field to
fight.

xxx.

' Like as a Lyon that in drowsie cave
Hath long time slept, himselfe so shall he
shake;
And comming forth shall spred his banner
brave
Over the troubled South, that it shall
make
The warlike Mertians for feare to quake:
Thrise shall he fight with them, and twice
shall win;
But the third time shall fayre accordaunce
make:

And, if he then with victorie can lin,
He shall his dayes with peace bring to his
earthly In.

xxxI.

' His sonne, hight Vortipore, shall him
succeede
In kingdome, but not in felicity:
Yet shall he long time warre with happy
speed,
And with great honour many batteills try;
But at the last to th' impertunity
Of froward fortune shall be forst to yield:
But his sonne Malgo shall full mightily
Avenge his fathers losse with speare and
shield,
And his proud foes discomfit in victorious
field.

xxxII.

' Behold the man! and tell me, Brito-
mart,
If ay more goodly creature thou didst see?
How like a Gyaunt in each manly part
Beares he himselfe with portly majestee,
That one of th' old Heroës seemes to bee!
He the six Islands, comprovinciall
In auncient times unto great Britaine,
Shall to the same reduce, and to him call
Their sondry kings to do their homage
severall.

xxxIII.

' All which his sonne Careticus awhile
Shall well defend, and Saxons powre sup-
presse;
Untill a stranger king, from unknowne
soyle
Arriving, him with multitude oppresse;
Great Gormond, having with huge might-
nesse
Ireland subdewd, and therein fixt his
throne,
Like a swift Otter, fell through empti-
nesse,
Shall overswim the sea, with many one

Of his Norweyses, to assist the Britons
fone.

xxxIV.

' He in his furie all shall overronne,
And holy Church with faithlesse handes
deface,
That thy sad people, utterly fordonne,
Shall to the utmost mountaines fly apace.
Was never so great waste in any place,
Nor so fowle outrage doen by living men;
For all thy Citties they shall sacke and
race,
And the greene grasse that groweth they
shall bren,
That even the wilde beast shall dy in
starved den.

xxxV.

' Whiles thus thy Britons doe in lan-
gnour pine,
Proud Etheldred shall from the North
arise,
Serving th' ambitious will of Augustine,
And, passing Dee, with hardy enterprise
Shall backe repulse the valiaunt Brock-
well wise,
And Bangor with massacred Martyrs fill,
But the third time shall rew his fool-
hardise:
For Cadwan, pittying his peoples ill,
Shall stoutly him defeat, and thousand
Saxons kill.

xxxVI.

' But after him, Cadwallin mightily
On his sonne Edwin all those wrongs shall
wreake;
Ne shall availe the wicked sorcery
Of false Pellite his purposes to breake,
But him shall slay, and on a gallowes
bleak
Shall give th' enchanter his unhappy
hire.
Then shall the Britons, late dismayd and
weake,
From their long vassalage gin to respire,
And on their Paynim foes avenge their
ranckled ire.

xxxVII.

' Ne shall he yet his wrath so mitigate,
Till both the sonnes of Edwin he have
slayne,
Offricke and Osricke, twinnes unfortu-
nate,
Both slaine in battaile upon Layburne
playne,
Together with the king of Louthiane,
Hight Adin, and the king of Orkeny,

Both joynt partakers of their fatall payne :
But Penda, fearefull of like destiny,
Shall yield him selfe his liegeman, and
swear fealty.

XXXVIII.

‘ Him shall he make his fatall Instru-
ment
T’ afflict the other Saxons unsubdewd ;
He marching forth with fury insolent
Against the good king Oswald, who in-
dewd
With heavenly powre, and by Angels res-
kewd,
Al holding crosses in their hands on hye,
Shall him defeate withouten blood im-
brewd :
Of which that field, for endlesse memory,
Shall Hevenfield be cald to all posterity.

XXXIX.

‘ Whereat Cadwallin wroth shall forth
issew,
And an huge hoste into Northumber lead,
With which he godly Oswald shall subdew,
And crowne with martiredome his sacred
head :
Whose brother Oswin, daunted with like
dread,
With price of silver shall his kingdome
buy ;
And Penda, seeking him adowne to tread,
Shall tread adowne, and doe him fowly
dye ;
But shall with guifts his Lord Cadwallin
pacify.

XL.

‘ Then shall Cadwallin die ; and then the
raine
Of Britons eke with him attonce shall dye ;
Ne shall the good Cadwallader, with paine
Or powre, be hable it to remedy,
When the full time, prefixt by destiny,
Shal be expird of Britons regiment :
For heven it selfe shall their successe
envy,
And them with plagues and murrins pes-
tilent
Consume, till all their warlike puissaunce
be spent.

XLI.

‘ Yet after all these sorrowes, and huge
hills
Of dying people, during eight yeares
space,
Cadwallader, not yielding to his ills,
From Armoricke, where long in wretched
cace
He liv’d, retourning to his native place,
Shal be by vision staide from his intent :

For th’ heavens have decreed to displace
The Britons for their sinnes dew punish-
ment
And to the Saxons over-give their govern-
ment.

XLII.

‘ Then woe, and woe, and everlasting
woe,
Be to the Briton babe that shal be borne
To live in thraldome of his fathers foe !
Late king, now captive ; late lord, now
forlorne ;
The worlds reproch ; the cruell victors
scorne ;
Banisht from princely bowre to wastefull
wood !
O ! who shal helpe me to lament and
mourne
The royall seed, the antique Trojan blood,
Whose empire lenger here then ever any
stood ?’

XLIII.

The Damzell was full deepe empas-
sioned
Both for his grieffe, and for her peoples
sake,
Whose future woes so plaine he fashioned ;
And, sighing sore, at length him thus
bespake :
‘ Ah ! but will hevens fury never slake,
Nor vengeance huge relent it selfe at
last ?
Will not long misery late mercy make,
But shall their name for ever be defaste,
And quite from off the earth their mem-
ory be raste ?’

XLIV.

‘ Nay but the terme ’ (sayd he) ‘ is
limited,
That in this thraldome Britons shall
abide ;
And the just revolution measured
That they as Straungers shal be notifide :
For twice fowre hundreth yeares shalbe
supplide,
Ere they to former rule restor’d shal bee,
And their importune fates all satisfide :
Yet, during this their most obscuritee,
Their beames shall ofte breake forth, that
men them faire may see.

XLV.

‘ For Rhodoricke, whose surname shal
be Great,
Shall of him selfe a brave ensample shew,
That Saxon kinges his friendship shall
intreat ;
And Howell Dha shall goodly well in-
dew

The salvage minds with skill of just and
trew :
Then Griffyth Conan also shall upreare
His dreaded head, and the old sparkes re-
new
Of native corage, that his foes shall feare,
Least back againe the kingdom he from
them should beare.

XLVI.

' Ne shall the Saxons selves all peaceably
Enjoy the crowne, which they from
Britons wonne
First ill, and after ruled wickedly ;
For, ere two hundred yeares be full out-
ronne,
There shall a Raven, far from rising
Sunne,
With his wide wings upon them fiercely
fly,
And bid his faithlesse chickens overronne
The fruitfull plaines, and with fell cruelty
In their avenge tread downe the victors
surquedry.

XLVII.

' 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' usurped crowne, as if that he were
wood,
And the spoile of the countrey conquered
Emongst his young ones shall divide with
bountyhed.

XLVIII.

' Tho, when the terme is full accom-
plishid,
There shall a sparke of fire, which hath
longwhile
Bene in his ashes raked up and hid,
Bee freshly kindled in the fruitfull Ile
Of Mona, where it lurked in exile ;
Which shall breake forth into bright burn-
ing flame,
And reach into the house that beares the
stile
Of roiall majesty and soveraine name :
So shall the Briton blood their crowne
agayn reclame.

XLIX.

' Thenceforth eternall union shall be
made

Betweene the nations different afore ;
And sacred Peace shall lovingly persuade
The warlike minds to learne her goodly
lore,
And civile armes to exercise no more :
Then shall a royall Virgin raine, which
shall
Stretch her white rod over the Belgicke
shore,
And the great Castle smite so sore with-
all,
That it shall make him shake, and shortly
learn to fall.

L.

' But yet the end is not.' — There Merlin
stayd,
As overcome of the spirites powre,
Or other ghasly spectacle dismayd,
That secretly he saw, yet note discoure :
Which suddein fit, and halfe extaticke
stoure,
When the two fearefull wemen saw, they
grew
Greatly confused in behaveoure.
At last, the fury past, to former hew
Hee turnd againe, and chearfull looks as
earst did shew.

LI.

Then, when them selves they well in-
structed had
Of all that needed them to be inquird,
They both, conceiving hope of comfort
glad,
With lighter hearts unto their home re-
tird ;
Where they in secret counsell close con-
spird,
How to effect so hard an enterprize,
And to possesse the purpose they desird :
Now this, now that, twixt them they did
devize,
And diverse plots did frame to maske in
strange disguise.

LII.

At last the Nourse in her foolhardy wit
Conceiv'd a bold devise, and thus be-
spake :
' Daughter, I deeme that counsel aye
most fit,
That of the time doth dew advauntage
take.
Ye see that good king Uther now doth
make
Strong warre upon the Paynim brethren,
hight
Octa and Oza, whome hee lately brake
Beside Cayr Verolame in victorious fight,

That now all Britany doth burne in armes
bright.

LIII.

'That, therefore, nought our passage
may empeach,
Let us in feigned armes our selves dis-
guize,
And our weake hands (need makes good
schollers) teach
The dreadful speare and shield to exer-
cize:
Ne certes, daughter, that same warlike
wize,
I weene, would you misseeme; for ye
beene tall,
And large of limbe t' atchieve an hard
emprize;
Ne ought ye want but skil, which practize
small
Wil bring, and shortly make you a mayd
Martiall.

LIV.

'And, sooth, it ought your corage much
inflame
To heare so often, in that royall hous,
From whence, to none inferior, ye came,
Bards tell of many women valorous,
Which have full many feats adventurous
Performd, in paragone of proudest men:
The bold Bunduca, whose victorious
Exploits made Rome to quake; stout
Guendolen;
Renowned Martia; and redoubted Em-
milien.

LV.

'And, that which more then all the rest
may sway,
Late dayes ensample, which these eyes
beheld:
In the last field before Menevia,
Which Uther with those forrein Pagans
held,
I saw a Saxon Virgin, the which feld
Great Ulfin thrise upon the bloody playne;
And, had not Carados her hand withheld
From rash revenge, she had him surely
slayne:
Yet Carados himselfe from her escapt with
payne.'

LVI.

'Ah! read,' (quoth Britomart) 'how is
she hight?'
'Fayre Angela' (quoth she) 'men do her
call,
No whit lesse fayre then terrible in fight:
She hath the leading of a Martiall
And mightie people, dreaded more then
all
The other Saxons, which doe, for her
sake

And love, themselves of her name *Angles*
call.

Therefore, faire Infant, her ensample
make
Unto thy selfe, and equall corage to thee
take.'

LVII.

Her harty wordes so deepe into the
mynd
Of the yong Damzell sunke, that great
desire
Of warlike armes in her forthwith they
tynd,
And generous stout courage did inspyre,
That she resolv'd, unweeting to her Syre,
Advent'rous knighthood on her selfe to
don;
And counsell with her Nourse her Maides
attyre
To turne into a massy habergeon,
And bad her all things put in readinesse
anon.

LVIII.

Th' old woman nought that needed did
omit,
But all things did conveniently purvay.
It fortun'd (so time their turne did fitt)
A band of Britons, ryding on forray
Few dayes before, had gotten a great pray
Of Saxon goods; emongst the which was
seene
A goodly Armour, and full rich aray,
Which long'd to Angela, the Saxon
Queene,
All fretted round with gold, and goodly
wel bescene.

LIX.

The same, with all the other ornaments,
King Ryence caused to be hang'd hy
In his chiefe Church, for endlesse moni-
ments
Of his successe and gladfull victory:
Of which her selfe avising readily.
In th' evening late old Glaucè thither led
Faire Britomart, and, that same Armory
Downe taking, her therein appareled
Well as she might, and with brave baul-
drick garnished.

LX.

Beside those armes there stood a mightie
speare,
Which Bladud made by Magick art of
yore,
And usd the same in batteill aye to
beare;
Sith which it had beene here preserv'd
in store,

For his great virtues proved long afore:
 For never wight so fast in sell could sit,
 But him perforce unto the ground it bore.
 Both speare she tooke and shield which
 hong by it;
 Both speare and shield of great powre,
 for her purpose fit.

LXI.

Thus when she had the virgin all arayd,
 Another harnessse which did hang thereby
 About her selfe she dight, that the yong
 Mayd
 She might in equall armes accompany,
 And as her Squyre attend her carefully.
 Tho to their ready Steedes they clombe
 full light,
 And through back waies, that none might
 them espy,

Covered with secret cloud of silent night,
 Themselves they forth convoid, and passed
 forward right.

LXII.

Ne rested they, till that to Faery lond
 They came, as Merlin them directed
 late:
 Where, meeting with this Rederosse
 Knight, she fond
 Of diverse thinges discourses to dilate,
 But most of Arthegall and his estate.
 At last their wayes so fell, that they mote
 part:
 Then each to other, well affectionate,
 Friendship professed with unfained
 hart.
 The Rederosse Knight diverst, but forth
 rode Britomart.

CANTO IV.

Bold Marinell of Britomart
 Is throwne on the Rich strand:
 Faire Florimell of Arthure is
 Long followed, but not fond.

I.

WHERE is the Antique glory now be-
 come,
 That whylome wont in wemen to appeare?
 Where be the brave atchievements doen
 by some?
 Where be the batteilles, where the shield
 and 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?
 Beene they all dead, and laide in dolefull
 herse,
 Or doen they onely sleepe, and shall
 againe reverse?

II.

If they be dead, then woe is me there-
 fore;
 But if they sleepe, O let them soone
 awake!
 For all too long I burne with envy sore
 To heare the warlike feates which Homere
 spake
 Of bold Pentesilee, which made a lake
 Of Greekish blood so ofte in Trojan
 plaine;
 But when I reade, how stout Debora strake
 Proud Sisera, and how Camill' hath slaine
 The huge Orsilochus, I swell with great
 disdaine.

III.

Yet these, and all that els had puis-
 saunce,
 Cannot with noble Britomart compare,
 As well for glorie of great valiaunce,
 As for pure chastitee and vertue rare,
 That all her goodly deedes doe well de-
 clare.
 Well wortheie stock, from which the
 branches sprong
 That in late yeares so faire a blossome
 bare,
 As thee, O Queene! the matter of my song,
 Whose lignage from this Lady I derive
 along.

IV.

Who when, through speaches with the
 Rederosse Knight,
 She learned had th' estate of Arthegall,
 And in each point her selfe informd
 aright,
 A friendly league of love perpetuall
 She with him bound, and Congé tooke
 withall:
 Then he forth on his journey did pro-
 ceede,
 To seeke adventures which mote him
 befall,
 And win him worship through his warlike
 deed,
 Which alwaies of his paines he made the
 chiefest meed.

v.

But Britomart kept on her former
course,
Ne ever dofte her armes, but all the way
Grew pensive through that amarous dis-
course,
By which the Redcrosse knight did earst
display
Her lovers shape and chevalrous aray :
A thousand thoughts she fashiond in her
mind,
And in her feigning fancie did pourtray
Him such as fittest she for love could
find,
Wise, warlike, personable, courteous, and
kind.

vi.

With such self-pleasing thoughts her
wound she fedd,
And thought so to beguile her grievous
smart;
But so her smart was much more grievous
bredd,
And the deepe wound more deep engord
her hart,
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 guydance of her blinded
guest,
Till that to the sea-coast at length she her
address.

vii.

There she alighted from her light-foot
beast,
And sitting downe upon the rocky shore,
Badd her old Squeyre unlace her lofty
crest:
Tho having vewd awhile the surges hore
That gainst the craggy cliffs did loudly
rore,
And in their raging surquedry disdaynd
That the fast earth affronted them so
sore,
And their devouring covetize restraynd ;
Thereat she sighed deepe, and after thus
complaynd.

viii.

' Huge sea of sorrow and tempestuous
griefe,
Wherein my feeble barke is tossed long
Far from the hoped haven of reliefe,
Why doe thy cruel billowes beat so strong,
And thy moyst mountaines each on others
through,
Threatning to swallow up my fearefull
lyfe?

O! doe thy cruell wrath and spightfull
wrong
At length allay, and stint thy stormy
strife,
Which in thy troubled bowels raignes and
rageth ryfe.

ix.

' For els my feeble vessell, crazd and
crackt
Through thy strong buffets and outra-
geous blowes,
Cannot endure, but needes it must be
wrackt
On the rough rocks, or on the sandy shal-
lowes,
The whiles that love it steres, and fortune
rowes:
Love, my lewd Pilott, hath a restlesse
minde;
And fortune, Boteswaine, no assurance
knowes;
But saile withouten starres gainst tyde
and wynde:
How can thy other doe, sith both are
bold and blinde?

x.

' Thou God of windes, that raignest in
the seas,
That raignest also in the Continent,
At last blow up some gentle gale of ease,
The which may bring my ship, ere it be
rent,
Unto the gladsome port of her intent.
Then, when I shall my selfe in safety see,
A table, for eternall monument
Of thy great grace and my great jeoparddee,
Great Neptune, I avow to hallow unto
thee!'

xi.

Then sighing softly sore, and inly deepe,
She shut up all her plaint in privy griefe
For her great courage would not let her
weepe,
Till that old Glaucè gan with sharpe re-
priefe
Her to restraine, and give her good reliefe
Through hope of those, which Merlin had
her told
Should of her name and nation be chiefe,
And fetch their being from the sacred
mould
Of her immortall womb, to be in heaven
enrold.

xii.

Thus as she her recomforted, she spyde
Where far away one, all in armour bright,
With hasty gallop towards her did ryde.
Her dolour soone she ceast, and on her
dight

Her Helmet, to her Courser mounting
light:
Her former sorrow into sudden wrath,
Both coosen passions of distroubled
spright,
Converting, forth she beates the dusty
path:
Love and despight attonce her courage
kindled hath.

XIII.

As, when a foggy mist hath overcast
The face of heven, and the cleare ayre
engroste,
The world in darkenes dwels; till that at
last
The watry Southwinde, from the seabord
coste
Uplowing, doth disperse the vapour
lo'ste,
And poures it selfe forth in a stormy
showre:
So the fayre Britomart, having disclo'ste
Her cloudy care into a wrathfull stowre,
The mist of grieft dissolv'd did into
vengeance powre.

XIV.

Eftsoones, her goodly shield addressing
fayre,
That mortall speare she in her hand did
take,
And unto battaill did her selfe prepayre.
The knight, approching, sternely her be-
spake:
'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 retyre, whiles thou hast
might,
Least afterwards it be too late to take
thy flight.'

XV.

Ythrid with deepe disdain of his
proud threat,
She shortly thus: 'Fly they, that need to
fly;
Wordes fearen babes. I meane not thee
entreat
To passe, but maugre thee will passe
or dy.'
Ne lenger stayd for th' other to reply,
But with sharpe speare the rest made
dearly knowne.
Strongly the straunge knight ran, and
sturdily
Stroke her full on the brest, that made
her downe

Decline her head, and touch her crouper
with her crown.

XVI.

But she againe him in the shield did
smite
With so fierce furie and great puissaunce,
That, through his three-square scuchin
percing 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 crouper, the length of all her
launce;
Till, sadly soucing on the sandy shore,
He tumbled on an heape, and wallowd in
his gore.

XVII.

Like as the sacred Oxe that carelesse
stands,
With gilden hornes and flowry girlonds
crownd,
Proud of his dying honor and deare
bandes,
Whiles th' altars fume with frankincense
arownd,
All suddenly, with mortall stroke as-
townd,
Doth groveling fall, and with his stream-
ing gore
Distaines the pillours and the holy grownd,
And the faire flowres that decked him
afore:
So fell proud Marinell upon the pretious
shore.

XVIII.

The martiall Mayd stayd not him to
lament,
But forward rode, and kept her ready
way
Along the strond; which, as she over-
went,
She saw bestrowed all with rich aray
Of pearles and pretious stones of great
assay,
And all the gravell mixt with golden
owre:
Whereat she wondred much, but would
not stay
For gold, or perles, or pretious stones, an
howre,
But them despised all; for all was in her
powre.

XIX.

Whiles thus he lay in deadly stonish-
ment,
Tydings hereof came to his mothers eare:

His mother was the blacke-browd Cy-
moënt,
The daughter of great Nereus, which did
beare

This warlike sonne unto an earthly peare,
The famous Dumarin; who, on a day
Finding the Nymph asleepe in secret
wheare,

As he by chaunce did wander that same
way,
Was taken with her love, and by her
closely lay.

xx.

There he this knight of her begot, whom
borne

She, of his father, Marinell did name;
And in a rocky cave, as wight forlorne,
Long time she fostred up, till he became
A mighty man at armes, and mickle fame
Did get through great adventures by him
dounne:

For never man he suffred by that same
Rich strond to travell, whereas he did
wonne,

But that he must do battail with the Sea-
nymphes sonne.

xxi.

An hundred knights of honorable name
He had subdew'd, and them his vassals
made

That through all Faerie lond his noble
fame

Now blazed was, and feare did all in-
vade,

That none durst passen through that peri-
lous glade:

And to advaunce his name and glory
more,

Her Sea-god syre she dearely did per-
swade

T' endow her sonne with thresure and
rich store

Bove all the sonnes that were of earthly
wombes ybore.

xxii.

The God did graunt his daughters deare
demaund,

To doen his Nephew in all riches flow;
Eftsoones his heaped waves he did comaund

Out of their hollow bosome forth to
throw

All the huge thresure, which the sea be-
low

Had in his greedy gulfe devoured deepe,
And him enriched through the overthrow
And wreckes of many wretches, which
did weepe

And often wayle their wealth, which he
from them did keepe.

xxiii.

Shortly upon that shore there heaped
was

Exceeding riches and all pretious things,
The spoyle of all the world; that it did
pas

The wealth of th' East, and pompe of
Persian kings:

Gold, amber, yvorie, perles, owches, rings,
And all that els was pretious and deare,
The sea unto him voluntary brings;
That shortly he a great Lord did appeare,
And was in all the lond of Faery, or else
wheare.

xxiv.

Thereto he was a doughty dreaded
knight,

Tryde often to the seath of many Deare,
That none in equall armes him matchen
might:

The which his mother seeing gan to feare
Least his too haughtie hardines might
reare

Some hard mishap in hazard of his life.
Forthy she oft him counseld to forbear

The bloody batteill and to stirre up
strife,

But after all his warre to rest his wearie
knife.

xxv.

And, for his more assurance, she in-
quir'd

One day of Proteus by his mighty spell
(For Proteus was with prophecy inspir'd)

Her deare sonnes destiny to her to tell,
And the sad end of her sweet Marinell:

Who, through foresight of his eternall
skill,

Bad her from womankind to keepe him
well,

For of a woman he should have much ill;
A virgin straunge and stout him should
dismay or kill.

xxvi.

Forthy she gave him warning every
day

The love of women not to entertaine:
A lesson too too hard for living clay

From love in course of nature to refraine.
Yet he his mothers lore did well retaine,

And ever from fayre Ladies love did fly;
Yet many Ladies fayre did oft complaine,

That they for love of him would algates
dy:

Dy, who so list for him, he was loves
enimy.

XXVII.

But ah! who can deceive his destiny,
Or weene by warning to avoyd 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 bad him womens love to hate,
For she of womans force did feare no
harne;
So, weening to have arm'd him, she did
quite disarme.

XXVIII.

This was that woman, this that deadly
wound,
That Proteus prophecide should him dis-
may;
The which his mother vainely did ex-
pownd
To be hart-wounding love, which should
assay
To bring her sonne unto his last decay.
So ticle be the termes of mortall state,
And full of subtile sophismes, which doe
play
With double sences, and with false de-
bate,
T' approve the unknown purpose of eter-
nall fate.

XXIX.

Too trew the famous Marinell it fownd,
Who, through late triall, on that wealthy
Strond
Inglorious now lies in sencelesse swound,
Through heavy stroke of Britomartis
hond.
Which when his mother deare did under-
stand,
And heavy tidings heard, whereas she
playd
Amongst her watry sisters by a pond,
Gathering sweete daffadillyes, to have
made
Gay girlonds from the Sun their forheads
fayr to shade;

XXX.

Eftesoones both flowres and girlonds
far away
Shee flong, and her faire deawy lockes
yrent;
To sorrow huge she turnd her former
play,
And gamesom merth to grievous dreri-
ment:
Shee threw her selfe downe on the Conti-
nent,

Ne word did speake, but lay as in a
swowne,
Whiles all her sisters did for her lament
With yelling outcries, and with shrieking
sowne;
And every one did teare her girlond from
her crowne.

XXXI.

Soone as shee up out of her deadly fitt
Arose, shee bad her charett to be brought;
And all her sisters that with her did sitt
Bad eke attonce their charettis to be
sought:
Tho, full of bitter grieffe and pensife
thought,
She to her wagon clombe; clombe all the
rest,
And forth together went with sorow
fraught.
The waves, obedient to theyr behest,
Them yielded ready passage, and their
rage surceast.

XXXII.

Great Neptune stooode amazed at their
sight,
Whiles on his broad rownd backe they
softly slid,
And eke him selfe mournd at their mourn-
ful plight,
Yet wist not what their wailing ment;
yet did,
For great compassion of their sorow,
bid
His mighty waters to them buxome bee:
Eftesoones the roaring billowes still abid,
And all the griesly Monsters of the See
Stood gaping at their gate, and wondred
them to see.

XXXIII.

A teme of Dolphins raunged in aray
Drew the smooth charett of sad Cymoent:
They were all taught by Triton to obey
To the long raynes at her commaunde-
ment:
As swifte as swallowes on the waves they
went,
That their brode flaggy finnes no fome
did reare,
Ne bubling rowndell they behinde them
sent.
The rest, of other fishes drawn weare,
Which with their finny oars the swelling
sea did sheare.

XXXIV.

Soone as they bene arriv'd upon the
brim

Of the Rich Strond, their charets they
forlore,
And let their temed fishes softly swim
Along the margent of the fomy shore,
Least they their finnes should bruze, and
surbate sore
Their tender feete upon the stony grownd:
And comming to the place, where all in
gore
And cruddy blood enwallowed they fownd
The lucklesse Marinell lying in deadly
swownd,

xxxv.

His mother swowned thrise, and the
third time
Could scarce recovered bee out of her
paine:
Had she not bene devoide of mortall
slime,
Shee should not then have bene relyv'd
again;e;
But, soone as life recovered had the raine,
Shee made so piteous mone and deare
wayment,
That the hard rocks could scarce from
tears refraine;
And all her sister Nymphes with one con-
sent
Supplide her sobbing breaches with sad
complement.

xxxvi.

'Deare image of my selfe, (she sayd)
'that is
The wretched sonne of wretched mother
borne,
Is this thine high advauncement? O! is
this
Th' immortal name, with which thee, yet
unborne,
Thy Grandsire Nereus promist to adorne?
Now lyst thou of life and honor refte;
Now lyst thou a lumpe of earth forlorne;
Ne of thy late life memory is lefte,
Ne can thy irrevocable desteny bee wefte.

xxxvii.

'Fond Proteus, father of false prophecis!
And they more fond that credit to thee
give!
Not this the worke of womans hand ywis,
That so deepe wound through these deare
members drive.
I feared love; but they that love doe live,
But they that dye doe nether love nor
hate:
Nath'lesse to thee thy folly I forgive;
And to my selfe, and to accursed fate,
The guilt I doe ascribe: deare wisdom
bought too late!

xxxviii.

'O! what availles it of immortal seed
To bene ybredd and never borne to dye?
Farre better I it deeme to die with speed
Then waste in woe and wayfull miserye:
Who dyes, the utmost dolor doth aby;e;
But who that lives is lefte to waile his
losse:
So life is losse, and death felicity:
Sad life worse then glad death; and
greater crosse
To see frends grave, then dead the grave
self to engrosse.

xxxix.

'But if the heavens did his dayes envie,
And my short blis maligne, yet mote they
well
Thus much afford me, ere that he did die,
That the dim eies of my deare Marinell
I mote have closed, and him bed farewell,
Sith other offices for mother meet
They would not graunt —
Yett, maulgre them, farewell, my sweetest
sweet!
Farewell, my sweetest sonne, sith we no
more shall meet!'

xl.

Thus when they all had sorowed their
fill,
They softly gan to search his griesly
wound:
And, that they might him handle more at
will,
They him disarmd; and, spreading on
the grownd
Their watchet mantles frindgd with silver
rownd,
They softly wipt away the gelly blood
From th' orifice; which having well up-
bownd,
They pourd in soveraine balme and Nectar
good,
Good both for ertly med'cine and for
hevenly food.

xli.

Tho when the lilly handed Liagore
(This Liagore whilome had learned skill
In leaches craft, by great Apolloes lore,
Sith her whilome upon high Pindus hill
He loved, and at last her wombe did fill
With hevenly seed, whereof wise Pæon
sprong)
Did feele his pulse, shee knew there staid
still
Some litle life his feeble sprites emong;
Which to his mother told, despeyre she
from her flong.

XLII.

Tho, up him taking in their tender hands,
 They easely unto her charett 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 waves their passage sheare;
 Upon great Neptunes necke they softly swim,
 And to her watry chamber swiftly carry him.

XLIII.

Deepe in the bottome of the sea her bowre
 Is built of hollow billowes heaped hie,
 Like to thicke clouds that threat a stormy showre,
 And vaulted all within, like to the Skye,
 In which the Gods doe dwell eternally;
 There they him laide in easy couch well dight,
 And sent in haste for Tryphon, to apply
 Salves to his wounds, and medicines of might;
 For Tryphon of sea gods the souveraine leach is hight.

XLIV.

The whiles the Nymphes sitt all about him rownd,
 Lamenting his mishap and heavy plight;
 And ofte his mother, vewing his wide wovnd,
 Cursed the hand that did so deadly smight
 Her dearest sonne, her dearest harts delight:
 But none of all those curses overtooke
 The warlike Maide, th' ensample of that might;
 But fairely well shee thryvd, and well did brooke
 Her noble deeds, ne her right course for ought forsooke.

XLV.

Yet did false Archimage her still pursew,
 To bring to passe his mischievous intent,
 Now that he had her singled from the crew
 Of courteous knights, the Prince and Faery gent,
 Whom late in chace of beauty excellent
 Shee left, pursewing that same foster strong,
 Of whose fowle outrage they impatient,

And full of firy zele, him followed long,
 To reskew her from shame, and to revenge her wrong.

XLVI.

Through thicke and thin, through mountains and through playns,
 Those two great champions did attonce pursew
 The fearefull damzell with incessant payns:
 Who from them fled, as light-foot hare from vew
 Of hunter swifte and sent of howndes trew.
 At last they came unto a double way;
 Where, doubtfull which to take, her to reskew,
 Themselves they did dispart, each to assay
 Whether more happy were to win so goodly pray.

XLVII.

But Timias, the Princes gentle Squyre,
 That Ladies love unto his Lord forlent,
 And with proud envy and indignant yre
 After that wicked foster fiercely went:
 So beene they three three sondry wayes ybent;
 But fayrest fortune to the Prince befell,
 Whose chauce it was, that soone he did repent,
 To take that way in which that Damozell
 Was fledd afore, affraid of him as feend of hell.

XLVIII.

At last of her far off he gained vew.
 Then gan he freshly pricke his fomy steed,
 And ever as he nigher to her drew,
 So evermore he did increase his speed,
 And of each turning still kept wary heed:
 Alowd to her he oftentimes did call,
 To doe away vaine doubt and needlesse dreed:
 Full myld to her he spake, and oft let fall
 Many meeke wordes to stay and comfort her withall.

XLIX.

But nothing might relent her hasty flight,
 So deepe the deadly feare of that foule swaine
 Was earst impressed in her gentle spright.
 Like as a fearefull Dove, which through the raine
 Of the wide ayre her way does cut amaine,
 Having farre off espyde a Tassell gent,
 Which after her his nimble wings doth straine,

Doubleth her hast for feare to bee for-
henth,
And with her pineons cleaves the liquid fir-
mament.

L.

With no lesse hast, and eke with no
lesse dreed,
That fearefull Ladie fledd from him, that
ment

To her no evill thought nor evill deed;
Yet former feare of being fowly shent
Carried her forward with her first intent:
And though, oft looking backward, well
she vewde

Her selfe freed from that foster insolent,
And that it was a knight which now her
sewde,

Yet she no lesse the knight feard then
that villein rude.

LI.

His uncouth shield and straunge armes
her dismayd,
Who like in Faery lond were seldom
seene,

That fast she from him fledd, no lesse
afraid

Then of wilde beastes if she had chased
beene;

Yet he her followd still with corage keene
So long, that now the golden Hesperus
Was mounted high in top of heaven sheene,
And wardd his other brethren joyeous
To light their blessed lamps in Joves
eternall hous.

LII.

All suddainly dim wox the dampish
ayre,

And griesly shadowes covered heaven
bright,

That now with thousand starres was
decked fayre:

Which when the Prince beheld, a lothfull
sight,

And that perforce, for want of lenger
light,

He mote surceasse his suit, and lose the
hope

Of his long labour, he gan fowly wyte
His wicked fortune that had turnd
aslope,

And cursed night that reft from him so
goodly scope.

LIII.

Tho, when her wayes he could no more
descry,

But to and fro at disaventure strayd;
Like as a ship, whose Lodestar suddainly

Covered with cloudes her Pilott hath dis-
mayd;

His wearisome pursuit perforce he stayd,
And from his loftie steed dismounting
low

Did let him forage. Downe himselfe he
layd

Upon the grassy ground to sleepe a
throw:

The cold earth was his couch, the hard
steele his pillow.

LIV.

But gentle Sleepe envyde him any rest:
In stead thereof sad sorow and disdain
Of his hard hap did vexe his noble brest,
And thousand Fancies bett his ydle brayne
With their light wings, the sights of sem-
blants vaine.

Oft did he wish that Lady faire mote bee
His Faery Queene, for whom he did com-
plaine,

Or that his Faery Queene were such as
shee;

And ever hasty Night he blamed bitterlie.

LV.

'Night! thou foule Mother of annoy-
aunce sad,

Sister of heavie death, and nourse of woe,
Which wast begot in heaven, but for thy
bad

And brutish shape thrust downe to hell
below,

Where, by the grim floud of Cocytus
slow,

Thy dwelling is in Herebus black hous,
(Black Herebus, thy husband, is the foe
Of all the Gods,) where thou ungratious
Halfe of thy dayes doest lead in horroure
hideous.

LVI.

'What had th' eternall Maker need of
thee

The world in his continuall course to
keepe,

That doest all thinges deface, ne letttest
see

The beautie of his worke? Indeed, in
sleepe

The slouthfull body that doth love to
steepe

His lustlesse limbes, and drowne his baser
mind,

Doth praise thee oft, and oft from Stygian
deepe

Calles thee his goddesse, in his errour
blind,

And great Dame Natures handmaide
chearing every kind.

LVII.

'But well I wote, that to an heavy hart
Thou art the roote and nourse of bitter
cares,
Breeder of new, renewer of old smarts:
Instead of rest thou ledest rayling
teares;
Instead of sleepe thou sendest troublous
feares
And dreadfull visions, in the which alive
The dreary image of sad death appeares:
So from the wearie spirit thou doest drive
Desired rest, and men of happinesse de-
prive.

LVIII.

'Under thy mantle black there hidden
lye
Light-shonning thefte, and traiterous in-
tent,
Abhorred bloodshed, and vile felony,
Shamefull deceipt, and daunger imminent,
Fowle horror, and eke hellish dreriment:
All these, I wote, in thy protection bee,
And light doe shonne for feare of being
shent;
For light ylike is loth'd of them and thee;
And all that lewdnesse love doe hate the
light to see.

LIX.

'For day discovers all dishonest wayes,
And sheweth each thing as it is in deed:
The praises of high God he faire dis-
playes,
And his large bountie rightly doth areed:
Dayes dearest children be the blessed seed
Which darknesse shall subdue and heaven
win:

Truth is his daughter; he her first did
breed
Most sacred virgin without spot of sinne.
Our life is day, but death with darknesse
doth begin.

LX.

'O! when will day then turne to me
agaïne,
And bring with him his long expected
light?
O Titan! hast to reare thy joyous waine;
Speed thee to spread abroad thy beames
bright,
And chace away this too long lingring
night;
Chace her away, from whence she came,
to hell:
She, she it is, that hath me done despight;
There let her with the damned spirits
dwell,
And yield her rowme to-day that can it
governe well.'

LXI.

Thus did the Prince that wearie night
outweare
In restlesse anguish and unquiet paine;
And earely, ere the morrow did upreare
His deawy head out of the Ocean maine,
He up arose, as halfe in great disdaine,
And clombe unto his steed. So forth he
went
With heavy look and lumpish pace, that
plaine
In him bewraid great grudge and mal-
talent:
His steed eke seemd t' apply his steps to
his intent.

CANTO V.

Prince Arthur heares of Florimell:
Three fosters Timias wound;
Belphebe findes him almost dead,
And reareth out of sownd.

I.

WONDER it is to see in diverse mindes
How diversly love doth his pageaunts
play,
And shewes his powre in variable kindes:
The baser wit, whose ydle thoughts alway
Are wont to cleave unto the lowly clay,
It stirreth up to sensuall desire,
And in lewd slouth to wast his carelesse
day;
But in brave sprite it kindles goodly fire,
That to all high desert and honour doth
aspire.

II.

Ne suffereth it uncomely idlenesse
In his free thought to build her sluggish
nest,
Ne suffereth it thought of ungentlenesse
Ever to creepe into his noble brest;
But to the highest and the worthiest
Lifteth it up that els would lowly fall:
It lettes not fall, it lettes it not to rest;
It lettes not scarce this Prince to breath
at all,
But to his first poursuit him forward still
doth call.

III.

Who long time wandred through the
forest wyde
To finde some issue thence; till that at
last
He met a Dwarfe that seemed terrifyde
With some late perill which he hardly
past,
Or other accident which him aghast;
Of whom he asked, whence he lately came,
And whither now he traueiled so fast?
For sore he swat, and, rouning through
that same
Thicke forest, was bescracht and both his
feet nigh lame.

IV.

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 have many a
day
Served a gentle Lady of great sway
And high accompt through out all Elfin
land,
Who lately left the same, and tooke this
way.
Her now I seeke; and if ye understand
Which way she fared hath, good Sir, tell
out of hand.'

V.

'What mister wight,' (saide he) 'and
how arayd?'
'Royally clad' (quoth he) 'in cloth of
gold,
As meetest may beseeme a noble mayd:
Her faire lockes in rich circlet be enrold,
A fayrer wight did never Sunne behold;
And on a Palfrey rydes more white then
snow,
Yet she her selfe is whiter manifold.
The surest signe, whereby ye may her
know,
Is that she is the fairest wight alive, I
trow.'

VI.

'Now certes, swaine,' (said he) 'such
one, I weene,
Fast flying through this forest from her fo,
A foule ill-favoured foster, I have seene:
Her selfe, well as I might, I reskewd tho,
But could not stay, so fast she did foregoe,
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 finde,
or where?'

VII.

'Perdy, me lever were to weeten that,'
(Saide he) 'then ransome of the richest
knight,
Or all the good that ever 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 forrest wandreth thus
alone?
For of her errour straunge I have great
ruth and mone.'

VIII.

'That Ladie is,' (quoth he) 'where so
she bee,
The bountiest virgin and most debonaire
That ever living eye, I weene, did see.
Lives none this day that may with her
compare
In stedfast chastitie and vertue rare,
The goodly ornaments of beautie bright;
And is yeleped Florimell the fayre,
Faire Florimell below'd of many a knight,
Yet she loves none but one, that Marinell
is hight.

IX.

'A Sea-nymphes sonne, that Marinell is
hight,
Of my deare Dame is loved 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 love his mother long ygoe
Did him, they say, forwarne through sa-
cred spell:
But fame now flies, that of a forreine foe
He is ysleine, which is the ground of all
our woe.

X.

'Five daies there be since he (they say)
was slaine,
And fowre since Florimell the Court for-
went,
And vowed never to returne againe,
Till him alive or dead she did invent.
Therefore, faire Sir, for love of knighthood
gent,
And honour of trew Ladies, if ye may
By your good counsell, or bold hardiment,
Or succour her, or me direct the way,
Do one or other good, I you most humbly
pray.

XI.

'So may ye gaine to you full great re-
nowme
Of all good Ladies through the worlde so
wide,
And haply in her hart finde highest rowme
Of whom ye seeke to be most magnifide;
At least eternall meede shall you abide.'
To whom the Prince: 'Dwarfe, comfort
to thee take,
For, till thou tidings learne what her be-
tide,
I here avow thee never to forsake.
Ill weares he armes, that nill them use for
Ladies sake.'

XII.

So with the Dwarfe he back retourn'd
againé,
To seeke his Lady where he mote her
finde;
But by the way he greatly gan complaine
The want of his good Squire late lefte be-
binde,
For whom he wondrous pensive grew in
minde,
For doubt of daunger which mote him be-
tide;
For him he loved above all mankinde,
Having him trew and faithfull ever tride,
And bold, as ever Squire that waited by
knights side:

XIII.

Who all this while full hardly was as-
sayd
Of deadly daunger, which to him betidd;
For, whiles his Lord pursewd that noble
Mayd,
After that foster fowle he fiercely ridd
To bene avenged of the shame he did
To that faire Damzell: Him he chaced
long
Through the thicke woods wherein he
would have hid
His shamefull head from his avengement
strong,
And oft him threatned death for his out-
rageous wrong.

XIV.

Nathlesse the villein sped himselfe so
well,
Whether through swiftnesse of his speedie
beast,
Or knowledge of those woods where he
did dwell,
That shortly he from daunger was releast,
And out of sight escaped at the least:
Yet not escaped from the dew reward
Of his bad deedes, which daily he increast,

Ne ceased not, till him oppressed hard
The heavie plague that for such leachours
is prepard.

XV.

For soone as he was vanisht out of sight,
His coward courage gan emboldned bee,
And cast t'avenge him of that fowle de-
spight
Which he had borne of his bold enimee:
Tho to his brethren came, for they were
three
Ungratious children of one gracelesse syre,
And unto them complayned how that he
Had used beene of that foolehardie
Squyre:
So them with bitter words he stird to
bloodie yre.

XVI.

Forthwith themselves with their sad in-
struments
Of spoyle and murder they gan arme by-
live,
And with him foorth into the forrest went
To wreake the wrath, which he did earst
revive
In their sterne breasts, on him which late
did drive
Their brother to reproch and shamefull
flight;
For they had vow'd that never he alive
Out of that forest should escape their
might:
Vile rancour their rude harts had fild with
such despight.

XVII.

Within that wood there was a covert
glade,
Foreby a narrow foord, to them well
knowne,
Through which it was uneach for wight
to wade;
And now by fortune it was overflowne.
By that same way they knew that Squyre
unknowne
Mote algates passe: forthy themselves
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.

XVIII.

It fortunéd, as they devised had:
The gentle Squyre came ryding that same
way,

Unweeting of their wile and treason bad,
 And through the ford to passen did assay;
 But that fierce foster, which late fled
 away,
 Stoutly fourth stepping on the further
 shore,
 Him boldly bad his passage there to stay,
 Till he had made amends, and full restore
 For all the damage which he had him doen
 afore.

XIX.

With that at him a quiv'ring dart he
 threw,
 With so fell force, and villeinous despite,
 That through his haberjeon the forkehead
 flew,
 And through the linked mayles empierced
 quite,
 But had no powre in his soft flesh to bite.
 That stroke the hardy Squire did sore dis-
 please,
 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.

XX.

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 unlucky quill:
 The wicked steele stayd not till it did light
 In his left thigh, and deeply did it thrill:
 Exceeding grieve that wound in him em-
 pight,
 But more that with his foes he could not
 come to fight.

XXI.

At last, through wrath and vengeance
 making way,
 He on the bancke arryvd with mickle
 payne,
 Where the third brother him did sore as-
 say,
 And drove at him with all his might and
 mayne
 A forest-bill, which both his hands did
 strayne;
 But warily he did avoide the blow,
 And with his speare requited him againe,
 That both his sides were thrilled with the
 throw,
 And a large streame of blood out of the
 wound did flow.

XXII.

He, tombling downe, with gnashing
 teeth did bite
 The bitter earth, and bad to lett him in
 Into the balefull house of endlesse night,
 Where wicked ghosts doe waile their
 former sin.
 Tho gan the battaile freshly to begin;
 For nathemore for that spectacle bad
 Did th' other two their cruell vengeance
 blin,
 But both atonce on both sides him bestad,
 And load upon him layd his life for to
 have had.

XXIII.

Tho when that villayn he aviz'd, which
 late
 Affrighted had the fairest Florimell,
 Full of fiers fury and indignant hate
 To him he turned, and with rigor fell
 Smote him so rudely on the Pannikell,
 That to the chin he clefted his head in
 twaine.
 Downe on the ground his carkas groveling
 fell:
 His sinfull sowle with desperate disdain
 Out of her fleshy ferme fled to the place
 of paine.

XXIV.

That seeing, now the only last of three
 Who with that wicked shafte him wounded
 had,
 Trembling with horror, as that did foresee
 The fearefull end of his avengement sad,
 Through which he follow should his breth-
 ren bad,
 His bootelesse bow in feeble hand upcaught,
 And therewith shott an arrow at the
 lad;
 Which, fayntly fluttering, scarce his hel-
 met raught,
 And glauncing fel to ground, but him an-
 noyed naught.

XXV.

With that he would have fled into the
 wood;
 But Timias him lightly overhent,
 Right as he entring was into the flood,
 And strooke at him with force so violent,
 That headlesse him into the foord he
 sent:
 The carcas with the streame was carried
 downe,
 But th' head fell backward on the Conti-
 nent;
 So mischief fel upon the meaners crowne.
 They three be dead with shame, the Squire
 lives with renouwe,

XXVI.

He lives, but takes small joy of his re-
nowne;
For of that cruell wound he bled so sore,
That from his steed he fell in deadly
swowne:
Yet still the blood forth gusht in so great
store,
That he lay wallowd all in his owne gore.
Now God thee keepe, thou gentlest squire
alive,
Els shall thy loving Lord thee see no more;
But both of comfort him thou shalt de-
prive,
And eke thy selfe of honor which thou
didst atchive.

XXVII.

Providence heavenly passeth living
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 woodsye well remember may
How that a noble huntresse did wonne,
Shee, that base Braggadochio did affray,
And make him fast out of the forest ronne;
Belphebe was her name, as faire as Phœ-
bus sunne.

XXVIII.

She on a day, as shee pursewd the
chace
Of some wilde beast, which with her
arrowes keene
She wounded had, the same along did
trace
By tract of blood, which she had freshly
seene
To have besprinkled all the grassy
greene:
By the great persue which she there per-
ceav'd,
Well hoped shee the beast engor'd had
beene,
And made more haste the life to have
bereav'd;
But ah! her expectation greatly was de-
ceav'd.

XXIX.

Shortly she came whereas that wofull
Squire,
With blood deformed, lay in deadly
swownd;
In whose faire eyes, like lamps of
quenched fire,
The Christall humor stood congealed
round;

His locks, like faded leaves fallen to
grownd,
Knotted with blood in bouches rudely
ran;
And his sweete lips, on which before that
stownd
The bud of youth to blossome faire began,
Spoild of their rosy red were woxen pale
and wan.

XXX.

Saw never living eie more heavy sight,
That could have made a rocke of stone to
rew,
Or rive in twaine: which when that Lady
bright,
Besides all hope, with melting eies did
vew,
All suddainly abasht shee chaunged hew,
And with sterne horror backward gan to
start;
But when shee better him beheld shee
grew
Full of soft passion and unwonted smart:
The point of pitty perced through her
tender hart.

XXXI.

Meekely shee bowed downe, to weete if
life
Yett in his frosen members did remaine;
And, feeling by his pulses beating rife
That the weake sowle her seat did yett
retaine,
She cast to comfort him with busie paine.
His double folded necke she reard upright,
And rud his temples and each trembling
vaine;
His mayled haberjeon she did undight,
And from his head his heavy burganet did
light.

XXXII.

Into the woods thenceforth in haste
shee went,
To seeke for hearbes that mote him
remedy;
For shee of herbes had great intendi-
ment,
Taught of the Nympe which from her
infancy
Her nourecd had in trew Nobility:
There, whether yt divine Tobacco were,
Or Panachæa, or Polygony,
Shee fownd, and brought it to her patient
deare,
Who al this while lay bleding out his
hart-blood neare.

XXXIII.

The soveraine weede betwixt two mar-
bles plaine

Shee powned small, and did in peeces
bruze;
And then atweene her lilly handes twaine
Into his wound the iuice thereof did
seruze;
And round about, as she could well it uze,
The flesh therewith shee suppled and did
steepe,
T' abate all spasme, and soke the swell-
ing bruze;
And, after having searcht the intuse
deepe,
She with her scarf did bind the wound
from cold to keepe.

XXXIV.

By this he had sweet life recur'd
agayne,
And, grouing inly deepe, at last his eies,
His watry eies drizzling like deawy rayne,
He up gan lifte toward the azure skies,
From whence descend all hopelesse reme-
dies:
Therewith he sigh'd; and, turning him
aside,
The goodly Maide, ful of divinities
And gifts of heavenly grace, he by him
spide,
Her bow and gilden quiver lying him be-
side.

XXXV.

'Mercy, deare Lord!' (said he) 'what
grace is this
That thou hast shewed to me sinfull
wight,
To send thine Angell from her bowre of
blis
To comfort me in my distressed plight.
Angell, or Goddesse doe I call thee right?
What service may I doe unto thee meete,
That hast from darkenés me returnd to
light,
And with thy hevenly salves and med-
'cines sweete
Hast drest my sinfull wounds? I kisse
thy blessed feete.'

XXXVI.

Thereat she blushing said; 'Ah! gentle
Squire,
Nor Goddesse I, nor Angell; but the Mayd
And daughter of a woody Nymphe, desire
No service but thy safety and ayd;
Which if thou gaine, I shal be well apayd.
Wee mortall wights, whose lives and for-
tunes bee
To commun accidents stil open layd,
Are bownd with commun bond of frailtee,
To succor wretched wights whom we cap-
tived see.'

XXXVII.

By this her Damzells, which the former
chace
Had undertaken after her, arryv'd,
As did Belphebe, in the bloody place,
And thereby deemd the beast had bene
depriv'd
Of life, whom late their ladies arrow
ryv'd:
Forthly the bloody tract they followd
fast,
And every one to ronne the swiftest
stryv'd;
But two of them the rest far overpast,
And where their Lady was arrived at the
last.

XXXVIII.

Where when they saw that goodly boy
with blood
Defowled, and their Lady dresse his
wound,
They wondred much; and shortly under-
stood
How him in deadly case theyr Lady
fownd,
And reskewed out of the heavy stownd.
Eftsoones his warlike courser, which was
strayd
Farre in the woodes whiles that he lay in
swownd,
She made those Damzels search; which
being stayd,
They did him set theron, and forth with
them conveyd.

XXXIX.

Into that forest farre they thence him
led,
Where was their dwelling, in a pleasant
glade
With mountaines rownd about environed,
And mightie woodes 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 river plaide
Emongst the pumy stones, which seemd
to plaine
With gentle murmure that his cours they
did restraine.

XL.

Beside the same a dainty place there
lay,
Planted with mirtle trees and laurells
greene,
In which the birds song many a lovely lay
Of Gods high praise, and of their loves
sweet teene,
As it an earthly Paradize had beene:

In whose enclosed shadow there was
 pight
 A faire Pavilion, scarcely to bee seene,
 The which was al within most richly
 dight,
 That greatest Princes liking it mote well
 delight.

XLI.

Thither they brought that wounded
 Squyre, and layd
 In easie couch his feeble limbes to rest.
 He rested him awhile; and then the Mayd
 His readie wound with better salves new
 drest:
 Daily she dressed him, and did the best
 His grievous hurt to guarish, 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.

XLII.

O foolish physick, and unfruitfull
 paine,
 That heales up one, and makes another
 wound!
 She his hurt thigh to him recurd againe,
 But hurt his hart, the which before was
 sound,
 Through an unwary dart, which did re-
 bownd
 From her faire eyes and gracious counte-
 nance.
 What bootes it him from death to be
 unbownd,
 To be captived in endlesse duraunce
 Of sorrow and despeyre without aleg-
 geance!

XLIII.

Still as his wound did gather, and grow
 hole,
 So still his hart woxe sore, and health
 decayd:
 Madnesse to save a part, and lose the
 whole!
 Still whenas he beheld the heavenly
 Mayd,
 Whiles dayly playsters to his wovnd she
 layd,
 So still his Malady the more increast,
 The whiles her matchlesse beautie him
 dismayd.
 Ah God! what other could he do at least,
 But love so fayre a Lady that his life
 releast?

XLIV.

Long while he strove in his corageous
 brest
 With reason dew the passion to subdew,

And love for to dislodge out of his nest:
 Still when her excellencies he did vew,
 Her soveraine bountie and celestially
 hew,
 The same to love he strongly was con-
 straynd;
 But when his meane estate he did revew,
 He from such hardy boldnesse was re-
 straynd,
 And of his lucklesse lott and cruell love
 thus playnd:

XLV.

'Unthankfull wretch,' (said he) 'is
 this the meed,
 With which her soverain mercy thou
 doest quight?
 Thy life she saved by her gracious deed;
 But thou doest weene with villeanous
 despight
 To blott her honour, and her heavenly
 light.
 Dye rather, dye, then so disloyally
 Deeme of her high desert, or seeme so
 light:
 Fayre death it is, to shonne more shame,
 to dy:
 Dye rather, dy, then ever love disloyally.

XLVI.

'But if to love disloyalty it bee,
 Shall I then hate her that from deathes
 dore
 Me brought? ah, farre be such reproch
 fro mee!
 What can I lesse doe then her love there-
 fore,
 Sith I her dew reward cannot restore?
 Dye rather, dye, and dying doe her serve;
 Dying her serve, and living her adore;
 Thy life she gave, thy life she doth de-
 serve:
 Dye rather, dye, then ever from her ser-
 vice swerve.

XLVII.

'But, foolish boy, what bootes thy ser-
 vice bace
 To her to whom the heavens doe serve and
 sew?
 Thou, a meane Squyre of meeke and
 lowly place;
 She, heavenly borne and of celestially
 hew.
 How then? of all love taketh equall vew;
 And doth not highest God vouchsafe to
 take
 The love and service of the basest crew?
 If she will not, dye meekly for her sake:
 Dye rather, dye, then ever so faire love
 forsake!'

XLVIII.

Thus warreid he long time against his
will;
Till that through weaknesse he was forst
at last
To yield himselfe unto the mightie ill,
Which, as a victour proud, gan ransack
fast
His inward partes, and all his entrayles
wast,
That neither blood in face nor life in hart
It left, but both did quite drye up and
blast;
As percing levin, which the inner part
Of every thing consumes, and calcineth
by art.

XLIX.

Which seeing fayre Belphebe gan to
feare,
Least that his wound were inly well not
heald,
Or that the wicked steele empoysned
were:
Litle shee weend that love he close con-
ceald.
Yet still he wasted, as the snow congeald
When the bright sunne his beams theron
doth beat:
Yet never he his hart to her reveald;
But rather chose to dye for sorow great,
Then with dishonorable termes her to en-
treat.

L.

She, gracious Lady, yet no paines did
spare
To doe him ease, or doe him remedy.
Many Restoratives of vertues rare,
And costly Cordialles she did apply,
To mitigate his stubborne malady:
But that sweet Cordiall, which can re-
store
A love-sick hart, she did to him envy;
To him, and to all th' unworthy world
forlore
She did envy that soveraine salve in secret
store.

LI.

That daintie Rose, the daughter of her
Morne,
More deare then life she 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 up her silken leaves most
chayre,
When so the froward skye began to lowre;

But, soone as calmed was the christall
ayre,
She did it fayre dispred and let to flourish
fayre.

LII.

Eternall God, in his almightie powre,
To make ensample of his heavenly grace,
In Paradize whylome did plant this
flowre;
Whence he it fetcht out of her native
place,
And did in stocke of earthly flesh enrace,
That mortall men her glory should
admyre.
In gentle Ladies breste and bounteous race
Of woman kind it fayrest Flowre doth
spyre,
And beareth fruit of honour and all chaste
desyre.

LIII.

Fayre ympes of beautie, whose bright
shining beames
Adorne the world with like to heavenly
light,
And to your willes both royalties and
Reames
Subdew, through conquest of your won-
drous might,
With this fayre flowre your goodly gir-
londs dight
Of chastity and vertue virginall,
That shall embellish more your beautie
bright,
And crowne your heades with heavenly
coronall,
Such as the Angels weare before Gods
tribunall!

LIV.

To your faire selves a faire ensample
frame
Of this faire virgin, this Belphebe fayre;
To whom, in perfect love and spotlesse
fame
Of chastitie, none living may compayre:
Ne poysnous Envy justly can eupayre
The prayse of her fresh flowring Mayden-
head;
Forthy she standeth on the highest stayre
Of th' honorable stage of womanhead,
That Ladies all may follow her ensample
dead.

LV.

In so great prayse of stedfast chastity
Nathlesse she was so courteous and
kynde,
Tempred with grace and goodly modesty,
That seemed those two vertues strove to
fynd
The higher place in her Heroick mynd:

So striving each did other more augment,
And both encrease the prayse of woman
kynde,

And both encrease her beautie excellent:
So all did make in her a perfect comple-
ment.

CANTO VI.

The birth of fayre Belphebe and
Of Amorett is told:
The Gardins of Adonis fraught
With pleasures manifold.

I.

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 salvage forests she did dwell,
So farre from court and royall Citadell,
The great schoolmaistresse of all courtesy:
Seemeth that such wilde woodes should far
expell

All civile usage and gentility,
And gentle sprite deforme with rude rus-
ticity.

II.

But to this faire Belphebe in her berth
The heavens so favorable were and free,
Looking with myld aspect upon the earth
In th' Horoscope of her nativitee,
That all the gifts of grace and chastitee
On her they poured forth of plenteous
horne:

Jove laught on Venus from his soverayne
see,

And Phœbus with faire beames did her
adorne,

And all the Graces rockt her cradle being
borne.

III.

Her berth was of the wombe of Morn-
ing dew,

And her conception of the joyous Prime;
And all her whole creation did her shew
Pure and unspotted from all loathly crime
That is ingenerate in fleshly slime.

So was this virgin borne, so was she bred;
So was she trayned up from time to time
In all chaste vertue and true bounti-hed,
Till to her dew perfection she were
ripened.

IV.

Her mother was the faire Chrysgonee,
The daughter of Amphisa, who by race

A Faerie was, yborne of high degree.
She bore Belphebe; she bore in like cace

Fayre Amoretta in the second place:
These two were twinnes, and twixt them

two did share
The heritage of all celestiaall grace;

That all the rest it seemd they robbed bare
Of bounty, and of beautie, and all vertues
rare.

V.

It were a goodly storie to declare
By what straunge accident faire Chryso-
gone

Conceiv'd these infants, and how them
she bare

In this wilde forrest wandring all alone,
After she had nine moneths fulfilled and
gone:

For not as other wemens commune brood
They were enwombd in the sacred throne
Of her chaste bodie; nor with commune
food,

As other wemens babes, they sucked vitall
blood:

VI.

But wondrously they were begot and
bred

Through influence of th' heavens fruitfull
ray,

As it in antique bookes is mentioned.

It was upon a Sommers shinie day,
When Titan faire his beames did display,
In a fresh fountaine, far from all mens
vew,

She bath'd her brest the boyling heat
t'allay;

She bath'd with roses red and violets
blew,

And all the sweetest flowers that in the
forrest grew:

VII.

Till faint through yrkesome wearines,
adowne

Upon the grassy ground her selfe she layd
To sleepe, the whiles a gentle slombring
swowne

Upon her fell, all naked bare displayd.
The sunbeames bright upon her body

playd,
Being through former bathing mollifide,

And pierst into her wombe, where they
emayd,

With so sweet sence and secret powre un-
spide,

That in her pregnant flesh they shortly
fructifide.

VIII.

Miraculous may seeme to him that
reades
So straunge ensample of conception;
But reason teacheth that the fruitfull
seades
Of all things living, through impression
Of the sunbeames in moyst complexion,
Doe life conceive and quickned are by
kynd:
So, after Nilus inundation,
Infinite shapes of creatures men doe fynd
Informed in the mud on which the Sunne
hath shynd.

IX.

Great father he of generation
Is rightly cald, th' authour of life and
light;
And his faire sister for creation
Ministreth matter fit, which, tempred right
With heate and humour, breeds the living
wight.
So sprong these twinnes in womb of Chry-
sogone;
Yet wist she nought thereof, but sore
affright,
Wondred to see her belly so upblone,
Which still increast till she her terme had
full outgone.

X.

Whereof conceiving shame and foule
disgrace,
Albe her guiltlesse conscience her cleard,
She fled into the wilderness a space,
Till that unweeldy burden she had reard,
And shund dishonor which as death she
feard:
Where, wearie of long travaill, downe to
rest
Her selfe she set, and comfortably cheard:
There a sad cloud of sleepe her overkest,
And seized every sence with sorrow sore
opprest.

XI.

It fortun'd, faire Venus having lost
Her little sonne, the winged god of love,
Who, for some light displeasure which
him crost,
Was from her fled as flit as ayery Dove,
And left her blisfull bowre of joy above:
(So from her often he had fled away,
When she for ought him sharply did
reprove,
And wandred in the world in straunge
aray,

Disguiz'd in thousand shapes, that none
might him bewray).

XII.

Him for to seeke, she left her heavenly
hous,
The house of goodly formes and faire
aspect,
Whence all the world derives the glorious
Features of beautie, and all shapes select,
With which high God his workmanship
hath deckt;
And searched everie way through which
his wings
Had borne him, or his tract she mote
detect:
She promist kisses sweet, and sweeter
things,
Unto the man that of him tydings to her
brings.

XIII.

First she him sought in Court, where
most he us'd
Whylome to haunt, but there she found
him not;
But many there she found which sore
accus'd
His falshood, and with fowle infamous
blot
His cruell deedes and wicked wyles did
spot:
Ladies and Lordes she everywhere mote
heare
Complayning, how with his empoynsed
shot
Their wofull harts he wounded had why-
leare
And so had left them languishing twixt
hope and feare.

XIV.

She then the Cities sought from gate to
gate,
And everie one did aske, did he him see?
And everie one her answerd, that too late
He had him seene, and felt the crueltee
Of his sharpe dartes and whot artilleree:
And every one threw forth reproches rife
Of his mischievous deedes, and sayd that
hee
Was the disturber of all civill life,
The enemy of peace, and authour of all
strife.

XV.

Then in the cuntry she abroad him
sought,
And in the rurall cottages inquir'd;
Where also many plaintes to her were
brought,

How he their heedelesse harts with love
had fir'd,
And his false venim through their veines
inspir'd:
And eke the gentle Shepheard swaynes,
which sat
Keeping their fleecy flockes as they were
hyr'd,
She sweetly heard complaine, both how
and what
Her sonne had to them doen; yet she did
smile thereat.

XVI.

But when in none of all these she him
got,
She gan a vize where els he mote him hyde:
At last she her bethought that she had not
Yet sought the salvage woods and forests
wyde,
In which full many lovely Nymphes abyde;
Mongst whom might be that he did closely
lye,
Or that the love of some of them him tyde:
Forthy she thither cast her course t' apply,
To search the secret haunts of Dianes
company.

XVII.

Shortly unto the wastefull woods she
came,
Whereas she found the Goddesses with her
crew,
After late chace of their embrewed game,
Sitting beside a fountaine in a rew;
Some of them washing with the liquid dew
From off their dainty limbs the dusty
sweat
And soyle, which did deforme their lively
hew;
Others lay shaded from the scorching heat,
The rest upon her person gave attendance
great.

XVIII.

She, having hong upon a bough on high
Her bow and painted quiver, had unlaste
Her silver buskins from her nimble thigh,
And her lanck loynes ungirt, and breasts
unbraste,
After her heat the breathing cold to taste:
Her golden lockes, that late in tresses
bright
Embreaded were for hindring of her haste,
Now loose about her shoulders hong un-
dight,
And were with sweet Ambrosia all be-
sprinckled light.

XIX.

Soone as she Venus saw behinde her
backe,

She was asham'd to be so loose surpriz'd;
And woxe halfe wroth against her damzels
slacke,
That had not her thereof before aviz'd,
But suffred her so carelesly disguiz'd
Be overtaken. Soone her garments loose
Upgather'd, in her bosome she compriz'd
Well as she might, and to the Goddesses
rose;
Whiles all her Nymphes did like a girlond
her enclose.

XX.

Goodly she gan faire Cytherea greet,
And shortly asked her, what cause her
brought
Into that wildernesse for her unmeet,
From her sweete bowres, and beds with
pleasures fraught?
That suddain chaunge she straunge adventu-
re thought.
To whom halfe weeping she thus an-
swered;
That she her dearest sonne Cupido sought,
Who in his frowardnes from her was
fled,
That she repented sore to have him
angered.

XXI.

Thereat Diana gan to smile, in scorne
Of her vaine playnt, and to her scoffing
said:
'Great pittie sure that ye be so forlorne
Of your gay sonne, that gives ye so good
ayd
To your disports: ill mote ye bene apayd.'
But she was more engrieved, and replide;
'Faire sister, ill beseemes it to upbrayd
A dolefull heart with so disdainfull pride:
The like that mine may be your paine
another tide.

XXII.

'As you in woods and wanton wilder-
nesse
Your glory sett to chace the salvage
beasts,
So my delight is all in joyfulnessse,
In beds, in bowres, in banckets, and in
feasts:
And ill becomes you, with your lofty
creasts,
To scorne the joy that Jove is glad to
seeke:
We both are bownd to follow heavens
beheasts,
And tend our charges with obeisaunce
meeke.
Spare, gentle sister, with reproch my
paine to eeke;

XXIII.

'And tell me, if that ye my sonne have
heard
To lurke amongst your Nimphes in secret
wize,
Or keepe their cabins: much I am affeard
Least he like one of them him selfe dis-
guize,
And turne his arrowes to their exercize.
So may he long him selfe full easie hide;
For he is faire and fresh in face and guize
As any Nimphe; (let not it be envide.)
So saying, every Nimph full narrowly shee
eide.

XXIV.

But Phœbe therewith sore was angered,
And sharply saide: 'Goe, Dame; goe,
seeke your boy,
Where you him lately lefte, in Mars his
bed:
He comes not here; we scorne his foolish
joy,
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 dearly shall aby: e
He clip his wanton wings, that he no more
shall flye.'

XXV.

Whom whenas Venus saw so sore dis-
pleasd,
Shee inly sory was, and gan relent
What shee had said; so her she soone
appeasd
With sugred words and gentle blandish-
ment,
Which as a fountaine from her sweete lips
went.
And welled goodly forth, that in short
space
She was well pleasd, and forth her dam-
zells sent
Through all the woods, to search from
place to place,
If any tract of him or tidings they mote
trace.

XXVI.

To search the God of love her Nimphes
she sent
Throughout the wandring forest every
where:
And after them her selfe eke with her went
To seeke the fugitive both farre and nere.
So long they soight, till they arrivd were
In that same shady covert whereas lay
Faire Crysogone in slombry traunce
whilere;
Who in her sleepe (a wondrous thing to
say)

Unwares had borne two babes, as faire as
springing day.

XXVII.

Unwares she them conceivd, unwares
she bore:
She bore withouten paine, that she con-
ceiv'd
Withouten pleasure; ne her need implore
Lucinaes aide: which when they both
perceiv'd,
They were through wonder nigh of sence
berev'd,
And gazing each on other nought bespake.
At last they both agreed her seeming
griev'd
Out of her heavie swowne not to awake
But from her loving side the tender babes
to take.

XXVIII.

Up they them tooke; each one a babe
uptooke,
And with them carried to be fostered.
Dame Phœbe to a Nymphe her babe be-
tooke
To be upbrought in perfect Maydenhed,
And, of her selfe, her name Belpheobe red:
But Venus hers thence far away convayd,
To be upbrought in goodly womanhed;
And, in her litle loves stead, which was
strayd,
Her Amoretta cald, to comfort her dis-
mayd.

XXIX.

Shee brought her to her joyous Paradize,
Wher most she wonnes when she on earth
does dwell;
So faire a place as Nature can devise:
Whether in Paphos, or Cytheron hill,
Or it in Gnidus bee, I wote not well;
But well I wote by triall, that this same
All other pleasaunt places doth excell,
And called is by her lost lovers name,
The Gardin of Adonis, far renowmd by
fame.

XXX.

In that same Gardin all the goodly
flowres,
Wherewith dame Nature doth her beau-
tify,
And decks the girlonds of her Paramoures,
Are fetcht: there is the first seminary
Of all things that are borne to live and
dye,
According to their kynds. Long worke it
were
Here to account the endlesse progeny
Of all the weeds that bud and blossome
there;

But so much as doth need must needs be
counted here.

XXXI.

It sited was in fruitfull soyle of old,
And girt in with two walls on either side;
The one of yron, the other of bright gold,
That none might thorough breake, nor
overstride:
And double gates it had which opened
wide,
By which both in and out men moten pas;
Th' one faire and fresh, the other old and
dride.

Old Genius the porter of them was,
Old Genius, the which a double nature has.

XXXII.

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 re-
quire
That he with fleshly weeds would them
attire:

Such as him list, such as eternall fate
Ordaigned hath, he clothes with sinfull
mire,

And sendeth forth to live in mortall state,
Till they agayn returne backe by the
hinder gate.

XXXIII.

After that they againe returned beene,
They in that Gardin planted bee agayne,
And grow afresh, as they had never seene
Fleshly corruption, nor mortall payne.
Some thousand yeares so doen they there
remayne,

And then of him are clad with other hew,
Or sent into the chaungefull world agayne,
Till thither they retourne where first they
grew:

So, like a wheele, arownd they ronne from
old to new.

XXXIV.

Ne needs there Gardiner to sett or sow,
To plant or prune; for of their owne
accord

All things, as they created were, doe grow,
And yet remember well the mighty word
Which first was spoken by th' Almighty
Lord,

That bad them to increase and multiply:
Ne doe they need with water of the ford,
Or of the clouds, to moysten their roots
dry;

For in themselves eternall moisture they
imply.

XXXV.

Infinite shapes of creatures there are
bred,
And uncouth formes, which none yet ever
knew:

And every sort is in a sondry bed
Sett by it selfe, and ranckt in comely rew;
Some fitt for reasonable sowles t' indew;
Some made for beasts, some made for
birds to weare;
And all the fruitfull spawne of fishes hew
In endlesse rancks along enraunged were,
That seemd the Ocean could not containe
them there.

XXXVI.

Daily they grow, and daily forth are sent
Into the world, it to replenish more;
Yet is the stocke not lessened nor spent,
But still remaines in everlasting store,
As it at first created was of yore:
For in the wide wombe of the world there
lyes,
In hatefull darknes and in deepe horrore
An huge eternall Chaos, which supplies
The substauces of natures fruitfull pro-
genyes.

XXXVII.

All things from thence doe their first
being fetch,
And borrow matter whereof they are
made;
Which, whenas forme and feature it does
ketch,
Becomes a body, and doth then invade
The state of life out of the griesly shade.
That substauce is eterne, and bideth so;
Ne when the life decays and forme does
fade,
Doth it consume and into nothing goe,
But changed is, and often altdred to and
froe.

XXXVIII.

The substauce is not chaungd nor
altered,
But th' only forme and outward fashion;
For every substauce is conditioned
To change her hew, and sondry 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 beautie fades
away,
As doth the lilly fresh before the sunny
ray.

XXXIX.

Great enemy to it, and to all the rest
That in the Gardin of Adonis springs,

Is wicked Tyme; who with his scyth
 address
 Does mow the flowring herbes and goodly
 things,
 And all their glory to the ground downe
 flings,
 Where they do wither, and are fowly
 mard:
 He flies about, and with his flaggy winges
 Beates downe both leaves and buds with-
 out regard,
 Ne ever pittie may relent his malice hard.

XL.

Yet pittie often did the gods relent,
 To see so faire things mard and spoiled
 quight;
 And their great mother Venus did lament
 The losse of her deare brood, her deare
 delight:
 Her hart was pierst with pittie at the
 sight,
 When walking through the Gardin them
 she saw,
 Yet no'te she find redresse for such de-
 spight:
 For all that lives is subject to that law;
 All things decay in time and to their end
 doe draw.

XLI.

But were it not that Time their troubler
 is,
 All that in this delightfull Gardin growes
 Should happy bee, and have immortal
 blis:
 For here all plenty and all pleasure
 flowes;
 And sweete love gentle fitts emongst them
 throwes,
 Without fell rancor or fond gealosity.
 Franckly each Paramor his leman knowes,
 Each bird his mate; ne any does envy
 Their goodly meriment and gay felicity.

XLII.

There is continuall Spring, and harvest
 there
 Continuall, both meeting at one tyme;
 For both the boughes doe laughing blos-
 soms beare,
 And with fresh colours decke the wanton
 Pryme,
 And eke attonce the heavy trees they
 clyme,
 Which seeme to labour under their fruites
 lode:
 The whiles the joyous birdes make their
 pastyme
 Emongst the shady leaves, their sweet
 abode,

And their trew loves without suspition tell
 abroad.

XLIII.

Right in the midst of that Paradise
 There stood a stately Mount, on whose
 round top
 A gloomy grove of mirtle trees did rise,
 Whose shady boughes sharp steele did
 never lop,
 Nor wicked beastes their tender buds did
 crop,
 But like a girlond compassed the hight;
 And from their fruitfull sydes sweet gum
 did drop,
 That all the ground, with pretious dew
 bedight,
 Threw forth most dainty odours and most
 sweet delight.

XLIV.

And in the thickest covert of that shade
 There was a pleasaunt Arber, not by art
 But of the trees owne inclination made,
 Which knitting their rancke branches,
 part to part,
 With wanton yvie twine entrayld athwart,
 And Eglantine and Caprifole emong,
 Fashiond above within their inmost part,
 That nether Phœbus beams could through
 them throng,
 Nor Aeolus sharp blast could worke them
 any wrong.

XLV.

And all about grew every sort of flowre,
 To which sad lovers were transformde of
 yore;
 Fresh Hyacinthus, Phœbus paramoure
 And dearest love;
 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 given
 endlesse date.

XLVI.

There wont fayre Venus often to enjoy
 Her deare Adonis joyous company,
 And reape sweet pleasure of the wanton
 boy:
 There yet, some say, in secret he does ly,
 Lapped in flowres and pretious spycery,
 By her hid from the world, and from the
 skill
 Of Stygian Gods, which doe her love envy;
 But she her selfe, when ever that she will,
 Posseseth him, and of his sweetnesse
 takes her fill.

XLVII.

And sooth, it seemes, they say; for he
 may not
 For ever dye, and ever buried bee
 In balefull night where all things are
 forgot:
 All be he subject to mortalitie,
 Yet is eterne in mutabilitie,
 And by succession made perpetuall,
 Transformed oft, and chaunged diverslie;
 For him the Father of all formes they
 call:
 Therefore needs mote he live, that living
 gives to all.

XLVIII.

There now he liveth in eternall blis,
 Joying his goddesse, and of her enjoyd;
 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 firmly hath emprisoned for ay,
 That her sweet love his malice mote avoyd,
 In a strong rocky Cave, which is, they say,
 Hewen underneath that Mount, that none
 him losen may.

XLIX.

There now he lives in everlasting joy,
 With many of the Gods in company
 Which thither haunt, and with the winged
 boy,
 Sporting him selfe in safe felicity:
 Who when he hath with spoiles and cruelty
 Ransackt the world, and in the wofull
 harts
 Of many wretches set his triumphes bye,
 Thither resortes, and, laying his sad dartes
 Asyde, with faire Adonis playes his wan-
 ton partes.

L.

And his trew love faire Psyche with him
 playes,
 Fayre Psyche to him lately reconeyld,
 After long troubles and unmeet upbrayes
 With which his mother Venus her revyld,
 And eke himselfe her cruelly exyld:
 But now in stedfast love and happy state
 She with him lives, and hath him borne a
 chyld,
 Pleasure, that doth both gods and men
 aggrate,
 Pleasure, the daughter of Cupid and
 Psyche late.

LI.

Hither great Venus brought this infant
 fayre,
 The yonger daughter of Chrysogonee,
 And unto Psyche with great trust and
 care
 Committed her, yfostered to bee
 And trained up in trew 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 love, and goodly woman-
 head.

LII.

In which when she to perfect ripenes
 grew,
 Of grace and beautie noble Paragone,
 She brought her forth into the worldes
 vew,
 To be th' ensample of true love alone,
 And Lodestarre of all chaste affection
 To all fayre Ladies that doe live on
 grownd.
 To Faery court she came; where many
 one
 Admyrd her goodly haveour, and fownd
 His feeble hart wide launched with loves
 cruel wovnd.

LIII.

But she to none of them her love did
 cast,
 Save to the noble knight Sir Scudamore,
 To whom her loving hart she linked fast
 In faithfull love, t' abide for evermore;
 And for his dearest sake endured sore
 Sore trouble of an hainous enemy,
 Who her would forced have to have forelore
 Her former love and stedfast loialty,
 As ye may elswhere reade that ruefull
 history.

LIV.

But well I weene, ye first desire to learne
 What end unto that fearefull Damozell,
 Which fledd so fast from that same foster
 stearne
 Whom with his brethren Timias slew,
 befell:
 That was, to weet, the goodly Florimell;
 Who wandering for to seeke her lover
 deare,
 Her lover deare, her dearest Marinell,
 Into misfortune fell, as ye did heare,
 And from Prince Arthure fled with wings
 of idle feare.

CANTO VII.

The witches sonne loves Florimell :
 She flies ; he faines to dy.
 Satyrane saves the Squire of Dames
 From Gyaunts tyranny.

I.

LIKE as an Hynd forth singled from the
 heard,
 That hath escaped from a ravenous beast,
 Yet flies away of her owne feete afeard,
 And every leafe, that shaketh with the
 least
 Murmure of winde, her terror hath en-
 creast ;
 So fledd fayre Florimell from her vaine
 feare,
 Long after she from perill was releast :
 Each shade she saw, and each noyse she
 did heare,
 Did seeme to be the same which she escapt
 whileare.

II.

All that same evening she in flying
 spent,
 And all that night her course continewd ;
 Ne did she let dull sleepe once to relent,
 Nor wearinesse to slack her hast, but fled
 Ever alike, as if her former dred
 Were hard behind, her ready to arrest ;
 And her white Palfrey, having conquered
 The maistring raines out of her weary
 wrest,
 Perforce her carried where ever he thought
 best.

III.

So long as breath and hable puissaunce
 Did native corage unto him supply,
 His pace he freshly forward did advaunce,
 And carried her beyond all jeopardy ;
 But nought that wanteth rest can long
 aby :
 He, having through incessant travell
 spent
 His force, at last perforce adowne did ly,
 Ne foot could further move. The Lady
 gent
 Thereat was suddein strook with great
 astonishment ;

IV.

And, forst t' alight, on foot mote algates
 fare
 A traveller unwonted to such way :
 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 traveld, till at length she
 came
 To an hilles side, which did to her bewray
 A little valley subject to the same,
 All covered with thick woodes that quite
 it overcame.

V.

Through the tops of the high trees she
 did desery
 A little smoke, whose vapour thin and
 light
 Reeking aloft uprolled to the sky :
 Which chearefull signe did send unto her
 sight
 That in the same did wonne some living
 wight.
 Eftsoones her steps she thereunto applyd,
 And came at last in weary wretched
 plight
 Unto the place, to which her hope did
 guyde,
 To finde some refuge there, and rest her
 wearie syde.

VI.

There in a gloomy hollow glen she
 found
 A little cottage, built of stickes and reedes
 In homely wize, and wald with sods
 around ;
 In which a witch did dwell, in loathly
 weedes
 And wilfull want, all carelesse of her
 needes ;
 So choosing solitarie to abide
 Far from all neighbours, that her divelish
 deedes
 And hellish arts from people she might
 hide,
 And hurt far off unknowne whom ever
 she envide.

VII.

The Damzell there arriving entred in :
 Where sitting on the flore the Hag she
 found
 Busie (as seem'd) about some wicked gin :

Who, soone as she beheld that suddain
stound,
Lightly upstart from the dustie 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,
But shewd by outward signes that dread
her sence did daze.

VIII.

At last, turning her feare to foolish
wrath,
She askt, what devill had her thither
brought,
And who she was, and what unwonted
path
Had guided her, unwelcomed, unsought?
To which the Damzell, full of doubtfull
thought,
Her mildly answer'd: 'Beldame, be not
wroth
With silly Virgin, by adventure brought
Unto your dwelling, ignorant and loth,
That crave but rowme to rest while tem-
pest overblo'th.'

IX.

With that adowne out of her christall
eyne
Few trickling teares she softly forth let
fall,
That like to orient perles did purely shyne
Upon her snowy cheeke; and therewithall
She sighed soft, that none so bestiall
Nor salvage hart, but ruth of her sad
plight
Would make to melt, or pitteously appall;
And that vile Hag, all were her whole
delight
In mischiefe, was much moved at so pit-
teous sight;

X.

And gan recomfort her in her rude
wyse,
With womanish compassion of her plaint,
Wiping the teares from her suffused
eyes,
And bidding her sit downe, to rest her
faint
And wearie limbes awhile. She, nothing
quaint
Nor 'sdainfull of so homely fashion,
Sith brought she was now to so hard con-
straint,
Sate downe upon the dusty ground anon;
As glad of that small rest as Bird of
tempest gon.

XI.

Tho gan she gather up her garments
rent,
And her loose lockes to dight in order dew
With golden wreath and gorgeous orna-
ment;
Whom such whenas the wicked Hag did
vew,
She was astonisht at her heavenly 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 divine as beauty were
but right.

XII.

This wicked woman had a wicked sonne,
The comfort of her age and weary dayes,
A laesy loord, for nothing good to donne,
But stretched forth in ydlenesse alwayes.
Ne ever cast his mind to covet prayse,
Or ply himselfe to any honest trade,
But all the day before the sunny rayes
He us'd to slug, or sleepe in slothfull
shade:
Such laesinesse both lewd and poore
atonce him made.

XIII.

He, comming home at undertime, there
found
The fayrest creature that he ever saw
Sitting beside his mother on the ground;
The sight whereof did greatly him adaw,
And his base thought with terour and
with aw
So inly smot, that as one, which hath gaz'd
On the bright Sunne unwares, doth soone
withdraw
His feeble eyne, with too much brightnes
daz'd,
So stared he on her, and stood long while
amaz'd.

XIV.

Softly at last he gan his mother aske,
What mister wight that was, and whence
deriv'd,
That in so straunge disguizement there did
maske,
And by what accident she there arriv'd?
But she, as one nigh of her wits depriv'd,
With nought but ghastly looks him
answered;
Like to a ghost, that lately is reviv'd
From Stygian shores where late it
wandered:
So both at her, and each at other
wondered.

XV.

But the fayre Virgin was so meeke and myld,
That she to them vouchsafed to embrace
Her goodly port, and to their senses vylde
Her gentle speach applyde, that in short
space
She grew familiare in that desert place.
During which time the Chorle, through
her so kind
And courteise use, conceiv'd affection
bace,
And cast to love her in his brutish mind:
No love, but brutish lust, that was so
beastly tind.

XVI.

Closely the wicked flame his bowels
brent,
And shortly grew into outrageous fire;
Yet had he not the hart, nor hardiment,
As unto her to utter his desire;
His caytive thought durst not so high as-
pire:
But with soft sighes and lovely sem-
blances
He ween'd that his affection entire
She should aread; many resemblances
To her he made, and many kinde remem-
brances.

XVII.

Oft from the forrest wildings he did
bring,
Whose sides empurpled were with smyling
red;
And oft young birds, which he had taught
to sing,
His maistresse praises sweetly caroled:
Girlands of floweres sometimes for her
faire hed
He fine would dight; sometimes the
squirrell wild
He brought to her in bands, as conquered
To be her thrall, his fellow-servant vild:
All which she of him tooke with counte-
nance meeke and mild.

XVIII.

But, past a while, when she fit season
saw
To leave that desert mansion, she cast
In secret wize herselfe thence to with-
draw,
For feare of mischief, which she did fore-
cast
Might by the witch or by her sonne com-
past.
Her wearie Palfrey, closely as she might,
Now well recovered after long repast,
In his proud furnitures she freshly dight,

His late miswandred wayes now to re-
measure right.

XIX.

And earely, ere the dawning day
appear'd,
She forth issewed, and on her journey
went:
She went in perill, of each noyse affeard,
And of each shade that did it selfe pre-
sent;
For still she feared to be overhent
Of that vile hag, or her uncivile sonne;
Who when, too late awaking, well they
kent
That their fayre guest was gone, they
both begonne
To make exceeding mone, as they had
been undonne.

XX.

But that lewd lover did the most lament
For her depart, that ever 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 begon, and gan to feare
Least his fraile senses were emperisht
quight,
And love to frenzy turnd, sith love is
franticke hight.

XXI.

All wayes shee sought him to restore to
plight,
With herbs, with charms, with counsel,
and with teares;
But tears, nor charms, nor herbs, nor
counsell, might
Asswage the fury which his entrails
teares:
So strong is passion that no reason heares.
Tho when all other helpes she saw to faile,
She turnd her selfe backe to her wicked
leares:
And by her divelish arts thought to pre-
vaile
To bringe her backe againe, or worke her
finall bale.

XXII.

Eftesoones out of her hidden cave she
cald
An hideous beast of horrible aspect,
That could the stoutest corage have
appald;

Moustrous, mishapt, and all his backe
was spect
With thousand spots of colours quaint
elect,
Thereto so swifte that it all beasts did
pas:
Like never yet did living eie detect;
But likest it to an Hyena was,
That feeds on womens flesh as others feede
on gras.

XXIII.

It forth she cald, and gave it streight in
charge
Through thicke and thin her to poursew
apace,
Ne once to stay to rest, or breath at
large,
Till her he had attaind and brought in
place,
Or quite devourd her beauties scornfull
grace.
The Monster, swifte 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 speede, that shortly he her
overhent.

XXIV.

Whom when the fearefull Damzell nigh
espide,
No need to bid her fast away to flie:
That ugly shape so sore her terrifide,
That it she shund no lesse then dread to
die;
And her flitt palfrey did so well apply
His nimble feet to her conceived feare,
That whilst his breath did strength to
him supply,
From peril free he away her did beare;
But when his force gan faile his pace gan
wex areare.

XXV.

Which whenas she perceiv'd, she was
dismayd
At that same last extremity ful sore,
And of her safety greatly grew afrayd.
And now she gan approach to the sea
shore,
As it befell, that she could flie no more,
But yield herselfe to spoile of greedinesse:
Lightly she leaped, as a wight forlore,
From her dull horse, in desperate dis-
tresse,
And to her feet betooke her doubtfull sick-
ernesne.

XXVI.

Not halfe so fast the wicked Myrrha
fled

From dread of her revenging fathers
hond;
Nor halfe so fast to save her maydenhed
Fled fearfull Daphne on th' Ægeaun
strond,
As Florimell fled from that Monster
yond,
To reach the sea ere she of him were
raught:
For in the sea to drowne herselfe she
fond,
Rather then of the tryant to be caught:
Thereto fear gave her wings, and need her
corage taught.

XXVII.

It fortun'd (high God did so ordaine)
As shee arrived on the roring shore,
In minde to leape into the mighty maine,
A little bote lay hoving her before,
In which there slept a fisher old and pore,
The whiles his nets were drying on the
sand.
Into the same shee lept, and with the ore
Did thrust the shallop from the floting
strand:
So safety fownd at sea which she fownd
not at land.

XXVIII.

The Monster, ready on the pray to
sease,
Was of his forward hope deceived quight;
Ne durst assay to wade the perlous seas,
But greedily long gaping at the sight,
At last in vaine was forst to turne his
flight,
And tell the idle tidings to his Dame:
Yet, to avenge his divelish despight,
He sett upon her Palfrey tired lame,
And slew him cruelly ere any reskew
came.

XXIX.

And, after having him embowelled
To fill his hellish gorge, it chaunst a knight
To passe that way, as forth he traveled:
Yt was a goodly Swaine, and of great
might,
As ever man that bloody field did fight;
But in vain sheows, that wont yong knights
bewitch,
And courtly services, tooke no delight;
But rather joyd to bee then seemen sich,
For both to be and seeme to him was
labor lich.

XXX.

It was to weete the good Sir Satyrane,
That raungd abroad to seeke adventures
wilde,
As was his wont, in forest and in plaine:

He was all armd in rugged steele unfiled,
 As in the smoky forge it was compilde,
 And in his Scutchin bore a Satyres hedd.
 He comming present, where the Monster
 vilde
 Upon that milke-white Palfreyes carcas
 fedd,
 Unto his reskew ran, and greedily him
 spedd.

xxxI.

There well perceivd he that it was the
 horse
 Whereon faire Florimell was wont to ride,
 That of that feend was rent without re-
 morse:
 Much feared he least ought did ill betide
 To that faire Maide, the flowre of wemens
 pride;
 For her he dearely loved, and in all
 His famous conquests highly magnifide:
 Besides, her golden girdle, which did fall
 From her in flight, he fownd, that did him
 sore apall.

xxxII.

Full of sad feare and doubtfull agony
 Fiercely he flew upon that wicked feend,
 And with huge strokes and cruell battery
 Him forst to leave his pray, for to attend
 Him selfe from deadly daunger to defend:
 Full many wounds in his corrupted flesh
 He did engrave, and muchell blood did
 spend,
 Yet might not doe him die: but aie more
 fresh
 And fierce he still appeared, the more he
 did him thresh.

xxxIII.

He wist not how him to despoile of life,
 Ne how to win the wished victory,
 Sith him he saw still stronger grow
 through strife,
 And him selfe weaker through infirmity.
 Greatly he grew enrag'd, and furiously
 Hurling his sword away he lightly leapt
 Upon the beast, that with great cruelty
 Rored and raged to be underkept;
 Yet he perforce him held, and strokes
 upon him hept.

xxxIV.

As he that strives to stop a suddein
 flood,
 And in strong bancks his violence enclose,
 Forceth it swell above his wonted mood,
 And largely overflow the fruitfull plaine,
 That all the country seemes to be a
 Maine,
 And the rich furrowes flote, all quite for-
 donne:

The wofull husbandman doth lowd com-
 plaine
 To see his whole yeares labor lost so
 soone,
 For which to God he made so many an
 idle boone:

xxxv.

So him he held, and did through might
 amate.
 So long he held him, and him bett so long,
 That at the last his fiercenes gan abate,
 And meekely stoup unto the victor strong:
 Who, to avenge the implacable wrong
 Which he supposed donne to Florimell,
 Sought by all meanes his dolor to prolong,
 Sith dint of steele his carcas could not
 quell;
 His maker with her charmes had framed
 him so well.

xxxvi.

The golden ribband, which that virgin
 wore
 About her sclender waste, he tooke in
 hand,
 And with it bownd the beast, that lowd
 did rore
 For great despight of that unwonted band,
 Yet dared not his victor to withstand,
 But trembled like a lambe fled from the
 pray;
 And all the way him followd on the
 strand,
 As he had long bene learned to obay;
 Yet never learned he such service till that
 day.

xxxvii.

Thus as he led the Beast along the way,
 He spide far off a mighty Giauntesse
 Fast flying, on a Courser dapled gray,
 From a bold knight that with great
 hardnesse
 Her hard pursewd, and sought for to sup-
 presse.
 She bore before her lap a dolefull Squire,
 Lying athwart her horse in great dis-
 tresse,
 Fast bounden hand and foote with cords
 of wire,
 Whom she did meane to make the thrall
 of her desire.

xxxviii.

Which whenas Satyrane beheld, in haste
 He lefte his captive Beast at liberty,
 And crost the nearest way, by which he
 cast
 Her to encounter'ere she passed by;
 But she the way shuud nathemore forthy,

But forward gallopt fast; which when he
spyde,
His mighty speare he couched warily,
And at her ran: she, having him descryde,
Her selfe to fight address, and threw her
lode aside.

XXXIX.

Like as a Goshauke, that in foote doth
beare
A trembling Culver, having spide on hight
An Eagle that with plummy wings doth
sheare
The subtil ayre stouping with all his
might,
The quarry throwes to ground with fell
despight,
And to the batteill doth her selfe prepare:
So ran the Geauntesse unto the fight,
Her fyrie eyes with furious sparkes did
stare,
And with blasphemous bannes high God
in peeces tare.

XL.

She caught in hand an huge great yron
mace,
Wherewith she many had of life depriv'd;
But, ere the stroke could seize his aymed
place,
His speare amidst her sun-brode shield
arriv'd:
Yet nathemore the steele asonder riv'd,
All were the beame in bignes like a mast,
Ne her out of the stedfast saddle driv'd;
But, glauncing on the tempred metall,
brast
In thousand shivers, and so forth beside
her past.

XLI.

Her Steed did stagger with that puis-
saunt strooke;
But she no more was moved with that
might
Then it had lighted on an aged Oke,
Or on the marble Pillour that is pight
Upon the top of Mount Olympus hight,
For the brave youthly Champions to assay
With burning charet wheelles it nigh to
smite;
But who that smites it mars his joyous
play,
And is the spectacle of ruinous decay.

XLII.

Yet, therewith sore enrag'd, with sterne
regard
Her dreadfull weapon she to him address,
Which on his helmet martelled so hard
That made him low incline his lofty crest,

And bowd his battred visour to his brest:
Wherewith he was so stund that he n'ote
ryde,
But reeled to and fro from east to west.
Which when his cruell enemy espyde,
She lightly unto him adjoynd syde to
syde;

XLIII.

And, on his collar laying puissaunt hand,
Out of his wavering seat him pluckt per-
forse,
Perforse him pluckt, unable to withstand
Or helpe himselfe; and laying thwart her
horse,
In loathly wise like to a carrion corse,
She bore him fast away. Which when
the knight
That her pursewed saw, with great re-
morse
He nere was touched in his noble spright,
And gan encrease his speed as she encreast
her flight.

XLIV.

Whom when as nigh approaching she
espyde,
She threw away her burden angrily;
For she list not the batteill to abide,
But made herselfe more light away to fly:
Yet her the hardy knight pursewd so nye
That almost in the backe he oft her strake;
But still, when him at hand she did espy,
She turnd, and semblaunce of faire fight
did make,
But, when he stayd, to flight againe she
did her take.

XLV.

By this the good Sir Satyrane gan
awake
Out of his dreame that did him long en-
traunce,
And, seeing none in place, he gan to make
Exceeding mone, and curst that cruell
chance
Which reft from him so faire a chevis-
aunce.
At length he spyde whereas that wofull
Squyre,
Whom he had reskewed from captivaunce
Of his strong foe, lay tumbled in the myre,
Unable to arise, or foote or hand to styre.

XLVI.

To whom approaching, well he mote
perceive
In that fowle plight a comely personage
And lovely face, made fit for to deceive
Fraile Ladies hart with loves consuming
rage,

Now in the blossome of his freshest age.
He reard him up and loosed his yron bands,
And after gan inquire his parentage,
And how he fell into the Gyaunts hands,
And who that was which chased her along
the lands.

XLVII.

Then trembling yet through feare the
Squire bespake:
'That Geauntesse Argantè is behight,
A daughter of the Titans which did make
Warre against heven, and heaped hills on
hight
To scale the skyes and put Jove from his
right:
Her syre Typhoeus was; who, mad
through merth,
And dronke with blood of men slaine by
his might,
Through incest her of his owne mother
Earth
Whylome begot, being but halfe twin of
that berth:

XLVIII.

'For at that berth another Babe she
bore;
To wet, the mightie 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)
While in their mothers wombe enclosed
they were,
Ere they into the lightsom world were
brought,
In fleshly lust were mingled both yfere,
And in that monstrous wise did to the
world appere.

XLIX.

'So liv'd they ever after in like sin,
Gainst natures law and good behaveoure;
But greatest shame was to that maiden
twin,
Who, not content so fowly to devoure
Her native flesh and staine her brothers
bowre,
Did wallow in all other fleshly myre,
And suffred beastes her body to deflowre,
So whot she burned in that lustfull fyre;
Yet all that might not slake her sensuall
desyre:

L.

'But over all the countrie she did
raunge

To seeke young men to quench her flam-
ing thrust,
And feed her fancy with delightfull
change:
Whom so she fittest findes to serve 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 him selfe with
her defile.

LI.

'Me, seely wretch, she so at vantage
caught,
After she long in waite for me did lye,
And meant unto her prison to have
brought,
Her lothsom pleasure there to satisfye;
That thousand deathes me lever were to
dye
Then breake the vow that to faire Colum-
bell
I plighted have, and yet keepe sted-
fastly.
As for my name, it mistreth not to tell:
Call me the Squire of Dames; that me
besemeth well.

LII.

'But that bold knight, whom ye pursu-
ing saw
That Geauntesse, is not such as she
seemd,
But a faire virgin that in martiall law
And deedes of armes above all Dames is
deemd,
And above many knightes is eke esteemd
For her great worth: She Palladine is
hight.
She you from death, you me from dread,
redeemd;
Ne any may that Monster match in fight,
But she, or such as she, that is so chaste
a wight.'

LIII.

'Her well besemes that Quest,' (quoth
Satyrane)
'But read, thou Squire of Dames, what
vow is this,
Which thou upon thy selfe hast lately
ta'ne?'
'That shall I you recount,' (quoth he)
'ywis,
So be ye pleasd to pardon all amis.
That gentle Lady whom I love and serve,
After long suit and wearie servicis,
Did aske me, how I could her love de-
serve,

And how she might be sure that I would
never swerve?

LIV.

'I, glad by any meanes her grace to
gaine,
Badd her commaund my life to save or
spill.
Eftsoones she badd me, with incessaunt
paine
To wander through the world abroad at
will,
And every where, where with my power
or skill
I might doe service unto gentle Dames,
That I the same should faithfully fulfill;
And at the twelve monethes end should
bring their names
And pledges, as the spoiles of my vic-
torious games.

LV.

'So well I to faire Ladies service did,
And found such favour in their loving
hartes,
That ere the yeare his course had com-
passid,
Three hundred pledges for my good
desartes,
And thrice three hundred thanks for my
good partes,
I with me brought, and did to her pre-
sent:
Which when she saw, more bent to eke
my smartes
Then to reward my trusty true intent,
She gan for me devise a grievous punish-
ment;

LVI.

'To weet, that I my travell should re-
sume,
And with like labour walke the world
arownd,
Ne ever to her presence should presume,
Till I so many other Dames had fownd,
The which, for all the suit I could pro-
pownd,
Would me refuse their pledges to afford,
But did abide for ever chaste and sownd.'
'Ah! gentle Squire,' (quoth he) 'tell at
one word,
How many fownd'st thou such to put in
thy record?'

LVII.

'Indeed, Sir knight,' (said he) 'one word
may tell
All that I ever fownd so wisely stayd,
For onely three they were disposd so
well;

And yet three yeares I now abrode have
strayd,
To fynd them out.' 'Mote I,' (then
laughing sayd
The knight) 'inquire of thee what were
those three,
The which thy proffred curtesie denyd?
Or ill they seemed sure avizd to bee,
Or brutishly brought up, that nev'r did
fashions see.'

LVIII.

'The first which then refused me,'
(said hee)
'Certes was but a common Courtisane;
Yet flat refusd to have adoe with mee,
Because I could not give her many a
Jane.'
(Thereat full hartely laughed Satyrane.)
'The second was an holy Nunne to chose,
Which would not let me be her Chappel-
lane,
Because she knew, she said, I would dis-
close
Her counsell, if she should her trust in
me repose.

LIX.

'The third a Damzell was of low de-
gree,
Whom I in countrey cottage fownd by
chance:
Full litle weened I that chastitee
Had lodging in so meane a maintenance;
Yet was she fayre, and in her counte-
nance
Dwelt simple truth in seemely fashion.
Long thus I woo'd her with due observ-
ance,
In hope unto my pleasure to have won;
But was as far at last, as when I first
began.

LX.

'Safe her, I never 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 dis-
grace.
Thus am I hopelesse ever to attaine
My Ladies love in such a desperate case,
But all my dayes am like to waste in
vaine,
Seeking to match the chaste with th' un-
chaste Ladies traine.'

LXI.

'Perdy' (sayd Satyrane) 'thou Squire
of Dames,

| | |
|---|---|
| <p>Great labour fondly hast thou hent in hand, To get small thanks, and therewith many blames, That may amongst Alcides labours stand. Thence backe returning to the former land,</p> | <p>Where late he left the Beast he overcame, He found him not; for he had broke his band, And was returnd againe unto his Dame, To tell what tydings of fayre Florimell became.</p> |
|---|---|

CANTO VIII.

The Witch creates a snowy Lady like to Florimell;
Who wrong'd by Carle, by Proteus sav'd,
Is sought by Paridell.

I.

So oft as I this history record,
My heart doth melt with meere compassion,
To thinke how causelesse, of her owne accord,
This gentle Damzell, whom I write upon,
Should plonged be in such affliction
Without all hope of comfort or reliefe;
That sure, I weene, the hardest hart of stone
Would hardly finde to aggravate her grieffe;
For misery craves rather mercy than re reliefe.

II.

But that accursed Hag, her hostesse late,
Had so enranckled her malicious hart,
That she desyrd th' abridgement of her fate,
Or long enlargement of her painefull smart.
Now when the Beast, which by her wicked art
Late fourth she sent, she backe retourn-
ing spyde
Tyde with her golden girdle; it a part
Of her rich spoyles whom he had earst destroyd
She weend, and wondrous gladnes to her hart applyde.

III.

And, with it ronning hast'ly to her sonne,
Thought with that sight him much to have reliv'd
Who, thereby deeming sure the thing as done,
His former grieffe with furie fresh reviv'd
Much more then earst, and would have algates riv'd
The hart out of his brest: for sith her dedd

He surely dempt, himselfe he thought
depriv'd
Quite of all hope wherewith he long had fedd
His foolish malady, and long time had misledd.

IV.

With thought whereof exceeding mad he grew,
And in his rage his mother would have slaine,
Had she not fled into a secret mew,
Where she was wont her Sprigtes to entertaine,
The maisters of her art: there was she faine
To call them all in order to her ayde,
And them conjure, upon eternall paine,
To counsell her, so carefully dismayd,
How she might heale her sonne whose senses were decayd.

V.

By their advice, and her owne wicked wit,
She there deviz'd a wondrous worke to frame,
Whose like on earth was never framed yit;
That even Nature selfe envide 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 lively and so like, that many it mistooke.

VI.

The substance, whereof she the body made,
Was purest snow in massy mould congeald,

Which she had gathered in a shady glade
Of the Riphœan hills, to her reveald
By errant Sprights, but from all men
conceald:
The same she trempt with fine Mercury
And virgin wax that never yet was seald,
And mingled them with perfect vermily;
That like a lively sanguine it seemd to
the eye.

VII.

Instead of eyes two burning lampes she
set
In silver sockets, shying like the skyes,
And a quicke moving Spirit did arret
To stirre and roll them like to womens
eyes:
Instead of yellow lockes she did devise
With golden wyre to weave her curled
head;
Yet golden wyre was not so yellow thryse
As Florimells fayre heare: and, in the
stead
Of life, she put a Spright to rule the car-
cas dead;

VIII.

A wicked Spright, yfraught with fawn-
ing guyle
And fayre resemblance above all the rest,
Which with the Prince of Darkenes fell
somewhyle
From heavens blis and everlasting rest:
Him needed not instruct which way were
best
Him selfe to fashion likest Florimell,
Ne how to speake, ne how to use his gest;
For he in counterfesauce did excell,
And all the wyles of womens wits knew
passing well.

IX.

Him shaped thus she deckt in garments
gay,
Which Florimell had left behind her late;
That who so then her saw would surely
say
It was her selfe whom it did imitate,
Or fayrer then her selfe, if ought algate
Might fayrer be. And then she forth her
brought
Unto her sonne that lay in feeble state;
Who seeing her gan streight upstart, and
thought
She was the Lady selfe whom he so long
had sought.

X.

Tho fast her clipping twixt his armes
twayne,
Extremely joyed in so happy sight,
And soone forgot his former sickely payne:

But she, the more to seeme such as she
hight,
Coyly rebutted his embracement light;
Yet still, with gentle countenance, re-
tain'd
Enough to hold a foole in vaine delight.
Him long she so with shadowes enter-
tain'd,
As her Creatresse had in charge to her
ordain'd.

XI.

Till on a day, as he disposed was
To walke the woodes with that his Idole
faire,
Her to disport and idle time to pas
In th' open freshnes of the gentle aire,
A knight that way there chanced to
repaire;
Yet knight he was not, but a boastfull
swaine
That deedes of armes had ever in despaire,
Proud Braggadocchio, that in vaunting
vaine
His glory did repose, and credit did main-
taine.

XII.

He, seeing with that Chorle so faire a
wight,
Decked with many a costly ornament,
Much merveiled thereat, as well he
might,
And thought that match a fowle dispar-
agement:
His bloody speare eftsoones, he boldly
bent
Against the silly clowne, who dead through
feare
Fell streight to ground in great astonish-
ment.
'Vilain,' (sayd he) 'this Lady is my
deare;
Dy, if thou it gainesay: I will away her
beare.'

XIII.

The fearefull Chorle durst not gainesay
nor dooe,
But trembling stood, and yielded him the
pray;
Who, finding litle leasure her to wooe
On Tromparts steed her mounted without
stay,
And without reskew led her quite away.
Proud man himselfe then Braggadocchio
deem'd,
And next to none after that happy day,
Being possessed of that spoyle, which
seem'd
The fairest wight on ground, and most of
men esteem'd.

XIV.

But, when hee saw him selfe free from
poursute,
He gan make gentle purpose to his Dame
With termes of love and lewdnesse dis-
solute;
For he could well his glozing speaches
frame
To such vaine uses that him best became:
But she thereto would lend but light
regard,
As seeming sory that she ever came
Into his powre, that used her so hard
To reave her honor, which she more then
life prefard.

XV.

Thus as they two of kindnes treated
long,
There them by chaunce encountred on the
way
An armed knight upon a courser strong,
Whose trampling feete upon the hollow
lay
Seemed to thunder, and did nigh affray
That Capons corage: yet he looked grim,
And faynd to cheare his lady in dismay,
Who seemd for feare to quake in every
lim,
And her to save from outrage meekely
prayed him.

XVI.

Fiercely that straunger forward came:
and, nigh
Approching, with bold words and bitter
threat
Bad that same boaster, as he mote, on
high,
To leave to him that lady for excheat,
Or bide him batteill without further
treat.
That challenge did too peremptory seeme,
And fild his senses with abashment
great;
Yet seeing nigh him jeopardy extreme,
He it dissembled well, and light seemd to
esteeme

XVII.

Saying, 'Thou foolish knight, that
weenst with words
To steale away that I with blowes have
wonne,
And brought through points of many
perilous swords:
But if thee list to see thy Courser ronne,
Or prove thy selfe, this sad encounter
shonne,
And seeke els without hazard of thy
hedd.'
At those prowde words that other knight
begonne

To wex exceeding wroth, and him aredd
To turne his steede about, or sure he
should be dedd.

XVIII.

'Sith then,' (said Braggadochio) 'needes
thou wilt
Thy daies abridge through prooffe of puis-
saunce,
Turne we our steeds; that both in equall
tilt
May meete againe, and each take happy
chaunce.'
This said, they both a furlongs mounten-
aunce
Retird their steeds, to ronne in even race;
But Braggadochio, with his bloody launce,
Once having turnd, no more returnd his
face,
But lefte his love to losse, and fled him
selfe apace.

XIX.

The knight, him seeing flie, had no re-
gard
Him to pursew, but to the lady rode;
And having her from Trompart lightly
reard,
Upon his Courser sett the lovely 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 thinke him selfe in heven
that was in hell.

XX.

But Florimell her selfe was far away,
Driven 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:
Yett there that cruell Queene aven-
geresse,
Not satisfyde so far her to estraunge
From courtly blis and wonted happinesse,
Did heape on her new waves of weary
wretchednesse.

XXI.

For being fled into the fishers bote
For refuge from the Monsters cruelty,
Long so she on the mighty maine did
flote,
And with the tide drove forward care-
lesly;

For th' ayre was milde and cleared was
the skie,
And all his windes Dan Aeolus did keepe
From stirring up their stormy enmity,
As pitying to see her waile and weepe:
But all the while the fisher did securely
sleepe.

XXII.

At last when droncke with drowsinesse
he woke,
And saw his drover drive along the
streame,
He was dismayd; and thrise his brest he
stroke,
For marveill of that accident extreame:
But when he saw that blazing beauties
beame,
Which with rare light his bote did beauti-
fy,
He marveild more, and thought he yet did
dreame
Not well awakte; or that some extasy
Assotted had his sence, or dazed was his
eye.

XXIII.

But when her well avizing hee per-
ceiv'd
To be no vision nor fantasticke sight,
Great comfort of her presence he con-
ceiv'd,
And felt in his old corage new delight
To gin awake, and stir his frosen spright:
Tho rudely askte her, how she thither
came?
' Ah!' (sayd she) 'father, I note read
aright
What hard misfortune brought me to this
same;
Yet am I glad that here I now in safety
ame.

XXIV.

' But thou, good man, sith far in sea we
bee,
And the great waters gin apace to swell,
That now no more we can the mayn-land
see,
Have care, I pray, to guide the cock-bote
well,
Least worse on sea then us on land befell.'
Thereat th' old man did nought but fondly
grin,
And saide his boat the way could wisely
tell;
But his deceptfull eyes did never lin
To looke on her faire face and marke her
snowy skin.

XXV.

The sight whereof in his congealed flesh
Infixt such secrete sting of greedy lust,

That the drie withered stocke it gan re-
fresh,
And kindled heat that soone in flame
forth burst:
The driest wood is soonest burnt to dust.
Rudely to her he lept, and his rough hond
Where ill became him rashly would have
thrust;
But she with angry scorne did him with-
stood,
And shamefully reproved for his rudenes
fond.

XXVI.

But he, that never good nor maners
knew,
Her sharpe rebuke full litle did esteeme;
Hard is to teach an old herse amble trew:
The inward smoke, that did before but
steeme,
Broke into open fire and rage extreme;
And now he strength gan adde unto his
will,
Forcyng to doe that did him fowle mis-
seeme.
Bestly he threwe her downe, ne car'd to
spill
Her garments gay with scales of fish that
all did fill.

XXVII.

The silly virgin strove him to withstand
All that she might, and him in vaine
revild:
Shee strugled strongly both with foote and
hand
To save her honor from that villaine vilde,
And cride to heven, from humane help
exild.
O! ye brave knights, that boast this
Ladies love,
Where be ye now, when she is nigh defild
Of filthy wretch? well may she you re-
prove
Of falsehood or of slouth, when most it may
behave.

XXVIII.

But if that thou, Sir Satyran, didst
weete,
Or thou, Sir Peridure, her sory state,
How soone would yee assemble many a
flete,
To feteh from sea that ye at land lost
late!
Towres, citties, kingdomes, ye would
ruinate
In your avengement and despiteous rage,
Ne ought your burning fury mote abate;
But if Sir Calidore could it presage,
No living creature could his cruelty
asswage.

XXIX.

But sith that none of all her knights is
 nye,
 See how the heavens, of voluntary grace
 And soveraine favor towards chastity,
 Doe succor send to her distressed cace;
 So much high God doth innocence embrace.
 It fortun'd, whilst thus she stifly strove,
 And the wide sea importuned long space
 With shrilling shriekes, Proteus abroad
 did rove,
 Along the fomy waves driving his finny
 drove.

XXX.

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 upon his deawy
 beard:
 Who when those pittifull outcries he
 heard
 Through all the seas so ruefully resound,
 His charett swifte in hast he thither
 steard,
 Which with a teeme of scaly Phocas
 bownd
 Was drawne upon the waves that fomed
 him arownd.

XXXI.

And comming to that Fishers wandring
 bote,
 That went at will withouten card or sayle,
 He therein saw that yrkesome sight,
 which smote
 Deepe indignation and compassion frayle
 Into his hart attonce: streight did he
 hayle
 The greedy villein from his hoped pray,
 Of which he now did very litle fayle,
 And with his staffe, that drives his heard
 astray,
 Him bett so sore, that life and sence did
 much dismay.

XXXII.

The whiles the pitteous Lady up did
 ryse,
 Ruffled and fowly raid with filthy soyle,
 And blubbred face with teares of her faire
 eyes:
 Her heart nigh broken was with weary
 toyle,
 To save her selfe from that outrageous
 spoyle;
 But when she looked up, to weet what
 wight
 Had her from so infamous fact assoyld,

For shame, but more for feare of his grim
 sight,
 Downe in her lap she hid her face, and
 lowdly shright.

XXXIII.

Her selfe not saved yet from daunger
 dredd
 She thought, but chaung'd from one to
 other feare:
 Like as a fearefull partridge, that is fledd
 From the sharpe hauke which her at-
 tached neare,
 And fals to ground to seeke for succor
 theare,
 Whereas the hungry Spaniells she does
 spye
 With greedy jawes her ready for to teare:
 In such distresse and sad perplexity
 Was Florimell, when Proteus she did see
 her by.

XXXIV.

But he endeavored with speaches 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 prevayld;
 For her faint hart was with the frosen
 cold
 Benumbd so inly, that her wits nigh
 fayld,
 And all her sences with abashment quite
 were quayld.

XXXV.

Her up betwixt his rugged hands he
 reard,
 And with his frory lips full softly kist,
 Whiles the cold ysickles from his rough
 beard
 Dropped adowne upon her yvory breast:
 Yet he him selfe so busily address,
 That her out of astonishment he wrought;
 And out of that same fishers filthy nest
 Removing her, into his charet brought,
 And there with many gentle termes her
 faire besought.

XXXVI.

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 agrate
The virgin whom he had abusde so sore;
So drag'd him through the waves in scorn-
full state,
And after cast him up upon the shore;
But Florimell with him unto his bowre he
bore.

XXXVII.

His bowre is in the bottom of the maine,
Under a mightie rocke, gainst which doe
rave
The roring billowes in their proud dis-
daine,
That with the angry working of the wave
Therein is eaten out an hollow cave,
That seemes rough Masons hand with
engines keene
Had long while laboured it to engrave:
There was his wonne; ne living wight
was seene
Save one old Nymph, hight Panopè, to
keep it cleane.

XXXVIII.

Thither he brought the sory Florimell,
And entertained her the best he might,
And Panopè her entertaund eke well,
As an immortall mote a mortall wight,
To winne her liking unto his delight:
With flattering wordes he sweetly wooed
her,
And offered faire guiftes t' allure her
sight;
But she both offers and the offerer
Despysde, and all the fawning of the
flatterer.

XXXIX.

Dayly he tempted her with this or that,
And never suffred her to be at rest;
But evermore she him refused flat,
And all his fained kindnes did detest,
So firmly she had sealed up her brest.
Sometimes he boasted that a God he
hight,
But she a mortall creature loved best:
Then he would make him selfe a mortall
wight;
But then she said she lov'd none, but a
Faery knight.

XL.

Then like a Faerie knight him selfe he
drest,
For every shape on him he could endew;
Then like a king he was to her exprest,
And offred kingdoms unto her in vew,
To be his Leman and his Lady trew:
But when all this he nothing saw prevaile,
With harder meanes he cast her to
subdew,

And with sharpe threates her often did
assayle;
So thinking for to make her stubborne
corage quayle.

XLI.

To dreadfull shapes he did him selfe
transforme;
Now like a Gyaunt; now like to a feend;
Then like a Centaure; then like to a
storme
Raging within the waves: thereby he
weend
Her will to win unto his wished eend;
But when with feare, nor favour, nor with
all
He els could doe, he saw him selfe es-
teemd,
Downe in a Dongeon deepe he let her fall,
And threatend there to make her his
eternall thrall.

XLII.

Eternall thraldome was to her more
liefe
Then losse of chastitie, or change of
love:
Dye had she rather in tormenting grieve
Then any should of falsenesse her reprove,
Or loosenes, that she lightly did remove.
Most vertuous virgin! glory be thy meed,
And crowne of heavenly prayse with
Saintes above,
Where most sweet hymmes of this thy
famous deed
Are still amongst them song, that far my
rymes exceed.

XLIII.

Fit song of Angels caroled to bee!
But yet whatso my feeble Muse can frame
Shal be t' advance thy goodly chastitee
And to enroll thy memorable name
In th' heart of every honourable Dame,
That they thy vertuous deedes may imi-
tate,
And be partakers of thy endlesse fame.
Yt yrkes me leave thee in this wofull
state,
To tell of Satyrane where I him left of
late.

XLIV.

Who having ended with that Squyre of
Dames
A long discourse of his adventures vayne,
The which himselfe then Ladies more de-
fames,
And finding not th' Hyena to be slayne,
With that same Squyre retourned back
againe

To his first way. And, as they forward went,
They spyde a knight fayre pricking on the playne,
As if he were on some adventure bent,
And in his port appeared manly hardiment.

XLV.

Sir Satyrane him towardes did addresse,
To weet what wight he was, and what his quest,
And, comming nigh, eftsoones he gan to gesse,
Both by the burning hart which on his breast
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 abrode,
And afterwarde on what adventure now he rode.

XLVI.

Who thereto answering said: 'The tydings bad,
Which now in Faery court all men doe tell,
Which turned hath great mirth to mourning sad,
Is the late ruine of proud Marinell,
And sudden parture of faire Florimell
To find him forth: and after her are gone
All the brave knightes that doen in armes excell
To savegard her ywandred all alone:
Emongst the rest my lott (unworthy') is to be one.'

XLVII.

'Ah! gentle knight,' (said then Sir Satyrane)
'Thy labour all is lost, I greatly dread,
That hath a thanklesse service on thee ta'ne,
And offrest sacrifice unto the dead:
For dead, I surely doubt, thou maist aread
Henceforth for ever Florimell to bee;
That all the noble knightes of Maydenhead,
Which her ador'd, may sore repent with mee,
And all faire Ladies may for ever sory bee.'

XLVIII.

Which wordes when Paridell had heard,
his hew
Gan greatly change and seemd dismaid
to bee;
Then said: 'Fayre Sir, how may I weene
it trew,
That ye doe tell in such uncerteintee?
Or speake ye of report, or did ye see
Just cause of dread, that makes ye doubt so
sore?
For, perdie, elles how mote it ever bee,

That ever hand should dare for to engore
Her noble blood? The hevens such cruel-
tie abhore.'

XLIX.

'These eyes did see that they will ever
rew
T' have seene,' (quoth he) 'when as a
monstrous beast
The Palfrey whereon she did travell slew,
And of his bowels made his bloody feast:
Which speaking token sheweth at the least
Her certeine losse, if not her sure decay:
Besides, that more suspicion increast,
I found her golden girdle cast astray,
Distaynd with durt and blood, as relique
of the pray.'

L.

'Ay me!' (said Paridell) 'the signes be
sadd;
And, but God turne the same to good
sooth-say,
That Ladies safetie is sore to be dradd.
Yet will I not forsake my forward way,
'Till triall doe more certeine 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.'

LI.

'Ye noble knightes,' (said then the Squyre
of Dames)
'Well may yee speede in so praiseworthy
payne!
But sith the Sunne now ginnes to slake
his beames
In dewy vapours of the westernne mayne,
And lose the teme out of his weary wayne,
Mote not mislike you also to abate
Your zealous hast, till morrow next againe
Both light of heaven and strength of men
relate:
Which if ye please, to yonder castle turne
your gate.'

LII.

That counsell pleased well: so all yfere
Forth marched to a Castle them before;
Where soone arryving they restrained
were
Of ready entraunce, which ought evermore
To errant knightes be commune: wondrous
sore
Thereat displeasd they were, till that
young Squyre
Gan them informe the cause, why that
same dore
Was shut to all which lodging did desyre:
The which to let you weet will further
time requyre,

CANTO IX.

Malbecco will no straunge knights host,
 For peevisch gealosity.
 Paridell giusts with Britomart:
 Both shew their auncestry.

I.

REDOUBTED knights, and honorable
 Dames,
 To whom I leuell all my labours end,
 Right sore I feare, least with unworthie
 blames
 This odious argument my rymes should
 shend,
 Or ought your goodly patience offend,
 Whiles of a wanton Lady I doe write,
 Which with her loose incontinence doth
 blend
 The shyning glory of your souveraine light;
 And knighthood fowle defaced by a faith-
 lesse knight.

II.

But never let th' ensample of the bad
 Offend the good; for good, by paragone
 Of evill, may more notably be rad,
 As white seemes fayrer macht with blacke
 attone;
 Ne all are shamed by the fault of one:
 For lo! in heaven, whereas all goodnes is,
 Emongst the Angels, a whole legions
 Of wicked Sprigites did fall from happy
 blis;
 What wonder then if one, of women all,
 did mis?

III.

Then listen, Lordings, if ye list to weet
 The cause why Satyrane and Paridell
 Mote not be entertaynd, as seemed meet,
 Into that Castle, (as that Squyre 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 dayes he drownes in privitie,
 Yet has full large to live and spend at
 libertie.

IV.

'But all his minde is set on mucky pelfe,
 To hoord up heapes of evill gotten masse,
 For which he others wrongs, and wreckes
 himselfe:
 Yet is he linkted to a lovely lasse,
 Whose beauty doth her bounty far sur-
 passe;
 The which to him both far unequal yeares,

And also far unlike conditions has;
 For she does joy to play emongst her
 peares,
 And to be free from hard restraynt and
 gealous feares.

V.

'But he is old, and withered like hay,
 Unfit faire Ladies service to supply;
 The privie guilt whereof makes him alway
 Suspect her truth, and keepe continuall spy
 Upon her with his other blinkted eye;
 Ne suffreth he resort of living wight
 Approach to her, ne keepe her company,
 But in close bowre her mewes from all
 mens sight,
 Depriv'd of kindly joy and naturall delight.

VI.

'Malbecco he, and Hellenore she hight;
 Unfitly yokt together in one teeme.
 That is the cause why never any knight
 Is suffred here to enter, but he seeme
 Such as no doubt of him he neede mis-
 deeme.'
 Thereat Sir Satyrane gan smyle, and say;
 'Extremely mad the man I surely deeme,
 That weenes with watch and hard re-
 straynt to stay
 A womans will, which is disposd to go
 astray.

VII.

'In vaine he feares that which he cannot
 shonne;
 For who votes not, that womans subtiltyes
 Can guylen Argus, when she list misdonne?
 It is not yron bandes, nor hundred eyes,
 Nor brasen walls, nor many wakefull
 spyes,
 That can withhold her wilfull wandring
 feet;
 But fast goodwill, with gentle courtesyes,
 And timely service to her pleasures meet,
 May her perhaps containe, that else would
 algates fleet.'

VIII.

'Then is he not more mad,' (sayd Pari-
 dell)
 'That hath himselfe unto such service sold,

In dolefull thraldome all his dayes to dwell?

For sure a foole I doe him firmly hold,
That loves his fetters, though they were
of gold.

But why doe wee devise of others ill,
Whyles thus we suffer this same dotard
old

To keepe us out in scorne of his owne will,
And rather do not ransack all, and him
selfe kill?'

IX.

'Nay, let us first' (sayd Satyrane) 'entreat

The man by gentle meanes to let us in,
And afterwarde affray with cruell threat,
Ere that we to efforce it doe begin:

Then, if all fayle, we will by force it win,
And eke reward the wretch for his mes-
prise,

As may be worthy of his haynous sin.'
That counsell pleas'd: then Paridell did
rise

And to the Castle gate approcht in quiet
wise.

X.

Whereat soft knocking entrance he de-
syrd.

The good man selfe, which then the Por-
ter playd,

Him answered, that all were now retyrd
Unto their rest, and all the keyes conuayd
Unto their maister, who in bed was layd,
That none him durst awake out of his
dreme;

And therefore them of patience gently
prayd.

Then Paridell began to change his theme,
And threatned him with force and punish-
ment extreme:

XI.

But all in vaine, for nought mote him
relent.

And now so long before the wicket fast
They wayted, that the night was forward
spent,

And the faire welkin fowly overcast
Gan blownen up a bitter stormy blast,
With showre and hayle 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 swyne was
ordered.

XII.

It fortun'd, 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 be-
sought:

But, like so as the rest, he prayd for
nought;

For flatly he of entrance was refusd.
Sorely thereat he was displeas'd, and
thought

How to avenge himselfe so sore abusd,
And evermore the Carle of courtesie ac-
cusd.

XIII.

But, to avoyde th' intollerable stowre,
He was compeld to seeke some refuge
neare,

And to that shed, to shrowd him from the
showre,

He 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
yfer,

Or them dislodge, all were they lief or
loth;

And so defyde them each, and so defyde
them both.

XIV.

Both were full loth to leave that need-
full tent,

And both full loth in darkenesse to debate;
Yet both full lief him lodging to have lent,
And both full lief his boasting to abate:
But chiefly Paridell his hart did grate

To heare him threaten so despightfully,
As if he did a dogge in kenell rate

That durst not barke; and rather had
he dy

Then, when he was defyde, in coward
corner ly.

XV.

The hastily remounting to his steed
He forth issew'd: like as a boystrous
winde,

Which in th' earthes hollow caves hath
long ben hid

And shut up fast within her prisons blind,
Makes the huge element, against her
kinde,

To move and tremble as it were aghast,
Untill that it an issew forth may finde:

Then forth it breakes, and with his furi-
ous blast

Confounds both land and seas, and skyes
doth overcast.

XVI.

Their steel-hed speares they strongly
coucht, and met

Together with impetuous rage and forse,
That with the terrour of their fierce affret
They rudely drove to ground both man
and horse,

That each awhile lay like a sencelesse corse.
But Paridell sore brused with the blow
Could not arise the counterchange to
scorse,
Till that young Squyre him reared from
below;
Then drew he his bright sword, and gan
about him throw.

XVII.

But Satyrane forth stepping did them
stay,
And with faire treaty pacifide their yre.
Then, when they were accorded from the
fray,
Against that Castles Lord they gan con-
spire,
To heape on him dew vengeance for his
hire.

They beene agreed; and to the gates they
goe

To burn the same with unquenchable fire,
And that uncurteous Carle, their com-
mune foe,
To doe fowle death to die, or wrap in
grievous woe.

XVIII.

Malbecco, seeing them resolv'd indeed
To flame the gates, and hearing them to
call

For fire in earnest, ran with fearfull speed,
And to them calling from the castle wall,
Besought them humbly him to beare
withall,

As ignorant of servants bad abuse
And slacke attendaunce unto strangers
call.

The knights were willing all things to ex-
cuse,
Though nought belev'd, and entraunce
late did not refuse.

XIX.

They beene ybrought into a comely
bowre,

And serv'd of all things that mote needfull
bee;

Yet secretly their hoste did on them lowre,
And welcome more for feare then char-
itee;

But they dissembled what they did not
see,

And welcomed themselves. Each gan
undight

Their garments wett, and weary armour
free,

To dry them selves by Vulcanes flaming
light,
And eke their lately brused parts to
bring in plight.

XX.

And eke that straunger knight emongst
the rest

Was for like need enforst to disaray:
Tho, whenas vailed was her lofty crest,
Her golden locks, that were in trammells
gay

Upbounden, did them selves adowne dis-
play

And raught unto her heeles; like sunny
beames,

That in a cloud their light did long time
stay,

Their vapour vaded, shewe their golden
gleames,

And through the persant aire shoote forth
their azure streames.

XXI.

Shee also dofte her heavy haberjeon,
Which the faire feature of her limbs did
hyde;

And her well-plighted frock, which she
did won

To tucke about her short when she did
ryde,

Shee low let fall, that flowd from her
lanck syde

Downe to her foot with carelesse modestee.
Then of them all she plainly was espyde

To be a woman-wight, unwist to bee,
The fairest woman-wight that ever eie
did see.

XXII.

Like as Bellona (being late returnd
From slaughter of the Glaunts conquered;
Where proud Encelade, whose wide nose-
thrills burnd

With breathed flames, like to a furnace
redd,

Transfix'd with her speare downe tumbled
dedd

From top of Hemus by him heaped hye;)
Hath loost her helmet from her lofty
hedd,

And her Gorgonian shield gins to untye
From her lefte arme, to rest in glorious
victoriee.

XXIII.

Which whenas they beheld, they smit-
ten were

With great amazement of so wondrous
sight;

And each on other, and they all on her,
Stood gazing, as if suddein great affright

Had them surprizd. At last, avizing right
Her goodly personage and glorious hew,
Which they so much mistooke, they tooke
delight

In their first error, and yett still anew
With wonder of her beauty fed their
hungry vew.

XXIV.

Yet note their hongry vew be satisfide,
But seeing still the more desir'd to see,
And ever firmly fixed did abide
In contemplation of divinitee:
But most they mervaild at her chevalree
And noble provesse, which they had
approv'd,
That much they faynd to know who she
mote bee;
Yet none of all them her thereof amov'd
Yet every one her likte, and every one
her lov'd.

XXV.

And Paridell, though partly discontent
With his late fall and fowle indignity,
Yet was soone wonne his malice to relent,
Through gracious regard of her faire eye,
And knightly worth which he too late did
try,
Yet tried did adore. Supper was dight;
Then they Malbecco prayd of courtesy,
That of his lady they might have the sight
And company at meat, to doe them more
delight.

XXVI.

But he, to shifte their curious request,
Gan causen why she could not come in
place;
Her crased helth, her late recourse to rest,
And humid evening ill for sicke folkes
cace;
But none of those excuses could take place,
Ne would they eate till she in presence
came.
Shee came in presence with right comely
grace,
And fairely them saluted, as became,
And shewd her selfe in all a gentle courteous
Dame.

XXVII.

They sate to meat; and Satyrane his
chance
Was her before, and Paridell beside;
But he him selfe sate looking still
askaunce
Gainst Britomart, and ever closely eide
Sir Satyrane, that glaunces might not
glide:
But his blinde eie, that sided Paridell,
All his demeasure from his sight did
hide:

On her faire face so did he feede his fill,
And sent close messages of love to her at
will.

XXVIII.

And ever and anone, when none was
ware,
With speaking lookes, that close em-
bassage bore,
He rov'd at her, and told his secret care
For all that art he learned had of yore;
Ne was she ignoraunt of that leud lore,
But in his eye his meaning wisely redd,
And with the like him aunswerd ever-
more.
Shee sent at him one fyrie dart, whose
hedd
Empoisoned was with privy lust and
gealous dredd.

XXIX.

He from that deadly throw made no
defence,
But to the wound his weake heart opened
wyde:
The wicked engine through false influence
Past through his eies, and secretly did
glyde
Into his heart, which it did sorely gryde.
But nothing new to him was that same
paine,
Ne paine at all; for he so ofte had tryde
The powre thereof, and lov'd so oft in
vaine,
That thing of course he counted love to
entertaine.

XXX.

Thenceforth to her he sought to inti-
mate
His inward grieffe, by meanes to him well
knowne:
Now Bacchus fruit out of the silver plate
He on the table dasht, as overthrowne,
Or of the fruitfull liquor overflowne;
And by the dauncing bubbles did divine,
Or therein write to lett his love be
showne;
Which well she redd out of the learned
line:
A sacrament prophane in mistery of
wine.

XXXI.

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.
But such close signes they secret way did
make
Unto their wils, and one eies watch
escape:

Two eies him needeth, for to watch and
wake,
Who lovers will deceive. Thus was the
ape,
By their faire handling, put into Mal-
beccoos cape.

XXXII.

Now, when of meats and drinks they
had their fill,
Purpose was moved by that gentle Dame
Unto those knights adventurous, to tell
Of deeds of armes which unto them
became,
And every one his kindred and his name.
Then Paridell, in whom a kindly pride
Of gracious speach and skill his words to
frame
Abounded, being glad of so fitte tide
Him to commend to her, thus spake, of
al well eide.

XXXIII.

'Troy, that art now nought but an idle
name,
And in thine ashes buried low dost lie,
Though whilome far much greater then
thy fame,
Before that angry Gods and cruell skie
Upon thee heapt a direfull destinie ;
What boots it boast thy glorious descent,
And fetch from heven thy great genealogie,
Sith all thy worthie prayses being blent
Their ofspring hath embaste, and later
glory shent ?

XXXIV.

'Most famous Worthy of the world, by
whome
That warre was kindled which did Troy
inflare,
And stately towres of Ilion whilome
Brought unto balefull ruine, was by name
Sir Paris far renowmd through noble
fame ;
Who, through great prowesse and bold
hardinesse,
From Lacedæmon fetcht the fayrest
Dame
That ever Greece did boast, or knight
possesse,
Whom Venus to him gave for meed of
worthinesse ;

XXXV.

'Fayre Helene, flowre of beautie excel-
lent,
And girdlond of the mighty Conquerours,
That madest many Ladies deare lament
The heavie losse of their brave Para-
mours,

Which they far off beheld from Trojan
toures,
And saw the fieldes of faire Scamander
strowne
With carcasses of noble warrioures
Whose fruitlesse lives were under furrow
sowne,
And Xanthus sandy bankes with blood
all overflowne.

XXXVI.

'From him my linage I derive aright,
Who long before the ten yeares siege of
Troy,
Whiles yet on Ida he a shepeheard hight,
On faire Oenone got a lovely boy,
Whom, for remembrance of her passed
joy,
She, of his Father, Parius did name ;
Who, after Greekes did Priams realme
destroy,
Gathred the Trojan reliques sav'd from
flame,
And with them sayling thence to th' isle
of Paros came.

XXXVII.

'That was by him cald Paros, which
before
Hight Nausa: there he many yeares did
raine,
And built Nausicle by the Pontick shore ;
The which he dying lefte next in remaine
To Paridas his sonne,
From whom I Paridell by kin descend :
But, for faire ladies love and glories
gaine,
My native soile have lefte, my dayes to
spend
In seeinge deeds of armes, my lives and
labors end.'

XXXVIII.

Whenas the noble Britomart heard tell
Of Trojan warres and Priams citie sackt,
The ruefull story of Sir Paridell,
She was empationed at that piteous act,
With zelous envy of Greekes cruell fact
Against that nation, from whose race of
old
She heard that she was lineally extract ;
For noble Britons sprong from Trojans
bold,
And Troynovant was built of old Troyes
ashes cold.

XXXIX.

Then, sighing soft awhile, at last she
thus:
'O lamentable fall of famous towne!

Which raignd so many yeares victorious,
And of all Asie bore the soveraine crowne,
In one sad night consumd and throwen
downe:

What stony hart, that heares thy haplesse
fate,

Is not empierst with deepe compassiowne,
And makes ensample of mans wretched
state,

That floures so fresh at morne, and fades
at evening late?

XL.

'Behold, Sir, how your pitifull com-
plaint

Hath fownd another partner of your payne;
For nothing may impresse so deare con-
straint

As countries cause, and commune foes
disdayne.

But if it should not grieve you backe
agayne

To turne your course, I would to heare
desyre

What to Aeneas fell; sith that men sayne
He was not in the cities wofull fyre

Consum'd, but did him selfe to safety
retyre.'

XLI.

'Anchyses sonne, begott of Venus fayre,'
Said he, 'out of the flames for safegard
fled,

And with a remnant did to sea repayre;
Where he through fatal errour long was
led

Full many yeares, and weetlesse wandered
From shore to shore emongst the Lybick
sandes,

Ere rest he fownd. Much there he
suffered,

And many perilles past in forreine landes,
To save his people sad from victours
vengefull handes.

XLII.

'At last in Latium he did arryve,
Where he with cruell warre was enter-
taind

Of th' inland folke, which sought him
backe to drive,

Till he with old Latinus was constraind
To contract wedlock, (so the fates ordaind)

Wedlocke contract in blood, and eke in
blood

Accomplished, that many deare com-
plaind:

The rivall slaine, the victour, through the
flood

Escaped hardly, hardly praisd his wed-
lock good.

XLIII.

'Yet, after all, he victour did survive,
And with Latinus did the kingdom part;
But after, when both nations gan to
strive

Into their names the title to convart,
His sonne Iulus did from thence depart
With all the warlike youth of Trojans
bloud,

And in long Alba plast his throne apart;
Where faire it florished and long time
stoud,

Till Romulus, renewing it, to Rome
remoud.'

XLIV.

'There; there,' (said Britomart) 'afresh
appeard

The glory of the later world to spring,
And Troy againe out of her dust was reard

To sitt in second seat of soveraine king
Of all the world, under her governing.

But a third kingdom yet is to arise
Out of the Trojans scattered ofspring,

That in all glory and great enterprise,
Both first and second Troy shall dare to
equalise.

XLV.

'It Troynovant is hight, that with the
waves

Of wealthy Thamis washed is along,
Upon whose stubborne neck, (whereat he
raves

With roring rage, and sore him selfe
does throng)

That all men feare to tempt his billowes
strong,

She fastned hath her foot; which stands
so hy,

That it a wonder of the world is song
In forreine landes; and all which passen by,
Beholding it from farre, doe thinke it
threates the skye.

XLVI.

'The Trojan Brute did first that citie
fownd,

And Hygate made the meare thereof by
West,

And Overt gate by North: that is the
bownd

Toward the land; two rivers bownd 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 war-
like feat.'

XLVII.

' Ah! fairest Lady knight,' (said Paridell)
 ' Pardon, I pray, my heedlesse oversight,
 Who had forgot that whylome I heard tell
 From aged Mneumon; for my wits beene
 light.
 Indeed he said, (if I remember right)
 That of the antique Trojan stocke there
 grew
 Another plant, that raught to wondrous
 light,
 And far abroad his mightie branches
 threw
 Into the utmost Angle of the world he
 knew.

XLVIII.

' For that same Brute, whom much he
 did aduance
 In all his speach, was Sylvius his sonne,
 Whom having slain through luckles
 arrowes glauce,
 He fled for feare of that he had mis-
 donne,
 Or els for shame, so fowle reproch to
 shonne,
 And with him ledd to sea an youthly
 trayne;
 Where wearie wandring they long time
 did wonne,
 And many fortunes prov'd in th' Ocean
 mayne,
 And great adventures found, that now
 were long to sayne.

XLIX.

' At last by fatall course they driven
 were
 Into an Island spacious and brode,
 The furthest North that did to them
 appeare:
 Which, after rest, they, seeking farre
 abroad,
 Found it the fittest soyle for their abode,
 Fruitfull of all thinges fitt for living foode,
 But wholly waste and void of peoples trode,
 Save an huge nation of the Geaunts broode
 That fed on living flesh, and dronck mens
 vitall blood.

L.

' Whom he, through wearie wars 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 laide on th' earth
 full cold,
 Which quaked under their so hideous
 masse;
 A famous history to bee enrold
 In everlasting moniments of brasse,
 That all the antique Worthies merits far
 did passe.

LI.

' His worke great Troynovant, his worke
 is eke
 Faire Lincolne, both renowned far away;
 That who from East to West will endlong
 seeke,
 Cannot two fairer Cities find this day,
 Except Cleopolis: so heard I say
 Old Mneumon. Therefore, Sir, I greet you
 well
 Your cuntry kin; and you entyrelly pray
 Of pardon for the strife, which late befell
 Betwixt us both unknowne.' So ended
 Paridell.

LII.

But all the while that he these speeches
 spent,
 Upon his lips hong faire Dame Hellenore
 With vigilant regard and dew attent,
 Fashioning worldes of fancies evermore
 In her fraile witt, that now her quite for-
 lore:
 The whiles unwares away her wondring
 eye
 And greedy eares her weake hart from
 her bore;
 Which he perceiving, ever privily,
 In speaking many false belgardes at her
 let fly.

LIII.

So long these knights discoursed diversly
 Of strange affaires, and noble hardiment,
 Which they had past with mickle jeopardy,
 That now the humid night was farforth
 spent,
 And hevenly lampes were halfendeale
 ybrent:
 Which th' old man seeing wel, who too
 long thought
 Every discourse, and every argument,
 Which by the houres he measured, be-
 sought
 Them go to rest. So all unto their bowres
 were brought.

CANTO X.

Paridell rapeth Hellenore :
 Malbecco her poursewes ;
 Fyndes amongst Satyres, whence with him
 To turne she doth refuse.

I.

THE morow next, so soone as Phæbus
 Lamp
 Bewrayed had the world with early light,
 And fresh Aurora had the shady damp
 Out of the goodly heven amoved quight,
 Faire Britomart and that same Faery
 knight
 Uprose, forth on their journey for to
 wend :
 But Paridell complaynd, that his late
 fight
 With Britomart so sore did him offend,
 That ryde he could not, till his hurts he
 did amend.

II.

So fourth they far'd; but he behind
 then stayd,
 Maulgre his host, who grudged grievously
 To house a guest that would be needes
 obayd,
 And of his owne him lefte not liberty :
 Might wanting measure moveth surquedry.
 Two things he feared, but the third was
 death ;
 That fiers youngmans unruly maystery ;
 His money, which he lov'd as living
 breath ;
 And his faire wife, whom honest long he
 kept uneach.

III.

But patience perforce, he must abie
 What fortune and his fate on him will
 lay ;
 Fond is the feare that findes no remedie :
 Yet warily he watcheth every way,
 By which he feareth evill happen may :
 So th' evill thinkes 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 him selfe
 torment.

IV.

But Paridell kept better watch then hee,
 A fit occasion for his turne to finde.
 False love! why do men say thou canst
 not see,
 And in their foolish fancy feigne thee
 blinde,

That with thy charmes the sharpest sight
 doest binde,
 And to thy will abuse? Thou walkest
 free,
 And seest every secret of the minde ;
 Thou seest all, yet none at all sees thee :
 All that is by the working of thy Deitee.

V.

So perfect in that art was Paridell,
 That he Malbeccoes halfen eye did wyle ;
 His halfen eye he wiled wondrous well,
 And Hellenors both eyes did eke beguyle,
 Both eyes and hart attonce, during the
 whyle
 That he there sojourned his woundes to
 heale ;
 That Cupid selfe, it seeing, close did smyle
 To weet how he her love away did steale,
 And bad that none their joyous treason
 should reveale.

VI.

The learned lover lost no time nor tyde
 That least avantage mote to him afford,
 Yet bore so faire a sayle, that none espyde
 His secret drift, till he her layd aboard.
 When so in open place and commune bord
 He fortun'd her to meet, with commune
 speach
 He courted her; yet bayted every word,
 That his ungentle hoste n'ote him appeach
 Of vile ungentlenesse, or hospitagesbreach.

VII.

But when apart (if ever her apart)
 He found, then his false engins fast he
 plyde,
 And all the sleights unbosomd in his hart :
 He sigh'd, he sobd, he swownd, he perdy
 dyde,
 And cast himselfe on ground her fast
 besyde :
 Tho, when againe he him bethought to
 live,
 He wept, and wayld, and false laments
 belyde,
 Saying, but if she Mercie would him give,
 That he mote algates dye, yet did his
 death forgive.

VIII.

And otherwhyles with amorous delights
 And pleasing toyes he would her entertaine;
 Now singing sweetly to surprize her
 sprights,
 Now making layes of love and lovers
 paine,
 Bransles, Ballads, virelayes, and verses
 vaine;
 Oft purposes, oft riddles, he devysd,
 And thousands like which flowed in his
 braine,
 With which he fed her fancy, and entysd
 To take to his new love, and leave her
 old despyd.

IX.

And every where he might, and everie
 while,
 He did her service dewtifull, and sewd
 At hand with humble pride and pleasing
 guile;
 So closely yet, that none but she it vewd,
 Who well perceived all, and all indewd.
 Thus finely did he his false nets dispred,
 With which he many weake harts had
 subdewd
 Of yore, and many had ylike misled:
 What wonder then, if she were likewise
 carried?

X.

No fort so sensible, no wals so strong,
 But that continuall battery will rive,
 Or daily sieg, through dispurvayaunce
 long
 And lacke of reskewes, will to parley
 drive;
 And Peece, that unto parley eare will
 give,
 Will shortly yield it selfe, and will be
 made
 The vassall of the victors will bylive:
 That stratageme had oftentimes assayd
 This crafty Paramoure, and now it plaine
 display'd:

XI.

For through his traines he her intrapped
 hath,
 That she her love 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 fayre
 Cucquold.
 Nought wants but time and place, which
 shortly shée
 Devized hath, and to her lover told.
 It pleased well: So well they both agree:
 So readie rype to ill ill womens counsels
 bee!

XII.

Darke was the Evening, fit for lovers
 stealth,
 When chaunst Malbecco busie be else-
 where,
 She to his closet went, where all his
 wealth
 Lay hid; thereof she countlesse summes
 did reare,
 The which she meant away with her to
 beare;
 The rest she fyr'd, for sport, or for de-
 spight:
 As Hellene, when she saw aloft appeare
 The Trojane flames and reach to heavens
 light,
 Did clap her hands, and joyed at that
 dolefull sight.

XIII.

This second Helene, fayre Dame Hel-
 lenore,
 The whiles her husband ran with sory
 haste
 To quench the flames which she had
 tyn'd before,
 Laught at his foolish labour spent in
 waste,
 And ran into her lovers armes right fast;
 Where streight embraced she to him did
 cry
 And call alowd for helpe, ere helpe were
 past;
 For lo! that Guest did beare her forcibly,
 And meant to ravish her, that rather had
 to dy.

XIV.

The wretched man hearing her call for
 ayd,
 And ready seeing him with her to fly,
 In his disquiet mind was much dismayd:
 But when againe he backward cast his
 eye,
 And saw the wicked fire so furiously
 Consume his hart, and scorch his Idoles
 face,
 He was therewith distressed diversely,
 Ne wist he how to turne, nor to what
 place:
 Was never wretched man in such a wofull
 cace.

XV.

Ay when to him she cryde, to her he
 turnd,
 And left the fire; love money overcame:
 But, when he marked how his money
 burnd,
 He left his wife; mouey did love dis-
 claime:

Both was he loth to loose his loved Dame,
 And loth to leave his liefest pelfe be-
 hinde;
 Yet, sith he n'ote save both, he sav'd that
 same
 Which was the dearest to his dounghill
 minde,
 The God of his desire, the joy of misers
 blinde.

xvi.

Thus whilest all things in troublous up-
 rre were,
 And all men busie to suppress the flame,
 The loving couple neede no reskew feare,
 But leasure had and liberty to frame
 Their purpost flight, free from all mens
 reclame;
 And Night, the patronesse of love-stealth
 fayre,
 Gave them safe conduct, till to end they
 came.
 So beene they gone yfere, a wanton payre
 Of lovers loosely knit, where list them to
 repayre.

xvii.

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 waves of grieve and gealosye
 Full deepe emplonged was, and drowned
 nye
 Twixt inward doole and felonous de-
 spight:
 He rav'd, he wept, he stamp, he lowd did
 cry,
 And all the passions that in man may
 light
 Did him attonce oppresse, and vex his
 captive spright.

xviii.

Long thus he chawd the cud of inward
 grieve,
 And did consume his gall with anguish
 sore:
 Still when he mused on his late mischief,
 Then still the smart thereof increased
 more,
 And seemd more grievous then it was
 before.
 At last when sorrow he saw booted
 nought,
 Ne grieve might not his love to him re-
 store,
 He gan devise how her he reskew mought:
 Ten thousand wayes he cast in his con-
 fused thought.

xix.

At last resolving, 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 leaves in ground: So takes in
 hond
 To seeke her endlong both by sea and
 lond.
 Long he her sought, he sought her far
 and nere,
 And every where that he mote under-
 stond
 Of knights and ladies any meetings
 were;
 And of each one he mett he tidings did
 inquire.

xx.

But all in vaine: his woman was too
 wise
 Ever to come into his clouch againe,
 And hee too simple ever to surprise
 The jolly Paridell, for all his paine.
 One day, as hee forpassed by the plaine
 With weary pace, he far away espide
 A couple, seeming well to be his twaine,
 Which hoved close under a forest side,
 As if they lay in wait, or els them selves
 did hide.

xxi.

Well weened hee that those the same
 mote bee;
 And as he better did their shape avize,
 Him seemed more their maner did
 agree;
 For th' one was armed all in warlike
 wize,
 Whom to be Paridell he did devize;
 An th' other, al yclad in garments light
 Discoloured like to womanish disguise,
 He did resemble to his lady bright;
 And ever his faint hart much earned at
 the sight:

xxii.

And ever faine he towards them would
 goe,
 But yet durst not for dread approchen
 nie,
 But stood aloofe, unweeting what to doe;
 Till that prickt forth with loves ex-
 tremity
 That is the father of fowle gealosy,
 He closely nearer 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:

XXIII.

But it was scornfull Braggadochio,
That with his servant Trompart choerd
there,
Sith late he fled from his too earnest foe:
Whom such whenas Malbecco spyed
clere,
He turned backe, and would have fled
arere,
Till Trompart, ronning hastely, him did
stay,
And bad before his souveraine Lord ap-
pere.
That was him loth, yet durst he not
gainesay,
And comming him before low louted on
the lay.

XXIV.

The Boaster at him sternely bent his
browe,
As if he could have kild him with his
looke,
That to the ground him meekely made to
bowe,
And awful terror deepe into him strooke,
That every member of his body quooke.
Said he, 'Thou man of nought, what
doest thou here
Unfitly furnisht with thy bag and booke,
Where I expected one with shield and
spere
To prove some deeds of armes upon an
equall pere?'

XXV.

The wretched man at his imperious
speach
Was all abasht, and low prostrating said:
'Good Sir, let not my rudenes be no
breach
Unto your patience, ne be ill ypaid;
For I unwares this way by fortune straid,
A silly Pilgrim driven to distresse,
That seeke a Lady'—There he suddein
staid,
And did the rest with grievous sighes
suppresse,
While teares stood in his eies, few drops
of bitterness.

XXVI.

'What Lady, man?' (said Trompart)
'take good hart,
And tell thy grieffe, if any hidden lye:
Was never better time to shew thy smart
Then now that noble succor is thee by,
That is the whole worlds commune
remedy.'
That chearful word his weak heart much
did cheare,

And with vaine hope his spirits faint
supply,
That bold he sayd; 'O most redoubted
Pere!
Vouchsafe with mild regard a wretches
cace to heare.'

XXVII.

Then sighing sore, 'It is not long,'
(saide hee)
'Sith I enjoyd the gentlest Dame alive;
Of whom a knight, no knight at all
perdee,
But shame of all that doe for honor
strive,
By treacherous deceit did me deprive:
Through open outrage he her bore away,
And with fowle force unto his will did
drive;
Which al good knights, that armes doe
bear this day,
Are bound for to revenge, and punish if
they may.

XXVIII.

'And you, most noble Lord, that can
and dare
Redresse the wrong of miserable wight,
Cannot employ your most victorious
speare
In better quarell then defence of right,
And for a Lady gainst a faithlesse
knight:
So shall your glory bee advanced much,
And all faire Ladies magnify your might,
And eke my selfe, albee I simple such,
Your worthy paine shall wel reward with
guerdon rich.'

XXIX.

With that out of his bouget forth he
drew
Great store of treasure, therewith him to
tempt;
But he on it lookt scornefully askew,
As much disdainyng to be so misdeempt,
Or a war-monger to be basely nempt;
And sayd; 'Thy offers base I greatly
loth,
And eke thy words uncourteous and un-
kempt:
I tread in dust thee and thy money both,
That, were it not for shame'—So turned
from him wroth.

XXX.

But Trompart, that his maistres humor
knew
In lofty looks to hide an humble minde,
Was inly tickled with that golden vew.

And in his eare him rownded close be-
hinde:
Yet stoupt he not, but lay still in the
winde,
Waiting advauntage on the pray to sease,
Till Trompart, lowly to the grownd in-
clinde,
Besought him his great corage to appease,
And pardon simple man that rash did him
displease.

XXXI.

Big looking like a doughty Doucepere,
At last he thus; 'Thou clod of vilest
clay,
I pardon yield, and with thy rudenes
beare;
But weete henceforth, that all that golden
pray,
And all that els the vaine world vaunten
may,
I loath as doung, ne deeme my dew re-
ward:
Fame is my meed, and glory vertues pay:
But minds of mortall men are muchell
mard
And mov'd amisse with massy mucks un-
meet regard.

XXXII.

'And more: I graunt to thy great
misery
Gratious respect; thy wife shall backe be
sent:
And that vile knight, who ever that he
bee,
Which hath thy lady reft and knighthood
shent,
By Sanglamort my sword, whose deadly
dent
The blood bath of so many thousands
shedd,
I sweare, ere long shall dearely it repent;
Ne he twixt heven and earth shall hide
his hedd,
But soone he shal be fownd, and shortly
doen be dedd.'

XXXIII.

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 brave
begonne
His stolen steed to thunder furiously,
As if he heaven and hell would over-ronne,
And all the world confound with cruelty:
That much Malbecco joyed in his jollity.

XXXIV.

Thus long they three together traveled,
Through many a wood and many an un-
couth way,
To seeke his wife that was far wandered:
But those two sought nought but the
present pray,
To weete, the treasure which he did be-
wray,
On which their eies and harts were wholly
sett,
With purpose how they might it best be-
tray;
For, sith the howre that first he did
them lett
The same behold, therwith their keene
desires were whett.

XXXV.

It fortun'd, as they together far'd,
They spide where Paridell came pricking
fast
Upon the plaine; the which him selfe
prepar'd
To guist with that brave straunger knight
a cast,
As an adventure by the way he past.
Alone he rode without his Paragone;
For, having filcht her bells, her up he cast
To the wide world, and lett her fly alone:
He nould be clogd. So had he served
many one.

XXXVI.

The gentle Lady, loose at randon lefte,
The greene-wood long did walke, and
wander wide
At wilde adventure, like a forlorne wefte;
Till on a day the Satyres her espide
Straying alone withouten groome or
guide:
Her up they tooke, and with them home
her ledd,
With them as housewife ever to abide,
To milk their gotes and make them cheese
and bredd;
And every one as commune good her
handed:

XXXVII.

That shortly she Malbecco has forgott,
And eke Sir Paridell, all were he deare;
Who from her went to seeke another lott,
And now by fortune was arrived here,
Where those two guilers with Malbecco
were.
Soone as the old man saw Sir Paridell,
He fainted, and was almost dead with
feare,
Ne word he had to speake his grieve to
tell,

But to him louted low, and greeted goodly well;

XXXVIII.

And, after, asked him for Hellenore:
'I take no keepe of her,' (sayd Paridell)
'She womneth in the Forrest there before.'
So forth he rode as his adventure fell;
The whiles the Boaster from his loftie sell
Faynd to alight, something amisse to
mend;

But the fresh Swayne would not his leasure dwell,
But went his way: whom when he passed
kemd,

He up remounted light, and after faind to
wend.

XXXIX.

'Perdy, nay,' (said Malbecco) 'shall ye
not;

But let him passe as lightly as he came:
For litle good of him is to be got,
And mickle perill to bee put to shame.
But let us goe to seeke my dearest Dame,
Whom he hath left in yonder forest wyld;
For of her safety in great doubt I amie,
Least salvage beastes her person have de-
spoyld:

Then all the world is lost, and we in vaine
have toyld.'

XL.

They all agree, and forward them ad-
dresse:

'Ah! but,' (said crafty Trompart) 'weete
ye well,

That yonder in that wastefull wilderness
Huge monsters haunt, and many dangers
dwell:

Dragons, and Minotaures, and feendes of
hell,

And many wilde woodmen which robbe
and rend

All travelers: therefore advise ye well
Before ye enterprise that way to wend:

One may his journey bring too soone to
evill end.'

XLI.

Malbecco stopt in great astonishment,
And with pale eyes fast fixed on the rest,
Their counsell crav'd in daunger immin-
nent.

Said Trompart; 'You, that are the most
opprest

With burdein of great treasure, I thinke
best

Here for to stay in safetie behynd:
My Lord and I will search the wide forest.'

That counsell pleased not Malbeccoes
mynd,

For he was much afraid him selfe alone
to fynd.

XLII.

'Then is it best,' (said he) 'that ye doe
leave

Your treasure here in some security,
Either fast closed in some hollow greave,
Or buried in the ground from jeopardy,
Till we returne againe in safety:
As for us two, least doubt of us ye have,
Hence farre away we will byndfolded ly,
Ne privy bee unto your treasures grave.'
It pleased; so he did. Then they march
forward brave.

XLIII.

Now, when amid the thickest woodes
they were,

They heard a noyse of many bagpipes
shrill,

And shrieking Hububs them approching
nere,

Which all the forest did with horroure fill.
That dreadfull sound the bosters hart did
thrill

With such amazement, that in hast he
fledd,

Ne ever looked back for good or ill;
And after him eke fearefull Trompart
spedd:

The old man could not fly, but fell to
ground half dedd.

XLIV.

Yet afterwarde, close creeping as he
might,

He in a bush did hyde his fearefull hedd.
The jolly Satyres, full of fresh delight,
Came dauncing forth, and with them
nimble ledd

Faire Helenore with girlonds all bespredd,
Whom their May-lady they had newly
made:

She, proude of that new honour which
they redd,

And of their lovely fellowship full glade,
Daunst lively, and her face did with a
Lawrell shade.

XLV.

The silly man that in the thickett lay
Saw all this goodly sport, and grieved
sore;

Yet durst he not against it doe or say,
But did his hart with bitter thoughts en-
gore,

To see th' unkindnes of his Hellenore.
All day they daunced with great lusty-
hedd,

And with their horned feet the greene
gras wore,

The whiles their Gotes upon the brouzes
fedd,

Till drouping Phœbus gan to hyde his
golden hedd.

XLVI.

Tho up they gan their mery pypes to
trusse,
And all their goodly heardees did gather
rownd;

But every Satyre first did give a busse
To Hellenore; so busses did abound.
Now gan the humid vapour shed the
ground

With perly deaw, and th' Earthes gloomy
shade

Did dim the brightnesse of the welkin
rownd,

That every bird and beast awarned made
To shrowd themselves, whiles sleepe their
seneces did invade.

XLVII.

Which when Malbecco saw, out of the
bush
Upon his handes and feete he crept full
light,

And like a Gote emongst the Gotes did
rush;

That, through the helpe of his faire hornes
on high,

And misty dampe of misconceyving night,
And eke through likenesse of his gotish
beard,

He did the better counterfeite aright:
So home he marcht emongst the horned
heard,

That none of all the Satyres him espyde
or heard.

XLVIII.

At night, when all they went to sleepe,
he vewd

Whereas his lovely wife emongst them lay,
Embraced of a Satyre rough and rude,
Who all the night did minde his joyous
play:

Nine times he heard him come aloft ere
day,

That all his hart with gealosity did swell;
But yet that nights ensample did bewray
That not for nought his wife them loved
so well,

When one so oft a night did ring his
matins bell.

XLIX.

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 he which by her side did
dwell;

And therefore prayd her wake to heare
him plaine,

As one out of a dreame not waked well
She turnd her, and returned backe
again;

Yet her for to awake he did the more con-
straine.

L.

At last with irkesom trouble she
abrayd;

And then perceiving that it was indeed
Her old Malbecco, which did her upbrayd
With loosenesse of her love and loathly
deed,

She was astonisht with exceeding dreed,
And would have wakt the Satyre by her
syde;

But he her prayd, for mercy or for meed,
To save his life, ne let him be descryde,
But hearken to his lore, and all his coun-
sell hyde.

LI.

Tho gan he her perswade to leave that
lewd

And loathsom life, of God and man ab-
hord,

And home returne, where all should be
renewd

With perfect peace and bandes of fresh
accord,

And she receivd againe to bed and bord,
As if no trespas ever had bene donne:

But she it all refused at one word,
And by no meanes would to his will be
wonne,

But chose emongst the jolly Satyres still
to wonne.

LII.

He wooed her till day-spring he espyde,
But all in vaine; and then turnd to the
heard,

Who butted him with hornes on every
syde,

And trode downe in the durt, where his
hore beard

Was fowly dight, and he of death afeard.
Early, before the heavens fairest light

Out of the ruddy East was fully reard,
The heardees out of their foldes were
loosed quight,

And he emongst the rest crept forth in
sory plight.

LIII.

So soone as he the Prison-dore did pas,
He ran as fast as both his feet could
beare,

And never looked who behind him was,

Ne scarcely who before: like as a Beare,
That creeping close amongst the hives to
reare

An hony-combe, the wakefull dogs espy,
And him assayling sore his carkas teare,
That hardly he with life away does fly,
Ne staves, till safe him selfe he see from
jeopardy.

LIV.

Ne stayd he, till he came unto the place
Where late his treasure he entombd had;
Where when he found it not, (for Trom-
part bace

Had it purloyned for his maister bad)
With extreme fury he became quite mad,
And ran away, ran with him selfe away;
That who so straungely had him seene
bestadd,

With upstart haire and staring eyes dis-
may,

From Limbo lake him late escaped sure
would say.

LV.

High over hilles and over dales he fledd,
As if the wind him on his winges had
borne;

Ne banck nor bush could stay him, when
he spedd

His nimble feet, as treading still on
thorne:

Griefe, and despight, and gealosity, and
scorne,

Did all the way him follow hard behynd;
And he him selfe him selfe loath'd so for-
lorne,

So shamefully forlorne of womankynd,
That, as a Snake, still lurked in his
wounded mynd.

LVI.

Still fled he forward, looking backward
still;

Ne stayd his flight nor fearefull agony,
Till that he came unto a rocky hill
Over the sea suspended dreadfully,
That living creature it would terrify
To looke adowne, or upward to the hight:
From thence he threw him selfe despite-
ously,

All desperate of his fore-damned spright,
That seemd no help for him was left in
living sight.

LVII.

But through long anguish and selfe-
murdring thought,
He was so wasted and forpined quight,

That all his substance was consum'd to
nought,

And nothing left but like an aery Spright,
That on the rockes he fell so flit and
light,

That he thereby receiv'd no hurt at all;
But chaunced on a craggy cliff to light,
Whence he with crooked clawes so long
did crall,

That at last he found a cave with en-
trance small.

LVIII.

Into the same he creepes, and thence-
forth there

Resolv'd to build his balefull mansion
In dreary darkenes and continuall feare
Of that rocks fall, which ever and anon
Threates with huge ruine him to fall
upon,

That he dare never sleepe, but that one
eye

Still ope he keepes for that occasion;
Ne ever rests he in tranquillity,
The roring billowes beat his bowre so
boystrously.

LIX.

Ne ever is he wont on ought to feed
But todes and frogs, his pasture poyson-
ous,

Which in his cold complexion doe breed
A filthy blood, or humour raucorous,
Matter of doubt and dread suspitious,
That doth with curelesse care consume
the hart,

Corrupts the stomacke with gall vitious,
Cros-cuts the liver with internall smart,
And doth transfixe the soule with deathes
eternall dart.

LX.

Yet can he never dye, but dying lives,
And doth him selfe with sorrow new sus-
taine,

That death and life attonce unto him
gives,
And painefull pleasure turnes to pleasing
paine.

There dwels he ever, miserable swaine,
Hatefull both to him selfe and every
wight;

Where he, through privy griefe and hor-
rour vaine,

Is woxen so deform'd that he has quight
Forgot he was a man, and Gelosity
hight.

CANTO XI.

Britomart chaeceth Ollyphant;
 Findes Scudamour distrest;
 Assayes the house of Busyrane,
 Where loves spoyles are exprest.

I.

O HATEFULL hellish Snake! what furie
 furst
 Brought thee from balefull house of Proserpine,
 Where in her bosome she thee long had
 nurst,
 And fostred up with bitter milke of tine,
 Fowle Gealosity! that turnest love divine
 To joylesse dread, and mak'st the loving
 hart
 With 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!

II.

O! let him far be banished away,
 And in his stead let Love for ever dwell;
 Sweete Love, that doth his golden wings
 embay
 In blessed Nectar and pure Pleasures
 well,
 Untroubled of vile feare or bitter fell.
 And ye, faire Ladies, that your kingdomes
 make
 In th' harts of men, them governe wisely
 well,
 And of faire Britomart ensample take,
 That was as trew in love as Turtle to her
 make.

III.

Who with Sir Satyrane, as earst ye red,
 Forth ryding from Malbeccoes hostlesse
 hous,
 Far off aspyde a young man, the which
 fled
 From an huge Geaunt, that with hideous
 And hatefull outrage 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.

IV.

For as the sister did in feminine
 And filthy lust exceede all womaukiude,

So he surpassed his sex masculine,
 In beastly use, all that I ever finde:
 Whom when as Britomart beheld behinde
 The fearefull boy so greedily poursew,
 She was enmovd in her noble minde,
 T' employ her puissaunce to his reskew,
 And pricked fiercely forward where she
 did him vew.

V.

Ne was Sir Satyrane her far behinde,
 But with like fiercenesse did ensew the
 chace.
 Whom* when the Gyaunt saw, he soone
 resinde
 His former suit, and from them fled
 apace:
 They after both, and boldly bad him bace,
 And each did strive the other to outgoe;
 But he them both outran a wondrous
 space,
 For he was long, and swift as any Roe,
 And now made better speed t' escape his
 feared foe.

VI.

It was not Satyrane, whom he did feare,
 But Britomart the floure of chastity;
 For he the powre of chaste hands might
 not beare,
 But alwayes did their dread encounter
 fly:
 And now so fast his feet he did apply,
 That he has gotten to a forrest neare,
 Where he is shrowded in security.
 The wood they enter, and search everie
 where;
 They searched diversely, so both divided
 were.

VII.

Fayre Britomart so long him followed,
 That she at last came to a fountaine
 sheare,
 By which there lay a knight all wallowed
 Upon 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 ever it in field was
 showne.

VIII.

His face upon the grownd did groveling
ly,
As if he had beene slombring in the
shade;
That the brave Mayd would not for
courtesy
Out of his quiet slomber him abrade,
Nor seeme too suddenly him to invade.
Still as she stood, she heard with grievous
throb
Him grone, as if his hart were peeces
made,
And with most painefull pangs to sigh
and sob,
That pittie did the Virgins hart of patience
rob.

IX.

At last forth breaking into bitter
plaintes
He sayd; 'O soverayne Lord! that sit'st
on hye
And raignst in blis emongst thy blessed
Saintes,
How suffrest thou such shamefull cruelty
So long un wreaked of thine enemy?
Or hast thou, Lord, of good mens cause
no heed?
Or doth thy justice sleepe and silent ly?
What booteth then the good and righteous
deed,
If goodnesse find no grace, nor righteous-
nes no meed?

X.

'If good find grace, and righteousnes
reward,
Why then is Amoret in caytive band,
Sith that more bounteous creature never
far'd
On foot upon the face of living land?
Or if that heavenly justice may withstand
The wrongfull outrage of unrighteous
men,
Why then is Busirane with wicked hand
Suffred, these seven monethes day, in
secret den
My Lady and my love so cruelly to pen!

XI.

'My Lady and my love is cruelly pend
In dolefull darkenes from the vew of
day,
Whilset deadly torments doe her chast
brest rend,
And the sharpe steele doth rive her hart
in tway,
All for she Scudamore will not deny.
Yet thou, vile man, vile Scudamore, art
sound,

Ne canst her ayde, ne canst her foe dismay;
Unworthy wretch to tread upon the
ground,
For whom so faire a Lady feeles so sore
a wound!'

XII.

There an huge heape of singults did
opresse
His strugling soule, and swelling throbs
enpeach
His foltring tounge with pangs of dreri-
nesse,
Choking the remnant of his plaintife
speech,
As if his dayes were come to their last
reach:
Which when she heard, and saw the
ghastly fit
Threatning into his life to make a breach,
Both with great ruth and terrour she was
smit,
Fearing least from her cage the wearie
soule would flit.

XIII.

The stouping downe she him amoved
light;
Who, therewith somewhat starting, up
gan looke,
And seeing him behind a stranger knight,
Whereas no living creature he mistooke,
With great indignaunce he that sight for-
sooke,
And, downe againe himselfe disdainfully
Abjecting, th' earth with his faire forehead
strooke:
Which the bold Virgin seeing gan apply
Fit medicine to his griefe, and spake thus
courtesly:—

XIV.

'Ah gentle knight! whose deepe con-
ceived griefe
Well seemes t' excede the powre of pa-
tience,
Yet, if that heavenly grace some goode
reliefe
You send, submit you to high providence;
And ever in your noble hart prepen-
se,
That all the sorrow in the world is lesse
Then vertues might and values confi-
dence:
For who nill bide the burden of distresse,
Must not here thinke to live; for life is
wretchednesse.

XV.

'Therefore, faire Sir, doe comfort to you
take,
And freely read what wicked felon so

Hath outrag'd you, and thrald your gentle
make.
Perhaps this hand may helpe to ease your
woe,
And wreake your sorrow on your cruell
foe;
At least it faire endeavour will apply.'
Those feeling words so neare the quicke
did goe,
That up his head he reared easily,
And, leaning on his elbowe, these few
words lett fly.

XVI.

'What boots it plaine that cannot be
redrest,
And sow 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 blacke
Magicke leare,
Hath in a dungeon deepe her close embard,
And many dreadfull feends hath pointed
to her gard.

XVII.

'There he tormenteth her most terribly
And day and night afflicts with mortall
paine,
Because to yield him love she doth deny,
Once to me yold, not to be yold againe:
But yet by torture he would her con-
straine
Love to conceive in her disdainfull brest;
Till so she doe, she must in doole remaine,
Ne may by living meanes be thence relest:
What boots it then to plaine that cannot
be redrest?'

XVIII.

With this sad hersall of his heavy stresse
The warlike Damzell was empassiond
sore,
And sayd; 'Sir knight, your cause is
nothing lesse
Then is your sorrow certes, if not more;
For nothing so much pittie doth implore
As gentle Ladyes helplesse misery:
But yet, if please ye listen to my lore,
I will, with prooffe of last extremity,
Deliver her fro thence, or with her for
you dy.

XIX.

'Ah! gentlest knight alive,' (sayd
Scudamore)
'What huge heroicke magnanimity

Dwells in thy bounteous brest! what
couldst thou more,
If shee were thine, and thou as now am I?
O! spare thy happy daies, and them
apply
To better boot; but let me die that ought:
More is more losse; one is enough to dy.'
'Life is not lost,' (said she) 'for which is
bought
Endlesse renown, that, more then death,
is to be sought.'

XX.

Thus shee at length persuaded him to
rise,
And with her wend to see what new suc-
cesse
Mote him befall upon new enterprise.
His armes, which he had vowed to dis-
professe,
She gathered up and did about him dresse,
And his forwardred steed unto him gott:
So forth they forth yfere make their pro-
gresse,
And march not past the mountenance of
a shott,
Till they arriv'd whereas their purpose
they did plott.

XXI.

There they dismantling drew their
weapons bold,
And stoutly came unto the Castle gate,
Whereas no gate they found them to with-
hold,
Nor ward to waite at morne and evening
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 horror did all entrance
choke,
Enforced them their forward footing to
revoke.

XXII.

Greatly thereat was Britomart dismayd,
Ne in that stownd wist how her selfe to
beare;
For daunger vaine it were to have assayd
That cruell element, which all things feare,
Ne none can suffer to approchen neare:
And, turning backe to Scudamour, thus
sayd:
'What monstrous enmity provoke we
heare?
Foolhardy as th' Earthes children, the
which made
Battel against the Gods, so we a God
invade.

XXIII.

'Daunger without discretion to attempt
Inglorious, beastlike is: therefore, Sir
knight,
Aread what course of you is safest dempt,
And how he with our foe may come to
fight.'
'This is' (quoth he) 'the dolorous de-
spight,
Which earst to you I playnd: for neither
may
This fire be quencht by any witt or might,
Ne yet by any meanes remov'd away;
So mighty be th' enchantments which
the same do stay.'

XXIV.

'What is there ells but cease these fruit-
lesse paines,
And leave me to my former languishing?
Faire Amorett must dwell in wicked
chaines,
And Scudamore here die with sorrowing.'
'Perdy not so,' (saide shee) 'for shameful
thing
Yt were t' abandon noble chevisaunce
For shewe of perill, without venturing:
Rather let try extremities of chaunce,
Then enterprised praise for dread to dis-
avaunce.'

XXV.

Therewith, resolv'd to prove her utmost
might,
Her ample shield she threw before her
face,
And her swords point directing forward
right
Assayld the flame; the which estesoones
gave place,
And did it selfe divide with equall space,
That through she passed, as a thonder
bolt
Perceht the yielding ayre, and doth dis-
place
The soring clouds into sad showres ymolt;
So to her yold the flames, and did their
force revolt.

XXVI.

Whom whenas Scudamour saw past the
fire
Safe and untoucht, he likewise gan assay
With greedy will and envious desire,
And bad the stubborn flames to yield him
way:
But cruell Mulciber would not obay
His threatfull pride, but did the more
augment
His mighty rage, and with imperious sway
Him forst, (maulgre) his fercenes to relent,

And backe retire, all scorcht and pittifully
brent.

XXVII.

With huge impatience he inly swelt,
More for great sorrow that he could not pas
Then for the burning torment which he
felt;
That with fell woodnes he effierced was,
And wilfully him throwing on the gras
Did beat and bounse his head and brest
ful sore:
The whiles the Championesse now entred
has
The utmost rowme, and past the foremost
dore;
The utmost rowme abounding with all
precious store;

XXVIII.

For round about the walls yclothed were
With goodly arras of great majesty,
Woven with gold and silke, so close and
nere
That the rich metall lurked privily,
As faining to be hidd from envious eye;
Yet here, and there, and every where, un-
wares
It shewd it selfe and shone unwillingly;
Like a discoloured Snake, whose hidden
snares
Through the greene gras his long bright
burnisht back declares.

XXIX.

And in those Tapets weren fashioned
Many faire pourtraicts, and many a faire
feate;
And all of love, and al of lusty-hed,
As seemed by their semblaunt, did en-
treat:
And eke all Cupids warres they did re-
peate,
And cruell battailes, 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 thral-
dome brought.

XXX.

Therein was writt how often thondring
Jove
Had felt the point of his hart-percing dart,
And, leaving heavens kingdome, here did
rove
In straunge disguise, to slake his scalding
smart;
Now, like a Ram, faire Helle to pervart,

Now, like a Bull, Europa to withdraw:
Ah! how the fearefull Ladies tender hart
Did lively seem to tremble, when she saw
The huge seas under her t' obay her ser-
vants law.

XXXI.

Soone after that, into a golden showre
Him selfe he chaung'd, faire Danaë to
view;
And through the roofe of her strong brasen
towre
Did raine into her lap an hony dew;
The whiles her foolish garde, that litle
knew
Of such decept, kept th' yron dore fast
bard,
And watcht that none should enter nor
issew:
Vaine was the watch, and bootlesse all
the ward,
Whenas the God to golden hew him selfe
transfard.

XXXII.

Then was he turnd into a snowy Swan,
To win faire Leda to his lovely trade:
O wondrous skill! and sweet wit of the
man,
That her in daffadillies sleeping made
From scorching heat her daintie limbes to
shade;
Whiles the proud Bird, ruffing his fethers
wyde
And brushing his faire brest, did her in-
vade:
She slept; yet twixt her eielids closely
spyde
How towards her he rusht, and smiled at
his pryde.

XXXIII.

Then shewed it how the Thebane
Semelee,
Deceivd of gealous Juno, did require
To see him in his soverayne majestee
Armd with his thunderbolts and lightning
fire,
Whens dearely she with death bought her
desire.
But faire Alcmena better match did
make,
Joying his love in likenes more entire:
Three nights in one, they say, that for her
sake
He then did put, her pleasures lenger to
partake.

XXXIV.

Twise was he seene in soaring Eagles
shape,

And with wide winges to beat the buxome
ayre:
Once, when he with Asterie did scape;
Againe, when as the Trojane boy so
fayre
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
hould.

XXXV.

In Satyres shape Antiopa he snatcht;
And like a fire, when he Aegin' assayd:
A shepeheard, when Mnemosyne he
catcht;
And like a Serpent to the Thracian mayd.
Whyles thus on earth great Jove these
pageaunts playd,
The winged boy did thrust into his throne,
And scoffing thus unto his mother sayd:
'Lo! now the heavens obey to me alone,
And take me for their Jove, whiles Jove
to earth is gone.'

XXXVI.

And thou, faire Phœbus, in thy colours
bright
Wast there enwoven, and the sad distresse
In which that boy thee plonged, for de-
spight
That thou bewray'dst his mothers wanton-
nesse,
When she with Mars was meynt in joyful-
nesse:
Forthy he thrid thee with a leaden dart
To love faire Daphne, which thee loved
lesse;
Lesse she thee lov'd then was thy just
desart,
Yet was thy love her death, and her death
was thy smart.

XXXVII.

So lovedst thou the lusty Hyacinet;
So lovedst thou the faire Coronis deare;
Yet both are of thy haplesse hand extinct,
Yet both in flowres doe live, and love thee
beare,
The one a Pounce, the other a sweet-
breare:
For grieve whereof, ye mote have lively
seene
The God himselfe reending his golden
beare,
And breaking quite his garlond ever
greene,

With other signes of sorrow and impatient
teene.

XXXVIII.

Both for those two, and for his owne
deare sonne,
The sonne of Climene, 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,
Forst him eftsoones to follow other game,
And love a Shephards daughter for his
dearest Dame.

XXXIX.

He loved Isse for his dearest Dame,
And for her sake her cattell fedd awhile,
And for her sake a cowheard vile became
The servant of Admetus, cowheard vile,
Whiles that from heaven he suffered
exile.
Long were to tell each other lovely fitt;
Now, like a Lyon hunting after spoile;
Now, like a stag; now, like a faulcon flit:
All which in that faire arras was most
lively writ.

XL.

Next unto him was Neptune pictured,
In his divine resemblance wondrous lyke:
His face was rugged, and his hoarie hed
Dropped with brackish dew: his three-
forkt Pyke
He stearnly shooke, and therewith fierce
did stryke
The raging billowes, that on every syde
They trembling stood, and made a long
broad dyke,
That his swift charet might have passage
wyde
Which foure great Hippodames did draw
in temewise tyde.

XLI.

His seahorses did seeme to snort
amayne,
And from their nosethrilles blow the
brynie streame,
That made the sparkling waves to smoke
agayne,
And flame with gold; but the white fomy
creame
Did shine with silver, and shoot forth his
beame.
The God himselfe did pensive seeme and
sad,

And hong adowne his head as he did
dreame;
For privy love his brest empierced had,
Ne ought but deare Bisaltis ay could make
him glad.

XLII.

He loved eke Iphimedia deare,
And Aeolus faire daughter, Arnè bight,
For whom he turnd him selfe into a
Stear,
And fedd on fodder to beguile her sight.
Also to win Deucalions daughter bright,
He turnd him selfe into a Dolphin fayre;
And like a winged horse he tooke his
flight
To snaky-locke Medusa to repayre,
On whom he got faire Pegasus that flitteth
in the ayre.

XLIII.

Next Saturne was, (but who would ever
weene
That sullein Saturne ever weend to love?
Yet love is sullein, and Saturnlike seene,
As he did for Erigone it prove)
That to a Centaure did him selfe trans-
move.
So proov'd it eke that grations God of
wine,
When for to compasse Philliras hard love,
He turnd himselfe into a fruitfull vine,
And into her faire bosome made his grapes
decline.

XLIV.

Long were to tell the amorous assayes,
And gentle pangues, with which he maked
meeke
The mightie Mars, to learne his wanton
playes;
How oft for Venus, and how often eek
For many other Nymphes, he sore did
shreek,
With womanish teares, and with unwar-
like smarts,
Privily moystening his horrid cheeke:
There was he painted full of burning
dartes,
And many wide woundes launched
through his inner partes.

XLV.

Ne did he spare (so cruell was the Elfe)
His owne deare mother, (ah! why should
he so?)
Ne did he spare sometime to pricke him-
selfe,
That he might taste the sweet consuming
woe,
Which he had wrought to many others
moe.

But, to declare the mournfull Tragedyes
And spoiles wherewith he all the ground
did strow,
More eath to number with how many eyes
High heven beholdes sad lovers nightly
theeveryes.

XLVI.

Kings, Queenes, Lords, Ladies, knights,
and Damsels gent,
Were heap'd together with the vulgar
sort,
And mingled with the raskall 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 bowes and arrowes shivered
short;
And a long bloody river through them
rayld,
So lively and so like that living sence it
fayld.

XLVII.

And at the upper end of that faire
rowme
There was an Altar built of pretious stone
Of passing valew and of great renomwe,
On which there stood an Image all alone
Of massy gold, which with his owne light
shone;
And winges it had with sondry colours
dight,
More sondry colours then the proud
Pavone
Beares in his boasted fan, or Iris bright,
When her discoloured bow she spreads
through hevens hight.

XLVIII.

Blyndfold he was; and in his cruell fist
A mortall bow and arrowes keene did
hold,
With which he shot at randon, when him
list,
Some headed with sad lead, some with
pure gold;
(Ah man! beware how thou those dartes
behold.)
A wounded Dragon under him did ly,
Whose hideous tayle his lefte foot did
enfold,
And with a shaft was shot through either
eye,
That no man forth might draw, ne no
man remedye.

XLIX.

And underneath his feet was written
thus,

Unto the Victor of the Gods this bee:
And all the people in that ample hous
Did to that image bowe their humble
knee,
And oft committed fowle Idolatree.
That wondrous sight faire Britomart
amazd,
Ne seeing could her wonder satisfie,
But ever more and more upon it gazd,
The whiles the passing brightnes her
fraile sences dazd.

L.

Tho, as she backward cast her busie
eye
To search each secrete of that goodly
sted,
Over the dore thus written she did spye,
Bee bold: she oft and oft it over-red,
Yet could not find what sence 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 bold steps into the
next roome went.

LI.

Much fayrer then the former was that
roome,
And richlier by many partes arayd;
For not with arras made in painefull
loome,
But with pure gold it all was overlayd,
Wrought with wilde Antickes, which
their follies playd
In the rich metall as they living were.
A thousand monstrous formes therein
were made,
Such as false love doth oft upon him
weare;
For love in thousand monstrous formes
doth oft appeare.

LII.

And all about the glistening walles were
hong
With warlike spoiles and with victorious
prayes
Of mightie Conquerours and Captaines
strong,
Which were whilome captived in their
dayes
To cruell love, and wrought their owne
decayes.
Their swerds and speres were broke, and
hauberques rent,
And their proud girlonds of tryumphant
bayes
Troden in dust with fury insolent,

To shew the victors might and mercilesse intent.

LIII.

The warlike Mayd, beholding earnestly
The goodly ordinaunce of this rich
Place,
Did greatly wonder; ne could satisfy
Her greedy eyes with gazing a long
space:
But more she mervaild that no footings
trace
Nor wight appeard, but wastefull empti-
nesse
And solemne silence over all that place:
Straunge thing it seem'd, that none was
to possesse
So rich purveyaunce, ne them keepe with
carefulnesse.

LIV.

And, as she lookt about, she did be-
hold
How over that same dore was likewise
writ,
Be bolde, be bolde, and every where, *Be
bold*;

That much she muz'd, yet could not con-
strue it

By any ridling skill, or commune wit.
At last she spyde at that rowmes upper
end
Another yron dore, on which was writ,
Be not too bold; whereto though she did
bend
Her earnest minde, yet wist not what it
might intend.

LV.

Thus she there wayted untill eventyde,
Yet living creature none she saw appeare.
And now sad shadowes gan the world to
hyde
From mortall vew, and wrap in darkenes
dreare;
Yet nould she d'off her weary armes, for
feare
Of secret daunger, ne let sleepe oppresse
Her heavy eyes with natures burdein
deare,
But drew her selfe aside in sicknesse,
And her wel-pointed wepons did about
her dresse.

CANTO XII.

The maske of Cupid, and th' enchanted
Chamber are displayd;
Whence Britomart redeines faire A-
moret through charmes decayd.

I.

THO, whenas chearelesse Night ycov-
ered had
Fayre heaven with an universall clowd,
That every wight dismayd with darkenes
sad
In silence and in sleepe themselves did
shrowd,
Sheheard a shrilling Trompet sound alowd,
Signe of nigh battaill, or got victory:
Nought therewith daunted was her cour-
age prowde,
But rather stird to cruell enmity,
Expecting ever when some foe she might
descry.

II.

With that an hideous storme of winde
arose,
With dreadfull thunder and lightning
atwixt,
And an earthquake, as if it streight
would lose
The worlds foundations from his centre
fixt:
A direfull stench of smoke and sulphure
mixt

Ensewd, whose noyaunce fild the feare-
full sted
From the fourth howre of night untill the
sixt;
Yet the bold Britonesse was nought
ydred,
Though much emmov'd, but stedfast still
persevered.

III.

All suddainly a stormy whirlwind blew
Throughout the house, that clapped every
dore,
With which that yron wicket open flew,
As it with mighty levers had bene tore;
And forth yssewd, as on the readie flore
Of some Theatre, a grave personage
That in his hand a braunch of laurell bore,
With comely haveour and count'nance
sage,
Yclad in costly garments fit for tragicke
Stage.

IV.

Proceeding to the midst he stil did
stand,
As if in minde he somewhat had to say;
And to the vulgare beckning with his hand,

In signe of silence, as to heare a play,
By lively actions he gan bewray
Some argument of matter passioned:
Which doen, he backe retyred soft away,
And, passing by, his name discovered,
Ease, on his robe in golden letters cy-
phered.

v.

The noble Mayd still standing all this
vevd,
And merveild at his straunge intendi-
ment.
With that a joyous fellowship issewd
Of Minstrales making goodly meriment,
With wanton Bardes, and Rymers impu-
dent;
All which together song full chearefully
A lay of loves delight with sweet concent:
After whom marcht a jolly company,
In manner of a maske, enranged orderly.

vi.

The whiles a most delitious harmony
In full straunge notes was sweetly heard
to sound,
That the rare sweetnesse of the melody
The feeble sences wholly did confound,
And the frayle soule in deepe delight nigh
drownd:
And, when it ceast, shrill trompets lowd
did bray,
That their report did far away rebound;
And, when they ceast, it gan againe to
play,
The whiles the maskers marched forth in
trim aray.

vii.

The first was Fanny, like a lovely Boy
Of rare aspect, and beautie without peare,
Matchable ether to that ympe of Troy,
Whom Jove did love and chose his cup to
beare;
Or that same daintie lad, which was so
deare
To great Alcides, that, when as he dyde,
He wailed womanlike with many a teare,
And every wood and every valley wyde
He filld with Hylas name; the Nymphes
eke Hylas cryde.

viii.

His garment nether was of silke nor
say,
But paynted plumes in goodly order
dight,
Like as the sunburnt Indians do aray
Their tawney bodies in their proudest
plight:
As those same plumes so seemd he vaine
and light,

That by his gate might easily appeare;
For still he far'd as dauncing in delight,
And in his hand a windy fan did beare,
That in the ydle ayre he mov'd still here
and there.

ix.

And him beside marcht amorous Desyre,
Who seemd of ryper yeares then th' other
Swayne,
Yet was that other swayne this elders
syre,
And gave him being, commune to them
twayne:
His garment was disguysed very vayne,
And his embrodered Bonet sat awry:
Twixt both his hands few sparks he close
did strayne,
Which still he blew and kindled busily,
That soone they life conceiv'd, and forth
in flames did fly.

x.

Next after him went Doubt, who was
yclad
In a discolour'd cote of straunge dis-
guyse,
That at his backe a brode Capuccio had,
And sleeves dependaunt Albañesè-wyse:
He lookt askew with his mistrustfull
eyes,
And nyceley trode, as thornes lay in his
way,
Or that the flore to shrinke he did avyse;
And on a broken reed he still did stay
His feeble steps, which shruck when
hard thereon he lay.

xi.

With him went Daunger, cloth'd in
ragged weed
Made of Beares skin, that him more
dreadfull made;
Yet his owne face was dreadfull, ne did
need
Straunge horroure to deforme 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 in-
vade,
With th' other he his friends ment to en-
wrap;
For whom he could not kill he practizd to
entrap.

xii.

Next him was Feare, all arm'd from
top to toe,
Yet thought himselfe not safe enough
thereby,

But feard each shadow moving too or
 froe;
 And, his owne armes when glittering he
 did spy
 Or clashing heard, he fast away did fly,
 As ashes pale of hew, and winged heeld,
 And evermore on Daunger fixt his eye,
 Gainst whom he alwayes bent a brasen
 shield,
 Which his right hand unarmed fearefully
 did wield.

XIII.

With him went Hope in rancke, a hand-
 some Mayd,
 Of chearefull looke and lovely to behold:
 In silken samite she was light arayd,
 And her fayre lockes were woven up in
 gold:
 She alway smyld, and in her hand did
 hold
 An holy-water-sprinckle, dipt in deowe,
 With which she sprinckled favours mani-
 fold
 On whom she list, and did great liking
 sheowe,
 Great liking unto many, but true love to
 feowe.

XIV.

And after them Dissemblaunce and Sus-
 pect
 Marcht in one rancke, yet an unequall
 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 paynted and pour-
 loynd,
 And her bright browes were deckt with
 borrowed haire;
 Her deeds were forged, and her words
 false coynd,
 And alwaies in her hand two clewes of
 silke she twynd.

XV.

But he was fowle, ill favoured, and
 grim,
 Under his eiebrowes looking still
 askaunce;
 And ever, as Dissemblaunce laught on
 him,
 He lowrd on her with daungerous eye-
 glaunce,
 Shewing his nature in his countenance:
 His rolling eies did never rest in place,
 But walke each where for feare of hid
 mischaunce,
 Holding a lattis still before his face,
 Through which he stil did peep as forward
 he did pace.

XVI.

Next him went Griefe and Fury, matcht
 yfere;
 Griefe all in sable sorrowfully clad,
 Downe hanging his dull head with heavy
 chere,
 Yet inly being more then seeming sad.
 A paire of Pincers in his hand he had,
 With which he pinched people to the hart,
 That from thenceforth a wretched life
 they ladd,
 In wilfull languor and consuming smart,
 Dying each day with inward wounds of
 dolours dart.

XVII.

But Fury was full ill appareiled
 In rags, that naked nigh she did appeare,
 With ghastly looks and dreadfull dreri-
 hed;
 And from her backe her garments she
 did tear,
 And from her head ofte rente her snarled
 heare:
 In her right hand a firebrand shee did
 tosse
 About her head, still roming here and
 there;
 As a dismayed Deare in chace embost,
 Forgetfull of his safety, hath his right
 way lost.

XVIII.

After them went Displeasure and Pleas-
 aunce,
 He looking lompish and full sullein sad,
 And hanging downe his heavy counte-
 naunce;
 She chearfull, fresh, and full of joyaunce
 glad,
 As if no sorrow she ne felt ne drad;
 That evill matched paire they seemd to
 bee:
 An angry Waspe th' one in a viall had,
 Th' other in hers an hony-laden Bee.
 Thus marched these six couples forth in
 faire degree.

XIX.

After all these there marcht a most
 faire Dame,
 Led of two grysie Villeins, th' one De-
 spight,
 The other cleped Crnelty by name:
 She, dolefull Lady, like a dreary Spright
 Cald by strong charmes out of eternall
 night,
 Had Deathes owne ymage figurd in her
 face,
 Full of sad signes, fearfull to living
 sight;

Yet in that horror shewd a seemely
grace,
And with her feeble feete did move a
comely pace.

xx.

Her brest all naked, as nett yvory
Without adorne of gold or silver bright,
Wherewith the Craftesman wonts it
beautify,
Of her dew honour was despoyled quight;
And a wide wound therein (O ruefull
sight!)
Entrenched deep with knyfe accursed
keene,
Yet freshly bleeding forth her fainting
spright,
(The worke of cruell hand) was to be
seene,
That dyde in sanguine red her skin all
snowy cleene.

xxi.

At that wide orifice her trembling hart
Was drawne forth, and in silver basin
layd,
Quite through transfixed with a deadly
dart,
And in her blood yet steeming fresh em-
bayd:
And those two villeins, which her steps
upstayd,
When her weake feete could scarcely her
sustaine,
And fading vitall powres gan to fade,
Her forward still with torture did con-
straine,
And evermore encreased her consuming
paine.

xxii.

Next after her, the winged God him
selfe
Came riding on a Lion ravenous,
Taught to obey the menage of that Elfe
That man and beast with powre imperi-
ous
Subdeweth to his kingdome tyrannous.
His blindfold eies he bad awhile unbinde,
That his proud spoile of that same dolo-
rous
Faire Dame he might behold in perfect
kinde;
Which seene, he much rejoyced in his
cruell minde.

xxiii.

Of which ful prowde, him selfe up rear-
ing hie
He looked round about with sterne dis-
dayne,

And did survey his goodly company;
And, marshalling the evill-ordered trayne,
With that the darts which his right hand
did straine
Full dreadfully he shooke, that all did
quake,
And clapt on hie his couloured winges
twaine,
That all his many it affraide did make:
Tho, blinding him againe, his way he
forth did take.

xxiv.

Behinde him was Reproch, Repentaunce,
Shame;
Reproch the first, Shame next, Repent
behinde:
Repentaunce feeble, sorrowfull, and
lame;
Reproch despightfull, carelesse, and un-
kinde;
Shame most ill-favourd, bestiall, and
blinde:
Shame lowrd, Repentaunce sighd, Reproch
did scould;
Reproch sharpe stings, Repentaunce
whips entwinde,
Shame burning brond-yrons in her hand
did hold:
All three to each unlike, yet all made in
one mould.

xxv.

And after them a rude confused rout
Of persons flockt, whose names is hard to
read:
Amongst them was sterne Strife, and
Anger stout;
Unquiet Care, and fond Unthriftyhead;
Lewd Losse of Time, and Sorrow seeming
dead;
Inconstant Change, and false Disloyalty;
Consuming Riotise, and guilty Dread
Of heavenly vengeance; faint Infirmitie;
Vile Poverty; and, lastly, Death with
infamy.

xxvi.

There were full many moe like mala-
dies,
Whose names and natures I note readen
well;
So many moe, as there be phantasies
In wavering wemens witt, that none can
tell,
Or paines in love, or punishments in hell:
All which disguised marcht in masking
wise
About the chamber by the Damozell;
And then returned, having marched
thrise,

Into the inner rowme from whence they
first did rise.

XXVII.

So soone as they were in, the dore
streightway
Fast locked, driven with that stormy
blast
Which first it opened, and bore all away.
Then the brave Maid, which al this while
was plast
In secret shade, and saw both first and
last,
Issewed forth, and went unto the dore
To enter in, but fownd it locked fast:
It vaine she thought with rigorous uprore
For to efforce, when charmes had closed
it afore.

XXVIII.

Where force might not availe, there
sleights and art
She cast to use, both fitt for hard em-
prize:
Forthly from that same rowme not to
depart
Till morrow next shee did her selfe avize,
When that same Maske againe should
forth arize.
The morrowe next appeard with joyous
cheare,
Calling men to their daily exercize:
Then she, as morrow fresh, her seffe did
reare
Out of her secret stand that day for to
outweare.

XXIX.

All that day she outwore in wandering
And gazing on that Chambers ornament,
Till that againe the second evening
Her covered with her sable vestiment,
Wherewith the worlds faire beautie 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,
Nether of ydle showes, nor of false
charmes aghast.

XXX.

So soone as she was entred, rownd
about
Shee cast her eies to see what was
become
Of all those persons which she saw with-
out:
But lo! they streight were vanisht all
and some;
Ne living wight she saw in all that
roomme,

Save that same woefull Lady, both whose
hands
Were bounden fast, that did her ill
become,
And her small waste girt rownd with
yron bands
Upon a brasen pillour, by the which she
stands.

XXXI.

And her before the vile Enchaunter sate,
Figuring straunge characters of his art:
With living blood he those characters
wrate,
Dreadfully dropping from her dying hart,
Seeming transfixed with a cruell dart;
And all perforce to make her him to love.
Ah! who can love the worker of her
smart?
A thousand charmes he formerly did
prove,
Yet thousand charmes could not her sted-
fast hart remove.

XXXII.

Soone as that virgin knight he saw in
place,
His wicked bookes in hast he overthrew,
Not caring his long labours to deface;
And, fiercely running to that Lady drew,
A murdrous knife out of his pocket drew,
The which he thought, for villeinous de-
spight,
In her tormented bodie to embrew:
But the stout Damzell, to him leaping
light,
His cursed hand withheld, and maistered
his might.

XXXIII.

From her, to whom his fury first he
ment,
The wicked weapon rashly he did wrest,
And, turning to herselfe, his fell intent,
Unwares it strooke into her snowie chest,
That litle drops empurpled her faire brest.
Exceeding wroth therewith the virgin
grew,
Albe the wound were nothing deepe im-
prest,
And fiercely forth her mortall blade she
drew,
To give him the reward for such vile out-
rage dew.

XXXIV.

So mightily she smote him, that to
ground
He fell halfe dead: next stroke him should
have slaine,
Had not the Lady, which by him stood
bound,

Dernly unto her called to abstaine
 From doing him to dy For else her
 paine
 Should be remedillesse; sith none but hee
 Which wrought it could the same recure
 againe.
 Therewith she stayd her hand, loth stayd
 to bee;
 For life she him envyde, and long'd re-
 venge to see:

xxxv.

And to him said: 'Thou wicked man,
 whose meed
 For so huge mischiefe and vile villany
 Is death, or if that ought doe death ex-
 ceed;
 Be sure that nought may save thee from
 to dy
 But if that thou this Dame do presently
 Restore unto her health and former
 state:
 This doe, and live, els dye undoubtedly.'
 He, glad of life, that lookt for death but
 late,
 Did yield him selfe right willing to pro-
 long his date:

xxxvi.

And, rising up, gan streight to over-
 looke
 Those cursed leaves, his charmes back
 to reverse.
 Full dreadfull things out of that balefull
 booke
 He red, and measur'd many a sad verse,
 That horroure gan the virgins hart to perse,
 And her faire locks up stared stiffe on end,
 Hearing him those same bloody lynes re-
 perse;
 And, all the while he red, she did extend
 Her sword high over him, if ought he did
 offend.

xxxvii.

Anon she gan perceive the house to
 quake,
 And all the dores to rattle round about:
 Yet all that did not her dismaied make,
 Nor slack her threatfull hand for daungers
 dout:
 But still with stedfast eye and courage
 stout
 Abode, to weet what end would come to
 all.
 At last that mightie chaine, which round
 about
 Her tender waste was wound, adowne gan
 fall,
 And that great brasen pillour broke in
 peeces small.

xxxviii.

The cruell steele, which thrild her dy-
 ing hart,
 Fell softly forth, as of his owne accord,
 And the wyde wound, which lately did
 dispart
 Her bleeding brest, and riven bowels
 gor'd,
 Was closed up, as it had not beene bor'd;
 And every part to safety full sownd,
 As she were never hurt, was soone re-
 stord.
 Tho, when she felt her selfe to be un-
 bownd
 And perfect hole, prostrate she fell unto
 the grownd.

xxxix.

Before faire Britomart she fell prostrate,
 Saying; 'Ah noble knight! what worthy
 meede
 Can wretched Lady, quitt from wofull
 state,
 Yield you in lieu of this your gracious
 deed?
 Your vertue selfe her owne reward shall
 breed,
 Even immortal prayse and glory wyde,
 Which I your vassall, by your prowesse
 freed.
 Shall through the world make to be noti-
 fyde,
 And goodly well advaunce that goodly
 well was tryde.'

xl.

But Britomart, uprearing her from
 grownd,
 Said: 'Gentle Dame, reward enough I
 weene,
 For many labours more then I have
 found,
 This, that in safetie now I have you
 seene,
 And meane of your deliverance have
 beene.
 Henceforth, faire Lady, comfort to you
 take,
 And put away remembrance of late
 teene;
 Insted thereof, know that your loving
 Make
 Hath no lesse grieffe endured for your
 gentle sake.'

xli.

She much was cheard to heare him
 mentiond,
 Whom of all living wightes she loved
 best.

Then laid the noble Championesse strong
 hond
 Upon th' enchaunter which had her dis-
 trest
 So sore, and with foule outrages opprest.
 With that great chaine, wherewith not
 long ygoe
 He bound that pitteous Lady prisoner,
 now relest,
 Himselfe she bound, more worthy to be
 so,
 And captive with her led to wretched-
 nesse and wo.

XLII.

Returning back, those goodly rowmes,
 which erst
 She saw so rich and royally arayd,
 Now vanisht utterly and cleane subverst
 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.

XLIII.

More easie issew now then entrance
 late
 She found; for now that fained dreadfull
 flame,
 Which chokt the porch of that enchaunted
 gate
 And passage hard to all that thither came,
 Was vanisht quite, as it were not the
 same,

And gave her
 passe.
 Th' Enchaunter selfe
 did frame
 To have efforst the love of
 Seeing his worke now wa
 enrieved was.

XLIV.

But when the Victoressse arrived there
 Where late she left the pensife Scudamore
 With her own trusty Squire, both full of
 feare,
 Neither of them she found where she them
 lore:
 Thereat her noble hart was stonisht sore;
 But most faire Amoret, whose gentle
 spright
 Now gan to feede on hope, which she
 before
 Conceived had, to see her own deare
 knight,
 Being thereof beguyld, was fild with new
 affright.

XLV.

But he, sad man, when he had long in
 drede
 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 advize with her old
 Squire,
 Who her deare nourslings losse no lesse
 did mourne,
 Thence to depart for further aide t'en-
 quire:
 Where let them wend at will, whilst here
 I doe respire.

THE FOURTH BOOKE
OF
THE FAERIE QUEENE

CONTAINING THE LEGEND OF CAMEL AND TRIAMOND, OR OF FRIENDSHIP.

I.

THE rugged forehead, that with grave
foresight
Welds kingdomes causes and affaires of
state,
My looser rimes (I wote) doth sharply
wite
For praising love as I have done of late,
And magnifying lovers deare debate;
By which fraile youth is oft to follie led,
Through false allurement of that pleasing
baite,
That better were in vertues disciplined,
Then with vaine poemes weeds to have
their fancies fed.

II.

Such ones ill judge of love that cannot
love,
Ne in their frozen hearts feele kindly
flame:
Forthy they ought not thing unknowne
reprove,
Ne naturall affection faultlesse blame
For fault of few that have abusd the
same;
For it of honor and all vertue is
The roote, and brings forth glórious
floures of fame,
That crowne true lovers with immortall
blis,
The meed of them that love, and do not
live amisse.

III.

Which who so list looke backe to former
ages,
And call to count the things that then
were donne,
Shall find that all the workes of those
wise sages,

And brave exploits which great Heroës
wonne,
In love were either ended or begunne:
Witnesse the father of Philosophie,
Which to his Critias, shaded oft from
sunne,
Of love full manie lessons did apply,
The which these Stoicke censours cannot
well deny.

IV.

To such therefore I do not sing at all;
But to that sacred Saint my soveraigne
Queene,
In whose chast brest all bountie naturall
And treasures of true love enlocked beene,
Bove all her sexe that ever yet was seene.
To her I sing of love, that loveth best,
And best is lov'd of all alive, I weene,
To her this song most fitly is address,
The Queene of love, and Prince of peace
from heaven blest.

V.

Which that she may the better deigne
to heare,
Do thou, dred infant, Venus dearling
dove,
From her high spirit chase imperious
feare,
And use of awfull Majestie remove.
Insted thereof with drops of melting
love,
Deawd with ambrosiall kisses, by thee
gotten
From thy sweete smyling mother from
above,
Sprinkle her heart, and haughtie courage
soften,
That she may hearke to love, and reade
this lesson often.

CANTO I.

Fayre Britomart saves Amoret:
 Duessa discord breedes
 Twixt Scudamour and Blandamour:
 Their fight and warlike deedes.

I.

OF lovers sad calamities of old
 Full many piteous stories doe remaine,
 But none more piteous ever was ytold
 Then that of Amorets hart-binding chaine,
 And this of Florimels unworthie paine
 The deare compassion of whose bitter fit
 My softened heart so sorely doth con-
 straine,
 That I with teares full oft doe pittie it,
 And oftentimes doe wish it never had
 bene writ.

II.

For from the time that Scudamour her
 bought
 In perilous fight she never joyed day;
 A perilous fight, when he with force her
 brought
 From twentie Knights that did him all
 assay;
 Yet fairely well he did them all dismay,
 And with great glorie both the shield of
 love
 And eke the Ladie selfe he brought away,
 Whom having wedded, as did him be-
 have,
 A new unknowen mischiefe did from him
 remove.

III.

For that same vile Euchauntour Busy-
 ran,
 The very selfe same day that she was
 wedded,
 Amidst the bridale feast, whilest every
 man,
 Surcharg'd with wine, were heedlesse and
 ill-hedded,
 All bent to mirth before the bride was
 bedded,
 Brought in that mask of love which late
 was shosen;
 And there the Ladie, ill of friends be-
 stedded,
 By way of sport, as oft in maskes is
 known,
 Conveyed quite away to living wight
 unknowen.

IV.

Seven moneths he so her kept in bitter
 smart,

Because his sinfull ~~act~~ he would ~~not~~
 serve,
 Untill such time as noble Britomart
 Released her, that else was like to ~~sterve~~
 Through cruell knife that her deare
 did kerve:
 And now she ~~met~~ with her upon the way
 Marching in lovely wise, that could de-
 serve
 No spot of blame, though spite did oft
 assay
 To blot her with dishonor of so faire a
 pray.

V.

Yet should it be a pleasant tale, to tell
 The diverse usage, and demeanure daint,
 That each to other made, as oft befel:
 For Amoret right fearefull was and faint
 Lest she with blame her honor should
 attain,
 That everie word did tremble as she
 spake,
 And everie looke was coy and wondrous
 quaint,
 And everie limbe that touched her did
 quake;
 Yet could she not but curteous counte-
 nance to her make.

VI.

For well she wist, as true it was indeed,
 That her lives Lord and patrone of her
 health
 Right well deserved, as his duefull meed,
 Her love, her service, and her utmost
 wealth:
 All is his justly that all freely death.
 Nathlesse her honor, dearer than her
 life,
 She sought to save, as thing reserv'd from
 stealth.
 Die had she lever with Enchanters knife
 Then to be false in love, profest a virgine
 wife.

VII.

Thereto her feare was made so much
 the greater
 Through fine abusion of that Briton
 mayd;
 Who, for to hide her faued sex the better

And maske her wounded mind, both did
and sayd
Full many things so doubtfull to be wayd,
That well she wist not what by them to
gesse:
For other-whiles to her she purpos made
Of love, and other-whiles of lustfulnessse,
That much she feard his mind would
grow to some excesse.

VIII.

His will she feard; 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 service she too much
esteemed:
Yet dread of shame and doubt of fowle
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.

IX.

It so befell one evening, that they came
Unto a Castell, lodged there to bee,
Where many a knight, and many a lovely
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 love nor lemman there in
store,
Should either winne him one, or lye with-
out the dore.

x.

Amongst the rest there was a jolly
knight,
Who, being asked for his love, avow'd
That fairest Amoret was his by right,
And offred that to justifie alowd.
The warlike virgine, seeing his so prowde
And boastfull chalenge, waxed inlie
wroth;
But for the present did her anger shrowd,
And sayd, her love to lose she was full
loth,
But either he should neither of them have,
or both.

XI.

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 unlawfull, that was not his
owne:
Yet since he seemed valiant, though un-
knowne,
She, that no lesse was courteous then
stout,
Cast how to salve, 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.

XII.

The Seneschall was cal'd to deeme the
right:
Whom she requir'd, that first fayre Am-
oret
Might be to her allow'd, as to a Knight
That did her win and free from chalenge
set:
Which straight to her was yeelded with-
out let.
Then, since that strange Knights love
from him was quitted,
She claim'd that to her selfe, as Ladies
det,
He as a Knight might justly be admitted;
So none should be out shut, sith all of
loves were fitted.

XIII.

With that, her glistring helmet she un-
laced;
Which doft, her golden lockes, that were
upbound
Still in a knot, unto her heeles downe
traced,
And like a silken veile in compasse round
About her backe and all her bodie wound:
Like as the shining skie in summers night,
What time the dayes with scorching heat
abound,
Is crested all with lines of firie light,
That it prodigious seemes in common peo-
ples sight.

XIV.

Such when those Knights and Ladies all
about
Beheld her, all were with amazement
smit,
And every one gan grow in secret dout
Of this and that, according to each wit:
Some thought that some enchantment
faygned 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 dis-
guise:
So diversely each one did sundrie doubt
devise.

XV.

But that young Knight, which through
her gentle deed
Was to that goodly fellowship restor'd,
Ten thousand thanks did yeeld her for
her meed,
And, doubly overcommen, her ador'd.
So did they all their former strife accord;
And eke fayre Amoret, now freed from
feare,
More franke affection did to her afford,
And to her bed, which she was wont for-
beare,
Now freely drew, and found right safe
assurance there.

XVI.

Where all that night they of their loves
did treat,
And hard adventures, twixt themselves
alone,
That each the other gan with passion
great
And griefull pittie privately bemone.
The morow next, so soone as Titan shone,
They both uprose and to their waies them
dight:
Long wandred they, yet never met with
none
That to their willes could them direct
aright,
Or to them tydings tell that mote their
harts delight.

XVII.

Lo! thus they rode, till at the last they
spide
Two armed Knights that toward them did
pace,
And ech of them had ryding by his side
A Ladie, seeming in so farre a space:
But Ladies none they were, albee in face
And outward shew faire semblance they
did beare;
For under maske of beautie and good
grace
Vile treason and fowle falshood hidden
were,
That mote to none but to the warie wise
appare.

XVIII.

The one of them the false Duessa hight,
That now had chang'd her former wonted
hew;

For she could d'on so manie shapes in
sight,
As ever could Cameleon colours new;
So could she forge all colours, save 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 dayly more offensive unto each de-
gree.

XIX.

Her name was Atè, mother of debate
And all dissention which doth dayly grow
Amongst fraile men, that many a publike
state,
And many a private oft doth overthrow.
Her false Duessa, who full well did know
To be most fit to trouble noble knights
Which hunt for honor, raised from below
Out of the dwellings of the damned
sprights,
Where she in darknes wastes her cursed
daies and nights.

XX.

Hard by the gates of hell her dwelling
is;
There, whereas all the plagues and harmes
abound
Which punish wicked men that walke
amisse:
It is a darksome delve farre under ground,
With thornes and barren brakes enviroind
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.

XXI.

And all within, the riven walls were hung
With ragged monuments of times fore-
past,
All which the sad effects of discord sung:
There were rent robes and broken scap-
ters plast;
Altars defyld, and holy things defast;
Disshivered speares, and shields ytorne
in twaine;
Great cities ransackt, and strong castles
rast;
Nations captived, and huge armies slaine:
Of all which ruines there some relicks did
remaine.

XXII.

There was the signe of antique Babylon;
Of fatal Thebes; of Rome that raigned
long;

Of sacred Salem; and sad Ilion,
For memorie of which on high there hong
The golden Apple, cause of all their wrong,
For which the three faire Goddesses did
strive:

There also was the name of Nimrod
strong;
Of Alexander, and his Princes five
Which shar'd to them the spoiles that he
had got alive.

XXIII.

And there the relicks of the drunken
fray,
The which amongst the Lapithees befell;
And of the bloodie feast, which sent away
So many Centaures drunken soules to hell,
That under great Alcides furie fell;
And of the dreadfull discord, which did
drive
The noble Argonauts to outrage fell;
That each of life sought others to deprive,
All mindlesse of the Golden fleece, which
made them strive.

XXIV.

And eke of private 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 unnatu-
rall;
Some, of deare lovers foes perpetuall:
Witnesse their broken bandes there to be
senee,
Their girlonds rent, their bowres de-
spoyled all;
The monuments whereof there byding
beene,
As plaine as at the first when they were
fresh and greene.

XXV.

Such was her house within; but all
without,
The barren ground was full of wicked
weedes,
Which she her selfe had sowen all about,
Now growen great, at first of little seedes,
The seedes of evill wordes and factious
deedes;
Which, when to ripenesse due they
growen arre,
Bring forth an infinite increase, that
breedes
Tumultuous trouble, and contentious
jarre,
The which most often end in bloudshed
and in warre.

XXVI.

And those same cursed seedes doe also
serve
To her for bread, and yeeld her living
food:
For life it is to her, when others sterve
Through mischievous debate and deadly
feood,
That she may sucke their life, and drinke
their blood,
With which she from her childhood had
bene fed;
For she at first was borne of hellish brood,
And by infernall furies nourished;
That by her monstrous shape might easily
be red.

XXVII.

Her face most fowle and filthy was to
see,
With squinted eyes contrarie wayes in-
tended,
And loathly mouth, unmeete a mouth to
bee,
That nought but gall and venim compre-
hended,
And wicked wordes that God and man
offended.
Her lying tongue was in two parts divided,
And both the parts did speake, and both
contended;
And as her tongue so was her hart dis-
cided,
That never thought one thing, but doubly
stil was guided.

XXVIII.

Als as she double spake, so heard she
double,
With matchlesse eares deformed and dis-
tort,
Fild with false rumors and seditious
trouble,
Bred in assemblies of the vulgar sort,
That still are led with every light report:
And as her eares, so eke her feet were
odde,
And much unlike; th' one long, the other
short,
And both misplast; that, when th' one
forward yode,
The other backe retired and contrarie
trode.

XXIX.

Likewise unequal 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 unto decay;
Whereby great riches, gathered manie a
day,

She in short space did often bring to
nought,
And their possessours often did dismay:
For all her studie was and all her thought
How she might overthrow the things that
Concord wrought.

xxx.

So much her malice did her might sur-
pas,
That even th' Almighty selfe she did
maligne,
Because to man so mercifull he was,
And unto all his creatures so benigne,
Sith she her selfe was of his grace in-
digne;
For all this worlds faire workmanship
she tride
Unto his last confusion to bring,
And that great golden chaine quite to
divide,
With which it blessed Concord hath to-
gether tide.

xxxI.

Such was that hag which with Duessa
roade;
And, serving her in her malicious use
To hurt good knights, was, as it were, her
baude
To sell her borrowed beautie to abuse:
For though, like withered tree that
wanteth juyce,
She old and crooked were, yet now of late
As fresh and fragrant as the floure-deluce
She was become, by change of her
estate,
And made full goodly joyance to her
new-found mate.

xxxII.

Her mate, he was a jollie youthfull
knight
That bore great sway in armes and
chivalrie,
And was indeed a man of mickle might;
His name was Blandamour, that did de-
serie
His fickle mind full of inconstancie:
And now himselfe he fitted had right well
With two companions of like qualitie,
Faithlesse Duessa, and false Paridell,
That whether were more false full hard it
is to tell.

xxxIII.

Now when this gallant with his goodly
crew
From farre espide the famous Britomart,
Like knight adventurous in outward
vew,

With his faire paragon, his conquests part,
Approching nigh, eftsoones liis wanton
hart
Was tickled with delight, and jesting
sayd;
'Lo! there, Sir Paridel, for your desart
Good lucke presents you with yond lovely
mayd,
For pitie that ye want a fellow for your
ayd.'

xxxIV.

By that the lovely paire drew nigh to
hond:
Whom when as Paridel more plaine be-
held,
Albee in heart 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 love so
deare,
But answered; 'Sir, him wise I never
held,
That, having once escaped perill neare,
Would afterwards afresh the sleeping
evill reare.

xxxv.

'This knight too late his manhood and
his might
I did assay, that me right dearely cost;
Ne list I for revenge provoke new fight,
Ne for light Ladies love 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 challenge yond same other for my
fee.'
So forth he fiercely prickt that one him
scarce could see.

xxxVI.

The warlike Britonesse her soone ad-
drest,
And with such uncouth welcome did
receave
Her fayned Paramour, her forced guest,
That being forst his saddle soone to leave,
Him selfe he did of his new love deceave;
And made him selfe thensample of his
follie.
Which done, she passed forth, not taking
leave,
And left him now as sad, as whilome
jollie,
Well warned to beware with whom he
dar'd to dallie.

XXXVII.

Which when his other companie beheld,
 They to his succour ran with readie ayd;
 And, finding him unable once to weld,
 They reared him on horsebacke and up-
 stayd,
 Till on his way they had him forth con-
 vayd:
 And all the way, with wondrous grieffe of
 mynd
 And shame, he shewd him selfe to be dis-
 mayd
 More for the love which he had left be-
 hynd,
 Then that which he had to Sir Paridel
 resynd.

XXXVIII.

Nathlesse he forth did march, well as
 he might,
 And made good semblance to his com-
 panie,
 Dissembling his disease and evill plight;
 Till that ere long they chaunced to espie
 Two other knights, that towards them did
 ply
 With speedie course, as bent to charge
 them new:
 Whom when as Blandamour approching
 nie
 Perceiv'd to be such as they seemd in
 vew,
 He was full wo, and gan his former grieffe
 renew.

XXXIX.

For th' one of them he perfectly de-
 scribe
 To be Sir Scudamour, by that he bore
 The God of love with wings displayed
 wide
 Whom mortally he hated evermore,
 Both for his worth, that all men did
 adore,
 And eke because his love he wonne by
 right:
 Which when he thought, it grieved him
 full sore,
 That, through the bruises of his former
 fight,
 He now unable was to wreake his old
 despight.

XL.

Forthy he thus to Paridel 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 justifie my cause on yonder knight.'

'Ah! Sir,' (said Paridell) 'do not dismay
 Your selfe for this; my selfe will for you
 fight,
 As ye have done for me: the left hand
 rubs the right.'

XLI.

With that he put his spurres unto his
 steed,
 With speare in rest, and toward him did
 fare,
 Like shaft out of a bow preventing speed:
 But Scudamour was shortly well aware
 Of his approach, and gan him selfe prepare
 Him to receive with entertainment meete.
 So furiously they met, that either bare
 The other downe under their horses
 feete,
 That what of them became themselves
 did scarsly weete.

XLII.

As when two billowes in the Irish
 sowndes,
 Forcibly driven with contrarie tydes,
 Do meete together, each abacke re-
 bowndes
 With roaring rage; and dashing on all
 sides,
 That filleth all the sea with fome, divydes
 The doubtfull current into divers wayes.
 So fell those two in spight of both their
 prydes;
 But Scudamour himselve did soone up-
 rayse,
 And, mounting light, his foe for lying
 long upbrayes:

XLIII.

Who, rolled on an heape, lay still in
 swound
 All carelesse of his taunt and bitter rayle;
 Till that the rest him seeing lie on ground
 Ran hastily, to weete what did him ayle.
 Where finding that the breath gan him to
 fayle,
 With busie care they strove him to
 awake,
 And doft his helmet, and undid his mayle:
 So much they did, that at the last they
 brake
 His slomber, yet so mazed that he noth-
 ing spake.

XLIV.

Which when as Blandamour beheld, he
 said;
 'False faitour Scudamour, that hast by
 slight
 And foule advantage this good Knight
 dismayd,

A Knight much better then thy selfe
 behight,
 Well falles it thee that I am not in plight
 This day to wreake the dammage by thee
 donne.
 Such is thy wont, that still when any
 Knight
 Is weakned, then thou doest him over-
 ronne:
 So hast thou to thy selfe false honour
 often wonne.'

XLV.

He little answer'd, but in manly heart
 His mightie indignation did forbear;e;
 Which was not yet so secret, but some
 part
 Thereof did in his frowning face appeare:
 Like as a gloomie cloud, the which doth
 beare
 An hideous storme, is by the Northerne
 blast
 Quite overblowne, yet doth not passe so
 cleare,
 But that it all the skie doth overcast
 With darknes dred, and threatens all the
 world to wast.

XLVI.

'Ah gentle knight!' then false Duessa
 sayd,
 'Why do ye strive for Ladies love so sore,
 Whose chiefe desire is love and friendly
 aid
 Mongst gentle Knights to nourish ever-
 more?
 Ne be ye wroth, Sir Scudamour, there-
 fore
 That she, your love, list love another
 knight,
 Ne do your selfe dislike a whit the more;
 For Love is free, and led with selfe
 delight,
 Ne will enforced be with maisterdome or
 might.'

XLVII.

So false Duessa; but vile Atè thus:
 'Both foolish knights! I can but laugh
 at both,
 That strive and storme with stirre out-
 rageous
 For her, that each of you alike doth loth,
 And loves another, with whom now she
 goth
 In lovely wise, and sleepes, and sports,
 and playes;
 Whilest both you here with many a
 cursed oth
 Swear she is yours, and stirre up bloudie
 frayes,

To win a willow bough, whilest other
 weares the bayes.

XLVIII.

'Vile hag!' (sayd Scudamour) 'why
 dost thou lye,
 And falsly seekst a vertuous wight to
 shame?'
 'Fond knight,' (sayd she) '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 she) '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;

XLIX.

'I saw him have your Amoret at will;
 I saw him kisse; I saw him her embrace;
 I saw him sleepe with her all night his
 fill;
 All manie nights; and manie by in place
 That present were to testifie the case.'
 Which when as Scudamour did heare, his
 heart
 Was thrild with inward griefe: as when
 in chace
 The Parthian strikes a stag with shivering
 dart,
 The beast astonisht stands in midst of
 his smart.

L.

So stood Sir Scudamour when this he
 heard,
 Ne word had he to speake for great dis-
 may,
 But lookt on Glaucè grim; who woxe
 afeard
 Of outrage for the words which she heard
 say,
 Albee untrue she wist them by assay.
 But Blandamour, whenas he did espie
 His change of cheere that anguish did
 bewray,
 He woxe full blithe, as he had got there-
 by,
 And gan thereat to triumph without vic-
 torie.

LI.

'Lo! recreant,' (sayd he) 'the fruitlesse
 end
 Of thy vaine boast, and spoile of love mis-
 gotten,

Whereby the name of knight-hood thou
dust shend,
And all true lovers with dishonor blotten:
All things not rooted well will soone be
rotten.'
'Fy, fy! false knight,' (then false Duessa
cryde)
'Unworthy life, that love with guile hast
gotten;
Be thou, where ever thou do go or
ryde,
Loathed of ladies all, and of all knights
defyde!'

LII.

But Scudamour, for passing great de-
spight,
Staid not to answer; scarcely did refraine
But that in all those knights and ladies
sight
He for revenge had guiltlesse Glaucè
slaine:
But, being past, he thus began amaine:
'False traitour squire! false squire of
falsest knight!
Why doth mine hand from thine avenge
abstaine,
Whose Lord hath done my love this foule
despight?
Why do I not it wreake on thee, now in
my might?'

LIII.
'Discourteous, disloyall Britomart,
Untrue to God, and unto man unjust!
What vengeance due can equall thy de-
sart,
That hast with shamefull spot of sinfull
lust
Defil'd the pledge committed to thy trust?
Let ugly 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.'

LIV.

The aged Dame, him seeing so enraged,
Was dead with feare; nathlesse, as neede
required,
His flaming furie sought to have assuaged
With sober words, that sufferance desired,
Till time the tryall of her truth expyred;
And evermore sought Britomart to cleare:
But he the more with furious rage was
fyred,
And thrise his hand to kill her did up-
reare,
And thrise he drew it backe; so did at
last forbear.

CANTO II.

Blandamour winnes false Florimell;
Paridell for her strives:
They are accorded: Agapè
Doth lengthen her sonnes lives.

I.

FIREBRAND of hell, first tynd in Phlege-
ton,
By thousand furies, and from thence out
thrown
Into this world to worke confusion,
And set it all on fire by force unknown,
Is wicked discord; whose small sparkes
once blown
None but a God or godlike man can slake;
Such as was Orpheus, that, when strife
was grown
Amongst those famous ympes of Greece,
did take
His silver Harpe in hand and shortly
friends them make:

II.

Or such as that celestiall Psalmist was,
That, when the wicked feend his Lord
tormented,

With heavenly notes, that did all other
pas
The outrage of his furious fit relented.
Such Musicke is wise words, with time
concented,
To moderate stiffe mindes disposd to
strive:
Such as that prudent Romane well in-
vented,
What time his people into partes did rive,
Them reconcyld againe, and to their homes
did drive.

III.

Such us'd wise Glaucè to that wrathfull
knight,
To calme the tempest of his troubled
thought:
Yet Blandamour with termes of foule de-
spight,
And Paridell her scornd, and set at nought,
As old and crooked and not good for ought.

Both they unwise, and warelesse of the
 evill
 That by themselves unto themselves is
 wrought
 Through that false witch, and that foule
 aged drevill;
 The one a feend, the other an incarnate
 devill.

IV.

With whom as they thus rode accom-
 panide,
 They were encountred of a lustie Knight
 That had a goodly Ladie by his side,
 To whom he made great dalliance and de-
 light:
 It was to weete the bold Sir Ferraugh
 hight,
 He that from Braggadocchio whilome reft
 The snowy Florimell, whose beautie bright
 Made him seeme happie for so glorious
 theft;
 Yet was it in due triall but a wandring
 weft.

V.

Which when as Glandamour, whose
 fancie light
 Was alwaies flitting as the wavering wind
 After each beautie that appeard 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,
 Since so good fortune doth to you present
 So fayre a spoyle, to make you joyous
 meriment?'

VI.

But Paridell, that had too late a tryall
 Of the bad issue of his counsell vaine,
 List not to hearke, but made this faire
 denyall:
 'Last turne was mine, well proved 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 dis-
 daine
 Against that Knight, ere he him well could
 torne;
 By means whereof he hath him lightly
 overborne.

VII.

Who, with the sudden stroke astonisht
 sore,
 Upon the ground awhile in slomber lay;
 The whiles his love away the other bore,

And, shewing her, did Paridell upbray;
 'Lo! sluggish Knight, the victors happie
 pray!
 So fortune friends the bold:' whom Pari-
 dell
 Seeing so faire indeede, as he did say,
 His hart with secret envie gan to swell,
 And inly grudge at him that he had sped
 so well.

VIII.

Nathlesse proud man himselfe the other
 deemed,
 Having so peerelesse paragon ygot:
 For sure the fayrest Florimell him seemed
 To him was fallen for his happie lot,
 Whose like alive on earth he weened not:
 Therefore he her did court, did serve, did
 woode,
 With humblest suit that he imagine mot,
 And all things did devise, and all things
 dooe,
 That might her love prepare, and liking
 win theretoo.

IX.

She, in regard thereof, him recompenst
 With golden words and goodly counte-
 nance,
 And such fond favours sparingly dispenst:
 Sometimes him blessing with a light eye-
 glance,
 And coy lookes tempring with loose dal-
 liance;
 Sometimes estranging him in sterner wise;
 That having cast him in a foolish trance,
 He seemed brought to bed in Paradise,
 And prov'd himselfe most foole in what
 he seem'd most wise.

X.

So great a mistresse of her art she was,
 And perfectly practiz'd in womans craft,
 That though therein himselfe he thought
 to pas,
 And by his false allurements wylie draft
 Had thousand women of their love beaft,
 Yet now he was surpriz'd: for that false
 spright,
 Which that same witch had in this forme
 engraft,
 Was so expert in every subtile slight,
 That it could overreach the wisest earthly
 wight.

XI.

Yet he to her did dayly service more,
 And dayly more deceived was thereby;
 Yet Paridell him envied therefore,
 As seeming plast in sole felicity:
 So blind is lust false colours to descry.
 But Atè soone discovering his desire,

And finding now fit opportunity
To stirre up strife twixt love and spight
and ire,
Did privily put coles unto his secret fire.

XII.

By sundry meanes thereto 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 ever when his passion is allayd,
She it revives, and new occasion reaches;
That on a time, as they together way'd,
He made him open chalenge, and thus
boldly sayd;

XIII.

'Too boastfull Blandamoure! too long I
beare
The open wrongs thou doest me day by
day:
Well know'st thou, when we friendship
first did sweare,
The covenant was, that every spoyle or
pray
Should equally be shard betwixt us
tway.
Where is my part then of this Ladie
bright,
Whom to thy selfe thou takest quite
away?
Render therefore therein to me my right,
Or answere for thy wrong as shall fall
out in fight.'

XIV.

Exceeding wroth thereat was Blanda-
mour,
And gan this bitter answere to him make:
'Too foolish Paridell! that fayrest floure
Wouldst gather faine, and yet no paines
wouldst take:
But not so easie will I her forsake;
This hand her wonne, this hand shall her
defend.'
With that they gan their shivering
speares to shake,
And deadly points at eithers breast to
bend,
Forgetfull each to have bene ever others
friend.

XV.

Their firie steedes with so untamed
forse

Did beare them both to fell avenges end,
That both their speares with pitilesse
remorse
Through shield and mayle and haberjeon
did wend,
And in their flesh a griesly passage rend,
That with the furie of their owne affret
Each other horse and man to ground did
send;
Where, lying still awhile, both did for-
get
The perilous present stownd in which their
lives were set.

XVI.

As when two warlike Brigandines at
sea,
With murdrous weapons arm'd to cruell
fight,
Do meete together on the watry lea,
They stemme ech other with so fell
despight,
That with the shocke of their owne heed-
lesse might
Their wooden ribs are shaken nigh
asonder.
They which from shore behold the dread-
full sight
Of flashing fire, and heare the ordenance
thonder,
Do greatly stand amaz'd at such un-
wonted wonder.

XVII.

At length they both upstarted in amaze,
As men awaked rashly out of dreme,
And round about themselves awhile did
gaze;
Till seeing her, that Florimell did seme,
In doubt to whom she victorie should
deeme,
Therewith their dulled sprights they
edgd anew,
And, drawing both their swords, with
rage extreme,
Like two mad mastiffes, each on other
flew,
And shields did share, and mailes did rash,
and helmes did hew.

XVIII.

So furiously each other did assayle,
As if their soules they would atonce
have rent
Out of their breasts, that streames of
bloud did rayle
Adowne, as if their springs of life were
spent;
That all the ground with purple bloud
was sprent,

And all their armours staynd with bloudie
gore;
Yet scarcely once to breath would they
relent,
So mortal was their malice, and so sore
Become, of fayned friendship which they
vow'd afore.

XIX.

And that which is for Ladies most
besitting,
To stint all strife and foster friendly
peace,
Was from those Dames so farre and so
unfitting,
As that, instead of praying them sur-
cease,
They did much more their cruelty en-
crease;
Bidding them fight for honour of their
love,
And rather die then Ladies cause release:
With which vaine termes somuch they did
them move,
That both resolv'd the last extremities to
prove.

XX.

There they, I weene, would fight untill
this day,
Had not a Squire, even he the Squire of
Dames,
By great adventure travelled that way;
Who seeing both bent to so bloudy games,
And both of old well knowing by their
names,
Drew nigh, to weete the cause of their
debate:
And first laide on those Ladies thousand
blames,
That did not seeke t'appease their deadly
hate,
But gazed on their harmes, not pitying
their estate.

XXI.

And then those Knights he humbly did
besech
To stay their hands till he awhile had
spoken:
Who lookt a little up at that his speech,
Yet would not let their battell so be
broken,
Both greedie fiers on other to be wroken:
Yet he to them so earnestly did call,
And them conjur'd by some well knownen
token,
That they at last their wrothfull hands let
fall,
Content to heare him speake, and glad to
rest withall.

XXII.

First he desir'd their cause of strife to
see:
They said, it was for love 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 sayd
Paridell,
'Seest not the Ladie there before thy face?'
He looked backe, and, her avizing well,
Weend, as he said, by that her outward
grace
That fayrest Florimell was present there
in place.

XXIII.

Glad man was he to see that joyous
sight,
For none alive but joy'd in Florimell,
And lowly to her lowting thus behight:
'Fayrest of faire, that fairenesse doest
excell,
This happie day I have to greete you well,
In which you safe I see, whom thousand
late
Misdoubted lost through mischief that
befell.
Long may you live in health and happie
state!'
She litle answer'd him, but lightly did
aggrate.

XXIV.

Then, turning to those Knights, he gan
anew:
'And you, Sir Blandamour, and Paridell,
That for this Ladie, present in your vew,
Have rays'd this cruell warre and out-
rage fell,
Certes, me seemes, bene not advised well;
But rather ought in friendship for her
sake
To joyne 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.'

XXV.

Thereat Sir Blandamour, with counte-
nance sterne
All lowly of wrath, thus fiercely him be-
spake:
'Aread, thou Squire, that I the man may
learne,
That dare fro me thinke Florimell to
take!'
'Not one,' (quoth he) 'but many doe
partake'

Herein; as thus: It lately so befell,
That Satyran a girdle did uptake
Well knowne to appertaine to Florimell,
Which for her sake he wore, as him
beseeemed well.

XXVI.

'But, when as she her selfe was lost
and gone,
Full many knights, that loved her like
deare,
Thereat did greatly grudge, that he alone
That lost faire 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 publike turneyng,
To which all knights with them their
Ladies are to bring:

XXVII.

'And of them all she, that is fayrest
found,
Shall have that golden girdle for reward;
And of those Knights, who is most stout
on ground,
Shall to that fairest Ladie be prefard.
Since therefore she her selfe is now your
ward,
To you that ornament of hers pertaines
Against all those that challenge it to gard
And save her honour with your ventrous
paines:
That shall you win more glory than ye
here find gaines.'

XXVIII.

When they the reason of his words had
hard,
They gan abate the rancour of their rage,
And with their honours and their loves
regard
The furious flames of malice to asswage.
Tho each to other did his faith engage,
Like faithfull friends thenceforth to joyne
in one
With all their force, and battell strong to
wage
Gainst all those knights, as their pro-
fessed fone,
That challeng'd ought in Florimell, save
they alone.

XXIX.

So, well accorded, forth they rode
together

In friendly sort that lasted but a while;
And of all old dislikes they made faire
weather;
Yet all was forg'd and spred with golden
foyle,
That under it hidde hate and hollow
guyle.
Ne certes can that friendship long en-
dure,
However gay and goodly be the style,
That doth ill cause or evill end enure;
For vertue is the band that bindeth harts
most sure.

XXX.

Thus as they marched all in close dis-
guise
Of fayned love, they chaunst to overtake
Two knights that lincked rode in lovely
wise,
As if they secret counsels did partake;
And each not farre behinde him had his
make,
To weete, two Ladies of most goodly hew,
That twixt themselves did gentle purpose
make,
Unmindfull both of that discordfull crew,
The which with speedie pace did after
them pursew.

XXXI.

Who, as they now approached nigh at
hand,
Deeming them doughtie, as they did ap-
peare,
They sent that Squire afore, to under-
stand
What mote they be: who, viewing them
more neare,
Returned readie newes, that those same
weare
Two of the prowrest Knights in Faery
lond,
And those two Ladies their two lovers
deare;
Couragious Cambell, and stout Triamond,
With Canacee and Combaine linckt in
lovely bond.

XXXII.

Whylome, as antique stories tellen us,
Those two were foes the fellonest on
ground,
And battell made the dreddest daunger-
ous
That ever shrilling trumpet did resound;
Though now their acts be no where to be
found,
As that renommed Poet them compyled
With warlike numbers and Heroicke
sound,

Dan Chaucer, well of English undefyled,
On Fames eternall beadroll worthie to be
fyled.

XXXIII.

But wicked Time that all good thoughts
doth waste,
And workes of noblest wits to nought
outweare,
That famous monument hath quite de-
faste,
And robd the world of threasure end-
lesse deare,
The which mote have enriched all us
heare.
O cursed Eld! the cankerworme of writs,
How may these rimes, so rude as doth
appeare,
Hope to endure, sith workes of heavenly
wits
Are quite devoured, and brought to nought
by little bits?

XXXIV.

Then pardon, O most sacred happie
spirit!
That I thy labours lost may thus revive,
And steale from thee the meede of thy
due merit,
That none durst ever whilest thou wast
alive,
And being dead in vaine yet many strive:
Ne dare I like; but, through infusion
sweete
Of thine owne spirit which doth in me
survive,
I follow here the footing of thy feete,
That with thy meaning so I may the
rather meete.

XXXV.

Cambelloes sister was fayre Canacee,
That was the learnedst Ladie in her dayes,
Well seene in everie science that mote
bee,
And every secret worke of natures wayes;
In wittie riddles, and in wise soothsayes;
In power of herbes, and tunes of beasts
and burds;
And, that augmented all her other
prayse,
She modest was in all her deedes and
words,
And wondrous chaste of life, yet lov'd of
Knights and Lords.

XXXVI.

Full many Lords and many Knights her
loved,
Yet she to none of them her liking lent,
Ne ever was with fond affection moved,

But rul'd her thoughts with goodly gov-
ernement,
For dread of blame and honours blemish-
ment;
And eke unto 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 every side, of secret foes
affrayd,

XXXVII.

So much the more as she refusd to
love,
So much the more she loved was and
sought,
That oftentimes unquiet strife did move
Amongst her lovers, and great quarrels
wrought,
That oft for her in bloudie armes they
fought.
Which whenas Cambell, that was stout
and wise,
Perceiv'd would breede great mischief, he
bethought
How to prevent the perill that mote rise,
And turne both him and her to honour,
in this wise.

XXXVIII.

One day, when all that troupe of war-
like wooers
Assembled were to weet whose she should
bee,
All mightie men and dreadful derring-
doers,
(The harder it to make them well agree)
Amongst them all this end he did decree:
That, of them all which love to her did
make,
They by consent should chose the stout-
est three
That with himselfe should combat for
her sake,
And of them all the victour should his
sister take.

XXXIX.

Bold was the challenge, as himselfe was
bold,
And courage full of haughtie hardiment,
Approved oft in perils manifold,
Which he atchiev'd to his great ornament:
But yet his sisters skill unto him lent
Most confidence and hope of happie speed,
Conceived by a ring which she him sent,
That, mongst the manie vertues which we
reed,
Had power to staunch al wounds that
mortally did bleed.

XL.

Well was that rings great vertue
known to all;
That dread thereof and his redoubted
might
Did all that youthly rout so much appall,
That none of them durst undertake the
fight:
More wise they weend to make of love
delight
Then life to hazard for faire Ladies looke;
And yet uncertaine by such outward
sight,
Though for her sake they all that perill
tooke,
Whether she would them love, or in her
liking brooke.

XLI.

Amongst those knights there were three
brethren bold,
Three bolder brethren never were yborne,
Borne of one mother in one happie mold,
Borne at one burden in one happie morne;
Thrise happie mother, and thrise happie
morne,
That bore three such, three such not to be
fond!
Her name was Agapè, whose children
werne
All three as one; the first hight Priamond,
The second Dyamond, the youngest Triamond.

XLII.

Stout Priamond, but not so strong to
strike;
Strong Dyamond, but not so stout a
knight;
But Triamond was stout and strong alike:
On horsebacke used Triamond to fight,
And Priamond on foote had more delight;
But horse and foote knew Dyamond to
wield:
With curtaxe used Dyamond to smite,
And Triamond to handle speare and
shield,
But speare and curtaxe both usd Priamond
in field.

XLIII.

These three did love each other dearely
well,
And with so firme affection were allyde,
As if but one soule in them all did dwell,
Which did her powre into three parts di-
vyde;
Like three faire branches budding farre
and wide,
That from one roote deriv'd their vitall
sap:

And like that roote that doth her life
divide,
Their mother was; and had full blessed hap
These three so noble babes to bring forth
at one clap.

XLIV.

Their mother was a Fay, and had the
skill
Of secret things, and all the powres of
nature,
Which she by art could use unto her will,
And to her service bind each living crea-
ture,
Through secret understanding of their
feature.
Thereto she was right faire, whenso her
face
She list discover, and of goodly stature:
But she, as Fayes are wont, in privie
place
Did spend her dayes, and lov'd in forests
wyld to space.

XLV.

There on a day a noble youthly knight,
Seeking adventures in the salvage wood,
Did by great fortune get of her the sight,
As she sate carelesse by a cristall flood
Combing her golden lockes, as seemd her
good;
And unawares upon her laying hold,
That strove in vaine him long to have
withstood,
Oppressed her, and there (as it is told)
Got these three lovely babes, that prov'd
three champions bold.

XLVI.

Which she with her long fostred in that
wood,
Till that to ripenesse of mans state they
grew:
Then shewing forth signes of their fathers
blood,
They loved armes, and knighthood did en-
sew,
Seeking adventures where they anie
knew.
Which when their mother saw, she gan to
dout
Their safetie; least by searching daun-
gers new,
And rash provoking perils all about,
Their days mote be abridged through
their corage stout.

XLVII.

Therefore desirous th' end of all their
dayes

To know, and them t' enlarge with long
 extent,
 By wondrous skill and many hidden
 wayes
 To the three fatall sisters house she went.
 Farre under ground from tract of living
 went,
 Downe in the bottome of the deepe Abyesse,
 Where Demogorgon, in dull darknesse
 pent
 Farre from the view of gods and heavens
 bliss,
 The hideous Chaos keeps, their dreadfull
 dwelling is.

XLVIII.

There she them found all sitting round
 about,
 The direfull distaffe standing in the mid,
 And with unwearied fingers drawing out
 The lines of life, from living knowledge
 hid.
 Sad Clotho held the rocke, the whiles the
 thrid
 By griesly Lachesis was spun with paine,
 That cruell Atropos eftsoones undid,
 With cursed knife cutting the twist in
 twaine.
 Most wretched men, whose dayes depend
 on thrids so vaine!

XLIX.

She, 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 heart, and looking pale and
 wan,
 Her cause of comming she to tell began.
 To whom fierce Atropos: 'Bold Fay, that
 durst
 Come see the secret of the life of man,
 Well worthie thou to be of Jove accurst,
 And eke thy childrens thrids to be asun-
 der burst!'

L.

Whereat she sore affrayd, yet her be-
 sought
 To graunt her boone, and rigour to abate,
 That she might see her childrens thrids
 forth brought,
 And know the measure of their utmost
 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 spiders
 frame,

And eke so short, that seemd their ends
 out shortly came.

LI.

She then began them humbly to intreate
 To draw them longer out, and better
 twine,
 That so their lives might be prolonged
 late:
 But Lachesis thereat gan to repine,
 And said; 'Fond dame, that deem'st of
 things divine
 As of humane, that they may alted bee,
 And chaung'd at pleasure for those impes
 of thine!
 Not so; for what the Fates do once decree,
 Not all the gods can change, nor Jove
 him self can free!'

LII.

'Then since' (quoth she) 'the terme of
 each mans life
 For nought may lessened nor enlarged bee,
 Graunt this; that when ye shred with
 fatall knife
 His line, which is the eldest of the three,
 Which 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 lives may likewise be
 annext
 Unto the third, that his may so be trebly
 wext.

LIII.

They graunted it; and then that care-
 full Fay
 Departed thence with full contented mynd;
 And, comming home, in warlike fresh
 aray
 Them found all three according to their
 kynd:
 But unto them what destinie was assynd,
 Or how their lives were eekt, she did not
 tell;
 But evermore, when she fit time could
 fynd,
 She warned them to tend their safeties
 well,
 And love each other deare, what ever
 them befell.

LIV.

So did they surely during all their
 dayes,
 And never discord did amongst them fall,
 Which much augmented all their other
 praise;

And now, t'increase affection naturall,
In love of Canacee they joynd all:
Upon which ground this same great bat-
tell grew,

Great matter growing of beginning small,
The which, for length, I will not here
pursew,
But rather will reserve it for a Canto new.

CANTO III.

The battell twixt three brethren with
Cambell for Canacee:
Cambina with true friendships bond
Doth their long strife agree.

I.

O! WHY doe wretched men so much
desire
To draw their dayes unto the utmost date,
And doe not rather wish them soone expire,
Knowing the miserie of their estate,
And thousand perills which them still
awate,
Tossing them like a boate amid the mayne,
That every houre they knocke at deathes
gate?
And he that happie seemes, and least in
payne,
Yet is as nigh his end as he that most doth
playne.

II.

Therefore this Fay I hold but foud and
vaine,
The which, in seeking for her children
three
Long life, thereby did more prolong their
payne:
Yet whilst they lived none did ever see
More happie creatures then they seem'd
to bee;
Nor more ennobled for their courtesie,
That made them dearely lov'd of each
degree;
Ne more renowned for their chevalrie,
That made them dreaded much of all men
farre and nie.

III.

These three that hardie challenge tooke
in hand,
For Canacee with Cambell for to fight.
The day was set, that all might under-
stand,
And pledges pawnd the same to keepe
aright:
That day, the dreddest day that living
wight
Did ever see upon this world to shine,
So soone as heavens window shewed light,
These warlike Champions, all in armour
shine,
Assembled were in field the challenge to
define.

IV.

The field with listes was all about en-
clos'd,
To barre the prease of people farre away;
And at th' one side sixe judges were dis-
pos'd,
To view and deeme the deedes of armes
that day:
And on the other side, in fresh aray,
Fayre Canacee upon a stately stage
Was set, to see the fortune of that fray,
And to be seene, as his most worthie
wage
That could her purchase with his lives
adventur'd gage.

V.

Then entred Cambell first into the list,
With stately steps and fearlesse counte-
nance,
As if the conquest his he surely wist.
Soone after did the brethren three advance
In brave aray and goodly amenace,
With scutchins gilt and banners broad
displayd;
And, marching thrise in warlike ordinance,
Thrise lowted lowly to the noble Mayd,
The whiles shril trompets and loud clarions
sweetly playd.

VI.

Which doen, the doughty chalenger
came forth,
All arm'd to point, his challenge to abet:
Gainst whom Sir Priamond, with equall
worth
And equall armes, himselfe did forward
set.
A trompet blew; they both together met
With dreadfull force and furions intent,
Carelesse of perill in their fiers affret,
As if that life to losse they had forelent,
And cared not to spare that should be
shortly spent.

VII.

Right practicke was Sir Priamond in
fight,

And throughly skild in use of shield and
speare;

Ne lesse approved was Cambelloes might,
Ne lesse his skill in weapons did appeare;
That hard it was to weene which harder
were.

Full many mightie strokes on either side
Were sent, that seemed death in them to
beare;

But they were both so watchfull and well
eyde,

That they avoyded were, and vainely by
did slyde.

VIII.

Yet one, of many, was so strongly bent
By Priamond, that with unluckie glaunce
Through Cambels shoulder it unwarely
went,

That forced him his shield to disadvauce.
Much was he grieved with that gracelesse
chance;

Yet from the wound no drop of blood
there fell,

But wondrous paine, that did the more
enhance

His haughtie courage to avengement fell:
Smart daunts not mighty harts, but makes
them more to swell.

IX.

With that, his poynant speare he fierce
aventred.

With doubled force close underneath his
shield,

That through the mayles into his thigh it
entred,

And, there arresting, readie way did yield
For blood to gush forth on the grassie field;
That he for paine himselve n'ote right
upreare,

But too and fro in great amazement reel'd;
Like an old Oke, whose pith and sap is
scare,

At puffe of every storme doth stagger
here and there.

X.

Whom so dismayd when Cambell had
espide,

Againe he drove at him with double might,
That nought mote stay the steele, till in
his side

The mortall point most cruelly empight;
Where fast infixd, whilst he sought by
slight

It forth to wrest, the staffe asunder brake,
And left the head behinde: with which
despight

He all enrag'd his shivering speare did
shake,

And charging him afresh thus felly him
bespake.

XI.

'Lo! faitour, there thy meede unto thee
take,

The meede of thy mischallenge and abet.
Not for thine owne, but for thy sisters
sake,

Have I thus long thy life unto thee let:
But to forbear doth not forgive the det.'
The wicked weapon heard his wrathfull
vow,

And, passing forth with furious affret,
Pierst through his bever quite into his
brow,

That with the force it backward forced
him to bow.

XII.

Therewith asunder in the midst it brast,
And in his hand nought but the troncheon
left;

The other halfe, behind yet sticking fast,
Out of his headpeece Cambell fiercely reft,
And with such furie backe at him it heft,
That making way unto his dearest life,
His weasand-pipe it through his gorget
cleft.

Thence streames of purple blood issuing
rife

Let forth his wearie ghost, and made an
end of strife.

XIII.

His wearie ghost assoyld from fleshy
band

Did not, as others wont, directly fly
Unto her rest in Plutoes griesly land;
Ne into ayre did vanish presently,
Ne chaunged was into 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 liv'd anew, of former life
deprived.

XIV.

Whom when on ground his brother next
beheld,

Though sad and sorie for so heavy sight,
Yet leave unto his sorrow did not yeeld,
But rather stir'd to vengeance and de-
spight,

Through secret feeling of his generous
spright,

Rusht fiercely forth the battell to renew,
As in reversion of his brothers right;
And chalenging the Virgin as his dew,
His foe was soone adrest: the trompets
freshly blew.

XV.

With that they both together fiercely met,
 As if that each ment other to deuoure;
 And with their axes both so sorely bet,
 That neither plate nor mayle, where as
 their powre
 They felt, could once sustaine the hideous
 stowre,
 But rived were like rotten wood asunder;
 Whilest through their rifts the ruddie
 blood did showre,
 And fire did flash, like lightning after
 thunder,
 That fild the lookers on attonce with ruth
 and wonder.

XVI.

As when two Tygers prickt with hungers
 rage
 Have by good fortune found some beasts
 fresh spoyle,
 On which they weene their famine to
 asswage,
 And gaine a feastfull guerdon of their
 toyle,
 Both falling out doe stirre up strifefull
 broyle,
 And cruell battell twixt themselves doe
 make,
 Whiles neither lets the other touch the
 soyle,
 But either sdeignes with other to partake:
 So cruelly these Knights strove for that
 Ladies sake.

XVII.

Full many strokes, that mortally were
 ment,
 The whiles were enterchaunged 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 wavering to and
 fro,
 Resolv'd to end it one or other way,
 And heav'd his murderous axe at him with
 mighty sway.

XVIII.

The dreadfull stroke, in case it had
 arrived
 Where it was ment, (so deadly it was
 ment)
 The soule had sure out of his bodie
 rived,
 And stinted all the strife incontinent:

But Cambels fate that fortune did pre-
 vent;
 For, seeing it at hand, he swarv'd asyde,
 And so gave way unto his fell intent;
 Who, missing of the marke which he had
 eyde,
 Was with the force nigh feld, whilst his
 right foot did slyde.

XIX.

As when a Vulture greedie of his pray,
 Through hunger long that hart to him
 doth lend,
 Strikes at an Heron with all his bodies
 sway,
 That from his force seemes nought may
 it defend;
 The warie 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 weeld-
 lesse might
 He falleth nigh to ground, and scarce re-
 covereth flight.

XX.

Which faire adventure when Cambello
 spide,
 Full lightly, ere himselfe he could re-
 cover
 From daungers dread to ward his naked
 side,
 He can let drive at him with all his
 power,
 And with his axe him smote in evill
 hower,
 That from his shoulders quite his head he
 reft:
 The headlesse tronke, as heedlesse of that
 stower,
 Stood still awhile, and his fast footing
 kept,
 Till, feeling life to fayle, it fell, and
 deadly slept.

XXI.

They which that piteous spectacle beheld
 Were much amaz'd the headlesse tronke
 to see
 Stand up so long, and weapon vaine to
 weld,
 Unweeting of the Fates divine decree
 For lifes succession in those brethren three.
 For notwithstanding that one soule was
 reft,
 Yet had the bodie not dismembred bee,
 It would have lived, and revived eft;

But, finding no fit seat, the lifelesse corse
it left.

XXII.

It left; but that same soule which
therein dwelt

Streight entring into Triamond him fild
With double life and grieffe; which when
he felt,

As one whose inner parts had bene ythrild
With point of steele that close his hart-
bloud spild,

He lightly lept out of his place of rest,
And rushing forth into the emptie field,
Against Cambello fiercely him address;
Who, him affronting soone, to fight was
readie prest.

XXIII.

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 advauncing
seene,

Some newborne wight ye would him surely
weene;

So fresh he seemed and so fierce in sight:
Like as a Snake, whom wearie winters
teene

Hath worne to nought, now feeling som-
mers might,

Casts off his ragged skin and freshly doth
him dight.

XXIV.

All was through vertue of the ring he
wore;

The which not onely did not from him let
One drop of bloud 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 mightie met,
Once thinke to match three such on equall
cost,

Three such as able were to match a
puissant host?

XXV.

Yet nought thereof was Triamond
adredde,

Ne desperate of glorious victorie;
But sharpely him assayld, and sore be-
stedde

With heapes of strokes, which he at him
let flie

As thicke as hayle forth poured from the
skie:

He stroke, he soust, he foynd, he hewd,
he lasht,

And did his yron brond so fast applie,
That from the same the fierie sparkles
flasht,

As fast as water-sprinkles gainst a rocke
are dasht.

XXVI.

Much was Cambello daunted with his
blowes:

So thicke they fell, and forcibly were sent,
That he was forst from daunger of the
throwes

Backe to retire, and somewhat to relent,
Till th' heat of his fierce furie he had
spent;

Which when for want of breath gan to
abate,

He then afresh with new encouragement
Did him assayle, and mightily amate,
As fast as forward erst now backward to
retrate.

XXVII.

Like as the tide, that comes fro th'
Ocean mayne,

Flowes up the Shenan with contrarie
force,

And over-ruling him in his owne rayne,
Drives backe the current of his kindly
course,

And makes it seeme to have some other
source;

But when the floud is spent, then backe
againe,

His borrowed waters forst to redisbourse,
He sends the sea his owne with double
gaine,

And tribute eke withall, as to his Sov-
eraine.

XXVIII.

Thus did the battell varie to and fro,
With diverse fortune doubtfull to be
deemed:

Now this the better had, now had his fo;
Then he halfe vanquisht, then the other
seemed,

Yet victors both them selves alwayes
esteemed:

And all the while the disentrayled blood
Adowne their sides like litle rivers
stremed,

That with the wasting of his vitall flood,
Sir Triamond at last full faint and feeble
stood.

XXIX.

But Cambell still more strong and
greater grew,

Ne felt his blood to wast, 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 bruises
 guarisht;
 Like as a withered tree, through husbands
 toyle,
 Is often scene full freshly to have florisht,
 And fruitfull apples to have borne awhile,
 As fresh as when it first was planted in
 the soyle.

xxx.

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 throate and life it pierc'd spright.
 That down he fell as dead in all mens
 sight;
 Yet dead he was not yet he sure did
 die,
 As all men do, that lose the living spright.
 So did one soule out of his bodie flie
 Unto her native home from mortall
 miserie.

xxxI.

But nathelesse, whilst all the lookers-
 on
 Him dead behight, as he to all appeard,
 All unawares he started up anon,
 As one that had out of a dreame bene
 reard,
 And fresh assayld his foe: who halfe
 affeard
 Of th' uncouth sight, as he some ghost
 had seene,
 Stood still amaz'd, holding his idlesweard;
 Till, having often by him stricken beene,
 He forced was to strike, and save himselfe
 from teene.

xxxII.

Yet from thenceforth more warily he
 fought,
 As one in feare the Stygian gods t' offend,
 Ne followd on so fast, but rather sought
 Him selfe to save, and daunger 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 victorie
 assure.

xxxIII.

Whereof full blith eftsoones his mightie
 hand
 He hea'v'd on high, in mind with that
 same blow
 To make an end of all that did withstand:
 Which Cambell seeing come was nothing
 slow
 Him selfe to save from that so deadly
 throw;
 And at that instant reaching forth his
 sweard
 Close underneath his shield, that scarce
 did show,
 Stroke him, as he his hand to strike up-
 reard,
 In th' arm-pit full, that through both
 sides the wound appeard.

xxxIV.

Yet still that drefull stroke kept on
 his way,
 And, falling heaue on Cambelloes crest,
 Strooke him so hugely that in swowne he
 lay,
 And in his head an hideous wound im-
 prest:
 And sure, had it not happily found rest
 Upon the brim of his brode-plated shield,
 It would have cleft his braine downe to
 his brest.
 So both at once fell dead upon the field,
 And each to other seemd the victorie to
 yield.

xxxV.

Which when as all the lookers-on be-
 held,
 They weened sure the warre was at an
 end;
 And Judges rose, and Marshals of the
 field
 Broke up the listes, their armes away to
 rend;
 And Canacee gan wayle her dearest friend.
 All suddenly they both upstarted 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.

xxxVI.

Long while they then continued in that
 wize,
 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 have the battell donne;
 Ne either cared life to save or spill,

Ne which of them did winne, ne which
were wonne.

So wearie both of fighting had their fill,
That life it selfe seemd loathsome, and
long safetie ill.

XXXVII.

Whilst thus the case in doubtfull bal-
lance hong,

Unsure to whether side it would incline,
And all mens eyes and hearts, which
ther: among

Stood gazing, filled were with rufull tine
And secret feare, to see their fatall fine,
All suddenly they heard a troublous
noyes,

That seemd some perilous tumult to
desine,

Confusd with womens cries and shouts
of boyes,
Such as the troubled Theatres oftimes
annoyes.

XXXVIII.

* Thereat the Champions both stood still
a space,
To weeten what that sudden clamour
ment:

Lo! where they spyde with speedie whirl-
ing pace,

One in a charet of straunge furniment
Towards them driving, like a storme out
sent.

The charet decked was in wondrous wize
With gold and many a gorgeous orna-
ment,

After the Persian Monarks antique guise,
Such as the maker selfe could best by art
deuize.

XXXIX.

And drawne it was (that wonder is to
tell)

Of two grim lyons, taken from the wood,
In which their powre all others did ex-
cell;

Now made forget their former cruell
mood,

T' obey their riders hest, as seemed good.
And therein sate a Ladie, passing faire
And bright, that seemed borne of Angels
brood,

And, with her beautie, bountie did com-
pare,

Whether of them in her should have the
greater share.

XL.

Thereto she learned was in Magicke
leare,

And all the artes, that subtill wits dis-
cover,

Having therein bene trained many a yeare,
And well instructed by the Fay her
mother,

That in the same she farre exceld all
other:

Who understanding by her mightie art
Of th' euill plight, in which her dearest
brother

Now stood, came forth in hast to take his
part,

And pacifie the strife, which causd so
deadly smart.

XLI.

And as she passed through th' unruly
preace

Of people, thronging thicke her to behold,
Her angrie teame breaking their bonds of
peace

Great heapes of them, like sheepe in nar-
row fold,

For hast did over-runne, in dust enrould:
That, thorough rude confusion of the
rout,

Some fearing shriekt, some being harmed
hould,

Some laught for sport, some did for
wonder shout,

And some, that would seeme wise, their
wonder turnd to dout.

XLII.

In her right hand a rod of peace shee
bore,

About the which two Serpents weren
wound,

Entrayled mutually in lovely lore,
And by the tiales together firmly bound,

And both were with one olive garland
crownd,

Like to the rod which Maias sonne doth
wield,

Wherewith the hellish fiends he doth con-
found:

And in her other hand a cup she hild,
The which was with Nepenthe to the brim
upfilld.

XLIII.

Nepenthe is a drinck of soverayne
grace,

Deuized by the Gods, for to asswage
Harts grief, and bitter gall away to
chace,

Which stirs up aneuish and contentious
rage:

Instead thereof sweet peace and quiet-age
It doth establish in the troubled mynd.

Few men, but such as sober are and sage,
Are by the Gods to drinck thereof
assynd;

But such as drinck, eternall happinesse
do fynd.

XLIV.

Such famous men, such worthies of the
earth,
As Jove will have advaunced to the skie,
And there made gods, though borne of
mortall berth,
For their high merits and great dignitie,
Are wont, before they may to heaven flie,
To drincke hereof, whereby all cares
forepast
Are washt away quite from their memo-
rie.

So did those olde Heroës hereof taste,
Before that they in blisse amongst the
Gods were plaste.

XLV.

Much more of price and of more gra-
tious powre,
Is this, then that same water of Ardenne,
The which Rinaldo drunck in happie
howre,
Described by that famous Tuscanne penne:
For that had might to change the hearts
of men
Fro love to hate, a change of evill choise:
But this doth hatred make in love to
brenne,
And heavy heart with comfort doth
rejoyce.
Who would not to this vertue rather
yeeld his voice?

XLVI.

At last arriving by the listes side,
Shee with her rod did softly smite the
raile,
Which straight flew ope, and gave her
way to ride.
Eftsoones out of her Coch she gan availe,
And pacing fairely forth did bid all haile,
First to her brother, whom she loved
deare,
That so to see him made her heart to
quaile;
And next to Cambell, whose sad ruefull
cheare
Made her to change her hew, and hidden
love t' appeare.

XLVII.

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 saw, 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 unto them was deare, did
them beseeke.

XLVIII.

But when as all might nought with them
prevaile,
Shee smote them lightly with her powre-
full wand.

Then suddenly, as if their hearts did faile,
Their wrathfull blades downe fell out of
their hand,

And they, like men astonisht, still did
stand.

Thus whilst their minds were doubtfully
distraught,

And mighty spirites bound with mightier
band,

Her golden cup to them for drinke she
raught,

Whereof, full glad for thirst, ech drunk
an hartly draught;

XLIX.

Of which so soone as they once tasted
had,

Wonder it is that sudden change to see:
Instead of strokes, each other kissed glad,
And lovely haulst, from feare of treason
free,

And plighted hands for ever friends to be.
When all men saw this sudden change of
things,

So mortall foes so friendly to agree,
For passing joy, which so great marvaile
brings,

They all gan shout aloud, that all the
heaven rings.

L.

All which when gentle Canacee beheld,
In hast she from her lofty chaire de-
scended,

To weet what sudden tidings was befel:
Where when she saw that cruell war so
ended,

And deadly foes so faithfully affrended,
In lovely wise she gan that Lady greet,
Which had so great dismay so well
amended:

And, entertaining her with curt'sies
meet,

Prest to her true friendship and affection
sweet.

LI.

Thus when they all accorded goodly
were,
The trumpets sounded, and they all arose,
Thence to depart with glee and gladsome
chere.
Those warlike champions both together
chose
Homeward to march, themselves there to
repose:
And wise Cambina, taking by her side
Faire Canacee, as fresh as morning rose,
Unto her Coch remounting, home did
ride,

Admir'd of all the people and much glori-
fide.

LII.

Where making joyous feast their daies
they spent
In perfect love, devoide of hatefull strife,
Allide with bands of mutuall complement;
For Triamond had Canacee to wife,
With whom he ledd a long and happie life;
And Cambel tooke Cambina to his fere,
The which as life were to each other liefe.
So all alike did love, and loved were,
That since their dayes such lovers were
not found elsewhere.

CANTO IV.

Satyrane makes a Turneyment
For love of Florimell:
Britomart winnes the prize from all,
And Artegall doth quell.

I.

It often fals, (as here it earst befell)
That mortall foes doe turne to faithfull
friends,
And friends profest are chaungd to foe-
men fell:
The cause of both, of both their minds de-
pends,
And th' end of both likewise of both their
ends:
For enmitie, 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.

II.

That well (me seemes) appeares, by that
of late
Twixt Cambell and Sir Triamond be-
fell,
As als by this, that now a new debate
Stird up twixt Blandamour and Paridell,
The which by course befals me here to
tell:
Who having those two other Knights
espide
Marching afore, as ye remember well,
Sent forth their Squire to have them both
descride,
And eke those masked Ladies riding them
beside.

III.

Who backe returning told, as he had
seene,
That they were doughtie knights of
dreaded name,

And those two Ladies their two loves un-
seene;
And therefore wisht them without blot or
blame
To let them passe at will, for dread of
shame.
But Blandamour full of vainglorious
spright,
And rather stird by his discordfull Dame,
Upon them gladly would have prov'd his
might,
But that he yet was sore of his late luck-
lesse fight.

IV.

Yet nigh approaching he them fowle be-
spake,
Disgracing them, him selfe thereby to
grace,
As was his wont: so weening way to make
To Ladies love, where so he came in
place,
And with lewd termes their lovers to de-
face.
Whose sharpe provokement them incenst
so sore,
That both were bent t' avenge his usage
base,
And gan their shields addresse them
selves afore:
For evill deedes may better then bad
words be bore.

V.

But faire Cambina with perswasions
myld
Did mitigate the fiercenesse of their
mode,
That for the present they were reconcyld,

And gan to treat of deeds of armes
abrode,
And strange adventures, all the way they
rode:
Amongst the which they told, as then be-
fell,
Of that great turney which was blazed
brode,
For that rich girdle of faire Florimell,
The prize of her which did in beautie most
excell.

VI.

To which folke-mote they all with one
consent,
Sith each of them his Ladie had him by,
Whose beautie each of them thought ex-
cellent,
Agreed to travell, 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 ad-
drest,
Him weening, ere he nigh approcht, to
have repress.

VII.

Which th' other seeing gan his course
relent,
And vaunted speare eftsoones to disad-
vantage,
As if he naught but peace and pleasure
ment,
Now false into their fellowship by chance:
Whereat they shewed curteous counte-
nance.
So as he rode with them accompanide,
His roving eie did on the Lady glaunce
Which Blandamour had riding by his
side:
Whom sure he weend, that he some-where
tofore had eide.

VIII.

It was to weete that snowy Florimell,
Which Ferrau late from Braggadochio
wonne:
Whom he now seeing, her remembered
well,
How having reft her from the witches
sonne,
He soone her lost: wherefore he now be-
gunne
To challenge her anew, as his owne prize,
Whom formerly he had in battell wonne,
And proffer made by force her to reprize:
Which scornfull offer Blandamour gan
soone despize;

IX.

And said, '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 have done, in
fight:
And lo! shee shall be placed here in sight,
Together with this Hag beside her set,
That who so winnes her may her have by
right:
But he shall have the Hag that is ybet,
And with her alwaies ride, till he another
get.'

X.

That offer pleased all the company:
So Florimell with Atè forth was brought,
At which they all gan laugh full merrily:
But Braggadochio said, he never thought
For such an Hag, that seemed worse then
nought,
His person to emperill 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 justifie
his right.

XI.

At which his vaine excuse they all gan
smile,
As scoring his unmanly cowardize:
And Florimell him fowly gan revile,
That for her sake refus'd to enterpize
The battell, offred in so knightly wize:
And Atè eke provokt him privily
With love of her, and shame of such me-
sprize.
But nought he car'd for friend or enemy,
For in base mind nor friendship dwels nor
enmity.

XII.

But Cambell thus did shut up all in jest:
'Brave Knights and Ladies, certes, ye
doe wrong
To stirre up strife, when most us needeth
rest,
That we may us reserve both fresh and
strong
Against the Turnement which is not long,
When who so list to fight may fight his
fill:
Till then your challenges ye may prolong;
And then it shall be tried, if ye will,
Whether shall have the Hag, or hold the
Lady still.'

XIII.

They all agreed: so, turning all to
game

And pleasaunt 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, upon th' appointed
day

Unto the place of turneyment they came;
Where they before them found in fresh
aray

Manie a brave knight and manie a daintie
dame,

Assembled for to get the honour of that
game.

XIV.

There this faire crewe arriving did
divide

Them selves asunder: Blandamour with
those

Of his on th' one, the rest on th' other
side.

But boastful Braggadochio rather chose,
For glorie vaine, their fellowship to lose,
That men on him the more might gaze
alone.

The rest themselves in troupes did else
dispose,

Like as it seemed best to every one;
The knights in couples marcht with ladies
linckt attone.

XV.

Then first of all forth came Sir Satyrane,
Bearing that precious relicke in an arke
Of gold, that bad eyes might it not pro-
phane:

Which drawing softly forth out of the
darke,

He open shewd, that all men it mote
marke:

A gorgeous girdle, curiously embost
With pearle and precious stone, worth
many a marke:

Yet did the workmanship farre passe the
cost:

It was the same which lately Florimel had
lost.

XVI.

The same aloft he hung in open vew,
To be the prize of beantie and of might;
The which eftsoones discovered, 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 voves and wishes
vaine.

Thrise happie Ladie, and thrise happie
knight,

Them seemd that could so goodly riches
gaine,

So worthe of the perill, worthy of the
paine.

XVII.

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 him selfe 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 bene tride,
Hight Bruncheval the bold, who fiersly
forth did ride.

XVIII.

So furiously they both together met,
That neither could the others force sus-
taine;

As two fierce Bulls, that strive the rule to
get

Of all the heard, meete with so hideous
maine,

That both rebutted tumble on the plaine:
So these two champions to the ground
were feld,

Where in a maze they both did long re-
maine,

And in their hands their idle troncheons
held,

Which neither able were to wag, or once
to weld.

XIX.

Which when the noble Ferramont
espide,

He picked forth in ayd of Satyran;
And him against Sir Blandamour did ride

With all the strength and stifnesse that
he can.

But the more strong and stiffely that he
ran,

So much more sorely to the ground he
fell,

That on an heape were tumbled horse and
man:

Unto whose rescue forth rode Paridell;
But him likewise with that same speare
he eke did quell.

XX.

Which 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,
 With which so sore he Ferramont assaid,
 That horse and man to ground he quite
 did beare,
 That neither could in hast themselves
 againe upreare.

XXI.

Which to avenge Sir Devon him did
 dight,
 But with no better fortune then the rest:
 For him likewise he quickly downe did
 smight,
 And after him Sir Douglas him adrest,
 And after him Sir Palimord forth prest:
 But none of them against his strokes
 could stand,
 But, all the more, the more his praise in-
 crest:
 For either they were left upon the land,
 Or went away sore wounded of his hap-
 lesse hand.

XXII.

And now by this Sir Satyrane abraid
 Out of the swowne, in which too long he
 lay;
 And looking round about, like one dis-
 maid,
 When as he saw the mercesse affray
 Which doughty Triamond had wrought
 that day
 Unto the noble Knights of Maidenhead,
 His mighty heart did almost rend in
 tway,
 For very gall, that rather wholly dead
 Himselfe he wisht have beene, then in so
 bad a stead.

XXIII.

Eftsoones he gan to gather up around
 His weapons which lay scattered all
 abrode,
 And, as it fell, his steed he ready found;
 On whom remounting fiercely forth he
 rode,
 Like sparke of fire that from the andvile
 glode,
 There where he saw the valiant Triamond
 Chasing, and laying on them heavy lode,
 That none his force were able to with-
 stand,
 So dreadfull were his strokes, so deadly
 was his hond.

XXIV.

With that, at him his beam-like speare
 he aimed,
 And thereto all his power and might
 applide:
 The wicked steele, for mischiefe first or-
 dained,
 And having now misfortune got for guide.
 Staid not till it arrived in his side,
 And therein made a very griesly wound,
 That streames of blood his armour all
 bedide.
 Much was he daunted with that direfull
 stound,
 That scarce he him upheld from falling in
 a swound.

XXV.

Yet, as he might, himselfe he soft with-
 drew
 Out of the field, that none perceiv'd it
 plaine;
 Then gan the part of Challengers anew
 To range the field, and victorlike to raine,
 That none against them battell durst
 maintaine:
 By that the gloomy evening on them fell,
 That forced them from fighting to re-
 fraine,
 And trumpets sound to cease did them
 compell:
 So Satyrane that day was judg'd to beare
 the bell.

XXVI.

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,
 Unable he new battell to darraine,
 Through grievance of his late received
 wound,
 That doubly did him grieve when so him-
 selfe he found.

XXVII.

Which Cambell seeing, though he could
 not salve,
 Ne done undoe, yet, for to salve his name
 And purchase honor in his friends be-
 halve,
 This goodly counterfesauce he did
 frame:
 The shield and armes, well knowne to be
 the same

Which Triamond had worne, unwares to
wight
And to his friend unwist, for doubt of
blame
If he misdid, he on himselfe did dight,
That none could him discerne; and so
went forth to fight.

XXVIII.

There Satyrane Lord of the field he
found,
Triumphing in great joy and jolity,
Gainst whom none able was to stand on
ground;
That much he gan his glorie to envy,
And cast t' avenge his friends indignity.
A mightie speare eftsoones at him he bent;
Who, seeing him come on so furiously,
Met him mid-way with equal hardiment,
That forcibly to ground they both together
went.

XXIX.

They up againe them selves can lightly
reare,
And to their tryed swords them selves be-
take;
With which they wrought such wondrous
marvels there,
That all the rest it did amazed make,
Ne any dar'd their perill to partake;
Now cuffing close, now chacing to and
fro,
Now hurtling round advantage for to
take:
As two wild Boares together grapling go,
Chaufing and foming choler each against
his fo.

XXX.

So as they courst, and turneyd here and
theare,
It chaunst Sir Satyrane his steed at last,
Whether through foundring or through
sodein feare,
To stumble, that his rider nigh he cast;
Which vantage Cambell did pursue so
fast,
That, ere him selfe he had recovered well,
So sore he sowst him on the compast creast,
That forced him to leave his loftie sell,
And rudely tumbling downe under his
horse-feete fell.

XXXI.

Lightly Cambello leapt downe from his
steed
For to have rent his shield and armes
away,
That whylome wont to be the victors
meed;

When all unwares he felt an hideous
sway
Of many swords that lode 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.

XXXII.

He with their multitude was nought
dismayd,
But with stout courage turnd upon them
all,
And with his brondiron round about him
layd;
Of which he dealt large almes, as did be-
fall:
Like as a Lion, that by chaunce doth fall
Into the hunters toile, doth rage and
rore,
In royall heart disdainig to be thrall.
But all in vaine: for what might one do
more?
They have him taken captive, though it
grieve him sore.

XXXIII.

Whereof when newes to Triamond was
brought
There as he lay, his wound he soone
forgot,
And starting up streight 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 sorie to his
vew.

XXXIV.

Into the thickest of that knightly preasse
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 captive thral two other Knights
atweene:
There he amongst them cruell haveocke
makes,
That they, which lead him, soone enforced
beene

To let him loose to save their proper stakes,
Who, being freed, from one a weapon
fiercely takes.

XXXV.

With that he drives at them with dread-
full might,
Both in remembrance of his friends late
harme,
And in revengement of his owne despight;
So both together give a new allarme,
As if but now the battell wexed warme.
As when two greedy Wolves doe breake
by force
Into an heard, farre from the husband
farme,
They spoile and ravine without all re-
morse;
So did these two through all the field
their foes enforce.

XXXVI.

Fiercely they followd on their bolde
emprize,
Till trumpets sound did warne them all to
rest;
Then all with one consent did yeeld the
prize
To Triamond and Cambell as the best.
But Triamond to Cambell it relest,
And Cambell it to Triamond transferd,
Each labouring t' advance the others gest,
And make his praise before his owne pre-
ferd:
So that the doome was to another day
differd.

XXXVII.

The last day came, when all those
knightes againe
Assembled were their deedes of armes to
shew.
Full many deedes that day were shewed
plaine:
But Satyrane, bove all the other crew,
His wondrous worth declared 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 unweari'd powre his party still
assured.

XXXVIII.

Ne was there Knight that ever thought
of armes,
But that his utmost prowesse there made
knownen;
That, by their many wounds and carelesse
harmes,

By shivered speares, and swords all under
strowen,
By scattered shields, was easie to be
shownen.
There might ye see loose steeds at randon
ronne,
Whose lucklesse riders late were over-
thrown;
And squiers make hast to helpe their
Lords fordonne.
But still the Knights of Maidenhead the
better wonne;

XXXIX.

Till that there entered on the other side
A straunger knight, from whence no man
could reed,
In quyet disguise, full hard to be de-
scribe:
For all his armour was like salvage weed
With woody mosse bedight, and all his
steed
With oaken leaves attrapt, that seemed fit
For salvage wight; and thereto well
agreed
His word, which on his ragged shield was
writ,
Salvagesse sans finesse, shewing secret
wit.

XL.

He, at his first incomming, charg'd his
spere
At him that first appeared in his sight:
That was to weet the stout Sir Sangliere,
Who well was knownen to be a valiant
Knight,
Approved oft in many a perlous fight.
Him at the first encounter downe he smote,
And overbore beyond his crouper quight;
And after him another Knight, that hote
Sir Brianor, so sore that none him life
behote.

XLI.

Then, ere his hand he reard, he over-
threw
Seven Knights, one after other as they
came:
And, when his speare was brust, his sword
he drew,
The instrument of wrath, and with the
same
Far'd like a lyon in his bloodie game,
Hewing and slashing shields and helmets
bright,
And beating downe what ever nigh him
came,
That every one gan shun his dreadfull
sight,
No lesse then death it selfe, in daungerous
affright.

XLII.

Much wondred all men what or whence
 he came,
 That did amongst the troupes so tyrannize,
 And each of other gan inquire his name.
 But when they could not learne it by no
 wize,
 Most answerable to his wyld disguise
 It seemed him to terme the Salvage
 Knight;
 But certes his right name was otherwise,
 Though knowne to few, that Arthegall he
 hight,
 The doughtiest knight that liv'd that day,
 and most of might.

XLIII.

Thus was Sir Satyrane with all his band
 By his sole manhood and atchievement
 stout
 Dismay'd, that none of them in field durst
 stand,
 But beaten were and chased all about.
 So he continued all that day throughout,
 Till evening that the Sunne gan down-
 ward bend.
 Then rushed forth out of the thickest rout
 A stranger knight, that did his glorie
 shend:
 So nought may be esteemed happie till
 the end.

XLIV.

He at his entrance charg'd his powrefull
 speare
 At Artegall, in middest of his pryde,
 And therewith smote him on his Umbriere
 So sore, that tumbling backe he downe
 did slyde
 Over his horses taile above a stryde;
 Whence litle lust he had to rise againe:
 Which Cambell seeing much the same
 envyde,
 And ran at him with all his might and
 maine;
 But shortly was likewise seene lying on
 the plaine.

XLV.

Whereat full inly wroth was Triamond,
 And cast t' avenge the shame doen to his
 freend:
 But by his friend himselfe eke soone he
 fond
 In no leese neede of helpe then him he
 weend.
 All which when Blandamour from end to
 end

Beheld, he woxe therewith displeas'd
 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.

XLVI.

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 enchaunted
 speare,
 The which this famous Britomart did
 beare;
 With which she wondrous deeds of arms
 atchieved,
 And overthrew what ever came her neare,
 That all those stranger knights full sore
 agrieved,
 And that late weaker band of chalengers
 relieved.

XLVII.

Like as in sommers day, when raging
 heat
 Doth burne the earth and boyled rivers
 drie,
 That all brute beasts, forst to refraine fro
 meat,
 Doe hunt for shade, where shrowded they
 may lie,
 And, missing it, faine from themselves to
 flie;
 All travellers tormented are with paine:
 A watry cloud doth overcast the skie,
 And poureth forth a sudden shoure of
 raine,
 That all the wretched world recomforteth
 againe.

XLVIII.

So did the warlike Britomart restore
 The prize to knights of Maydenhead that
 day,
 Which else was like to have bene lost, and
 bore
 The prayse of prowesse from them all
 away.
 Then shrilling trompets loudly gan to
 bray,
 And bad them leave their labours and
 long toyle
 To joyous feast and other gentle play,
 Where beauties prize shold win that
 pretious spoyle:
 Where I with sound of trompe will also
 rest a while.

CANTO V.

The Ladies for the girdle strive
Of famous Florimell :
Scudamour, comming to Cares House,
Doth sleepe from him expell.

I.

It hath bene through all ages ever seene,
That with the praise of armes and chev-
alrie
The prize of beautie still hath joyned
beene ;
And that for reasons speciall privitie,
For either doth on other much relie.
For he, me seemes, most fit the faire to
serve,
That can her best defend from villenie ;
And she most fit his service doth deserve,
That fairest is, and from her faith will
never swerve.

II.

So fitly now here commeth next in place,
After the proove of prowesse ended well,
The controverser of beauties soveraine
grace ;
In which, to her that doth the most excell,
Shall fall the girdle of faire Florimell :
That many wish to win for glorie vaine,
And not for vertuous use, which some doe
tell
That glorious belt did in it selfe containe,
Which Ladies ought to love, and seeke for
to obtaine.

III.

That girdle gave the vertue of chast
love,
And wivehood true, to all that did it
beare ;
But whosoever contrarie doth prove,
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 usd to live in wively sort,
But layd aside when so she usd her looser
sport.

IV.

Her husband Vulcan whylome for her
sake,
When first he loved her with heart entire,
This pretious ornament, they say, did
make,
And wrought in Lemno with unquenched
fire :

And afterwards did for her loves first
hire
Give it to her, for ever to remaine,
Therewith to bind lascivious desire,
And loose affections streightly to re-
straine ;
Which vertue it forever after did retaine.

V.

The same one day, when she her selfe
disposd
To visite her beloved Paramoure,
The God of warre, she from her middle
loosd,
And left behind her in her secret bowre
On Acidalian mount, where many an
howre
She with the pleasant Graces went to
play.
There Florimell, in her first ages flowre,
Was fostered by those Graces, (as they
say)
And brought with her from thence that
goodly belt away.

VI.

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 pearelesse she was thought that did
it beare.
And now by this their feast all being
ended,
The judges, which thereto selected were,
Into the Martian field adowne descended
To deeme this doutfull case, for which
they all contended.

VII.

But first was question made, which of
those Knights
That lately turneyd had the wager wonne :
There was it judged, by those worthie
wights,
That Satyrane the first day best had
dome :
For he last ended, having first begonne.
The second was to Triamond behight,

For that he sav'd the victour from for-
donne:
For Cambell victour was in all mens
sight,
Till by mishap he in his foemens hand
did light.

VIII.

The third dayes prize unto that straun-
ger Knight,
Whom all men term'd Knight of the
Hebene speare,
To Britomart was given 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 unconquer'd did appeare;
For last is deemed best. To her therefore
The fayrest Ladie was adjudged for Para-
more.

IX.

But thereat greatly grudged Arthegall,
And much repynd, that both of victors
meede
And eke of honour she did him forestall.
Yet mote he not withstand what was de-
creede,
But inly thought of that despightfull
deede
Fit time t' awaite avenged for to bee.
This being ended thus, and all agreed,
Then next ensew'd the Paragon to see
Of beauties praise, and yeeld the fayrest
her due fee.

X.

Then first Cambello brought into their
view
His faire Cambina, covered with a veale;
Which, being once withdrawne, most per-
fect hew
And passing beautie did eftsoones reveale,
That able was weake harts away to steale.
Next did Sir Triamond unto their sight
The face of his deare Canacee unheale;
Whose beauties beame eftsoones did
shine so bright,
That daz'd the eyes of all as with exceed-
ing light.

XI.

And after her did Paridell produce
His false Duessa, that she might be seene;
Who with her forged beautie did seduce
The hearts of some that fairest her did
weene,
As diverse wits affected divers beene.
Then did Sir Ferramont unto them shew
His Lucida, that was full faire and sheene:
And after these an hundred Ladies moe

Appeare'd in place, the which each other
did outgoe.

XII.

All which who so dare thinke for to en-
chace,
Him needeth sure a golden pen, I weene,
To tell the feature of each goodly face:
For, since the day that they created
beene,
So many heavenly faces were not seene
Assembled in one place: ne he that
thought
For Chian folke to pourtraict beauties
Queene,
By view of all the fairest to him brought,
So many faire did see as here he might
have sought.

XIII.

At last, the most redoubted Britonesse
Her lovely Amoret did open shew;
Whose face, discovered, plainly did ex-
presse
The heavenly pourtraict of bright Angels
hew.
Well weened all, which her that time
did vew,
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.

XIV.

For all afore that seemed fayre and
bright,
Now base and contemptible did appeare,
Compar'd to her that shone as Phebes
light
Amongst the lesser starres in evening
cleare.
All that her saw with wonder ravisht
weare,
And weend no mortall creature she should
bee,
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.

XV.

As guilefull Goldsmith that by secret
skill
With golden foyle doth finely over-sprede
Some baser metall, which commend he
will
Unto 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 Idole was to be ared,
That Florimell her selfe in all mens vew
She seem'd to passe: so forged things do
fairest shew.

XVI.

Then was that golden belt by doome of
all
Graunted to her, as to the fayrest Dame.
Which being brought, about her middle
small
They thought to gird, as best it her be-
came,
But by no meanes they could it thereto
frame;
For, ever as they fastned it, it loos'd
And fell away, as feeling secret blame.
Full oft about her wast she it enclos'd,
And it as oft was from about her wast
disclos'd:

XVII.

That all men wondred at the uncouth
sight,
And each one thought as to their fancies
came.
But she her selfe did thinke it doen for
spight,
And touched was with secret wrath and
shame
Therewith, as thing deviz'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, eftsoones
it was untide.

XVIII.

Which when that scornefull Squire of
Dames did vew,
He lowdly gan to laugh, and thus to jest;
'Alas! for pittie that so faire a crew,
As like cannot be seene from East to
West,
Cannot find one this girdle to invest.
Fie on the man that did it first invent
To shame us all with this *Ungirt unblest!*
Let never Ladie to his love assent,
That hath this day so many so unmanly
shent.'

XIX.

Thereat all Knights gan laugh, and
Ladies lowre:
Till that at last the gentle Amoret
Likewise assayd to prove that girdles
powre;

And, having 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.

XX.

Yet nathemore would it her bodie fit;
Yet nathelesse to her, as her dew right,
It yielded was by them that judged it:
And she her selfe adjudged 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
The lesse esteem'd then th' others vertu-
ous government.

XXI.

Whom when the rest did see her to refuse,
They were full glad, in hope themselves
to get her:
Yet at her choice they all did greatly muse.
But, after that, the judges did arret her
Unto the second best that lov'd her better;
That was the Salvage Knight: but he was
gone,
In great displeasure that he could not get
her.
Then was she judged Triamond his one;
But Triamond lov'd Canacee, and other
none.

XXII.

Tho unto Satyran she was adjudged,
Who was right glad to gaine so goodly
meed:
But Blandamour thereat full greatly
grudged,
And lite prays'd his labours evill 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 combat with Sir Satyrane:
Thereto him Atè stird, new discord to
maintaine.

XXIII.

And eke, with these, full many other
Knights
She through her wicked working did in-
cense
Her to demaund and chalenge as their
rights,
Deserved for their perils recompense.
Amongst the rest, with boastfull vaine
pretense,

Stept Braggadochio forth, and as his
thrall
Her claym'd, by him in battell wonne
long sens:
Whereto her selfe he did to wnesse call;
Who, being askt, accordingly confessed
all.

XXIV.

Thereat exceeding wroth was Satyran;
And wroth with Satyran was Blandamour;
And wroth with Blandamour was Erivan;
And at them both Sir Paridell did loure.
So all together stird up strifull stoure,
And readie were new battell to darraine.
Each one profest to be her paramoure,
And vow'd with speare and shield it to
maintaine;
Ne Judges powre, ne reasons rule, mote
them restraine.

XXV.

Which troublous stirre when Satyrane
aviz'd,
He gan to cast how to appease the same,
And to accord them all this meanes de-
viz'd:
First in the midst to set that fayrest Dame,
To whom each one his chalenge should
disclame,
And he himselfe his right would eke re-
lease:
Then, looke to whom she voluntarie came,
He should without disturbance her pos-
sesse:
Sweete is the love that comes alone with
willingnesse.

XXVI.

They all agreed: and then that snowy
Mayd
Was in the middest plast among them
all;
All on her gazing wisht, and vowd, and
prayd,
And to the Queene of beautie close did call,
That she unto their portion might befall.
Then, when she long had lookt upon each
one,
As though she wished to have pleasd them
all,
At last to Braggadochio selfe alone
She came of her accord, in sight of all
his fone.

XXVII.

Which when they all beheld they chaft,
and rag'd,
And woxe nigh mad for very harts de-
spight,
That from revenge their willes they scarce
asswag'd;

Some thought from him her to have reft
by might;
Some proffer made with him for her to
fight.
But he thought 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.

XXVIII.

They which remaynd, so soone as they
perceiv'd
That she was gone, departed thence with
speed,
And follow'd them, in mind her to have
reav'd
From wight unworthie of so noble need.
In which poursuit how each one did suc-
ceede,
Shall else be told in order, as it fell.
But now of Britomart it here doth neede
The hard adventures and strange haps to
tell,
Since with the rest she went not after
Florimell.

XXIX.

For soone as she them saw to discord
set,
Her list no longer in that place abide;
But, taking with her lovely Amoret,
Upon her first adventure forth did ride,
To seeke her lov'd, making blind love
her guide.
Unluckie Mayd, to seeke her enimie!
Unluckie Mayd, to seeke him farre and
wide,
Whom, when he was unto her selfe most
nie,
She through his late disguizement could
him not descrie!

XXX.

So much the more her grieve, the more
her toyle:
Yet neither toyle nor grieve she once did
spare,
In seeking him that should her paine
assoyle;
Whereto great comfort in her sad misfare
Was Amoret, companion of her care:
Who likewise sought her lover long mis-
went,
The gentle Scudamour, whose heart whil-
eare
That stryfull hag with gealous discontent
Had fild, that he to fell reveng was fully
bent:

XXXI.

Bent to revenge on blamelesse Brito-
mart
The crime which cursed Atè kindled earst,
The which like thornes did pricke his
gealous hart,
And through his soule like poysned arrow
perst,
That by no reason it might be reverst,
For ought that Glauce could or doe or say.
For, aye the more that she the same re-
herst,
The more it gauld and griev'd him night
and day,
That nought but dire revenge his anger
mote defray.

XXXII.

So as they travelled, the drouping night,
Covered with cloudie storme and bitter
showre,
That dreadfull seem'd to every living
wight,
Upon them fell, before her timely howre;
That forced them to seeke some covert
bowre,
Where they might hide their heads in
quiet rest,
And shrowd their persons from that
stormie stowre.
Not farre away, not meet for any guest,
They spide a little cottage, like some
poore man's nest.

XXXIII.

Under 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 muddie water, that like puddle stanke,
By which few crooked sallowes grew in
ranke:
Whereto approaching nigh they heard
the sound
Of many yron hammers beating ranke,
And answering their wearie turnes around,
That seemed some blacksmith dwelt in
that desert ground.

XXXIV.

There entring in, they found the good-
man selfe
Full busily unto his worke ybent;
Who was to weet a wretched wearish elfe,
With hollow eyes and rawbone cheekes
forspent,
As if he had in prison long bene pent:
Full blacke and griesly did his face ap-
peare,

Besmeard with smoke that nigh his eye-
sight blent;
With rugged beard, and hoarie shagged
heare,
The which he never wont to combe, or
comely sheare.

XXXV.

Rude was his garment, and to rags all
rent,
Ne better had he, ne for better cared:
With blistred hands emongst the cinders
brent,
And fingers filthie with long nayles un-
pared,
Right fit to rend the food on which he fared.
His name was Care; a blacksmith by his
trade,
That neither day nor night from working
spared,
But to small purpose yron wedges made;
Those be unquiet thoughts that careful
minds invade.

XXXVI.

In which his worke he had sixe servants
prest,
About the Andvile standing evermore
With huge great hammers, that did never
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 exceede.

XXXVII.

He like a monstrous Gyant seem'd in
sight,
Farre passing Bronteus or Pyracmon
great,
The which in Lipari doe day and night
Frame thunderbolts for Joves avengefull
threate.
So dreadfully he did the andvile beat,
That seem'd to dust he shortly would it
drive:
So huge his hammer, and so fierce his heat,
That seem'd a rocke of Diamond it could
rive
And rend asunder quite, if he thereto list
strive.

XXXVIII.

Sir Scudamour there entring much ad-
mired

The manner of their worke and wearie
paine;

And, having long beheld, at last enquired
The cause and end thereof, but all in vaine;
For they for nought would from their
worke refraine,

Ne let his speeches come unto their eare.
And eke the breathfull bellowes blew
amaine,

Like to the Northern winde, that none
could heare:

Those Pensifenesse did move; and Sighes
the bellows weare.

XXXIX.

Which when that warriour saw, he said
no more,

But in his armour layd him down to rest:
To rest he layd him downe upon the flore,
(Whylome for ventrous Knights the bed-
ding best)

And thought his wearie limbs to have
redrest.

And that old aged Dame, his faithfull
Squire,

Her feeble joynts layd eke adowne to rest;
That needed much her weake age to desire,
After so long a travell which them both
did tire.

XL.

There lay Sir Scudamour long while
expecting

When gentle sleepe his heavie eyes would
close;

Oft chaunging sides, and oft new place
electing,

Where better seem'd he mote himselve
repose;

And oft in wrath he thence againe uprose,
And oft in wrath he layd him downe
again.

But wheresoever he did himselve dispose,
He by no meanes could wished ease ob-
taine:

So every place seem'd painefull, and ech
changing vaine.

XLI.

And evermore, when he to sleepe did
thinke,

The hammers sound his senses did molest,
And evermore, 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
howle

About the house, as sent of stranger guest;
And now the crowing Cocke, and now the
Owle

Lowde shriking, him afflicted to the very
sowle.

XLII.

And, if by fortune any litle nap
Upon his heavie eye-lids chaunst to fall,
Eftsoones one of those villeins him did rap
Upon his headpeece with his yron mall;
That he was soone awaked therewithall,
And lightly started up as one affrayd,
Or as if one him suddenly did call:
So oftentimes he out of sleepe abrayd,
And then lay musing long on that him ill
apayd.

XLIII.

So long he muzed, and so long he lay,
That at the last his wearie sprite, opprest
With fleshly weaknesse, which no crea-
ture may

Long time resist, gave place to kindly rest,
That all his senses did full soone arrest:
Yet in his soundest sleepe his dayly feare
His ydle braine gan busily molest,
And made him dreame those two dis-
loyall were:

The things, that day most minds, at night
doe most appeare.

XLIV.

With that the wicked carle, the maister
Smith,

A paire of red-whot yron tongs did take
Out of the burning cinders, and therewith
Under his side him nipt; that, forst to
wake,

He felt his hart for very paine to quake,
And started up avenged for to be
On him the which his quiet slomber brake:
Yet, looking round about him, none could
see;

Yet did the smart remaine, though he him-
selve did flee.

XLV.

In such disquiet and hart-fretting payne
He all that night, that too long night, did
passe

And now the day out of the Ocean mayne
Began to peepe above this earthly masse,
With pearly dew sprinkling the morning
grasse:

Then up he rose, like heavie lumpe of lead,
That in his face, as in a looking glasse,
The signes of anguish one mote plainly
read,

And ghesse the man to be dismayd with
gealous dread.

XLVI.

Unto his lofty steede he clombe anone,
And forth upon his former voiage fared,

And with him eke that aged Squire attone;
 Who, whatsoever perill was prepared,
 Both equall paines and equall perill
 shared;
 The end whereof and daungerous event

Shall for another canticle be spared:
 But here my wearie 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 love,
 And soone from her depart.

I.

WHAT equall torment to the grieffe of
 mind
 And pyning anguish hid in gentle hart,
 That inly feeds it selfe with thoughts
 unkind,
 And nourisheth her owne consuming
 smart?
 What medicine can any Leaches art
 Yeeld such a sore, that doth her grievance
 hide,
 And will to none her maladie impart?
 Such was the wound that Scudamour did
 gride,
 For which Dan Phebus selfe cannot a
 salve provide.

II.

Who having left that restlesse house of
 Care,
 The next day, as he on his way did ride,
 Full of melancholie and sad misfare
 Through misconceipt, all unawares espide
 An armed Knight under a forrest side
 Sitting in shade beside his grazing steede;
 Who, soone as them approaching he de-
 scribe,
 Gan towards them to pricke with eger
 speede,
 That seem'd he was full bent to some
 mischievous deede.

III.

Which Scudamour perceiving forth
 issewed
 To have rencountred him in equall race;
 But soone as th' other nigh approaching
 vewed
 The armes he bore, his speare he gan
 abase
 And voide his course: at which so suddain
 case
 He wondred much. But th' other thus
 can say:
 'Ah, gentle Scudamour! unto your grace
 I me submit, and you of pardon pray,

That almost had against you trespassed
 this day.'

IV.

Whereto thus Scudamour: 'Small harme
 it were
 For any knight upon a ventrous knight
 Without displeasance for to prove his
 spere.
 But reade you, Sir, sith ye my name have
 hight,
 What is your owne, that I mote you re-
 quite?'
 'Certes,' (sayd he) 'ye mote as now ex-
 cuse
 Me from discovering you my name aright,
 For time yet serves that I the same refuse;
 But call ye me the Salvage Knight, as
 others use.'

V.

'Then this, Sir Salvage Knight,' (quoth
 he) 'areede:
 Or doe you here within this forrest wonne,
 That seemeth well to answer to your
 weede,
 Or have ye it for some occasion donne?
 That rather seemes, sith knowen armes
 ye shonne.'
 'This other day' (sayd he) 'a stranger
 knight
 Shame and dishonour hath unto me donne,
 On whom I waite to wreake that foule de-
 spight,
 When ever he this way shall passe by day
 or night.'

VI.

'Shame be his meede,' (quoth he) 'that
 meaneth shame!
 But what is he by whom ye shamed were?'
 'A stranger knight,' sayd he, 'unknowne
 by name,
 But knowne 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 having me, all wearie earst, downe
feld,
The fayrest Ladie reft, and ever since
withheld.'

VII.

When Scudamour heard mention of that
speare,
He wist right well that it was Britomart,
The which from him his fairest love did
beare.

Tho gan he swell in every inner part
For fell despight, and guaw his gealous
hart,
That thus he sharply said: ' Now, by my
head,
Yet is not this the first unknighly part,
Which that same knight, whom by his
lance I read,
Hath doen to noble knights, that many
makes him dread:

VIII.

' For lately he my love hath fro me reft,
And eke defiled with foule villanie
The sacred pledge which in his faith was
left,

In shame of knighthood and fidelitie;
The which ere long full deare he shall
abie:

And if to that avenge by you decreed
This hand may helpe, or succour ought
supplie,
It shall not fayle when so ye shall it
need.'

So both to wreake their wrathes on Brito-
mart agreed.

IX.

Whiles thus they communed, lo! farre
away

A Knight soft ryding towards them they
spyde,

Attyr'd in forraine armes and straunge
aray:

Whom, when they nigh approcht, they
plaine descryde

To be the same for whom they did abyde.
Sayd then Sir Scudamour: ' Sir Salvage
knight,

Let me this crave, sith first I was defyde,
That first I may that wrong to him re-
quite;

And, if I hap to fayle, you shall recure
my right.'

X.

Which being yeelded, he his threatfull
speare

Gan fewer, and against her fiercely ran.
Who soone as she him saw approaching
neare

With so fell rage, her selfe she lightly gan
To dight, to welcome him well as she can
But enteraind him in so rude a wise,
That to the ground she smote both horse
and man;

Whence neither greatly hasted to arise,
But on their common harmes together did
devise.

XI.

But Artegall, beholding his mis-
chaunce,

New matter added to his former fire;
And, eft aventring his steele-headed
lance,

Against her rode, full of despiteous ire,
That nought but spoyle and vengeance
did require:

But to himselfe his felonous intent
Returning disappointed his desire,
Whiles unawares his saddle he forwent,
And found himselfe on ground in great
amazement.

XII.

Lightly he started up 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 covert
glade,

Whom without perill he cannot invade.
With such fell greedines he her assayed,
That though she mounted were, yet he
her made

To give him ground, (so much his force
prevayled)

And shun his mightie strokes, gainst
which no armes avayled.

XIII.

So, as they coursed here and there, it
chaunst

That, in her wheeling round, behind her
crest

So sorely he her strooke, that thence it
glaunst

Adowne her backe, the which it fairely
blest

From foule mischance; ne did it ever rest,
Till on her horses hinder parts it fell;

Where byting deepe so deadly it imprest,
That quite it chynd his backe behind the
sell,

And to alight on foote her algates did
compell:

XIV.

Like as the lightning brond from riven
skie,
Throwne out by angry Jove in his ven-
geance,

With dreadfull force falles on some steeple
hie;
Which battring downe, it on the church
doth glance,
And teares it all with terrible mischance.
Yet she no whit dismayd her steed for-
sooke,
And, casting from her that enchanted
lance,
Unto her sword and shield her soone be-
tooke;
And therewithall at him right furiously
she strooke.

xv.

So furiously she strooke in her first
heat,
Whiles with long fight on foot he breath-
lesse was,
That she him forced backward to retreat,
And yeeld unto her weapon way to pas:
Whose raging rigour neither steele nor
bras
Could stay, but to the tender flesh it
went,
And pour'd the purple bloud forth on the
gras;
That all his mayle yriv'd, and plates
yrent,
Shew'd all his bodie bare unto the cruell
dent.

xvi.

At length, when as he saw her hastie
heat
Abate, and panting breath begin to fayle,
He, through long sufferance growing now
more great,
Rose in his strength, and gan her fresh
assayle,
Heaping huge strokes as thicke as showre
of hayle,
And lashing dreadfully at every part,
As if he thought her soule to disentrayle.
Ah, cruell hand! and thrise more cruell
hart,
That workst such wrecke on her to whom
thou dearest art!

xvii.

What yron courage ever could endure
To worke such outrage on so faire a crea-
ture;
And in his madnesse thinke with hands
impure
To spoyle so goodly workmanship of
nature,
The maker selfe resembling in her fea-
ture!
Certes some hellish furie or some feend
This mischiefe framd for their first loves
defeature,

To bath their hands in bloud of dearest
freend,
Thereby to make their loves beginning
their lives end.

xviii.

Thus long they trac'd and traverst to
and fro,
Sometimes pursewing, and sometimes
pursewed,
Still as advantage they espyde thereto:
But toward th' end Sir Arthegall renewed
His strength still more, but she still more
decrewed.
At last his lucklesse hand he heav'd on
hie,
Having his forces all in one accrewed,
And therewith stroke at her so hideouslie,
That seemed nought but death mote be
her destinie.

xix.

The wicked stroke upon her helmet
chaunst,
And with the force, whiche in it selfe it
bore,
Her ventayle shard away, and thence
forth glaunst
Adowne in vaine, ne harm'd her any
more.
With that her angels face, unseene afore,
Like to the ruddie morne appeard in sight,
Deawed with silver drops through sweat-
ing sore,
But somewhat redder then beseem'd
aright,
Through toylesome heate and labour of
her weary fight.

xx.

And round about the same her yellow
heare,
Having through stirring loosd their
wonted band,
Like to a golden border did appeare,
Framed in goldsmithes forge with cun-
ning hand:
Yet goldsmithes cunning could not under-
stand
To frame such subtile wire, so shinie
cleare;
For it did glistler like the golden sand,
The which Pactolus with his waters shere
Throwes forth upon the rivage round
about him nere.

xxi.

And as his hand he up againe did reare,
Thinking to worke on her his utmost
wracke,

His powresse arme, benumbd with
secret feare,
From his reuegefull purpose shronke
abacke,
And cruell sword out of his fingers slacke
Fell downe to ground; as if the steele had
sence,
And felt some ruth or sence his hand did
lacke,
Or both of them did thinke obedience
To doe to so diuine a beauties excellence.

XXII.

And he himselfe, long gazing there-
upon,
At last fell humbly downe upon his knee,
And of his wonder made religion,
Weeping some heavenly goddesse he did
see,
Or else unweeting what it else might
bee;
And pardon her besought his error
frayle,
That had done outrage in so high degree:
Whilste trembling horror did his sense
assayle,
And made ech member quake, and manly
hart to quayle.

XXIII.

Nathlesse she, full of wrath for that
late stroke,
All that long while upheld her wrathfull
hand,
With fell intent on him to bene ywroke;
And, looking sterne, still over him did
stand,
Threatning to strike unlesse he would
withstand:
And bad him rise, or surely he should
die.
But, die or live, for nought he would up-
stand,
But her of pardon prayd more earnestlie,
Or wreake on him her will for so great
injurie.

XXIV.

Which when as Scudamour, who now
abrayd,
Beheld, whereas he stood not farre aside,
He was therewith right wondrously dis-
mayd;
And drawing nigh, when as he plaine de-
scribe
That peerelesse paterne of Dame Natures
pride
And heavenly image of perfection,
He blest himselfe as one sore terrifie:
And, turning feare to faint devotion,
Did worship her as some celestiall vision.

XXV.

But Glaucè, seeing all that chaunced
there,
Well weeting how their error to assoyle,
Full glad of so good end, to them drew
here,
And her salewd with seemely bel-accoyle,
Joyous to see her safe after long toyle.
Then her besought, as she to her was
deare,
To graunt unto those warriours truce a
whyle;
Which yeilded, they their bevers up did
reare,
And shew'd themselves to her such as in-
deed they were.

XXVI.

When Britomart with sharpe avizefull
eye
Beheld the lovely face of Artegall
Tempred with sternesse and stout majes-
tie,
She gan eftsoones it to her mind to call
To be the same which in her fathers hall
Long since in that enchaunted glasse she
saw;
Therewith her wrathfull courage gan
appall,
And haughtie spirits meekely to adaw,
That her enhanced hand she downe can
soft withdraw.

XXVII.

Yet she it forst to have againe upheld,
As fayning choler which was turn'd to
cold:
But ever when his visage she beheld,
Her hand fell downe, and would no longer
hold
The wrathfull weapon gainst his count-
nance bold:
But, when in vaine to fight she oft assayd,
She arm'd her tongue, and thought at
him to scold;
Nathlesse her tongue not to her will
obayd,
But brought forth speeches myld when
she would have missayd.

XXVIII.

But Scudamour, now woxen inly glad
That all his gealous feare he false had
found,
And how that Hag his love abused had
With breach of faith and loyaltie unsound,
The which long time his grieved hart did
wound,
Him thus bespake: ' Certes, Sir Artegall,
I joy to see you lout so low on ground,

And now become to live a Ladies thrall,
That whylome in your minde wont to
despise them all.'

XXIX.

Soone as she heard the name of Artegall,
Her hart did leape, and all her hart-strings
tremble,
For sudden joy and secret feare withall;
And all her vitall powres, with motion
nimble
To succour it, themselves gan there
assemble;
That by the swift recourse of flushing
blood
Right plaine appeard, though she it would
dissemble,
And fayned still her former angry mood,
Thinking to hide the depth by troubling
of the flood.

XXX.

When Glaucè thus gan wisely all up-
knit:
'Ye gentle Knights, whom fortune here
hath brought
To be spectators of this uncouth fit,
Which secret fate hath in this Ladie
wrought
Against the course of kind, ne mervaille
nought,
Ne thenceforth feare the thing that
hethertoo
Hath troubled both your mindes with idle
thought,
Fearing least she your loves away should
woo:
Feared in vaine, sith meanes, ye see,
there wants theretoo.

XXXI.

'And you, Sir Artegall, the salvage
knight,
Henceforth may not disdaine that womans
hand
Hath conquered you anew in second
fight:
For whylome they have conquerd sea
and land,
And heaven it selfe, that nought may
them withstand.
Ne henceforth be rebellious unto love,
That is the crowne of knighthood, and
the band
Of noble minds derived from above,
Which, being knit with vertue, never will
remove.

XXXII.

'And you, faire Ladie 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 penance which ye shall to him em-
part:

For lovers heaven must passe by sor-
rowes hell.'

Thereat full inly blushed Britomart,
But Artegall close smyling joy'd in secret
hart.

XXXIII.

Yet durst he not make love so sud-
denly,
Ne thinke th' affection of her hart to
draw

From one to other so quite contrary:
Besides her modest countenance he saw
So goodly grave, and full of princely aw,
That it his ranging fancie did refraine,
And looser thoughts to lawfull bounds
withdraw;

Whereby the passion grew more fierce
and faine,
Like to a stubborne steede whom strong
hand would restraine.

XXXIV.

But Scudamour, whose hart twixt
doubtfull feare

And feeble hope hung all this while sus-
pence,

Desiring of his Amoret to heare
Some gladfull newes and sure intelligence,
Her thus bespake: 'But, Sir, without
offeuce

Mote I request you tydings of my love,
My Amoret, sith you her freed fro thence
Where she, captived long, great woes did
prove;

That where ye left I may her seeke, as
doth behove.'

XXXV.

To whom thus Britomart: 'Certes, Sir
knight,

What is of her become, or whether reft,
I can not unto you aread a right:

For from that time I from enchaunters
theft

Her freed, in which ye her all hopelesse
left.

I her preserv'd from perill and from feare,
And evermore from villenie her kept:

Ne ever was there wight to me more
deare

Then she, ne unto whom I more true love
did beare:

XXXVI.

'Till on a day, as through a desert wyld
We travelled, both wearie of the way
We did alight, and sate in shadow myld,
Where fearelesse I to sleepe me downe
did lay:

But when as I did out of sleepe abray,
I found hier not where I her left whyleare
But thought she wandred was, or gone
astray:

I cal'd her loud, I sought her farre and
neare,
But no where could her find, nor tydings
of her heare.'

XXXVII.

When Scudamour those heavie tydings
heard,
His hart was thrild with point of deadly
feare,

Ne in his face or bloud or life appeard;
But senselesse stood, like to a mazed
steare

That yet of mortall stroke the stound
doth beare,

Till Glaucè thus: 'Faire Sir, be nought
dismayd

With needlesse dread, till certaintie ye
heare;

For yet she may be safe though some-
what strayd:

Its best to hope the best, though of the
worst affrayd.'

XXXVIII.

Nathlesse he hardly of her chearefull
speech

Did comfort take, or in his troubled sight
Shew'd change of better cheare: so sore
a breach

That sudden newes had made into his
spright,

Till Britomart him fairely thus behight:
'Great cause of sorrow certes, Sir, ye
have;

But comfort take; for, by this heavens
light,

I vow you dead or living not to leave,
Till I her find, and wreake on him that
did her reave.'

XXXIX.

Therewith he rested, and well pleased
was:

So, peace being confirm'd amongst them
all,

They tooke their steeds, and forward
thence did pas

Unto some resting place, which mote
befall,

All being guided by Sir Artegall:
Where goodly solace was unto them
made,
And dayly feasting both in bowre and
hall,
Untill that they their wounds well healed
had,
And wearie limmes recur'd after late
usage bad.

XL.

In all which time Sir Artegall made
way
Unto the love of noble Britomart,
And with meeke service and much suit
did lay

Continuall siege unto her gentle hart;
Which, being whylome launcht with
lovely dart,

More eath was new impression to receive;
How ever she her paynd with womanish
art

To hide her wound, that none might it
perceive:

Vaine is the art that seekes it selfe for to
deceive.

XLI.

So well he woo'd her, and so well he
wrought her,

With faire entreatie and sweet blandish-
ment,

That at the length unto 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, she yeelded her consent
To be his love, and take him for her
Lord,

Till they with mariage meet might finish
that accord.

XLII.

Tho, when they had long time there
taken rest,

Sir Artegall, who all this while was
bound

Upon an hard adventure yet in quest,
Fit time for him thence to depart it
found,

To follow that which he did long pro-
pound,

And unto her his congee came to take;
But her therewith full sore displeasd he
found,

And loth to leave her late betrothed
make,

Her dearest love full loth so shortly to
forsake.

XLIII.

Yet he with strong perswasions her
 asswaged,
 And wonne her will to suffer him de-
 part;
 For which his faith with her he fast
 engaged,
 And thousand voves from bottome of his
 hart,
 That, all so soone as he by wit or art
 Could that atchieve whereto he did as-
 pire,
 He unto her would speedily revert:
 No longer space thereto he did desire,
 But till the horned moone three courses
 did expire.

XLIV.

With which she for the present was
 appeased,
 And yeilded leaue, how ever malcontent
 She inly were and in her mind displeased.
 So, early in 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,
 Save that she algates him a while accom-
 panide.

XLV.

And by the way she sundry purpose
 found
 Of this or that, the time for to delay,
 And of the perils whereto he was bound,
 The feare whereof seem'd much her to
 affray;
 But all she did was but to weare out
 day.

Full oftentimes she leaue of him did
 take;
 And eft againe deviz'd some what to say,
 Which she forgot, whereby excuse to
 make;
 So loth she was his companie for to
 forsake.

XLVI.

At last, when all her speeches she had
 spent,
 And new occasion fayld her more to find,
 She left him to his fortunes government,
 And backe returned with right heaue
 mind
 To Scudamour, whom she had left be-
 hind:
 With whom she went to seeke faire
 Amoret,
 Her second care, though in another kind:
 For vertues onely sake, which doth be-
 get
 True love and faithfull friendship, she
 by her did set.

XLVII.

Backe to that desert forrest they re-
 tyred,
 Where sorie Britomart had lost her late;
 There they her sought, and every where
 inquired
 Where they might tydings get of her
 estate;
 Yet found they none. But by what hap-
 lesse fate
 Or hard misfortune she was thence con-
 vayed,
 And stolne away from her beloved mate,
 Were long to tell; therefore, I here will
 stay
 Untill another tyde that I it finish may.

CANTO VII.

Amoret rapt by greedie lust
 Belphebe saves from dread:
 The Squire her loves; and, being blam'd,
 His dayes in dole doth lead.

I.

GREAT God of love, that with thy cruell
 darts
 Doest conquer greatest conquerors on
 ground,
 And setst thy Kingdome in the captive
 harts
 Of Kings and Keasars to thy service
 bound;
 What glorie, or what guerdon hast thou
 found
 In feeble Ladies tyranning so sore,

And adding anguish to the bitter wound
 With which their lives thou lancedst
 long afore,
 By heaping stormes of trouble on them
 daily more?

II.

So whylome didst thou to faire Flori-
 mell,
 And so and so to noble Britomart:
 So doest thou now to her of whom I
 tell,
 The lovely Amoret, whose gentle hart

Thou martyrest with sorow and with
smart,
In salvage Forrests and in deserts wide
With Beares and Tygers taking heaue
part,
Withouten comfort and withouten guide,
That pittie is to heare the perils which
she tride.

III.

So soone as she with that brave Briton-
esse
Had left that Turneyment for beauties
prise,
They travel'd long; that now for wearie-
nesse,

Both of the way and warlike exercise,
Both through a forest ryding did devise
T' alight, and rest their wearie limbs
awhile.

There heaue sleepe the eye-lids did sur-
prise
Of Britomart, after long tedious toyle,
That did her passed paines in quiet rest
assoyle.

IV.

The whiles faire Amoret, of nought
affeard,
Walkt through the wood, for pleasure or
for need;
When suddenly behind her backe she
heard

One rushing forth out of the thickest
weed.
That, ere she backe could turne to taken
heed,
Had unawares her snatcht up from
ground:

Feebly she shriekt, but so feebly indeed
That Britomart heard not the shrilling
sound,
There where through weary travel she
lay sleeping sound.

V.

It was to weete a wilde and salvage man;
Yet was no man, but onely like in shape,
And eke in stature higher by a span;
All overgrowne 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 liv'd all on ravin and on rape
Of men and beast; and fed on fleshly gore,
The signe whereof yet stain'd his bloody
lips afore.

VI.

His nether lip was not like man nor
beast,

But like a wide deepe poke, downe hang-
ing low,

In which he wont the reliekes of his feast
And cruell spoyle, which he had spard, to
stow:

And over it his huge great nose did grow,
Full dreadfully empurpled all with blood;
And downe both sides two wide long eares
did glow,

And raight downe to his waste when up
he stood,

More great then th' eares of Elephants
by Indus flood.

VII.

His wast was with a wreath of yvie
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 knottie 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 have not red,
But certes was with milke of Wolves and
Tygres fed.

VIII.

This ugly creature in his armes her
snatcht,

And through the Forrest bore her quite
away,

With briers and bushes all to-rent and
scratcht;

Ne care he had, ne pittie of the pray,
Which many a knight had sought so many
a day.

He stayed not, but in his armes her bear-
ing

Ran, till he came to th' end of all his way,
Unto his cave farre from all peoples hear-
ing,

And there he threw her in, nought feeling,
ne nought fearing.

IX.

For she, deare Ladie, all the way was
dead,

Whilst he in armes her bore; but, when
she felt

Her selfe downe soust, she waked out of
dread

Streight 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 dread horroure where
she dwelt,
She almost fell againe into a swound,
Ne wist whether above she were or under
ground.

x.

With that she heard some one close by
her side
Sighing and sobbing sore, as if the paine
Her tender hart in peeces would divide:
Which she long listning, softly askt againe
What mister wight it was that so did
plaine?
To whom thus aunswer'd was: 'Ah,
wretched wight!
That seekes to know anothers grieffe in
vaine,
Unweeting of thine owne like haplesse
plight:
Selfe to forget to mind another is over-
sight.'

XI.

'Aye me!' (said she) 'where am I, or
with whom?
Emong the living, or emong the dead?
What shall of me, unhappy maid, become?
Shall death be th' end, or ought else worse,
aread?'
'Unhappy mayd' (then answer'd she),
'whose dread
Untride 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 lives a loathed life, and wishing can-
not die.

XII.

'This dismall day hath thee a caytive
made,
And vassall to the vilest wretch alive,
Whose cursed usage and ungodly trade
The heavens abhorre, and into darknesse
drive;
For on the spoile of women he doth live,
Whose bodies chast, when ever in his
powre
He may them catch unable to gainestrive,
He with his shamefull lust doth first de-
flowre,
And afterwarde themselves doth cruelly
devoüre.

XIII.

'Now twenty daies, by which the sonnes
of men
Divide their works, have past through
heven sheene,
Since I was brought into this dolefull den;

During which space these sory eies have
seen
Seaven women by him slaine, and eaten
clene:
And now no more for him but I alone,
And this old woman, here remaining
beene,
Till thou cam'st hither to augment our
mone;
And of us three to morrow he will sure
eate one.'

XIV.

'Ah, dreadfull tidings which thou doest
declare,'
(Quoth she) 'of all that ever hath bene
known!
Full many great calamities and rare
This feeble brest endured hath, but none
Equall to this, where ever I have gone.
But what are you, whom like unlucky lot
Hath linckt with me in the same chaine
attone?'
'To tell' (quoth she) 'that what ye see,
needs not;
A wofull wretched maid, of God and man
forgot!

XV.

'But what I was it irkes me to reherse;
Daughter unto a Lord of high degree;
That joyd in happy peace, till fates per-
verse
With guilefull love did secretly agree
To overthrow my state and dignitie.
It was my lot to love a gentle swaine,
Yet was he but a Squire of low degree;
Yet was he meet, unless mine eye did faine,
By any Ladies side for Leman to have
laine,

XVI.

'But for his meannesse and disparage-
ment,
My Sire, who me too dearely well did love,
Unto my choise by no meanes would
assent,
But often did my folly fowle reprove:
Yet nothing could my fixed mind remove,
But, whether willed or nilled friend or foe,
I me resolv'd the utmost end to prove;
And, rather then my love abandon so,
Both sire and friends and all for ever to
forgo.

XVII.

'Thenceforth I sought by secret meanes
to worke
Time to my will, and from his wrathfull
sight
To hide th' intent which in my heart did
lurke,
Till I thereto had all things ready dight.

So on a day, unweeting unto wight,
I with that Squire agreede away to flit,
And in a privy place, betwixt us light,
Within a grove appointed him to meete;
To which I boldly came upon my feeble
feete.

XVIII.

'But ah! unhappy houre me thither
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 hether brought with him as swift as
wind,
Where yet untouched till this present day,
I rest his wretched thrall, the sad
Æmylia.'

XIX.

'Ah, sad Æmylia!' (then sayd Amoret)
'Thy ruefull plight I pittie as mine owne.
But read to me, by what devise or wit
Hast thou in all this time, from him un-
knowne,
Thine honor sav'd, though into thraldome
throwne?'
'Through helpe' (quoth she) 'of this old
woman here
I have so done, as she to me hath showne;
For, ever when he burnt in lustfull fire,
She in my stead supplide his bestiall
desire.'

XX.

Thus of their evils as they did discourse,
And each did other muchbewaile and mone,
Loe! where the villaine selfe, their sor-
rowes sourse,
Came to the cave; and rolling thence the
stone,
Which wont to stop the mouth thereof,
that none
Might issue forth, came rudely rushing in,
And, spredding over all the flore alone,
Gan dight him selfe unto his wonted
sinne;
Which ended, then his bloody banquet
should beginne.

XXI.

Which when as fearefull Amoret per-
ceived,
She staid not th' utmost end thereof to try,
But, like a ghastly Gelt whose wits are
reaved,
Ran forth in hast with hideous outcry,

For horroure of his shamefull villany:
But after her full lightly he uprose,
And her pursu'd as fast as she did flie:
Full fast she flies, and farre afore him goes,
Ne feesles the thornes and thickets pricke
her tender toes.

XXII.

Nor hedge, nor ditch, nor hill, nor dale
she staies,
But overleapes them all, like Robucke
light,
And through the thickest makes her nigh-
est waies;
And evermore, when with regardfull sight
She looking backe espies that griesly
wight
Approching nigh, she gins to mend her
pace,
And makes her feare a spur to hast her
flight:
More swift then Myrrh' or Daphne in her
race,
Or any of the Thracian Nimphes in salvage
chase.

XXIII.

Long so she fled, and so he follow'd
long;
Ne living aide for her on earth appeares,
But-if the heavens helpe to redresse her
wrong,
Moved with pity of her plenteous teares.
It fortun'd Belphebe with her peares,
The woody Nimphs, and with that lovely
boy,
Was hunting then the Libbards and the
Beares
In these wild woods, as was her wonted joy,
To banish sloth that oft doth noble mindes
annoy.

XXIV.

It so befell, as oft it fals in chace,
That each of them from other sundred
were;
And that same gentle Squire arriv'd in
place
Where this same cursed caytive did ap-
peare
Pursuing that faire Lady full of feare:
And now he her quite overtaken had;
And now he her away with him did beare
Under his arme, as seeming wondrous
glad,
That by his grenning laughter mote farre
off be rad.

XXV.

Which dreary sight the gentle Squire
espying
Doth hast to crosse him by the nearest
way,

Led with that wofull Ladies piteous crying,
 And him assailes with all the might he may;
 Yet will not he the lovely spoile downe lay,
 But with his craggy club in his right hand
 Defends him selfe, and saves his gotten pray:
 Yet had it bene right hard him to withstand,
 But that he was full light and nimble on the land.

XXVI.

Thereto the villaine used craft in fight;
 For, ever when the Squire his javelin 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 chaunst, (as needs it must in fight)
 Whilst he on him was greedy to be wroke,
 That any little blow on her did light,
 Then would he laugh aloud, and gather great delight.

XXVII.

Which subtill sleight did him encumber much,
 And made him oft, when he would strike, forbear;
 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 coleblacke blood thence gusht amaine,
 That all her silken garments did with blood bestaine.

XXVIII.

With that he threw her rudely on the flore,
 And, laying both his hands upon his glave,
 With dreadfull strokes let drive at him so sore,
 That forst him flie abacke, himselfe to save:
 Yet he therewith so felly still did rave,
 That scarce the Squire his hand could once upreare,
 But for advantage ground unto him gave,
 Tracing and traversing, now here, now there;

For bootlesse thing it was to think such blowes to beare.

XXIX.

Whilst thus in battell they embused were,
 Belphebe, raunging in that forrest wide,
 The hideous noise of their huge strokes did heare,
 And drew thereto, making her eare her guide:
 Whom when that theefe approching nigh espide
 With bow in hand and arrowes ready bent,
 He by his former combate would not bide,
 But fled away with ghastly dremment,
 Well knowing her to be his deaths sole instrument.

XXX.

Whom seeing flie she speedily poursewed
 With winged feete as nimble as the winde,
 And ever in her bow she ready shewed
 The arrow to his deadly marke desynde.
 As when Latonaes daughter, cruell kynde,
 In vengement of her mothers great disgrace,
 With fell despight her cruell arrowes tynde
 Gainst wofull Niobes unhappy race,
 That all the gods did mone her miserable case.

XXXI.

So well she sped her, and so far she ventred,
 That, ere unto his hellish den he raught,
 Even as he ready was there to have entred,
 She sent an arrow forth with mighty draught,
 That in the very dore him overcaught,
 And, in his nape arriving, through it thrild
 His greedy throte, therewith in two distraught,
 That all his vitall spirites thereby spild,
 And all his hairy brest with gory blood was fild.

XXXII.

Whom when on ground she groveling saw to rowle,
 She ran in hast his life to have bereft;
 But, ere she could him reach, the sinfull sowle
 Having his carrion corse quite sencelesse left
 Was fled to hell, surcharg'd with spoile and theft:
 Yet over him she there long gazing stood,
 And oft admir'd his monstrous shape, and oft

His mighty limbs, whilst all with filthy
bloud
The place there overflowne seemd like a
sodaine flood.

XXXIII.

Thence forth she past into his dreadfull
den,
Where nought but darkesome drerinesse
she found,
Ne creature saw, but hearkned now and
then
Some litle whispering, and soft groning
sound.
With that she askt, what ghosts there
under ground
Lay hid in horrour of eternall night?
And bad them, if so be they were not
bound,
To come and shew themselves before the
light,
Now freed from feare and danger of that
dismall wight.

XXXIV.

Then forth the sad Æmylia issewed,
Yet trembling every joynt through former
feare;
And after her the Hag, there with her
mewed,
A foule and lothsome creature, did ap-
peare,
A leman fit for such a lover deare:
That mov'd Belphebe her no lesse to hate,
Then for to rue the others heavy cheare;
Of whom she gan enquire of her estate,
Who all to her at large, as happned, did
relate.

XXXV.

Thence she them brought toward the
place where late
She left the gentle Squire with Amoret:
There she him found by that new lovely
mate,
Who lay the whiles in swoune, full sadly
set,
From her faire eyes wiping the deawy
wet
Which 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.

XXXVI.

Which when she saw with sodaine
glauncing eye,

Her noble heart with sight thereof was
fild
With deepe disdain and great indignity,
That in her wrath she thought them both
have thrild
With that selfe arrow which the Carle
had kild;
Yet held her wrathfull hand from ven-
geance sore:
But drawing nigh, ere he her well beheld,
'Is this the faith?' she said — and said
no more,
But turnd her face, and fled away for
evermore.

XXXVII.

He seeing her depart arose up light,
Right sore agrieved at her sharpe re-
prooffe,
And follow'd fast; but, when he came in
sight,
He durst not nigh approach, but kept aloofe,
For dread of her displeasures utmost
prooffe:
And evermore, when he did grace entreat,
And framed speaches fit for his behoofe,
Her mortall arrowes she at him did threat,
And forst him backe with fowle dishonor
to retreat.

XXXVIII.

At last, when long he follow'd had in
vaue,
Yet found no ease of grieve nor hope of
grace,
Unto those woods he turned backe againe,
Full of sad anguish and in heavy case:
And, finding there fit solitary place
For wofull wight, chose out a gloomy
glade,
Where hardly eye mote see bright heavens
face
For mossy trees, which covered all with
shade
And sad melancholy: there he his cabin
made.

XXXIX.

His wonted warlike weapons all he broke
And threw away, with vow to use no
more,
Ne thenceforth ever strike in battell
stroke,
Ne ever word to speake to woman more;
But in that wilderness, of men forlore,
And of the wicked world forgotten quight,
His hard mishap in dolor to deplore,
And wast his wretched daies in wofull
plight;
So on him selfe to wreake his follies owne
despight.

XL.

And eke his garment, to be thereto meet,
 He wilfully did cut and shape anew;
 And his faire lockes, that went with ointment
 sweet
 To be embaulm'd, and sweat out dainty
 dew,
 He let to grow and griesly to concrew,
 Uncomb'd, uncurl'd, and carelesly unshed;
 That in short time his face they overgrew,
 And over all his shoulders did dispred,
 That who he whilome was unneath was to
 be red.

XLI.

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 appears:
 For other food then that wilde Forrest
 beares,
 Ne other drinke there did he ever tast
 Then running water tempred with his
 teares,
 The more his weakened body so to wast,
 That out of all mens knowledge he was
 worne at last.

XLII.

For on a day, by fortune as it fell,
 His owne deare Lord Prince Arthure came
 that way,
 Seeking adventures where he mote heare
 tell;
 And, as he through the wandring wood
 did stray,
 Having espide this Cabin far away,
 He to it drew, to weet who there did
 wonne;
 Weening therein some holy Hermit lay,
 That did resort of sinfull people shonne,
 Or else some woodman shrowded there
 from scorching sunne.

XLIII.

Arriving there he found this wretched
 man
 Spending his daies in dolour and despaire,
 And through long fasting woxen pale and
 wan,
 All overgrown with rude and rugged
 haire;
 That albeit his owne dear Squire he were,
 Yet he him knew not, ne aviz'd at all,
 But like strange wight, whom he had
 seene no where,
 Saluting him gan into speech to fall,
 And pittie much his plight, that liv'd like
 outcast thrall.

XLIV.

But to his speech he answered no whit,
 But stood still mute, as if he had beene
 dum,
 Ne signe of sence did shew, ne common
 wit,
 As one with grieve and anguise overcum,
 And unto every thing did aunswere mum:
 And ever, when the Prince unto him spake,
 He louted lowly, as did him becum,
 And humble homage did unto him make,
 Midst sorrow shewing joyous semblance
 for his sake.

XLV.

At which his uncouth guise and usage
 quaint
 The Prince did wonder much, yet could
 not ghesse
 The cause of that his sorrowfull con-
 straint;
 Yet weend, by secret signes of manlinesse
 Which close appeard in that rude
 brntshnesse,
 That he whilome some gentle swaine had
 beene,
 Traind up in feats of armes and knight-
 linessse;
 Which he observ'd, by that he him had
 seene
 To weld his naked sword, and try the
 edges keene.

XLVI.

And eke by that he saw on every tree,
 How he the name of one engraven had
 Which likly was his liefest love to be,
 From whom he now so sorely was bestad,
 Which was by him BELPHEBE rightly
 rad.
 Yet who was that Belphebe he ne wist;
 Yet saw he often how he wexed glad
 When he it heard, and how the ground he
 kist
 Wherein it written was, and how himselfe
 he blist.

XLVII.

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 provide,
 And him restore to former grice againe:
 Which, for it is too long here to abide,
 I will deferre the end untill another
 tide.

CANTO VIII.

The gentle Squire recovers grace,
 Slaunder her guests doth staine :
 Cortlambo chaseth Placidus,
 And is by Arthure slaine.

I.

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 dread and des-
 perate ;
 For naught the same may calme ne miti-
 gate,
 Till time the tempest doe thereof delay
 With sufferaunce soft, which rigour can
 abate,
 And have the sterne remembrance wypt
 away
 Of bitter thoughts, which deepe therein
 infix'd lay.

II.

Like as it fell to this unhappy boy,
 Whose tender heart the faire Belphebe had
 With one sterne looke so daunted, that
 no joy
 In all his life, which afterwards he had,
 He ever tasted ; but with penance sad
 And pensive sorrow pind and wore away,
 Ne ever laught, ne once shew'd counte-
 nance glad,
 But always wept and wailed night and
 day,
 As blasted bloosme through heat doth
 languish and decay :

III.

Till on a day, as in his wonted wise
 His doole he made, there chaunst a turtle
 Dove
 To come where he his dolours did devise,
 That likewise late had lost her dearest
 love,
 Which losse her made like passion also
 prove :
 Who, seeing his sad plight, her tender
 heart
 With deare compassion deeply did em-
 move,
 That she gan mone his undeserved smart,
 And with her dolefull accent beare with
 him a part.

IV.

Shee sitting by him, as on ground he
 lay,

Her mournfull notes full piteously did
 frame,
 And thereof made a lamentable lay,
 So sensibly compyld, that in the same
 Him seemed oft he heard his owne right
 name.
 With that he forth would poure so plente-
 ous teares,
 And beat his breast unworthy of such
 blame,
 And knocke his head, and rend his rugged
 heares,
 That could have perst the hearts of Tigres
 and of Beares.

V.

Thus, long this gentle bird to him did
 use
 Withouten dread of perill to repaire
 Unto his wonne, and with her mournfull
 muse
 Him to recomfort in his greatest care,
 That much did ease his mourning and
 misfare :
 And every 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 she became, and so continued
 long.

VI.

Upon a day as she him sate beside,
 By chance he certaine miniments forth
 drew,
 Which yet with him as relickes did abide
 Of all the bounty which Belphebe threw
 On him, whilst goodly grace she him did
 shew :
 Amongst the rest a jewell rich he found,
 That was a Ruby of right perfect hew,
 Shap'd like a heart yet bleeding of the
 wound,
 And with a litle golden chaine about it
 bound.

VII.

The same he tooke, and with a riband
 new,
 In which his Ladies colours were, did bind
 About the turtles necke, that with the
 vew
 Did greatly solace his engrieved mind.

All unawares the bird, when she did find
Her selfe so deckt, her nimble wings dis-
plaid,
And flew away as lightly as the wind:
Which sodaine accident him much dis-
maid,
And looking after long did mark which
way she straid.

VIII.

But when as long he looked had in vaine,
Yet saw her forward still to make her
flight,
His weary eie returnd to him againe,
Full of discomfort and disquiet plight,
That both his juell 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
aire,
Untill she came where wonned his Bel-
phebe faire.

IX.

There found she her (as then it did be-
tide)
Sitting in covert shade of arbors sweet,
After late wearie toile which she had tride
In salvage 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 weete
The great tormenting griefe that for her
sake
Her gentle Squire through her displeasure
did pertake.

x.

She, her beholding with attentive eye,
At length did marke about her purple
brest
That precious juell, which she formerly
Had knowne right well, with colourd rib-
bands drest:
Therewith she rose in hast, and her ad-
drest
With ready hand it to have reft away;
But the swift bird obeyd not her behest,
But swarv'd aside, and there againe did
stay:
She follow'd her, and thought againe it to
assay.

XI.

And ever, when she nigh approcht, the
Dove
Would flit a litle forward, and then stay
Till she drew neare, and then againe re-
move;

So tempting her still to persue the pray,
And still from her escaping soft away:
Till that at length into that forrest wide
She drew her far, and led with slow delay.
In th' end she her unto that place did
guide,
Whereas that wofull man in languor did
abide.

XII.

Eftsoones she flew unto his fearelesse
hand,
And there a piteous ditty new deviz'd,
As if she would have made her understand
His sorrowes cause, to be of her despis'd:
Whom when she saw in wretched weedes
disguiz'd,
With heary glib deform'd and meiger face,
Like ghost late risen from his grave
agryz'd,
She knew him not, but pittied much his
case,
And wisht it were in her to doe him any
grace.

XIII.

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 eies, 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 ruefull lookes unto her sent,
As messengers of his true meaning and
intent.

XIV.

Yet nathemore his meaning she ared,
But wondred much at his so selcouth
case;
And by his persons secret seemlyhed
Well weend that he had beene some man
of place,
Before misfortune did his hew deface;
That being mov'd with ruth she thus
bespake:
'Ah! wofull man, what heavens hard
disgrace,
Or wrath of cruell wight on thee ywrake,
Or selfe-disliked life, doth thee thus
wretched make?

XV.

'If heaven, then none may it redresse
or blame,
Sith to his powre we all are subject borne:

If wrathfull wight, then fowle rebuke and
 shame
 Be theirs that have so cruell thee forlorne!
 But if through inward grieffe or wilfull
 scorne
 Of life it be, then better doe advise:
 For he, whose daies in wilfull woe are
 worne,
 The grace of his Creator doth despise,
 That will not use his gifts for thanklesse
 nigardise.'

XVI.

When so he heard her say, eftsoones he
 brake,
 His sodaine silence which he long had pent,
 And, sighing inly deepe, her thus bespake:
 'Then have they all themselves against
 me bent:
 For heaven, first author of my languish-
 ment,
 Envyng my too great felicity,
 Did closely with a cruell one consent
 To cloud my daies in dolefull misery,
 And make me loath this life, still longing
 for to die.

XVII.

'Ne any but your selfe, O dearest dred,
 Hath done this wrong, to wreake on
 worthlesse wight
 Your high displeasure, through misdeem-
 ing bred:
 That, when your pleasure is to deeme
 aright,
 Ye may redresse, and me restore to light!
 Which sory words her mightie hart did
 mate
 With mild regard to see his ruefull plight,
 That her inburning wrath she gan abate,
 And him receiv'd againe to former favours
 state.

XVIII.

In which he long time afterwards did
 lead
 An happie life with grace and good accord,
 Fearlesse of fortunes change or envies
 dread,
 And eke all mindlesse of his owne deare
 Lord
 The noble Prince, who never heard one
 word
 Of tydings what did unto him betide,
 Or what good fortune did to him afford;
 But through the endlesse world did wan-
 der wide,
 Him seeking evermore, yet no where him
 descride.

XIX.

Till on a day, as through that wood he
 rode,

He chaunst to come where those two
 Ladies late,
 Æmylia and Amoret, abode,
 Both in full sad and sorrowfull estate:
 The one right feeble through the evill rate
 Of food which in her duresse she had
 found;
 The other almost dead and desperate
 Through her late hurts, and through that
 haplesse wound
 With which the Squire, in her defence, her
 sore astound.

XX.

Whom when the Prince beheld, he gan
 to rew
 The evill case in which those Ladies lay;
 But most was moved at the piteous vew,
 Of Amoret, so neare unto decay,
 That her great daunger did him much
 dismay.
 Eftsoones that pretious liquour forth he
 drew,
 Which he in store about him kept alway,
 And with few drops thereof did softly dew,
 Her wounds, that unto strength restor'd
 her soone anew.

XXI.

Tho, when they both recovered were
 right well,
 He gan of them inquire, what evill guide
 Them thether brought, and how their
 harmes befell?
 To whom they told all that did them
 betide,
 And how from thraldome vile they were
 untide,
 Of that same wicked Carle, by Virgins
 hond;
 Whose bloudie corse they shew'd him
 there beside,
 And eke his cave in which they both were
 bond:
 At which he wondred much when all
 those signes he fond.

XXII.

And evermore he greatly did desire
 To know what Virgin did them thence
 unbind,
 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 service lothsome to a gentle kind,
 And on his warlike beast them both did
 beare,

Himselfe by them on foot to succour them
from feare.

XXIII.

So when that forrest they had passed
well,
A litle cotage farre away they spide,
To which they drew ere night upon them
fell;

And entring in found none therein abide,
But one old woman sitting there beside
Upon the ground in ragged rude attyre,
With filthy lockes about her scattered
wide,
Gnawing her nayles for felnesse and for
yre,
And there out sucking venime to her parts
entyre.

XXIV.

A foule and loathly creature sure in
sight,
And in conditions to be loath'd no lesse;
For she was stuf with rancour and
despight
Up to the throat, that oft with bitternesse
It forth would breake, and gush in great
excesse,

Pouring out streames of poyson and of gall
Gainst all that truth or vertue doe pro-
fesse;
Whom she with leasings lewdly did miscall
And wickedly backbite: Her name men
Sclaunder call.

XXV.

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 ever Knight so bold, ne ever Dame
So chast and loyall liv'd, but she would
strive
With forged cause them falsely to defame:
Ne ever thing so well was doen alive,
But she with blame would blot, and of
due praise deprive.

XXVI.

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 cancred malice
lind,
And breathed forth with blast of bitter
wiind;

Which passing through the eares would
pierce the hart,
And wound the soule it selfe with grieve
unkind;
For, like the stings of aspes that kill with
smart,
Her spightfull words did pricke and
wound the inner part.

XXVII.

Such was that Hag, unmeet to host such
guests,
Whom greatest Princes court would wel-
come fayne;
But neede, that answers not to all re-
quests,
Bad them not looke for better entertayne;
And eke that age despysed nicenesse
vaine,
Enur'd to hardnesse and to homely fare,
Which them to warlike discipline did
trayne,
And manly limbs endur'd with litle care
Against all hard mishaps and fortunelesse
misfare.

XXVIII.

Then all that evening (welcommed with
cold
And chearelesse hunger) they together
spent;
Yet found no fault, but that the Hag did
scold
And rayle at them with grudgefull dis-
content,
For lodging there without her owne con-
sent:
Yet they endured all with patience milde,
And unto rest themselves all onely lent,
Regardlessse of that queane so base and
vilde
To be unjustly blamd, and bitterly revilde.

XXIX.

Here, well I weene, when as these rimes
be red
With misregard, that some rash-witted
wight,
Whose looser thought will lightly be mis-
led,
These gentle Ladies will misdeeme too
light
For thus conversing with this noble
Knight;
Sith now of dayes such temperance is rare
And hard to finde, that heat of youthfull
spright
For ought will from his greedie pleasure
spare:
More hard for hungry steed t' abstaine
from pleasant lare.

XXX.

But antique age, yet in the infancie
Of time, did live then like an innocent,
In simple truth and blamelesse chastitie,
Ne then of guile had made experiment;
But, void of vile and treacherous intent,
Held vertue for it selfe in soveraine awe:
Then loyall love had royall regiment,
And each unto his lust did make a lawe,
From all forbidden things his liking to
withdraw.

XXXI.

The Lyon there did with the Lambe
consort,
And eke the Dove sate by the Faulcons
side;
Ne each of other feared fraud or tort,
But did in safe securitie abide,
Withouten perill of the stronger pride:
But when the world woxe old, it woxe
warre old,
(Whereof it hight) and, having shortly
tride
The traines of wit, in wickednesse woxe
bold,
And dared of all sinnes the secrets to
unfold.

XXXII.

Then beautie, which was made to rep-
resent
The great Creatours owne resemblance
bright,
Unto 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 wax dead
and wan,
Despisd and troden downe of all that
over-ran.

XXXIII.

And now it is so utterly decayd,
That any bud thereof doth scarce remaine,
But-if few plants, preserv'd through heav-
enly ayd,
In Princes Court doe hap to sprout againe,
Dew'd with her drops of bountie Sove-
raine,
Which from that goodly glorious flowre
proceed,
Sprung of the ancient stocke of Princes
straine,
Nowth'onely remnant of that royall breed,
Whose noble kind at first was sure of
heavenly seed.

XXXIV.

Tho, soone as day discovered heavens
face
To sinfull men with darknes overdight,
This gentle crew gan from their eye-lids
chace
The drowzie humour of the dampish night,
And did themselves unto their journey
dight.
So forth they yode, and forward softly
paced,
That them to view had bene an uncouth
sight,
How all the way the Prince on footpace
traced,
The Ladies both on horse, together fast
embraced.

XXXV.

Soone as they thence departed were
afore,
That shamefull Hag, the slaunder of her
sex,
Them follow'd fast, and them reviled sore,
Him calling theefe, them whores; that
much did vex
His noble hart: thereto she did annex
False crimes and facts, such as they never
ment,
That those two Ladies much asham'd did
wexe:
The more did she pursue her lewd intent,
And rayl'd and rag'd, till she had all her
poysen spent.

XXXVI.

At last when they were passed out of
sight,
Yet she did not her spightfull speach for-
beare,
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 straunger at him
threw:
So she, them seeing past the reach of eare,
Against the stones and trees did rayle
anew,
Till she had duld the sting which in
her tongs end grew.

XXXVII.

They passing forth kept on their readie
way,
With easie steps so soft as foot could
stryde,
Both for great feeblesse, which did oft
assay
Faire Amoret that scarcely she could ryde,

And eke through heaue armes which sore annoyd
 The Prince on foot, not wanted so to fare;
 Whose steadie hand was faine his steede
 to guyde,
 And all the way from trotting hard to spare;
 So was his toyle the more, the more that
 was his care.

XXXVIII.

At length they spide where towards
 them with speed
 A Squire came galloping, as he would
 flie,
 Bearing a litle Dwarfe before his steed,
 That all the way full loud for aide did crie,
 That seem'd his shrikes would rend the
 brasen skie:
 Whom after did a mightie man pursew,
 Ryding upon a Dromedare on hie,
 Of stature huge, and horrible of hew,
 That would have maz'd a man his dread-
 full face to vew:

XXXIX.

For from his fearefull eyes two fierie
 beames,
 More sharpe then points of needles, did
 procede,
 Shooting forth farre away two flaming
 streames,
 Full of sad powre, that poysnous bale did
 breede
 To all that on him lookt without good
 heed,
 And secretly his enemies did slay:
 Like as the Basiliske, of serpents seede,
 From powrefull eyes close venim doth
 conuay
 Into the lookers hart, and killeth farre
 away.

XL.

He all the way did rage at that same
 Squire,
 And after him full many threatnings
 threw,
 With curses vaine in his avengefull ire;
 But none of them (so fast away he flew)
 Him overtooke before he came in vew:
 Where when he saw the Prince in armour
 bright,
 He cald to him aloud his case to rew,
 And rescue him, through succour of his
 might,
 From that his cruell foe that him pursew
 in sight.

XLI.

Eftsoones the Prince tooke downe those
 Ladies twaine

From loftie steede, and mounting in their
 stead
 Came to that Squire, yet trembling every
 vaine;
 Of whom he gan enquire his cause of
 dread:
 Who as he gan the same to him aread,
 Loe! hard behind his backe his foe was
 prest,
 With dreadfull weapon aymed at his head,
 That unto death had doen him unredrest,
 Had not the noble Prince his readie stroke
 represt:

XLII.

Who, thrusting boldly twixt him and
 the blow,
 The burden of the deadly brunt did beare
 Upon his shield, which lightly he did
 throw
 Over his head before the harme came
 neare:
 Nathlesse it fell with so despiteous dreare
 And heauey sway, that hard unto his
 crowne
 The shield it drove, and did the covering
 reare:
 Therewith both Squire and dwarfe did
 tomble downe
 Unto the earth, and lay long while in
 senselesse swowne.

XLIII.

Whereat the Prince full wrath his strong
 right hand
 In full avengement heaved up on hie,
 And stroke the Pagan with his steely
 brand
 So sore, that to his saddle-bow thereby
 He bowed low, and so a while did lie:
 And, sure, had not his massie yron mace
 Betwixt him and his hurt bene happily,
 It would have cleft him to the girding
 place;
 Yet, as it was, it did astonish him long
 space.

XLIV.

But, when he to himselfe returnd
 againe,
 All full of rage he gan to curse and sweare,
 And vow by Mahoune that he should be
 slaine.
 With that his murderous mace he up did
 reare,
 That seemed nought the souse thereof
 could beare,
 And therewith smote at him with all his
 might;
 But, ere that it to him approched neare
 The royall child with readie quicke fore-
 sight

Did shun the prooffe thereof, and it
 avoyded light.

XLV.

But, ere his hand he could recure againe
 To ward his bodie 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 tomling on the
 ground;
 The whiles his babling tongue did yet
 blaspheme
 And curse his God that did him so con-
 found:
 The whiles his life ran foorth in bloudie
 streame,
 His soule descended downe into the Sty-
 gian reame.

XLVI.

Which when that Squire beheld, he
 woxe full glad
 To see his foe breath out his spright in
 vaine:
 But that same dwarfe right sorie seem'd
 and sad,
 And howld aloud 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.

XLVII.

'This mightie man,' (quoth he) 'whom
 you have slaine,
 Of an huge Geauntesse whylome was
 bred,
 And by his strength rule to himselfe did
 gaine
 Of many Nations into thraldome led,
 And mightie kingdomes of his force adred;
 Whom yet he conquer'd not by bloudie
 fight,
 Ne hostes of men with banners brode
 dispred,
 But by the powre of his infectious sight,
 With which he killed all that came within
 his might.

XLVIII.

'Ne was he ever vanquished afore,
 But ever 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
 Unto his bay, and captived her thought:
 For most of strength and beautie his de-
 sire

Was spoyle to make, and wast them unto
 nought,

By casting secret flakes of lustfull fire
 From his false eyes into their harts and
 parts entire.

XLIX.

'Therefore Corflambo was he cald
 aright,

Though namelesse there his bodie now
 doth lie;

Yet hath he left one daughter that is hight
 The faire Pœana, who seemes outwardly
 So faire as ever yet saw living eie;

And were her vertue like her beautie
 bright,

She were as faire as any under skie:

But ah! she given is to vaine delight,

And eke too loose of life, and eke of love
 too light.

L.

'So, as it fell, there was a gentle Squire
 That lov'd a Ladie of high parentage;
 But, for his meane degree might not aspire
 To match so high, her friends with coun-
 sell sage

Dissuaded her from such a disparage:

But she, whose hart to love was wholly
 lent,

Out of his hands could not redeeme her
 gage,

But, firmly following her first intent,
 Resolv'd with him to wend, gainst all her
 friends consent.

LI.

'So twixt themselves they pointed time
 and place:

To which when he according did reparaire,
 An hard mishap and disaventrous case
 Him chaunst: instead of his Æmylia faire,
 This Gyants sonne, that lies there on the
 laire

An headlesse heape, him unawares there
 caught;

And all dismayd through mercillesse de-
 spaire

Him wretched thrall unto his dongeon
 brought,

Where he remaines, of all unsuccour'd and
 unsought.

LII.

'This Gyants daughter came upon a day
 Unto the prison, in her joyous glee,

To view the thrals which there in bondage
lay:
Amongst the rest she chaunced there to
see
This lovely swaine, the Squire of low de-
gree;
To whom she did her liking lightly cast,
And wooed him her paramour to bee:
From day to day she woo'd and prayd
him fast,
And for his love him promist libertie at
last.

LIII.

'He, though affide unto a former love,
To whom his faith he firmly ment to hold,
Yet seeing not how thence he mote remove,
But by that meanes which fortune did un-
fold,
Her graunted love, but with affection cold,
To win her grace his libertie to get:
Yet she him still detaines in captive hold,
Fearing, least if she should him freely
set,
He would her shortly leave, and former
love forget.

LIV.

'Yet so much favour she to him hath
hight
Above the rest, that he sometimes may
space
And walke about her gardens of delight,
Having a keeper still with him in place;
Which keeper is this Dwarfe, her dearling
base,
To whom the keyes of every prison dore
By her committed be, of speciall grace,
And at his will may whom he list restore,
And whom he list reserve to be afflicted
more.

LV.

'Whereof when tydings came unto mine
eare,
Full inly sorie, for the fervent zeale
Which I to him as to my soule did beare,
I thether went; where I did long conceale
My selfe, till that the Dwarfe did me re-
veale,
And told his Dame her Squire of low de-
gree
Did secretly out of her prison steale;
For me he did mistake that Squire to
bee,
For never two so like did living creature
see.

LVI.

'Then was I taken and before her
brought,
Who, through the likenesse of my outward
hew,

Being likewise beguiled in her thought,
Gan blame me much for being so untrew
To seeke by flight her fellowship t'eschew,
That lov'd me deare, as dearest thing
alive.
Thence she commaunded me to prison
new;
Whereof I glad did not gaine say nor
strive,
But suffred that same Dwarfe me to her
dungeon drive.

LVII.

'There did I finde mine onely faithfull
friend
In heavy plight and sad perplexitie;
Whereof I sorie, yet myselfe did bend
Him to recomfort with my companie,
But him the more agreev'd I found
thereby:
For all his joy, he said, in that distresse
Was mine and his Æmylias libertie.
Æmylia well he lov'd, as I mote ghesse,
Yet greater love to me then her he did
professe.

LVIII.

'But I with better reason him aviz'd,
And shew'd him how, through error and
misthought
Of our like persons, eath to be disguiz'd,
Or his exchange or freedom might be
wrought.
Whereto 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, over-ruld at last, he did to me agree.

LIX.

'The morrow next, about the wonted
howre,
The Dwarfe cald at the doore of Amyas
To come forthwith unto his Ladies bowre:
Instead of whom forth came I, Placidas,
And undiscerned forth with him did pas.
There with great joyance and with glad-
some glee
Of faire Pœana I received was,
And oft imbrast, as if that I were hee,
And with kind words accoyd, vowing
great love to mee.

LX.

'Which I, that was not bent to former
love
As was my friend that had her long refus'd,

Did well accept, as well it did behove,
 And to the present neede it wisely usd.
 My former hardnesse first I faire excusd;
 And after promist large amends to make.
 With such smooth termes her error I
 abusd
 To my friends good more then for mine
 owne sake,
 For whose sole libertie I love and life did
 stake.

LXI.

'Thenceforth I found more favour at
 her hand,
 That to her Dwarfes, which had me in his
 charge,
 She bad to lighten my too heauiue 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 us en-
 large,
 But if that Dwarfes I could with me con-
 uay,
 I lightly snatcht him up and with me bore
 away.

LXII.

'Thereat 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 have perforce him hether brought
 away.'

Thus as they talked, loe! where nigh at
 hand
 Those Ladies two, yet doubtfull through
 dismay,
 In presence came, desirous t' understand
 Tydings of all which there had hapned on
 the land.

LXIII.

Where soone as sad Æmylia did espie
 Her captive lovers friend, young Placidus,
 All mindlesse of her wonted modestie
 She to him ran, and him with streight
 embras
 Enfolding, said; 'And lives yet Amyas?'
 'He lives,' (quoth he) 'and his Æmylia
 loves.'
 'Then lesse,' (said she) 'by all the woe I
 pas,
 With which my weaker patience fortune
 proves:
 But what mishap thus long him fro my
 selfe removes?'

LXIV.

Then gan he all this storie to renew,
 And tell the course of his captivitie,
 That her deare hart full deeply made to
 rew,
 And sigh full sore to heare the miserie
 In which so long he mercilesse did lie.
 Then, after many teares and sorrowes
 spent,
 She deare besought the Prince of remedie;
 Who thereto did with readie will consent,
 And well perform'd; as shall appeare by
 his event.

CANTO IX.

The Squire of low degree, releast,
 Æmylia takes to wife:
 Britomart fightes with many Knights;
 Prince Arthur stints their strife.

I.

HARD is the doubt, and difficult to
 deeme,
 When all three kinds of love together
 meet
 And doe dispart the hart with powre ex-
 treme,
 Whether shall weigh the balance downe;
 to weet,
 The deare affection unto kindred sweet,
 Or raging fire of love to womankind,
 Or zeale of friends combynd with vertues
 meet:
 But of them all the band of vertuous mind,
 Me seemes, the gentle hart should most
 assured bind.

II.

For naturall affection soone doth cesse,
 And quenched is with Cupids greater
 flame:
 But faithfull friendship doth them both
 suppress,
 And them with maystring discipline doth
 tame,
 Through thoughts aspyring to eternall
 fame:
 For as the soule doth rule the earthly
 masse,
 And all the service of the bodie frame,
 So love of soule doth love of bodie passe,
 No lesse then perfect gold surmounts the
 meanest brasse.

III.

All which who list by tryall to assay
 Shall in this storie find approved plaine;
 In which these Squires true friendship
 more did sway
 Then either care of parents could refraine,
 Or love of fairest Ladie could constraine;
 For though Pœana were as faire as morne,
 Yet did this trustie squire with proud
 disdain
 For his friends sake her offred favours
 scorne,
 And she her selfe her syre of whom she
 was yborne.

IV.

Now, after that Prince Arthur graunted
 had
 To yeeld strong succour to that gentle
 swayne,
 Who now long time had lyen in prison
 sad;
 He gan advise how best he mote darrayne
 That enterprize for greatest glories gayne.
 That headlesse tyrants tronke he reard
 from ground,
 And, having ympt the head to it agayne,
 Upon his usuall beast it firmly bound,
 And made it so to ride as it alive was
 found.

V.

Then did he take that chaced Squire,
 and layd
 Before the ryder, as he captive were,
 And made his Dwarfe, though with un-
 willing ayd,
 To guide the beast that did his maister
 beare,
 Till to his castle they approched neare;
 Whom when the watch, that kept con-
 tinuall ward,
 Saw comming home, all voide of doubtfull
 feare,
 He, running downe, the gate to him un-
 bard;
 Whom straight the Prince ensuing in to-
 gether far'd.

VI.

There did he find in her delitious 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 unwares attacht, and captive held
 by might.

VII.

Whence being forth produc'd, when she
 perceived
 Her owne deare sire, she cald to him for
 aide;
 But when of him no aunswere she re-
 ceived,
 But saw him sencelesse by the Squire up-
 staide,
 She weened well that then she was be-
 traide:
 Then gan she loudly cry, and weepe, and
 waile,
 And that same Squire of treason to up-
 braide;
 But all in vaine: her plaints might not
 prevaile,
 Ne none there was to reskue her, ne none
 to baile.

VIII.

Then tooke he that same Dwarfe, and
 him compeld
 To open unto him the prison dore,
 And forth to bring those thrals which
 there he held.
 Thence forth were brought to him above
 a score
 Of Knights and Squires to him unknowne
 afore:
 All which he did from bitter bondage free,
 And unto former liberty restore.
 Amongst the rest that Squire of low
 degree
 Came forth full weake and wan, not like
 him selfe to bee.

IX.

Whom soone as faire Æmylia beheld
 And Placidus, they both unto him ran,
 And him embracing fast betwixt them
 held,
 Striving to comfort him all that they
 can,
 And kissing oft his visage pale and wan:
 That faire Pœana, them beholding both,
 Gan both envy, and bitterly to ban;
 Through jealous passion weeping inly
 wroth,
 To see the sight perforce that both her
 eyes were loth.

X.

But when awhile they had together
 beene,
 And diversly conferred of their case,
 She, though full oft she both of them had
 seene
 Asunder, yet not ever in one place,
 Began to doubt, when she them saw
 embrace,

Which was the captive Squire she lov'd
 so deare,
 Deceived through great likenesse of their
 face:
 For they so like in person did appeare,
 That she uneach discerned whether
 whether weare.

XI.

And eke the Prince, when as he them
 avized,
 Their like resemblaunce much admired
 there,
 And mazd how nature had so well
 disguized
 Her worke, and counterfet her selfe so
 nere,
 As if that by one patterne, seene some-
 where,
 She had them made a paragone to be,
 Or whether it through skill or errour
 were.
 Thus gazing long at them much wondred
 he;
 So did the other Knights and Squires
 which them did see.

XII.

Then gan they ransacke that same Castle
 strong,
 In which he found great store of hoorded
 treasure,
 The which that tyrant gathered had by
 wrong
 And tortious powre, without respect or
 measure:
 Upon all which the Briton Prince made
 seasure,
 And afterwards continu'd there a while
 To rest him selfe, and solace in soft
 pleasure
 Those weaker Ladies after weary toile;
 To whom he did divide part of his pur-
 chast spoile.

XIII.

And, for more joy, that captive Lady
 faire,
 The faire Pœana, he enlarged free,
 And by the rest did set in sumptuous chaire
 To feast and frolicke; nathemore would
 she
 Shew gladsome countenance nor pleas-
 aunt glee;
 But grieved 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 love, the hope of her
 desire.

XIV.

But her the Prince, through his well
 wonted grace,
 To better termes of myldnesse did entreat
 From that fowle rudenesse which did her
 deface;
 And that same bitter corsive, which did
 eat
 Her tender heart and made refraine from
 meat,
 He with good thewes and speaches well
 applyde
 Did mollifie, and calme her raging heat:
 For though she were most fayre, and
 goodly dyde,
 Yet she it all did mar with cruelty and
 pride.

XV.

And, for to shut up all in friendly love,
 Sith love was first the ground of all her
 griefe,
 That trusty Squire he wisely well did
 move
 Not to despise that dame which lov'd him
 lief,
 Till he had made of her some better priefe;
 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 yeluded, and her tooke; so stinted all
 their strife.

XVI.

From that day forth in peace and joyous
 blis
 They liv'd together long without debate;
 Ne private jarre, ne spite of enemis,
 Could shake the safe assuraunce of their
 state:
 And she, whom Nature did so faire create
 That she mote match the fairest of her
 daies,
 Yet with lewd loves and lust intemperate
 Had it defaste, thenceforth reformed her
 waies,
 That all men much admyrde her change,
 and spake her praise.

XVII.

Thus when the Prince had perfectly
 compylde,
 These paires of friends in peace and settled
 rest,
 Him selfe, whose minde did travell as
 with chyld
 Of his old love conceav'd in secret brest,
 Resolved to pursue his former quest;
 And, taking leave of all, with him did
 beare
 Faire Amoret, whom Fortune by bequest

Had left in his protection whileare,
Exchanged out of one into another feare.

XVIII.

Feare of her safety did her not con-
straine;
For well she wist now in a mighty hond
Her person, late in perill, did remaine,
Who able was all daungers 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
represe,
In case his burning lust should breake into
excesse.

XIX.

But cause of feare, sure, had she none
at all
Of him, who goodly learned had of yore
The course of loose affection to forstall,
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 loves dispersed diversly,
Yet neither showed to other their hearts
privy.

XX.

At length they came whereas a troupe
of Knights
They saw together skirmishing, as
seemed:
Sixe they were all, all full of fell despight,
But foure of them the battell best be-
seemed,
That which of them was best mote not be
deemed.
These foure were they from whom false
Florimel
By Braggadochio lately was redeemed;
To weet, sterne Druon, and lewd Claribell,
Love-lavish Blandamour, and lustfull
Paridell.

XXI.

Druons delight was all in single life,
And unto Ladies love would lend no
leasure:
The more was Claribell enraged rife
With fervent flames, and loved out of
measure:
So eke lov'd Blandamour, but yet at
pleasure
Would change his liking, and new Lemans
prove;
But Paridell of love did make no
threasure,

But lusted after all that him did move:
So diversly these foure disposed were to
love.

XXII.

But those two other, which beside them
stoode,
Were Britomart and gentle Scudamour;
Who all the while beheld their wrathfull
moode,
And wondred at their impacable stoure,
Whose like they never saw till that same
houre
So dreadfull strokes each did at other
drive,
And laid on load with all their might and
powre,
As if that every dint the ghost would rive
Out of their wretched corses, and their
lives deprive.

XXIII.

As when Dan Æolus, in great displeas-
ure
For losse of his deare love by Neptune
hent,
Sends forth the winds out of his hidden
threasure
Upon the sea to wreake his fell intent;
They breaking forth with rude unruli-
ment
From all foure parts of heaven doe rage
full sore,
And tosse the deepes, and teare the firma-
ment,
And all the worlde confound with wide
uprore,
As if instead thereof they Chaos would
restore.

XXIV.

Cause of their discord and so fell debate
Was for the love of that same snowy maid,
Whome they had lost in Turneyment of
late;
And, seeking long to weet which way she
straid,
Met here together, where, through lewd
upbraide
Of Atè and Duessa, they fell out;
And each one taking part in others aide
This cruell conflict raised thereabout,
Whose dangerous successe depended yet
in doubt:

XXV.

For sometimes Paridell and Blandamour
The better had, and bet the others backe:
Eftsoones the others did the field recoure,
And on his foes did worke full cruell
wracke:
Yet neither would their fiendlike fury
slacke,

But evermore their malice did augment;
Till that uneth they forced were, for
lacke
Of breath, their raging rigour to relent,
And rest themselves for to recover spirits
spent.

XXVI.

Then 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 alwaies he
envide;
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.

XXVII.

Thenceforth 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 cliffs the vermeil bloud
out sponne,
And all adowne their riven sides did
ronne.
Such mortall malice wonder was to see
In friends profest, and so great outrage
donne:
But sooth is said, and tride in each
degree,
Faint friends when they fall out most
cruell fomen bee.

XXVIII.

Thus they long while continued in fight;
Till Scudamour and that same Briton
maide
By fortune in that place did chance to
light:
Whom soone as they with wrathfull eie
bewraide,
They gan remember of the fowle upbraide,
The which that Britonesse had to them
donne
In that late Turney for the snowy maide;
Where she had them both shamefully for-
donne,
And eke the famous prize of beauty from
them wonne.

XXIX.

Eftsoones all burning with a fresh desire
Of fell revenge, in their malicious mood

They from them selves gan turne their
furious ire,
And cruell blades, yet steeming with whot
bloud,
Against those two let drive, as they were
wood:
Who wondring much at that so sodaine fit,
Yet nought dismayd, them stoutly well
withstood;
Ne yeelded foote, ne once abacke did flit,
But being doubly smitten likewise doubly
smit.

XXX.

The warlike Dame was on her part
assaid
Of Claribell and Blandamour attone;
And Paridell and Druon fiercely laid
At Scudamour, both his professed fone:
Foure charged two, and two surcharged
one;
Yet did those two them selves so bravely
beare,
That th' other litle gained by the lone,
But with their owne repayed duely weare,
And usury withall: such gaine was gotten
deare.

XXXI.

Full oftentimes did Britomart assay
To speake to them, and some emparlance
move;
But they for nought their cruell hands
would stay,
Ne lend an eare to ought that might be-
hove.
As when an eager mastiffe once doth prove
The tast of bloud of some engored beast,
No words may rate, nor rigour him remove
From greedy hold of that his blouddy
feast:
So litle did they hearken to her sweet be-
heast.

XXXII.

Whom when the Briton Prince a farre
beheld
With ods of so unequal match opprest,
His mighty heart with indignation sweld,
And inward grudge fild his heroicke brest:
Eftsoones him selfe he to their aide ad-
dress,
And thrusting fierce into the thickest
preace
Divided them, how ever loath to rest;
And would them faine from battell to sur-
ceasse,
With gentle words perswading them to
friendly peace.

XXXIII.

But they so farre from peace or patience
were,

That all at once at him gan fiercely flie,
And lay on load, as they him downe would
beare;

Like to a storme which hovers under skie,
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 drie,

And then another, till that likewise fleet;
And so from side to side till all the world
it weet.

XXXIV.

But now their forces greatly were decayd,

The Prince yet being fresh untoucht
afore;

Who them with speaches milde gan first
diswade

From such foule outrage, and them long
forbore:

Till seeing them through suffrance
hartned more,

Him selfe he bent their furies to abate,
And layd at them so sharpely and so sore,

That shortly them compelled to retrate,
And being brought in daunger to relent
too late.

XXXV.

But now his courage being throughly
fired,

He ment to make them know their follies
prise,

Had not those two him instantly desired
T' asswage his wrath, and pardon their
mesprise:

At whose request he gan him selfe advise
To stay his hand, and of a truce to treat
In milder termes, as list them to devise;
Mongst which the cause of their so cruell
heat

He did them aske, who all that passed gan
repeat:

XXXVI.

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 publicke praise had them
despoyled,

And also of their private loves beguyled,
Of two full hard to read the harder theft:

But she that wrongfull challenge soone
assoyled,

And shew'd that she had not that Lady
reft,

(As they suppos'd) but her had to her lik-
ing left.

XXXVII.

To whom the Prince thus goodly well
replied:

' Certes, sir Knight, ye seemen much to
blame

To rip up wrong that battell once hath
tried;

Wherein the honor both of Armes ye
shame,

And eke the love of Ladies foule defame;
To whom the world this franchise ever

yeelded,
That of their loves choise thay might free-
dom clame,

And in that right should by all knights be
shielded:

Gainst which, me seemes, this war ye
wrongfully have wielded.'

XXXVIII.

' And yet' (quoth she) ' a greater wrong
remaines:

For I thereby my former love have lost;
Whom seeking ever since with endlesse
paines

Hath me much sorrow and much travell
cost:

Aye me, to see that gentle maide so tost!
But Scudamour, then sighing deepe, thus

saide:

' Certes, her losse ought me to sorrow
most,

Whose right she is, where ever she be
straide,

Through many perils wonne, and many
fortunes waide.

XXXIX.

' For from the first that her I love pro-
fest,

Unto this houre, this present lucklesse
howre,

I never joyed happinesse nor rest;
But thus turmoild from one to other

stowre
I wast my life, and doe my daies devowre
In wretched anguise and incessant woe,

Passing the measure of my feeble powre;
That living thus a wretch, and loving so,

I neither can my love ne yet my life
forgo.'

XL.

Then good Sir Claribell him thus be-
spake:

' 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 us in order dew

All that adventure which ye did assay
For that faire Ladies love: past perils
well apay.'

XLI.

So gan the rest him likewise to re-
quire,
But Britomart did him importune hard
To take on him that paine: whose great
desire

He glad to satisfie, him selfe prepar'd
To tell through what misfortune he had
far'd

In that atchievement, as to him befell,
And all those daungers unto them de-
clar'd;

Which sith they cannot in this Canto well
Comprised be, I will them in another
tell.

CANTO X.

Scudamour doth his conquest tell
Of vertuous Amoret:
Great Venus Temple is describ'd;
And lovers life forth set.

I.

'TRUE he it said, what ever man it
sayd,
That love with gall and hony doth
abound;

But if the one be with the other wayd,
For every dram of hony therein found
A pound of gall doth over it redound:
That I too true by triall have approved;
For since the day that first with deadly
wound

My heart was launcht, and learned to
have loved,
I never joyed howre, but still with care
was moved.

II.

'And yet such grace is given them from
above,
That all the cares and evill which they
meet

May nought at all their settled mindes
remove,

But seeme, gainst common sence, to them
most sweet;

As bosting in their martyrdom unmeet.
So all that ever yet I have endured

I count as naught, and tread downe under
feet,

Since of my love at length I rest assured,
That to disloyalty she will not be allured.

III.

'Long were to tell the travell and long
toile

Through which this shield of love I late
have wonne,

And purchased this peerelesse beauties
spoile,

That harder may be ended, then begonne:
But since ye so desire, your will be donne:

Then hearke, ye gentle knights and
Ladies free,

My hard mishaps that ye may learne to
shonne;

For though sweet love to conquer glorious
bee,

Yet is the paine thereof much greater
then the fee.

IV.

'What time the fame of his renowned
prise

Flew first abroad, and all mens eares
possest,

I, having armes then taken, gan advise
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 brave 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.

V.

'So on that hard adventure 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 renowned 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
guilt,

And all the others pavement were with
yvory spilt.

VI.

' 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 have accesse, nor in-
ward fare,
But by one way that passage did prepare.
It was a bridge ybuilt in goodly wize
With curious Corbes and pendants graven
faire,
And, arched all with porches, did arize
On stately pillours fram'd after the
Doricke guize.

VII.

' 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 flancked 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 castels
ancient rights.

VIII.

' Before that Castle was an open plaine,
And in the midst thereof a piller placed;
On which this shield, of many sought in
vaine,
The shield of Love, whose guerdon me
hath graced,
Was hangd on high with golden rib-
bands laced;
And in the marble stone was written this,
With golden letters goodly well enchaced;
*Blessed the man that well can use his
blis:*
*Whose ever be the shield, fair Amoret be
his.*

IX.

' Which when I red, my heart did inly
earne,
And pant with hope of that adventures
hap:
Ne stayed further newes thereof to learne,
But with my speare upon the shield did
rap,
That all the castle ringed with the clap.
Streight forth issewd a Knight all arm'd
to prooffe,

And bravely mounted to his most mishap:
Who, staying nought to question from
aloofe,
Ran fierce at me that fire glaunst from
his horses hoofe.

X.

' Whom boldly I encountred (as I could)
And by good fortune shortly him un-
seated.
Eftsooones outsprung two more of equal
mould;
But I them both with equall hap defeated.
So all the twenty I likewise entreated,
And left them groning there upon 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.

XI.

' So forth without impediment I past,
Till to the Bridges utter gate I came;
The which I found sure lockt and chained
fast.
I knockt, but no man aunswred me by
name;
I cald, but no man answard to my clame:
Yet I persever'd still to knocke and call,
Till at the last I spide within the same
Where one stood peeping through a crevis
small,
To whom I cald aloud, halfe angry there-
withall.

XII.

' That was to weet the Porter of the
place,
Unto whose trust the charge thereof was
lent:
His name was Doubt, that had a double
face,
Th' one forward looking, th' other backe-
ward bent,
Therein resembling Janus auncient
Which hath in charge the ingate of the
yeare:
And evermore his eyes about him went,
As if some proved perill he did feare,
Or did misdoubt some ill whose cause did
not appeare.

XIII.

' On th' one side he, on th' other sate
Delay,
Behinde 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
unheedily,

Which never they recover might againe;
And others, quite excluded forth, did ly
Long languishing there in unpittied paine,
And seeking often entraunce afterwards
in vaine.

XIV.

' Me when as he had privily espide
Bearing the shield which I had conquered
late,
He kend it streight and to me opened
wide.
So in I past, and streight he closed the
gate:
But being in, Delay in close awaite
Caught hold on me, and thought my steps
to stay,
Feigning full many a fond excuse to
prate,
And time to steale, the threasure of
mans day,
Whose smallest minute lost no riches
render may.

XV.

' But by no meanes my way I would for-
slow
For ought that ever she could doe or say;
But from my lofty steede dismounting
low
Past forth on foote, beholding all the way
The goodly workes, and stones of rich
assay,
Cast into sundry shapes by wondrous
skill,
That like on earth no where I reckon
may:
And underneath, the river rolling still
With murmure soft, that seem'd to serve
the workmans will.

XVI.

' 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 stode alwaies open wide;
But in the Porch did evermore abide
And hideous Giant, dreadfull to behold,
That stopt the entraunce with his spacious
stride,
And with the terrour of his countenance
bold
Full many did affray, that else faine
enter would.

XVII.

' His name was Daunger, dreaded over-
all,
Who day and night did watch and duely
ward

From fearefull cowards entrance to for-
stall
And faint-heart-fooles, whom shew of
perill hard
Could terrifie from Fortunes faire ad-
ward:
For oftentimes faint hearts, at first
espiall
Of his grim face, were from approaching
scard;
Unworthy they of grace, whom one de-
niall
Excludes from fairest hope withouten fur-
ther triall.

XVIII.

' Yet many doughty warriours often
tride
In greater perils to be stout and bold,
Durst not the sternnesse of his looke
abide;
But, soone as they his countenance did
behold,
Began to faint, and feele their corage
cold.
Againe, some other, that in hard assaies
Were cowards knowne, and litle count
did hold,
Either through gifts, or guile, or such like
waies,
Crept in by stouping low, or stealing of
the kaies.

XIX.

' But I, though meanest man of many
moe,
Yet much disdainig unto 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 drive him out.
Eftsoones, advauncing that enchanted
shield,
With all my might I gan to lay about:
Which when he saw, the glaive which he
did wield
He gan forthwith t'avale, and way unto
me yield.

XX.

' So, as I entred, I did backward looke,
For feare of harme that might lie hidden
there;
And loe! his hindparts, whereof heed I
tooke,
Much more deformed fearefull, ugly were,
Then all his former parts did earst appere:
For hatred, murther, treason, and de-
spight,
With many moe lay in ambushment there,
Awaiting to entrap the warelesse wight
Which did not them prevent with vigilant
foresight.

XXI.

' Thus having past all perill, I was come
 Within the compasse of that Islands
 space;
 The which did seeme, unto my simple
 doome,
 The onely pleasant and delightfull place
 That ever troden was of footings trace:
 For all that nature by her mother-wit
 Could frame in earth, and forme of sub-
 stance base,
 Was there; and all that nature did omit,
 Art, playing second natures part, sup-
 plied it.

XXII.

' No tree, that is of count, in greene-
 wood growes,
 From lowest Juniper to Cedar tall,
 No floure in field, that daintie odour
 throwes,
 And deckes his branch with blossomes over
 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 device,
 But there it present was, and did fraile
 sense entice.

XXIII.

' In such luxurious plentie of all pleas-
 ure,
 It seem'd a second paradise to ghesse,
 So lavishly enricht with Natures threas-
 ure,
 That if the happie soules, which doe pos-
 sesse
 Th' Elysian fields and live in lasting
 blesse,
 Should happen this with living eye to see,
 They soone would loath their lesser hap-
 pinesse,
 And wish to life return'd againe to bee,
 That in this joyous place they mote have
 joyance free.

XXIV.

' Fresh shadowes, fit to shroud from
 sunny ray;
 Faire lawnds, to take the sunne in season
 dew;
 Sweet springs, in which a thousand
 Nymphs did play;
 Soft rombling brookes, that gentle slom-
 ber drew;
 High reared mounts, the lands about to
 vew;
 Low looking dales, disloignd from com-
 mon gaze;

Delightfull bowres, to solace lovers trew;
 False Labyrinthes, fond runners eyes to
 daze;
 All which by nature made did nature selfe
 amaze.

XXV.

' And all without were walkes and
 alleyes dight
 With divers trees enrang'd in even rankes;
 And here and there were pleasant arbors
 pight,
 And shadie seates, and sundry flowring
 bankes,
 To sit and rest the walkers wearie
 shankes:
 And therein thousand payres of lovers
 walt,
 Praying their god, and yeelding him great
 thanks,
 Ne ever ought but of their true loves talkt,
 Ne ever for rebuke or blame of any balt.

XXVI.

' All these together by themselves did
 sport
 Their spotlesse pleasures and sweet loves
 content.
 But, farre away from these, another sort
 Of lovers lincked in true harts consent,
 Which loved not as these for like intent,
 But on chast vertue grounded their desire.
 Farre from all fraud or fayned blandish-
 ment;
 Which, in their spirits kindling zealous
 fire,
 Brave thoughts and noble deedes did ever-
 more aspire.

XXVII.

' Such were great Hercules and Hyllus
 deare
 Trew Jonathan and David trustie tryde
 Stout Theseus and Pirithous his feare
 Pylades and Orestes by his syde;
 Myld Titus and Gesippus without pryde;
 Damon and Pythias, whom death could
 not sever:
 All these, and all that ever had bene tyde
 In bands of friendship, there did live for
 ever;
 Whose lives although decay'd, yet loves
 decayed never.

XXVIII.

' Which when as I, that never tasted
 blis
 Nor happie howre, beheld with gazefull
 eye,
 I thought there was none other heaven
 then this;

And gan their endlesse happinesse enuye,
That being free from feare and gealosye
Might frankly there their loves desire
possesse;

Whiles I, through paines and perlous jeop-
ardie,

Was forst to seeke my lifes deare patron-
nesse:

Much dearer be the things which come
through hard distresse.

XXIX.

'Yet all those sights, and all that else I
saw,

Might not my steps withhold, but that
forthright

Unto that purposd place I did me draw,
Where as my love was lodged day and
night,

The temple of great Venus, that is hight
The Queene of beautie, and of love the
mother,

There worshipped of every living wight;
Whose goodly workmanship farre past all
other

That ever were on earth, all were they
set together.

XXX.

'Not that same famous Temple of
Diane,

Whose hight all Ephesus did oversee,
And which all Asia sought with vowes
prophane,

One of the worlds seven wonders sayd to
bee,

Might match with this by many a degree:
Nor that which that wise King of Jurie
framed

With endlesse cost to be th' Almightyes
see;

Nor all, that else through all the world is
named

To all the heathen Gods, might like to
this be clamed.

XXXI.

'I, much admyring that so goodly frame,
Unto the porch approcht 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 woman-
hood:

Strange was her tyre; for on her head a
crowne

She wore, much like unto a Danisk hood,
Poudred with pearle and stone; and all
her gowne

Enwoven was with gold, that raught full
low adowne.

XXXII.

'On either side of her two young men
stood,

Both strongly arm'd, as fearing one an-
other;

Yet were they brethren both of halfe the
blood,

Begotten by two fathers of one mother,
Though of contrarie natures each to other:
The one of them hight Love, the other
Hate.

Hate was the elder, Love the younger
brother;

Yet was the younger stronger in his
state

Then th' elder, and him maystred still in
all debate.

XXXIII.

'Nathlesse that Dame so well them
tempred both,

That she them forced hand to joyne in
hand,

Albe that Hatred was thereto full loth,
And turn'd his face away, as he did stand,
Unwilling to behold that lovely 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 yron tuskes at that dis-
pleasing sight.

XXXIV.

'Concord she cleeped was in common
reed,

Mother of blessed Peace and Friendship
trew;

They both her twins, both borne of
heavenly seed,

And she her selfe likewise divinely grew;
The which right well her workes divine
did shew:

For strength and wealth and happinesse
she lends,

And strife and warre and anger does sub-
dew:

Of litle much, of foes she maketh friends,
And to afflicted minds sweet rest and
quiet sends.

XXXV.

'By her the heaven is in his course con-
tained,

And all the world in state unmoved
stands,

As their Almighty maker first ordained,
And bound them with inviolable bands;
Else would the waters overflow the lands,

And fire deuoure the ayre, and hell them
quight,
But that she holds them with her blessed
hands.
She is the nourse of pleasure and delight,
And unto Venus grace the gate doth open
right.

XXXVI.

‘By her I entring half dismayed was;
But she in gentle wise me entertayned,
And twixt her selfe and Love did let me
pas;
But Hatred would my entrance have re-
strayned,
And with his club me threatned to have
brayned,
Had not the Ladie with her powrefull
speach
Him from his wicked will unneath re-
frayned;
And th’ other eke his malice did empeach,
Till I was thoroughly past the perill of his
reach.

XXXVII.

‘Into the inmost Temple thus I came,
Which fuming all with frankensence I
found
And odours rising from the altars flame.
Upon an hundred marble pillors round
The roofe up high was reared from the
ground,
All deckt with crownes, and chaynes, and
girlands gay,
And thousand pretious gifts worth many
a pound,
The which sad lovers for their voves did
pay;
And all the ground was strow’d with
flowres as fresh as May.

XXXVIII.

‘An hundred Altars round about were
set,
All flaming with their sacrifices fire,
That with the steme thereof the Temple
sweet,
Which rould in clouds to heaven did aspire,
And in them bore true lovers voves
entire:
And eke an hundred brasen caudrons
bright,
To bath in joy and amorous desire,
Every of which was to a damzell hight;
For all the Priests were damzels in soft
linnen dight.

XXXIX.

‘Right in the midst the Goddesse selfe
did stand
Upon an altar of some costly masse,

Whose substance was unneath to under-
stand:
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 christall glasse,
Yet glasse was not, if one did rightly
deeme;
But, being faire and brickle, likest glasse
did seeme.

XL.

‘But it in shape and beautie did excell
All other Idoles which the heathen adore,
Farre passing that, which by surpassing
skill
Phidias did make in Paphos Isle of yore,
With which that wretched Greeke, that
life forlore,
Did fall in love: yet this much fairer
shined,
But covered with a slender veile afore;
And both her feete and legs together
twyned
Were with a snake, whose head and tail
were fast combyned.

XLI.

‘The cause why she was covered with a
vele
Was hard to know, for that her Priests
the same
From peoples knowledge labour’d to
concele:
But sooth it was not sure for womanish
shame,
Nor any blemish which the worke mote
blame;
But for, they say, she hath both kinds in
one,
Both male and female, both under one
name:
She syre and mother is her selfe alone,
Begets and eke conceives, ne needeth other
none.

XLII.

‘And all about her necke and shoulders
flew
A flocke of litle loves, and sports, and
joyes,
With nimble wings of gold and purple
hew;
Whose shapes seem’d not like to terres-
triall boyes,
But like to Angels playing heavenly toyes,
The whilest their eldest brother was
away,
Cupid their eldest brother; he enjoyes

The wide kingdome of love with lordly
sway,
And to his law compels all creatures to
obay.

XLIII.

'And all about her altar scattered lay
Great sorts of lovers piteously complayn-
ing,
Some of their losse, some of their loves
delay,
Some of their pride, some paragons dis-
dayning,
Some fearing fraud, some fraudulently
fayning,
As every one had cause of good or ill.
Amongst the rest some one, through Loves
constrayning
Tormented sore, could not containe it still,
But thus brake forth, that all the temple
it did fill.

XLIV.

'Great Venus! Queene of beautie and
of grace,
The joy of Gods and men, that under skie
Doest fayrest shine, and most adorne thy
place;
That with thy smyling looke doest pacifie
The raging seas, and makst the stormes
to flie;
Thee, goddesse, thee the winds, the clouds
doe feare,
And, when thou spredst thy mantle forth
on hie,
The waters play, and pleasant lands
appeare,
And heavens laugh, and al the world shews
joyous cheare.

XLV.

'Then doth the dædale earth throw
forth to thee
Out of her fruitfull lap abundant flowres;
And then all living wights, soone as they
see
The spring breake forth out of his lusty
bowres,
They all doe learne to play the Paramours;
First doe the merry birds, thy pretty
pages,
Privily pricked with thy lustfull powres,
Chirpe loud to thee out of their leavy
cages,
And thee their mother call to coole their
kindly rages.

XLVI.

'Then doe the salvage beasts begin to
play
Their pleasant friskes, and loath their
wouted food:

The Lyons rore; the Tygres loudly bray;
The raging Bulls rebellow through the
wood,
And breaking forth dare tempt the deepest
flood
To come where thou doest draw them with
desire.
So all things else, that nourish vitall blood,
Soone as with fury thou doest them inspire,
In generation seeke to quench their inward
fire.

XLVII.

'So all the world by thee at first was
made,
And dayly yet thou doest the same
repayre;
Ne ought on earth that merry is and glad,
Ne ought on earth that lovely is and fayre,
But thou the same for pleasure didst
prepayre:
Thou art the root of all that joyous is:
Great God of men and women, queene of
th' ayre,
Mother of laughter, and welspring of
blisse,
O graunt that of my love at last I may not
misse!"

XLVIII.

'So did he say: but I with murmure soft,
That none might heare the sorrow of my
hart,
Yet inly groning deepe and sighing oft,
Besought her to graunt ease unto my
smart,
And to my wound her gracious help
impart.
Whilest thus I spake, behold! with happy
eye
I spyde where at the Idoles feet apart
A bevie of fayre damzels close did lye,
Wayting when as the Antlieme should be
sung on hie.

XLIX.

'The first of them did seeme of ryper
yeares
And graver countenance then all the rest;
Yet all the rest were eke her equall peares,
Yet unto her obeyed all the best.
Her name was Womanhood; that she
express
By her sad semblant and demeanure wyse:
For stedfast still her eyes did fixed rest,
Ne rov'd at randon, after gazers guyse.
Whose luring baytes oftimes doe heedlesse
harts entyse.

L.

'And next to her sate goodly Shame-
fastnesse,

Ne ever durst her eyes from ground up-
reare,
Ne ever once did looke up from her desse,
As if some blame of evill she did feare,
That in her cheekes made roses oft ap-
peare:
And her against sweet Cherefulnessse was
placed,
Whose eyes, like twinkling stars in even-
ing cleare,
Were deckt with smyles that all sad
humors chased,
And darted forth delights the which her
goodly graded.

LI.

' And next to her sate sober Modestie,
Holding her hand upon her gentle hart;
And her against sate comely Curtesie,
That unto every person knew her part;
And her before was seated overthwart
Soft Silence, and submitse Obedience,
Both linckt together never to dispart;
Both gifts of God, not gotten but from
thence,
Both g'rlonds of his Saints against their
foes offence.

LII.

' Thus sate they all around in seemely
rate:
And in the midst of them a goodly mayd
Even in the lap of Womanhood there sate,
The which was all in lilly white arayd,
With silver streames amongst the linnen
stray'd;
Like to the Morne, when first her shyning
face
Hath to the gloomy world itselfe be-
wray'd:
That same was fayrest Amoret in place,
Shyning with beauties light and heavenly
vertues grace.

LIII.

' Whom soone as I beheld, my hart gan
throbb
And wade in doubt what best were to be
donne;
For sacrilege me seem'd the Church to rob,
And folly seem'd to leave the thing
undonne
Which with so strong attempt I had
begonne.
Tho, shaking off all doubt and shamefast
feare
Which Ladies love, I heard, had never
wonne
Mongst men of worth, I to her stepped
neare,

And by the lilly hand her labour'd up to
reare.

LIV.

' Thereat that foremost matroue me did
blame,
And sharpe rebuke for being over bold;
Saying, it was to Knight unseemely shame
Upon a recluse Virgin to lay hold,
That unto Venus services was sold.
To whom I thus: "Nay, but it fitteth
best
For Cupids man with Venus mayd to hold,
For ill your goddessse services are drest
By virgins, and her sacrifices let to rest."

LV.

' With that my shield I forth to her did
show,
Which all that while I closely had conceald;
On which when Cupid, with his killing
bow
And cruell shafts, emblazond she beheld,
At sight thereof she was with terror quelld,
And said no more: but I, which all that
while
The pledge of faith, her hand, engaged
held,
Like warie Hynd within the weedie soyle,
For no intreatie would forgoe so glorious
spoyle.

LVI.

' And evermore upon the Goddessse face
Mine eye was fixt, for feare of her offence;
Whom when I saw with amiable grace
To laugh at me, and favour my pretence,
I was emboldned with more confidence;
And nought for nicenesse nor for envy
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.

LVII.

' She often prayd, and often me be-
sought,
Sometime with tender teares to let her
goe,
Sometime with witching smyles; but yet,
for nought
That ever she to me could say or doe,
Could she 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 Ladie, which me friended
late
In entrance, did me also friend in my re-
trate.

LVIII.

' No lesse did Daunger threaten me with
dread,
Whenas he saw me, maugre all his
powre,
That glorious spoyle of beautie with me
lead,
Then Cerberus, whom Orpheus did re-
coure

His Leman from the Stygian Princes
boure:
But evermore my shield did me defend
Against the storme of every dreadfull
stoure:
Thus safely with my love I thence did
wend.
So ended he his tale, where I this Canto
end.

CANTO XI.

Marinells former wound is heald,
He comes to Proteus hall,
Where Thames doth the Medway wedd,
And feasts the Sea-gods all.

I.

BUT ah for pittie! that I have thus long
Left a fayre Ladie languishing in payne:
Now well-away! that I have doen such
wrong,
To let faire Florimell in bands remayne,
In bands of love, and in sad thraldomes
chayne;
From which, unlesse some heavenly powre
her free
By miracle, not yet appearing playne,
She lenger yet is like captiv'd to bee;
That even to thinke thereof it inly pitties
mee.

II.

Here neede you to remember, how ere-
while
Unlovely Proteus, missing to his mind
That Virgins love to win by wit or wile,
Her threw into a dongeon deepe and
blind,
And there in chaynes 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 move at all he
saw,
He thought her to compell by crueltie and
awe.

III.

Deepe in the bottome of an huge great
rocke
The dongeon was, in which her bound he
left,
That neither yron barres, nor brasen locke,
Did neede to gard from force, or secret
theft
Of all her lovers which would her have
reft:
For wall'd it was with waves, which
rag'd and ror'd
As they the cliffe in peeces would have
cleft;

Besides ten thousand monsters foule ab-
hor'd
Did waite about it, gaping griesly, all be-
gor'd.

IV.

And in the midst thereof did horror
dwell,
And darkenesse dredd that never 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 lucklesse mayd seven
months abide,
Ne ever evening saw, ne mornings ray,
Ne ever from the day the night descride,
But thought it all one night that did no
houres divide.

V.

And all this was for love of Marinell,
Who her despyd (ah! who would her de-
spyse?)
And wemens love did from his hart expell,
And all those joyes that weake mankind
entyse.
Nathlesse his pryde full dearely he did
pryse;
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 gave, when he did
her provoke.

VI.

Yet farre and neare the Nymph his
mother sought,
And many salves did to his sore applie,
And many herbes did use. But when as
nought,
She saw, could ease his rankling maladie,

At last to Tryphon she for helpe did hie,
(This Tryphon is the seagods surgen
hight,)

Whom she besought to find some remedie,
And for his paines a whistle him beight,
That of a fishes shell was wrought with
rare delight.

VII.

So well that Leach did hearke to her re-
quest,
And did so well employ his carefull paine,
That in short space his hurts he had re-
drest,
And him restor'd to healthfull state
again:

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 proved
over all.

VIII.

It fortun'd then, a solemne feast was
there

To all the Sea-gods and their fruitfull
seede,

In honour of the spousalls which then
were

Betwixt the Medway and the Thames
agreed.

Long had the Thames (as we in records
read)

Before that day her wooed to his bed,
But the proud Nymph would for no
worldly meed,

Nor no entreatie, to his love be led;
Till now, at last relenting, she to him
was wed.

IX.

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 mightie Ocean trade,
As that in rivers swim, or brookes doe
wade;

All which, not if an hundred tongues to
tell,

And hundred mouthes, and voice of
brasse I had,

And endlesse memorie that mote excell,
In order as they came could I recount
them well.

X.

Helpe, therefore, O! thou sacred imp of
Jove

The noursling of Dame Memorie his deare,
To whom those rolles, layd up in heaven
above,

And records of antiquitie appeare.
To which no wit of man may comen neare;
Helpe me to tell the names of all those
floods

And all those Nymphes, which then as-
sembled were

To that great banquet of the watry Gods,
And all their sundry kinds, and all their
hid abodes.

XI.

First came great Neptune, with his
threeforkt mace,

That rules the Seas and makes them rise
or fall;

His dewy lockes did drop with brine apace
Under his Diademe imperiall:

And by his side his Queene with coronall,
Faire Amphitrite, most divinely faire,
Whose yvorie shoulders weren covered
all,

As with a robe, with her owne silver haire,
And deckt with pearles which th' Indian
seas for her prepaire.

XII.

These marched farre afore the other
crew:

And all the way before them, as they
went,

Triton his trompet shrill before them
blew,

For goodly triumph and great jollyment,
That made the rockes 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 themselves
doe clame

The powre to rule the billowes, and the
waves to tame.

XIII.

Phoreys, the father of that fatall brood,
By whom those old Heroes wonne such
fame;

And Glaucus, that wise southsayes under-
stood;

And tragicke Inoes sonne, the which be-
came

A God of seas through his mad mothers
blame,

Now hight Palemon, and is saylers frend;
Great Brontes; and Astræus, that did
shame

Himselfe with incest of his kin unkend;
And huge Orion, that doth tempests still
portend;

XIV.

The rich Cteatus; and Eurytus long;
 Neleus and Pelias, lovely brethren both;
 Mightie Chrysaor; and Caiëus strong;
 Eurypulus, that calmes the waters wroth;
 And faire Euphëmus, that upon them goth
 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.

XV.

There also some most famous founders
 were
 Of puissant Nations which the world pos-
 sest,
 Yet sonnes of Neptune, now assembled
 here:
 Ancient Ogyges, even th' auncientest;
 And Inachus renoumd above the rest;
 Phenix, and Aon, and Pelasgus old;
 Great Belus, Phœax, and Agenor best;
 And mightie Albion, father of the bold
 And warlike people which the Britaine
 Islands hold:

XVI.

For Albion the sonne of Neptune was,
 Who, for the proofoe of his great puissance,
 Out of his Albion did on dry-foot pas
 into old Gall, that now is cleeped France,
 To fight with Hercules, that did advance
 To vanquish all the world with match-
 lesse might;
 And there his mortall part by great
 mischance
 Was slaine; but that which is th' immor-
 tall spright
 Lives still, and to this feast with Nep-
 tunes seed was dight.

XVII.

But what doe I their names seeke to
 reherse,
 Which all the world have with their issue
 filld?
 How can they all in this so narrow verse
 Contayned be, and in small compasse
 hild?
 Let them record them that are better
 skild,
 And know the moniments of passed
 age:
 Onely what needeth shall be here fulfilld,
 T' expresse some part of that great equi-
 page
 Which from great Neptune do derive
 their parentage.

XVIII.

Next came the aged Ocean and his
 Dane
 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
 upright,
 Ne more sincere in word and deed pro-
 fess;
 Most voide of guile, most free from fowle
 despight,
 Doing him selfe, and teaching others to
 doe right.

XIX.

Thereto he was expert in prophecies,
 And could the ledden of the gods unfold;
 Through which, when Paris brought his
 famous prise,
 The faire Tindarid lasse, he him fortold
 That her all Greece with many a cham-
 pion bold
 Should fetch againe, and finally destroy
 Proud Priams towne. So wise is Nereus
 old,
 And so well skild; nathlesse he takes
 great joy
 Oft-times amongst the wanton Nymphs
 to sport and toy.

XX.

And after him the famous rivers came,
 Which doe the earth enrich and beautife:
 The fertile Nile, which creatures new
 doth frame;
 Long Rhodanus, whose sourse springs
 from the skie;
 Faire Ister, flowing from the mountaines
 hie:
 Divine Scamander, purpled yet with
 blood
 Of Greeks and Trojans which therein did
 die;
 Pactolus glistring with his golden flood;
 And Tygris fierce, whose streames of
 none may be withstood;

XXI.

Great Ganges, and immortall Euphra-
 tes,
 Deepe Indus, and Mæander intricate,
 Slow Peneus, and tempestuous Phasides,
 Swift Rhene, and Alpheus still immacu-
 late,
 Ooraxes, feared for great Cyrus fate,

Tybris, renowned for the Romaines fame,
 Rich Oranochy, though but knowen late;
 And that huge River, which doth beare
 his name
 Of warlike Amazons, who doe possesse
 the same.

XXII.

Joy on those warlike women, which so
 long
 Can from all men so rich a kingdome
 hold!
 And shame on you, O men! which boast
 your strong
 And valiant hearts, in thoughts lesse
 hard and bold,
 Yet quaille in conquest of that land of
 gold.
 But this to you, O Britons! most per-
 taines,
 To whom the right hereof it selfe hath
 sold,
 The which, for sparing litle cost or
 paines,
 Loose so immortall glory, and so endlesse
 gaines.

XXIII.

Then there was heard a most celestiaall
 sound
 Of dainty musicke, which did next ensew
 Before the spouse: that was Arion
 crownd;
 Who, playing on his harpe, unto him
 drew
 The eares and hearts of all that goodly
 crew,
 That even yet the Dolphin, which him
 bore
 Through the Agæan seas from Pirates
 vew,
 Stood still by him astonisht at his lore,
 And all the raging seas for joy forgot to
 rore.

XXIV.

So went he playing on the watery
 plaine;
 Soone after whom the lovely Bridegroome
 came,
 The noble Thamis, with all his goodly
 traine;
 But him before there went, as best be-
 came,
 His auncient parents, namely th' aun-
 cient Thame.
 But much more aged was his wife then he,
 The Ouze, whom men doe Isis rightly
 name;
 Full weeke and crooked creature seemed
 shee,
 And almost blind through eld, that scarce
 her way could see.

XXV.

Therefore on either side she was sus-
 tained
 Of two smal grooms, which by their
 names were hight
 The Churne and Charwell, two small
 streames, which pained
 Them selves 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,
 With head all hoary, and his beard all
 gray,
 Deawed with silver drops that trickled
 downe alway.

XXVI.

And eke he somewhat seem'd to stoupe
 afore
 With bowed backe, by reason of the lode
 And auncient heavy burden which he bore
 Of that faire City, wherein make abode
 So many learned impes, that shoote
 abrode,
 And with their braunches spred all
 Britany,
 No lesse then do her elder sisters broode.
 Joy to you both, ye double nourserie
 Of Arts! but, Oxford, thine doth Thame
 most glorify.

XXVII.

But he their sonne full fresh and jolly
 was,
 All decked in a robe of watchet hew,
 On which the waves, glittering like
 Christall glas,
 So cunningly enwoven 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
 vew,
 In which were many towres and castels
 set,
 That it encompass round as with a golden
 fret.

XXVIII.

Like as the mother of the Gods, they
 say,
 In her great iron charet wonts to ride,
 When to Joves pallace she doth take her
 way,
 Old Cybele, arayd with pompous pride,
 Wearing a Diademe embattild wide
 With hundred turrets, like a Turribant;
 With such an one was Thamis beautifide;

That was to weete the famous Troynovant,
In which her kingdomes throne is chiefly
resiant.

XXXIX.

And round about him many a pretty
Page
Attended duely, ready to obay;
All little Rivers 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 loose his
way;
And the still Darent, in whose waters
cleane
Ten thousand fishes play and decke his
pleasant streame.

XXX.

Then came his neighbour fouds which
nigh him dwell,
And water all the English soile through-
out:
They all on him this day attended well,
And with meet service waited him about,
Ne none disdained low to lout:
No, not the stately Severne grudg'd at
all,
Ne storming Humber, though he looked
stout;
But both him honor'd as their principall,
And let their swelling waters low before
him fall.

XXXI.

There was the speedy Tamar, which de-
vides
The Cornish and the Devonish confines;
Through both whose borders swiftly
downe it glides,
And, meeting Plim, to Plimmouth thence
declines:
And Dart, nigh choekt with sands of tinny
mines.
But Avon 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 waves he
buidled hath.

XXXII.

And there came Stoure with terrible
aspect,
Bearing his sixe deformed heads on hye,
That doth his course through Blandford
plains direct,
And washeth Winborne meades in season
drys.

Next him went Wylibourne with passage
slye,

That of his wylinesse his name doth take,
And of him selfe doth name the shire
thereby:

And Mole, that like a nousling Mole doth
make

His way still under ground, till Thamis
he overtake.

XXXIII.

Then came the Rother, decked all with
woods

Like a wood God, and flowing fast to
Rhy;

And Sture, that pareth with his pleasant
floods

The Easterne Saxons from the Southerne
ny,

And Clare and Harwitch both doth beau-
tify:

Him follow'd Yar, soft washing Norwitch
wall,

And with him brought a present joyfully
Of his owne fish unto their festivall,
Whose like none else could shew, the
which they Ruffins call.

XXXIV.

Next these the plenteous Ouse came far
from land,

By many a city and by many a towne
And many rivers taking under-hand
Into his waters as he passeth downe,
The Cle, the Were, the Grant, the Sture,
the Rowne.

Thence doth by Huntingdon and Cam-
bridge flit,

My mother Cambridge, whom as with a
Crowne

He doth adorne, and is adorn'd of it
With many a gentle Muse and many a
learned wit.

XXXV.

And after him the fatall Welland went,
That, if old sawes prove true (which God
forbid!)

Shall drowne all Holland with his excre-
ment,

And shall see Stamford, though now
homely hid,

Then shine in learning, more than ever
did

Cambridge or Oxford, Englands goodly
beames.

And next to him the Nene dowue softly
slid;

And noushteous Trent, that in him selfe
enseames

Both thirty sorts of fish, and thirty sundry streames.

XXXVI.

Next these came Tyne, along whose stony bancke
That Romaine Monarch built a brasen wall,
Which mote the feebled Britons strongly flanke
Against the Picts that swarmed over-all,
Which yet thereof Gualsever they doe call:
And Twede, the limit betwixt Logris land
And Albany: And Eden, though but small,
Yet often stainde with bloud of many a band
Of Scots and English both, that tynd on his strand.

XXXVII.

Then came those sixe sad brethren, like forlorne,
That whilome were (as antique fathers tell)
Sixe valiant Knights of one faire Nympe yborne,
Which did in noble deedes of armes excell,
And wonned there where now Yorke people dwell;
Still Ure, swift Werfe, and Oze the most of might,
High Swale, unquiet Nide, and troublous Skell;
All whom a Scythian king, that Humber hight,
Slew cruelly, and in the river drowned quight.

XXXVIII.

But past not long ere Brutus warlicke sonne,
Locrinus, them aveng'd, and the same date,
Which the proud Humber unto them had donne,
By equall dome repayd on his owne pate:
For in the selfe same river, where he late Had drenched them, he drowned him againe,
And nam'd the river of his wretched fate
Whose bad condition yet it doth retaine,
Oft tossed with his stormes which therein still remaine.

XXXIX.

These after came the stony shallow Lone,
That to old Loncaster his name doth lend;
And following Dee, which Britons long ygone
Did call divine, 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 doe call:
All these together marched toward Proteus hall.

XL.

Ne thence the Irishe Rivers absent were,
Sith no lesse famous then the rest they bee,
And joyne in neighbourhood of kingdome nere,
Why should they not likewise in love agree,
And joy 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 salvage cuntreis thorough which they pace.

XLI.

There was the Liffy rolling downe the lea,
The sandy Slane, the stony Aubrian,
The spacious Shenan spreading like a sea,
The pleasant Boyne, the fishy fruitfull Ban,
Swift Awniduff, which of the English man
Is cal'de Blacke-water, and the Liffar deepe,
Sad Trowis, that once his people over-ran,
Strong Allo tombling from Slewlogher steep,
And Mulla mine, whose waves I whilom taught to weep.

XLII.

And there the three renowmed brethren were,
Which that great Gyant Blomius begot
Of the faire Nymph Rheusa wandring there.
One day, as she to shunne the season whot
Under Slewboome in shady grove was got,
This Gyant found her and by force deflowr'd;
Whereof conceiving, she in time forth brought
These three faire sons, which being thenceforth powrd
In three great rivers ran, and many cuntreis scowrd.

XLIII.

The first the gentle Shure that, making way

By sweet Clonmell, adorne rich Water-
ford;
The next, the stubborne Newre whose
waters gray
By faire Kilkenny and Rossepontè 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 joyne in one, ere to the sea they come;
So, flowing all from one, all one at last
become.

XLIV.

There also was the wide embayed Mayre;
The pleasaunt Bandon crownd with many
a wood;
Thespredding Lee that, like an Island fayre,
Encloseth Corke with his devided flood;
And balefull Oure, late staid with Eng-
lish blood,
With many more whose names no tongue
can tell:
All which that day in order seemly good
Did on the Thamis attend, and waited
well
To doe their dueful service, as to them
befell.

XLV.

Then came the Bride, the lovely Medua
came,
Clad in a vesture of unknowen geare
And uncouth fashion, yet her well became,
That seem'd like silver, sprinckled here
and there
With glittering spangs that did like starres
appeare,
And wav'd upon, like water Chamelot,
To hide the metall, which yet every where
Bewrayd it selfe, to let men plainly wot
It was no mortall worke, that seem'd and
yet was not.

XLVI.

Her goodly lockes adowne her backe did
flow
Unto her waste, with flowres bescattered.
The which ambrosiall odours forth did
throw
To all about, and all her shoulders spred
As a new spring; and likewise on her hed
A Chapelet of sundry flowers she wore,
From under which the deawy humour shed
Did tricle downe her haire, like to the
hore
Congealed litle drops which doe the morne
adore.

XLVII.

On her two pretty handmaidens did at-
tend,

One cald the Theise, the other cald the
Crane,
Which on her waited things amisse to
mend,
And both behind upheld her spredding
traine;
Under the which her feet appeared plaine,
Her silver feet, faire washt against this
day:
And her before there paced Pages twaine,
Both clad in colours like, and like array,
The Doune and eke the Frith, both which
prepard her way.

XLVIII.

And after these the Sea Nymphs
marched all,
AII 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 Eucratè, Thetis faire,
Soft Spio, sweete Endorè, Sao sad,
Light Doto, wanton Glaucè, and Galenè
glad:

XLIX.

White hand Eunica, proud Dynamenè,
Joyous Thalia, goodly Amphitrite,
Lovely Pasithee, kinde Eulimene,
Lightfoote Cymothoè, and sweete Melitè,
Fairest Pherusa, Phao lilly white,
Wondred Agavè, Poris, and Nesea,
With Erato that doth in love delite,
And Panopè, and wise Protomedæa,
And snowy neckd Doris, and milkewhite
Galathæa:

L.

Speedy Hippothoè, and chaste Actea,
Large Lisianassa, and Pronæa sage,
Euagorè, and light Pontoporea,
And she that with her least word can
asswage
The surging seas, when they do sorest
rage,
Cymodocè, and stout Antonoë,
And Neso, and Eionè well in age,
And, seeming hilt to smile, Glauconomè,
And she that hight of many heastes Poly-
nomè;

LI.

Fresh Alimeda deckt with girlond
greene;
Hyponeo with salt-bedewed wrests;
Laomedea like the christall sheene;
Liagorè much praised for wise behests;
And Psamathè for her brode snowy brests;

Cymo, Eupompè, and Themistè just;
 And, she that vertue loves and vice de-
 tests,
 Euarna, and Menippè true in trust,
 And Nemerteia learned well to rule her
 lust.

LII.

All these the daughters of old Nereus
 were,
 Which have the sea in charge to them
 assinde,
 To rule his tides, and surges to uprere,
 To bring forth stormes, or fast them to
 upbinde,
 And sailers save from wreckes of wrath-
 full winde.
 And yet, besides, three thousand more
 there were
 Of th' Oceans seede, but Joves and Phœ-
 bus kinde;

The which in floods and fountaines doe
 appere,
 And all mankinde do nourish with their
 waters clere.

LIII.

The which, more eath it were for mor-
 tall 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,
 Were present at this great solemnity:
 And there, amongst the rest, the mother
 was
 Of luckelesse Marinell, Cymodocè;
 Which, for my Muse her selfe now tyred
 has,
 Unto an other Canto I will overpas.

CANTO XII.

Marin for love of Florimell
 In languor wastes his life;
 The Nymph, his mother, getteth her
 And gives to him for wife.

I.

O! WHAT an endlesse worke have I in
 hand,
 To count the seas abundant progeny,
 Whose fruitfull seede farre passeth those
 in land,
 And also those which wonne in th' azure
 sky:
 For much more eath to'tell the starres on
 hy,
 Albe they endlesse seeme in estimation,
 Then to recount the Seas posterity:
 So fertile be the floods in generation,
 So huge their numbers, and so number-
 lesse their nation.

II.

Therefore the antique wisards well in-
 vented
 That Venus of the fomy sea was bred,
 For that the seas by her are most aug-
 mented:
 Witnesse th' exceeding fry which there are
 fed,
 And wondrous sholes which may of none
 be red.
 Then, blame me not if I have err'd in
 count
 Of Gods, of Nymphs, of rivers, yet unred;
 For though their numbers do much more
 surmount,
 Yet all those same were there which erst
 I did recount.

III.

All those were there, and many other
 more,
 Whose names and nations were too long
 to tell,
 That Proteus house they filld even to the
 dore;
 Yet were they all in order, as befell,
 According their degrees disposed well.
 Amongst the rest was faire Cymodocè,
 The mother of unlucky Marinell,
 Who thither with her came, to learne and
 see
 The manner of the Gods when they at
 banquet be.

IV.

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 waltk abroad, and round about did
 rome
 To view the building of that uncouth
 place,
 That seem'd unlike unto his earthly home:
 Where, as he to and fro by chaunce did
 trace,
 There unto him betid a disaventrous
 case.

V.

Under the hanging of an hideous clieffe
He heard the lamentable voice of one,
That piteously complaind her carefull
grieffe,

Which never she before disclosd to none,
But to her selfe her sorrow did bemone:
So feelingly her case she did complaine,
That ruth it moved in the rocky stone,
And made it seeme to feele her grievous
paine,
And oft to grone with billowes beating
from the maine:

VI.

'Though vaine, I see, my sorrowes to
unfold,
And count my cares when none is nigh to
heare,
Yet, hoping griefe may lessen being told,
I will them tell though unto no man neare:
For heaven, that unto all lends equall
care,
Is farre from hearing of my heavy plight;
And lowest hell, to which I lie most neare,
Cares not what evils hap to wretched
wight;
And greedy seas doe in the spoile of life
delight.

VII.

'Yet loe! the seas, I see, by often beat-
ing
Doe pearce the rockes, and hardest mar-
ble weares:
But his hard rocky hart for no entreating
Will yeeld, but when my piteous plaints
he heares,
Is hardned more with my abundant
teares:
Yet though he never list to me relent,
But let me waste in woe my wretched
yeares,
Yet will I never of my love repent,
But joy that for his sake I suffer prison-
ment.

VIII.

'And when my weary ghost, with griefe
outworne,
By timely death shall winne her wished
rest,
Let then this plaint unto his eares be
borne,
That blame it is to him, that armes pro-
fest,
To let her die whom he might have re-
drest.'
There did she pause, inforced to give place
Unto the passion that her heart opprest;
And, after she had wept and wail'd a
space,

She gan afresh thus to renew her wretched
case.

IX.

'Ye Gods of seas, if any Gods at all
Have care of right, or ruth of wretches
wrong,
By one or other way me, woefull thrall,
Deliver hence out of this dungeon strong,
In which I daily dying am too long:
And if ye deeme me death for loving one
That loves not me, then doe it not pro-
long,
But let me die and end my daies attone,
And let him live unlov'd, or love him
selfe alone.

X.

'But if that life ye unto me decree,
Then let mee live as lovers ought to do,
And of my lifes deare love beloved be:
And if he should through pride your
doome undo,
Do you by duresse him compell thereto,
And in this prison put him here with me;
One prison fittest is to hold us two.
So had I rather to be thrall then free;
Such thraldome or such freedome let it
surely be.

XI.

'But O vaine judgement, and conditions
vaine,
The which the prisoner points unto the
free!
The whiles I him condemne, and deeme
his paine,
He where he list goes loose, and laughs
at me.
So ever loose, so ever 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
hart
Would quite have burst through great
abundance of her smart.

XII.

All which complaint when Marinell had
heard,
And understood the cause of all her care
To come of him for using her so hard,
His stubborne heart, that never felt mis-
fare,
Was toucht with soft remorse and pittie
rare;
That even for griefe of minde he oft did
grone,
And inly wish that in his powre it weare
Her to redresse: but since he meanes
found none,
He could no more but her great misery
bemone.

XIII.

Thus whilst his stony heart with tender
ruth
Was toucht, and mighty courage mollifide,
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 maystring bridle threw,
That made him stoupe, till he did him
bestride:
Then gan he make him tread his steps
anew,
And learne to love by learning lovers
paines to rew.

XIV.

Now gan he in his grieved minde devise,
How from that dungeon he might her en-
large.
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 love, long given him in
vaine:
Then gan he thinke, perforce with sword
and targe
Her forth to fetch, and Proteus to con-
straine;
But soone he gan such folly to forthinke
againe.

XV.

Then did he cast to steale her thence
away,
And with him beare where none of her
might know:
But all in vaine, for-why he found no way
To enter in, or issue forth below;
For all about that rocke the sea did flow:
And though unto his will she given were,
Yet without ship or bote her thence to row,
He wist not how her thence away to bere,
And daunger well he wist long to continue
there.

XVI.

At last, when as no meanes he could
invent,
Backe to him selfe he gan returne the
blame,
That was the author of her punishment;
And with vile curses and reprochfull
shame
To damne him selfe by every evil name,
And deeme unworthy or of love or life,
That had despise so chaste and faire a
dame,
Which him had sought through trouble
and long strife,

Yet had refuse a God that her had sought
to wife.

XVII.

In this sad plight he walked here and
there,
And romed round about the rocke in
vaine,
As he had lost him selfe he wist not
where;
Oft listening if he mote her heare againe,
And still bemoing her unworthy paine.
Like as an Hynde, whose calfe has false
unwares
Into some pit, where she him heares com-
plaine,
An hundred times about the pit side fares
Right sorrowfully mourning her bereaved
cares.

XVIII.

And now by this the feast was throughly
ended,
And every one gan homeward to resort:
Which seeing, Mariuell was sore offended
That his departure thence should be so
short,
And leave his love in that sea-walled fort.
Yet durst he not his mother disobay,
But her attending in full seemly sort,
Did march amongst the many all the
way,
And all the way did inly mourne, like one
astray.

XIX.

Being returned to his mothers bowre,
In solitary silence, far from wight,
He gan record the lamentable stowre,
In which his wretched love lay day and
night
For his deare sake, that ill deserv'd that
plight:
The thought whereof empierst his hart so
deepe,
That of no worldly thing he tooke delight;
Ne dayly food did take, ne nightly sleepe,
But pyn'd, and mourn'd, and languisht,
and alone did weepe.

XX.

That in short space his wonted cheare-
full hew
Gan fade, and lively spirits deaded quight:
His cheeke-bones raw, and eie-pits hollow
grew,
And brawney armes had lost their knowen
might,
That nothing like himselfe he seem'd in
sight.
Ere long so weake of limbe, and sicke of
love

He woxe, that lenger he note stand
upright,
But to his bed was brought, and layd
above,
Like reufull ghost, unable once to stirre
or move.

XXI.

Which when his mother saw, she in her
mind
Was 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,
Whereby she might apply some medicine;
But weeping day and night did him attend,
And mourn'd to see her losse before her
eyne,

Which griev'd her more that she it could
not mend:
To see an hellesse evill double grieffe doth
lend.

XXII.

Nought could she read the roote of his
disease,
Ne weene what mister maladie it is,
Whereby to seeke some meanes it to
appease.

Most did she thinke, but most she thought
amis,

That that same former fatall wound of his
Whyleare by Tryphon was not throughly
healed,

But closely rankled under th' orifis:
Least did she thinke, that which he most
concealed,

That love it was, which in his hart lay
unrevealed.

XXIII.

Therefore to Tryphon she againe doth
hast,
And him doth chyde as false and fraudu-
lent,

That fayld the trust which she in him had
plast,

To cure her sonne, as he his faith had lent,
Who now was false into new languishment
Of his old hurt, which was not throughly
cured.

So backe he came unto her patient;
Where searching every part, her well
assured

That it was no old sore which his new
paine procured;

XXIV.

But that it was some other maladie,
Or grief unknowne, which he could not
discerne:

So left he her withouten remedie.

Then gan her heart to faint, and quake,
and earne,

And inly troubled was the truth to learne.
Unto himselfe she came, and him besought,
Now with faire speches, now with threat-
nings sterne,

If ought lay hidden in his grieved thought,
It to reveale; who still her answered, there
was nought.

XXV.

Nathlesse she rested not so satisfide;
But leaving watry gods, as booting
nought,
Unto the shinie heaven 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 engrieved mind;
Which love he red to be, that leads each
living kind.

XXVI.

Which when he had unto his mother
told,

She gan thereat to fret and greatly grieve;
And, comming to her sonne, gan first to
scold

And chyde at him that made her mis-
believe:

But afterwards she gan him soft to
shrieve,

And woove with fair intreatie, to disclose
Which of the Nymphes his heart so sore
did mieve;

For sure she weend it was some one of
those,

Which he had lately seene, that for his
love he chose.

XXVII.

Now lesse she feared that same fatall
read,

That warned him of womens love beware,
Which being ment of mortall creatures
sead,

For love of Nymphes she thought she need
not care.

But promist him, whatever wight she
weare,

That she her love to him would shortly
gain.

So he her told: but soone as she did heare
That Florimell it was which wrought his
paine,

She gan afresh to chafe, and grieve in
every vaine.

XXVIII.

Yet since she saw the streight extremitie,
In which his life unluckily was layd,
It was no time to scan the prophecie,
Whether old Proteustrue or false had sayd,
That his decay should happen by a mayd.
It's late in death of daunger to advize,
Or love forbid him, that is life denayd;
But rather gan in troubled mind devise
How she that Ladies libertie might enter-
prize.

XXIX.

To Proteus selfe to sew she thought it
vaine,
Who was the root and worker of her woe,
Nor unto any meaner to complaine;
But unto great king Neptune selfe did goe,
And, on her knee before him falling lowe,
Made humble suit unto his Majestie
To graunt to her her sonnes life, which
his foe,
A cruell Tyrant, had presumpteouslie
By wicked doome condemn'd a wretched
death to die.

XXX.

To whom God Neptune, softly smyling,
thus:
'Daughter, me seemes of double wrong
ye plaine,
Gainst one that hath both wronged you
and us;
For death t' adward I ween'd did apper-
taine
To none but to the seas sole Sovereaine.
Read therefore who it is which this hath
wrought,
And for what cause; the truth discover
plaine,
For never wight so evill did or thought,
But would some rightfull cause pretend,
though rightly nought.'

XXXI.

To whom she answer'd: 'Then, it is by
name
Proteus, that hath ordayn'd my sonne to
die;
For that a waift, the which by fortune
came
Upon your seas, he claym'd as propertie:
And yet nor his, nor his in equitie,
But yours the waift by high prerogative.
Therefore I humbly crave your Majestie
It to replevie, and my sonne reprove.
So shall you by one gift save all us three
alive.'

XXXII.

He graunted it: and streight his war-
rant made,

Under 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 receiving with meete thanke-
fulnessse,
Departed straight to Proteus there-
withall;
Who, reading it with inward loathful-
nesse,
Was grieved to restore the pledge he did
possesse.

XXXIII.

Yet durst he not the warrant to with-
stand,
But unto her delivered Florimell:
Whom she receiving by the lilly hand,
Admyr'd her beautie much, as she mote
well,
For she all living creatures did excell;
And was right joyous 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 being sore
bestad.

XXXIV.

Who soone as he beheld that angels face
Adorn'd with all divine perfection,
His cheared hart eftsoones away gan chace
Sad death, revived with her sweet inspec-
tion,
And feeble spirit inly felt refection:
As withered weed through cruell winters
tine,
That feelles the warmth of sunny beames
reflection,
Liftes up his head that did before decline,
And gins to spread his leafe before the
faire sunshine.

XXXV.

Right so himselfe did Marinell up-
reare,
When he in place his dearest love did
spy;
And though his limbs could not his bodie
beare,
Ne former strength returne so suddenly,
Yet chearefull signes he shewed out-
wardly.
Ne lesse was she in secret hart affected,
But that she masked it with modestie,
For feare she should of lightnesse be
detected:
Which to another place I leave to be per-
fected.

THE FIFTH BOOKE
OF
THE FAERIE QUEENE

CONTAYNING THE LEGEND OF ARTEGALL OR OF JUSTICE.

I.

So oft as I with state of present time
The image of the antique world compare,
When as maus 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 quite out of
square
From the first point of his appointed
course;
And being once amisse growes daily
wourse and wourse:

II.

For from the golden age, that first was
named,
It's now at earst become a stonie one;
And men themselves, 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 degen-
dered.

III.

Let none then blame me, if in discipline
Of vertue and of civill uses lore,
I doe not forme them to the common line
Of present dayes, which are corrupted
sore,
But to the antique use which was of yore,
When good was onely for it selfe desyred,
And all men sought their owne, and none
no more;
When Justice was not for most meed out-
hyred,
But simple Truth did rayne, and was of
all admyred.

IV.

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 us'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 heavens revolution
Is wandred farre from where it first was
pight,
And so doe make contrarie constitution
Of all this lower world, toward his disso-
lution.

V.

For who so list into the beavens looke,
And search the courses of the rowling
spheares,
Shall find that from the point where they
first tooke
Their setting forth, in these few thousand
yeares
They all are wandred much; that plaine
appeares:
For that same golden fleecy Ram, which
bore
Phrixus and Helle from their stepdamies
feares,
Hath now forgot where he was plast of
yore,
And shouldred hath the Bull which fayre
Europa bore:

VI.

And eke the Bull hath with his bow-bent
horne
So hardly butted those two twinnes of
Jove,
That they have crusht the Crab, and quite
him borne
Into the great Nemæan lions grove.
So now all range, and doe at randon
rove
Out of their proper places farre away,

And all this world with them amisse doe
 move,
 And all his creatures from their course
 astray,
 Till they arrive at their last ruinous decay.

VII.

Ne is that same great glorious lampe of
 light,
 That doth enlumine all these lesser fyres,
 In better case, ne keeps his course more
 right,
 But is miscaried with the other Spheres:
 For since the terme of fourteene hundred
 yeres,
 That learned Ptolomæ his hight did
 take,
 He is declyned from that marke of theirs
 Nigh thirte minutes to the Southerne
 lake;
 That makes me feare in time he will us
 quite forsake.

VIII.

And if to those Ægyptian wisards old,
 Which in Star-read were wont have best
 insight,
 Faith may be given, it is by them told
 That since the time they first tooke the
 Sunnes light,
 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.

IX.

For during Saturnes ancient raigne it's
 sayd
 That all the world with goodnesse did
 abound:

All loved vertue, no man was affrayd
 Of force, ne fraud in wight was to be
 found:
 No warre was knowne, no dreadfull trom-
 pets sound;
 Peace universall rayn'd mongst men and
 beasts,
 And all things freely grew out of the
 ground:
 Justice sate high ador'd with solemne
 feasts,
 And to all people did divide her dred be-
 heasts:

X.

Most sacred vertue she of all the rest,
 Resembling God in his imperiall might;
 Whose soveraine powre is herein most
 exprest,
 That both to good and bad he dealeth
 right,
 And all his workes with Justice hath be-
 dight.
 That powre he also doth to Princes lend,
 And makes them like himselfe in glorious
 sight
 To sit in his own seate, his cause to end,
 And rule his people right, as he doth
 recommend.

XI.

Dread Soverayne Goddess, that doest
 highest sit
 In seate of judgement in th' Almightyes
 stead,
 And with magnificke might and wondrous
 wit
 Doest to thy people righteous doome
 aread,
 That furthest Nations files with awful
 dread,
 Pardon the boldnesse of thy basest thrall,
 That dare discourse of so divine a read-
 As thy great justice, prayسد over-all;
 The instrument whereof loe! here thy
 Arte gall.

CANTO I.

Arte gall trayn'd in Justice lore
 Irenæs quest pursewed;
 He doth avenge on Sanglier
 His Ladies blood embrewed.

I.

THOUGH vertue then were held in high-
 est price,
 In those old times of which I doe entreat,
 Yet then likewise the wicked seede of vice
 Began to spring; which shortly grew full
 great,

And with their boughes the gentle plants
 did beat:
 But evermore some of the vertuous race
 Rose up, inspired with heroicke heat,
 That cropt the branches of the sient base,
 And with strong hand their fruitful ranc-
 nes did deface.

II.

Such first was Bacchus, that with furious might
 All th' East, before untam'd, did over-
 ronne,
 And wrong repressed, and establish't right,
 Which lawlesse men had formerly for-
 donne:
 There Justice first her princely rule be-
 gone.
 Next Hercules his like ensample shewed,
 Who all the West with equall conquest
 wonne,
 And monstrous tyrants with his club sub-
 dewed:
 The club of Justice dread with kingly
 powre endewed.

III.

And such was he of whom I have to
 tell,
 The Champion of true Justice, Artegal:
 Whom (as ye lately mote remember well)
 An hard adventure, which did then befall,
 Into redoubted perill forth did call;
 That was to succour a distressed Dame
 Whom a strong tyrant did unjustly
 thrall,
 And from the heritage, which she did
 clame,
 Did with strong hand withhold; Grantorto
 was his name.

IV.

Wherefore the Lady, which Irena hight,
 Did to the Faery Queene her way ad-
 dresse,
 To whom complayning her afflicted
 plight,
 She her besought of gracious redresse.
 That sovaine Queene, that mightie Em-
 peresse,
 Whose glorie is to aide all suppliants
 pore,
 And of weake Princes to be Patronesse,
 Chose Artegal to right her to restore;
 For that to her he seem'd best skild in
 righteous lore.

V.

For Artegal in justice was upbrought
 Even from the cradle of his infancie,
 And all the depth of rightfull doome was
 taught
 By faire Astræa with great industrie,
 Whilst here on earth she lived mortallie:
 For till the world from his perfection fell
 Into all filth and foule iniquitie,
 Astræa here mongst earthly men did
 dwell,

And in the rules of justice them in-
 structed well.

VI.

Whiles through the world she walked
 in this sort,
 Upon a day she found this gentle childe
 Amongst his peres playing his childish
 sport;
 Whom seeing fit, and with no crime de-
 filde,
 She did allure with gifts and speaches
 milde
 To wend with her. So thence him farre
 she brought
 Into a cave from companie exilde,
 In which she noursled him till yeares he
 raught,
 And all the discipline of justice there him
 taught.

VII.

There she him taught to weigh both
 right and wrong
 In equal ballance with due recompence,
 And equitie to measure out along
 According to the line of conscience,
 When so it needs with rigour to dispence:
 Of all the which, for want there of man-
 kind,
 She caused him to make experience
 Upon wyld beasts, which she in woods
 did find
 With wrongfull powre oppressing others
 of their kind.

VIII.

Thus she him trayned, and thus she him
 taught
 In all the skill of deeming wrong and
 right,
 Untill the ripenesse of mans yeares he
 raught;
 That even wilde beasts did feare his
 awfull sight,
 And men admyr'd his over-ruling might;
 Ne any liv'd on ground that durst with-
 stand
 His dreadfull heast, much lesse him match
 in fight,
 Or bide the horror of his wreakfull hand,
 When so he list in wrath lift up his steely
 brand,

IX.

Which steely brand, to make him
 dreaded more,
 She gave unto him, gotten by her slight
 And earnest search, where it was kept in
 store
 In Joves eternall house, unwist of wight,

Since he himselfe it us'd in that great
 fight
 Against the Titans, that whylome re-
 belled
 Gainst highest heaven: Chrysaor it was
 light;
 Chrysaor, that all other swords excelled,
 Well prov'd in that same day when Jove
 those Gyants quelled:

X.

For of most perfect metall it was made,
 Tempred with Adamant amongst the
 same,
 And garnisht all with gold upon 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 cleave, where so it
 came,
 Ne any armour could his dint out-ward;
 But wheresoever it did light, it throughly
 shard.

XI.

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 heaven, whence she deriv'd
 her race;
 Where she hath now an everlasting place
 Mongst those twelve signes, which nightly
 we doe see
 The heavens bright-shining baudricke
 to enchace;
 And is the Virgin, sixt in her degree,
 And next her selfe her righteous ballance
 hanging bee.

XII.

But when she parted hence she left her
 groome
 An yron man, which did on her attend
 Always to execute her stedfast doome,
 And willed him with Artegal to wend,
 And doe what ever thing he did intend:
 His name was Talus, made of yron mould,
 Immoveable, resistlesse, without end;
 Who in his hand an yron flae did hold,
 With which he thresht out falshood, and
 did truth unfould.

XIII.

He now went with him in this new
 inquest,
 Him for to aide, if aide he chaunce to
 neede,

Against that cruell Tyrant, which opprest
 The faire Irena with his foule misdeede,
 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 tyne,
 With many bitter teares shed from his
 blubbred eyne.

XIV.

To whom as they approched, they
 espide
 A sorie sight as ever seene with eye,
 An headlesse Ladie lying him beside
 In her owne blood all wallow'd wofully,
 That her gay clothes did in discolour
 die.
 Much was he moved at that ruefull sight;
 And flam'd with zeale of vengeance in-
 wardly,
 He askt who had that Dame so foully
 dight,
 Or whether his owne hand, or whether
 other wight?

XV.

'Ah! woe is me, and well-away!' (quoth
 hee,
 Bursting forth teares like springs out of a
 banke),
 'That ever I this dismall day did see!
 Full farre was I from thinking such a
 pranke;
 Yet litle losse it were, and mickle thanke,
 If I should graunt that I have doen the
 same,
 That I mote drinke the cup whereof she
 dranke,
 But that I should die guiltie of the blame
 The which another did, who now is fled
 with shame.'

XVI.

'Who was it then,' (sayd Artegal) 'that
 wrought?
 And why? doe it declare unto me trew.'
 'A knight,' (said he) 'if knight he may
 be thought
 That did his hand in Ladies bloud em-
 brew,
 And for no cause, but as I shall you shew.
 This day as I in solace sate hereby
 With a fayre love, whose losse I now do
 rew,
 There came this knight, having in com-
 panie
 This lucklesse Ladie which now here doth
 headlesse lie.

XVII.

'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 denye,
So did the Ladies both, as may be knowne:
But he, whose spirit was with pride upblowne,
Would not so rest contented with his right;
But, having 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.

XVIII.

'Which when his Ladie saw, she follow'd fast,
And on him catching hold gan loud to crie
Not so to leave 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 love away with him hath borne,
And left me here both his and mine owne love to mourne.'

XIX.

'Aread' (sayd he) 'which way then did he make?
And by what markes may he be knowne againe?'
'To hope' (quoth he) 'him soone to overtake
That hence so long departed, is but vaine;
But yet he pricked over yonder plaine,
And, as I marked, bore upon his shield,
By which it's easie him to know againe,
A broken sword within a bloodie field;
Expressing well his nature which the same did wield.'

XX.

No sooner sayd, but streight he after sent
His yron page, who him pursew'd so light,
As that it seem'd above the ground he went;
For he was swift as swallow in her flight,
And strong as Lyon in his lordly might.

It was not long before he overtooke
Sir Sanglier, (so cleeped was that Knight)
Whom at the first he ghesped by his looke,
And by the other markes which of his shield he tooke.

XXI.

He bad him stay, and backe with him retire;
Who, full of scorne to be commaunded so,
The Lady to alight did eft require,
Whilest he reformed that uncivill fo,
And streight at him with all his force did go;
Who mov'd no more therewith, then when a rocke
Is lightly stricken with some stoness throw;
But to him leaping lent him such a knocke,
That on the ground he layd him like a sencelesse blocke.

XXII.

But, ere he could him selfe recure againe,
Him in his iron paw he seized had;
That when he wak't out of his warelesse paine,
He found him selfe unwist 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 stayd, and forst to wend withall.

XXIII.

When to the place they came, where Arte gall
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 aunswere, that of all he guiltlesse stood,
And his accuser thereuppon defide;
For neither he did shed that Ladies blond,
Nor tooke away his love, but his owne proper good.

XXIV.

Well did the Squire perceive him selfe too weake
To aunswere his defiaunce in the field,
And rather chose his challenge off to breake,

Then to approve his right with speare and shield,
 And rather guilty chose himselfe to yield :
 But Artegall by signes perceiving plaine
 That he it was not which that Lady kild,
 But that strange Knight, the fairer love
 to gaine,
 Didst cast about by sleight the truth
 thereout to straine;

XXV.

And sayd; 'Now sure this doubtfull
 causes right
 Can hardly but by Sacrament be tride,
 Or else by ordele, or by bloody fight,
 That ill perhaps mote fall to either side;
 But if ye please that I your cause decide,
 Perhaps I may all further quarrell end,
 So ye will sweare my judgement to abide.'
 Thereto they both did franckly condi-
 scend,
 And to his doome with listfull eares did
 both attend.

XXVI.

'Sith then,' (sayd he) 'ye both the dead
 deny,
 And both the living Lady claime your
 right,
 Let both the dead and living equally
 Devided 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 twelve moneths day shall in de-
 spight
 Beare for his penance that same Ladies
 head,
 To wisse to the world that she by him
 is dead.'

XXVII.

Well pleased with that doome was Sang-
 gliere,
 And offred streight the Lady to be slaine :
 But that same Squire, to whom she was
 more dere,
 When as he saw she should be cut in
 twaine,
 Did yield she rather should with him re-
 maine

Alive, then to him selfe be shared dead ;
 And rather then his love should suffer
 paine,
 He chose with shame to beare that Ladies
 head :
 True love despiseth shame, when life is cald
 in dread.

XXVIII.

Whom when so willing Artegall per-
 ceaved;
 'Not so, thou Squire,' (he sayd) 'but
 thine I deeme
 The living Lady, which from thee he
 reaved,
 For worthy thou of her doest rightly seeme.
 And you, Sir Knight, that love so light
 esteeme,
 As that ye would for little leave the same,
 Take here your owne, that doth you best
 beseeame,
 And with it beare the burden of defame,
 Your owne dead Ladies head, to tell abroad
 your shame.'

XXIX.

But Sangliere disdained much his doome,
 And sternly gan repine at his beheast ;
 Ne would for ought obay, as did become,
 To beare that Ladies head before his
 breast,
 Until that Talus had his pride repress,
 And forced him, maulgre, it up to reare.
 Who when he saw it bootlesse to resist,
 He tooke it up, and thence with him did
 beare,
 As rated Spaniell takes his burden up for
 feare.

XXX.

Much did that Squire Sir Artegall adore
 For his great justice, held in high regard,
 And as his Squire him offred evermore
 To serve, for want of other meete reward,
 And wend with him on his adventure hard ;
 But he thereto would by no meanes con-
 sent,
 But leaving him forth on his journey far'd :
 Ne wight with him but onely Talus went ;
 They two enough t' encounter an whole
 Regiment.

CANTO II.

Artegall heares of Florimell,
 Does with the Pagan fight :
 Him slaies, drownes Lady Munera,
 Does race her castle quight.

I.

NOUGHT is more honorable to a knight,
 Ne better doth beseeame brave chevalry,

Then to defend the feeble in their right,
 And wrong redresse in such as wend
 awry :

Whilome those great Heroes got thereby
 Their greatest glory for their rightful
 deedes,
 And place deserved with the Gods on hy.
 Herein the noblesse of this knight ex-
 ceedes,
 Who now to perils great for justice sake
 procedes.

II.

To which as he now was upon the way,
 He chaunst to meet a Dwarfe in hasty
 course,
 Whom he requir'd his forward hast to stay.
 Till he of tidings mote with him discourse.
 Loth was the Dwarfe, yet did he stay per-
 forse,
 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 spoused
 to Marinell.

III.

For this was Dony, Florimels owne
 Dwarfe,
 Whom having lost, (as ye have heard
 whyleare)
 And finding in the way the scattred scarfe,
 The fortune of her life long time did feare:
 But of her health when Artegal did heare,
 And safe returne, he was full inly glad,
 And askt him where and when her bridale
 cheare
 Should be solemniz'd; for, if time he had,
 He would be there, and honor to her
 spouses ad.

IV.

'Within three daies,' (quoth he) 'as I
 do here,
 It will be at the Castle of the Strond;
 What time, if naught me let, I will be
 there
 To doe her service so as I am bond;
 But in my way, a little here beyond,
 A cursed cruell Sarazin doth wonne,
 That keeps a Bridges passage by strong
 hond,
 And many errant Knights hath there for-
 donne;
 That makes all men for feare that passage
 for to shonne.'

V.

'What mister wight,' (quoth he) 'and
 how far hence
 Is he, that doth to travellers such
 harmes?'
 'He is' (said he) 'a man of great defence,
 Expert in battell and in deedes of armes;
 And more emboldned by the wicked
 charmes,

With which his daughter doth him still
 support;
 Having great Lordships got and goodly
 farmes,
 Through strong oppression of his powre
 extort,
 By which he stil them holds, and keeps
 with strong effort.

VI.

'And dayly he his wrongs encreaseth
 more;
 For never wight he lets to passe that way
 Over his Bridge, albee he rich or poore,
 But he him makes his passage-penny pay:
 Else he doth hold him backe or beat away.
 Thereto he hath a groome of evill guise,
 Whose scalp is bare, that bondage doth
 bewray,
 Which pils and pils the poore in piteous
 wize;
 But he him selfe upon the rich doth
 tyrannize.

VII.

'His name is hight Pollentè, rightly so,
 For that he is so puissant and strong,
 That with his powre he all doth overgo,
 And makes them subject to his mighty
 wrong;
 And some by sleight he eke doth under-
 fong.
 For on a Bridge he custometh to fight,
 Which is but narrow, but exceeding long;
 And in the same are many trap-fals pight,
 Through which the rider downe doth fall
 through oversight.

VIII.

'And underneath the same a river
 flowes
 That is both swift and dangerous deepe
 withall;
 Into the which whom so he overthrowes,
 All destitute of helpe doth headlong fall;
 But he him selfe through practise usuall,
 Leapes forth into the flood, and there
 assaies
 His foe confused through his sodaine fall,
 That horse and man he equally dismaies,
 And either both them drownes, or tray-
 terously slaies.

IX.

'Then doth he take the spoile 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 treasury,

Which she with wrongs hath heaped up
 so hy
 That many Princes she in wealth exceeds,
 And purchast all the countrey lying ny
 With the reuene of her plenteous meedes :
 Her name is Munera, agreeing with her
 deedes.

X.

' Thereto she is full faire, and rich at-
 tired,
 With golden hands and silver 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 whereas he doth abide :
 Therefore me thither lead.' No more he
 spake,
 But thitherward forthright his ready way
 did make.

XI.

Unto the place he came within a while,
 Where on the Bridge he ready armed saw
 The Sarazin, awayting for some spoile :
 When 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 aunswerd wroth, ' Loe! there
 thy hire;'
 And with that word him strooke, that
 streight he did expire.

XII.

Which when the Pagan saw he waxed
 wroth,
 And streight him selfe unto the fight
 addrest,
 Ne was Sir Artegal behinde: so both
 Together ran with ready speares in rest.
 Right in the midst, whereas they brest to
 brest
 Should meete, a trap was letten downe to
 fall
 Into the flood: streight leapt the Carle
 unblest,
 Well weening that his foe was falne with-
 all;
 But he was well aware, and leapt before
 his fall.

XIII.

There being both together in the flood,
 They each at other tyrannously flew;
 Ne ought the water cooled their whot
 blond,
 But rather in them kindled choler new:
 But there the Paynim, who that use well
 knew
 To fight in water, great advantage had,

That oftentimes him nigh he overthrew :
 And eke the courser whereuppon he rad
 Could swim like to a fish, whiles he his
 backe bestrad.

XIV.

Which oddes when as Sir Artegal es-
 pide,
 He saw no way but close with him in hast;
 And to him driving strongly downe the
 tide
 Uppon his iron coller griped fast,
 That with the straint his wesand nigh he
 brast.
 There they together strove and struggled
 long
 Either the other from his steede to cast;
 Ne ever Artegal his griple strong
 For any thing wold slacke, but still upon
 him hong.

XV.

As when a Dolphin and a Sele are met
 In the wide champion of the Ocean plaine,
 With cruell chaufe their courages they
 whet,
 The maysterdome of each by force to
 gaine,
 And dreadfull battaile twixt them do
 darraine:
 They snuf, they snort, they bounce, they
 rage, they rore,
 That all the sea, disturbed with their
 traine,
 Doth frie with fome above the surges hore,
 Such was betwixt these two the trouble-
 some upore.

XVI.

So Artegal at length him forst forsake
 His horses backe for dread of being
 drown'd,
 And to his handy swimming him betake.
 Eftsoones him selfe he from his hold un-
 bownd,
 And then no ods at all in him he fownd;
 For Artegal in swimming skilfull was,
 And durst the depth of any water sownd.
 So ought each Knight, that use of perill
 has,
 In swimming be expert, through waters
 force to pas.

XVII.

Then very doubtfull was the warres
 event,
 Uncertaine whether had the better side;
 For both were skild in that experiment,
 And both in armes well traind, and
 throughly tride:
 But Artegal 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 him selfe upright;
But from the water to the land betooke
his flight.

XVIII.

But Artegall pursewd him still so neare
With bright Chrysaor in his cruell hand,
That as his head he gan a litle reare
Above the brincke to tread upon 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 despair'd
quight,
Or curst the hand which did that ven-
geance on him dight.

XIX.

His corps was carried downe along the
Lee,
Whose waters with his filthy bloud it
stayned;
But his blasphemous head, that all might
see,
He pitcht upon a pole on high ordayned;
Where many years it afterwards re-
mayned,
To be a mirrour to all mighty men,
In whose right hands great power is con-
tayned,
That none of them the feeble over-ren,
But alwaies doe their powre within just
comlasse pen.

XX.

That done, unto 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 battil-
ment,
That he was forced to withdraw aside,
And bad his servant Talus to invent
Which way he enter might without en-
dangerment.

XXI.

Eftsoones his Page drew to the Castle
gate,
And with his iron flae at it let flie,
That all the warders it did sore amate,
The which erewhile spake so reprochfully,
And made them stoupe that looked earst
so hie.
Yet still he bet and bounst upon the dore,

And thundred strokes thereon so hide-
ously,
That all the peece he shaked from the
flore,
And filled all the house with feare and
great uprore.

XXII.

With noise whereof the Lady forth ap-
peared
Uppon the Castle wall; and, when she saw
The daungerous state in which she stood,
she feared
The sad effect of her neare overthrow;
And gan entreat that iron man below
To cease his outrage, and him faire be-
sought;
Sith neither force of stones which they
did throw,
Nor powr of charms, which she against
him wrought,
Might otherwise prevaile, or make him
cease for ought.

XXIII.

But, when as yet she saw him to pro-
ceede
Unmov'd with praiers or with piteous
thought,
She ment him to corrupt with goodly
meede;
And causde great sakes with endlesse
riches fraught
Unto the battilment to be upbrought,
And powred forth over the Castle wall,
That she might win some time, though
dearly bought,
Whilest he to gathering of the gold did
fall:
But he was nothing mov'd nor tempted
therewithall:

XXIV.

But still continu'd his assault the more,
And layd on load with his huge yron flae,
That at the length he has yrent the dore,
And made way for his maister to assaile;
Who being entred, nought did them availe
For wight against his powre them selves
to reare.
Each one did flie; their hearts began to
faile,
And hid them selves in corners here and
there;
And eke their dame halfe dead did hide
her self for feare.

XXV.

Long they her sought, yet no where
could they finde her,

That sure they ween'd she was escapt
away ;
But Talus, that could like a lime-hound
winde her,
And all things secrete wisely could be-
wray,
At length found out whereas she hidden
lay
Under an heape of gold. Thence he her
drew
By the faire lockes, and fowly did array
Withouten pittie of her goodly hew,
That Artegal him selfe her seemelesse
pight did rew.

XXVI.

Yet for no pittie would he change the
course
Of Justice, which in Talus hand did lye ;
Who rudely hayld her forth without re-
morse,
Still holding up her suppliant hands on
hye,
And kneeling at his feete submissively :
But he her suppliant hands, those hands
of gold,
And eke her feete, those feete of silver
trye,
Which sought unrighteousnesse, and jus-
tice sold,
Chopt off, and nayld on high that all
might them behold.

XXVII.

Her selfe then tooke he by the sc slender
wast,
In vaine loud crying, and into the flood
Over 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 spoile of peoples evil gotten good,
The which her sire had scrap't by hooke
and crooke,
And burning all to ashes powr'd it downe
the brooke.

XXVIII.

And lastly all that Castle quite he raced,
Even from the sole of his foundation,
And all the hewen stones thereof defaced,
That there mote be no hope of reparation,
Nor memory thereof to any nation.
All which when Talus throughly had per-
formed,
Sir Artegal undid the evill fashion,
And wicked customes of that Bridge re-
formed ;
Which done, unto his former journey he
returned :

XXIX.

In which they measur'd mickle weary
way,
Till that at length nigh to the sea they
drew ;
By which as they did travell on a day,
They saw before them, far as they could
vew,
Full many people gathered in a crew ;
Whose great assembly they did much ad-
mire,
For never there the like resort they
knew.
So towards them they coasted, to enquire
What thing so many nations met did there
desire.

XXX.

There they beheld a mighty Gyant stand
Upon a rocke, and holding forth on hie
An huge great paire of ballance in his
hand,
With which he boasted, in his surquedrie,
That all the world he would weigh equallie,
If ought he had the same to counterpoys ;
For want whereof he weighed vanity,
And fild his ballance full of idle toys :
Yet was admired much of fooles, women,
and boys.

XXXI.

He sayd that he would all the earth up-
take
And all the sea, divided each from either :
So would he of the fire one ballance
make,
And one of th' ayre, without or wind or
wether :
Then would he ballance heaven and hell
together,
And all that did within them all containe,
Of all whose weight he would not misse a
fether :
And looke what surplus did of each re-
maine,
He would to his owne part restore the
same againe :

XXXII.

For-why, he sayd, they all unequall
were,
And had encroched upon others share ;
Like as the sea (which plaine he shewed
there)
Had worne the earth ; so did the fire the
aire ;
So all the rest did others parts empaire,
And so were realmes and nations run
awry.
All which he undertooke for to repaire,
In sort as they were formed aunciently,
And all things would reduce unto equality.

XXXIII.

Therefore the vulgar did about him
 flocke,
 And cluster thicke unto his leasings vaine,
 Like foolish flies about an hony-crooke;
 In hope by him great benefite to gaine,
 And uncontrolled freedome to obtaine.
 All which when Artegal did see and heare,
 How he mis-led the simple peoples traine,
 In sdeignfull wize he drew unto him neare,
 And thus unto him spake, without regard
 or feare.

XXXIV.

'Thou that presum'st to weigh the world
 anew,
 And all things to an equal to restore,
 Instead of right me seemes great wrong
 dost shew,
 And far above thy forces pitch to sore;
 For ere thou limit what is lesse or more
 In every thing, thou oughtest first to know
 What was the poyse of every part of
 yore:
 And looke then how much it doth over-
 flow
 Or faile thereof, so much is more then just
 to trow.

XXXV.

'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 immoveable abide,
 Hemd in with waters like a wall in sight,
 And they with aire, that not a drop can
 slide:
 Al which the heavens containe, and in
 their courses guide.

XXXVI.

'Such heavenly justice doth among them
 raine,
 That every one doe know their certaine
 bound,
 In which they doe these many yeares re-
 maine,
 And mongst them al no change hath yet
 beene found;
 But if thou now shouldst weigh them new
 in pound,
 We are not sure they would so long re-
 maine:
 All change is perillous, and all chaunce
 unsound.
 Therefore leave off to weigh them all
 againe,
 Till we may be assur'd they shall their
 course retaine.'

XXXVII.

'Thou foolishe Elfe,' (said then the Gy-
 ant wroth)
 'Seest not how badly all things present
 bee,
 And each estate quite out of order gottr?
 The sea it selfe doest thou not plainly see
 Eneroch upon the land there under thee?
 And th' earth it selfe how daily its increast
 By all that dying to it turned be:
 Were it not good that wrong were then
 surceast,
 And from the most that some were given
 to the least?

XXXVIII.

'Therefore I will throw downe these
 mountaines hie,
 And make them levell with the lowly
 plaine;
 These towring rocks, which reach unto
 the skie,
 I will thrust downe into the deepest maine,
 And, as they were, them equalize againe.
 Tyrants, that make men subject to their
 law,
 I will suppesse, that they no more may
 raine;
 And Lordings curbe that commons over-aw,
 And all the wealth of rich men to the poore
 will draw.'

XXXIX.

'Of things unseene how canst thou deeme
 aright,'
 Then answered the righteous Artegal,
 'Sith thou misdeem'st so much of things
 in sight?
 What though the sea with waves continu-
 all
 Doe eate the earth, it is no more at all;
 Ne is the earth the lesse, or loseth ought,
 For whatsoever from one place doth fall
 Is with the tide unto another brought:
 For there is nothing lost, that may be
 found if sought.

XL.

'Likewise the earth is not augmented
 more
 By all that dying into it doe fade;
 For of the earth they formed were of yore:
 How ever 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 voice of the
Most Hie.

XL I.

'They live, they die, like as he doth ordaine,
Ne ever any asketh reason why.
The hils doe not the lowly dales disdaine,
The dales doe not the lofty hils envy.
He maketh Kings to sit in sovereignty;
He maketh subjects to their powre obay;
He pulleth downe, he setteth up on hy;
He gives to this, from that he takes away,
For all we have is his: what he list doe,
he may.

XLII.

'What ever thing is done by him is donne,
Ne any may his mighty will withstand;
Ne any may his souveraine power shonne,
Ne loose that he hath bound with stedfast
band.
In vaine therefore doest thou now take in
hand
To call to count, or weigh his workes anew,
Whose counsels depth thou canst not understand;
Sith of things subject to thy daily vew
Thou doest not know the causes, nor their
courses dew.

XLIII.

'For take thy ballaunce, if thou be so
wise,
And weigh the winde that under heaven
doth blow;
Or weigh the light that in the East doth
rise;
Or weigh the thought that from mans
mind doth flow:
But if the weight of these thou canst not
show,
Weigh but one word which from thy lips
doth fall:
For how canst thou those greater secrets
know,
That doest not know the least thing of
them all?
Ill can he rule the great that cannot reach
the small.'

XLIV.

Therewith the Gyant much abashed
sayd,
That he of little things made reckoning
light;
Yet the least word that ever could be layd
Within his ballaunce he could way aright.
'Which is' (sayd he) 'more heavy then
in weight,
The right or wrong, the false or else the
trew?'

He answered that he would try it streight;
So he the words into his ballaunce threw,
But streight the winged words out of his
ballaunce flew.

XLV.

Wroth wext he then, and sayd that
words were light,
Ne would within his ballaunce well abide:
But he could justly weigh the wrong or
right.
'Well then,' sayd Artegal, 'let it be tride:
First in one ballaunce set the true aside.'
He did so first, and then the false he layd
In th' other scale; but still it downe did
slide,
And by no meane could in the weight be
stayd;
For by no meanes the false will with the
truth be wayd.

XLVI.

'Nowtake the right likewise,' sayd
Artegal,
'And counterpeise the same with so much
wrong.'
So first the right he put into one scale,
And then the Gyant strove 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 chauf'd, and proved every
way:
Yet all the wrongs could not a litle right
downe way.

XLVII.

Which when he saw he greatly grew in
rage,
And almost would his balances have
broken;
But Artegal him fairely gau asswage,
And said, 'Be not upon thy balance
wroken,
For they doe 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 judge, whether with truth or fals-
hood they agree.

XLVIII.

'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 ever one.⁷
So did he; and then plaine it did appeare,
Whether of them the greater were attone;
But right sate in the midst of the beame
alone.

XLIX.

But he the right from thence did thrust
away,
For it was not the right which he did
seeke,
But rather strove extremities to way,
Th' one to diminish, th' other for to eeke;
For of the meane he greatly did misleeke.
Whom when so lewdly minded Talus
found,
Approching nigh unto him, cheeke by
cheeke,
He shouldered him from off the higher
ground,
And, down the rock him throwing, in the
sea him dround.

L.

Like as a ship, whom cruell tempest
drives
Upon a rocke with horrible dismay,
Her shattered ribs in thousand peeces
rives,
And spoyling all her geares and goodly ray
Does make her selfe misfortunes piteous
pray.
So downe the cliffe the wretched Gyant
tumbled;
His battred ballances in peeces lay,
His timbered bones all broken rudely
rumbled:
So was the high-aspyring with huge ruine
humbled.

LI.

That when the people, which had there
about
Long wayted, saw his sudden desolation,
They gan to gather in tumultuous rout,
And mutining to stirre up civill faction
For certaine losse of so great expectation:
For well they hoped to have got great
good,
And wondrous riches by his innovation.

Therefore resolving to revenge his blood
They rose in armes, and all in battell order
stood.

LII.

Which lawlesse multitude him comming
too
In warlike wise when Artegal did vew,
He much was troubled, ne wist what to
doo:
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.

LIII.

But soone as they him nigh approaching
spide,
They gan with all their weapons him
assay,
And rudely stroke at him on every side;
Yet nought they could him hurt, ne ought
dismay:
But when at them he with his flaile gan
lay,
He like a swarme of flyes them overthrew;
Ne any of them durst come in his way,
But here and there before his presence
flew,
And hid themselves in holes and bushes
from his vew.

LIV.

As when a Faulcon hath with nimble
flight
Flowne at a flush of Ducks foreby the
brooke,
The trembling foule dismayd with dread-
full sight
Of death, the which them almost over-
tooke,
Doe hide themselves from her astonying
looke
Amongst the flags and covert round about.
When Talus saw they all the field for-
sooke,
And none appear'd of all that raskall rout,
To Artegal he turn'd and went with him
throughout.

CANTO III.

The spousals of faire Florimell,
Where turney many knights :
There Bragadochio is uncas'd
In all the Ladies sights.

I.

AFTER long stormes and tempests over-
blowne
The sunne at length his joyous face doth
cleare:
So when as fortune all her spight hath
showne,
Some blisfull houres at last must needes
appeare;
Else should afflicted wights oftines de-
speire:
So comes it now to Florimell by tourne,
After long sorrowes suffered whyleare,
In which captiv'd she many moneths did
mourne,
To tast of joy, and to wont pleasures to
retourne.

II.

Who being freed from Proteus cruell
band
By Marinell was unto him affide,
And by him brought againe to Faerie land,
Where he her spous'd, and made his joy-
ous bride.
The time and place was blazed farre and
wide,
And solemne feasts and giusts ordain'd
therefore:
To which there did resort from every side
Of Lords and Ladies infinite great store;
Ne any Knight was absent that brave
courage bore.

III.

To tell the glorie of the feast that day,
The goodly service, the devicefull sights,
The bridegromes 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 Herald, not for me:
But for so much as to my lot here lights,
That with this present treatise doth agree,
True vertue to advance, shall here re-
counted bee.

IV.

When all men had with full satietie
Of meates and drinckes their appetites
suffiz'd,
To deedes of armes and prooffe of chevalrie

They gan themselves addresse, full rich
aguiz'd
As each one had his furnitures deviz'd.
And first of all issu'd Sir Marinell,
And with him sixe knights more, which
enterpriz'd
To challenge all in right of Florimell,
And to maintaine that she all others did
excell.

V.

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 unto none in prowesse prayse;
The third was Brunell, famous in his
dayes;
The fourth Ecastor, of exceeding might;
The fift Armeddan, skild in lovely layes;
The sixt was Lansack, a redoubted
Knight;
All sixe well-seene in armes, and prov'd
in many a fight.

VI.

And them against came all that list to
giust,
From every coast and countrie under
sunne:
None was debard, but all had leave that
lust.
The trompets sound, then all together
ronne.
Full many deedes of armes that day were
donne,
And many knights unhorst, and many
wounded,
As fortune fell; yet little lost or wonne:
But all that day the greatest prayse
redounded
To Marinell, whose name the Heralds loud
resounded.

VII.

The second day, so soone as morrow light
Appear'd in heaven, into the field they
came,
And there all day continew'd cruell fight,
With divers fortune fit for such a game,
In which all strove with perill to winne
fame;
Yet whether side was victor note be ghest:
But at the last the trompets did proclame
That Marinell that day deserved best.

So they departed were, and all men went
to rest.

VIII.

The third day came, that should due
tryall lend

Of all the rest; and then this warlike crew
Together met of all to make an end.

There Marinell great deeds of armes did
shew,

And through the thickest like a Lyon flew,
Rashing off helmes, and rying plates
asonder,

That every one his daunger did eschew:
So terribly his deadfull strokes did thun-
der,

That all men stood amaz'd, and at his
might did wonder.

IX.

But what on earth can always happie
stand?

The greater prowess greater perils find.
So farre he past amongst his enemies band,

That they have him enclosed so behind,
As by no meanes he can himselfe outwind:

And now perforce they have him prisoner
taken;

And now they doe with captive bands him
bind;

And now they lead him thence, of all for-
saken,

Unlesse some succour had in time him
overtaken.

X.

It fortun'd, whylest they were thus ill
beset,

Sir Artegal into the Tilt-yard came,
With Braggadochio, whom he lately met

Upon the way with that his snowy Dame:
Where when he understood by common
fame

What evil hap to Marinell betid,
He much was mov'd at so unworthie
shame,

And streight that boaster prayd, with
whom he rid,

To change his shield with him, to be the
better hid.

XI.

So forth he went, and soone them over-
hent,

Where they were leading Marinell away:
Whom he assayld with dreadlesse hardi-
ment,

And forst the burden of their prize to
stay.

They were an hundred knights of that
array,

Of which th' one halfe upon 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 pris-
oner fet.

XII.

So backe he brought Sir Marinell againe;
Whom having quickly arm'd againe anew,

They both together joyned might and
maine,

To set afresh on all the other crew:
Whom with sore havocke soone they over-
threw,

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 rescu'd from his
fone.

XIII.

Which when he had perform'd, then
backe againe

To Braggadochio did his shield restore;
Who all this while behind him did re-
maine,

Keeping there close with him in pretious
store

That his false Ladie, as ye heard afore.
Then did the trompets sound, and Judges

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 ad-
judg'd by those.

XIV.

And thether also came in open sight
Fayre Florimell, into the common hall,

To greet his guerdon unto every 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 Artegal

Came Braggadochio, and did shew his
shield,

Which bore the Sunne brode blazed in a
golden field.

XV.

The sight whereof did all with gladnesse
fill:

So unto him they did addeeme the prise
Of all that Tryumph. Then the trompets

shrill
Don Braggadochios name resounded

thrise:
So courage lent a cloke to cowardise.

And then to him came fayrest Florimell,
 And goodly gan to greet his brave emprise,
 And thousand thanks him yeeld, that
 had so well
 Approv'd that day that she all others did
 excell.

XVI.

To whom the boaster, that all knights
 did blot
 With proud disdain did scornfull an-
 swere 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 undertake
 Both her and eke all others to excell:
 And further did uncomely speaches crake.
 Much did his words the gentle Ladie
 quell,
 And turn'd aside for shame to heare what
 he did tell.

XVII.

Then forth he brought his snowy Flori-
 mele,
 Whom Trompart had in keeping there be-
 side,
 Covered from peoples gazement with a
 vele:
 Whom when discovered they had throughly
 eide,
 With great amazement they were stupe-
 fide;
 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.

XVIII.

Which when as Marinell beheld like-
 wise,
 He was therewith exceedingly dismayd,
 Ne wist he what to thinke, or to devise;
 But, like as one whom feends had made
 affrayd,
 He long astonisht stood, ne ought he sayd,
 Ne ought he did, but with fast fixed eyes
 He gaz'd still upon that snowy mayd;
 Whom ever as he did the more avize,
 The more to be true Florimell he did sur-
 mize.

XIX.

As when two sunnes appeare in the
 asure skye,
 Mounted in Phœbus charet fierie bright,
 Both darting forth faire beames to each
 mans eye,
 And both adorn'd with lampes 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.

XX.

All which when Artegal, who all this
 while
 Stood in the preasse close covered, well
 adwewed,
 And saw that boasters pride and grace-
 lesse guile,
 He could no longer beare, but forth is-
 sewed,
 And unto all himselfe there open shewed,
 And to the boaster said; 'Thou losell
 base,
 That hast with borrowed plumes thy selfe
 endewed,
 And others worth with leasings doest de-
 face,
 When they are all restor'd thou shalt rest
 in disgrace.

XXI.

'That shield, which thou doest beare,
 was it indeed
 Which this dayes honour sav'd to Mari-
 nell:
 But not that arme, nor thou the man, I
 reed,
 Which didst that service unto Florimell.
 For prooffe shew forth thy sword, and let
 it tell
 What strokes, what dreadfull stoure, it
 stird this day;
 Or shew the wounds which unto thee be-
 fell;
 Or shew the sweat with which thou did-
 dest sway
 So sharpe a battell, that so many did
 dismay.

XXII.

'But this the sword which wrought
 those cruell stounds,
 And this the arme the which that shield
 did beare,
 And these the signs' (so shewed forth his
 wounds)
 'By which that glorie gotten doth ap-
 peare.
 As for this Ladie, which he sheweth here,
 Is not (I wager) Florimell at all;
 But some fayre Franion, fit for such a
 fere,
 That by misfortune in his hand did fall.'
 For prooffe whereof he bad them Flori-
 mell forth call.

XXIII.

So forth the noble Ladie was ybrought,
Adorn'd with honor and all comely grace:
Whereto her bashful shamefastnesse
ywrought
A great increase in her faire blushing
face,
As roses did with lilies interlace;
For of those words, the which that boaster
threw,
She inly yet conceived great disgrace:
Whom when as all the people such did
vew,
They shouted loud, and signes of glad-
nesse all did shew.

XXIV.

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 honor get.
Streight-way, so soone as both together
met,
Th' enchanted Damzell vanisht into
nought:
Her snowy substance melted as with heat,
Ne of that goodly hew remayned ought,
But th' emptie girdle which about her
wast was wrought.

XXV.

As when the daughter of Thaumantes
faire
Hath in a watry cloud displayed wide
Her goodly bow, 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 this Ladies goodly forme decay,
And into nothing goe, ere one could it
bewray.

XXVI.

Which when as all that present were
beheld,
They stricken were with great astonish-
ment,
And their faint harts with senselesse hor-
rour queld,
To see the thing, that seem'd so excellent,
So stolen from their fancies wonderment:
That what of it became none understood:
And Braggadochio selfe with dreriment
So daunted was in his despeyring mood,
That like a lifelesse corse immoveable he
stood.

XXVII.

But Arteggall that golden belt uptooke,
The which of all her spoyle was ouely left;

Which was not hers, as many it mistooke,
But Florimells owne girdle, from her
reft

While she was flying, like a weary weft,
From that foule monster which did her
compel

To perils great; which he unbuckling
eft

Presented to the fayrest Florimell,
Who round about her tender wast it fitted
well.

XXVIII.

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 wast
By any skill or labour it would sit,
Unless that she were continent and chast,
But it would lose or breake, that many had
disgrast.

XXIX.

Whilst thus they busied were bout Flori-
mell,

And boastfull Braggadochio to defame,
Sir Guyon, as by fortune then befell,
Forth from the thickest preasse 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 ment the thiefe there deadly to havull
smit:

And, had he not bene held, he nought fel-
layd of it.

XXX.

Thereof great hurly-burly moved w.^h
Throughout the hall for that same warlike
horse;

For Braggadochio would not let him pas,
And Guyon would him algates have per-
force,

Or it approve upon his carrion corse.
Which troublous stirre when Arteggall per-
ceived,

He nigh them drew to stay th' avengers
force.

And gan inquire how was that steed be-
reaved,

Whether by might extort, or else by slight
deceived?

XXXI.

Who all that piteous storie, which befell
About that wfull couple which were
slaine,

And their young bloodie babe to him gan
 tell;
 With whom whiles he did in the wood re-
 maine,
 His horse purloyned was by subtyll traine,
 For which he chalenged the thiefe to fight:
 But he for nought could him thereto con-
 straine;
 For as the death he hated such despyght,
 And rather had to lose then trie in armes
 his right.

XXXII.

Which Arte gall well hearing, (though
 no more
 By law of armes there neede ones right to
 trie,
 As was the wont of warlike knights of yore,
 Then that his foe should him the field
 denie,)
 Yet, further right by tokens to descrie,
 He askt what privie tokens he did beare?
 ' If that ' (said Guyon) ' may you satisfie,
 Within his mouth a blacke spot doth ap-
 peare,
 Shapt like a horses shoe, who list to seeke
 it there.'

XXXIII.

Whereof to make due tryall, 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 never word from that day forth he
 spoke.
 Another, that would seeme to have more
 wit,
 Scim by the bright embrodered hed-stall
 tooke;
 by the shoulder him so sore he bit,
 Wt he him maymed quite, and all his
 shoulder split.

Hr
,

XXXIV.

Ne he his mouth would open unto wight,
 Untill that Guyon selfe unto him spake,
 And called Brigadore, (so was he hight,)
 Whose voice so soone as he did undertake,
 Eftsoones he stood as still as any stake,
 And suffred all his secret marke to see:
 And, when as he him nam'd, for joy he
 brake
 His bands, and follow'd him with gladfull
 glee,
 And friskt, and flong aloft, and louted low
 on knee.

XXXV.

Thereby Sir Arte gall did plaine areed
 That unto him the horse belong'd, and
 sayd;
 ' Lo there! Sir Guyon, take to you the steed,

As he with golden saddle is arayd,
 And let that losell, plainly now displayd,
 Hence fare on foot, till he an horse have
 gayned.'
 But the proud boaster gan his doome up-
 brayd,
 And him revil'd, and rated, and disdayned,
 That judgement so unjust against him
 had ordayned.

XXXVI.

Much was the knight incenst with his
 lewd word
 To have revenged that his villeny;
 And thrise did lay his hand upon his
 sword,
 To have him slaine, or dearely doen aby:
 But Guyon did his choler pacify,
 Saying, ' Sir knight, it would dishonour
 bee
 To you that are our judge of equity,
 To wreake your wrath on such a carle as
 hee:
 It's punishment enough that all his shame
 doe see.'

XXXVII.

So did he mitigate Sir Arte gall;
 But Talus by the backe the boaster hent,
 And drawing him out of the open hall
 Upon him did inflict this punishment:
 First he his beard did shave, and fowly
 shent,
 Then from him reft his shield, and it re-
 verst,
 And blotted out his armes with falshood
 blent,
 And himselfe baffuld, and his armes un-
 herst,
 And broke his sword in twaine, and all his
 armour sperst.

XXXVIII.

The whiles his guilefull groome was fled
 away,
 But vaine it was to thinke from him to
 flie;
 Who overtaking him did disaray,
 And all his face deform'd with infamie,
 And out of court him scourged openly.
 So ought all faytours that true knighthood
 shame,
 And armes dishonour with base villanie,
 From all brave knights be banisht with
 defame;
 For oft their lewdnes blotteth good deserts
 with blame.

XXXIX.

Now when these counterfeits were thus
 uncased

Out of the fore-side of their forgerie,
 And in the sight of all men cleane dis-
 graced,
 All gan to jest and gibe full merilie
 At the remembrance of their knaverie:
 Ladies can laugh at Ladies, Knights at
 Knights,
 To thinke with how great vaunt of braverie
 He them abused through his subtill slights,
 And what a glorious shew he made in all
 their sights.

XL.

There leave we them in pleasure and
 repast,

Spending their joyous dayes and gladfull
 nights,
 And taking usurie of time fore-past,
 With all deare delices and rare delights,
 Fit for such Ladies and such lovely
 knights;
 And turne we here to this faire furrowes
 end
 Our wearie yokes, to gather fresher
 sprights,
 That, when as time to Artegall shall
 tend,
 We on his first adventure may him for-
 ward send.

CANTO IV.

Artegall dealeth right betwixt
 Two brethren that doe strive:
 Saves Terpine from the gallow tree,
 And doth from death reprove.

I.

WHOSO upon him selfe will take the skill
 True Justice unto people to divide,
 Had neede have mightie hands for to ful-
 fill
 That which he doth with righteous doome
 decide,
 And for to maister wrong and puissant
 pride:
 For vaine it is to deeme of things aright,
 And makes wrong doers justice to deride,
 Unless it be perform'd with dreadlesse
 might;
 For powre is the right hand of Justice
 truly hight.

II.

Therefore whylome to knights of great
 emprise
 The charge of Justice given was in trust,
 That they might execute her judgements
 wise,
 And with their might beat downe licen-
 tious lust,
 Which proudly did impugne her sentence
 just:
 Whereof no braver president this day
 Remaines on earth, preserv'd from yron
 rust
 Of rude oblivion and long times decay,
 Then this of Artegall, which here we have
 to say.

III.

Who having lately left that lovely payre,
 Enlincked fast in wedlockes loyall bond,
 Bold Marinell with Florimell the fayre,
 With whom great feast and goodly glee he
 fond,
 Departed from the Castle of the Strond

To follow his adventures first intent,
 Which long agoe he taken had in hond:
 Ne wight with him for his assistance went,
 But that great yron groome, his gard and
 government.

IV.

With whom, as he did passe by the sea
 shore,
 He chaunst to come whereas two comely
 Squires,
 Both brethren, whom one wombe together
 bore,
 But stirred up with different desires,
 Together strove, and kindled wrathfull
 fires:
 And them beside two seemely damzells
 stood,
 By all meanes seeking to asswage their
 ires;
 Now with faire words, but words did lit-
 tle good,
 Now with sharpe threats, but threats the
 more increase their mood.

V.

And there before them stood a Coffe
 strong
 Fast bound on every side with iron bands,
 But seeming to have suffred mickle
 wrong,
 Either by being wreckt upon the sands,
 Or being carried farre from forraine lands.
 Seem'd that for it these Squires at ods
 did fall,
 And bent against them selves their cruell
 hands;
 But evermore those Damzells did forestall

Their furious encounter, and their fierce-
nesse pall.

VI.

But firmly fixt they were with dint of
sword
And battailes doubtfull prooffe their rights
to try,
Ne other end their fury would afford,
But what to them Fortune would justify:
So stood they both in readinesse thereby
To joyne the combate with cruell intent,
When Artegal, arriving happily,
Did stay a while their greedy bickerment,
Till he had questioned the cause of their
dissent.

VII.

To whome the elder did this aunswere
frame:
'Then weete ye, Sir, that we two breth-
ren 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 ap-
peares
But like a little Mount of small degree,
Yet was as great and wide, ere many
yeares,
As that same other Isle, that greater
breth now beares.

VIII.

'But tract of time, that all things doth
decay,
And this devouring Sea, that naught doth
spare,
The most part of my land hath washt
away,
And throwne it up unto my brothers share:
So his increased, but mine did empaire.
Before which time I lov'd, as was my lot,
That further mayd, hight Philtera the
faire,
With whom a goodly doure I should have
got,
And should have joynd bene to her in
wedlocks knot.

IX.

'Then did my younger brother, Amidas,
Love that same other Damzell, Lucy
bright,
To whom but little dowre allotted was:
Her vertue was the dowre that did de-
light.
What better dowre can to a dame be hight?
But now, when Philtra saw my lands de-
cay

And former livedod fayle, she left me
quight,
And to my brother did ellope streight way;
Who, taking her from me, his owne love
left astray.

X.

'She, seeing then her selfe forsaken so,
Through dolorous despaire which she con-
ceyved,
Into the Sea her selfe did headlong throw,
Thinking to have her grieve by death be-
reaved:
But see how much her purpose was de-
ceived!
Whilist thus, amidst the billowes beat-
ing of her,
Twixt life and death long to and fro she
weaved,
She chaunst unwares to light upon this
coffer,
Which to her in that daunger hope of life
did offer.

XI.

'The wretched mayd, that earst desir'd
to die,
When as the paine of death she tasted had,
And but halfe seene his ugly visnomie,
Gan to repent that she had beene so mad
For any death to chaunge 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 upon mine Isle
did rest.

XII.

'Where I by chance then wandring on
the shore
Did her espy, and through my good en-
devour
From dreadfull mouth of death, which
threatned sore
Her to have swallow'd up, did helpe to
save her.
She then, in recompence of that great
favour,
Which I on her bestowed, bestowed on me
The portion of that good which Fortune
gave her,
Together with her selfe in dowry free;
Both goodly portions, but of both the bet-
ter she.

XIII.

'Yet in this coffer which she with her
brought
Great threasure sithence we did finde con-
tained,
Which as our owne we tooke, and so it
thought;

But this same other Damzell since hath
 fained
 That to her selfe that threasure apper-
 tained;
 And that she did transport the same by
 sea,
 To bring it to her husband new ordained,
 But suffred cruell shipwracke by the way:
 But whether it be so or no, I can not say.

XIV.

'But, whether it indeede be so or no,
 This doe I say, that what so good or ill
 Or God or Fortune unto me did throw,
 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 love, (though now it little
 skill)
 Yet my good lucke he shall not likewise
 pray,
 But I will it defend whilst ever that I may.'

XV.

So having sayd, 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 us doth stand,
 But for this threasure throwne upon his
 strand;
 Which well I prove, as shall appeare by
 triall,
 To be this maides with whom I fastned
 hand,
 Known by good markes and perfect good
 espiall:
 Therefore it ought be rendred her without
 deniall.

XVI.

When they thus ended had, the Knight
 began:
 'Certes, your strife were easie to accord,
 Would ye remit it to some righteous man.'
 'Unto yourselfe,' said they, 'we give our
 word,
 To bide that judgement ye shall us afford.'
 'Then for assurance to my doome to
 stand,
 Under my foote let each lay downe his
 sword;
 And then you shall my sentence under-
 stand.'
 So each of them layd downe his sword out
 of his hand.

XVII.

'Then Artegall thus to the younger sayd:
 'Now tell me, Amidas, if that ye may,
 Your brothers land the which the sea hath
 layd

Unto your part, and pluckt from his away,
 By what good right doe you withhold this
 day?'

'What other right,' (quoth he) 'should
 you esteeme,
 But that the sea it to my share did lay?'
 'Your right is good,' (sayd he) 'and so I
 deeme,
 That what the sea unto you sent your
 own should seeme.'

XVIII.

Then turning to the elder thus he sayd:
 'Now, Bracidas, let this likewise be
 showne;
 Your brothers threasure, which from him
 is strayd,
 Being the dowry 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 unto me throwne?'
 'Your right is good,' (sayd he) 'and so I
 deeme,
 That what the sea unto you sent your
 own should seeme.'

XIX.

'For equall right in equall things doth
 stand;
 For what the mighty Sea hath once pos-
 sest,
 And plucked quite from all possessors
 hand,
 Whether by rage of waves that never rest,
 Or else by wracke that wretches hath dis-
 trest,
 He may dispose by his imperiall might,
 As thing at randon left, to whom he list.
 So, Amidas, the land was yours first
 hight;
 And so the threasure yours is, Bracidas,
 by right.'

XX.

When he his sentence thus pronounced
 had,
 Both Amidas and Philtra were displeas'd;
 But Bracidas and Lucy were right glad,
 And on the threasure by that judgement
 seased,
 So was their discord by this doome ap-
 peased,
 And each one had his right. Then Arte-
 gall,
 When as their sharpe contention he had
 ceased,
 Departed on his way, as did befall,
 To follow his old quest, the which him
 forth did call.

XXI.

So as he travelled upon the way,
He chaunst to come, where happily he
spide

A rout of many peeples farre away;
To whom his course he hastily applide,
To weete the cause of their assemblaunce
wide:

To whom when he approached neare in
sight,
(An uncouth sight) he plainly then de-
scribe

To be a troupe of women, warlike dight,
With weapons in their hands as ready for
to fight.

XXII.

And in the midst of them he saw a
Knight,

With both his hands behinde him pinnoed
hard,

And round about his necke an halter
tight,

And ready for the gallow-tree prepar'd:
His face was covered, and his head was
bar'd,

That who he was unneath was to descry;
And with full heavy heart with them he
far'd,

Griev'd to the soule, and groning in-
wardly,

That he of womens hands so base a death
should dy.

XXIII.

But they, like tyrants mercilesse, the
more

Rejoyced at his miserable case,
And him reviled, and reproched sore
With bitter taunts and termes of vile dis-
grace.

Now when as Artegall, arriv'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 have wrought unwares some vil-
lanous assay.

XXIV.

But he was soone aware of their ill
minde,

And drawing backe deceived their intent:
Yet, though him selfe did shame on
woman-kinde

His mighty hand to shend, he Talus sent
To wrecke on them their follies hardy-
ment:

Who with few sowces of his yron flae
Dispersed all their troupe incontinent,
And sent them home to tell a piteous tale

Of their vaine prowesse turned to their
proper bale.

XXV.

But that same wretched man, ordayned
to die,

They left behind them, glad to be so quit:
Him Talus tooke out of perplexitie,
And horreur of fowle death for Knight
unfit,

Who more then losse of life ydreaded it;
And, him restoring unto living light,
So brought unto his Lord, where he did
sit

Beholding all that womanish weake fight;
Whom soone as he beheld he knew, and
thus behight:

XXVI.

'Sir Turpine! haplesse man, what make
you here?

Or have you lost your selfe and your dis-
cretion,

That ever in this wretched case ye were?
Or have ye yeelded you to proude op-
pression

Of womens powre, that boast of mens
subjection?

Or else what other deadly dismall day
Is false on you by heavens hard direc-
tion

That ye were runne so fondly far astray
As for to lead your selfe unto your owne
decay?'

XXVII.

Much was the man confounded in his
mind,

Partly with shame, and partly with dis-
may,

That all astonisht he him selfe did find,
And little had for his excuse to say,

But onely thus: 'Most haplesse well ye
may

Me justly terme, that to this shame am
brought,

And made the scorne of Knighthod this
same day:

But who can scape what his owne fate
hath wrought?

The worke of heavens will surpasseth
humane thought.'

XXVIII.

'Right true: but faulty men use often-
times

To attribute their folly unto fate,
And lay on heaven the guilt of their owne
crimes.

But tell, Sir Terpin 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 chaunst to me of
late,
I shortly will to you rehearse the same,
In hope ye will not turne misfortune to
my blame.

xxx.

'Being desirous (as all Knights are
woont)
Through hard adventures deedes of armes
to try,
And after fame and honour for to hunt,
I heard report that farre abrode did fly,
That a proud Amazon did late defy
All the brave Knights that hold of
Maidenhead,
And unto them wrought all the villany
That she could forge in her malicious
head,
Which some hath put to shame, and
many done be dead.

xxx.

'The cause, they say, of this her cruell
hate
Is for the sake of Bellodant the bold,
To whom she bore most fervent love 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 unto
her will,
She turn'd her love to hatred manifold,
And for his sake vow'd to doe all the ill
Which she could doe to Knights; which
now she doth fulfill.

xxxI.

'For all those Knights, the which by
force or guile
She doth subdue, she fowly doth entreate.
First, she doth them of warlike armes
despoile,
And cloth in womens weedes: 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 give them other thing to eat
But bread and water or like feeble thing,
Them to disable from revenge adventur-
ing.

xxxII.

'But if through stout disdain of manly
mind
Anyher proud observaunce will withstand,

Uppon that gibbet, which is there be-
hind,
She causeth them be hang'd up out of
hand;
In which condition I right now did stand;
For, being overcome by her in fight,
And put to that base service of her band,
I rather chose to die in lives despight,
Then lead that shamefull life, unworthy of
a Knight.'

xxxIII.

'How hight that Amazon?' (said Arte-
gall)
'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
atchieved
With great successe, that her hath
glorifide,
And made her famous, more then is
believed;
Ne would I it have ween'd, had I not late
it priev'd.'

xxxIV.

'Now sure,' (said he) 'and by the faith
that I
To Maydenhead and noble knighthood
owe,
I will not rest till I her might doe trie,
And venge the shame that she to Knights
doth show.
Therefore, Sir Terpin, from you lightly
throw
This squalid weede, the patterne of dis-
paire,
And wend with me, that ye may see and
know
How Fortune will your ruin'd name re-
paire
And knights of Maidenhead, whose praise
she would empaire.'

xxxV.

With that, like one that hopelesse was
depryv'd
From deathes dore at which he lately lay,
Those yron fetters wherewith he was
gyv'd,
The badges of reproch, he threw away,
And nimby did him dight to guide the
way
Unto 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.

XXXVI.

Where they arriving by the watchman
were
Descried streight; who all the city
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 have
harm'd.
Eftsoones the people all to harnesses ran,
And like a sort of Bees in clusters
swarmed:
Ere long their Queene her selfe, halfe like
a man,
Came forth into the rout, and them
t' array began.

XXXVII.

And now the Knights, being arrived
neare,
Did beat upon the gates to enter in;
And at the Porter, skorning 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 there comming
heard,
Her heart for rage did grate, and teeth
did grin.
She bad that streight the gates should be
unbard,
And to them way to make with weapons
well prepar'd.

XXXVIII.

Soone as the gates were open to them
set,
They pressed forward, entraunce to have
made;
But in the middle way they were ymet
With a sharpe showre of arrowes, which
them staid,
And better bad advise, ere they assaid
Unknowen perill of bold womens pride.
Then all that rout upon them rudely
laid,
And heaped strokes so fast on every side,
And arrowes haild so thicke, that they
could not abide.

XXXIX.

But Radigund her selfe, when she es-
pide
Sir Terpin, from her direfull doome
acquitt,

So cruell doale amongst her maides
divide
T' avenge that shame they did on him
commit,
All sodainely enflam'd with furious fit
Like a fell Lionesse at him she flew,
And on his head-peece him so fiercely
smit,
That to the ground him quite she over-
threw,
Dismayd so with the stroke that he no
colours knew.

XL.

Soone as she saw him on the ground to
grovell,
She lightly to him leapt; and in his
necke
Her proud foote setting, at his head did
levell,
Weening at once her wrath on him to
wreake
And his contempt, that did her judg'ment
breake.
As when a Beare hath seiz'd her cruell
clawes
Upon the carkasse of some beast too
weake,
Proudly stands over, and a while doth
pause
To heare the piteous beast pleading her
plaintiff'e cause.

XLI.

Whom when as Artégall in that distresse
By chance beheld, he left the bloody
slaughter
In which he swam, and ranne to his re-
dresse:
There her assayling fiercely fresh, he
raught her
Such an huge stroke, that it of sence dis-
traught her;
And had she not it warded warily,
It had depriv'd her mother of a daughter:
Nathlesse for all the powre she did apply
It made her stagger oft, and stare with
ghastly eye.

XLII.

Like to an Eagle, in his kingly pride
Soring through his wide Empire of the
aire
To weather his brode sailes, by chance
hath spide
A Goshauke, which hath seized for her
share
Upon some fowle that should her feast
prepare;
With dreadfull force he flies at her bylive,

That with his souce, which none endure
dare,
Her from the quarrey he away doth drive,
And from her griping pounce the greedy
prey doth rive.

XLIII.

But, soone as she her sence recover'd
had,
She fiercely towards him her selfe gan
dight,
Through vengeful wrath and sdeignfull
pride half mad;
For never had she suffred such despight:
But ere she could joyne hand with him to
fight,
Her warlike maides 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 untill
evening last.

XLIV.

And every while that mighty yron man
With his strange weapon, never wont in
warre,
Them sorely vext, and courst, and over-
ran,
And broke their bowes, 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 devouringemie,
Through all the fields and vallies did before
him fle.

XLV.

But when as daies faire shinie-beame,
yclowded
With fearefull shadowes of deformed
night,
Warn'd man and beast in quiet rest be
shrowded,
Bold Radigund with sound of trumpe on
hight,
Causd all her people to surcease from
fight;
And gathering them unto her citties 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.

XLVI.

When thus the field was voided all
away,

And all things quieted, the Elfin Knight,
Weary of toile and travell of that day,
Causd his pavilion to be richly pight
Before the city gate, in open sight;
Where he him selfe did rest in saféty
Together with Sir Terpin all that night:
But Talus usde, in times of jeopardy,
To keepe a nightly watch for dread of
treachery.

XLVII.

But Radigund, full of heart-gnawing
griefe
For the rebuke which she sustain'd that
day,
Could take no rest, ne would receive re-
liefe;
But tossed in her troublous minde what
way
She mote revenge that blot which on her
lay.
There she resolv'd her selfe in single fight
To try her Fortune, and his force assay,
Rather then see her people spoiled quight,
As she had seene that day, a disaventer-
ous sight.

XLVIII.

She called forth to her a trusty mayd,
Whom she thought fittest for that busi-
nesse:
Her name was Clarin, and thus to her
sayd:
'Goe, damzell, quickly, doe thy selfe ad-
dresse
To doe the message which I shall expresse.
Goe thou unto that stranger Faery Knight,
Who yester day drove us to such dis-
tresse:
Tell, that to morrow I with him wil fight,
And try in equall field whether hath
greater might.

XLIX.

'But these conditions doe to him pro-
pound:
That if I vanquishe him, he shall obay
My law, and ever to my lore be bound;
And so will I, if me he vanquish may,
What ever he shall like to doe or say.
Goe streight, and take with thee to wit-
nesse it
Sixe of thy fellowes of the best array,
And beare with you both wine and jun-
cates fit,
And bid him eate: henceforth he oft shall
hungry sit.'

L.

The Damzell streight obayd, and put-
ting all

In readinesse, forth to the Towne-gate
went;
Where, sounding loud a Trumpet from the
wall,
Unto those warlike Knights she warning
sent.
Then Talus forth issuing from the
tent
Unto the wall his way did fearelesse
take,
To weeten what that trumpets sounding
ment:
Where that same Damzell lowdly him be-
spake,
And shew'd that with his Lord she would
empraulnce make.

LI.
Sohe 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 weete,
Them fairely entertaynd with curt'sies
meete,
And gave them gifts and things of deare
delight.
So backe againe they homeward turnd
their feete;
But Artegall him selfe to rest did dight,
That he mote fresher be against the next
daies fight.

CANTO V.

Artegall fights with Radigund,
And is subdewd by guile:
He is by her imprisoned,
But wrought by Clarins wile.

I.

So soone as day forth dawning from the
East
Nights humid curtaine from the heavens
withdrew,
And earely calling forth both man and
beast
Comaunded them their daily workes re-
new,
These noble warriors, mindefull to pursew
The last daies purpose of their vowed
fight,
Them selves thereto preparte in order
dew;
The Knight, as best was seeming for a
Knight,
And th' Amazon, as best it likt her selfe
to dight.

II.

All in a Camis light of purple silke
Woven uppon with silver, subtly wrought,
And quilted uppon sattin white as milke;
Trayled with ribbands diversly dis-
traught,
Like as the workeman had their courses
taught;
Which was short tucked for light motion
Up to her ham; but, when she list, it
raught
Downe to her lowest heele; and there-
uppon
She wore for her defence a mayled haber-
geon.

III.

And on her legs she painted buskins
wore,

Basted with bends of gold on every side,
And mailles betweene, and laced close
afore;
Uppon her thigh her Cemitare was tide
With an embrodered belt of mickell pride;
And on her shoulder hung her shield, be-
deckt
Uppon 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.

IV.

So forth she came out of the citty gate
With stately port and proud magnificence,
Guarded with many Damzels that did
waite
Uppon her person for her sure defence,
Playing on shaumes and trumpets, that
from hence
Their sound did reach unto the heavens
hight:
So forth into the field she marched thence,
Where was a rich Pavilion ready pight
Her to receive, till time they should begin
the fight.

V.

Then forth came Artegall 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 having fully
bent her
That battells utmost trial to adventer.
The Lists were closed fast, to barre the
rout

From rudely pressing to the middle center ;
Which in great heapes them circled all
about,
Wayting how Fortune would resolve that
daungerous dout.

VI.

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 she had intended
Out of his breast the very heart have
rended :

But he, that had like tempests often tride,
From that first flaw him selfe right well
defended.

The more she rag'd, the more he did
abide ;
She hewd, she foynd, she lasht, she laid
on every side.

VII.

Yet still her blowes he bore, and her for-
bore,

Weening at last to win advantage new ;
Yet still her crueltie increased more,
And, though powre faild, her courage did
acrew ;

Which fayling, he gan fiercely her pur-
sew.

Like as a Smith that to his cunning feat
The stubborne metall seeketh to subdew,
Soone as he fees it mollifide with heat,
With his great yron sledge doth strongly
on it beat.

VIII.

So did Sir Arte gall upon her lay,
As if she had an yron and vile beene,
That flakes of fire, bright as the sunny
ray,

Out of her steely armes were flashing
seene,

That all on fire ye would her surely
weene ;

But with her shield so well her selfe she
warded

From the dread daunger of his weapon
keene,

That all that while her life she safely
garded ;

But he that helpe from her against her
will discarded.

IX.

For with his trenchant blade at the
next blow

Halfe of her shield he shared quite away,
That halfe her side it selfe did naked show,

And thenceforth unto daunger opened
way.

Much was she moved with the mightie
sway

Of that sad stroke, that halfe enrag'd she
grew,

And, like a greedie Beare unto her pray,
With her sharpe Cemitare at him she flew,
That glauncing downe his thigh the purple
bloud forth drew.

X.

Thereat she gan to triumph with great
boast,

And to upbrayd that chaunce which him
misfell,

As if the prize she gotten had almost,
With spightfull speaches, fitting with her
well ;

That his great hart gan inwardly to swell
With indignation at her vaunting vaine,
And at her strooke with puissaunce feare-
full fell :

Yet with her shield she warded it againe,
That shattered all to peeces round about
the plaine.

XI.

Having her thus disarmed of her shield,
Upon her helmet he againe her strooke,
That downe she fell upon the grassie
field

In sencelesse swoune, as if her life for-
sooke,

And pangs of death her spirit overtooke.
Whom when he saw before his foote pro-
trated,

He to her lept with deadly dreadfull
looke,

And her sunshynie helmet soone unlaced,
Thinking at once both head and helmet
to have raced.

XII.

But, when as he discovered had her
face,

He saw, his senses straunge astonishment,
A miracle of natures goodly grace

In her faire visage voide of ornament,
But bath'd in bloud and sweat together
ment ;

Which in the rudenesse of that evill
plight

Bewrayd the signes of feature excellent :
Like as the Moone in foggie winters night
Doth seeme to be her selfe, though
darkned be her light.

XIII.

At sight thereof his cruell minded hart
Empierced was with pittifull regard,

That his sharpe 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 beautie will it mollifie.
By this, upstarting from her swoune, she
star'd

A while about her with confused eye;
Like one that from his dreame is waked
suddenlye.

XIV.

Soone as the knight she there by her
did spy
Standing with emptie hands all weapon-
lesse,

With fresh assault upon him she did fly,
And gan renew her former cruelnesse:
And though he still retyr'd, yet nathesle
With huge redoubled strokes she on him
layd;

And more increast her outrage mercilesse,
The more that he with meeke intreatie
prayd

Her wrathful hand from greedy vengeance
to have stayd.

XV.

Like as a Puttocke having spyde in
sight

A gentle Faulcon sitting on an hill,
Whose other wiug, now made unmeete
for flight,

Was lately broken by some fortune ill;
The foolish Kyte, led with licentious will,
Doth beat upon the gentle bird in vaine,
With many idle stoups her troubling still:
Even so did Radigund with bootlesse
paine

Annoy this noble Knight, and sorely him
constraine.

XVI.

Nought could he do but shun the dred
despight

Of her fierce wrath, and backward still
retyre;

And with his single shield, well as he
might,

Beare off the burden of her raging yre:
And evermore he gently did desyre

To stay her stroks, and he himselfe would
yield;

Yet nould she hearke, ne let him once
respyre,

Till he to her delivered had his shield,
And to her mercie him submitted in plaine
field.

XVII.

So was he overcome; not overcome,
But to her yeelded of his owne accord;

Yet was he justly damned by the doome
Of his owne mouth, that spake so ware-
lesse word,

To be her thrall and service her afford:
For though that he first victorie obtayned,
Yet after, by abandoning his sword,
He wilfull lost that he before attayned:
No fayrer conquest then that with good-
will is gayned.

XVIII.

Tho with her sword on him she flatling
strooke,

In signe of true subjection to her powre,
And as her vassall him to thraldome
tooke:

But Terpine, borne to' a more unhappy
howre,

As he on whom the lucklesse stars did
lowre,

She caused to be attacht, and forthwith
led

Unto the crooke, t' abide the balefull
stowre

From which he lately had through reskew
fled:

Where he full shamefully was hanged by
the hed.

XIX.

But when they thought on Talus hands
to lay,

He with his yron flaile amongst them
thondred,

That they were fayne to let him scape
away,

Glad from his companie to be so sondred;
Whose presence all their troups so much
encombred,

That th' heapes of those which he did
wound and slay,

Besides the rest dismayd, might not be
nombred:

Yet all that while he would not once as-
say

To reskew his owne Lord, but thought it
just t' obay.

XX.

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 whylome he gotten had great
fame:

Instead whereof she made him to be dight
In womans weeds, that is to manhood
shame,

And put before his lap a napron white,
Instead of Curiets and bases fit for fight.

XXI.

So being clad she brought him from the field,
 In which he had bene trayned many a day,
 Into a long large chamber, which was sield
 With moniments of many Knights decay,
 By her subdewed in victorious fray:
 Amongst the which she caused his warlike armes
 Be hang'd on high, that mote his shame bewray;
 And broke his sword, for feare of further harmes,
 With which he went to stirre up battailous alarmes.

XXII.

There entred in he round about him saw
 Many brave knights, whose names right well he knew,
 There bound t' obay that Amazons proud law,
 Spinning and carding all in comely rew,
 That his bigge hart loth'd so uncomely vew:
 But they were forst, through penurie and pyne,
 To doe those workes to them appointed dew;
 For nought was given them to sup or dyne,
 But what their hands could earne by twisting linnen twyne.

XXIII.

Amongst them all she placed him most low,
 And in his hand a distaffe to him gave,
 That he thereon should spin both flax and tow;
 A sordid office for a mind so brave:
 So hard it is to be a womans slave.
 Yet he it tooke in his owne selves despight,
 And thereto did himselfe right well behave
 Her to obay, sith he his faith had plight
 Her vassall to become, if she him wonne in fight.

XXIV.

Who had him seene imagine mote thereby
 That whylome hath of Hercules bene told,
 How for Iolas sake he did apply
 His mightie hands the distaffe vile to hold
 For his huge club, which had subdew'd of old
 So many monsters which the world annoyed,

His Lyons skin chaungd to a pall of gold,
 In which, forgetting warres, he onely joyed
 In combats of sweet love, and with his mistresse toyed.

XXV.

Such is the crueltie of womenkynd,
 When they have shaken off the shamefast band,
 With which wise Nature did them strongly bynd
 T' obay the heasts of mans well-ruling hand,
 That then all rule and reason they withstand
 To purchase a licentious libertie:
 But vertuous women wisely understand,
 That they were borne to base humilitie,
 Unless the heavens them lift to lawfull soveraintie.

XXVI.

Thus there long while continu'd Artegal,
 Serving proud Radigund with true subjection,
 How ever it his noble heart did gall
 T' obay a womans tyrannous direction,
 That might have had of life or death election:
 But, having chosen, now he might not change.
 During which time the warlike Amazon,
 Whose wandring fancie after lust did range,
 Gan cast a secret liking to this captive straunge.

XXVII.

Which long concealing in her covert brest,
 She chaw'd the cud of lover's 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 serve the lowly vassall of her might,
 And of her servant make her soverayne Lord:
 So great her pride that she such basenesse much abhord.

XXVIII.

So much the greater still her anguish grew,
 Through stubborne handling of her lovesicke hart;
 And still the more she strove 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
convert

To meeke obeysance of loves mightie raine,
And him entreat for grace that had pro-
cur'd her paine.

XXIX.

Unto her selfe in secret she did call
Her nearest handmayd, whom she most
did trust,

And to her said: 'Clarinda, whom of all
I trust alive, sith I thee fostred first,
Now is the time that I untimely must
Thereof make tryall in my greatest need.
It is so hapned that the heavens unjust,
Spighting my happie freedome, have
agreed

To thrall my looser life, or my last bale
to breed.'

XXX.

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 light-
ning flashed,

Decking her cheekes with a vermilion rose;
But soone she did her countenance com-
pose,

And to her turning thus began againe:
'This griefes deepe wound I would to thee
disclose,

Thereto compelled through hart-murdring
paine;

But dread of shame my doubtfull lips doth
still restraine.'

XXXI.

'Ah! my deare dread,' (said then the
faithfull Mayd)

'Can dread of ought your dreadlesse hart
withhold,

That many hath with dread of death dis-
mayd,

And dare even deathes most dreadfull face
behold?

Say on, my sovrayne Ladie, and be bold:
Doth not your handmayds life at your
foot lie?'

Therewith much comforted she gan unfold
The cause of her conceived maladie,

As one that would confesse, yet faine
would it denie.

XXXII.

'Clarin,' (said she) 'thou seest yond
Fayry Knight,

Whom not my valour, but his owne brave
mind

Subjected hath to my unequall might.
What right is it, that he should thraldome
find

For lending life to me, a wretch unkind,
That for such good him recompence with
ill?

Therefore I cast how I may him unbind,
And by his freedome get his free goodwill;
Yet so, as bound to me he may continue
still:

XXXIII.

'Bound unto me but not with such hard
bands

Of strong compulsion and streight
violence,

As now in miserable state he stands;
But with sweet love and sure benevolence,

Voide of malitious mind or foule offence:
To which if thou canst win him any way

Without discoverie of my thoughts pre-
tence,

Both goodly meede of him it purchase
may,

And eke with gratefull service me right
well apay.

XXXIV.

'Which that thou mayst the better bring
to pas,

Loe! here this ring, which shall thy war-
rant bee,

And token true to old Eumenias,
From time to time, when thou it best

shalt see,
That in and out thou mayst have passage
free.

Goe now, Clarinda; well thy wits advise,
And all thy forces gather unto thee,

Armies of lovely lookes, and speeches wise,
With which thou canst even Jove himselfe

to love entise.'

XXXV.

The trustie Mayd, conceiving her intent,
Did with sure promise of her good en-
devour

Give her great comfort and some harts
content.

So, from her parting, she thenceforth did
labour

By all the meanes she might to curry
favour

With th' Elfin Knight, her Ladies best
beloved:

With daily shew of courteous kind be-
haviour,

Even at the marke-white of his hart she
roved,

And with wide-glauncing words one day
she thus him proved.

XXXVI.

'Unhappie Knight! upon whose hope-
lesse state
Fortune, envying good, hath felly
frowned,
And cruell heavens have heapt an heavy
fate;
I rew that thus thy better dayes are
drowned
In saddespaire, and all thy senses swowned
In stupid sorow, sith thy juster merit
Might else have with felicitie bene
crowned:
Looke up at last, and wake thy dulled
spirit
To thinke how this long death thou might-
est disinherit.'

XXXVII.

Much did he marvell at her uncouth
speech,
Whose hidden drift he could not well per-
ceive;
And gan to doubt least she him sought t'
appeach
Of treason, or some guilefull traine did
weave,
Through which she might his wretched
life bereave.
Both which to barre he with this answer
met her:
'Faire Damzell, that with ruth (as I per-
ceave)
Of my mishaps art mov'd to wish me
better,
For such your kind regard I can but rest
your detter.

XXXVIII.

'Yet, weet ye well, that to a courage
great
It is no lesse beeming well to beare
The storme of fortunes frowne or heavens
threat,
Then in the sunshine of her countenance
cleare
Timely to joy and carrie comely cheare:
For though this cloud have now me over-
cast,
Yet doe I not of better times despeyre;
And though (unlike) they should for ever
last,
Yet in my truthes assurance I rest fixed
fast.'

XXXIX.

'But what so stonie minde,' (she then
replyde)

'But if in his owne powre occasion lay,
Would to his hope a wiudowe open wyde,
And to his fortunes helpe make readie
way?'

'Unworthy sure' (quothe he) 'of better
day,

That will not take the offer of good hope,
And eke pursew, if he attaine it may.'
Which speaches she applying to the scope
Of her intent, this further purpose to him
shope.

XL.

'Then why doest not, thou ill advized
man,
Make meanes to win thy libertie forlorne,
And try if thou by faire entreatie can
Move Radigund? who, though she still
have worne
Her dayes in warre, yet (weet thou) was
not borne
Of Beares and Tygres, nor so salvage
mynded
As that, albe all love of men she scorne,
She yet forgets that she of men was
kynded:
And sooth oft seene, that proudest harts
base love hath bynded.'

XLI.

'Certes, Clarinda, not of cancred will,'
(Sayd he) 'nor obstinate disdainefull mind,
I have forbore this duetie to fulfill;
For well I may this weene by that I fynd,
That she a Queene, and come of Princely
kynd,
Both worthie is for to be sewd unto,
Chiefely by him whose life her law doth
bynd,
And eke of powre her owne doome to undo,
And als' of princely grace to be inclyn'd
thereto.

XLII.

'But want of meanes hath bene mine
onely let
From seeking favour where it doth
abound;
Which if I might by your good office get,
I to your selfe should rest for ever bound,
And readie to deserve what grace I found.'
She feeling him thus bite upon the bayt,
Yet doubting least his hold was but un-
sound
And not well fastened, would not strike
him strayt,
But drew him on with hope fit leasure to
awayt.

XLIII.

But, foolish Mayd! whyles heedlesse of
the hooke
She thus oft times was beating off and on,

Through slipperie footing fell into the
brooke,
And there was caught to her confusion :
For, seeking thus to salve the Amazon,
She wounded was with her deceipts owne
dart,
And gan thenceforth to cast affection,
Conceived close in her beguiled hart,
To Arteggall, through pittie of his cause-
lesse smart.

XLIV.

Yet durst she not disclose her fancies
wound,
Ne to himselfe, for doubt of being sayned,
Ne yet to any other wight on ground,
For feare her mistresse shold have knowl-
edge gayned ;
But to her selfe it secretly retayned
Within the closet of her covert brest,
The more thereby her tender hart was
payned ;
Yet to awayt fit time she weened best,
And fairely did dissemble her sad thoughts
unrest.

XLV.

One day her Ladie, calling her apart,
Gan to demaund of her some tydings good,
Touching her loves 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 overpast, so soone
As she her face had wypt to fresh her
blood :
Tho gan she tell her all that she had donne,
And all the wayes she sought his love for
to have wonne :

XLVI.

But sayd that he was obstinate and
sterne,
Scorning her offers and conditions vaine ;
Ne would be taught with any terms to
lerne
So fond a lesson as to love againe :
Die rather would he in penurious paine,
And his abridged dayes in dolour wast,
Then his foes love or liking entertaïne.
His resolution was, both first and last,
His bodie was her thrall, his hart was
freely plast.

XLVII.

Which when the cruell Amazon per-
ceived,
She gan to storme, and rage, and rend her
gall,
For very fell despight which she conceived,

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 for-
stall.
Nathlesse, when calmed was her furious
heat,
She chang'd that threatfull mood, and
mildly gan entreat :

XLVIII.

'What now is left, Clarinda? what re-
maines,
That we may compasse this our enter-
prize?
Great shame to lose so long employed
paines,
And greater shame t' abide so great mis-
prize,
With which he dares our offers thus de-
spize :
Yet that his guilt the greater may appeare,
And more my gracious mercie by this wize,
I will a while with his first folly beare,
Till thou have tride againe, and tempted
him more neare.

XLIX.

'Say and do all that may thereto pre-
vaile ;
Leave nought unpromist that may him
'perswade,
Life, freedome, grace, and gifts of great
availe,
With which the Gods themselves are
mylder made :
Thereto adde art, even womens witty
trade,
The art of mightie words that men can
charme ;
With which in case thou canst him not in-
vade,
Let him feele hardnesse of thy heavie
arme :
Who will not stoupe with good shall be
made stoupe with harme.

L.

'Some of his diet doe from him with-
draw,
For I him find to be too proudly fed :
Give him more labour, and with streighter
law,
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 upon him, for his greater dread,

Cold yron chaines with which let him be
tide;
And let what eyer he desires be him denide.

LI.

'When thou hast all this doen, then
bring me newes
Of his demeane: thenceforth not like a
lover,
But like a rebell stout, I will him use;
For I resolve this siege not to give over,
Till I the conquest of my will recover.'
So she departed full of grieffe and sdaine,
Which inly did to great impatience move
her:
But the false mayden shortly turn'd againe
Unto the prison, where her hart did thrall
remaine.

LII.

There all her subtil nets she did unfold,
And all the engins of her wit display;
In which she meant him warelesse to en-
fold,
And of his innocence to make her pray.
So cunningly she wrought her crafts assay,
That both her Ladie, and her selfe withall,
And eke the knight attonce she did betray;
But most the knight, whom she with guile-
full call
Did cast for to allure into her trap to fall.

LIII.

As a bad Nurse, which, fayning to re-
ceive
In her owne mouth the food ment for her
chylde,
Withholdes it to her selfe, and doeth de-
ceive
The infant, so for want of nourture spoyld;
Even so Clarinda her owne Dame beguyld,
And turn'd the trust which was in her
affyde,
To feeding of her private fire, which boyld
Her inward brest, and in her entrayles
fryde,
The more that she it sought to cover and
to hyde.

LIV.

For, comming to this knight, she pur-
pose fayned,
How earnest suit she earst for him had
made
Unto her Queene, his freedome to have
gayned,

But by no meanes could her thereto per-
swade;
But that instead thereof she sternely bade
His miserie to be augmented more,
And many yron bands on him to lade:
All which nathlesse she for his love for-
bore;
So praying him t' accept her service ever-
more.

LV.

And, more then that, she promist that
she would,
In case she might finde favour in his eye,
Devize how to enlarge him out of hould.
The Fayre, glad to gaine his libertie,
Can yeeld great thanks for such her
curtesie;
And with faire words, fit for the time and
place,
To feede the humour of her maladie,
Promist, if she would free him from that
case,
He wold, by all good means he might,
deserve such grace.

LVI.

So daily he faire semblant did her shew,
Yet never meant he in his noble mind
To his owne absent love to be untrew:
Ne never did deceitfull Clarin find
In her false hart his bondage to unbind,
But rather how she mote him faster tye.
Therefore unto her mistresse most unkind
She daily told her love he did defye;
And him she told her Dame his freedome
did denye.

LVII.

Yet thus much friendship she to him did
show,
That his scarce diet somewhat was
amended,
And his worke lessened, that his love mote
grow:
Yet to her Dame him still she discom-
mended,
That she with him mote be the more of-
fended.
Thus he long while in thraldome there re-
mayned,
Of both beloved well, but litle frended,
Untill his owne true love his freedome
gayned:
Which in an other Canto will be best con-
tayned.

CANTO VI.

Talus brings newes to Britomart
Of Artegals mishap:
She goes to seeke him, Dolon meetes,
Who seekes her to entrap.

I.

SOME men, I wote, will deeme in Arte-
gall
Great weaknesse, 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 adviz'd that he stand stedfast still;
For never yet was wight so well aware,
But he, at first or last, was trapt in womens
snare.

II.

Yet in the streightnesse of that captive
state
This gentle knight himselfe so well be-
haved,
That notwithstanding all the subtill bait
With which those Amazons his love still
craved,
To his owne love his loialtie he saved:
Whose character in th' Adamantine mould
Of his true hart so firmly was engraved,
That no new loves impression ever could
Bereave it thence: such blot his honour
blemish should.

III.

Yet his owne love, the noble Britomart,
Scarse so conceived in her jealous thought,
What time sad tydings of his balefull
smart
In womans bondage Talus to her brought;
Brought in untimely houre, ere it was
sought:
For, after that the utmost date assynde
For his returne she waited had for nought,
She gan to cast in her misdoubtfull mynde
A thousand feares, that love-sicke fancies
faine to fynde.

IV.

Sometime she feared least some hard
mishap
Had him misfalne in his adventurous
quest;
Sometime least his false foe did him entrap
In traytrous traine, or had unwares op-
prest;
But most she did her troubled mynd molest,

And secretly afflict with jealous feare,
Least some new love had him from her
possest:

Yet loth she was, since she no ill did
heare,

To thinke of him so ill; yet could she not
forbeare.

V.

One while she blam'd her selfe; another
whyle

She him condemn'd as trustlesse and un-
trew;

And then, her griefe with error to be-
guyle,

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
seeme more few;

Yet when she reckned them, still draw-
ing neare,

Each hour did seeme a moneth, and every
moneth a yeare.

VI.

But when as yet she saw him not re-
turne,

She thought to send some one to seeke
him out;

But none she found so fit to serve that
turne,

As her owne selfe, to ease her selfe of dout.
Now she deviz'd, amongst the warlike

roust
Of errant Knights, to seeke her errant
Knight;

And then againe resolv'd to hunt him out,
Amongst loose Ladies lapped in delight:

And then both Knights envie, and La-
dies eke did spight.

VII.

One day when as she long had sought
for ease

In every place, and every place thought
best,

Yet found no place that could her liking
please,

She to a window came that opened West,
Towards which coast her love his way ad-
drest:

There looking forth, shee in her heart did find
 Many vaine fancies working her unrest;
 And sent her winged thoughts, more swift
 then wind,
 To beare unto her love the message of her
 mind.

VIII.

There as she 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 love in-
 deede;
 Who when he nigh approcht, shee mote
 arede
 That it was Talus, Artegal his groomme:
 Whereat her heart was fild with hope and
 drede;
 Ne would she stay till he in place could
 come,
 But ran to meete him forth to know his
 tidings somme.

IX.

Even in the dore him meeting, she be-
 gun:
 'And where is he thy Lord, and how far
 hence?
 Declare at once: and hath he lost or
 wun?'
 The yron man, albe he wanted sence
 And sorrowes feeling, yet, with con-
 science
 Of his ill newes, did inly chill and
 quake,
 And stood still mute, as one in great sus-
 pence;
 As if that by his silence he would make
 Her rather reade his meaning then him
 selfe it spake.

X.

Till she againe thus sayd: 'Talus, be
 bold,
 And tell what ever it be, good or bad,
 That from thy tongue thy hearts intent
 doth hold.'
 To whom he thus at length: 'The tidings
 sad,
 That I would hide, will needs, I see, be
 rad.
 My Lord, your love, by hard mishap doth
 lie
 In wretched bondage, wofully bestad.'
 'Ay me,' (quoth she) 'what wicked des-
 tinie!
 And is he vanquisht by his tyrant enemy?'

XI.

'Not by that Tyrant, his intended foe,
 But by a Tyrannesse,' (he then replide)
 'That him captived hath in haplesse woe.'
 'Cease, thou bad newes-man! badly doest
 thou hide
 Thy maisters 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.

XII.

There she began to make her monefull
 plaint
 Against her Knight for being so untrew;
 And him to touch with falshoods fowle
 attaint,
 That all his other honour overthrew.
 Oft did she blame her selfe, and often rew,
 For yeelding to a straungers love so light,
 Whose life and manners straunge she
 never knew;
 And evermore she did him sharpely twight
 For breach of faith to her, which he had
 firmly plight.

XIII.

And then she in her wrathfull will did
 cast
 How to revenge that blot of honour blent,
 To fight with him, and goodly die her last:
 And then againe she did her selfe tor-
 ment,
 Inflicting on her selfe his punishment.
 A while she walkt, and chaufft; a while
 she threw
 Her selfe uppon her bed, and did lament:
 Yet did she not lament with loude alew,
 As women wont, but with deepe sighes
 and singults few.

XIV.

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 scratchling her, and her loose locks
 misusing,
 Now seeking darknesse, and now seek-
 ing light,
 Then craving sucke, and then the sucke
 refusing:

Such was this Ladies fit in her loves fond
accusing.

xv.

But when she had with such unquiet fits
Her selfe there close afflicted long in vaine,
Yet found no easement in her troubled
wits,

She unto Talus forth return'd againe,
By change of place seeking to ease her
paine;

And gan enquire of him with mylder mood
The certaine cause of Artegals detainie,
And what he did, and in what state he
stood,

And whether he did woo, or whether he
were woo'd?

xvi.

'Ah wellaway!' (sayd then the yron
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
undo.'

'Sayd I not then' (quoth shee), 'erwhile
aright,

That this is things compacte betwixt you
two,

Me to deceiue of faith unto me plight,
Since that he was not forst, nor overcome
in fight?'

xvii.

With that he gan at large to her dilate
The whole discourse of his captiuanee sad,
In sort as ye have heard the same of late:
All which when she with hard enduraunce
had

Heard to the end, she was right sore be-
stad,

With sodaine stounds of wrath and grieffe
attone;

Ne would abide, till she had aunswere
made,

But streight her selfe did dight, and armor
don,

And mounting to her steede bade Talus
guide her on.

xviii.

So forth she rode upon her ready
way,

To seeke her Knight, as Talus her did
guide.

Sadly she rode, and never word did say
Nor good nor bad, ne ever lookt aside,
But still right downe; and in her thought
did hide

The felnesse of her heart, right fully bent

To fierce avengement of that womans
pride,

Which had her Lord in her base prison
pent,

And so great honour with so fowle re-
proch had blent.

xix.

So as she thus melancholicke did ride,
Chawing the cud of grieffe and inward
paine,

She chaunst to meete, toward the even-
tide,

A Knight that softly paced 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 con-
straine,

As well by view of that his vestiment,
As by his modest semblant that no evill
ment.

xx.

He comming neare gan gently her sa-
lute

With curteous words, in the most comely
wize;

Who though desirous rather to rest mute,
Then termes to entertaine of common

guize,

Yet rather then she kindnesse would de-
spize,

She would her selfe displease, so him re-
quite.

Then gan she the other further to devize
Of things abroad, as next to hand did
light,

And many things demaund, to which she
answer'd light.

xxi.

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 gave none other place. Which when
as hee

By outward signes (as well he might) did
see,

He list no lenger to use lothfull speach,
But her besought to take it well in gree,

Sith shady dampe had dimd the heavens
reach,

To lodge with him that night, unles good
cause empeach.

xxii.

The Championesse, now seeing night at
dore,

Was glad to yeeld unto his good request,
And with him went without gaine-saying
more.

Not farre away, but little wide by West,
His dwelling was, to which he him ad-
drest:

Where soone arriving they received were
In seemly wise, as them besemed best;
For he, their host, them goodly well did
cheare,
And talk't of pleasant things the night
away to weare.

XXIII.

Thus passing th' evening well, till time
of rest,

Then Britomart unto a bowre was brought,
Where groomes awayted her to have un-
drest;

But she ne would undressed be for ought,
Ne doffe her armes, though he her much
besought:

For she had vow'd, she sayd, not to forgo
Those warlike weedes, till she revenge
had wrought

Of a late wrong upon a mortal foe;
Which she would sure performe, betide
her wele or wo.

XXIV.

Which when their Host perceiv'd, right
discontent

In minde he grew, for feare least by that
art

He should his purpose misse, which close
he ment:

Yet taking leave of her he did depart.
There all that night remained Britomart,

Restlesse, recomfortlesse, with heart deepe
grieved,

Nor suffering the least twinckling sleepe
to start

Into her eye, which th' heart mote have
relieved;

But if the least appear'd, her eyes she
streight reprieved:

XXV.

'Ye guilty eyes,' (sayd she) 'the which
with guyle

My heart at first betrayd, will ye betray
My life now too, for which a little whyle

Ye will not watch? false watches, wella-
way!

I wote when ye did watch both night and
day

Unto your losse; and now needes will ye
sleepe?

Now ye have made my heart to wake al-
way,

Now will ye sleepe? ah! wake, and rather
weepe

To thinke of your nights want, that
should yee waking keepe.'

XXVI.

Thus did she watch, and weare the
weary night

In wayfull plaints that none was to ap-
pease;

Now walking soft, now sitting still up-
right,

As sundry chaunge 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 treach-
erously.

XXVII.

What time the native Belman of the
night,

The bird that warn'd Peter of his fall,
First rings his silver Bell t' each sleepey

wight,
That should their mindes up to devotion
call,

She heard a wondrous noise below the
hall:

All sodainely 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 raysd againe, that no man
could it spie.

XXVIII.

With sight whereof she was dismayd
right sore,

Perceiving 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 event.
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, and shield
about her bound.

XXIX.

With that there came unto her chamber
dore

Two Knights all armed ready for to fight;
And after them full many other more,

A raskall rout, with weapons rudely dight:
Whom soone as Talus spide by gliims of
night,

He started up, there where on ground he lay,
 And in his hand his thresher ready keight.
 They seeing that let drive at him streight-
 way,
 And round about him preace in riotous
 aray.

xxx.

But, soone as he began to lay about
 With his rude yron flaille, they gan to flie,
 Both armed Knights and eke unarmed rout;
 Yet Talus after them apace did plie,
 Where ever in the darke he could them
 spie,
 That here and there like scattred sheepe
 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.

xxxI.

Wherewith though wondrous wroth,
 and inly burning,
 To be avenged for so fowle a deede,
 Yet being forst to abide the daies return-
 ing,
 She there remain'd: but with right wary
 heede,
 Least any more such practise should pro-
 ceede.
 Now mote ye know (that which to Brito-
 mart
 Unknowen was) whence all this did
 proceede;
 And for what cause so great mischievous
 smart
 Was ment to her that never evill ment in
 hart.

xxxII.

The good man of this house was Dolon
 hight;
 A man of subtile wit and wicked minde,
 That whilome in his youth had bene 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 slye shiftes and wiles did under-
 minde
 All noble Knights, which were adventur-
 ous,
 And many brought to shame by treason
 treacherous.

xxxIII.

He had three sonnes, all three like
 fathers sonnes,

Like treacherous, like full of fraud and
 guile,
 Of all that on this earthly compasse
 wounnes;
 The eldest of the which was slaine ere-
 while
 By Artegall, through his owne guilty wile:
 His name was Guizor; whose untimely fate
 For to avenge, full many treasons vile
 His father Dolon had deviz'd of late
 With these his wicked sons, and shewd
 his cankred hate.

xxxIV.

For sure he weend that this his present
 guest
 Was Artegall, by many tokens plaine;
 But chiefly by that yron page he ghest,
 Which still was wont with Artegall re-
 maine;
 And therefore ment him surely to have
 slaine:
 But by Gods grace, and her good heedi-
 nesse,
 She was preserved from their traytrous
 traine.
 Thus she all night wore out in watchful-
 nesse,
 Ne suffred slothfull sleepe her eyelids to
 oppresse.

xxxV.

The morrow next, so soone as dawning
 houre
 Discovered had the light to living eye,
 She forth yssew'd out of her loathed bowre,
 With full intent t' avenge that villany
 On that vilde 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,
 nether kond.

xxxVI.

She saw it vaine to make there lenger
 stay,
 But tooke her steede; and thereon mount-
 ing light
 Gan her addresse unto her former way.
 She had not rid the mountenance of a
 flight,
 But that she saw there present in her sight
 Those two false brethren on that perillous
 Bridge,
 On which Pollente with Artegall did fight.
 Streight was the passage, like a ploughed
 ridge,

That, if two met, the one mote needes fall
over the lidge.

XXXVII.

There they did thinke them selves on
her to wreake;
Who as she nigh unto them drew, the one
These vile reproches gan unto her speake:
'Thou recreant false traytor, that with
lone
Of armes 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 muredred by
thy slight.'

XXXVIII.

Strange were the words in Britomartis
eare,
Yet stayd she not for them, but forward
fared,
Till to the perillous Bridge she came; and
there
Talus desir'd that he might have prepared
The way to her, and those two losels
seared;
But she thereat was wroth, that for de-
spight
The glauncing sparkles through her bever
glared,
And from her eies did flash out fiery light,

Like coles that through a silver Censer
sparkle bright.

XXXIX.

She stayd not to advise which way to
take,
But putting spurres unto her fiery beast,
Thorough the midst of them she way did
make.
The one of them, which most her wrath
increast,
Uppon her speare she bore before her
breast,
Till to the Bridges further end she past;
Where falling downe his challenge he re-
least:
The other over side the Bridge she cast
Into the river, where he drunke his deadly
last.

XL.

As when the flashing Levin haps to light
Uppon two stubborne oakes, which stand
so neare
That way betwixt them none appears in
sight;
The Engin, fiercely flying forth, doth teare
Th' one from the earth, and through the
aire doth beare;
The other it with force doth overthrow
Uppon one side, and from his rootes doth
reare:
So did the Championesse those two there
strow,
And to their sire their carcasses left to
bestow.

CANTO VII.

Britomart comes to Isis Church,
Where shee strange visions sees:
She fights with Radigund, her slaies,
And Artegall thence frees.

I.

NOUGHT is on earth more sacred or
divine,
That Gods and men doe equally adore,
Then this same vertue that doth right
define:
For th' hevns themselves, whence mortal
men implore
Right in their wrongs, are rul'd by right-
eous lore
Of highest Jove, who doth true justice
deale
To his inferiour Gods, and evermore
Therewith containes his heavenly Com-
monweale:
The skill whereof to Princes hearts he
doth reveale.

II.

Well therefore did the antique world
invent
That Justice was a God of souveraine
grace,
And altars unto him and temples lent,
And heavenly honours in the highest place;
Calling him great Osyris, of the race
Of th' old Ægyptian Kings that whylome
were,
With fayned colours shading a true case;
For that Osyris, whilest he lived here,
The justest man alive and truest did ap-
peare.

III.

His wife was Isis; whom they likewise
made

A Goddess of great powre and soverainty,
 And in her person cunningly did shade
 That part of Justice which is Equity,
 Whereof I have to treat here presently:
 Unto whose temple when as Britomart
 Arrived, shee with great humility
 Did enter in, nee would that night depart;
 But Talus mote not be admitted to her
 part.

IV.

There she received was in goodly wize
 Of many Priests, which duely did attend
 Uppon the rites and daily sacrificize,
 All clad in linnen robes with silver hemd;
 And on their heads, with long locks 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
 justice runne.

V.

The Championesse them greeting, as she
 could,
 Was thence by them into the Temple led;
 Whose goodly building when she did be-
 hold,
 Borne uppon stately pillours, all dispreed
 With shining gold, and arched over hed,
 She wondred at the workemans passing
 skill,
 Whose like before she never saw nor red;
 And thereuppon long while stood gazing
 still,
 But thought that she thereon could never
 gaze her fill.

VI.

Thence forth unto the Idoll they her
 brought;
 The which was framed all of silver fine,
 So well as could with cunning hand be
 wrought,
 And clothed all in garments made of line,
 Hemd all about with fringe of silver
 twine:
 Uppon her head she wore a Crowne of
 gold;
 To shew that she had powre in things
 divine:
 And at her feete a Crocodile was rold,
 That with her wreathed taile her middle
 did enfold.

VII.

One foote was set uppon the Crocodile,
 And on the ground the other fast did
 stand;
 So meaning to suppress both forged guile

And open force: and in her other hand
 She stretched forth a long white scelder
 wand.

Such was the Goddess; whom when
 Britomart
 Had long beheld, her selfe uppon the
 land
 She did prostrate, and with right humble
 hart
 Unto her selfe her silent prayers did im-
 part.

VIII.

To which the Idoll, as it were inclining,
 Her wand did move with amiable looke,
 By outward shew her inward sence desin-
 ing;
 Who well perceiving how her wand she
 shooke,
 It as a token of good fortune tooke.
 By this the day with dampe was overcast,
 And joyous light the house of Jove for-
 sooke;
 Which when she saw her helmet she un-
 laste,
 And by the altars side her selfe to slum-
 ber plaste.

IX.

For other beds the Priests there used
 none,
 But on their mother Earths deare lap did
 lie,
 And bake their sides uppon the cold hard
 stone,
 T' enure them selves to sufferance
 thereby,
 And proud rebellious flesh to mortify:
 For by the vow of their religion,
 They tied were to stedfast chastity
 And continence of life, that, all forgon,
 They mote the better tend to their devo-
 tion.

X.

Therefore they mote not taste of fleshy
 food,
 Ne feed on ought the which doth bloud
 containe,
 Ne drinke of wine; for wine, they say, is
 blood,
 Even the bloud of Gyants, which were
 slaine
 By thundring Jove 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.

XI.

And of their vitall bloud, the which was
shed
Into her pregnant bosome, forth she
brought
The fruitfull vine; whose liquor bloudy
red,
Having the mindes of men with fury
fraught,
Mote in them stirre up old rebellious
thought
To make new warre against the Gods
again.

Such is the powre of that same fruit, that
nought
The fell contagion may thereof restraine,
Ne within reasons rule her madding mood
containe.

XII.

There did the warlike Maide her selfe
repose,
Under the wings of Isis all that night;
And with sweete rest her heavy eyes did
close,
After that long daies toile and weary
flight:
Where whilst her earthly parts with soft
delight
Of sencelesse sleepe did deeply drowned
lie,
There did appeare unto her heavenly
spright
A wondrous vision, which did close impie
The course of all her fortune and pos-
teritie.

XIII.

Her seem'd, as she was doing sacrifice
To Isis, deckt with Mitre on her hed
And linnen stole after those Priestes
guize,
All sodainely she saw transfigured
Her linnen stole to robe of scarlet red,
And Moone-like Mitre to a Crowne of
gold;
That even she her selfe much wondered
At such a change, and joyed to behold
Her selfe adorn'd with gems and jewels
manifold.

XIV.

And, in the midst of her felicity,
An hideous tempest seemed from below
To rise through all the Temple sodainely,
That from the Altar all about did blow
The holy fire, and all the embers strow
Upon the ground; which, kindled privily,
Into outrageous flames unwares did grow,
That all the Temple put in jeopardy
Of flaming, and her selfe in great per-
plexity.

XV.

With that the Crocodile, which sleeping
lay
Under the Idols feete in fearelesse bowre,
Seem'd to awake in horrible dismay,
As being troubled with that stormy
stowre;
And gaping greedy wide did streight
devoure
Both flames and tempest: with which
growen great,
And swolne with pride of his owne peere-
lesse powre,
He gan to threaten her likewise to eat,
But that the Goddesses with her rod him
backe did beat.

XVI.

The turning all his pride to humblesse
meeke,
Him selfe before her feete he lowly threw,
And gan for grace and love of her to seeke;
Which she accepting, he so neare her drew
That of his game she 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 fearefull
fright,
And doubtfully dismayd through that so
uncouth sight.

XVII.

So therenpon long while she musing
lay,
With thousand thoughts feeding her fan-
tasie,
Untill she spide the lampe of lightsome
day
Up-lifted in the porch of heaven hie:
Then up she rose fraught with melancholy,
And forth into the lower parts did pas,
Whereas the Priestes she found full busily
About their holy things for morrow Mas;
Whom she saluting faire, faire resaluted
was:

XVIII.

But by the change of her unchearefull
looke,
They might perceive she was not well in
plight,
Or that some pensiveness to heart she
tooke:
Therefore thus one of them, who seem'd
in sight
To be the greatest and the gravest wight,
To her bespake: 'Sir Knight, it seemes to
me
That, thorough evill rest of this last night,
Or ill apayd or much dismayd ye be;

That by your change of cheare is easie for
to see.'

XIX.

'Certes,' (sayd she) 'sith ye so well
have spide
The troublous passion of my pensive mind,
I will not seeke the same from you to hide;
But will my cares unfolde, in hope to find
Your aide 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 adjur'd best counsell to impart
To all that shall require my comfort in
their smart.'

XX.

Then gan she to declare the whole dis-
course
Of all that vision which to her appeard,
As well as to her minde it had recourse.
All which when he unto the end had heard,
Like to a weake faint-hearted man he
fared
Through great astonishment of that
strange sight;
And, with long locks up-standing, stiffly
stared
Like one adawed with some dreadfull
spright:
So, fild with heavenly fury, thus he her
behight.

XXI.

'Magnifিকে Virgin, that in queint dis-
guise
Of British armes doest maske thy royall
blood,
So to pursue a perillous emprize,
How couldst thou weene, through that dis-
guized hood,
To hide thy state from being understood?
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 love forlorne in womens
thraldome see.

XXII.

'The end whereof, and all the long
event,
They do to thee in this same dreame dis-
cover;
For that same Crocodile doth represent
The righteous Knight that is thy faithfull
lover,
Like to Osyris in all just endeavor:
For that same Crocodile Osyris is,
That under Isis feete doth sleepe for ever;
To shew that clemence oft, in things amis,

Restraines those sterne behests and cruell
doomes of his.

XXIII.

'That Knight shall all the troublous
stormes asswage
And raging flames, that many foes shall
reare
To hinder thee from the just heritage
Of thy sires Crowne, and from thy coun-
treys deare:
Then shalt thou take him to thy loved fere,
And joyne in equall portion of thy realme;
And afterwards a sonne to him shalt beare,
That Lion-like shall shew his powre ex-
treme.
So blesse thee God, and give thee joyance
of thy dreame!'

XXIV.

All which when she unto the end had
heard,
She much was eased in her troublous
thought,
And on those Priests bestowed rich re-
ward;
And royall gifts of gold and silver wrought
She for a present to their Goddesse
brought.
Then taking leave of them, she forward
went
To seeke her love, where he was to be
sought;
Ne rested till she came without relent
Unto the land of Amazons, as she was
bent.

XXV.

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 joyous glee,
As glad to heare of armes, the which now
she
Had long surceast, she bad to open bold,
That she the face of her new foe might
see:
But when they of that yron man had told,
Which late her folke had slaine, she bad
them forth to hold.

XXVI.

So there without the gate, (as seemed
best)
She caused her Pavillion 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
Upon their wall good watch and ward
did keepe.
The morrow next, so soone as dawning
light
Bad doe away the dampe of drouzie sleepe,
The warlike Amazon out of her bowre did
peepe.

XXVII.

And caused streight a Trumpet loud to
shrill
To warne her foe to battell soone be prest:
Who, long before awoke, (for she ful ill
Could sleepe all night, that in unquiet brest
Did closely harbour such a jealous guest)
Was to the battell whilome ready dight.
Eftsoones that warriouresse with haughty
crest
Did forth issue all ready for the fight:
On th' other side her foe appeared soone
in sight.

XXVIII.

But ere they reared hand the Amazone
Began the streight conditions to propound,
With which she used still to tye her fone,
To serve her so as she the rest had bound:
Which when the other heard, she sternly
frownd
For high disdain of such indignity,
And would no lenger treat, but bad them
sound;
For her no other termes should ever tie
Then what prescribed were by lawes of
chevalrie.

XXIX.

The Trumpets sound, and they together
run
With greedy rage, and with their faulchins
smot;
Ne either sought the others strokes to
shun,
But through great fury both their skill
forgot,
And practice use in armes; ne spared not
Their dainty parts, which nature had cre-
ated
So faire and tender without staine or spot
For other uses then they them translated;
Which they now hackt and hewd as if
such use they hated.

XXX.

As when a Tygre 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 stand;
To which the Lion strongly doth gainesay,

That she to hunt the beast first tooke in
hond;
And therefore ought it have where ever she
it foud.

XXXI.

Full fiercely layde the Amazon about,
And dealt her blowes unmercifully sore;
Which Britomart withstood with courage
stout,
And them repaide againe with double
more.
So long they fought, that all the grassie
flore
Was filld with blood which from their sides
did flow,
And gushed through their armes, that all
in gore
They trode, and on the ground their lives
did strow,
Like fruitles seede, of which untimely
death should grow.

XXXII.

At last proud Radigund, with fell de-
spight,
Having by chance espide advantage
neare,
Let drive at her with all her dreadfull
might,
And thus upbrayding said: 'This token
beare
Unto the man whom thou doest love so
deare;
And tell him for his sake thy life thou
gavest.'
Which spitefull words she, sore engriev'd
to heare,
Thus answer'd: 'Lewdly thou my love
depravest,
Who shortly must repent that now so
vainely bravest.'

XXXIII.

Nath'lesse that stroke so cruell passage
found,
That glauncing on her shoulder-plate it bit
Unto the bone, and made a griesly wound,
That she her shield, through raging smart
of it,
Could scarce uphold: yet soone she it re-
quit;
For, having force increast through furious
paine,
She her so rudely on the helmet smit
That it empierced to the very braine,
And her proud person low prostrated on
the plaine.

XXXIV.

Where being layd, the wrothfull Briton-
esse

Stayd not till she came to her selfe againe,
 But in revenge both of her loves distresse
 And her late vile reproch 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 sence bereft
 Fled fast into the towne, and her sole
 victor left.

XXXV.

But yet so fast they could not home re-
 trate,
 But that swift Talus did the formost win;
 And, pressing through the preace unto the
 gate,
 Pelmeil with them attonce did enter in.
 There then a piteous slaughter did begin;
 For all that ever came within his reach
 He with his yron flae did thresh so thin,
 That he no worke at all left for the leach:
 Like to an hideous storme, which nothing
 may empeach.

XXXVI.

And now by this the noble Conqueresse
 Her selfe came in, her glory to partake;
 Where, though revengfull vow she did
 professe,
 Yet when she saw the heapes which he did
 make
 Of slaughtred carkasses, her heart did
 quake
 For very ruth, which did it almost rive,
 That she his fury willed him to slake:
 For else he sure had left not one alive,
 But all, in his revenge, of spirite would
 deprive.

XXXVII.

Tho, when she had his execution stayd,
 She for that yron prison did enquire,
 In which her wretched love was captive
 layd:
 Which breaking open with indignant ire,
 She entred into all the partes entire:
 Where when she saw that lothly uncouth
 sight
 Of men disguiz'd in womanishe attire,
 Her heart gan grudge for very deepe
 despight
 Of so unmanly maske in misery misdight.

XXXVIII.

At last when as to her owne Love she
 came,
 Whom like disguise no lesse deformed had,

At sight thereof abasht with secrete shame
 She turnd her head aside, as nothing glad
 To have beheld a spectacle so bad;
 And then too well believ'd that which
 tofore
 Jealous suspect as true untruelly drad:
 Which vaine conceipt now nourishing no
 more,
 She sought with ruth to salve his sad mis-
 fortunes sore.

XXXIX.

Not so great wouder and astonishment
 Did the most chast Penelope possesse
 To see her Lord, that was reported drent
 And dead long since in dolorous distresse,
 Come home to her in piteous wretched-
 nesse,
 After long travell of full twenty yeares,
 That she knew not his favours likeliness,
 For many scarres and many hoary heares,
 But stood long staring on him mongst
 uncertaine feares.

XL.

' 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 hoastes to
 subdew?
 Could ought on earth so wondrous change
 have wrought,
 As to have robde you of that manly hew?
 Could so great courage stouped have to
 ought?
 Then, farewell fleshly force! I see thy
 pride is nought.'

XLI.

Thenceforth she streight into a bowre
 him brought,
 And causd him those uncomely weedes
 undight;
 And in their steede for other rayment
 sought,
 Whereof there was great store, and ar-
 mors bright,
 Which had bene reft from many a noble
 Knight,
 Whom that proud Amazon subdewed had,
 Whilset Fortune favoured her successe in
 fight:
 In which when as she him anew had clad,
 She was reviv'd, and joyd much in his
 semblance glad.

XLII.

So there a while they afterwards remained,
Him to refresh, and her late wounds to heale:
During which space she there as Princess rained,
And changing all that forme of common-weale
The liberty of women did repeale,
Which they had long usurpt: and, them restoring
To mens subjection, did true Justice deale,
That all they, as a Goddesses her adoring,
Her wisdom did admire, and hearkned to her loring.

XLIII.

For all those Knights, which long in captive shade
Had shrowded bene, she did from thraldome free,
And magistrats of all that city made,
And gave to them great living and large fee:
And that they should for ever faithfull bee,
Made them sweare fealty to Artegal;
Who when him selfe now well recur'd did see,
He purposd to proceed, what so befall,

Uppon his first adventure which him forth did call.

XLIV.

Full sad and sorrowfull was Britomart
For his departure, her new cause of griefe;
Yet wisely moderated her owne smart,
Seeing his honor, which she tendred chiefe,
Consisted much in that adventures priefe:
The care whereof, and hope of his successe,
Gave unto her great comfort and reliefe;
That womanish complaints she did re-
presse,
And tempred for the time her present heavinesse.

XLV.

There she continu'd for a certaine space,
Till through his want her woe did more increase:
Then hoping that the change of aire and place
Would change her paine, and sorrow somewhat ease,
She parted thence her anguish to appease.
Meane-while her noble Lord, sir Artegal,
Went on his way; ne ever howre did cease,
Till he redeemed had that Lady thrall:
That for another Canto will more fitly fall.

CANTO VIII.

Prince Arthure and Sir Artegal
Free Samient from feare:
They slay the Soudan, drive his wife
Adicia to despaire.

I.

NOUGHT under heaven so strongly doth allure
The sence of man, and all his minde possesse,
As beauties lovely baite, that doth procure
Great warriors oft their rigour to re-
presse,
And mighty hands forget their manlinesse;
Drawne with the powre of an heart-
robbing eye,
And wrapt in fetters of a golden tresse,
That can with melting pleasaunce mollifye
Their hardned hearts, enur'd to bloud and cruelty.

II.

So whylome learnd that mighty Jewish swaine,
Each of whose lockes did match a man in
might,
To lay his spoiles before his lemans traine:

So also did that great Oetean Knight
For his loves sake his Lions skin undight;
And so did warlike Antony neglect
The worlds whole rule for Cleopatras
sight.
Such wondrous powre hath wemens faire
aspect
To captive men, and make them all the
world reject.

III.

Yet could it not sterne Artegal retaine,
Nor hold from suite of his avowed quest,
Which he had undertaue to Gloriane;
But left his love, albe her strong request,
Faire Britomart in languor and unrest,
And rode him selfe uppon his first intent,
Ne day nor night did ever idly rest;
Ne wight but onely Talus with him
went,
The true guide of his way and vertuous
government.

IV.

So travelling, he chaunst far 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
 chast
 In hope to have her overhent at last:
 Yet fled she fast, and both them farre
 outwent,
 Carried with wings of feare, like fowle
 aghast,
 With locks all loose, and rayment all to-
 rent;
 And ever as she rode her eye was backe-
 ward bent.

V.

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 bene at bace,
 They being chased that did others chase.
 At length he saw the hindmost overtake
 One of those two, and force him turne his
 face;
 However loth he were his way to slake,
 Yet mote he algates now abide, and an-
 swere make.

VI.

But th' other still pursu'd the fearefull
 Mayd;
 Who still from him as fast away did fie,
 Ne once for ought her speedy passage
 stayd,
 Till that at length she did before her spie
 Sir Artegal, to whom she straight did hie
 With gladfull hast, in hope of him to get
 Succour against her greedy enemy:
 Who seeing her approach gan forward set
 To save her from her feare, and him from
 force to let.

VII.

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 quight have
 overwent.
 So both together, ylike felly bent,
 Like fiercely met. But Artegal was
 stronger,
 And better skild in Tilt and Turnament,
 And bore him quite out of his saddle,
 longer
 Then two speares length: So mischief
 overmatcht the wronger.

VIII.

And in his fall misfortune him mistooke;
 For on his head unhappily he pight,
 That his owne waight 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 leaving there in that dispiteous
 plight,
 He ran still on, thinking to follow fast
 His other fellow Pagan which before him
 past.

IX.

Instead of whom finding there ready
 prest
 Sir Artegal, 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 either strooke
 And broke their speares; yet neither has
 forgon
 His horses backe, yet to and fro long
 shooke
 And tottred, like two towres which
 through a tempest quooke.

X.

But, when againe they had recovered
 sence,
 They drew their swords, in mind to make
 amends
 For what their speares had fayld of their
 pretence:
 Which when the Damzell, who those
 deadly ends
 Of both her foes had seene, and now her
 frends
 For her beginning a more fearefull fray,
 She to them runnes in hast, and her haire
 rends,
 Crying to them their cruell hands to stay,
 Untill they both doe heare what she to
 them will say.

XI.

They stayd their hands, when she thus
 gan to speake:
 'Ah gentle Knights! what meane ye thus
 unwise
 Upon your selves anothers wrong to
 wreake?
 I am the wrong'd, whom ye did enter-
 prise
 Both to redresse, and both redrest like-
 wise:
 Witnesse the Paynims both, whom ye
 may see

There dead on ground. What doe ye then
 devise
 Of more revenge? if more, then I am
 shee
 Which was the roote of all: end your re-
 venge on mee.'

XII.

Whom when they heard so say, they
 lookt about
 To weete if it were true as she had told;
 Where when they saw their foes dead out
 of doubt,
 Eftsoones they gan their wrothfull hands
 to hold,
 And Ventailles reare each other to behold.
 Tho when as Artegall did Arthure vew,
 So faire a creature and so wondrous bold,
 He much admired both his heart and hew,
 And touched with intire affection nigh
 him drew;

XIII.

Saying, 'Sir Knight, of pardon I you
 pray,
 That all unweeting have you wrong'd
 thus sore,
 Suffring my hand against my heart to
 stray;
 Which if ye please forgive, I will there-
 fore
 Yeeld for amends my selfe yours ever-
 more,
 Or what so penaunce shall by you be red.'
 To whom the Prince: 'Certes me needeth
 more
 To crave the same; whom error so mis-
 led,
 As that I did mistake the living for the
 dead.

XIV.

'But, sith ye please that both our
 blames shall die,
 Amends may for the trespasse soone be
 made,
 Since neither is endamadg'd much there-
 by.'
 So can they both them selves full eath
 perswade
 To faire accordaunce, and both faults to
 shade,
 Either embracing other lovingly,
 And swearing faith to either on his blade,
 Never thenceforth to nourish enmity,
 But either others cause to maintaine
 mutually.

XV.

Then Artegall gan of the Prince en-
 quire,
 What were those knights which there on
 ground were layd,

And had receiv'd their follies worthy hire,
 And for what cause they chased so that
 Mayd?

'Certes I wote not well,' (the Prince then
 sayd)

'But by adventure found them faring so,
 As by the way unweetingly I strayd:

And lo! the Damzell selfe, whence all
 did grow,
 Of whom we may at will the whole occa-
 sion know.'

XVI.

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-be-
 gone,
 And for what cause pursu'd of them at-
 tone.

To whom she thus: 'Then wote ye well,
 that I

Doe serve a Queene that not far hence
 doth wone,

A Princesse of great powre and majestie,
 Famous through all the world, and hon-
 or'd far and nie.

XVII.

'Her name Mercilla most men use to
 call;

That is a mayden Queene of high renowne,
 For her great bounty knowen over all
 And souveraine grace, with which her roy-
 all crowne

She doth support, and strongly beateth
 downe

The malice of her foes, which her envy
 And at her happinesse do fret and frowne;
 Yet she her selfe the more doth magnify,
 And even to her foes her mercies multiply.

XVIII.

'Mongst many which maligne her happy
 state,

There is a mighty man, which wones
 hereby,

That with most fell despight and deadly
 hate

Seekes to subvert her Crowne and dignity,
 And all his powre doth thereunto apply:
 And her good Knights, of which so brave
 a band

Serves her as any Princesse under sky,
 He either spoiles, if they against him
 stand,

Or to his part allures, and bribeth under
 hand.

XIX.

'Ne him sufficeth all the wrong and ill,
Which he unto her people does each day;
But that he seeks by traytrous traines
to spill
Her person, and her sacred selfe to slay:
That, O ye Heavens, defend! and turne
away
From her unto the miscreant him selfe;
That neither hath religion nor fay,
But makes his God of his ungodly pelfe,
And Idols serves: so let his Idols serve
the Elfe!

XX.

'To all which cruell tyranny, they say,
He is provokt, and stird up 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 Justice, and against her still doth fight,
Working to all that love her deadly woe,
And making all her Knights and people
to doe so.

XXI.

'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 forepast displeasures to repeale.
So me in message unto her she sent,
To treat with her, by way of enterdeale,
Of final peace and faire attonement
Which might concluded be by mutuall
consent.

XXII.

'All times have wont safe passage to
afford
To messengers that come for causes just:
But this proude Dame, disdayning all ac-
cord,
Not onely into bitter termes forth Brust,
Reviling me and rayling as she lust,
But lastly, to make proofe of utmost
shame,
Me like a dog she out of dores did thrust,
Miscalling me by many a bitter name,
That never did her ill, ne once deserved
blame.

XXIII.

'And lastly, that no shame might want-
ing 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, thank't be God, and your good hardi-
ment,
They have 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 repayd.

XXIV.

But they now having throughly heard
and seene
Al those great wrongs, the which that
mayd complained
To have bene done against her Lady
Queene
By that proud dame which her so much
disdained,
Were moved much thereat; and twixt
them fained
With all their force to worke avengement
strong
Upon the Souldan selfe, which it mayn-
tained,
And on his Lady, th' author of that
wrong,
And upon all those Knights that did to
her belong.

XXV.

But, thinking best by counterfet dis-
guise
To their deseigne to make the easier
way,
They did this complot twixt them selves
devise:
First, that Sir Arte gall should him array
Like one of those two Knights which
dead there lay;
And then that Damzell, the sad Samient,
Should as his purchast prize with him
convay
Unto the Souldans court, her to present
Unto his scornfull Lady that for her had
sent.

XXVI.

So as they had deviz'd, Sir Arte gall
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,
She weened streight it was her Paynim
Knight,

Which brought that Damzell as his purchast pray;
And sent to him a Page that mote direct his way.

XXVII.

Who bringing them to their appointed place,
Offerd his service to disarm the Knight;
But he refusing him to let unlace,
For doubt to be discovered by his sight,
Kept himselfe still in his straunge armour
dight:
Soone after whom the Prince arrived there,
And sending to the Souldan in despight
A bold defiance, did of him requere
That Damsell whom he held as wrongfull
prisonere.

XXVIII.

Wherewith the Souldan all with furie
fraught,
Swearing and banning most blasphemously,
Commaunded straight his armour to be
brought;
And, mounting straight upon a charret
hye,
(With yron wheeles and hookes arm'd
dreadfully,
And drawne of cruell steedes which he
had fed
With flesh of men, whom through fell
tyranny
He slaughtered had, and ere they were
halfe ded
Their bodies to his beastes for provender
did sprd,)

XXIX.

So forth he came, all in a cote of plate
Barnisht with bloudie rust; whiles on the
greene
The Briton Prince him readie did awayte,
In glistering armes right goodly well-
beseene,
That shone as bright as doth the heaven
sheene:
And by his stirrup Talus did attend,
Playing his pages part, as he had bene
Before directed by his Lord; to th' end
He should his fale to final execution
bend.

XXX.

Thus goe they both together to their
geare,
With like fierce minds, but meanings dif-
ferent;
For the proud Souldan, with presumptuous
cheare
And countenance sublime and insolent

Sought onely slaughter and avengement;
But the brave Prince for honour and for
right,
Gainst tortious powre and lawlesse regi-
ment,

In the behalfe of wronged weake did
fight:
More in his causes truth he trusted then
in might.

XXXI.

Like to the Thracian Tyrant, who they
say
Unto his horses gave his guests for meat,
Till he himselfe was made their greedie
pray,
And torne in peeces by Alcides great;
So thought the Souldan, in his follies
threat,
Either the Prince in peeces to have torne
With his sharp wheeles, in his first rages
heat,
Or under his fierce horses feet have borne,
And trampled downe in dust his thoughts
disdained scorne.

XXXII.

But the bold child that perill well espy-
ing,
If he too rashly to his charet drew,
Gave way unto his horses speedie flying,
And their resistlesse rigour did eschew:
Yet, as he passed by, the Pagan threw
A shivering dart with so impetuous force,
That had he not it shun'd with heedfull
vew,
It had himselfe transfixed or his horse,
Or made them both one masse withouten
more remorse.

XXXIII.

Oft drew the Prince unto his charret
nigh,
In hope some stroke to fasten on him
neare,
But he was mounted in his seat so high,
And his wingfooted coursers him did beare
So fast away that, ere his readie speare
He could advance, he farre was gone and
past:
Yet still he him did follow every where,
And followed was of him likewise full
fast,
So long as in his steedes the flaming
breath did last.

XXXIV.

Againe the Pagan threw another dart,
Of which he had with him abundant store
On every side of his embatteld cart,
And of all other weapons lesse or more,

Which warlike uses had deviz'd of yore :
The wicked shaft, gyuded through th'
ayrie wyde
By some bad spirit that it to mischiefe
bore,
Stayd not, till through his curat it did
glyde,
And made a griesly wound in his euriven
side.

xxxv.

Much was he grieved with that haplesse
throë,
That opened had the welspring of his
blood ;
But much the more, that to his hatefull foe
He mote not come to wreake his wrathfull
mood :
That made him rave, like to a Lyon wood,
Which being wounded of the huntsmans
hand
Cannot come neare him in the covert wood,
Where he with boughes hath built his
shady stand,
And fenst himselfe about with many a
flaming brand.

xxxvi.

Still when he sought t' approach unto
him ny
His charret wheeles about him whirled
round,
And made him backe againe as fast to fly ;
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 re-
nound
For noble courage and for hardie race,
Durst not endure their sight, but fled from
place to place.

xxxvii.

Thus long they trast and traversed to and
fro,
Seeking by every way to make some
breach ;
Yet could the Prince not nigh unto him
goe,
That one sure stroke he might unto him
reach,
Whereby his strengthes assay he might
him teach.
At last from his victorious shield he drew
The vaile, which did his powrefull light
empeach,
And comming full before his horses vew,
As they upon him prest, it plaine to them
did shew.

xxxviii.

Like lightening flash that hath the gazer
burned,
So did the sight thereof their sense dismay,
That backe againe upon themselves they
turned,
And with their ryder ranne perforce away :
Ne could the Souldan them from flying
stay
With raynes or wonted rule, as well he
knew :
Nought feared they what he could do or
say,
But th' onely feare that was before their
vew,
From which like mazed deare dismayfully
they flew.

xxxix.

Fast did they fly as them their feete
could beare
High over hilles, and lowly over dales,
As they were follow'd of their former
feare.
In vaine the Pagan bannes, and swears,
and rayles,
And backe with both his hands unto him
hayles
The resty raynes, regarded now no more :
He to them calles and speakes, yet nought
awayles ;
They heare him not, they have forgot his
lore,
But go which way they list, their guide
they have forlore.

xl.

As when the frie-mouthed steedes,
which drew
The Sunnes bright wayne to Phaëtons
decay,
Soone as they did the monstrous Scorpion
vew
With ugly craples crawling in their way,
The dreadfull sight did them so sore affray,
That their well-knownen courses they for-
went ;
And, leading th' ever-burning lampe
astray,
This lower world nigh all to ashes brent,
And left their scorched path yet in the
firmament.

xli.

Such was the furie of these head-strong
steeds,
Soone as the infants sunlike shield they
saw,
That all obedience both to words and
deeds
They quite forgot, and scornd all former
law :

Through woods, and rocks, and moun-
tains they did draw
The yron charet, and the wheelles 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 nould his
crying heare.

XLII.

Yet still the Prince pursew'd him close
behind,
Off making offer him to smite, but found
No easie meanes according to his mind:
At last they have all overthrowne to
ground
Quite topside turvey, and the Pagan
bound
Amongst the yron hookes and grapes
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 upon
the greene.

XLIII.

Like as the cursed son of Thesëus,
That following his chace in dewy morne,
To fly his stepdames loves outrageous,
Of his owne steedes was all to peeces
torne,
And his faire limbs left in the woods for-
lorne;
That for his sake Diana did lament,
And all the woody Nymphes did wayle
and mourne.
So was this Souldan rapt and all to-rent,
That of his shape appear'd no litle moni-
ment.

XLIIY.

Onely his shield and armour, which
there lay,
Though nothing whole, but all to-brusd
and broken,
He up did take, and with him brought
away,
That mote remaine for an eternall token
To all mongst whom this storie should be
spoken,
How worthily, by heavens high decree,
Justice that day of wrong her selfe had
wroken;
That all men, which that spectacle did
see,
By like ensample mote for ever warned
bee.

XLV. ♣

So on a tree before the Tyrants dore
He caused them be hung in all mens
sight,
To be a moniment for evermore.
Which when his Ladie from the castles
hight
Beheld, it much appald her troubled
spright:
Yet not, as women wont, in dolefull fit
She was dismayd, or faynted through
affright,
But gathered unto her her troubled wit,
And gan eftsoones devize to be aveng'd
for it.

XLVI.

Streight downe she ranne, like an en-
raged cow
That is berobbed of her youngling dere,
With knife in hand, and fatally did
vow
To wreake her on that mayden messen-
gere,
Whom she had causd be kept as prisonere
By Arte gall, 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 revenge and furious de-
spight.

XLVII.

Like raging Ino, when with knife in
hand
She threw her husbands murdred infant
out;
Or fell Medea, when on Colchieke 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 neither Ino, nor Medea stout,
Nor all the Mœnades so furious were,
As this bold woman when she saw that
Danzell there.

XLVIII.

But Arte gall, being thereof aware,
Did stay her cruell hand ere she her
raught;
And, as she did her selfe to strike pre-
pare,
Out of her fist the wicked weapon caught:
With that, like one enfelon'd or dis-
traught,
She forth did rome whether her rage her
bore,
With frantiecke passion and with furie
fraught;

And, breaking forth out at a posterne
dore,
Unto the wyld wood ranne, her dolours to
deplane.

XLIX.

As a mad bytch, when as the franticke
fit
Her burning tongue with rage inflamed
hath,
Doth runne at randon, and with furious
bit
Snatching at every thing doth wreake her
wrath
On man and beast that commeth in her
path.
There they doe say that she transformed
was
Into a Tygre, and that Tygres seath
In crueltie and outrage she did pas,
To prove her surname true, that she im-
posed has.

L.

Then Artegal, himselfe discovering
plaine,
Did issue forth gainst all that warlike
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 wyld Goates them chaced all
about,
Flying from place to place with cowheard
shame;
So that with finall force them all he over-
came.

LI.

Then caused he the gates be opened
wyde;
And there the Prince, as victour of that
day,
With tryumph entertayn'd and glorifyde,
Presenting him with all the rich array
And roiall pompe, which there long hid-
den lay,
Purchast through lawlesse powre and tor-
tious wrong
Of that proud Souldan whom he earst did
slay.
So both, for rest, there having stayd not
long,
Marcht with that mayd; fit matter for
another song.

CANTO IX.

Arthur and Artegal catch Guyle,
Whom Talus doth dismay:
They to Mercillaes pallace come,
And see her rich array.

I.

WHAT Tygre, or what other salvage
wight,
Is so exceeding furious and fell
As wrong, when it hath arm'd it selfe
with might?
Not fit mongst men that doe with reason
mell,
But mongst wyld beasts, and salvage
woods, to dwell;
Where still the stronger doth the weake
devoure,
And they that most in boldnesse doe ex-
cell
Are dreaded most, and feared for their
powre;
Fit for Adicia there to build her wicked
bowre.

II.

There let her wonne, farre from resort
of men,
Where righteous Artegal her late exyled;
There let her ever keepe her damned
den,

Where none may be with her lewd parts
defyled,
Nor none but beasts may be of her de-
spoyled;
And turne we to the noble Prince, where
late
We did him leave, after that he had foyled
The cruell Souldan, and with dreadfull
fate
Had utterly subverted his unrighteous
state.

III.

Where having with Sir Artegal a space
Well solast in that Souldans late delight,
They both, resolving now to leave the
place,
Both it and all the wealth therein behight
Unto that Danzell in her Ladies right,
And so would have departed on their way;
But she them woo'd, by all the meanes she
might,
And earnestly besought to wend that day
With her, to see her Ladie thence not
farre away.

IV.

By whose entreatie both they overcome
 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 straunge adventure, which not farre
 thence lay;
 To weet, a wicked villaine, bold and stout,
 Which wonned in a rocke not farre away,
 That robbed all the cuntrye there about,
 And brought the pillage home, whence
 none could get it out.

V.

Thereto both his owne wylie wit, (she
 sayd)
 And eke the fastnesse of his dwelling
 place,
 But unassaylable, gave him great ayde:
 For he so crafty was to forge and face,
 So light of hand, and nymble of his pace,
 So smooth of tongue, and subtile in his
 tale,
 That could deceive one looking in his face:
 Therefore by name Malengin they him
 call,
 Well known by his feates, and famous
 overall.

VI.

Through these his slights he many doth
 confound:
 And eke the rocke, in which he wents to
 dwell,
 Is wondrous strong and hewen farre under
 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 wyndings is
 And hidden wayes, that scarse an hound
 by smell
 Can follow out those false footsteps of
 his,
 Ne none can backe returne that once are
 gone amis.

VII.

Which when those knights had heard,
 their harts gan earne
 To understand that villeins dwelling place,
 And greatly it desir'd of her to learne,
 And by which way they towards it should
 trace.
 'Were not' (sayd she) 'that it should let
 your pace
 Towards my Ladies presence, by you
 ment,
 I would you gyude directly to the place.'

'Then let not that' (said they) 'stay your
 intent;
 For neither will one foot, till we that carle
 have hent.'

VIII.

So forth they past, till they approached
 ny
 Unto the rocke where was the villains
 won:
 Which when the Damzell neare at hand
 did spy,
 She warn'd the knights thereof; who
 thereupon
 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 uprore,
 As if she did some great calamitie deplore.

IX.

With noyse whereof when as the caytive
 carle
 Should issue forth, in hope to find some
 spoyle,
 They in awayt would closely him ensnarle,
 Ere to his den he backward could recoyle,
 And so would hope him easily to foyle.
 The Damzell straight went, as she was
 directed,
 Unto the rocke; and there, upon the soyle
 Having her selfe in wretched wize ab-
 jected,
 Gan weepe and wayle, as if great grieve
 had her affected.

X.

The cry whereof entring the hollow cave
 Eftsoones brought forth the villaine, as
 they ment,
 With hope of her some wishfull boot to
 have.
 Full dreadfull wight he was as ever went
 Upon the earth, with hollow eyes deepe
 pent,
 And long curld locks that downe his
 shoulders shagged;
 And on his backe an uncouth vestiment
 Made of straunge stuffe, but all to-worne
 and ragged,
 And underneath, his breech was all to-
 torne and jagged.

XI.

And in his hand an huge long staffe he
 held,
 Whose top was arm'd with many an yron
 hooke,
 Fit to catch hold of all that he could weld,
 Or in the compasse of his clouches tooke;
 And ever round about he cast his looke:

Als at his backe a great wyde net he bore,
With which he seldome fished at the
brooke,
But usd to fish for fooles on the dry shore,
Of which he in faire weather wont to take
great store.

XII.

Him when the damzell saw fast by her
side,
So ugly creature, she was nigh dismayd,
And now for helpe aloud in earnest cride:
But when the villaine saw her so affrayd,
He gan with guilefull words her to per-
swade
To banish feare; and, with Sardonian
smyle
Laughing on her, his false intent to shade,
Gan forth to lay his bayte her to beguyle,
That from her self unwares he might her
steale the whyle.

XIII.

Like as the fouler on his guilefull pype
Charmes to the birds full many a pleasant
lay,
That they the whiles may take lesse heedie
keepe
How he his nets doth for their ruine lay:
So did the villaine to her prate and play,
And many pleasant trickes before her
show,
To turne her eyes from his intent away;
For he in slights and jugling feates did
flow,
And of legierdemayne the mysteries did
know.

XIV.

To which whilest she lent her intentive
mind,
He suddenly his net upon her threw,
That oversprad her like a puffe of wind;
And snatching her soone up, ere well she
knew,
Ran with her fast away unto his mew,
Crying for helpe aloud: But when as ny
He came unto his cave, and there did vew
The armed knights stopping his passage
by,
He threw his burden downe, and fast
away did fly.

XV.

But Artegal him after did pursew,
The whiles the Prince there kept the
entrance still.
Up to the rocke he ran, and thereon
flew
Like a wyld Gote, leaping from hill to hill,
And dauncing on the craggy cliffes at will:

That deadly daunger seem'd in all mens
sight
To tempt such steps, where footing was so
ill;
Ne ought avayled for the armed knight
To thinke to follow him that was so swift
and light.

XVI.

Which when he saw, his yron man he
sent
To follow him; for he was swift in chace.
He him pursewd where ever that he went;
Both over rockes, and hilles, and every
place
Where so he fled, he followd him apace;
So that he shortly forst him to forsake
The hight, and downe descend unto the
base:
There he him courst a-fresh, and soone
did make
To leave his proper forme, and other shape
to take.

XVII.

Into a Foxe himselfe he first did tourne;
But he him hunted like a Foxe full fast:
Then to a bush himselfe he did transforme;
But he the bush did beat, till that at last
Into a bird it chaung'd, and from him
past,
Flying from tree to tree, from wand to
wand;
But he then stoncs at it so long did cast,
That like a stone it fell upon the land;
But he then tooke it up, and held fast in
his hand.

XVIII.

So he it brought with him unto the
knights,
And to his Lord Sir Artegal it lent,
Warning him hold it fast for feare of
slights:
Who whilest in hand it gryping hard he
hent,
Into a Hedgehogge all unwares it went,
And prickt him so that he away it threw:
Then ganne it runne away incontinent,
Being returned to his former hew;
But Talus soone him overtooke, and back-
ward drew.

XIX.

But, when as he would to a snake againe
Have turn'd himselfe, he with his yron
flayle
Gan drive at him with so huge might and
maine,
That all his bones as small as sandy grayle
He broke, and did his bowels disentrayne,
Crying in vaine for helpe, when helpe was
past:

So did deceipt the selfe-deceiver fayle.
There they him left a carrion outcast
For beasts and foules to feede upon for
their repast.

xx.

Thence forth they passed with that gentle
Mayd
To see her Ladie, as they did agree;
To which when she approched, thus she
said:

'Loe! now, right noble knights, arriv'd
ye bee

Nigh to the place which ye desir'd to see:
There shall ye see my soverayne Lady
Queene,

Most sacred wight, most debonayre and
free,

That ever yet upon this earth was seene,
Or that with Diademe hath ever crowned
beene.'

xxi.

The gentle knights rejoyced much to
heare

The prayses of that Prince so manifold;
And, passing litle further, commen were
Where they a stately pallace did behold
Of pompous show, much more then she
had told;

With many towres, and tarras mounted
hye,

And all their tops bright glistening with
gold,

That seemed to outshine the dimmed skye,
And with their brightnesse daz'd the
straunge beholders eye.

xxii.

There they alighting by that damzell
were

Directed in, and shewed all the sight;
Whose porch, that most magnificke did
appeare,

Stood open wyde to all men day and
night;

Yet warded well by one of mickle might
That sate thereby, with gyantlike resem-
blance,

To keepe out guyle, and malice, and de-
spight,

That under shew oftymes of fayned sem-
blance

Are wont in Princes courts to worke great
seath and hindrance:

xxiii.

His name was Awe; by whom they
passing in

Went up the hall, that was a large wyde
roome,

All full of people making troublous diu

And wondrous noyse, as if that there were
some

Which unto them was dealing righteous
doome:

By whom they passing through the thickest
preasse,

The marshall of the hall to them did come,
His name hight Order; who, commaund-
ing peace,

Them gydyed through the throng, that
did their clamors cease.

xxiv.

They ceast their clamors upon them to
gaze:

Whom seeing all in armour bright as
day,

Straunge there to see, it did them much
amaze,

And with unwonted terror halfe affray,
For never saw they there the like array;

Ne ever was the name of warre there
spoken,

But joyous peace and quietnesse alway
Dealing just judgements, that mote not be
broken

For any brybes, or threates of any to be
wroken.

xxv.

There, as they entred at the Seriene,
they saw

Some one whose tongue was for his tres-
passe vyle

Nayld to a post, adjudged so by law;
For that therewith he falsely did revyle

And foule blaspheme that Queene for
forged guyle,

Both with bold speaches which he blazed
had

And with lewd poems which he did com-
pyle;

For the bold title of a poet bad
He on himselfe had ta'en, and rayling
rymes had sprad.

xxvi.

Thus there he stood, whylest high over
his head

There written was the purport of his
sin,

In cyphers strange, that few could rightly
read,

Bon Font; but *Bon*, that once had writ-
ten bin,

Was raced out, and *Mal* was now put in:
So now *Malfont* was plainly to be red,

Eyther for th' evill which he did therein,
Or that he likened was to a welhed

Of evill words, and wicked sclaunders by
him shed.

XXVII.

They, passing by, were gyuded by de-
gree
Unto the presence of that gracious
Queene;
Who sate on high, that she might all men
see
And might of all men royally be seene,
Upon a throne of gold full bright and
sheene,
Adorned all with gemmes of endlesse
price,
As either might for wealth have gotten
bene,
Or could be fram'd by workmans rare
device;
And all embost with Lyons and with
Flourdelice.

XXVIII.

All over her a cloth of state was spred,
Not of rich tisew, nor of cloth of gold,
Nor of ought else that may be richest
red,
But like a cloud, as likest may be told,
That her brode-spreading wings did wyde
unfold;
Whose skirts were bordred with bright
sunny beames,
Glistring like gold amongst the plights
enroll,
And here and there shooting forth silver
streames,
Mongst which crept litle Angels through
the glittering gleames.

XXIX.

Seemed those litle Angels did uphold
The cloth of state, and on their purpled
wings
Did beare the pendants through their nim-
blesse bold:
Besides, a thousand more of such as sings
Hymns to high God, and carols heavenly
things,
Encompassed the throne on which she
sate, —
She, Angel-like, the heyre of ancient kings
And mightie Conquerors, in royall state,
Whylest kings and kersars at her feet did
them prostrate.

XXX.

Thus she did sit in soverayne Majestie,
Holding a Scepter in her royall hand,
The sacred pledge of peace and clemencie,
With which high God had blest her happie
land,
Maugre so many foes which did with-
stand:

But at her feet her sword was likewise
layde,
Whose long rest rusted the bright steely
brand;
Yet when as foes enforst, or friends sought
ayde,
She could it sternely draw, that all the
world dismayde.

XXXI.

And round about before her feet there
sate
A bevie of faire Virgins clad in white,
That goodly seem'd t' adorne her royall
state;
All lovely daughters of high Jove, that
hight
Litæ, by him begot in loves delight
Upon the righteous Themis; those, they
say,
Upon Joves judgement-seat wayt day and
night;
And, when in wrath he threatens the worlds
decay,
They doe his anger calme, and cruell ven-
geance stay.

XXXII.

They also doe, by his divine permission,
Upon the thrones of mortall Princes tend,
And often treat for pardon and remission
To suppliants, through frayltie which
offend:
Those did upon Mercillaes throne attend,
Just Dice, wise Eunomie, myld Eirene;
And them amongst, her glorie to commend,
Sate goodly Temperance in garments
clene,
And sacred Reverence yborne of heavenly
strene.

XXXIII.

Thus did she sit in royall rich estate,
Admyr'd of many, honoured of all;
Whylest underneath her feete, there as
she sate,
An huge great Lyon lay, that mote appall
An hardie courage, like captived thrall
With a strong yron chaine and collar
bound,
That once he could not move, nor quich
at all;
Yet did he murmure with rebellious
sound,
And softly royne, when salvage choler
gan redound.

XXXIV.

So sitting high in dreaded soverayntie,
Those two strange knights were to her
presence brought;

Who, bowing low before her Majestie,
Did to her myld obeysauce, as they ought,
And meekest boone 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 majestie imperiall.

xxxv.

As the bright sunne, what time his
ferie teme

Towards the westernne brim begins to draw,
Gins to abate the brightnesse of his beme,
And fervour of his flames somewhat adaw
So did this mightie Ladie, when she saw
Those two strange knights such homage
to her make,

Bate somewhat of that Majestie and awe
That whylome wont to doe so many quake,
And with more myld aspect those two to
entertake.

xxxvi.

Now at that instant, as occasion fell,
When these two stranger knights arriv'd
in place,

She was about affaires of common-wele,
Dealing with Justice 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 weightie case,
Which on both sides was then debating
hard;

But at the sight of these those were
awhile debard.

xxxvii.

But, after all her princely entertayne,
To th' hearing of that former cause in
hand

Her selfe eftsoones she gan convert
again:

Which that those knights likewise mote
understand,

And witnesseth forth aright in forrain land,
Taking them up unto her stately throne,
Where they mote heare the matter
thoroughly scand

On either part, she placed th' one on th'
one,

The other on the other side, and neare
them none.

xxxviii.

Then was there brought, as prisoner to
the barre,

A Ladie of great countenance and place,
But that she it with foule abuse did marre;
Yet did appeare rare beautie 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 unto her
allure.

xxxix.

Then up arose a person of deepe reach,
And rare in-sight hard matters to revele;
That well could charme his tongue, and
time his speach

To all assayes; his name was called Zele.
He gan that Ladie strongly to appele
Of many haynous crymes by her enured;
And with sharp reasons rang her such a
pele,

That those, whom she to pitie had allured,
He now t' abhorre and loath her person
had procured.

xl.

First gan he tell how this, that seem'd
so faire

And royally arayd, Duessa hight;
That false Duessa, which had wrought
great care

And mickle mischief unto many a knight,
By her beguyled and confounded quight:
But not for those she now in question
came,

Though also those mote question'd be
aright,

But for vyld treasons and outrageous
shame,

Which she against the dred Mercilla oft
did frame.

xli.

For she whylome (as ye mote yet right
well

Remember) had her counsels false con-
spyred

With faithlesse Blandamour and Paridell,
(Both two her paramours, both by her
hyred,

And both with hope of shadowes vaine
inspyred)

And with them practiz'd, how for to de-
pryve

Mercilla of her crowne, by her aspyred,
That she might it unto her selfe deryve,
And tryumph in their blood whom she to
death did dryve.

xlii.

But through high heavens grace, which
favour not

The wicked driftes of trayterous desynes
Gainst loiall Princes, all this cursed plot,
Ere prooffe it tooke, discovered was be-
tymes,

And th' actours won the meede meet for
their crymes.

Such be the meede of all that by such
mene

Unto the type of kingdomes title clymes!
But false Duessa, now untitled Queene,
Was brought to her sad doome, as here
was to be seene.

XLIII.

Strongly did Zele her haynous fact en-
force,

And many other crimes of foule defame
Against her brought, to banish all remorse,
And aggravate the horror of her blame:

And with him, to make part against her,
came

Many grave persons that against her pled.
First was a sage old Syre, that had to
name

The Kingdomes Care, with a white silver
hed,

That many high regards and reasons
gainst her red.

XLIV.

Then gan Authority her to appose
With peremptorie 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 publicke
cause;

And lastly Justice charged her with
breach of lawes.

XLV.

But then, for her, on the contrarie part,
Rose many advocates for her to plead:
First there came Pittie with full tender
hart,

And with her joynd Regard of woman-
head;

And then came Daunger, threatning hid-
den dread

And high alliance unto forren powre;
Then came Nobilitie of birth, that bread
Great ruth through her misfortunes trag-
icke stowre;

And lastly Griefe did plead, and many
teares forth powre.

XLVI.

With the neare touch whereof in tender
hart

The Briton Prince was sore empassionate,
And woxe inclined much unto her part,
Through the sad terror of so dreadfull
fate,

And wretched ruine of so high estate;
That for great ruth his courage gan re-
lent:

Which when as Zele perceived to abate,
He gan his earnest fervour to augment,
And many fearefull objects to them to
present.

XLVII.

He gan t' efforce the evidence anew,
And new accusations to produce in place:
He brought forth that old hag of hellish
hew,

The cursed Atè, brought her face to face,
Who privie was and partie in the case:
She, glad of spoyle and ruinous decay,
Did her appeach; and, to her more dis-
grace,

The plot of all her practise did display,
And all her traynes and all her treasons
forth did lay.

XLVIII.

Then brought he forth with griesly grim
aspect

Abhorred Murder, who, with bloudie
knyfe

Yet dropping fresh in hand, did her de-
tect,

And there with guiltie bloudshed charged
ryfe:

Then brought he forth Sedition, breeding
stryfe

In troublous wits, and mutinous uprore:
Then brought he forth Incontinence of
lyfe,

Even foule Adulterie her face before,
And lewd Impietie, that her accused sore.

XLIX.

All of which when as the Prince had
heard and seene,

His former fancies ruth he gan repent,
And from her partie eftsoones was drawen
cleene:

But Artegal, with constant firme intent
For zeale of Justice, was against her
bent:

So was shee the guiltie deemed of them all.
Then Zele began to urge her punish-
ment,

And to their Queene for judgement loudly
call,
Unto Mercilla myld, for Justice gainst the
thrall.

L.

But she, whose Princely brest was
touched nere
With piteous ruth of her so wretched
plight,
Though plaine she saw, by all that she did
heare,

That she of death was guiltie found by
right,
Yet would not let just vengeance on her
light ;
But rather let, instead thereof, to fall
Few perling drops from her faire lampes
of light ;
The which she covering with her purple
pall
Would have the passion hid, and up arose
withall.

CANTO X.

Prince Arthur takes the enterprize
For Belgee for to fight:
Gerloneos Seneschall
He slayes in Belges right.

I.

SOME Clarkes doe doubt in their device-
full art
Whether this heavenly thing whereof I
treat,
To weeten Mercie, be of Justice part,
Or drawe forth from her by divine ex-
treate :
This well I wote, that sure she is as great,
And meriteth to have as high a place,
Sith in th' Almightyes everlasting seat
She first was bred, and borne of heavenly
race,
From thence pour'd down on men by in-
fluence of grace.

II.

For if that Vertue be of so great might
Which from just verdict will for nothing
start,
But to preserve inviolated right
Oft spillen the principall to save the part ;
So much more, then, is that of powre and
art
That seekes to save the subject of her skill,
Yet never doth from doome of right depart,
As it is greater prayse to save then spill,
And better to reforme then to cut off the
ill.

III.

Who then can thee, Mercilla, throughly
prayse,
That herein doest all earthly Princes pas ?
What heavenly Muse shall thy great hon-
our rayse
Up to the skies, whence first deriv'd it was,
And now on earth it selfe enlarged has
From th' utmost brinke of the Armericke
shore
Unto the margent of the Molucas ?

Those Nations farre thy justice doe adore ;
But thine owne people do thy mercy prayse
much more.

IV.

Much more it praysed was of those two
knights,
The noble Prince and righteous Artegall,
When they had seene and heard her doome
a-rights
Against Duessa, damned by them all ;
But by her tempred without grieffe or gall,
Till strong constraint did her thereto en-
force :
And yet even then ruing her wilfull fall
With more then needfull naturall remorse,
And yeelding the last honour to her
wretched corse.

V.

During all which, those knights con-
tinu'd there
Both doing and receiving curtesies
Of that great Ladie, who with goodly
chere
Them entertayn'd, fit for their dignities,
Approving dayly to their noble eyes
Royall examples of her mercies rare
And worthie paterns of her clemencies ;
Which till this day mongst many living
are,
Who them to their posterities doe still de-
clare.

VI.

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 seeke for succour of her and her Peares,

With humble prayers and intreatfull
teares;
Sent by their mother, who, a widow, was
Wrapt in great dolours and in deadly
feares
By a strong Tyrant, who invaded has
Her land, and slaine her children ruefully,
alas!

VII.

Her name was Belgæ; who in former age
A Ladie of great worth and wealth had
beene,
And mother of a frutefull heritage,
Even seventeene goodly sonnes; which
who had seene
In their first flowre, before this fatall teene
Them overtooke and their faire blossomes
blasted,
More happie mother would her surely
weene
Then famous Niobe, before she tasted
Latonaes childrens wrath that all her issue
wasted.

VIII.

But this fell Tyrant, through his tortious
powre,
Had left her now but five of all that brood:
For twelve of them he did by times de-
voure.
And to his Idols sacrifice their blood,
Whylest he of none was stopped nor with-
stood:
For soothly he was one of matchlesse
might,
Of horrible aspect and dreadfull mood,
And had three bodies in one wast empight,
And th' armes and legs of three to succour
him in fight.

IX.

And sooth they say that he was borne
and bred
Of Gyants race, the sonne of Geryon;
He that whylome in Spaine so sore was
dred
For his huge powre and great oppression,
Which brought that land to his subjection,
Through his three bodies powre in one
combynd;
And eke all strangers, in that region
Arryving, to his kyne for food assynd;
The fayrest kyne alive, but of the fiercest
kynd:

X.

For they were all, they say, of purple
hew,
Kept by a cowheard, hight Eurytion,
A cruell carle, the which all strangers slew,
Ne day nor night did sleepe t' attend them
on,

But walkt about them ever and anone
With his two-headed dogge that Orthrus
hight;
Orthrus begotten by great Typhaon
And foule Echidna in the house of night:
But Hercules them all did overcome in
fight.

XI.

His sonne was this Geryoneo hight;
Who, after that his monstrous father fell
Under Alcides club, streight tooke his flight
From that sad land where his syre did
quell,
And came to this, where Belgè then did
dwell
And flourish in all wealth and happinesse,
Being then new made widow (as befell)
After her Noble husbands late decesse;
Which gave beginning to her woe and
wretchednesse.

XII.

Then this bold Tyrant, of her widowed
Taking advantage, and her yet fresh woes,
Himselfe and service to her offered,
Her to defend against all forrein foes
That should their powre against her right
oppose:
Whereof she glad, now needing strong de-
fence,
Him entertayn'd and did her champion
chose;
Which long he usd with carefull diligence,
The better to confirme her fearelesse con-
fidence.

XIII.

By meanes whereof she did at last com-
mit
All to his hands, and gave him souveraine
powre
To doe whatever he thought good or fit:
Which having got, he gan forth from that
howre
To stirre up strife and many a tragicke
stowre;
Giving her dearest children one by one
Unto a dreadful Monster to devoure,
And setting up an Idole of his owne,
The image of his monstrous parent Gery-
one.

XIV.

So tyrannizing and oppressing all,
The woefull widow had no meanes now
left,
But unto gracious great Mercilla call
For ayde against that cruell Tyrants theft,
Ere all her children he from her had rest:
Therefore these two, her eldest sonnes,
she sent
To seeke for succour of this Ladies giest;

To whom their sute they humbly did present
In th' hearing of full many Knights and Ladies gent.

xv.

Amongst the which then fortun'd to bee
The noble Briton Prince with his brave Peare;
Who when he none of all those knights did see
Hastily bent that enterprise to heare,
Nor undertake the same for cowheard feare,
He stepped forth with courage bold and great,
Admyr'd of all the rest in presence there,
And humbly gan that mightie Queene entreat
To graunt him that adu'nture for his former feat.

xvi.

She gladly grannted it: then he straight-way
Himselfe unto his journey gan prepare,
And all his armours readie 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 heavens fayre,
When he was readie to his steede to mount
Unto his way, which now was all his care and count.

xvii.

Then taking humble leave of that great Queene,
Who gave him roiall gifties and riches rare,
As tokens of her thankefull mind besene,
And leaving Artegall to his owne care,
Upon his voyage forth he gan to fare
With those two gentle youthes, which him did guide
And all his way before him still prepare.
Ne after him did Artegall abide,
But on his first adventure forward forth did ride.

xviii.

It was not long till that the Prince arriv'd
Within the land where dwelt that Ladie sad;
Whereof that Tyrant had her now deprived,

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 fastnesse she did fly,
And there her selfe did hyde from his hard tyranny.

xix.

There he her found in sorrow and dismay,
All solitarie without living wight;
For all her other children, through affray,
Had hid themselves, or taken further flight:
And eke her selfe, through sudden strange affright
When one in armes she saw, began to fly;
But, when her owne two sonnes she had in sight,
She gan take hart and looke up joyfully;
For well she wist this knight came succour to supply.

xx.

And, running unto them with greedy joyes,
Fell straight about their neckes 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 joyous sight.
Alreadie seemes that fortunes headlong wheele
Begins to turne, and sunne to shine more bright
Then it was wont, through comfort of this noble knight.'

xxi.

Then turning unto him; 'And you, Sir knight,'
(Said she) 'that taken have this toyle-some paine
For wretched woman, miserable wight,
May you in heaven immortall guerdon gaine
For so great travell as you doe sustaine!
For other meede may hope for none of mee,
To whom nought else but bare life doth remaine;
And that so wretched one, as ye do see,

Is liker lingring death then loathed life
to bec.'

XXII.

Much was he moved with her piteous
plight,
And low dismounting from his loftie
steede
Gan to recomfort her all that he might,
Seeking to drive away deepe-rooted dreede
With hope of helpe in that her greatest
neede.

So thence he wished her with him to wend
Unto some place where they mote rest
and feede,
And she take comfort which God now did
send:
Good hart in evils doth the evils much
amend.

XXIII.

'Ay me!' (sayd she) 'and whether shall
I goe?
Are not all places full of forraine powres?
My pallaces possessed of my foe,
My cities sackt, and their sky-threatening
towres
Raced and made smooth fields now full of
flowres?
Onely these marishes and myrie bogs,
In which the fearefull ewites do build
their bowres,
Yeeld me an hostry mongst the croking
frogs,
And harbour here in safety from those
ravenous dogs.'

XXIV.

'Nathlesse.' (said he) 'deare Ladie,
with me goe;
Some place shall us receive and harbour
yield;
If not, we will it force, mangre your foe,
And purchase it to us with speare and
shield:
And if all fayle, yet farewell open field;
The earth to all her creatures lodging
lends.'
With such his chearefull speeches he doth
wield
Her mind so well, that to his will she
bends;
And, bynding up her locks and weeds,
forth with him wends.

XXV.

They came unto a Citie farre up land,
The which whylome that Ladies owne
had bene;
But now by force extort out of her hand
By her strong foe, who had defaced cleene

Her stately towres and buildings sunny
sheene,
Shut up her haven, mard her marchants
trade,
Robbed her people that full rich had
benee,
And in her necke a Castle huge had
made,
The which did her commaund without
needing perswade.

XXVI.

That Castle was the strength of all that
state,
Untill that state by strength was pulled
downe;
And that same citie, so now ruinate,
Had bene the keye of all that kingdomes
crowne;
Both goodly Castle, and both goodly
Towne,
Till that th' offended heavens list to
lowre
Upon their blisse, and balefull fortune
frowne:
When those gainst states and kingdomes
do conjure,
Who then can thinke their hedlong ruine
to recure?

XXVII.

But he had brought it now in servile
bond,
And made it beare the yoke of Inquisition,
Stryving long time in vaine it to with-
stond;
Yet glad at last to make most base sub-
mission,
And life enjoy for any composition:
So now he hath new lawes and orders
new
Imposd on it with many a hard condi-
tion,
And forced it, the honour that is dew
To God, to doe unto his Idole most un-
trew.

XXVIII.

To him he hath before this Castle greene
Built a faire Chappell, and an Altar
framed
Of costly Ivory full rich beseene,
On which that cursed Idole, farre pro-
claimed,
He hath set up, and him his God hath
named;
Offering to him in sinfull sacrifice
The flesh of men, to Gods owne likenesse
framed,
And powring forth their bloud in brutishe
wize,
Than any yron eyes to see it would agrize.

XXIX.

And, for more horror and more crueltie,
Under that cursed Idols altar-stone
An hideous monster doth in darknesse lie,
Whose dreadfull shape was never seene of
none
That lives on earth; but unto those alone
The which unto him sacrificed bee:
Those he deuoures, they say, both flesh
and bone.
What else they have is all the Tyrants
fee;
So that no whit of them remayning one
may see.

XXX.

There eke he placed a strong garrison,
And set a Seneschall of dreaded might,
That by his powre oppressed every 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 Ladie counseld him the place to
shonne
Where as so many knights had fouly bene
fordoune.

XXXI.

Her fearefull speaches nought he did re-
gard,
But, ryding streight under the Castle wall,
Called aloud unto the watchfull ward
Which there did wayte, 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
Eftsoones forth pricked proudly in his
might,
And gan with courage fierce addressse him
to the fight.

XXXII.

They both encounter in the middle
plaine,
And their sharpe speares doe both to-
gether smite
Amid their shields, with so huge might
and maine
That seem'd their soules they wold have
ryven quight
Out of their breasts with furions despight:
Yet could the Seneschals no entrance find
Into the Princes shield where it empight,
(So pure the metall was and well refynd,)
But shivered all about, and scattered in
the wynd:

XXXIII.

Not so the Princes but with restlesse
force
Into his shield it reddie passage found,
Both through his haberjeon and eke his
corse;
Which tumbling downe upon the sense-
lesse ground
Gave leave unto his ghost from thralldoms
bound
To wander in the griesly shades of night.
There did the Prince him leave in deadly
swound,
And thence unto the castle marched right,
To see if entrance there as yet obtaine he
might.

XXXIV.

But, as he higher drew, three knights
he spyde,
All arm'd to point, issuing forth apace,
Which towards him with all their powre
did ryde,
And meeting him right in the middle race
Did all their speares attonce on him en-
chace.
As three great Culverings for battrie bent,
And leveld all against one certaine place,
Doe all attonce their thunders rage forth
rent,
That makes the wals to stagger with as-
tonishment:

XXXV.

So all attonce they on the Prince did
thonder,
Who from his saddle swarved nought
asyde,
Ne to their force gave way, that was great
wonder;
But like a bulwarke firmly did abyde,
Rebutting him, which in the midst did
ryde,
With so huge rigour, that his mortall
speare
Past through his shield and pierst through
either syde;
That downe he fell uppon his mother
deare,
And powred forth his wretched life in
deadly dreare.

XXXVI.

Whom when his other fellowes saw,
they fed
As fast as feete could carry them away;
And after them the Prince as swiftly sped,
To be aveng'd of their unknighly play.
There, whilst they entring th' one did th'
other stay,
The hindmost in the gate he overhent,

And, as he pressed in, him there did slay :
His carkasse, tumbling on the threshold,
sent
His groning soule unto her place of punishment.

XXXVII.

The other which was entred laboured
fast
To sperre the gate ; but that same lump
of clay,
Whose grudging ghost was thereout fled
and past,
Right in the middes of the threshold lay,
That it the Posterne did from closing
stay :
The whiles the Prince hard preased in be-
tweene,
And entraunce wonne: Streight th' other
fled away,
And ran into the Hall, where he did
weene
Him selfe to save ; but he there slew him
at the skreene.

XXXVIII.

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 conveyd out at a Posterne dore.
Long sought the Prince; but when he
found no more
T' oppose against his powre he forth is-
sued

Unto that Lady, where he her had lore,
And her gan cheare with what she there
had vewed,
And what she had not seene within unto
her shewed :

XXXIX.

Who with right humble thanks he
goodly greeting
For so great prowesse as he there had
proved,
Much greater then was ever in her weet-
ing,
With great admiraunce inwardly was
moved,
And honourd him with all that her be-
hoved.
Thenceforth into that Castle he her led
With her two sonnes, right deare of her
beloved,
Where all that night them selves they
cherished,
And from her balefull minde all care he
banished.

CANTO XI.

Prince Arthure overcomes the great
Gerioneo in fight:
Doth slay the Monster, and restore
Belgè unto her right.

I.

It often fals, in course of common life,
That right long time is overborne of
wrong
Through avarice, or powre, or guile, or
strife,
That weakens her, and makes her party
strong ;
But Justice, though her dome she doe
prolong,
Yet at the last she will her owne cause
right :
As by sad Belgè seemes ; whose wrongs
though long
She suffred, yet at length she did requight,
And sent redresse thereof by this brave
Briton Knight.

II.

Whereof when newes was to that Ty-
rant brought,
How that the Lady Belgè now had found

A Champion, that had with his Champion
fought,
And laid ius Seneschall low on the ground,
And eke him selfe did threaten to con-
found ;
He gan to burne in rage, and friese in
feare,
Doubting sad end of principle unsound :
Yet, sith he heard but one that did ap-
peare,
He did him selfe encourage and take bet-
ter cheare.

III.

Nathelesse him selfe he armed all in hast,
And forth he far'd with all his many bad,
Ne stayed step, till that he came at last
Unto the Castle which they conquerd had :
There with huge terrour, to be more
ydrad,
He sternely marcht before the Castle gate,
And, with bold vaunts and ydle threat-
ning, bad

Deliver him his owne, ere yet too late,
To which they had no right, nor any
wrongfull state.

IV.

The Prince staid not his aunswere to
devize,
But, opening streight the Sparre, forth
to him came,
Full nobly mounted in right warlike wize;
And asked him, if that he were the same,
Who all that wrong unto that wofull
Dame
So long had done, and from her native
land
Exiled her, that all the world spake
shame.
He boldly answered him, He there did
stand
That would his doings justifie with his
owne hand.

V.

With that so furiously at him he flew,
As if he would have over-run him
streight;
And with his huge great yron axe gan
hew
So hideously upon his armour bright,
As he to peeces would have chopt it
quight,
That the bold Prince was forced foote to
give
To his first rage, and yeeld to his de-
spight;
The whilest at him so dreadfully he drive,
That seem'd a marble rocke asunder could
have rive.

VI.

Thereto a great advauntage eke he has
Through his three double hands thrise
multiplyde,
Besides the double strength which in them
was:
For stil, when fit occasion did betyde,
He could his weapon shift from side to
syde,
From hand to hand; and with such nim-
blesse sly
Could wield about, that, ere it were es-
pide,
The wicked stroke did wound his enemy
Behinde, beside, before, as he it list apply.

VII.

Which uncouth use when as the Prince
perceived,
He gan to watch the wielding of his hand,
Least by such slight he were unwares de-
ceived;
And ever, ere he saw the stroke to land,

He would it meete and warily withstand.
One time when he his weapon faynd to
shift,
As he was wont, and chang'd from hand
to hand,
He met him with a counterstroke so
swift,
That quite smit off his arme as he it up
did lift.

VIII.

Therewith all fraught with fury and
disdaine,
He brayd aloud for very fell despight;
And sodainely, t'avenge him selfe againe
Gan into one assemble all the might
Of all his hands, and heaved them on
height,
Thinking to pay him with that one for
all:
But the sad steele seizd not, where it was
height,
Uppon the childe, but somewhat short
did fall,
And lighting on his horses head him quite
did mall.

IX.

Downe streight to ground fell his as-
tonisht steed,
And eke to th' earth his burden with him
bare;
But he him selfe full lightly from him
freed,
And gan him selfe to fight on foote pre-
pare:
Whereof when as the Gyant was aware,
He wox right blyth, as he had got there-
by,
And laught so loud, that all his teeth wide
bare
One might have seene enraung'd disor-
derly,
Like to a rancke of piles that pitched are
awry.

X.

Eftsoones againe his axe he raught on
hie,
Ere he were throughly buckled to his
geare,
And can let drive at him so dreadfullie,
That had he chanced not his shield to
reare,
Ere that huge stroke arrived on him
neare,
He had him surely cloven quite in twaine:
But th' Adamantine shield which he did
bear
So well was tempred, that for all his
maine
It would no passage yeeld unto his pur-
pose vaine.

XI.

Yet was the stroke so forcibly applide,
That made him stagger with uncertaine
sway,
As if he would have 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 braunches, which the
hatchets slight
Hath pruned from the native tree, and
cropped quight.

XII.

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 unto him selfe with horreur
great.
Thenceforth he car'd no more which way
he strooke,
Nor where it light ; but gan to chaufe and
sweat,
And gnasht his teeth, and his head at him
shooke,
And sternely him beheld with grim and
ghastly looke.

XIII.

Nought fear'd the childe his lookes, ne
yet his threats,
But onely wexed now the more aware
To save him selfe from those his furious
heats,
And watch advauntage how to worke his
care,
The which good Fortune to him offred
faire ;
For as he in his rage him overstrooke,
He, ere he could his weapon backe repaire,
His side all bare and naked overtooke,
And with his mortal steel quite through
the body strooke.

XIV.

Through all three bodies he him strooke
atonce,
That all the three atonce fell on the
plaine,
Else should he thrise have needed for the
nonce
Them to have stricken, and thrise to have
slaine.

So now all three one sencelesse lumpe re-
maine,
Enwallow'd in his owne blacke bloody
gore,
And byting th' earth for very deaths dis-
daine ;
Who, with a cloud of night him covering,
bore
Downe to the house of dole, his daies
there to deplore.

XV.

Which when the Lady from the Castle
saw,
Where she with her two sonnes did look-
ing stand,
She towards him in hast 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 Citties
wall
Uppon these warriours, greedy t' under-
stand
To whether should the victory befall,
Now when they saw it falne, they eke him
greeted all.

XVI.

But Belgè, with her sonnes, prostrated
low
Before his feete in all that peoples sight,
Mongst joyes mixing some tears, mongst
wele some wo,
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 give thee for thy
paine,
But even that which thou savedst thine
still to remaine ? '

XVII.

He tooke her up forby the lilly hand,
And her recomforted the best he might,
Saying ; ' Deare Lady, deedes ought not
be scand
By th' authors manhood, nor the doers
might,
But by their trueth and by the causes
right :
That same is it which fought for you this
day.
What other meed, then, need me to re-
quight,

But that which yeeldeth vertues meed
 alway?
 That is, the vertue selfe, which her re-
 ward doth pay.'

XVIII.

She humbly thank't him for that wou-
 drous grace,
 And further sayd: 'Ah! Sir, but mote ye
 please,
 Sith ye thus farre have tendred my poore
 case,
 As from my chiefest foe me to release,
 That your victorious arme will not yet
 cease,
 Till ye have rooted all the relickes out
 Of that vilde race, and stablished my
 peace.
 'What is there else' (sayd he) 'left of
 their ront?
 Declare it boldly, Dame, and doe not stand
 in dout.'

XIX.

'Then wote you, Sir, that in this Church
 hereby
 There stands an Idole of great note and
 name,
 The which this Gyant reared first on hie,
 And of his owne vaine fancies thought
 did frame:
 To whom, for endlesse horror of his
 shame,
 He offred up for daily sacrificize
 My children and my people, burnt in flame
 With all the tortures that he could devise,
 The more t' aggrate his God with such his
 blouddy guize.

XX.

'And underneath this Idoll there doth
 lie
 An hideous monster that doth it defend,
 And feedes on all the carkasses that die
 In sacrificize unto that cursed feend;
 Whose ugly shape none ever saw, nor
 kend,
 That ever scap'd: for of a man, they say,
 It has the voice, that speaches forth doth
 send,
 Even blasphemous words, which she doth
 bray
 Out of her poysnous entrails fraught with
 dire decay.'

XXI.

Which when the Prince heard tell, his
 heart gan carne
 For great desire that Monster to assay,
 And prayd the place of her abode to
 learne;

Which being shew'd, he gan him selfe
 streightway
 Thereto addresse, and his bright shield
 display.

So to the Church he came, where it was
 told

The Mouster underneath the Altar lay:
 There he that Idoll saw of massy gold
 Most richly made, but there no Mouster
 did behold.

XXII.

Upon 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 under th' Altars
 smooke
 A dreadfull feend with fowle deformed
 looke,
 That stretcht it selfe as it had long lyen
 still;
 And her long taile and fethers strongly
 shooke,
 That all the Temple did with terrour
 fill;
 Yet him nought terrified that feared noth-
 ing ill.

XXIII.

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 horror which did lurke be-
 hinde,
 The better to beguile whom she so fond
 did finde.

XXIV.

Thereto the body of a dog she had,
 Full of fell ravin and fierce greedinesse;
 A Lions claws, with powre and rigour
 clad,
 To rend and teare what so she can op-
 presse;
 A Dragons taile, whose sting without re-
 dresse
 Full deadly wounds where so it is empight;
 And Eagles wings, for scope and speedi-
 nesse,
 That nothing may escape her reaching
 might,
 Whereto she ever list to make her hardy
 flight.

xxv.

Much like in foulnesse and deformity
 Unto that Monster, whom the Theban
 Knight,
 The father of that fatall progeny,
 Made kill her selfe for very hearts de-
 spight
 That he had red her Riddle, which no wight
 Could ever loose but suffred deadly doole:
 So also did this Monster use like slight
 To many a one which came unto her
 schoole,
 Whom she did put to death, deceived like
 a foole.

xxvi.

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 backe she would have turnd for
 great afright:
 But he gan her with courage fierce assay,
 That forst her turne againe in her despight
 To save her selfe, least that he did her
 slay;
 And sure he had her slaine, had she not
 turnd her way.

xxvii.

Tho, when she saw that she was forst
 to fight,
 She flew at him like to an hellish feend,
 And on his shield tooke hold with all her
 might,
 As if that it she would in peeces rend,
 Or reave out of the hand that did it hend:
 Strongly he strove 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.

xxviii.

With that aloude she gan to bray and
 yell,
 And fowle blasphemous speaches forth
 did cast,
 And bitter curses, horrible to tell;
 That even the Temple, wherein she was
 plast,
 Did quake to heare, and nigh asunder
 brast:
 Tho with her huge long taile she at him
 strooke,
 That made him stagger and stand halfe
 agast,

With trembling joynts, as he for terrour
 shooke;
 Who nought was terrifide, but greater
 courage tooke.

xxix.

As when the Mast of some well-timbred
 hulke
 Is with the blast of some outragious
 storme
 Blowne downe, it shakes the bottome of
 the bulke,
 And makes her ribs to cracke as they
 were torne;
 Whilest still she stands, as stonisht and
 forlorne:
 So was he stound with stroke of her huge
 taile;
 But, ere that it she backe againe had
 borne,
 He with his sword it strooke, that with-
 out faile
 He jointed it, and mard the swinging of
 her flaile.

xxx.

Then gan she cry much louder then
 afore,
 That all the people there without it heard,
 And Belgè selfe was therewith stonied sore,
 As if the onely sound thereof she feard.
 But then the feend her selfe more fiercely
 reard
 Uppon her wide great wings, and strongly
 flew
 With all her body at his head and beard,
 That had he not foreseene with heedfull
 vew,
 And thrown his shield atween, she had
 him done to rew.

xxxi.

But, as she prest on him with heavy
 sway,
 Under her wombe his fatall sword he
 thrust,
 And for her entrailes made an open way
 To issue forth; the which, once being
 brust,
 Like to a great Mill-damb forth fiercely
 gusht,
 And powred out of her infernall sinke
 Most ugly filth; and poyson therewith
 rusht,
 That him nigh choked with the deadly
 stinke.
 Such loathly matter were small lust to
 speake or thinke.

xxxii.

Then downe to ground fell that deformed
 Masse,

Breathing out clouds of sulphure fowle
 and blacke,
 In which a puddle of contagion was,
 More loathd then Lerna, or then Stygian
 lake,
 That any man would nigh awhaped
 make:
 Whom when he saw on ground, he was
 full glad,
 And streight went forth his gladnesse to
 partake
 With Belgè, who watcht all this while
 full sad,
 Wayting what end would be of that same
 daunger drad.

xxxiii.

Whom when she saw so joyously come
 forth,
 She gan rejoyce and shew triumphant
 chere,
 Lauding and praying his renowned worth
 By all the names that honourable were.
 Then in he brought her, and her shewed
 there
 The present of his paines, that Monsters
 spoyle,
 And eke that Idoll deem'd so costly dere,
 Whom he did all to peeces breake, and
 foyle
 In filthy durt, and left so in the loathely
 soyle.

xxxiv.

Then all the people which beheld that
 day
 Gan shout aloud, that unto heaven it
 rong;
 And all the damzels of that towne in ray
 Come dauncing forth, and joyous carrols
 song:
 So him they led through all their streetes
 along
 Crowned with girlonds of immortall
 baies;
 And all the vulgar did about them throng
 To see the man, whose everlasting praise
 They all were bound to all posterities to
 raise.

xxxv.

There he with Belgæ did awhile
 remaine
 Making great feast and joyous merri-
 ment,
 Untill he had her settled in her raine
 With safe assurance and establishment:
 Then to his first emprize his mind he
 lent,
 Full loath to Belgæ and to all the rest;
 Of whom yet taking leave thence forth he
 went,

And to his former journey him address;
 On which long way he rode, ne ever day
 did rest.

xxxvi.

But turne we now to noble Artegall;
 Who, having left Mercilla, streight way
 went
 On his first quest, the which him forth
 did call,
 To weet, to worke Irenæs franchise-
 ment,
 And eke Grantortoes worthy punishment.
 So forth he fared, as his manner was,
 With onely Talus wayting diligent,
 Through many perils; and much way
 did pas,
 Till nigh unto the place at length ap-
 procht he has.

xxxvii.

There as he traveld by the way, he met
 An aged wight wayfaring all alone,
 Who through his yeares long since aside
 had set
 The use of armes, and battell quite for-
 gone:
 To whom as he approcht, he knew anone
 That it was he which whilome did attend
 On faire Irene in her affliction,
 When first to Faery court he saw her
 wend,
 Unto his sovaine Queene her suite for
 to commend.

xxxviii.

Whom by his name saluting, thus he
 gan:
 'Haile, good Sir Sergis, truest Knight
 alive,
 Well tride in all thy Ladies troubles
 than
 When her that Tyrant did of Crowne
 deprive;
 What new occasion doth thee hither
 drive,
 Whiles she alone is left, and thou here
 found?
 Or is she thrall, or doth she not survive?'
 To whom he thus: 'She liveth sure and
 sound,
 But by that Tyrant is in wretched thral-
 dome bound:

xxxix.

'For she presuming on th' appointed
 tyde,
 In which ye promist, as ye were a Knight,
 To meete her at the salvage llands syde,
 And then and there for triall of her right
 With her unrighteous enemy to fight,

Did thither come; where she, afrajd of
nought,
By guilefull treason and by subtill slight
Surprized was, and to Grantorto brought,
Who her imprisond hath, and her life often
sought.

XL.

'And now he hath to her prefixt a day,
By which if that no champion doe ap-
peare,
Which will her cause in battailous array
Against him justifie, and prove her cleare
Of all those crimes that he gainst her
doth reare,
She death shall sure aby.' Those tidings
sad
Did much abash Sir Artegal to heare,
And grieved sore that through his fault
she had
Fallen into that Tyrants hand and usage
bad.

XLI.

Then thus replide: 'Now sure and by
my life,
Too much am I too blame for that faire
Maide,
That have her drawne to all this troub-
lous strife,
Through promise to afford her timely
aide,
Which by default I have not yet defraide:
But witness unto me, ye heavens! that
know
How cleare I am from blame of this up-
braide;
For ye into like thraldome me did throw,
And kept from complishing the faith
which I did owe.

XLII.

'But now aread, Sir Sergis, how long
space
Hath he her lent a Champion to pro-
vide?'
'Ten daies,' (quoth he) 'he graunted
hath of grace,
For that he weeneth well before that tide
None can have tidings 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 arrive without an
hoste:
So her he deemes already but a damned
ghoste.'

XLIII.

'Now turne againe,' (Sir Artegal then
said)

'For, if I live till those ten daies have
end,
Assure your selfe, Sir Knight, she shall
have ayd,
Though I this dearest life for her doe
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 tumultuous
affray.

XLIV.

To which as they approcht the cause to
know,
They saw a Knight in daungerous dis-
tresse
Of a rude rout him chasing to and fro,
That sought with lawlesse powre him to
opresse,
And bring in bondage of their brutish-
nesse:
And farre away, amid their rakehell
bands,
They spide a Lady left all succourlesse,
Crying, and holding up her wretched
hands
To him for aide, who long in vaine their
rage withstands.

XLV.

Yet still he strives, ne any peril spares,
To reskue 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 naught may boot to banishe them
from thence;
For soone as he their outrage backe doth
beat,
They turne afresh, and oft renew their
former threat.

XLVI.

And now they doe so sharpely him
assay,
That they his shield in peeces battred
have,
And forced him to throw it quite away,
Fro dangers dread his doubtfull life to
save;
Albe that it most safety to him gave,
And much did magnifie his noble name:
For, from the day that he thus did it
leave,

Amongst all Knights he blotted was with
blame,
And counted but a recreant Knight with
endles shame.

XLVII.

Whom when they thus distressed did
behold,
They drew unto his aide; but that rude
rout
Them also gan assaile with outrage bold,
And forced them, how ever strong and
stout
They were, as well approv'd in many a
doubt,
Backe to recule; untill that yron man
With his huge flaile began to lay about;
From whose sterne presence they diffused
ran,
Like scattred chaffe the which the wind
away doth fan.

XLVIII.

So when that Knight from perill cleare
was freed,
He drawing neare began to greeete them
faire,
And yeeld great thanks for their so
goodly deed,
In saving him from dangerous despaire
Of those which sought his life for to
empaire:
Of whom Sir Artegal then enquire
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 nere.

XLIX.

To whom he thus: 'My name is Burbon
hight,
Well knowne, and far renowned hereto-
fore,
Untill late mischief did upon me light,
That all my former praise hath blemisht
sore:
And that faire Lady, which in that up-
rore
Ye with those caytives saw, Flourdellis
hight,
Is mine owne love, though me she have
forlore,
Whether withheld from me by wrongfull
might,
Or with her owne good will, I cannot read
aright.

L.

'But sure to me her faith she first did
plight

To be my love, and take me for her Lord;
Till that a Tyrant, which Grandtorto
hight,
With golden giftes and many a guilefull
word
Entyed her to him for to accord.
O! who may not with gifts and words be
tempted?
Sith which she hath me ever since ab-
hord,
And to my foe hath guilefully consented:
Ay me, that ever guyle in women was
invented!

LI.

'And now he hath this troupe of vil-
lains sent
By open force to fetch her quite away:
Gainst whom my selfe I long in vaine
have bent
To rescue her, and daily meanes assay;
Yet rescue her thence by no meanes I
may,
For they doe me with multitude oppresse,
And with unequall might doe overlay,
That oft I driven am to great distresse,
And forced to forgoe th' attempt remedi-
lesse.'

LII.

'But why have ye' (said Artegal) 'for-
borne
Your owne good shield in dangerous dis-
may?
That is the greatest shame and foulest
scorne,
Which unto any knight behappen may,
To loose the badge that should his deedes
display.'
To whom Sir Burbon, blushing halfe for
shame:
'That shall I unto you' (quoth he) 'be-
wray,
Least ye therefore mote happily me blame,
And deeme it doen of will, that through
inforcement came.

LIII.

'True is that I at first was dubbed
knight
By a good knight, the knight of the Red-
crosse:
Who, when he gave me armes in field to
fight,
Gave me a shield, in which he did endosse
His deare Redeemers badge upon the
bosse:
The same long while I bore, and there-
withall
Fought many battels without wound or
losse;
Therewith Grandtorto selfe I did appall,

And made him oftentimes in field before
me fall.

LIV.

'But for that many did that shield
envie,
And cruell enemies increased more,
To stint all strife and troublous enmitie,
That bloudie scutchin, being battered
sore,
I layd aside, and have of late forbore,
Hoping thereby to have my love ob-
tained;
Yet can I not my love have nathemore,
For she by force is still for me detayned,
And with corruptfull brybes is to untruth
mis-trayned.'

LV.

To whom thus Arte gall: 'Certes, Sir
knight,
Hard is the case the which ye doe com-
plaine;
Yet not so hard (for nought so hard may
light
That it to such a streight mote you con-
straine)
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 disaventrous field:
Dye, rather then doe ought that mote dis-
honour yield.'

LVI.

'Not so,' (quoth he) 'for yet, when
time doth serve,
My former shield I may resume againe:
To temporize is not from truth to swerve,
Ne for advantage terme to entertaine,
When as necessitie doth it constraîne.'
'Fie on such forgerie!' (sayd Arte gall)
'Under one hood to shadow faces twaine:
Knights ought be true, and truth is one
in all:
Of all things, to dissemble, foully may be-
fall!'

LVII.

'Yet let me you of courtesie request'
(Said Burbon) 'to assist me now at need
Against these pesants which have me
opprest,
And forced me to so infamous deed,
That yet my love may from their hands
be freed.'
Sir Arte gall, albe he earst did wye
His wavering mind, yet to his aide agreed,
And, buckling him eftsoones unto the
fight,

Did set upon those troupes with all his
powre and might.

LVIII.

Who flocking round about them, as a
swarme
Of flies upon a birchen bough doth cluster,
Did them assault with terrible allarme;
And over all the fields themselves did
muster,
With bills and glayves making a dreadfull
luster,
That forst at first those knights backe to
retyre:
As when the wrathfull Boreas doth blus-
ter,
Nought may abide the tempest of his yre;
Both man and beast doe fly, and succour
doe inquire.

LIX.

But, when as overblowen was that
brunt,
Those knights began afresh them to as-
sayle,
And all about the fields like Squirrels
hunt;
But chiefly Talus with his yron flayle,
Gainst which no flight nor rescue mote
avayle,
Made cruell havocke of the baser crew,
And chaced them both over hill and dale.
The raskall manie soone they overthrew;
But the two knights themselves their cap-
tains did subdew.

LX.

At last they came whereas that Ladie
bode,
Whom now her keepers had forsaken
quight
To save themselves, and scattered were
abrode.
Her halfe dismayd they found in doubt-
full plight,
As neither glad nor sorie for their sight;
Yet wondrous faire she was, and richly
clad
In roiall robes, and many jewels dight;
But that those villens through their usage
bad
Them foully rent, and shamefully defaced
had.

LXI.

But Burbon, streight dismounting from
his steed,
Unto her ran with greedie great desyre,
And catching her fast by her ragged weed
Would have embraced her with hart en-
tyre;

But she backstarting with disdainfull
 yre
 Bad him avaunt, ne would unto his lore
 Allured be for prayer nor for meed:
 Whom when those knights so froward
 and forlore
 Beheld, they her rebuked and upbrayded
 sore.

LXII.

Sayd Arte gall: 'What foule disgrace is
 this
 To so faire Ladie, as ye seeme in sight,
 To blot your beautie, that unblemisht
 is,
 With so foule blame as breach of faith
 once plight,
 Or change of love for any worlds delight!
 Is ought on earth so pretious or deare
 As prayse and honour? Or is ought so
 bright
 And beautifull as glories beames appeare,
 Whose goodly light then Phœbus lampe
 doth shine more cleare?

LXIII.

'Why then will ye, fond Dame, at-
 tempted bee
 Unto a strangers love, so lightly placed,
 For guiftes of gold or any worldly glee,
 To leave the love that ye before embraced,
 And let your fame with falshood be de-
 faced?
 Fie on the pelfe for which good name is
 sold,
 And honour with indignitie debased!

Dearer is love then life, and fame then
 gold;
 But dearer then them both your faith
 once plighted hold.'

LXIV.

Much was the Ladie in her gentle mind
 Abasht at his rebuke, that bit ner neare,
 Ne ought to answeere thereto did find;
 But, hanging down her head with heaue
 cheare,
 Stood long amaz'd as she amated weare:
 Which Burbon seeing her againe assayd;
 And, clasping twixt his armes, her up did
 reare
 Upon his steede, whiles she no whit gaine-
 sayd:
 So bore her quite away, nor well nor ill
 payd.

LXV.

Nathlesse the yron man did still pur-
 sew
 That raskall many with unpitied spoyle;
 Ne ceased not, till all their scattred
 crew
 Into the sea he drove quite from that
 soyle,
 The which they troubled had with great
 turnoyle.
 But Arte gall, seeing his cruell deed,
 Commaunded him from slaughter to re-
 coytle,
 And to his voyage gan againe proceed;
 For that the terme, approaching fast, re-
 quired speed.

CANTO XII.

Arte gall doth Sir Burbon aide,
 And blames for changing shield:
 He with the great Grantorto fights,
 And slaieth him in field.

I.

O SACRED hunger of ambitious mindes,
 And impotent desire of men to raine!
 Whom neither dread of God, that devils
 bindes,
 Nor lawes of men, that common-weales
 containe,
 Nor bands of nature, that wilde beastes
 restraine,
 Can keepe from outrage and from doing
 wrong,
 Where they may hope a kingdome to ob-
 taine:
 No faith so firme, no trust can be so
 strong,
 No love so lasting then, that may endure
 long.

II.

Witnesse may Burbon be; whom all the
 bands
 Which may a Knight assure had surely
 bound,
 Untill the love of Lordship and of
 lands
 Made him become most faithless and un-
 sound:
 And witnesse be Gerioneo found,
 Who for like cause faire Belgè did op-
 presse,
 And right and wrong most cruelly con-
 found:
 And so be now Grantorto, who no lesse
 Then all the rest burst out to all outra-
 giousnesse.

III.

Gainst whom Sir Artegall, long having
 taken in hand th' exploit, (being theretoo
 appointed by that mightie Faerie Prince,
 great champion, that Tyrant to fordoe,)
 Through other great adventures hetheroo
 Had it forlackt: But now time drawing
 ny
 To him assayed her high behest to doo,
 To the sea-shore to go his way apply,
 To weete if shipping readie he mote there
 descry.

IV.

The 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 com-
 pound
 To passe them over where them list to
 tell.
 The winde and weather served them so
 well,
 That in one day they with the coast did
 fall;
 Whereas they readie found, them to re-
 pell,
 Great hostes of men in order martiall,
 Which them forbad to land, and footing
 did forstall.

V.

But nathemore would they from land
 refrain:
 But, when as nigh unto the shore they
 drew
 That foot of man might sound the bot-
 tome plaine,
 Talus into the sea did forth issew
 Though darts from shore and stones they
 at him threw;
 And wading through the waves with sted-
 fast sway,
 Maugre the might of all those troupes in
 vew,
 Did win the shore; whence he them chast
 away,
 And made to fly like doves whom the
 Eagle doth affray.

VI.

The whyles Sir Artegall with that old
 knight
 Did forth descend, there being none them
 neare,
 And forward marched to a towne in sight.
 By this came tydings to the Tyrants eare,
 By those which earst did fly away for
 feare,
 Of their arrival: wherewith troubled sore
 He all his forces streight to him did reare,

And forth issuing with his scouts afore,
 Meant them to have encountred ere they
 left the shore:

VII.

But ere he marched farre he with them
 met,
 And fiercely charged them with all his
 force:
 But Talus sternely did upon them set,
 And brusht and battred them without re-
 morse,
 That on the ground he left full many a
 corse;
 Ne any able was him to withstand,
 But he them overthrew both man and
 horse,
 That they lay scattred over all the land,
 As thicke as doth the seede after the
 sowers hand:

VIII.

Till Artegall him seeing so to rage
 Willd him to stay, and signe of truce did
 make:
 To which all harkning did a while as-
 swage
 Their forces furie, and their terror slake;
 Till he an Herauld cald, and to him spake,
 Willing him wend unto the Tyrant
 streight,
 And tell him that not for such slaughters
 sake
 He thether came, but for to trie the right
 Of fayre Irenaes cause with him in single
 fight:

IX.

And willed him for to reclayme with
 speed
 His scattred people, ere they all were
 slaine,
 And time and place convenient to areed,
 In which they two the combat might
 darraine.
 Which message when Grantorto heard,
 full fayne
 And glad he was the slaughter so to
 stay:
 And pointed for the combat twixt them
 twayne
 The morrow next, he gave him longer
 day:
 So sounded the retraite, and drew his
 folke away.

That night Sir Artegall did cause his
 tent
 There to be pitched on the open plaine;
 For he had given streight commaunde-
 ment

That none should dare him once to enter-
taine;
Which none durst breake, though many
would right faine
For faire Irena, whom they loved deare:
But yet old Sergis did so well him paine,
That from close friends, that dar'd not to
appeare,
He all things did purvay which for them
needfull weare.

XI.

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 re-
store,
The heavy Mayd, to whom none tydings
bore
Of Artegals arryvall her to free,
Lookt up with eyes full sad and hart full
sore,
Weening her lifes last howre then neare
to be,
Sith no redemption nigh she did nor heare
nor see.

XII.

Then up she rose, and on her selfe did
dight-
Most squalid garments, fit for such a
day;
And with dull countenance and with dole-
ful spright
She forth was brought in sorrowfull dis-
may
For to receive the doome of her decay:
But coming to the place, and finding
there
Sir Artegal, in battailous array
Wayting his foe, it did her dead hart
cheare,
And new life to her lent in midst of deadly
feare.

XIII.

Like as a tender Rose in open plaine,
That with untimely drought nigh with-
ered was,
And hung the head, soone as few drops of
raine
Thereon distill and deaw her daintie
face,
Gins to looke up, and with fresh wonted
grace
Dispreds the glorie of her leaves gay;
Such was Irenas countenance, such her
case,
When Artegal she saw in that array,
There wayting for the Tyrant till it was
farre day.

XIV.

Who came at length with proud pre-
sumptuous gate
Into the field, as if he fearelesse were,
All armed in a cote of yron plate
Of great defence to ward 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,
Whose steale was yron-studded, but not
long,
With which he wont to fight to justifie his
wrong:

XV.

Of stature huge and hideous he was,
Like to a Giant for his monstrous hight,
And did in strength most sorts of men
surpas,
Ne ever any found his match in might;
Thereto he had great skill in single fight:
His face was ugly and his countenance
sterne,
That could have frayd one with the very
sight,
And gaped like a gulfe when he did gerne;
That whether man or monster one could
scarse discern.

XVI.

Soone as he did within the listes ap-
peare,
With dreadfull looke he Artegal beheld,
As if he would have daunted him with
feare;
And, grinning griesly, did against him
weld
His deadly weapon which in hand he held:
But th' Elfin swayne, that oft had scene
like sight,
Was with his ghastly count'nance nothing
queld;
But gan him streight to buckle to the
fight,
And cast his shield about to be in readie
plight.

XVII.

The trompets sound, and they together
goe
With dreadfull terror and with fell intent;
And their huge strokes full daungerously
bestow,
To doe most damage where as most
they ment:
But with such force and furie violent
The Tyrant thundred his thicke blowes so
fast,
That through the yron walles their way
they rent,

And even to the vitall parts they past,
Ne ought could them endure, but all they
cleft or brast.

XVIII.

Which cruell outrage when as Artegall
Did well avize, thenceforth with warie
heed
He shund his strokes, where ever they
did fall,
And way did give unto their gracelesse
speed:
As when a skilfull Marriner doth reed
A storme approching that doth perill
threat,
He will not bide the daunger of such
dread,
But strikes his sayles, and vereth his
mainsheat,
And lends unto it leave the emptie ayre
to beat.

XIX.

So did the Faerie knight himselve
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 litle for to yield:
So stoutest knights doen oftentimes in
field.
But still the tyrant sternely at him layd,
And did his yron axe so nimbly wield,
That many wounds into his flesh it made,
And with his burdenous blowes him sore
did overlade.

XX.

Yet when as fit advantage he did spy,
The whiles the cursed felon high did reare
His cruell hand to smite him mortally,
Under his stroke he to him stepping neare
Right in the flanke him strooke with
deadly dreare,
That the gore-bloud thence gushing grievously
Did underneath him like a pond appeare,
And all his armour did with purple dye:
Thereat he brayed loud, and yelled dreadfully.

XXI.

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 blow his shield did
cast,
Which thereon seizing tooke no great
effect;
But, bytyng deepe therein did sticke so fast
That by no meanes it backe againe he forth
could wrast.

XXII.

Long while he tug'd and strove to get it
out,
And all his powre applyed thereunto,
That he therewith the knight drew all
about
Nathlesse, for all that ever he could doe,
His axe he could not from his shield un-
doe;
Which Artegall perceiving strooke no
more,
But loosing soone his shield did it forgoe;
And, whiles he combed was therewith so
sore,
He gan at him let drive more fiercely then
afore.

XXIII.

So well he him pursew'd, that at the last
He stroke him with Chrysaor on the hed,
That with the souse thereof full sore
aghost
He staggered to and fro in doubtfull sted.
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.

XXIV.

Which when the people round about him
saw,
They shouted all for joy 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 greedie joyfulness
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 glorie sounded
overall.

XXV.

Who streight her leading with meete
majestie
Unto the pallace where their kings did
rayne,
Did her therein establish peaceable,
And to her kingdomes seat restore agayne:

And all such persons, as did late main-
 tayne
 That Tyrants part with close or open ayde,
 He sorely punished with heauiue payne;
 That in short space, whiles there with her
 he stayd,
 Not one was left that durst her once haue
 disobayd.

XXVI.

During which time that he did there re-
 mayne,
 His studie was true Justice how to deale,
 And day and night employ'd his busie
 paine
 How to reforme that ragged common-
 weale:
 And that same yron man, which could re-
 ueale
 All hidden crimes, through all that realme
 he sent
 To search out those that usd to rob and
 steale,
 Or did rebell gainst lawfull government;
 Ou whom he did inflict most grieuous pun-
 ishment.

XXVII.

But, ere he coulede reforme it thoroughly,
 He through occasion called was away
 To Faerie Court, that of necessity
 His course of Justice he was forst to stay,
 And Talus to reuoke from the right way
 In which he was that Realme for to re-
 dresse:
 But enuies cloud still dimmeth vertues ray.
 So, hauing freed Irena from distresse,
 He tooke his leave of her there left in
 heauinesse.

XXVIII.

Tho, as he backe returned from that
 land,
 And there arriv'd againe whence forth he
 set,
 He had not passed farre upon the strand,
 When as two old ill favour'd Hags he met,
 By the way side being together set;
 Two griesly creatures: and, to that their
 faces
 Most foule and filthie were, their garments
 yet,
 Being all rag'd and tatter'd, their disgraces
 Did much the more augment, and made
 most ugly cases.

XXIX.

The one of them, that elder did appeare,
 With her dull eyes did seeme to looke
 askew,
 That her mis-shape much helpt; and her
 foule heare

Hung loose and loathsome: Thereto her
 hew
 Was wan and leane, that all her teeth
 arew,
 And all her bones might through her
 cheekes be red:
 Her lips were, like raw lether, pale and
 blew:
 And as she spake therewith she slavered;
 Yet spake she seldom, but thought more
 the lesse she sed.

XXX.

Her hands were foule and durtie, never
 washt
 In all her life, with long nayles over-
 raught,
 Like puttocks clawes; with th' one of
 which she scracht
 Her cursed head, although it itched
 naught:
 The other held a snake with venime
 fraught,
 On which she fed and gnawed hungrily,
 As if that long she had not eaten ought;
 That round about her jawes one might
 descry
 The bloudie gore and poyson dropping
 lothsomely.

XXXI.

Her name was Envie, knowen well
 thereby,
 Whose nature is to grieve and grudge at all
 That ever she sees doen prays-worthily;
 Whose sight to her is greatest crosse may
 fall,
 And vexeth so that makes her eat her gall;
 For, when she wanteth other thing to eat,
 She feedes on her owne maw unnaturall,
 And of her owne foule entrayles makes
 her meat;
 Meat fit for such a monsters monstrous
 dyeat:

XXXII.

And if she hapt of any good to heare,
 That had to any happily betid,
 Then would she inly fret, and grieve, 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 cheare, like one unto a banquet
 bid,
 And in anothers losse great pleasure
 take,
 As she had got thereby and gayned a great
 stake.

XXXIII.

The other nothing better was then shee,
 Agreeing in bad will and cancred kynd;
 But in bad maner they did disagree,
 For what so Envie good or bad did fynd
 She did conceale, and murder her owne
 mynde;
 But this, what ever evill she conceived,
 Did spread abroad and throw in th' open
 wynd:
 Yet this in all her words might be per-
 ceived,
 That all she sought was mens good name
 to have bereaved.

XXXIV.

For, whatsoever good by any sayd
 Or doen she heard, she would streight-
 wayes invent
 How to deprave or slaunderously upbrayd,
 Or to misconstrue of a maus intent,
 And turne to ill the thing that well was
 ment:
 Therefore she used often to resort
 To common hauunts, and companies fre-
 quent,
 To hearken what any one did good report,
 To blot the same with blame, or wrest in
 wicked sort.

XXXV.

And if that any ill she heard of any,
 She would it eeke, and make much worse
 by telling,
 And take great joy to publish it to many,
 That every matter worse was for her
 melling:
 Her name was hight Detraction, and her
 dwelling
 Was neare to Envie, even her neighbour
 next;
 A wicked hag, and Envy selfe excelling
 In mischiefe; for her selfe she ouely vext,
 But this same both her selfe and others
 eke perplext.

XXXVI.

Her face was ugly, and her mouth dis-
 tort,
 Foming with poyson round about her
 gils,
 In which her cursed tongue, full sharpe
 and short,
 Appear'd like Aspiss sting that closely kils,
 Or cruelly does wound whom so she wils;
 A distaffe in her other hand she had,
 Upon the which she litle spinnes, but
 spils;
 And faynes to weave false tales and leas-
 inges bad,

To throw amongst the good which others
 had disprad.

XXXVII.

These two now had themselves combynd
 in one,
 And linckt together gainst Sir Artegal;
 For whom they wayted as his mortall fone,
 How they might make him into mischiefe
 fall,
 For freeing from their snares Irena thrall:
 Besides, unto themselves they gotten had
 A monster, which the Blatant Beast men
 call,
 A dreadfull feend, of gods and men ydrad,
 Whom they by slights allur'd, and to their
 purpose lad.

XXXVIII.

Such were these Hags, and so unhand-
 some drest:
 Who when they nigh approaching had
 espyde
 Sir Artegal, return'd from his late quest,
 They both arose, and at him loudly cryde,
 As it had bene two shepherds cures had
 seryde
 A ravenous Wolfe amongst the scattered
 flockes:
 And Envie first, as she that first him eyde,
 Towardes him runs, and, with rude flaring
 lockes
 About her eares, does beat her brest and
 forehead knockes.

XXXIX.

Then from her mouth the gobbet she
 does take,
 The which whyleare she was so greedily
 Devouring, even that halfe-gnawen snake,
 And at him throwes it most despightfully:
 The cursed Serpent, though she hungrily
 Earst chawd thereon, yet was not all so
 dead
 But that some life remaind secretly;
 And, as he past afore withouten dread,
 Bit him behind, that long the marke was
 to be read.

XL.

Then th' other comming neare gan him
 revile,
 And foully rayle with all she could invent;
 Saying that he had, with unmanly guile
 And foule abuson, both his honour blent,
 And that bright sword, the sword of Jus-
 tice lent,
 Had stayned with reprochfull crueltie
 In guiltlesse blood of many an innocent:
 As for Grandtorto, him with treacherie

And traynes having surpriz'd, he foully
did to die.

XLI.

Thereto the Blatant Beast, by them set
on,
At him began aloud to barke and bay
With bitter rage and fell contention,
That all the woods and rockes nigh to
that way
Began to quake and tremble with dis-
may;

And all the aire rebellowed againe,
So dreadfully his hundred tongues did
bray:

And evermore those hags them selves did
paine
To sharpen him, and their owne cursed
tongs did straine.

XLII.

And still among most bitter wordes they
spake,
Most shamefull, most unrighteous, most
untrew.
That they the mildest man alive would
make
Forget his patience, and yeeld ven-
geance dew

To her, that so false sclaunders at him
threw:

And more, to make them pierce and
wound more deepe,

She 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.

XLIII.

But Talus, hearing her so lewdly raile,
And speake so ill of him that well de-
served,

Would her have chastiz'd with his yron
flaile,

If her Sir Artegal had not preserved,
And him forbidden, who his heast ob-
served:

So much the more at him still did she
scold,

And stones did cast; yet he for nought
would swerve

From his right course, but still the way
did hold

To Faerie Court; where what him fell
shall else be told.

THE SIXTE BOOKE

OF

THE FAERIE QUEENE

CONTAYNING THE LEGEND OF SIR CALIDORE, OR COURTESIE.

I.

THE waies, through which my weary
steps I guyde
In this delightfull land of Faery,
Are so exceeding spacious and wyde,
And sprinkled with such sweet variety
Of all that pleasant is to eare or eye,
That I, nigh ravisht with rare thoughts
delight,
My tedious travell doe forget thereby;
And, when I gin to feele decay of might,
It strength to me supplies, and chears my
dulled spright.

II.

Such secret comfort and such heavenly
pleasures,
Ye sacred imps, that on Parnasso dwell,
And there the keeping have of learnings
treasures
Which doe all worldly riches farre ex-
cell,
Into the mindes of mortall men doe well,
And goodly fury into them infuse,
Guyde ye my footing, and conduct me
well
In these strange waies where never foote
did use,
Ne none can find but who was taught
them by the Muse.

III.

Revele to me the sacred nursery
Of vertue, which with you doth there re-
maine,
Where it in silver bowre does hidden ly
From view of men, and wicked worlds
disdainie;
Since it at first was by the Gods with
paine
Planted in earth, being derived at first
From heavenly seedes of bounty sove-
raine,
And by them long with carefull labour
nurst,
Till it to ripenesse grew, and forth to hon-
our burst.

IV.

Amongst them all growes not a fayrer
flowre
Then is the blossme of comely courte-
sie;
Which though it on a lowly stalke doe
bowre,
Yet brancheth forth in brave nobilitie,
And spreads it selfe through all civilitie:
Of which though present age doe plefite-
ous seeme,
Yet, being matcht with plaine Antiquitie,
Ye will them all but fayned showes
esteeme,
Which carry colours faire that feeble eies
misdeeme.

V.

But, in the triall of true courtesie,
Its now so farre from that which then it
was,
That it indeed is nought but forgerie,
Fashion'd to please the eies of them that
pas,
Which see not perfect things but in a
glas:
Yet is that glasse so gay, that it can
blynd
The wisest sight to thinke gold that is
bras:
But vertues seat is deepe within the mynd,
And not in outward shows, but inward
thoughts defynd.

VI.

But where shall I in all Antiquity
So faire a patterne finde, where may be
scene
The goodly praise of Princely courtesie,
As in your selfe, O souveraine Lady
Queene?
In whose pure minde, as in a mirrour
sheene,
It shows, and with her brightnesse doth
inflare
The eyes of all which thereon fixed
beene,
But meriteth indeede an higher name:

Yet so from low to high uplifted is your
fame.

VII.

Then pardon me, most dreaded Sov-
eraine,
That from your selfe I doe this vertue
bring,
And to your selfe doe it returne againe.
So from the Ocean all rivers spring,

And tribute backe 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 cour-
tesies excell.

CANTO I.

Calidore saves from Maleffort
A Damzell used vyde:
Doth vanquish Crudor; and doth make
Briana wexe more mylde.

I.

OF Court, it seemes, men Courtesie doe
call,
For that it there most useth to abound;
And well beseemeth that in Princes hall
That vertue should be plentifully found,
Which of all goodly manners is the ground,
And roote of civill conversation:
Right so in Faery court it did redound,
Where curteous Knights and Ladies most
did won
Of all on earth, and made a matchlesse
paragon.

II.

But mongst them all was none more
courteous Knight
Then Calidore, beloved over-all,
In whom, it seemes, that gentlenesse of
spright
And manners mylde were planted natu-
rall;
To which he adding comely guize withall
And gracious speach, did steale mens
hearts away:
Nathlesse thereto he was full stout and
tall,
And well approv'd in batteilous affray,
That him did much renowme, and far his
fame display.

III.

Ne was there Knight ne was there Lady
found
In Faery court, but him did deare em-
brace
For his faire usage and conditions sound,
The which in all mens liking gayned
place,
And with the greatest purchast greatest
grace:
Which he could wisely use, and well
apply,

To please the best, and th' evill to em-
base;

For he loathd leasing and base flattery,
And loved simple truth and stedfast hon-
esty.

IV.

And now he was in travell on his way,
Uppon an hard adventure sore bestad,
Whenas by chaunce he met uppou a
day

With Artegall, returning yet halfe sad
From his late conquest which he gotten
had:

Who whenas each of other had a sight,
They knew them selves, and both their
persons rad;

When Calidore thus first: 'Haile, noblest
Knight

Of all this day on ground that breathe
living spright!

V.

'Now tell, if please you, of the good
successe
Which ye have had in your late enter-
prize.'

To whom Sir Artegall gan to expresse
His whole exploite and valorous emprize,
In order as it did to him arize.

'Now, happy man,' (sayd then Sir Cali-
dore)

'Which have, so goodly as ye can devise,
Atchiev'd so hard a quest, as few before;
That shall you most renowned make for
evermore.

VI.

'But where ye ended have, now I be-
gin

To tread an endlessse trace, withouten
guyde

Or good direction how to enter in,
Or how to issue forth in waies untryde,

In perils strange, in labours long and wide;
 In which although good Fortune me befall,
 Yet shall it not by none be testifyde.
 'What is that quest,' (quoth then Sir Artegall)
 'That you into such perils presently doth call?'

VII.

'The Blattant Beast' (quoth he) 'I doe pursew,
 And through the world incessantly doe chase,
 Till I him overtake, or else subdew:
 Yet know I not or how, or in what place
 To find him out, yet still I forward trace.'
 'What is the Blattant Beast?' (then he replide.)
 'It is a Monster bred of hellishe race,'
 (Then answered he) 'which often hath annoyd
 Good Knights and Ladies true, and many
 else destroyd.'

VIII.

'Of Cerberus whilome he was begot
 And fell Chimæra, in her darkesome den,
 Through fowle 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 wretched men,
 Whom with vile tongue and venomous intent
 He sore doth wound, and bite, and cruelly torment.'

IX.

'Then, since the salvage Island I did leave,
 Sayd Artegall, 'I such a Beast did see,
 The which did seeme a thousand tongues to have,
 That all in spight and malice did agree;
 With which he bayd and loudly barkt at mee,
 As if that he attonce would me devoure:
 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.'

X.

'That surely is that Beast' (saide Calidore)
 'Which I pursue, of whom I am right glad

To heare these tidings, which of none afore
 Through all my weary travell I have had;
 Yet now some hope your words unto me add.'
 'Now God you speed,' (quoth then Sir Artegall)
 'And keepe your body from the daunger drad,
 For ye have much adoe to deale withall.'
 So both tooke goodly leave, and parted severall.

XI.

Sir Calidore thence travelled not long,
 When as by chauce a comely Squire he found,
 That thorough some more mighty enemies wrong
 Both hand and foote unto a tree was bound;
 Who, seeing him from farre, with piteous sound
 Of his shrill cries him called to his aide:
 To whom approaching, in that painefull stound
 When he him saw, for no demaunds he staide,
 But first him losde, and afterwards thus to him saide.

XII.

'Unhappy Squire! what hard mishap thee brought
 Into this bay of perill and disgrace?
 What cruell hand thy wretched thraldome wrought,
 And thee captvyed in this shamefull place?
 To whom he answered thus: 'My haplesse case
 Is not occasiond through my misdesert,
 But through misfortune, which me did abase
 Unto this shame, and my young hope subvert,
 Ere that I in her guilefull traines was well expert.'

XIII.

'Not farre from hence, uppon yond rocky hill,
 Hard by a streight, there stands a castle strong,
 Which doth observe a custome lewd and ill,
 And it hath long mayntaind 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 streight, and rocks among)

But they that Ladies lockes doe shave
away,
And that knights berd, for toll which they
for passage pay.'

XIV.

'A shameful use as ever I did heare,'
Sayed Calidore, 'and to be overthrowne.
But by what meanes did they at first it
reare,
And for what cause? tell, if thou have it
knowne.'
Sayed then that Squire; 'The Lady, which
doth owne
This Castle, is by name Briana hight,
Then which a prouder Lady liveth none:
She long time hath deare lov'd a doughty
Knight,
And sought to win his love by all the
meanes she might.

XV.

'His name is Crudor; who, through
high disdain
And proud despight of his selfe-pleasing
mynd,
Refused hath to yeeld her love againe,
Untill a Mantle she for him doe fynd
With beards of Knights and locks of
Ladies lynd:
Which to provide she hath this Castle
dight,
And therein hath a Seneschall assynd,
Cald Maleffort, a man of mickle might,
Who executes her wicked will with worse
despight.

XVI.

'He, this same day, as I that way did
come
With a faire Damzell, my beloved deare,
In execution of her lawlesse doome
Did set uppon us flying both for feare;
For little bootes against him hand to
reare.
Me first he tooke unable to withstond,
And whiles he her pursued every where,
Till his returne unto this tree he bond:
Ne wote I surely whether her he yet have
fond.'

XVII.

Thus whiles they spake they heard a
ruefull shriek
Of one loud crying, which they streight-
way ghest
That it was she the which for helpe did
seeke.
Tho, looking up unto the cry to lest,
They saw that Carle from farre, with
hand unblest
Hayling that mayden by the yellow heare,

That all her garments from her snowy
brest,
And from her head her lockes he nigh did
teare,
Ne would he spare for pittie, nor refraine
for feare.

XVIII.

Which haynous sight when Calidore be-
held,
Eftsoones he loosd that Squire, and so
him left
With hearts dismay and inward colour
queld,
For to pursue that villaine, which had
reft
That piteous spoile by so injurious theft;
Whom overtaking, loude to him he cryde:
'Leave, faylor, quickly that misgotten
weft
To him that hath it better justifyde,
And turne thee soone to him of whom thou
art defyde.'

XIX.

Who, hearkning to that voice, him selfe
upreard,
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'naunce thus unto
him spake:
'Art thou the caytive that defyest me?
And for this Mayd, whose party thou
doest take,
Wilt give thy beard, though it but little
bee?
Yet shall it not her lockes for raunsome
fro me free.'

XX.

With that he fiercely at him flew, and
laid
On hideous strokes with most importune
might,
That oft he made him stagger as unstayd,
And oft recule to shunne his sharpe de-
spight:
But Calidore, that was well skild in fight,
Him long forbore, and still his spirite
spar'd,
Lying in waite how him he damage
might;
But when he felt him shrinke, and come
to ward,
He greater grew, and gan to drive at him
more hard.

XXI.

Like as a water-streame, whose swell-
ing source

Shall drive a Mill, within strong bancks
 is pent,
 And long restrayned of his ready course,
 So soone as passage is unto him lent,
 Breakes forth, and makes his way more
 violent;
 Such was the fury of Sir Calidore:
 When once he felt his foeman to relent,
 He fiercely him pursu'd, and pressed sore;
 Who as he still decayd so he increased
 more.

XXII.

The heavy burden of whose dreadfull
 might
 Whenas the Carle no longer could sus-
 taine,
 His heart gan faint, and streight he tooke
 his flight
 Toward the Castle, where, if need con-
 straine,
 His hope of refuge used to remaine:
 Whom Calidore perceiving fast to flie,
 He him pursu'd and chaced through the
 plaine,
 That he for dread of death gan loude to
 crie
 Unto the ward to open to him hastilie.

XXIII.

They, from the wall him seeing so
 aghast,
 The gate soone opened to receive him in;
 But Calidore did follow him so fast,
 That even in the Porch he him did win,
 And cleft his head asunder to his chin,
 The carkasse tumbling downe within the
 dore
 Did choke the entraunce with a lumpe of
 sin,
 That it could not be shut; whilest Cali-
 dore
 Did enter in, and slew the Porter on the
 flore.

XXIV.

With that the rest the which the Cas-
 tle 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 taile the bryzes brush
 away.
 Thence passing forth into the hall he
 came,
 Where of the Lady selfe in sad dismay
 He was ymett, who with uncomely shame
 Gan him salute, and fowle upbrayd with
 faulty blame.

XXV.

'False traytor Knight!' (said she) 'no
 Knight at all,
 But scorne of armes, that hast with guilty
 hand
 Murdred my men, and slaine my Senes-
 chall,
 Now comest thou to rob my house un-
 mand,
 And spoile my selfe that can not thee
 withstand?
 Yet doubt thou not, but that some better
 Knight
 Then thou, that shall thy treason under-
 stand,
 Will it avenge, and pay thee with thy
 right;
 And if none do, yet shame shal thee with
 shame requight.'

XXVI.

Much was the Knight abashed at that
 word
 Yet answer'd thus: 'Not unto me the
 shame,
 But to the shamefull doer it afford,
 Bloud is no blemish, for it is no blame
 To punish those that doe deserve the same;
 But they that breake bands of civilitie,
 And wicked customes make, those doe de-
 fame
 Both noble armes and gentle curtesie.
 No greater shame to man then inhumani-
 tie.

XXVII.

'Then doe your selfe, for dread of
 shame, forgoe
 This evill manner which ye here main-
 taine,
 And doe instead thereof mild curt'sie
 showe
 To all that passe: That shall you glory
 gaine
 More then his love, which thus ye seeke
 t' obtaine.'
 Wherewith all full of wrath she thus re-
 plyde:
 'Vile recreant! know that I doe much
 disdaine
 Thy courteous lore, that doest my love
 deride,
 Who scornes thy ydle scoffe, and bids
 thee be defyde.'

XXVIII.

'To take defiaunce at a Ladies word'
 (Quoth he) 'I hold it no indignity;
 But were he here, that would it with his
 sword
 Abett, perhaps he mote it deare aby.'

'Cowherd!' (quoth she) 'were not that
thou wouldst fly
Ere he doe come, he should be soone in
place.'
'If I doe so,' (sayd he) 'then liberty
I leave to you for aye me to disgrace
With all those shames, that erst ye spake
me to deface.'

XXIX.

With that a Dwarfeshe cald to her in hast,
And taking from her hand a ring of gould,
A privy token which betweene them past,
Bad him to flie with all the speed he could
To Crudor; and desire him that he would
Vouchsafe to reskue her against a Knight,
Who through strong powre had now her
self in hould,
Having late slaine her Seneschall in fight,
And all her people murdred with outra-
gious might:

XXX.

The Dwarfes his way did hast, and went
all night;
But Calidore did with her there abyde
The comming of that so much threatned
Knight;
Where that discourteous Dame with scorn-
full pryde
And fowle entreaty him indignifyde,
That yron heart it hardly could sustaine:
Yet he, that could his wrath full wisely
guyde,
Did well endure her womanish disdain,
And did him selfe from fraile impatience
refraine.

xxxî.

The morrow next, before the lampe of
light
Above the earth upreard his flaming head,
The Dwarfes, which bore that message to
her knight,
Brought aunswere backe, that ere he tasted
bread
He would her succour, and alive or dead
Her foe deliver up into her hand:
Therefore he wild her doe away all dread;
And, that of him she mote assured stand,
He sent to her his basenet as a faithfull
band.

XXXII.

Thereof full blyth the Lady streight be-
came,
And gan t' augment her bitterness much
more;
Yet no whit more appalled for the same,
Ne ought dismayed was Sir Calidore,
But rather did more chearefull seeme
therefore:

And having soone his armes about him
dight,
Did issue forth to meete his foe afore;
Where long he stayed not, when as a
Knight
He spide come pricking on with all his
powre and might.

XXXIII.

Well weend he streight that he should
be the same
Which tooke in hand her quarrell to
maintaine;
Ne stayd to aske if it were he by name,
But coucht his speare, and ran at him
amaine.
They bene ymett in midst of the plaine
With so fell fury and dispiteous forse,
That neither could the others stroke sus-
taine,
But rudely rowld to ground, both man
and horse,
Neither of other taking pittie nor remorse.

XXXIV.

But Calidore uprose againe full light,
Whiles yet his foe lay fast in sencelesse
swound;
Yet would he not him hurt although he
might;
For shame he weend a sleeping wight to
wound.
But when Briana saw that dreary stound,
There where she stood upon the Castle
wall,
She deem'd him sure to have bene dead
on ground;
And made such piteous mourning there-
withall,
That from the battlements she ready
seem'd to fall.

xxxv.

Nathlesse to length him selfe he did
upreare
In lustlesse wise; as if against his will,
Ere he had slept his fill, he wakened were,
And gan to stretch his limbs; which feel-
ing ill
Of his late fall, awhile he rested still:
But, when he saw his foe before in vew,
He shooke off luskishnesse; and courage
chill
Kindling afresh, gan battell to renew,
To prove if better foote then horsebacke
would ensew.

XXXVI.

There then began a fearefull cruell
fray
Betwixt them two for maystery 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 re-
least,
Ne once to breath awhile their angers
tempest ceast.

XXXVII.

Thus long they trac'd and traverst to
and fro,
And tryde all waies how each mote en-
trance make
Into the life of his malignant foe:
They hew'd their helmes, and plates asun-
der brake,
As they had potshares bene; for nought
mote slake
Their greedy vengeaunces but goary
blood,
That at the last like to a purple lake
Of bloody gore congeal'd about them
stood,
Which from their riven sides forth gushed
like a flood.

XXXVIII.

At length it chaunst that both their
hands on hie
At once did heave with all their powre
and might,
Thinking the utmost of their force to trie,
And prove the finall fortune of the fight;
But Calidore, that was more quicke of
sight
And nimbler handed then his enemye,
Prevented him before his stroke could
light,
And on the helmet smote him formerlie,
That made him stoupe to ground with
meeke humilite:

XXXIX.

ere he could recover foote againe,
He, following that faire advantage fast,
His stroke redoubled with such might
and maine,
That him upon the ground he groveling
cast;
And leaping to him light would have un-
last
His Helme, to make unto his vengeance
way:
Who, seeing in what daunger he was
plast,
Cryde out; 'Ah mercie, Sir! doe not me
slay,

But save my life, which lot before your
foot doth lay.'

XL.

With that his mortall hand a while he
stayd;
And, having somewhat calm'd his wrath-
full heat
With goodly patience, thus he to him
sayd:
'And is the boast of that proud Ladies
threat,
That menaced me from the field to beat,
Now brought to this? By this now may
ye learne
Strangers no more so rudely to entreat,
But put away proud looke and usage
sterne,
The which shal nought to you but foule
dishonor yearne.

XLI.

'For nothing is more blamefull to a
knight,
That court'sie doth as well as armes pro-
fesse,
However strong and fortunate in fight,
Then the reproch of pride and crueltie.
In vaine he seeketh others to suppress,
Who hath not leard him selfe first to
subdew:
All flesh is frayle and full of ficklenesse,
Subject to fortunes chance, still chaung-
ing new:
What haps to day to me to morrow may
to you.

XLII.

'Who will not mercie unto others shew,
How can he mercy ever hope to have?
To pay each with his owne is right and
dew;
Yet since ye mercie now doe need to
crave,
I will it graunt, your hopelesse life to
save,
With these conditions which I will pro-
pound:
First, that ye better shall your selfe be-
have
Unto all errant knights, whereso on
ground;
Next, that ye Ladies ayde in every stead
and stound.'

XLIII.

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 whatsoever else he would requere.
So, suffring him to rise, he made him
swear

By his owne sword, and by the crosse
thereon,
To take Briana for his loving fere
Withouten dowre or composition;
But to release his former foule condition.

XLIV.

All which accepting, and with faithfull
oth
Bynding himselfe most firmly to obey,
He up arose, however lief or loth,
And swore to him true fealtie for aye.
Then forth he cald from sorrowfull dis-
may

The sad Briana which all this beheld;
Who comming forth yet full of late affray
Sir Calidore upheard, and to her told
All this accord to which he Crudor had
compeld.

XLV.

Whereof she now more glad then sory
earst,
All overcome with infinite affect
For his exceeding courtesie, that pearst
Her stubborne hart with inward deepe
effect,
Before his feet her selfe she did project;
And him adoring as her lives deare Lord,
With all due thankes and dutifull respect,
Her selfe acknowledg'd bound for that
accord,

By which he had to her both life and love
restord.

XLVI.

So all returning to the Castle glad,
Most joyfully she them did entertaine;
Where goodly glee and feast to them she
made,
To show her thankefull mind and mean-
ing faine,
By all the meanes she mote it best ex-
plaine:

And, after all, unto Sir Calidore
She freely gave that Castle for his paine,
And her selfe bound to him for evermore;
So wondrously now chaung'd from that
she was afore.

XLVII.

But Calidore himselfe would not re-
taine
Nor land nor fee for hyre of his good
deede,

But gave them streight unto 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 hole 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, and of him learnes
His state and present plight.

I.

WHAT vertue is so fitting for a knight,
Or for a Ladie whom a knight should love,
As Courtesie; to beare themselves aright
To all of each degree as doth behove?
For whether they be placed high above
Or low beneath, yet ought they well to
know
Their good; that none them rightly may
reprove
Of rudenesse for not yeelding what they
owe:
Great skill it is such duties timely to be-
stow.

II.

Thereto great helpe dame Nature selfe
doth lend;
For some so goodly gracious are by kind,

That every action doth them much com-
mend,
And in the eyes of men great liking find,
Which others that have greater skill in
mind,

Though they enforce themselves, ~~that~~
attaine;

For everie thing to which one is inclin'd
Doth best become and greatest grace doth
gaine:

Yet praise likewise deserve good thewes
enforst with paine.

III.

That well in courteous Calidore ap-
peares;
Whose every deed and word, that he did
say,

Was like enchantment, that through both
the eares
And both the eyes 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 descryde,
Against an armed knight that did on
horsebacke ryde.

IV.

And then beside a Ladie faire he saw
Standing alone on foot in foule array;
To whom himselfe he hastily did draw
To weet the cause of so uncomely fray,
And to depart them, if so be he may:
But, ere he came in place, that youth had

That armed knight, that low on ground
he lay:

Which when he saw, his hart was inly
child

With great amazement, and his thought
with wonder filld.

v.

His stedfastly he markt, and saw to
bee

A goodly youth of amiable grace,
Yet but a slender slip, that scarce did see
Yet seventeene yeares, but tall and faire
of face,

That sure he deem'd him borne of noble
race:

All in a woodmans jacket he was clad
Of Lincolne greene, belayd with silver
lace;

And on his head an hood with aglets
sprad,

And by his side his hunters horne he
hanging had.

VI.

Buskins he wore of costliest cordwayne,
Pinckt upon gold, and paled part per part,
As then the guize was for each gentle
swayne:

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 launch the salvage
hart

Of many a Lyon and of many a Beare,
That first unto his hand in chase did hap-
pen neare.

VII.

Whom Calidore awhile well having
vewed

At length bespake; 'What meanes this,
gentle Swaine.

Why hath thy hand too bold it selfe em-
brewed

In blood of knight, the which by thee is
slaine,

By thee no knight; which armes impugn-
eth plaine?'

'Certes,' (said he) 'loth were I to have
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.

VIII.

'For not I him, as this his Ladie here
May witness well, did offer first to wrong,

Ne surely thus unarm'd I likely were;
But he me first through pride and puis-
sance strong

Assayld, not knowing what to armes doth
long.'

'Perdie great blame' (then said Sir Cali-
dore)

'For armed knight a wight unarm'd to
wrong:

But then aread, thou gentle chyld, where-
fore

Betwixt you two began this strife and
sterne uprore.'

IX.

'That shall I, sooth,' (said he) 'to you
declare.

I, whose unryper yeares are yet unfit
For thing of weight or worke of greater
care,

Doe spend my dayes and bend my care-
lesse wit

To salvage chace, where I thereon may hit
In all this Forrest and wyld wooddie raine:

Where, as this day I was enraunging it,
I chaunst to meete this knight, who there
lyes slaine,

Together with this Ladie, passing on the
plaine.

X.

'The knight, as ye did see, on horse-
backe was,

And this his Ladie (that him ill became)
On her faire feet by his horse side did pas

Through thicke and thin, unfit 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 pite-
ous woe.

XI.

' Which when I saw, as they me passed
by,
Much was I moved in indignat mind,
And gan to blame him for such cruelty
Towards a Ladie, whom with usage kind
He rather should have taken up behind;
Wherewith he wroth, and full of proud
disdaine,
Tooke in foule scorne that I such fault did
find,
And me in lieu thereof revil'd againe,
Threatning to chastize me, as doth t'a
chylde pertaine.

XII.

' Which I no lesse disdayning, backe re-
turned
His scornfull taunts unto his teeth againe,
That he streightway with haughtie cholere
burned,
And with his speare strooke me one stroke
or twaine;
Which I, enforst 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, underneath the
hart,
That through the wound his spirit shortly
did depart.'

XIII.

Much did Sir Calidore admyre his speach
Tempred so well, but more admyr'd the
stroke
That through the mayles had 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 Ladie, whether what he
spoke
Were soothly so, and that th' unrighteous
ire
Of her owne knight had given him his
owne due hire?

XIV.

Of all which when as she could nought
deny,
But cleard that stripling of th' imputed
blame,
Sayd then Sir Calidore; ' Neither will I

Him charge with guilt, but rather doe
quite clame:

For what he spake, for you he spake it,
Dame;
And what he did, he did him selfe to save:
Against both which that knight wrought
knightlesse shame;
For knights and all men this by nature
have,
Towards all womenkind them kindly to
behave.

XV.

' But, sith that he is gone irrevocable,
Please it you, Ladie, to us to aread
What cause could make him so dishonour-
able
To drive you so on foot, unfit to tread
And lackey by him, gainst all woman-
head.'

' Certes, Sir knight,' (sayd she) ' full loth
I were

To rayse a lyving blame against the dead;
But since it me concernes my selfe to clere,
I will the truth discover as it chaunst
whylere.

XVI.

' This day, as he and I together roade
Upon our way to which we weren bent,
We chaunst to come foreby a covert glade
Within a wood, whereas a Ladie gent
Sate with a knight in joyous jolliment
Of their franke loves, free from all gealous
spyes.

Faire was the Ladie, sure, that mote con-
tent

An hart not carried with too curious eyes,
And unto him did shew all lovely courtes-
yes.

XVII.

' Whom when my knight did see so lovely
faire,

He inly gan her lover to envy,
And wish that he part of his spoyle might
share:

Whereto when as my presence he did spy
To be a let, he bad me by and by
For to alight: but when as I was loth
My loves owne part to leave so suddenly,
He with strong hand downe from his steed
me throw'th

And with presumptuous powre against
that knight streight go'th.

XVIII.

' Unarm'd all was the knight, as then
more meete

For Ladies service, and for loves delight,
Then fearing any foeman there to meete:
Whereof he taking oddes, streight bids him
dight

Himselfe to yeeld his Love, or else to fight:
Whereat the other starting up dismayd,
Yet boldly answer'd, as he rightly might,
To leave his love he should be ill payd,
In which he had good right gaynst all that
it gainesayd.

XIX.

'Yet since he was not presently in plight
Her to defend, or his to justifie,
He him requested, as he was a knight,
To lend him day his better right to trie,
Or stay till he his armes, which were
thereby,
Might lightly fetch: But he was fierce and
whot,
Ne time would give, nor any termes aby,
But at him flew, and with his speare him
smot;
From which to thinke to save himselfe it
booted not.

XX.

'Meane while his Ladie, which this out-
rage saw,
Whilst they together for the quarrey
strove,
Into the covert did her selfe withdraw,
And closely hid her selfe within the grove.
My knight hers soone, as seemes, to daun-
ger drove,
And left sore wounded: but, when her he
mist,
He woxe halfe mad; and in that rage gan
rove
And range through all the wood, where so
he wist
She hidden was, and sought her so long as
him list.

XXI.

'But, when as her he by no meanes could
find,
After long search and chauff he turned
backe
Unto the place where me he left behind:
There gan he me to curse and ban, for lacke
Of that faire bootie, and with bitter wracke
To wraeke on me the guilt of his owne
wrong:
Of all which I yet glad to beare the packe
Strove to appease him, and perswaded
long;
But still his passion grew more violent and
strong.

XXII.

'Then, as it were t'avenge his wrath on
mee,
When forward we should fare he flat re-
fused
To take me up (as this young man did see)
Upon his steed, for no just cause accused,

But forst to trot on foot, and foule mis-
used,
Pouching me with the butt end of his
speare,
In vaine complayning to be so abused;
For he regarded neither playnt nor teare,
But more enforst my paine, the more my
plaints to heare.

XXIII.

'So passed we till this young man us
met;
And being moov'd with pittie 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 ever thinks through confidence of
might,
Or through support of count'nance proud
and hault,
To wrong the weaker, oft falles in his owne
assault.'

XXIV.

Then turning backe unto that gentle boy
Which had himselfe so stoutly well acquit,
Seeing his face so lovely sterne and coy,
And hearing th' answeres of his pregnant
wit,
He prayd it much, and much admyred 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 wordes, as to him
seemed good:

XXV.

'Faire gentle swayne, and yet as stout
as fayre,
That in these woods amongst the Nymphs
dost wonne,
Which daily may to thy sweete lookes re-
payre,
As they are wont unto Latonaes sonne
After his chace on woodie Cynthus donne;
Well may I, certes, such an one thee read,
As by thy worth thou worthily hast wonne,
Or surely borne of some Heroicke seed,
That in thy face appeares and gracious
goodly-head.

XXVI.

'But, should it not displease thee it to
tell,
(Unlesse thou in these woods thy selfe
conceale

For love amongst the woodie Gods to
dwell)
I would thy selfe require thee to reveale,
For deare affection and unfayned zeale
Which to thy noble personage I beare,
And wish thee grow in worship and great
weale ;
For, since the day that armes I first did
reare,
I never saw in any greater hope appeare.'

XXVII.

To whom then thus the noble Youth :
' May be,
Sir knight, that, by discovering my estate,
Harme may arise unweeting unto me ;
Nathelesse, sith ye so courteous seemed
late,
To you I will not feare it to relate.
Then wote ye that I am a Briton borne,
Somme of a King, (how ever thorough fate
Or fortune I my countrie have forlorne,
And lost the crowne which should my
head by right adorne,)

XXVIII.

' And Tristram is my name, the onely
heire
Of good king Meliogras which did rayne
In Cornewale, till that he through lives
despeire
Untimely dyde, before I did attaine
Ripe years of reason my right to main-
taine :
After whose death his brother, seeing mee
An infant, weake a kingdome to sustaine,
Upon him tooke the roiall high degree,
And sent me, where him list, instructed
for to bee.

XXIX.

' The widow Queene my mother, which
then hight
Faire Emiline, conceiving them great
feare
Of my fraile safetie, resting in the might
Of him that did the kingly Scepter beare,
Whose gealous dread induring not a peare
Is wont to cut off all that doubt may
breed,
Thought best away me to remove some-
where
Into some forrein land, where as no need
Of dreaded daunger might his doubtful
humor feed.

XXX.

' So, taking counsell of a wise man red,
She was by him adviz'd to send me quight
Out of the countrie wherein I was bred,
The which the fertile Lionesse is hight,

Into the land of Faerie, where no wight
Should weet of me, nor worke me any
wroug :
To whose wise read she hearkning sent
me streight
Into this land, where I have wond thus
long
Since I was ten yeares old, now growen
to stature strong.

XXXI.

' All which my daies I have not lewdly
spent,
Nor spilt the blossome of my tender
yeares
In ydlesse ; but, as was convenient,
Have trayned bene with many noble
feres
In gentle thewes and such like seemly
leres :
Mongst which my most delight hath al-
waies been
To hunt the salvage chace, amongst my
peres,
Of all that raungeth in the forrest greene,
Of which none is to me unknowne that
ev'r was seene.

XXXII.

' Ne is there hauke which mantleth her
on perch,
Whether high towring or accoasting low,
But I the measure of her flight doe search,
And all her pray and all her diet know.
Such be our joyes which in these forrests
grow :
Onely the use of armes, which most I joy,
And fitteth most for noble swayne to
know,
I have not tasted yet ; yet past a boy,
And being now high time these strong
joynts to employ.

XXXIII.

' Therefore, good Sir, sith now occasion
fit
Doth fall, whose like hereafter seldome
may,
Let me this crave, unworthy though of
it,
That ye will make me Squire without
delay,
That from henceforth in batteilous array
I may beare armes, and learne to use
them right ;
The rather, since that fortune hath this
day
Given to me the spoile of this dead knight,
These goodly gilden armes which I have
won in fight.'

XXXIV.

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 chyld, the high desire
To love 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 chev-
alrie)
I had, you to reward with greater dig-
nitie.'

XXXV.

There him he causd to kneele, and made to sweare
Faith to his knight, and truth to Ladies all,
And never 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 joyous then young Tristram grew;
Like as a flowre, whose silken leaves small
Long shut up in the bud from heavens vew,
At length breakes forth, and brode displays
his smyling hew.

XXXVI.

Thus when they long had treated to and fro,
And Calidore betooke him to depart,
Chyld Tristram prayd that he with him might goe
On his adventure, vowing not to start,
But way on him in every place and part:
Whereat Sir Calidore did much delight,
And greatly joy'd at his so noble hart,
In hope he sure would prove a doughtie knight:
Yet for the time this answer he to him behight.

XXXVII.

' Glad would I surely be, thou courteous Squire,
To have 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 dread Sovereaine, when I it assayd,
That in atchievement of her high behest
I should no creature joyne unto mine ayde:

For-thy I may not graunt that ye so greatly prayde.

XXXVIII.

' But since this Ladie is all desolate,
And needeth safegard now upon her way,
Ye may doe well, in this her needfull state,
To succour her from daunger of dismay,
That thankfull guerdon may to you repay.'
The noble ympe, of such new service fayne,
It gladly did accept, as he did say:
So taking courteous leave they parted twayne,
And Calidore forth passed to his former payne.

XXXIX.

But Tristram, then despoyleing that dead knight
Of all those goodly implements of prayse,
Long fed his greedie eyes with the faire sight
Of the bright mettall shyning like Sunne rayes,
Handling and turning them a thousand wayes:
And, after having them upon him dight,
He tooke that Ladie, and her up did rayse
Upon the steed of her owne late dead knight;
So with her marched forth, as she did him behight.

XL.

There to their fortune leave we them awhile,
And turne we backe to good Sir Calidore;
Who, ere he thence had traveld many a mile,
Came to the place whereas ye heard afore
This knight, whom Tristram slew, had wounded sore
Another knight in his despiteous pryde:
There he that knight found lying on the flore
With many wounds full perilous and wyde,
That all his garments and the grasse in vermeill dyde.

XLI.

And there beside him sate upon the ground
His wofull Ladie, piteously complayning
With loud laments that most unluckie stound,
And her sad selfe with carefull hand con-
strayingn,

To wype his wounds, and ease their bitter
payning.
Which sorie sight when Calidore did vew
With heauey eyne, from teares uneath re-
frayning,
His mightie hart their mournefull case
can rew,
And for their better comfort to them
nigher drew.

XLII.

Then speaking to the Ladie thus he
said:
'Ye dolefull Dame, let not your grieue
empeach
To tell what cruell hand hath thus arayd
This knight unarm'd with so unknighthly
breach
Of armes, that, if I yet him nigh may
reach,
I may avenge him of so foule despight.'
The Ladie, hearing his so courteous
speach,
Gan reare her eyes as to the chearefull
light,
And from her sory hart few heauey words
forth sight:

XLIII.

In which she shew'd, how that discour-
teous knight,
(Whom Tristram slew) them in that
shadow found
Joying together in unblam'd delight;
And him unarm'd, as now he lay on
ground,
Charg'd with his speare, and mortally did
wound,
Withouten cause, but onely her to reave
From him to whom she was for ever
bound:
Yet when she fled into that covert greave,
He, her not finding, both them thus nigh
dead did leaue.

XLIV.

When Calidore this ruefull storie had
Well understood, he gan of her demand,
What manner wight he was, and how
yelad,
Which had this outrage wrought with
wicked hand.
She then, like as she best could under-
stand,
Him thus describ'd; to be of stature large,
Clad all in gilden arms, with azure band
Quartred athwart, and bearing in his
targe
A Ladie on rough waves row'd in a som-
mer barge.

XLV.

Then gan Sir Calidore to ghesse streight-
way,
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 him selfe in much more wretched
plight:
These eyes him saw upon the cold earth
sprad,
The meede of his desert for that despight,
Which to your selfe he wrought and to
your loved knight.

XLVI.

'Therefore, faire Lady, lay aside this
grieue,
Which ye have gathered to your gentle
hart
For that displeasure, and thinke what re-
liefe
Were best devise for this your lovers
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 love and to her selfe in that
sad dreare.

XLVII.

Yet she could not devise by any wit,
How thence she might conuay him to some
place;
For him to trouble she it thought unfit,
That was a straunger to her wretched
case;
And him to beare she thought it thing too
base.
Which when as he perceiv'd he thus be-
spake:
'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.'

XLVIII.

So off he did his shield, and downeward
layd
Upon the ground, like to an hollow beare;
And pouring balme, which he had long
purvayd,

Into his wounds, him up 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 III.

Calidore brings Priscilla home;
 Pursues the Blatant Beast:
 Saves Serena, whilst Calepine
 By Turpine is opprest.

I.

TRUE is, that whilome that good Poet
 sayd,
 The gentle minde 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 curteous
 manners met.

II.

But evermore contrary had bene tryde,
 That gentle bloud will gentle manners
 breed;
 As well may be in Calidore descryde,
 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
 Unto the Castle where they had decreed:
 There of the Knight, the which that Castle
 ought,
 To make abode that night he greatly was
 besought.

III.

He was to weete a man of full ripe
 yeares,
 That in his youth had bene of mickle
 might,
 And borne great sway in armes amongst
 his peares;
 But now weake age had dimd his candle-
 light:
 Yet was he courteous still to every wight,
 And loved 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 sonnes,
 Aladine.

IV.

Who when he saw his sonne so ill be-
 dight
 With bleeding wounds, brought home
 upon a beare
 By a faire Lady and a straunger Knight,
 Was inly touched with compassion deare,
 And deare affection of so dolefull dreare,
 That he these words burst forth: 'Ah,
 sory boy!
 Is this the hope that to my hoary heare
 Thou brings? aie me! is this the timely
 joy,
 Which I expected long, now turn'd to sad
 annoy?'

V.

'Such is the weakenesse of all mortall
 hope,
 So tickle is the state of earthly things,
 That, ere they come unto their aymed
 scope,
 They fall too short of our fraile reckon-
 ings,
 And bring us bale and bitter sorrowings,
 Instead of comfort which we should em-
 brace:
 This is the state of Keasars and of Kings!
 Let none therefore, that is in meaner
 place,
 Too greatly grieve at any his unlucky
 case.'

VI.

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'd and sorrow'd for her lover
 deare,
 And inly did afflict her pensive thought
 With thinking to what case her name
 should now be brought:

VII.

For she was daughter to a noble Lord
Which dwelt thereby, who sought her to
affy
To a great pere; but she did disaccord,
Ne could her liking to his love apply,
But lov'd this fresh young Knight who
dwelt her ny,
The lusty Aladine, though meaner borne
And of lesse livelood and hability,
Yet full of valour the which did adorne
His meanesse much, and make her th'
others riches scorne.

VIII.

So, having both found fit occasion,
They met together in that lucklesse
glade;
Where that proud Knight in his presump-
tion
The gentle Aladine did earst invade,
Being unarm'd and set in secret shade.
Whereof she now bethinking, gan t' ad-
vize
How great a hazard she at earst had made
Of her good fame; and further gan devise
How she the blame might salve with col-
oured disguise.

IX.

But Calidore with all good courtesie
Fain'd her to frolicke, and to put away
The pensive fit of her melancholie;
And that old Knight by all meanes did
assay
To make them both as merry as he may.
So they the evening past till time of
rest;
When Calidore in seemly good array
Unto his bowre was brought, and there
undrest
Did sleepe all night through weary travell
of his quest.

x.

But faire Priscilla (so that Lady hight)
Would to no bed, nor take no kindly
sleepe,
But by her wounded love 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
wacht him,
That of the deadly swound, in which full
deepe
He drenched was, she at the length dis-
pacht him,
And drove away the stound which mor-
tally attacht him,

XI.

The morrow next, when day gan to up-
looke,
He also gan uplooke with dreery eye,
Like one that out of deadly dreame
awooke:
Where when he saw his faire Priscilla by,
He deeply sigh'd, 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 blood:
For first, next after life, he tendered her
good.

XII.

Which she perceiving did with plenteous
teares
His care more then her owne compassion-
ate,
Forgetfull of her owne to minde his feares:
So both conspiring gan to intimate
Each others grieffe with zeale affection-
ate,
And twixt them twaine with equall care
to cast
How to save hole her hazarded estate;
For which the onely helpe now left them
last
Seem'd to be Calidore: all other helpes
were past.

XIII.

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 just.
Earely, so soone as Titans beames forth
brust
Through the thicke clouds in which they
steeped lay
All night in darknesse, duld with yron
rust,
Calidore rising up as fresh as day
Gan freshly him adresse unto his former
way.

XIV.

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 lovely lasse.
There he him found much better then he
was;
And moved speach to him of things of
course,
The anguish of his paine to overpasse:

Mongst which he namely did to him dis-
course
Of former daies mishap, his sorrowes
wicked sourse.

XV.

Of which occasion Aldine taking hold
Gan breake to him the fortunes of his love,
And all his disadvantages to unfold,
That Calidore it dearly deepe did move:
In th' end, his kyndly courtesie to prove,
He him by all the bands of love besought,
And as it mote a faithfull friend behove,
To safe-conduct his love, and not for
ought
To leave, till to her fathers house he had
her brought.

XVI.

Sir Calidore his faith thereto did plight
It to performe: so after little stay,
That she her selfe had to the journey
dight,
He passed forth with her in faire array,
Fearlesse who ought did thiuke or ought
did say,
Sith his own thought he knew most cleare
from wite:
So, as they past together on their way,
He can devise this counter-cast of slight,
To give faire colour to that Ladies cause
in sight.

XVII.

Streight to the carkasse of that Knight
he went,
The cause of all this evill, who was slaine
The day before by just avengement
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 daies
paine,
Till to that Ladies fathers house he came;
Most pensive man, through feare what of
his childe became.

XVIII.

There he arriving boldly did present
The fearefull Lady to her father deare,
Most perfect pure, and guiltlesse innocent
Of blame, as he did on his Knighthood
swear,
Since first he saw her, and did free from
feare
Of a discourteous Knight, who her had 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.

XIX.

Most joyfull man her sire was her to
see,
And heare th' adventure of her late mis-
chance;
And thousand thanks to Calidore for fee
Of his large paines in her deliveraunce
Did yeeld: Ne lesse the Lady did
advance.
Thus having her restored trustily,
As he had vow'd, some small continuance
He there did make, and then most care-
fully
Unto his first exploite he did him selfe
apply.

XX.

So, as he was pursuing of his quest,
He chaunst to come whereas a jolly
Knight
In covert shade him selfe did safely rest,
To solace with his Lady in delight:
His warlike armes he had from him un-
dight,
For that him selfe he thought from daun-
ger free,
And far from envious eyes that mote him
spight;
And eke the Lady was full faire to see,
And courteous withall, becomming her
degre.

XXI.

To whom Sir Calidore approaching nye,
Ere they were well aware of living wight,
Them much abasht, but more him selfe
thereby,
That he so rudely did upon them light,
And troubled had their quiet loves de-
light:
Yet since it was his fortune, not his fault,
Him selfe thereof he labour'd to acquite,
And pardon crav'd for his so rash de-
fault,
That he gainst courtesie so fowly did
default.

XXII.

With which his gentle words and goodly
wit
Hè soone allayd that Knights conceiv'd
displeasure,
That he besought him downe by him to sit,
That they mote treat of things abroad at
leasure,
And of adventures, which had in his
measure
Of so long waies to him befallen late.
So downe he sate, and with delightfull
pleasure

His long adventures gan to him relate,
Which he endured had through daungerous
debate :

XXIII.

Of which whilst they discoursed both
together,
The faire Serena (so his Lady hight)
Allur'd with myldnesse of the gentle
wether
And pleasaunce of the place, the which
was dight
With divers flowres distinct with rare
delight,
Wandred about the fields, as liking led
Her wavering lust after her wandring
sight,
To make a garland to adorne her hed,
Without suspect of ill or daungers hidden
dred.

XXIV.

All sodainely out of the forrest nere
The Blatant Beast forth rushing unaware
Caught her, thus loosely wandring here
and there,
And in his wide great mouth away her
bare
Crying aloud to shew her sad misfare
Unto the Knights, and calling oft for
ayde ;
Who with the horroure of her haplesse
care
Hastily starting up, like men dismayde,
Ran after fast to reskue the distressed
mayde.

XXV.

The Beast, with their pursuit incited
more,
Into the wood was bearing her apace
For to have spoyled her, when Calidore,
Who was more light of foote and swift in
chace,
Him overtooke in midst of his race ;
And, fiercely charging him with all his
might,
Forst to forgoe his pray there in the
place,
And to betake him selfe to fearefull
flight ;
For he durst not abide with Calidore to
fight.

XXVI.

Who nathelless, when he the Lady saw
There left on ground, though in full evill
plight,
Yet knowing that her Knight now nere
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 nould let him breath, nor gather
spright,
But forst him gape and gaspe, with dread
aghast,
As if his lungs and lites were nigh asun-
der brast.

XXVII.

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,
Having both sides through grypt with
griesly wound.
His weapons soone from him he threw
away,
And stouping downe to her in dreary
swound
Uprear'd her from the ground whereon
she lay,
And in his tender armes her forced up to
stay.

XXVIII.

So well he did his busie paines apply,
That the faint sprite he did revoke againe
To her fraile mansion of mortality :
Then up he tooke her twixt his armes
twaine,
And setting on his steede her did sustaine
With carefull hands, soft footing her be-
side ;
Till to some place of rest they mote attaine,
Where she in safe assuraunce mote abide,
Till she recured were of those her
woundes wide.

XXIX.

Now when as Phœbus with his fiery
waine
Unto his Inne began to draw apace ;
The waxing weary of that toylesome
paine,
In travelling on foote so long a space,
Not wont on foote with heavy armes to
trace,
Downe in a dale forby a rivers syde
He chaunst to spie a faire and stately
place,
To which he meant his weary steps to
guyde,
In hope there for his love some succour
to provyde.

XXX.

But, comming to the rivers side, he
found
That hardly passable on foote it was ;
Therefore there still he stood as in a
stound,

Ne wist which way he through the foord
mote pas:
Thus whilst he was in this distressed
case,
Devising what to doe, he nigh espyde
An armed Knight approaching to the
place
With a faire Lady lincked by his syde,
The which themselves prepard thorough
the foord to ride.

XXXI.

Whom Calepine saluting (as became)
Besought of courtesie, in that his neede,
For safe conducting of his sickely Dame
Through that same perillous foord with
better heede,
To take him up behinde upon his steed;
To whom that other did this taunt re-
turne:
'Perdy, thou peasant Knight mightst
rightly reed
Me then to be full base and evill borne,
If I would beare behinde a burden of such
scorene.

XXXII.

'But, as thou hast thy steed forlorne
with shame,
So fare on foote till thou another gayne,
And let thy Lady likewise doe the same,
Or beare her on thy backe with pleasing
payne,
And prove thy manhood on the billowes
vayne.'
With which rude speach his Lady much
displeased
Did him reprove, yet could him not re-
strayne,
And would on her owne Palfrey him
have eased,
For pittie of his Dame whom she saw so
diseased.

XXXIII.

Sir Calepine her thanckt; yet, inly wroth
Against her Knight, her gentlenesse re-
fused,
And carelesly into the river goth,
As in despite to be so fowle abused
Of a rude churle, whom often he accused
Of fowle discourtesie, unfit for Knight,
And, strongly wading through the waves
unused,
With speare in th' one hand stayd him
selfe upright,
With th' other staide his Lady up with
steddy might.

XXXIV.

And all the while that same discour-
teous Knight

Stood on the further bancke 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 saw his carriage past that perill well,
Looking at that same Carle with count'-
nance grim,
His heart with vengeaunce inwardly did
swell,
And forth at last did breake in speaches
sharpe and fell:

XXXV.

'Unknightly Knight, the blemish of
that name,
And blot of all that armes upon them
take,
Which is the badge of honour and of
fame,
Loe! I defie thee; and here challenge
make,
That thou for ever doe those armes for-
sake,
And be for ever held a recreant Knight,
Unlesse thou dare, for thy deare Ladies
sake
And for thine owne defence, on foote
alight
To justifie thy fault gainst me in equall
fight.'

XXXVI.

The dastard, that did heare him selfe
defyde,
Seem'd not to weigh his threatfull words
at all,
But laught them out, as if his greater
pryde
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 revenge he forth could
call,
But both his challenge and him selfe con-
temned,
Ne cared as a coward so to be condemned.

XXXVII.

But he, nought weighing what he sayd
or did,
Turned his steede 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 arriving with the fall of day

Drew to the gate, and there with prayers
meeke
And myld entreaty lodging did for her
beseeke.

XXXVIII.

But the rude Porter that no manners
had
Did shut the gate against him in his face,
And entraunce boldly unto him forbad:
Nathelasse the Knight, now in so needy
case,
Gan him entreat even with submission
base,
And humbly praid to let them in that
night;
Who to him answer'd, that there was no
place
Of lodging fit for any errant Knight,
Unlesse that with his Lord he formerly did
fight.

XXXIX.

'Full loth am I,' (quoth he) 'as now at
earst
When day is spent, and rest us needeth
most,
And that this Lady, both whose sides are
pearst
With wounds, is ready to forgo the ghost;
Ne would I gladly combate with mine
host,
That should to me such curtesie afford,
Unlesse that I were thereunto enforst:
But yet aread to me, how hight thy Lord,
That doth thus strongly ward the Castle
of the Ford?'

XL.

'His name,' (quoth he), 'if that thou
list to learne,
Is hight Sir Turpine, one of mickle might
And manhood rare, but terrible and
stearne
In all assaies to every errant Knight,
Because of one that wrought him fowle
despight.'
'Ill seemes,' (sayd he) 'if he so valiaunt be,
That he should be so sterne to stranger
wight;
For seldome yet did living creature see
That curtesie and manhood ever disagree.

* XLI.

'But go thy waies to him, and fro me
say,
That here is at his gate an errant Knight,
That house-rome craves; yet would be
loth t' assay
The proefe of battell now in doubtfull
night,
Or curtesie with rudenesse to requite:

Yet, if he needes will fight, crave leave
till morne,
And tell with all the lamentable plight
In which this Lady languisheth forlorne,
That pitty craves, as he of woman was
yborne.'

XLII.

The groome went streight way in, and
to his Lord
Declar'd the message which that Knight
did move;
Who, sitting with his Lady then at bord,
Not onely did not his demaund approve,
But both himselfe revil'd and eke his love;
Albe his Lady, that Blandina hight,
Him of ungentle usage did reprove,
And earnestly entreated, that they might
Finde favour to be lodged there for that
same night.

XLIII.

Yet would he not perswaded be for
ought,
Ne from his currish will a whit 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 avenged bee;
But most for pitty of his dearest Dame,
Whom now in deadly daunger he did see,
Yet had no meanes to comfort, nor procure
her glee.

XLIV.

But all in vaine; for-why no remedy
He saw the present mischiefe to redresse,
But th' utmost end perforce for to aby,
Which that nights fortune would for him
addresse.
So downe he tooke his Lady in distresse,
And layd her underneath a bush to sleepe,
Cover'd with cold, and wrapt in wretched-
nesse;
Whiles he him selfe all night did nought
but weepe,
And wary watch about her for her safe-
gard keepe.

XLV.

The morrow next, so soone as joyous day
Did shew it selfe in sunny beames bedight,
Serena full of dolorous dismay,
Twixt darkenesse dread and hope of living
light,
Uprear'd her head to see that chearefull
sight.
Then Calepine, however inly wroth,
And greedy to avenge that vile despight,
Yet for the feeble Ladies sake, full loth

To make there lenger stay, forth on his
journey goth.

XLVI.

He goth on foote all armed by her side,
Upstaying still her selfe upon her steede,
Being unhabable else alone to ride,
So sore her sides, so much her wounds
did bleede;
Till that at length, in his extreamest
neede,
He chaunst far off an armed Knight to spy
Pursuing him apace with greedy speede;
Whom well he wist to be some enemy,
That meant to make advantage of his
misery.

XLVII.

Wherefore he stayd, till that he nearer
drew,
To weet what issue would thereof betyde:
Tho, whenas he approached nigh in vew,
By certaine signes he plainly him descryde
To be the man that with such scornfull
pryde
Had him abusde and shamed yesterday;
Therefore, misdoubting least he should
misguyde
His former malice to some new assay,
He cast to keepe him selfe so safely as he
may.

XLVIII.

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 avoure
Of the lewd words and deedes which he
had done:
With that ran at him, as he would de-
voure
His life attonce; who nought could do but
shun
The perill of his pride, or else be over-run.

CANTO IV.

Calepine by a salvage man
From Turpine reskewed is;
And, whylest an Infant from a Beare
He saves, his love doth misse.

I.

LIKE as a ship with dreadfull storme
long tost,
Having spent all her mastes and her
groundhold,
Now farre from harbour likely to be lost,
At last some fisher-barke doth neare behold.

XLIX.

Yet he him still pursew'd from place to
place,
With full intent him cruely to kill,
And like a wilde goate round about did
chace
Flying the fury of his bloody will:
But his best succour and refuge was still
Behind his Ladies back; who to him
cryde,
And called oft with prayers loud and
shrill,
As ever he to Lady was affyde,
To spare her Knight, and rest with reason
pacifyde:

L.

But he the more thereby enraged was,
And with more eager felnesse him pur-
sew'd;
So that at length, after long weary chace,
Having by chaunce a close advantage
vew'd,
He over rought him, having longeschew'd
His violence in vaine; and with his spere
Stroke through his shoulder, that the
blood ensew'd
In great abundance, as a well it were
That forth out of an hill fresh gushing
did appere.

LI.

Yet ceast he not for all that cruell
wound,
But chaste him still for all his Ladies
cry;
Not satisfyde till on the fatall ground
He saw his life powrd forth dispiteously;
The which was certes in great jeopardy,
Had not a wondrous chaunce his reskue
wrought,
And saved from his cruell villany.
Such chaunces oft exceed all humaine
thought!
That in another Canto shall to end be
brought.

That giveth 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 Ladie left in pitifull affright:

II.

Till that, by fortune passing all foresight,
 A salvage man, which in those woods did wonne,
 Drawne with that Ladies loud and piteous shrigh,
 Toward the same incessantly did ronne
 To understand what there was to be donne:
 There he this most discourteous craven found,
 As fiercely yet as when he first begonne,
 Chasing the gentle Calepine around,
 Ne sparing him the more for all his grievous wound.

III.

The salvage man, that never till this houre
 Did taste of pittie, neither gentlesse knew,
 Seeing his sharpe assault and cruell stoure,
 Was much emmoued at his perils vew,
 That even his ruder hart began to rew,
 And feele compassion of his evill plight,
 Against his foe that did him so pursew;
 From whom he meant to free him, if he might,
 And him avenge of that so villenous despight.

IV.

Yet armes or weapon had he none to fight,
 Ne knew the use of warlike instruments,
 Save such as sudden rage him lent to smite;
 But naked, without needfull vestiments
 To clad his corpse with meete habiliments,
 He cared not for dint of sword nor speere,
 No more then for the stroke of strawes or bents:
 For from his mothers wombe, which him did beare,
 He was invulnerable made by Magicke leare.

V.

He stayed not t' advize which way were best
 His foe t' assayle, or how himselfe to gard,
 But with fierce fury and with force infest
 Upon him ran; who being well prepard
 His first assault full warily did ward,
 And with the push of his sharp-pointed speare
 Full on the breast him strooke, so strong and hard
 That forst him backe recoyle and reele areare,
 Yet in his bodie made no wound nor bloud appeare.

VI.

With that the wyld man more enraged grew,
 Like to a Tygre that hath mist his pray,
 And with mad moode againe upon him flew,
 Regarding neither speare that mote him slay,
 Nor his fierce steed that mote him much dismay:
 The salvage nation doth all dread despize,
 Tho on his shield he griple hold did lay,
 And held the same so hard, that by no wize
 He could him force to loose, or leave his enterprize.

VII.

Long did he wrest and wring it to and fro,
 And every way did try, but all in vaine;
 For he would not his greedie grype forgoe,
 But hayld and puld with all his might and maine,
 That from his steed him nigh he drew againe:
 Who having now no use 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.

VIII.

But after him the wyld 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
 Bene helped through the swiftnesse of his steed,
 He had him overtaken in his flight.
 Who, ever as he saw him nigh succeed,
 Gan cry aloud with horrible affright,
 And shrieked out, a thing uncomely for a knight.

IX.

But, when the Salvage saw his labour vaine
 In following of him that fled so fast,
 He wearie woxe, and backe return'd againe
 With speede unto the place, whereas he last
 Had left that couple nere their utmost cast:
 There he that knight full sorely bleeding found,
 And eke the Ladie fearefully aghast,
 Both for the perill of the present stound,
 And also for the sharpnesse of her ranning wound:

x.

For though she were right glad so rid
to bee
From that vile lozell which her late
offended;
Yet now no lesse encombrance she did see,
And perill, by this salvage man pretended,
Gainst whom she saw no meanes to be
defended,
By reason that her knight was wounded
sore:
Therefore her selfe she wholly recom-
mended
To Gods sole grace, whom she did oft
implore
To send her succour, being of all hope for-
lore.

xi.

But the wyld man, contrarie 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
sound,
Kissing his hands, and crouching to the
ground;
For other language had he none, nor
speach,
But a soft murmure and confused sound
Of senselesse words, which nature did
him teach
T' expresse his passions, which his reason
did mepeach.

xii.

And, comming likewise to the wounded
knight,
When he beheld the streames of purple
blood
Yet flowing fresh, as moved with the sight,
He made great mone after his salvage
mood;
And, running streight into the thickest
wood,
A certaine herbe from thence unto him
brought,
Whose vertue he by use well understood;
The juyce whereof into his wound he
wrought,
And stopt the bleeding straight, ere he it
staunched thought.

xiii.

Then taking up that Recreants shield
and speare,
Which earst he left, he signes unto them
made
With him to wend unto his winning neare;
To which he easily did them perswade.
Farre in the Forrest, by a hollow glade

Covered with mossie shrubs, which spread-
ding brode
Did underneath them make a gloomy
shade,
Where foot of living creature never trode,
Ne scarce wyld beasts durst come, there
was this wights abode.

xiv.

Thether he brought these unacquainted
guests,
To whom faire semblance, as he could,
he shewed
By signes, by lookes, and all his other
gests;
But the bare ground with hoarie mosse
bestrowed
Must be their bed; their pillow was un-
sowed:
And the frutes of the Forrest was their
feast;
For their bad Stuard neither plough'd
nor sowed,
Ne fed on flesh, ne ever of wyld beast
Did taste the bloud, obaying natures first
beheast.

xv.

Yet, howsoever base and meane it were,
They tooke it well, and thanked God for
all,
Which had them freed from that deadly
feare,
And sav'd from being to that caytive
thrall.
Here they of force (as fortune now did
fall)
Compelled were themselves awhile to
rest,
Glad of that easement, though it were but
small;
That having there their wounds awhile
redrest,
They mote the abler be to passe unto the
rest.

xvi.

During which time that wyld man did
apply
His best endeavour and his daily paine
In seeking all the woods both farre and
nye
For herbes to dresse their wounds; still
seeming faine
When ought he did, that did their lyking
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
unsound,

XVII.

Now when as Calepine was woxen strong,
 Upon a day he cast abroad to wend,
 To take the ayre and heare the thrushes song,
 Unarm'd, as fearing neither foe nor frend,
 And without sword his person to defend:
 There him befell, unlooked for before,
 An hard adventure with unhappie end,
 A cruell Beare, the which an infant bore
 Betwixt his bloodie jawes, besprinkled
 all with gore.

XVIII.

The litle babe did loudly srike and squall,
 And all the woods with piteous plaints did fill,
 As if his cry did meane for helpe to call
 To Calepine, whose eares those shrieches shrill,
 Percing his hart, 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 saw now somewhat overpast,
 Yet by the cry he follow'd, and pursewed fast.

XIX.

Well then him chaunst his heavy armes to want,
 Whose burden mote empeach his needfull speed,
 And hinder him from libertie to pant;
 For having 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 jesses which did let her flight,
 Him seem'd his feet did fly and in their speed delight.

xx.

So well he sped him, that the wearie Beare
 Ere long he overtooke and forst to stay;
 And without weapon him assayling neare,
 Compeld him soone the spoyle adowne to lay.
 Wherewith the beast enrag'd to loose his pray
 Upon him turned, and, with greedie force
 And furie to be crossed in his way,
 Gaping full wyde, did thinke without remorse

To be aveng'd on him and to devour his corse.

XXI.

But the bold knight no whit thereat dismayd,
 But catching up in hand a ragged stone
 Which lay thereby (so fortune him did ayde)
 Upon 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 unable to digest that bone;
 Ne could it upward come, nor downward passe.
 Ne could he brooke the coldnesse of the stony masse.

XXII.

Whom when as he thus combred did behold,
 Stryving in vaine that nigh his bowels brast,
 He with him closd, and, laying mightie hold
 Upon his throte, did gripe his gorge so fast,
 That wanting breath him downe to ground he cast;
 And, then oppressing him with urgent paine,
 Ere long enforst to breath his utmost blast,
 Gnashing his cruell teeth at him in vaine,
 And threatning his sharpe clawes, now wanting powre to traine.

XXIII.

Then tooke he up betwixt his armes twaine
 The litle babe, sweet relickes of his pray;
 Whom pitying to heare so sore complaine,
 From his soft eyes the teares he wypt away,
 And from his face the filth that did it ray;
 And every litle limbe he searcht around,
 And every part that under sweath-bands lay,
 Least that the beasts sharpe teeth had any wound
 Made in his tender flesh; but whole them all he found.

XXIV.

So, having all his bands againe uptyde,
 He with him thought backe to returne againe;
 But when he lookt about on every syde,
 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 inquirie learne, nor ghesse by ayme;
For nought but woods and forrests farre
and nye,
That all about did close the compasse of
his eye.

XXV.

Much was he then encombred, ne could
tell
Which way to take: now West he went
awhile,
Then North, then neither, but as fortune
fell:
So up and downe he wandred many a mile
With weary travell and uncertaine toile,
Yet nought the nearer to his journeyes end;
And evermore his lovely litle spoile
Crying for food did greatly him offend:
So all that day in wandring vainely he did
spend.

XXVI.

At last, about the setting of the Sunne,
Him selfe out of the forest he did wynd,
And by good fortune the plaine champion
wonne:
Where, looking all about where he mote
fynd
Some place of succour to content his mynd,
At length he heard under the forrests syde
A voice, that seemed of some woman kynd,
Which to her selfe lamenting loudly cryde,
And oft complayn'd of fate, and fortune
oft defyde.

XXVII.

To whom approaching, when as she per-
ceived
A stranger wight in place, her plaint she
stayd,
As if she doubted to have bene deceived,
Or loth to let her sorrowes be bewrayd:
Whom when as Calepine saw so dismayd,
He to her drew, and with faire blandish-
ment
Her chearing up, thus gently to her sayd:
'What be you, wofull Dame, which thus
lament,
And for what cause, declare; so mote ye
not repent.'

XXVIII.

To whom she thus: 'What need me, Sir,
to tell
That which your selfe have earst ared so
right?
A wofull dame ye have me termed well;
So much more wofull, as my wofull plight
Cannot redressed be by living wight!'

'Nathlesse,' (quoth he) 'if need doe not
you bynd,
Doe it disclose to ease your grieved
spright:
Oftimes it haps that sorrowes of the mynd
Find remedie unsought, which seeking cau-
not fynd.'

XXIX.

Then thus began the lamentable Dame:
'Sith then ye needs will know the grieffe
I hoord,
I am th' unfortunate 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 Gyant, called Cormoraunt,
Whom he did overthrow by yonder foord:
And in three battailes did so deadly daunt,
That he dare not returne for all his daily
vaunt.

XXX.

'So is my Lord now seiz'd of all the land,
As in his fee, with peaceable estate,
And quietly doth hold it in his hand,
Ne any dares with him for it debate:
And to these happie fortunes cruell fate
Hath joy'n'd one evil, which doth over-
throw
All these our joyes, and all our blisse
abate;
And like in time to further ill to grow,
And all this land with endlesse losse to
overflow.

XXXI.

'For th' heavens, envying our pros-
peritie,
Have not vouchsaft to graunt unto us
twaine
The gladfull blessing of posteritie,
Which we might see after our selves re-
maine
In th' heritage of our unhappie paine:
So that for want of heires it to defend,
All is in time like to returne againe
To that foule feend, who dayly doth at-
tend
To leape into the same after our lives end.

XXXII.

'But most my Lord is grieved herewith-
all,
And makes exceeding mone, when he does
thinke
That all this land unto his foe shall fall,
For which he long in vaine did sweate and
swinke,
That now the same he greatly doth for-
thinke.
Yet was it sayd, there should to him a
sonne

*Be gotten, not begotten; which should
 drinke
 And dry up all the water which doth runne
 In the next brooke, by whom that feend
 should be fordonne.*

XXXIII.

'Well hop't he then, when this was
 propheside,
 That from his sides some noble chyld
 should rize,
 The which through fame should farre be
 magnifide,
 And this proud gyant should with brave
 emprize
 Quite overthrow; who now ginnes to de-
 spize
 The good Sir Bruingrowing farre in yeares,
 Who thinks from me his sorrow all doth
 rize.
 Lo! this my cause of griefe to you ap-
 pears;
 For which I thus doe mourne, and poure
 forth ceaselesse teares.'

XXXIV.

Which when he heard, he inly touched
 was
 With tender ruth for her unworthy griefe;
 And, when he had devized of her case,
 He gan in mind conceive a fit reliefe
 For all her paine, if please her make the
 priefe;
 And, having cleared her, thus said:
 'Faire Dame,
 In evils counsell is the comfort chiefe;
 Which though I be not wise enough to
 frame,
 Yet, as I well it meane, vouchsafe it with-
 out blame.

XXXV.

'If that the cause of this your languish-
 ment
 Be laeke of children to supply your place,
 Lo! how good fortune doth to you present
 This litle babe, of sweete and lovely face,
 And spotlesse spirit in which ye may en-
 chace
 Whatever formes ye list thereto apply,
 Being now soft and fit them to embrace;
 Whether ye list him traine in chevalry,
 Or nurse up in lore of learn'd Philos-
 ophy.

XXXVI.

'And, certes, it hath oftentimes bene
 seene,
 That of the like, whose linage was un-
 knowne,
 More brave and noble knights have raysed
 beene

(As their victorious deedes have often
 shouen,
 Being with fame through many Nations
 blowen,)
 Then those which have bene dandled in
 the lap:
 Therefore some thought that those brave
 imps were sowen
 Here by the Gods, and fed with heavenly
 sap,
 That made them grow so hight t' all hon-
 orable hap.'

XXXVII.

The Ladie, hearkning to his sensefull
 speach,
 Found nothing that he said unmeet nor
 geason,
 Having oft seene it tryde as he did teach:
 Therefore inclyning 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 liverye and seisin;
 And, having over it a litle wept,
 She bore it thence, and ever as her owne
 it kept.

XXXVIII.

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 under hand so
 wrought,
 That, when that infant unto him she
 brought,
 She made him think it surely was his
 owne;
 And it in goodly thewes so well up-
 brought,
 That it became a famous knight well
 knowne,
 And did right noble deedes; the which
 elsewhere are showne.

XXXIX.

But Calepine, now being left alone
 Under the greenewoods side in sorie
 plight,
 Withouten armes or steede to ride upon,
 Or house to hide his head from heavens
 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 refusd, though thank't
 her as a frend;

XL.

And, for exceeding grieffe which inly
grew
That he his love so lucklesse 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
tost,
Vowing that never he in bed againe
His limbes would rest, ne lig in ease em-
bost,
Till that his Ladies sight he mote attaine,
Or understand that she in safetie did re-
maine.

CANTO V.

The salvage serves Serena well,
Till she Prince Arthure fynd ;
Who her, together with his Squire,
With th' Hermit leaves behynd.

I.

O WHAT an easie thing is to descry
The gentle blood, how ever it be wrapt
In sad misfortunes foule deformity
And wretched sorrowes, which have often
hapt!
For howsoever it may grow mis-shapt,
Like this wyld man being undisciplynd,
That to all vertue it may seeme unapt,
Yet will it shew some sparkes of gentle
mynd,
And at the last breake forth in his owne
proper kynd.

II.

That plainly may in this wyld man be
red,
Who, though he were still in this desert
wood,
Mongst salvage beasts both rudely borne
and bred,
Ne ever saw faire guize, ne learned good,
Yet shewd some token of his gentle blood
By gentle usage of that wretched Dame:
For certes he was borne of noble blood,
How ever by hard hap he hether came,
As ye may know when time shall be to
tell the same.

III.

Who, 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 afraid ;
And, leaving there this Ladie all dismayd,
Went forth streightway into the forrest
wyde
To seeke if he perchance asleep were layd,
Or what so else were unto him betyde :
He sought him farre and neare, yet him
no where he spyde.

IV.

Tho, backe returning to that sorie
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 upon a stone,
That ruth it was to see him so lament :
By which she well perceiving what was
done,
Gan teare her hayre, and all her gar-
ments rent,
And beat her breast, and piteously her
selfe torment.

V.

Upon the ground her selfe she fiercely
threw,
Regardlessse of her wounds yet bleeding
rife,
That with their blood did all the flore
imbrew,
As if her breast, new' launcht with mur-
drous knife,
Would streight dislodge the wretched
wearie life.
There she long groveling and deepe gron-
ing lay,
As if her vitall powers were at strife
With stronger death, and feared their
decay :
Such were this Ladies pangs and dolo-
rous assay.

VI.

Whom when the Salvage saw so sore
distrest,
He reared her up from the bloudie
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 nould she be recomforted for nought,
Nor cease her sorrow and impatient
stound,
But day and night did vex her carefull
thought,
And ever more and more her owne afflic-
tion wrought.

VII.

At length, when as no hope of his re-
tourne
She saw now left, she cast to leave the
place,
And wend abrode, though feeble and for-
lorne,
To seeke some comfort in that sorie
case.
His steede, now strong through rest so
long a space,
Well as she could she got, and did be-
dight;
And being thereon mounted forth did pace
Withouten guide her to conduct aright,
Or gard her to defend from bold oppress-
ors might.

VIII.

Whom when her Host saw readie to de-
part,
He would not suffer her alone to fare,
But gan himselfe addresse to take her
part.
Those warlike armes which Calepine
whylear
Had left behind he gan eftsoones prepare,
And put them all about himselfe unfit,
His shield, his helmet, and his curats
bare;
But without sword upon his thigh to sit:
Sir Calepine himselfe away had hidden it.

IX.

So forth they traveld, an uneven payre
That mote to all men seeme an uncouth
sight;
A salvage man matcht with a Ladie fayre,
That rather seem'd the conquest of his
might,
Gotten by spoyle then purchaced aright:
But he did her attend most carefully,
And faithfully did serve both day and
night
Withouten thought of shame or villeny,
Ne ever shewed signe of foule disloyalty.

X.

Upon a day, as on their way they went,
It chaunst some furniture about her steed
To be disordred by some accident,

Which to redresse she did th' assistance
need
Of this her groome; which he by signes
did reede,
And streight his combrous armes aside
did lay
Upon the ground withouten doubt or
dreed;
And in his homely wize began to assay
T' amend what was amisse, and put in
right aray.

XI.

Bout which whilest he was busied thus
hard,
Lo! where a knight, together with his
squire,
All arm'd to point came ryding thether-
ward;
Which seemed, by their portance and
attire,
To be two errant knights, that did inquire
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 here needs
forth be set.

XII.

After that Timias had againe recured
The favour of Belphebe (as ye heard)
And of her grace did stand againe as-
sured,
To happie blisse he was full high up-
rear'd,
Nether of envy nor of change afear'd:
Though many foes did him maligne there-
fore,
And with unjust detraction him did
beard,
Yet he himselfe so well and wisely bore,
That in her souveraine lyking he dwelt
evermore.

XIII.

But of them all which did his ruine
seeke,
Three mightie enemies did him most de-
spight,
Three mightie ones, and cruell minded
eeke,
That him not onely sought by open might
To overthrow, but to supplant by slight:
The first of them by name was cald De-
spetto,
Exceeding all the rest in powre and hight;
The second, not so strong but wise, De-
cetto;
The third, nor strong nor wise, but spight-
fullest, Defetto.

XIV.

Oftimes their sundry powres they did employ,
 And several deceits, but all in vaine;
 For neither they by force could him destroy,
 Ne get entrap in treasons subtile traine.
 Therefore, conspiring all together plaine,
 They did their counsels now in one compound:
 Where singled forces faile, conjoynd may gaine.
 The Blatant Beast the fittest meanes they found
 To worke his utter shame, and throughly him confound.

XV.

Upon a day, as they the time did waite,
 When he did raunge the wood for salvage game,
 They sent that Blatant Beast to be a baite
 To draw him from his deare beloved dame
 Unwares into the daunger of defame;
 For well they wist that Squire to be so bold,
 That no one beast in Forrest, wyld or tame,
 Met him in chase but he it challenge would,
 And plucke the pray oftines out of their greedy hould.

XVI.

The hardy boy, as they devised had,
 Seeing the ugly Monster passing by,
 Upon him set, of perill nought adrad,
 Ne skilfull of the uncouth jeopardy;
 And charged him so fierce and furiously,
 That his great force unable to endure,
 He forced was to turne from him and fly:
 Yet ere he fled he with his tooth impure -
 Him heedlesse bit, the whiles he was thereof secure.

XVII.

Securely he did after him pursew,
 Thinking by speed to overtake his flight;
 Who through thicke woods and brakes
 and briars him drew,
 To weary him the more and waste his spight,
 So that he now has almost spent his spright,
 Till that at length unto a woody glade
 He came, whose covert stopt his further sight:
 There his three foes shrowded in guilefull shade

Out of their ambush broke, and gan him to invade.

XVIII.

Sharpely they all attonce did him assaile,
 Burning with inward rancour and despight,
 And heaped strokes did round about him haile
 With so huge force, that seemed nothing might
 Beare off their blowes from percing 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 backe for best safeguard
 He lent against a tree, that backward onset bard.

XIX.

Like a wyld Bull, that, being at a bay,
 Is bayted of a mastiffe and a hound
 And a curre-dog, that doe him sharpe assay
 On every side, and beat about him round;
 But most that curre, barking with bitter sound,
 And creeping still behinde, doth him in-comber,
 That in his chauffe he digs the trampled ground,
 And threats his horns, and bellows like the thonder:
 So did that Squire his foes disperse and drive asonder.

XX.

Him well behaved so; for his three foes
 Sought to encompass him on every side,
 And dangerously did round about enclose:
 But most of all Defetto him annoyde,
 Creeping behinde him still to have destroyde;
 So did Decetto eke him circumvent;
 But stout Despetto in his greater pryde
 Did front him, face to face against him bent:
 Yet he them all withstood, and often made relent.

XXI.

Till that at length, nigh tyrd with former chace,
 And weary now with carefull keeping ward,
 He gan to shrinke and somewhat to give place,
 Full like ere long to have escaped hard;
 When as unwares he in the Forrest heard

A trampling steede, that with his neigh-
ing fast
Did warne his rider be upon his gard;
With noise whereof the Squire, now high
aghast,
Revived was, and sad dispaire away did
cast.

XXII.

Eftsoones he spide a Knight approaching
nye;
Who, seeing one in so great daunger set
Mongst many foes, him selfe did faster
hye
To reskue him, and his weake part abet,
For pittie so to see him overset:
Whom soone as his three enemies did vew,
They fled, and fast into the wood did get.
Him booted not to thinke them to pursew,
The covert was so thicke that did no pas-
sage shew.

XXIII.

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 liefie, my lifes
desire,
Why have ye me alone thus long yleft?
Tell me what worlds despight, or heavens
yre,
Hath you thus long away from me bereft?
Where have ye all this while bin wan-
dring, where bene weft?'

XXIV.

With that he sighed deepe for inward
tyne:
To whom the Squire nought aunswered
againie,
But, shedding few soft teares from tender
eyne,
His dear affect with silence did restraine,
And shut up all his plaint in privy paine.
There they awhile some gracious speaches
spent,
As to them seemed fit time to entertaine;
After all which up to their steedes they
went,
And forth together rode, a comely com-
plement.

XXV.

So now they be arrived both in sight
Of this wyld man, whom they full busie
found
About the sad Serena things to dight,
With those brave armours lying on the
ground,

That seem'd the spoile of some right well
renownd:
Which when that Squire beheld, he to
them stept
Thinking to take them from that hylding
hound;
But he it seeing lightly to him lept,
And sternely with strong hand it from his
handling kept.

XXVI.

Gnashing his grinded teeth with griesly
looke,
And sparkling fire out of his furious eyne,
Him with his fist unwares on th' head he
strooke,
That made him downe unto the earth en-
cline;
Whence soone upstarting much he gan
repine,
And laying hand upon his wrathfull blade
Thought therewithall forthwith him to
have slaine;
Who it perceiving hand upon him layd,
And greedily him griping his avengement
stayd.

XXVII.

With that aloude the faire Serena cryde
Unto the Knight, them to dispart in
twaine;
Who to them stepping did them soone
divide,
And did from further violence restraine,
Albe the wyld-man hardly would refraine.
Then gan the Prince of her for to demand
What and from whence she was, and by
what traine
She fell into that salvage villaines hand?
And whether free with him she now were,
or in band?

XXVIII.

To whom she thus: 'I am, as now ye
see,
The wretchedst Dame that lives this day
on ground;
Who both in minde, the which most
grieveth me,
And body have receiv'd a mortall wound,
That hath me driven to this dreery stound.
I was erewhile the love of Calepine;
Who whether he alive be to be found,
Or by some deadly chauce be done to
pine
Since I him lately lost, uneach is to define.

XXIX.

'In salvage forrest I him lost of late,
Where I had surely long ere this bene
dead,

Or else remained in most wretched state,
 Had not this wyld man in that wofull
 stead
 Kept and delivered me from deadly
 dread,
 In such a salvage wight, of brutish kynd,
 Amongst wilde beastes in desert forrests
 bred,
 It is most straunge and wonderfull to
 fynd
 So milde humanity and perfect gentle
 mynd.

xxx.

'Let me therefore this favour for him
 finde,
 That ye will not your wrath upon him
 wreake,
 Sith he cannot expresse his simple minde,
 Ne yours conceive, ne but by tokens
 speake:
 Small praise to prove your powre on
 wight so weake.'
 With such faire words she did their heat
 asswage,
 And the strong course of their displeasure
 breake,
 That they to pittie turnd their former
 rage,
 And each sought to supply the office of
 her page.

xxxii.

So having all things well about her
 dight,
 She on her way cast forward to proceede,
 And they her forth conducted, where they
 might
 Finde harbour fit to comfort her great
 neede;
 For now her wounds corruption gan to
 breed:
 And eke this Squire, who likewise
 wounded was
 Of that same Monster late, for lacke of
 heed
 Now gan to faint, and further could not
 pas
 Through feeblenesse, which all his limbes
 oppressed has.

xxxiii.

So forth they rode together all in troupe
 To seeke 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 ap-
 pease
 The bitter anguish of their sharpe disease
 By all the courteous meanes he could in-
 vent;

Somewhile with merry purpose, fit to
 please,
 And otherwhile with good encouragement
 To make them to endure the pains did
 them torment.

xxxiiii.

Mongst which Serena did to him relate
 The foule discour'tsies and unknighly
 parts,
 Which Turpine had unto her shewed late,
 Without compassion of her cruell smarts:
 Although Blandina did with all her arts
 Him otherwise perswade all that she
 might,
 Yet he of malice, without her desarts,
 Not onely her excluded late at night,
 But also trayterously did wound her
 weary Knight.

xxxv.

Wherewith the Prince sore moved there
 avoud
 That soone as he returned backe againe,
 He not avenge th' abuses of that proud
 And shamefull Knight of whom she did
 complaine.
 This wise did they each other entertaime
 To passe the tedious travell of the way,
 Till towards night they came unto a plaine,
 By which a little Hermitage there lay,
 Far from all neighbourhood the which
 annoy it may.

xxxvi.

And nigh thereto a little Chappell
 stooode,
 Which being all with Yvy overspred
 Deckt all the rooffe, and, shadowing the
 roode,
 Seem'd like a grove faire branched over-
 hed:
 Therein the Hermite, which his life here
 led
 In streight observaunce of religious vow,
 Was wont his howres and holy things to
 bed;
 And therein he likewise was praying now,
 Whenas these Knights arriv'd, they wist
 not where nor how.

xxxvii.

They stayd not there, but streightway
 in did pas:
 Whom when the Hermite present saw in
 place,
 From his devotion streight he troubled
 was;
 Which breaking off he toward them did
 pace

With stayed steps and grave beseeming
 grace:
 For well it seem'd that whilome he had
 bene
 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.

XXXVII.

And soothly it was sayd by common
 fame,
 So long as age enabled him thereto,
 That he had bene 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 up his armes and warlike
 spoyle,
 From all this worlds incombrance did
 himselfe assoyle.

XXXVIII.

He thence them led into his Hermitage,
 Letting their steedes to graze upon the
 greene.
 Small was his house, and like a little cage,
 For his owne turne, yet inly neate and
 clene,
 Deckt with greene boughes and flowers
 gay beseene:
 Therein he them full faire did entertaine
 Not with such forged showes, as fitter
 bene
 For courting fooles that curtesies would
 faire,
 But with entire affection and appearaunce
 plaine.

XXXIX.

Yet was their fare but homely, such as
 hee
 Did use his feeble body to sustaine,
 The which full gladly they did take in
 gree,
 Such as it was, ne did of want complaine,

But being well suffiz'd them restel faire.
 But fair Serene all night could take no
 rest,
 Ne yet that gentle Squire, for grievous
 paine
 Of their late woundes, the which the Bla-
 tant Beast
 Had given them, whose grieffe through
 suffraunce sore increast.

XL.

So all that night they past in great dis-
 ease,
 Till that the morning, bringing earely
 light
 To guide mens labours, brought them also
 ease,
 And some asswagement of their painefull
 plight.
 Then up they rose, and gan them selves
 to dight
 Unto their journey; but that Squire and
 Dame
 So faint and feeble were, that they ne
 might
 Endure to travell, nor one foote to frame:
 Their hearts were sicke; their sides were
 sore; their feete were lame.

XLI.

Therefore the Prince, whom great
 affaires in mynd
 Would not permit to make there lenger
 stay,
 Was forced there to leave them both be-
 hynd
 In that good Hermits charge; whom he
 did pray
 To tend them well. So forth he went his
 way,
 And with him eke the salvage, (that why
 leare
 Seeing his royall usage and array
 Was greatly growne in love of that brave
 pere,)
 Would needes depart; as shall declared
 be elsewhere.

CANTO VI.

The Hermite heales both Squire and dame
 Of their sore maladies:
 He Turpine doth defeat, and shame
 For his late villanies.

I.

No wound, which warlike hand of en-
 emy
 Inflicts with dint of sword, so sore doth
 light

As doth the poysnous sting, which in-
 famy
 Infixeth in the name of noble wight:
 For by no art, nor any leaches might,
 It ever can recured be againe;

Ne all the skill, which that immortal
spright
Of Podalyrius did in it retaine,
Can remedy such hurts: such hurts are
hellish paine.

II.

Such were the wounds the which that
Blatant Beast
Made in the bodies of that Squire and
Dame;
And, being such, were now much more
increast
For want of taking heede unto the same,
That now corrupt and curelesse they be-
came:
Howbe that carefull Hermite did his best,
With many kindes of medicines meete, to
tame
The poysonous humour which did most in-
fest
Their ranckling wounds, and every day
them duely drest.

III.

For he right well in Leaches craft was
seene;
And through the long experience of his
dayes,
Which had in many fortunes tossed beene
And past through many perillous assayes,
He knew the diverse went of mortall
wayes,
And in the mindes of men had great in-
sight;
Which with sage counsell, when they went
astray,
He could enforme, and them reduce aright,
And all the passions heale which wound
the weaker spright.

IV.

For whylome he had bene a doughty
Knight,
As any one that lived in his daies,
And proved oft in many perillous fight,
Of which he grace and glory wonne al-
waies,
And in all battels bore away the baies:
But being now attacht with timely age,
And weary of this worlds unquiet waies,
He tooke him selfe unto this Hermitage,
In which he liv'd alone, like carelesse bird
in cage.

v.

One day, as he was searching of their
wounds,
He found that they had festred privily;
And ranckling inward with unruly stounds,
The inner parts now gan to putrify,

That quite they seem'd past helpe of sur-
gery;
And rather needed to be disciplinde
With wholesome reede of sad sobriety,
To rule the stubborne rage of passion
blinde:
Give salves to every sore, but counsell to
the minde.

VI.

So, taking them apart into his cell,
He to that point fit speaches 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 sayd: 'Faire daugh-
ter Dame,
And you, faire Sonne, which here thus
long now lie
In piteous languor since ye hither came,
In vaine of me ye hope for remedie,
And I likewise in vaine doe salves to you
applie:

VII.

'For in your selfe your onely helpe doth
lie
To heale your selves, 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 ye seeke, observe this
one:
First learne your outward senses to re-
fraine
From things that stirre up fraile affection;
Your eies, your eares, your tongue, your
talk restraine
From that they most affect, and in due
termes containe.

VIII.

'For from those outward sences, ill
affected,
The seede of all this evill first doth spring,
Which at the first, before it had infected,
Mote easie be suppress with little thing;
But being growen strong it forth doth
bring
Sorrow, and anguish, and impatient paine,
In th' inner parts; and lastly, scattering
Contagious poyson close through every
vaine,
It never rests till it have wrought his
final bane.

IX.

'For that beastes teeth, which wounded
you tofore,
Are so exceeding venemous and keene,

Made all of rusty yron rancbling sore,
That where they bite it booteth not to
weene

With salve, or antidote, or other mene,
It ever to amend: ne marvaile ought,
For that same beast was bred of hellish
strene,
And long in darksome Stygian den up-
brought,
Begot of foule Echidna, as in bookes is
taught.

x.

'Echidna is a Monster direfull dred,
Whom Gods doe hate, and heavens abhor
to see;
So hideous is her shape, so huge her hed,
That even the hellish fiends affrighted
bee
At sight thereof, and from her presence
flee:

Yet did her face and former parts professe
A faire young Mayden, full of comely
glee;
But all her hinder parts did plaine ex-
presse
A monstrous Dragon, full of fearefull
uglinessse.

xi.

'To her the Gods, for her so dreadfull
face,
In fearefull darkenesse, furthest from the
skie
And from the earth, appointed have her
place
Mongst rocks and caves, where she en-
rold 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
Makes th' heavens tremble oft, and him
with vowes asswage.

xii.

'Of that commixtion they did then be-
get
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 pours his poysnous gall forth to in-
fest
The noblest wights with notable defame:
Ne ever Knight that bore so lofty creast,
Ne ever Lady of so honest name,
But he them spotted with reproch, or
secrete shame.

xiii.

'In vaine therefore it were with medi-
cine

To goe about to salve such kynd of sore,
That rather needes wise read and disci-
pline,

Then outward salves that may augment
it more.'

'Aye me!' (sayd then Serena, sighing
sore)

'What hope of helpe doth then for us
remaine,

If that no salves may us to health re-
store?'

'But sith we need good counsell,' (sayd
the swaine)

'Aread, good Sire, some counsell that may
us sustaine.'

xiv.

'The best' (sayd he) 'that I can you
advize,

Is to avoide the occasion of the ill:
For when the cause, whence evill doth
arize,

Removed is, th' effect surceaseth still.

Abstaine from pleasure, and restraine
your will;

Subdue desire, and bridle loose delight;

Use scantied diet, and forbear your fill;

Shun secresie, and talke in open sight:

So shall you soone repaire your present
evill plight.'

xv.

Thus having sayd, his sickely patients
Did gladly hearken to his grave behest,
And kept so well his wise commaunde-
ments,

That in short space their malady was
ceast,

And eke the biting of that harmefull Beast
Was thoroughly heal'd. Tho when they
did perceave

Their wounds recur'd, and forces rein-
creast,

Of that good Hermite both they tooke
their leave,

And went both on their way, ne ech would
other leave:

xvi.

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 in-
deed,

Would not her leave alone in her great
need.

So both together traveld, till they met

With a faire Mayden clad in mourning
weed,
Upon a mangy jade unmeetely set,
And a lewd foole her leading thorough
dry and wet.

XVII.

But by what meanes that shame to her
befell,
And how thereof her selfe she did acquite,
I must awhile forbear to you to tell;
Till that, as comes by course, I doe recite
What fortune to the Briton Prince did
lite,
Pursuing that proud Knight, the which
whileare
Wrought to Sir Calepine so foule despight;
And eke his Lady, though she sickely
were,
So lewdly had abusde, as ye did lately
heare.

XVIII.

The Prince, according to the former
token
Which faire Serene to him delivered had,
Pursu'd him streight; in mynd to bene
ywroken
Of all the vile demeane and usage bad,
With which he had those two so ill bestad:
Ne wight with him on that adventure
went,
But that wyld man; whom though he oft
forbad,
Yet for no bidding, nor for being shent,
Would he restrayned be from his attende-
ment.

XIX.

Arriving there, as did by chance befall,
He found the gate wyde ope, and in he
rode,
Ne stayd, till that he came into the hall;
Where soft dismounting, like a weary
lode,
Upon the ground with feeble feete he
trode,
As he unable were for very neede
To move one foote, but there must make
abode:
The whiles the salvage man did take his
steede,
And in some stable neare did set him up
to feede.

XX.

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 whome the Prince, him fayning to em-
base,
Myld answer made, he was an errant
Knight,
The which was fall'n into this feeble case
Through many wounds, which lately he in
fight
Received had, and prayd to pittie his ill
plight.

XXI.

But he, the more outrageous and bold,
Sternely did bid him quickly thence
avaunt,
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 bad him packe
away,
Not sparing him with bitter words to
taunt,
And therewithall rude hand on him did
lay,
To thrust him out of dore doing his worst
assay.

XXII.

Which when the Salvage, comming now
in place,
Beheld, eftssoones he all enraged grew,
And, running streight upon that villaine
base,
Like a fell Lion at him fiercely flew,
And with his teeth and nailles, in present
wev
Him rudely rent and all to peeces tore;
So miserably him all helpelesse slew,
That with the noise, whilst he did loudly
rore,
The people of the house rose forth in great
uprore.

XXIII.

Who when on ground they saw their
fellow slaine,
And that same Knight and Salvage stand-
ing by,
Upon them two they fell with might and
maine,
And on them layd so huge and horribly,
As if they would have slaine them pres-
ently:
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, whilst many under-
neath him fell.

XXIV.

Yet he them still so sharply did pur-
sew,

That few of them he left alive, which fled
Those evill tidings to their Lord to shew:
Who, hearing how his people badly sped,
Came forth in hast; where, when as with
the dead

He saw the ground all strow'd, and that
same Knight

And salvage with their bloud fresh steem-
ing red,

He woxe nigh mad with wrath and fell
despight,

And with reprochfull words him thus be-
spake on light.

xxv.

' Art thou he, traytor, that with treason
vile

Hast slaine my men in this unmanly
maner,

And now triumphest in the piteous spoile
Of these poore folk, whose soules with
black dishonor

And foule defame doe decke thy bloody
baner?

The meede whereof shall shortly be thy
shame,

And wretched end which still attendeth
on her.'

With that himselfe to battell he did frame;
So did his forty yeomen, which there with
him came.

xxvi.

With dreadfull force they all did him
assaille,

And round about with boystrous strokes
opresse,

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 ad-
dresse:

And evermore that craven cowerd Knight
Was at his backe with heartlesse heedi-
nesse,

Wayting if he unwares him murder
might;

For cowardize doth still in villany delight.

xxvii.

Whereof whenas the Prince was well
aware,

He to him turnd with furious intent,
And him against his powre gau to pre-
pare;

Like a fierce Bull, that being busie bent
To fight with many foes about him ment,
Feeling some curre behinde his heeles to
bite,

Turnes him about with fell avengement:
So likewise turnde the Prince upon the
Knight,

And layd at him amaine with all his will
and might.

xxviii.

Who, when he once his dreadfull strokes
had tasted,

Durst not the furie of his force abyde,
But turn'd abacke, and to retyre him
hasted

Through the thick prease, there thinking
him to hyde:

But, when the Prince had once him
plainely eyde,

He foot by foot him followed alway,
Ne would him suffer once to shrinke
asyde,

But joyning close huge lode at him did
lay;

Who flying still did ward, and warding
fly away.

xxix.

But, when his foe he still so eager saw,
Unto his heeles himselfe he did betake,
Hoping unto some refuge to withdraw:

Ne would the Prince him ever foot forsake
Where so he went, but after him did
make.

He fled from roome to roome, from place
to place,

Whylest every joynt for dread of death
did quake,

Still looking after him that did him chace,
That made him evermore increase his
speedie pace.

xxx.

At last he up into the chamber came
Whereas his love was sitting all alone,
Wayting what tydings of her folke be-
came.

There did the Prince him overtake anone,
Crying in vaine to her him to bemone;

And with his sword him on the head did
smyte,

That to the ground he fell in senselesse
swone:

Yet, whether thwart or flatly it did lyte,
The tempreed steele did not into his
braynepan byte.

xxxi.

Which when the Ladie saw, with great
affright

She starting up began to shriek aloud;
And with her garment covering him from
sight,

Seem'd under her protection him to
shroud;

And falling lowly at his feet her bowd
Upon her knee, intreating him for grace,

And often him besought, and prayd, and
vowd,
That with the ruth of her so wretched case,
He stayd his second strooke, and did his
hand abase.

xxxii.

Her weed she then withdrawing did
him discover;
Who now come to himselfe yet would not
rise,
But still did lie as dead, and quake, and
quiver,
That even the Prince his basenesse did
despize;
And eke his Dame, him seeing in such
guize,
Gan him recomfort and from ground to
reare:
Who rising up at last in ghastly wize,
Like troubled ghost, did dreadfully ap-
peare,
As one that had no life him left through
former feare.

xxxiii.

Whom when the Prince so deadly saw
dismayd,
He for such basenesse shamefully him
shent,
And with sharpe words did bitterly up-
brayd:
'Vile cowheard dogge! now doe I much
repent,
That ever I this life unto thee lent,
Whereof thou, caytive, so unworthie art,
That both thy love, for lacke of hardi-
ment,
And eke thy selfe, for want of manly hart,
And eke all knights hast shamed with
this knightlesse part.

xxxiv.

'Yet further hast thou heaped shame to
shame,
And crime to crime, by this thy cowheard
feare:
For first, it was to thee reprochfull blame
To erect this wicked custome, which I
heare
Gainst errant Knights and Ladies thou
dost reare;
Whom when thou mayst thou dost of
arms despoile,
Or of their upper garment which they
weare;
Yet doest thou not with manhood, but
with guile,
Maintaine this evil use, thy foes thereby
to foile.

xxxv.

'And lastly, in approvance of thy
wrong,
To shew such faintnesse and foule cow-
ardize
Is greatest shame; for oft it falles, that
stroug
And valiant Knights doe rashly enterprize
Either for fame, or else for exercize,
A wrongfull quarrell to maintaine by
fight;
Yet have through prowesse and their
brave emprize
Gotten great worship in this worldessight:
For greater force there needs to main-
taine wrong then right.

xxxvi.

'Yet, since thy life unto this Ladie
fayre
I given have, live in reproch and scorne,
Ne ever armes ne ever knighthood dare
Hence to professe; for shame is to adorne
With so brave badges one so basely borne:
But onely breath, sith that I did forgive.'
So having from his craven bodie torne
Those goodly armes, he them away did
give,
And onely suffred him this wretched life
to live.

xxxvii.

There whilist he thus was setling things
above,
Atwene that Ladie myld and recreant
knight,
To whom his life he graunted for her love,
He gan bethinke him in what perilous
plight
He had behynd him left that salvage wight
Amongst so many foes, whom sure he
thought
By this quite slaine in so unequall fight:
Therefore descending backe in haste he
sought
If yet he were alive, or to destruction
brought.

xxxviii.

There he him found environed about
With slaughtred bodies which his hand
had slaine,
And laying yet afresh, with courage stout,
Upon the rest that did alive remaine;
Whom he likewise right sorely did con-
straine,
Like scattred sheepe, to seeke for safetie,
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.

XXXIX.

Whom when the Prince so felly saw to
rage,
Approching to him neare, his hand he
stayd,
And sought by making signes him to as-
swage;
Who them perceiving streight to him
obayd,
As to his Lord, and downe his weapons
layd,
As if he long had to his heasts bene
trayned.
Thence he him brought away, and up con-
vayd
Into the chamber, where that Dame re-
mayned
With her unworthy knight, who ill him
entertayned.

XL.

Whom when the Salvage saw from
daunger free,
Sitting beside his Ladie there at ease,
He well remembered that the same was
hee,
Which lately sought his Lord for to dis-
please:
Tho all in rage he on him streight did
seaze,
As if he would in peeces him have rent;
And, were not that the Prince did him
appeaze,
He had not left one limbe of him un-
rent:
But streight he held his hand at his com-
maundement.

XLI.

Thus having all things well in peace or-
dayned,
The Prince himselfe there all that night
did rest;
Where him Blandina fayrely entertayned
With all the courteous glee and goodly
feast
The which for him she could imagine
best:
For well she knew the wayes to win good
will
Of every wight, that were not too infest;
And how to please the minds of good and
ill,

Through tempering of her words and
lookes by wondrous skill.

XLII.

Yet were her words and lookes but false
and fayned,
To some hid end to make more easie way,
Or to allure such foundlings whom she
trayned
Into her trap unto their owne decay:
Thereto, when needed, she could weepe
and pray,
And when her listed she could fawne and
flatter;
Now smyling smoothly, like to sommers
day,
Now glooming sadly, so to cloke her mat-
ter;
Yet were her words but wynd, and all her
teares but water.

XLIII.

Whether such grace were given her by
kynd,
As women wont their guilefull wits to
guyde,
Or learn'd the art to please, I doe not
fynd:
This well I wote, that she so well applyde
Her pleasing tongue, that soone she paci-
fyde
The wrathfull Prince, and wrought her
husbands peace:
Who nathelless, not therewith satisfyde,
His rancorous despight did not release,
Ne secretly from thought of fell revenge
surceasse:

XLIV.

For all that night, the whyles the Prince
did rest
In carelesse couch, not weeting what was
ment,
He watcht in close awayt with weapons
prest,
Willing to worke his villenous intent
On him that had so shamefully him shent:
Yet durst he not for very cowardize
Effect the same, whylest all the night was
spent.
The morrow next the Prince did early
rize,
And passed forth to follow his first enter-
prize.

CANTO VII.

Turpine is bafful ; his two knights
 Doe gaine their treasons meed :
 Fayre Mirabellæa punishment
 For Loves disdainde decreed.

I.

LIKE as the gentle hart it selfe bewrayes
 In doing gentle deedes with franke delight,
 Even so the baser mind it selfe displayes
 In canered malice and revengefull spight:
 For to maligne, t' envie, t' use shifting
 slight,
 Be arguments of a vile donghill mind,
 Which, what it dare not doe by open
 might,
 To worke by wicked treason wayes doth
 find,
 By such discourteous deedes discovering
 his base kind.

II.

That well appears in this discourteous
 knight,
 The coward Turpine, whereof now I
 treat;
 Who notwithstanding that in former
 fight
 He of the Prince his life received late,
 Yet in his mind, malicious and ingrate,
 He gan devize to be aveng'd anew
 For all that shame, which kindled in-
 ward hate:
 Therefore, so soone as he was out of
 vew,
 Himselfe in hast he arm'd, and did him
 fast pursew.

III.

Well did he tract his steps ashe did ryde,
 Yet would not neare approach in daungers
 eye,
 But kept aloofe for dread to be descryde,
 Untill fit time and place he mote espy,
 Where he mote worke him scath and
 villeny.
 At last he met two knights to him un-
 knowne,
 The which were armed both agreeably,
 And both combynd, whatever chauce
 were blowne
 Betwixt them to divide, and each to make
 his owne.

IV.

To whom false Turpine comming cour-
 teously,

To cloke the mischiefe which he inly
 ment,
 Gan to complaine of great discourtesie,
 Which a straunge knight, that neare afore
 him went,
 Had doen to him, and his deare Ladie
 shent:
 Which if they would afford him ayde at
 need
 For to avenge in time convenient,
 They should accomplish both a knightly
 deed,
 And for their paines obtaine of him a
 goodly meed.

V.

The knights beleev'd that all he sayd
 was trew;
 And being fresh and full of youthly
 spright,
 Were glad to heare of that adventure
 new,
 In which they mote make triall of their
 might
 Which never 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 wrong-
 full deed,
 That we may it avenge, and punish him
 with speed?'

VI.

'He rides' (said Turpine) 'there not
 farre afore,
 With a wyld man soft footing by his
 syde;
 That, if ye list to haste a litle more,
 Ye may him overtake in timely tyde.'
 Eftsoones they pricked forth with for-
 ward pryde,
 And, ere that litle while they ridden had,
 The gentle Prince not farre away they
 spyde,
 Ryding a softly pace with portance sad,
 Devizing of his love more then of daunger
 drad.

VII.

Then one of them aloud unto him
 cryde,

Bidding him turne againe, false traytour
 knight,
 Foule woman-wronger, for he him defyde.
 With that they both at once with equall
 spight
 Did bend their speares, and both with
 equall might
 Against him ran; but th' one did misse
 his marke,
 And being carried with his force forth-
 right
 Glaunst swiftly by; like to that heavenly
 sparke,
 Which glyding through the ayre lights all
 the heavens darke.

VIII.

But th' other, ayming better, did him
 smite
 Full in the shield with so impetuous
 powre,
 That all his lance in peeces shivered
 quite,
 And scattered all about fell on the flowre:
 But the stout Prince, with much more
 stedly stowre,
 Full on his bever did him strike so sore,
 That the cold steele, through piercing, did
 devowre
 His vital breath, and to the ground him
 bore,
 Where still he bathed lay in his owne
 bloody gore.

IX.

As when a cast of Faulcons make their
 flight
 At an Hernessaw, that lyes aloft on wing,
 The whyles they strike at him with heed-
 lesse might,
 The warie foule his bill doth backward
 wring;
 On which the first, whose force her first
 doth bring,
 Her selfe quite through the bodie doth
 engore,
 And falleth downe to ground like sense-
 lesse thing;
 But th' other, not so swift as she before,
 Fayles of her souse, and passing by doth
 hurt no more.

X.

By this the other, which was passed by,
 Himselfe recovering 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 drive at him with so malitious mynd,

As if he would have passed through him
 quight;
 But the steele-head no stedfast hold could
 fynd,
 But glauncing by deceiv'd him of that he
 desynd.

XI.

Not so the Prince; for his well-learned
 speare
 Tooke surer hould, and from his horses
 backe
 Above a launces length him forth did
 beare,
 And gainst the cold hard earth so sore
 him strake,
 That all his bones in peeces nigh he
 brake.
 Where 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.

XII.

The fearfull swayne beholding death
 so nie,
 Cryde out aloud for mercie, him to
 save;
 In lieu whereof he would to him descrie
 Great treason to him meant, his life to
 reave.
 The Prince soone hearkned, and his life
 forgave.
 Then thus said he: 'There is a straunger
 knight,
 The which, for promise of great meed, us
 drave
 To this attempt to wreake his hid de-
 spight,
 For that himselfe thereto did want suffi-
 cient might.'

XIII.

The Prince much mused at such villenie,
 And sayd: 'Now sure ye well have
 earn'd your meed;
 For th' one is dead, and th' other soone
 shall die,
 Unlesse to me thou hether bring with
 speed
 The wretch that hyr'd you to this wicked
 deed.'
 He glad of life, and willing eke to wreake
 The guilt on him which did this mischief
 breed,
 Swore by his sword, that neither day nor
 weeke
 He would surceasse, but him where so he
 were would seeke.

XIV.

So up he rose, and forth streightway he
 went
 Backe to the place where Turpine late he
 lore;
 There he him found in great astonish-
 ment,
 To see him so bedight with bloodie gore,
 And griesly wounds that him appalled
 sore;
 Yet thus at length he said: 'How now,
 Sir knight,
 What meaneth this which here I see
 before?
 How fortuneth this foule uncomely
 plight,
 So different from that which earst ye
 seem'd in sight?'

XV.

'Perdie,' (said he) 'in evill houre it
 fell,
 That ever I for meed did undertake
 So hard a taske as life for hyre to sell;
 The which I earst adventur'd for your
 sake:
 Witnesse the wounds, and this wyde
 bloudie lake,
 Which ye may see yet all about me
 steeme.
 Therefore now yeeld, as ye did promise
 make,
 My due reward, the which right well I
 deeme
 I yearned have, that life so dearely did
 redeeme.'

XVI.

'But where then is' (quoth he halfe
 wrothfully)
 'Where is the bootie, which therefore I
 bought,
 That cursed caytive, my strong enemy,
 That recreant knight, whose hated life I
 sought?
 And where is eke your friend which halfe
 it ought?'
 'He lyes' (said he) 'upon the cold bare
 ground,
 Slayne of that errant knight with whom
 he fought;
 Whom afterwards my selfe with many a
 wound
 Did slay againe, as ye may see there in
 the stound.'

XVII.

Thereof false Turpin was full glad and
 faine,
 And needs with him streight to the place
 would ryde,

Where he himselfe might see his foeman
 slaine;
 For else his feare could not be satisfyde.
 So as they rode he saw the way all dyde
 With streames of blond; which tracting
 by the traile,
 Ere long they came, whereas in evill
 tyde
 That other swayne, like ashes deadly
 pale,
 Lay in the lap of death, rewing his
 wretched bale.

XVIII.

Much did the Craven seeme to mone
 his case,
 That for his sake his deare life had for-
 gone;
 And, him bewayling with affection base,
 Did counterfeit kind pittie where was
 none:
 For wheres no courage, theres no ruth nor
 mone.
 Thence passing forth, not farre away he
 found
 Whereas the Prince himselfe lay all alone,
 Loosely displayd upon the grassie ground,
 Possessed of sweete sleepe that luld him
 soft in swound.

XIX.

Wearie of travell in his former fight,
 He there in shade himselfe had layd to
 rest,
 Having his armes and warlike things un-
 dight,
 Fearelesse of foes that mote his peace mo-
 lest;
 The whyles his salvage page, that wont
 be prest,
 Was wandred in the wood another way,
 To doe some thing that seemed to him
 best;
 The whyles his Lord in silver slomber
 lay,
 Like to the Evening starre adorn'd with
 dewy ray.

XX.

Whom when as Turpin saw so loosely
 layd,
 He weened well that he in deed was dead,
 Like as that other knight to him had sayd;
 But, when he nigh approcht, he mote aread
 Plaine signes in him of life and livelihend:
 Whereat, much griev'd against that
 straunger knight,
 That him too light of credence did mis-
 lead,
 He would have backe retyred from that
 sight,

That was to him on earth the deadliest
despight.

XXI.

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
Were vanquished, and put to foule dis-
grace;
And how that he, in lieu of life him lent,
Had vow'd unto the victor him to trace
And follow through the world where so he
went,
Till that he him delivered to his punish-
ment.

XXII.

He, therewith much abashed and affrayd,
Began to tremble every limbe and vaine;
And, softly whispering him, entyrelly
prayd
T' advize him better then by such a traine
Him to betray unto a straunger swaine:
Yet rather counseld him contrarywize,
Sith he likewise did wrong by him sus-
taine,
To joyne with him and vengeance to de-
vize,
Whylest time did offer meanes him sleep-
ing to surprize.

XXIII.

Nathelesse, for all his speach the gentle
knight
Would not be tempted to such villenie,
Regarding more his faith which he did
plight,
All were it to his mortallemie,
Then to entrap him by false treacherie:
Great shame in lieges blood to be em-
brew'd!
Thus whylest they were debating diverslie,
The Salvage forth out of the wood issew'd
Backe to the place, whereas his Lord he
sleeping vew'd.

XXIV.

There when he saw those two so neare
him stand,
He doubted much what mote their mean-
ing bee;
And throwing downe his load out of his
hand,
(To weet, great store of forrest frute
which hee
Had for his food late gathered from the
tree,)
Himselfe unto his weapon he betooke,
That was an oaken plant, which lately hee

Rent by the root; which he so sternely
shooke,
That like an hazell wand it quivered and
quooke.

XXV.

Whereat the Prince awaking, when he
spyde
The traytour Turpin with that other
knight,
He started up; and snatching neare his
syde
His trustie sword, the servant of his
might,
Like a fell Lyon leaped to him light,
And his left hand upon his collar layd.
Therewith the cowheard, deaded with
affright,
Fell flat to ground, ne word unto him
sayd,
But, holding up his hands, with silence
mercie prayd.

XXVI.

But he so full of indignation was,
That to his prayer nought he would in-
cline,
But, as he lay upon the humbled gras,
His foot he set on his vile necke, in signe
Of servile yoke, that nobler harts repine:
Then, letting him arise like abject thrall,
He gan to him object his haynous crime,
And to revile, and rate, and recreant call,
And lastly to despoyle of knightly ban-
nerall.

XXVII.

And after all, for greater infamie,
He by the heeles him hung upon 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 ever they through treason doe tres-
passe.
But turne we now backe to that Ladie
free,
Whom late we left ryding upon an Asse,
Led by a Carle and foole which by her side
did passe.

XXVIII.

She was a Ladie of great dignitie,
And lifted up to honorable place,
Famous through all the land of Faerie:
Though of meane parentage and kindred
base,
Yet deckt with wondrous giftes of natures
grace,
That all men did her person much admire,
And praise the feature of her goodly face;
The beames whereof did kindle lovely fire
In th' harts of many a knight, and many
a gentle squire.

XXIX.

But she thereof grew proud and insolent,
That none she worthie thought to be her
fere,
But scornd them all that love unto her
ment:
Yet was she lov'd of many a worthy pere:
Unworthy 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 served is of noblest
knight.

XXX.

But this coy Damzell thought contrari-
wise,
That such proud looks would make her
prayed more;
And that, the more she did all love despize,
The more would wretched lovers her
adore.
What cared she who sighed for her sore,
Or who did wayle or watch the wearie
night?
Let them that list their lucklesse lot de-
plore,
She was borne free, not bound to any
wight,
And so would ever live, and love her owne
delight.

XXXI.

Through such her stubborne stifnesse
and hard hart,
Many a wretch for want of remedie
Did languish long in life-consuming smart,
And at the last through dreary dolour die:
Whylest she, the Ladie of her libertie,
Did boast her beautie had such souveraine
might,
That with the onely twinckle of her eye
She could or save or spill whom she would
hight:
What could the Gods doe more, but doe it
more aright?

XXXII.

But loe! the Gods, that mortall follies
vew,
Did worthily revenge this maydens pride;
And, nought regarding her so goodly hew,
Did laugh at her that many did deride,
Whilest she did weepe, of no man merci-
fide:
For on a day, when Cupid kept his court,
As he is wont at each Saint Valentide,
Unto the which all lovers doe resort,
That of their loves successe they there
may make report;

XXXIII.

It fortun'd then, that when the roules
were red
In which the names of all loves folke were
fyled,
That many there were missing; which
were ded,
Or kept in bands, or from their loves
exyled,
Or by some other violence despoyled:
Which when as Cupid heard, he waxed
wroth;
And doubting to be wronged or beguyled,
He bad his eyes to be unblindfold both,
That he might see his men, and muster
them by oth.

XXXIV.

Then found he many missing of his crew,
Which wont doe suit and service to his
might,
Of whom what was becomen no man knew.
Therefore a Jurie was impaneld streight
T' enquire of them, whether by force, or
sleight,
Or their owne guilt, they were away con-
vayd?
To whom foule Infamie and fell Despight
Gave evidence, that they were all betrayd
And muredred cruelly by a rebellious Mayd.

XXXV.

Fayre Mirabella was her name, whereby
Of all those crymes she there indited was:
All which when Cupid heard, he by and by
In great displeasure wild a Capias
Should issue forth t' attach that scorne-
full lasse.
The warrant straight was made, and
therewithall
A Baylieffe-errant forth in post did passe,
Whom they by name there Portamore did
call;
He which doth summon lovers to loves
judgement hall.

XXXVI.

The damzell was attacht, and shortly
brought
Unto the barre whereas she was arrayned;
But she thereto nould plead, nor answer
ought,
Even for stubborne pride which her re-
strayned.
So judgement past, as is by law ordayned
In cases like; which when at last she saw,
Her stubborne hart, which love before
disdayned,
Gan stoupe; and, falling downe with
humble awe,

Cryde mercie, to abate the extremitie of
law.

XXXVII.

The sonne of Venus, who is myld by
kynd

But where he is provokt with peevisnesse,
Unto her prayers piteously enclynd,
And did the rigour of his doome re-
presse;

Yet not so freely, but that nathelesse
He unto her a penance did impose,
Which was, that through this worlds
wyde wildernes
She wander should in companie of those,
Till she had sav'd so many loves as she
did lose.

XXXVIII.

So now she had bene wandring two
whole yeares
Throughout the world in this uncomely
case,

Wasting her goodly hew in heavie teares,
And her good dayes in dolorous disgrace:
Yet had she not in all these two yeares
space

Saved but two; yet in two yeares before,
Through her dispiteous pride, whilest
love lackt place,
She had destroyed two and twenty more.
Aie me! how could her love make half
amends therefore?

XXXIX.

And now she was upon 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 de-
meane

With all the evill termes and cruell meane
That he could make: And eeke that angry
foole

Which follow'd her, with cursed hands
uncleane

Whipping her horse, did with his smart-
ing toole

Oft whip her dainty selfe, and much aug-
ment her doole.

XL.

Ne ought it mote availe her to entreat
The one or th' other better her to use;
For both so wilfull were and obstinate
That all her piteous plaint they did re-
fuse,
And rather did the more her beate and
bruse:
But most the former villaine, which did
lead

Her tyreling jade, was bent her to abuse;
Who, though she were with wearinesse
nigh dead,
Yet would not let her lite, nor rest a little
stead:

XLI.

For he was sterne and terrible by
nature,
And eeke of person huge and hideous,
Exceeding much the measure of mans
stature,

And rather like a Gyant monstrous:
For sooth he was descended of the hous
Of those old Gyants, which did warres
darraine

Against the heaven in order battailous;
And sib to great Orgolio, which was
slaine

By Arthure, when as Unas Knight he did
maintaine.

XLII.

His lookes were dreadfull, and his fiery
eies,

Like two great Beacons, glared bright
and wyde,

Glauncing askew, as if his enemies
He scorned in his overweening pryde;
And stalking stately, like a Crane, did
stryde

At every step upon the tiptoes hie:
And, all the way he went, on every syde
He gaz'd about and stared horrible,
As if he with his lookes would all men
terrifie.

XLIII.

He wore no armour, ne for none did
care,

As no whit dreading any living wight;
But in a Jacket, quilted richly rare
Upon checklaton, he was straungely
dight;

And on his head a roll of linnen plight,
Like to the Mores of Malaber, he wore,
With which his locks, as blacke as pitchy
night,

Were bound about and voyded from be-
fore:

And in his hand a mighty yron club he
bore.

XLIV.

This was Disdaine, who led that Ladies
horse

Through thick and thin, through moun-
tains and through plains,

Compelling her, wher she would not, by
force,

Haling her palfrey by the hempen raines:
But that same foole, which most increast
her paines,

Was Scorne; who having in his hand a
 whip,
 Her therewith yrks; and still, when she
 complains,
 The more he laughes, and does her closely
 quip,
 To see her sore lament and bite her ten-
 der lip.

XLV.

Whose cruell haudling when that Squire
 beheld,
 And saw those villaines her so vildely
 use,
 His gentle heart with indignation sweld,
 And could no lenger beare so great
 abuse
 As such a Lady so to beate and bruse;
 But, to him stepping, such a stroke him
 lent,
 That forst him th' halter from his hand
 to loose,
 And maugre all his might backe to re-
 lent:
 Else had he surely there bene slaine, or
 fowly sheut.

XLVI.

The villaine, wroth for greeting him so
 sore,
 Gathered him selfe together soone againe,
 And with his yron batton which he bore
 Let drive at him so dreadfully amaine,
 That for his safety he did him constrainie
 To give him ground, and shift to every
 side,
 Rather then once his burden to sustaine:
 For bootelesse thing him seemed to
 abide
 So mighty blowes, or prove the puis-
 saunce of his pride.

XLVII.

Like as a Mastiffe having at a bay
 A salvage Bull, whose cruell hornes doe
 threat
 Desperate daunger, if he them assay,
 Traceth his ground, and round about doth
 beat,
 To spy where he may some advauntage
 get,
 The whiles the beast doth rage and loudly
 rore;
 So did the Squire, the whiles the Carle
 did fret
 And fume in his disdainfull mynd the
 more,

And oftentimes by Turmagant and Ma-
 hound swore.

XLVIII.

Nathelesse so sharpely still he him pur-
 sewd,
 That at advantage him at last he tooke,
 When his foote slipt, (that slip he dearely
 rewd)
 And with his yron club to ground him
 strooke;
 Where still he lay, ne out of swoune
 awooke,
 Till heavy hand the Carle upon him layd,
 And bound him fast: Tho, when he up
 did looke
 And saw him selfe captiv'd, he was dis-
 mayd,
 Ne powre had to withstand, ne hope of
 any ayd.

XLIX.

Then up he made him rise, and forward
 fare,
 Led in a rope which both his hands did
 bynd;
 Ne ought that foole for pittie did him
 spare,
 But with his whip, him following behynd,
 Him often scourg'd, and forst his feete to
 fynd:
 And other-whiles with bitter mockes and
 moves
 He would him scorne, that to his gentle
 mynd
 Was much more grievous then the others
 blowes:
 Words sharpely wound, but greatest
 grieffe of scorning growes.

L.

The faire Serena, when she saw him fall
 Under that villaines club, then surely
 thought
 That slaine he was, or made a wretched
 thrall,
 And fled away with all the speede 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 de-
 lay,
 Till Mirabellaes fortunes I doe further
 say.

CANTO VIII.

Prince Arthure overcomes Disdaine ;
 Quites Mirabell from dreed ;
 Serena, found of Salvages,
 By Calepine is freed.

I.

YE gentle Ladies, in whose soveraine
 powre
 Love hath the glory of his kingdome left,
 And th' hearts of men, as your eternall
 dowre,
 In yron chaines of liberty bereft,
 Delivered hath into your hands by gift,
 Be well aware how ye the same doe use,
 That pride doe not to tyranny you lift ;
 Least, if men you of cruelty accuse,
 He from you take that chiefedome which
 ye doe abuse.

II.

And as ye soft and tender are by kynde,
 Adorn'd with goodly gifts of beauties
 grace,
 So be ye soft and tender eeke in mynde ;
 But cruelty and hardnesse from you
 chace,
 That all your other praises will deface,
 And from you turne the love of men to
 hate :
 Ensamble take of Mirabellaes case,
 Who from the high degree of happy state
 Fell into wretched woes, which she re-
 pent'd late.

III.

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 boot'd nought for prayers nor for
 threat
 To hope for to release or mollify,
 For aye the more that she did them en-
 treat,
 The more they him misust, and cruelly
 did beat.

IV.

So as they forward on their way did pas,
 Him still reviling and afflicting sore,
 They met Prince Arthure with Sir Enias,
 (That was that courteous Knight, whom
 he before
 Having subdew'd yet did to life restore ;)
 To whom as they approcht, they gan aug-
 ment

Their cruelty, and him to punish more,
 Scourging and haling him more vehe-
 ment ;
 As if it them should grieve to see his
 punishment.

V.

The Squire him selfe, when as he saw
 his Lord
 The wisse of his wretchednesse in
 place,
 Was much asham'd that with an hempen
 cord
 He like a dog was led in captive case,
 And did his head for bashfulnesse abase,
 As loth to see or to be seene at all :
 Shame would be hid. But whenas Enias
 Beheld two such, of two such villaines
 thrall,
 His manly mynde was much enmov'd
 therewithall ;

VI.

And to the Prince thus sayd : ' See you,
 Sir Knight,
 The greatest shame that ever eye yet saw,
 Yond Lady and her Squire with foule
 despight
 Abuse, against all reason and all law,
 Without regard of pitty or of awe ?
 See, how they doe that Squire beat and
 revile !
 See, how they doe the Lady hale and
 draw !
 But, if ye please to lend me leave awhile,
 I will them sooné acquite, and both of
 blame assoile.'

VII.

The Prince assented ; and then he,
 streightway
 Dismounting light, his shield about him
 threw,
 With which approching thus he gan to
 say :
 ' Abide, ye caytive treachetours untrew,
 That have with treason thrall'd unto
 you
 These two, unworthy 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.'

VIII.

The villaine stayd not aunswer to in-
vent,
But with his yron club preparing way,
His mindes sad message backe unto him
sent;
The which descended with such dreadfull
sway,
That seemed nought the course thereof
could stay,
No more then lightening from the lofty
sky:
Ne list the Knight the powre thereof
assay,
Whose doome was death; but, lightly
slipping by,
Unwares defrauded his intended destiny:

IX.

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
Saved him selfe but that he there him
slew;
Yet sav'd not so, but that the bloud it
drew,
And gave his foe good hope of victory:
Who therewith flesht upon him set anew,
And with the second stroke thought cer-
tainely
To have supplyde the first, and paid the
usury.

X.

But Fortune aunswerd not unto his
call;
For, as his hand was heaved up on hight,
The villaine met him in the middle fall,
And with his club bet backe his brondyron
bright
So forcibly, that with his owne hands
might,
Rebeaten backe upon himselfe againe,
He driven was to ground in selfe despight;
From whence ere he recovery could gaine,
He in his necke had set his foote with fell
disdaine.

XI.

With that the foole, which did that end
awayte,
Came running in; and, whilest on ground
he lay,
Laide heavy hands on him and held so
strayte,

That downe he kept him with his scorne-
full sway,
So as he could not weld him any way:
The whiles that other villaine went about
Him to have bound and thrald without
delay;
The whiles the foole did him revile and
flout,
Threatning to yoke them two and tame
their corage stout.

XII.

As when a sturdy ploughman with his
hynde
By strength have overthrowne a stub-
borne steare,
They downe him hold, and fast with cords
do bynde,
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 steede to aide him neare;
And, buckling soone him selfe, gan
fiercely fly
Upon that Carle to save his friend from
jeopardy.

XIII.

The villaine, leaving him unto his mate
To be captiv'd and handled as he list,
Himselfe address unto this new debate,
And with his club him all about so blist,
That he which way to turne him scarcely
wist:
Sometimes aloft he layd, sometimes
alow,
Now here, now there, and oft him neare
he mist;
So doubtfully, that hardly one could
know
Whether more wary were to give or ward
the blow.

XIV.

But yet the Prince so well enured was
With such huge strokes, approved oft in
fight,
That way to them he gave forth right to
pas;
Ne would endure the daunger of their
might,
But wayt advantage when they downe
did light.
At last the caytive, after long discourse,
When all his strokes he saw avoyded
quite,
Resolved in one t' assemble all his force,
And make one end of him without ruth
or remorse.

xv.

His dreadfull hand he heaved up aloft,
 And with his dreadfull instrument of
 yre
 Thought sure have powned him to
 powder soft,
 Or deepe emboweld in the earth entyre:
 But Fortune did not with his will con-
 spire;
 For, ere his stroke attayned his intent,
 The noble childe, preventing his desire,
 Under his club with wary boldnesse went,
 And smote him on the knee that never
 yet was bent.

xvi.

It never 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 crackt throughout, (yet did no bloud
 appeare.)
 So as it was unable to support
 So huge a burden on such broken geare,
 But fell to ground, like to a lumpe of
 durt;
 Whence he assayd to rise, but could not
 for his hurt.

xvii.

Eftsoones the Priuce to him full nimble
 stept,
 And least he should recover foote againe,
 His head meant from his shoulders to
 have swept.
 Which when the Lady saw, she cryde
 amaine;
 'Stay, stay, Sir Knight! for love of God
 abstaine
 From that unwares ye weettlesse doe in-
 tend;
 Slay not that Carle, though worthy to be
 slaine,
 For more on him doth then him selfe
 depend:
 My life will by his death have lamentable
 end.'

xviii.

He staide his hand according her desire,
 Yet nathemore him suffred to arize:
 But, still suppressing, gan of her inquire,
 What meaning mote those uncouth words
 comprize,
 That in that villaines health her safety
 lies;
 That, were no might in man, nor heart in
 Knights,
 Which durst her dreaded reskue enter-
 prize,

Yet heavens them selves, that favour
 feeble rights,
 Would for it selfe redresse, and punish
 such despights.

xix.

Then bursting forth in teares, which
 gushed fast
 Like many water streames, awhile she
 stayd;
 Till the sharpe passion being overpast,
 Her tongue to her restord, then thus she
 sayd:
 'Nor heavens, nor men, can me, most
 wretched mayd,
 Deliver from the doome of my desart,
 The which the God of love hath on me
 layd,
 And dammed to endure this direfull smart,
 For penance of my proud and hard re-
 bellious hart.

xx.

'In prime of youthly yeares, when first
 the flowre
 Of beauty gan to bud, and bloosme de-
 light,
 And Nature me endu'd with plenteous
 dowre
 Of all her gifts, that pleasse each living
 sight,
 I was belov'd of many a gentle Knight,
 And sude and sought with all the service
 dew:
 Full many a one for me deepe groand and
 sight,
 And to the dore of death for sorrow drew,
 Complayning *out on me* that would not
 on them rew.

xxi.

'But let them love that list, or live or
 die,
 Me list not die for any lovers doole;
 Ne list me leave my loved libertie
 To pittie him that list to play the foole:
 To love my selfe I learned had in schoole.
 Thus I triumphed long in lovers paine,
 And, sitting carelesse on the scorniers
 stoole,
 Did laugh at those that did lament and
 plaine:
 But all is now repayd with interest againe.

xxii.

'For loe! the winged God that woundeth
 harts
 Causde me be called to accompt therefore;
 And for revengement of those wrongfull
 smarts,

Which I to others did inflict afore,
 Addeem'd me to endure this penaunce
 sore;
 That in this wize, and this unmeete array,
 With these two lewd companions, and no
 more,
 Disdaine and Scorne, I through the world
 should stray,
 Till I have sav'd so many as I earst did
 slay.'

XXIII.

'Certes,' (sayd then the Prince) 'the
 God is just,
 That taketh vengeaunce of his peoples
 spoile;
 For were no law in love, but all that lust
 Might them oppresse, and painefully tur-
 moile,
 His kingdome would continue but a while.
 But tell me, Lady, wherefore doe you
 beare
 This bottle thus before you with such toile,
 And eeke this wallet at your backe
 arreare,
 That for these Carles to carry much more
 comely were?'

XXIV.

'Here in this bottle' (sayd the sory Mayd)
 'I put the tears of my contrition,
 Till to the brim I have it full defrayd:
 And in this bag, which I behinde me
 don,
 I put repentaunce 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 behinde me trodden downe of
 Scorne,
 Who mocketh all my paine, and laughs
 the more I mourn.'

XXV.

The Infant hearkned wisely to her tale,
 And wondred much at Cupids judg'ment
 wise,
 That could so meekly make proud hearts
 avale,
 And wreake him selfe on them that him
 despise.
 Then suffred he Disdaine up to arise,
 Who was not able up him selfe to reare,
 By meanes his leg, through his late lucke-
 lesse prise,
 Was crackt in twaine, but by his foolish
 feare
 Was holpen up, who him supported stand-
 ing neare.

XXVI.

But being up he lookt againe aloft,
 As if he never had received fall;

And with sterne eye-browes stared at him
 oft,
 As if he would have daunted him withall:
 And standing on his tiptoes, to seeme tall,
 Downe on his golden feete 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
 dispraized.

XXVII.

Then turning backe unto that captive
 thrall,
 Who all this while stood there beside them
 bound,
 Unwilling to be knowne or seene at all,
 He from those bands weend him to have
 unwound;
 But when approaching 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.

XXVIII.

Meane-while the Salvage man, when he
 beheld
 That huge great foole oppressing th' other
 Knight,
 Whom with his weight unweldy downe he
 held,
 He flew upon him like a greedy kight
 Unto some carrion offerd to his sight;
 And, downe him plucking, with his nayles
 and teeth
 Gan him to hale, and teare, and scratch,
 and bite;
 And, from him taking his owne whip,
 therewith
 So sore him scourgeth that the bloud
 downe followeth.

XXIX.

And sure I weene, had not the Ladies
 cry
 Procur'd the Prince his cruell hand to
 stay,
 He would with whipping him have done to
 dye;
 But being checkt he did abstaine streight-
 way,
 And let him rise. Then thus the Prince
 gan say:
 'Now, Lady, sith your fortunes thus dis-
 pose,
 That if ye list have liberty ye may;
 Unto your selfe I freely leave to chose,
 Whether I shall you leave, or from these
 villaines lose.'

xxx.

'Ah! nay, Sir Knight,' (said she) 'it
may not be,
But that I needes must by all meanes ful-
fill
This penaunce, which enjoyed is to me,
Least unto me betide a greater ill;
Yet no lesse thanks to you for your good
will.'
So humbly taking leave she turnd aside;
But Arthure with the rest went onward
still
On his first quest, in which did him betide
A great adventure, which did him from
them deuide.

xxxI.

But first it falleth me by course to tell
Of faire Serena; who, as earst you heard,
When first the gentle Squire at variaunce
fell
With those two Carles, fled fast away,
afear'd
Of villany to be to her inferd:
So fresh the image of her former dread,
Yet dwelling in her eye, to her appeard,
That every foote did tremble which did
tread,
And every body two, and two she foure
did read.

xxxII.

Through hils and dales, through bushes
and 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 daunger to her offer
mought,
She from her palfrey lighted on the plaine;
And, sitting downe, her selfe awhile be-
thought
Of her long travell and turmoyling
paine;
And often did of love, and oft of lucke
complaine.

xxxIII.

And evermore she blamed Calepine,
The good Sir Calepine, her owne true
Knight,
As th' onely author of her wofull tine;
For being of his love to her so light,
As her to leave in such a piteous plight:
Yet never Turtle truer to his make,
Then he was tride unto his Lady bright;
Who all this while endured for her sake
Great perill of his life, and restlesse paines
did take.

xxxIV.

Tho when as all her plaints she had dis-
playd,
And well disburdened her engrieved
brest,
Upon the grasse her selfe adowne she
layd;
Where, being tyrde with travell, and op-
prest
With sorrow, she betooke her selfe to rest:
There whilst in Morpheus bosome safe
she lay,
Fearelesse of ought that mote her peace
molest,
False Fortune did her safety betray
Unto a strange mischaunce that menac'd
her decay.

xxxV.

In these wylde deserts where she now
abode,
There dwelt a salvage nation, which did
live
Of stealth and spoile, and making nightly
rode
Into their neighbours borders; ne did give
Them selves to any trade, (as for to drive
The painefull plough, or cattell for to
breed,
Or by adventrous marchandize to thrive,)
But on the labours of poore men to feed,
And serve their owne necessities with
others need.

xxxVI.

Thereto they usde one most accursed
order,
To eate the flesh of men whom they mote
fynde,
And straungers to devoure, which on their
border
Were brought by errour or by wreckfull
wynde;
A monstrous cruelty gainst course of
kynde!
They, towards evening wandering every
way
To seeke for booty, came by fortune
blynde
Whereas this Lady, like a sheepe astray,
Now drowned in the depth of sleepe all
fearelesse lay.

xxxVII.

Soone as they spide her, Lord! what
gladfull glee
They made amongst them selves; but
when her face
Like the faire yvory shining they did see,
Each gan his fellow solace and embrace

For joy of such good hap by heavenly
 grace.
 Then gan they to devise what course to
 take;
 Whether to slay her there upon the place,
 Or suffer her out of her sleepe to wake,
 And then her eate attonce, or many meales
 to make.

XXXVIII.

The best advizement was, of bad, to let
 her
 Sleepe out her fill without encomberment;
 For sleepe, they sayd, would make her
 battill better:
 Then when she wakt they all gave one
 consent
 That, since by grace of God she there was
 sent,
 Unto their God they would her sacrificize,
 Whose share, her guiltlesse bloud, they
 would present;
 But of her dainty flesh they did devise
 To make a common feast, and feed with
 gurmandize.

XXXIX.

So round about her they them selves
 did place
 Upon the grasse, and diversely dispose
 As each thought best to spend the lingring
 space:
 Some with their eyes the daintest morsels
 chose;
 Some praise her paps; some praise her lips
 and nose;
 Some whet their knives, and strip their
 elboes bare:
 The Priest him selfe a garland doth com-
 pose
 Of finest flowers, and with full busie care
 His bloody vessels wash, and holy fire
 prepare.

XL.

The Damzell wakes; then all attonce
 upstart,
 And round about her focke, like many
 flies,
 Whooping and hallowing on every part,
 As if they would have rent the brasen
 skies.
 Which when she sees with ghastly griefful
 eies,
 Her heart does quake, and deadly pallied
 hew
 Benumbes her cheekes: Then out aloud
 she cries,
 Where none is nigh to heare what will her
 rew,
 And rends her golden locks, and snowy
 brests embrew.

XLI.

But all bootes not; they hands upon her
 lay:
 And first they spoile her of her jewels
 deare,
 And afterwards of all her rich array;
 The which amongst them they in peeces
 teare,
 And of the pray each one a part doth
 beare.
 Now being naked, to their sordid eyes
 The goodly treasures of nature ap-
 peare:
 Which as they view with lustfull fanta-
 syes,
 Each wisheth to him selfe, and to the rest
 envyes:—

XLII.

Her yvorie neck; her alablaster brest;
 Her paps, which like white silken pillowes
 were
 For love in soft delight thereon to rest;
 Her tender sides; her bellie white and
 clere,
 Which like an Altar did itselfe uprere
 To offer sacrifice divine thereon;
 Her goodly thighes, whose glorie did ap-
 peare
 Like a triumphal Arch, and thereupon
 The spoiles of Princes hang'd which were
 in battel won.

XLIII.

Those daintie parts, the dearlings of de-
 light,
 Which mote not be prophan'd of common
 eyes,
 Those villeins view'd with loose lascivious
 sight,
 And closely tempted with their craftie
 spyes;
 And some of them gan mongst themselves
 devise
 Thereof by force to take their beastly
 pleasure:
 But them the Priest rebuking did advize
 To dare not to pollute so sacred treasure
 Vow'd to the gods: religion held even
 theeves in measure.

XLIV.

So, being stayd, they her from thence
 directed
 Unto a litle grove not farre asyde,
 In which an altar shortly they erected
 To slay her on. And now the Eventyde
 His brode black wings had through the
 heavens wyde
 By this dispyred, that was the tyme or-
 dayned

For such a dismall deed, their guilt to hyde:
Of few greene turfes an altar soone they
fayned,
And deckt it all with flowres which they
nigh hand obtayned.

XLV.

Tho, when as all things readie were
aright,
The Damzell was before the altar set,
Being alreadie dead with fearefull fright:
To whom the Priest with naked armes full
net
Approching nigh, and murderous knife
well whet,
Gan mutter close a certaine secret charme,
With other divelish ceremonies met:
Which doen, he gan aloft t'advance his
arme,
Whereat they shouted all, and made a
loud alarme.

XLVI.

Then gan the bagpipes and the hornes
to shrill
And shrieke aloud, that, with the peoples
voyce
Confused, did the ayre with terror fill,
And made the wood to tremble at the
noyce:
The whyles she wayld, the more they did
rejoyce.
Now mote ye understand that to this
grove
Sir Calepine, by chaunce more then by
choyce,
The selfe same evening fortune hether
drove,
As he to seeke Serena through the woods
did rove.

XLVII.

Long had he sought her, and through
many a soyle
Had traveld still on foot in heavie 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 love was lost, he slept full
fast;
Till, being waked with these loud alarmes,
He lightly started up like one aghast,
And, catching up his arms, streight to
the noise forth past.

XLVIII.

There by th' uncertaine glims of starry
night,

And, by the twinkling of their sacred fire,
He mote perceive a litle dawning sight
Of all which there was doing in that quire:
Mongst whom a woman spoyled of all at-
tire

He spyde lamenting her unluckie strife,
And groning sore from grieved hart entire:
Eftsoones he saw one with a naked knife
Readie to launch her brest, and let out
loved life.

XLIX.

With that he thrusts into the thickest
through
And, even as his right hand adowne de-
scends,
He him preventing layes on earth along,
And sacrificeth to th' infernall feends:
Then to the rest his wrathfull hand he
bends;
Of whom he makes such havocke 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 doves before a Faul-
cons vew.

L.

From them returning to that Ladie
backe,
Whom by the Altar he doth sitting find
Yet fearing death, and next to death the
lacke
Of clothes to cover what they ought by
kind,
He first her hands beginneth to unbind,
And then to question of her present woe,
And afterwards to cheare with speaches
kind;
But she, for nought that he could say or
doe,
One word durst speake, or answere him
awhit thereto.

LI.

So inward shame of her uncomely case
She did conceive, through care of woman-
hood,
That though the night did cover her dis-
grace,
Yet she in so unwomanly a mood
Would not bewray the state in which she
stood.
So all that night to him unknowen she
past;
But day, that doth discover bad and good,
Ensewing, made her knownen to him at
last:
The end whereof Ile keepe untill another
cast.

CANTO IX.

Calidore hostes with Melibœ,
And loves fayre Pastorell:
Coridon envies him, yet he
For ill rewards him well.

I.

Now turne againe my teme, thou jolly
swayne,
Backe to the furrow which I lately left.
I lately left a furrow, one or twayne,
Unplough'd, the which my coulter hath
not cleft;
Yet seem'd the soyle both fayre and frute-
full eft,
As I it past: that were too great a shame,
That so rich frute should be from us be-
reft;
Besides the great dishonour and defame,
Which should befall to Calidores immor-
tall name.

II.

Great travell 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 hast.
Full many pathes and perils he hath past,
Through hills, through dales, through for-
ests, and through plaines,
In that same quest which fortune on him
cast,
Which he atchieved to his owne great
gaines,
Reaping eternall glorie of his restlesse
paines.

III.

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 daunger not to be redrest,
If he for slouth forslackt so famous quest.
Him first from court he to the citties
coursed,
And from the citties to the townes him
prest,
And from the townes into the countrie
forsed,
And from the country back to private
farmes he scorsed.

IV.

From thence into the open fields he fled,
Whereas the Heardes were keeping of
their neat,
And shepherds singing to their flockes
(that fed)

Layes of sweete love and youthes delight-
full heat:
Him thether eke, for all his fearefull
threat,
He followed fast, and chaced him so nie,
That to the folds, where sheepe at night
doe seat,
And to the little cots, where shepherds
lie
In winters wrathfull time, he forced him
to flie.

V.

There on a day, as he pursew'd the
chace,
He chaunst to spy a sort of shepheard
groomes,
Playing on pipes and caroling apace,
The whyles their beasts there in the bud-
ded 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 courteously be-
sought,
If such a beast they saw, which he had
thether brought.

VI.

They answer'd him that no such beast
they saw,
Nor any wicked feend that mote offend
Their happie flockes, nor daunger to them
draw;
But if that such there were (as none they
kend)
They prayd high God them 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 thirstie
heat,
And, if he hungry were, him offred eke to
eat.

VII.

The knight was nothing nice, where was
no need,
And tooke their gentle offer: so adowne

They prayd him sit, and gave him for to feed
 Such homely what as serves the simple
 clowne,
 That doth despise the dainties of the
 towne.
 Tho, having fed his fill, he there besyde
 Saw a faire damzell, which did weare a
 crowne
 Of sundry flowres with silken ribbands
 tyde,
 Yclad in home-made greene that her own
 hands had dyde.

VIII.

Upon a litle hillocke she was placed
 Higher then all the rest, and round about
 Environ'd with a girland, goodly graced,
 Of lovely lasses; and them all without
 The lustie shepheard swaynes sate in a
 rout,
 The which did pype and sing her prayses
 dew,
 And oft joyce, and oft for wonder shout,
 As if some miracle of heavenly hew
 Were downe to them descended in that
 earthly vew.

IX.

And soothly sure she was full fayre of
 face,
 And perfectly well shapt in every 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 heavenly
 wight,
 Did for their souveraine goddesse her
 esteeme,
 And, caroling her name both day and
 night,
 The fayrest Pastorella her by name did
 hight.

X.

Ne was there heard, ne was there shep-
 hearsd swayne,
 But her did honour; and eke many a
 one
 Burnt in her love, and with sweet pleasing
 payne
 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 neither she for him nor other none
 Did care a whit, ne any liking lend:
 Though meane her lot, yet higher did her
 mind ascend,

XI.

Her whyles Sir Calidore there vewed
 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 unwares surpris'd in subtle bands
 Of the blynd boy; ne thence could be
 redeemed
 By any skill out of his cruell hands;
 Caught like the bird which gazing still on
 others stands.

XII.

So stood he still long gazing thereupon,
 Ne any will had thence to move away,
 Although his quest were farre afore him
 gon:
 But after he had fed, yet did he stay
 And sate there still, untill the flying day
 Was farre forth spent, discoursing diversly
 Of sundry things as fell, to worke delay;
 And evermore his speach he did apply
 To th' hearsd, but meant them to the dam-
 zels fantazy.

XIII.

By this the moystie night approaching
 fast
 Her dewy humour gan on th' earth to
 shed,
 That warn'd the shepheards to their homes
 to hast
 Their tender flocks, now being fully
 fed,
 For feare of wetting them before their
 bed.
 Then came to them a good old aged syre,
 Whose silver lockes bedeckt his beard and
 hed,
 With shepheards hooke in hand, and fit
 attyre,
 That wild the damzell rise; the day did
 now expyre.

XIV.

He was, to weet, by common voice es-
 teemed
 The father of the fayrest Pastorell,
 And of her selfe in very deede 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 up, brought home and nursed
 well
 As his owne chyld; for other he had none;
 That she in tract of time accompted was
 his owne.

XV.

She at his bidding meekely did arise,
 And streight unto her litle flocke did fare:
 Then all the rest about her rose likewise,
 And each his sundrie sheepe with severall
 care
 Gathered together, and them homeward
 bare:
 Whylest everie one with helping hands did
 strive,
 Amongst themselves, and did their labours
 share,
 To helpe faire Pastorella home to drive
 Her fleecie flocke; but Coridon most helpe
 did give.

XVI.

But Melibœe (so hight that good old
 man)
 Now seeing Calidore left all alone,
 And night arrived hard at hand, began
 Him to invite unto 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 salvage fields to rome.
 The knight full gladly soone agreed
 thereto,
 (Being his harts owne wish,) and home
 with him did go.

XVII.

-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 be-
 fell;
 By which home came the fayrest Pastorell,
 After her flocke she in their fold had
 tyde:
 And supper readie dight they to it fell
 With small adoe, and nature satisfyde,
 The which doth litle crave contented to
 abyde.

XVIII.

Tho when they had their hunger slaked
 well,
 And the fayre 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 speach another
 way,
 Gan highly to commend the happie life
 Which Shepherds lead, without debate or
 bitter strife.

XIX.

'How much' (sayd he) 'more happie 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 daungerous dis-
 ease;
 Where warres, and wreckes, and wicked
 enmitie
 Doe them afflict, which no man can ap-
 pease;
 That certes I your happinesse envie,
 And wish my lot were plast in such fel-
 citie.'

XX.

'Surely, my sonne,' (then answer'd he
 againe)
 'If happie, then it is in this intent,
 That having small yet doe I not complaine
 Of want, ne wish for more it to augment,
 But doe my selfe with that I have content;
 So taught of nature, which doth litle need
 Of forreine helps to lifes due nourish-
 ment:
 The fields my food, my flocke my ray-
 ment breed;
 No better doe I weare, no better doe I feed.'

XXI.

'Therefore I doe not any one envy,
 Nor am envyde of any one therefore:
 They, that have much, feare much to
 loose thereby,
 And store of cares doth follow riches store.
 The litle that I have growes dayly more
 Without my care, but onely to attend
 it;
 My lames doe every yeare increase their
 score,
 And my flockes father daily doth amend it.
 What have I, but to praise th' Almighty
 that doth send it!

XXII.

'To them that list the worlds gay shoves
 I leave,
 And to great ones such follies doe for-
 give;
 Which oft through pride do their owne
 perill weave,
 And through ambition downe themselves
 doe drive
 To sad decay, that might contented live.
 Me no such cares nor combrous thoughts
 offend,
 Ne once my minds unmoved quiet grieve;
 But all the night in silver sleepe I spend,
 And all the day to what I list I doe attend.'

XXIII.

' Sometimes I hunt the Fox, the vowed
 foe
 Unto my Lambes, and him dislodge away ;
 Sometime the fawne I practise from the
 Doe,
 Or from the Goat her kidde, how to con-
 vey :
 Another while I baytes and nets display
 The birds to catch, or fishes to beguyle ;
 And when I wearie am, I downe doe lay
 My limbes in every shade to rest from
 toyle,
 And drinke of every brooke when thirst
 my throte doth boyle.

XXIV.

' The time was once, in my first prime
 of yeares,
 When pride of youth forth pricked my
 desire,
 That I disdain'd amongst mine equall
 peares
 To follow sheepe and shepherds base
 attire :
 For further fortune then I would inquire ;
 And, leaving home, to roiall court I sought,
 Where I did sell my selfe for yearly
 hire,
 And in the Princes gardin daily wrought :
 There I beheld such vainenesse as I
 never thought.

XXV.

' With sight whereof soone cloyd, and
 long deluded
 With idle hopes which them doe entere-
 taine,
 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 sheepe againe,
 I from thenceforth have learn'd to love
 more deare
 This lowly quiet life which I inherite here.'

XXVI.

Whylest thus he talkt, the knight with
 greedy eare
 Hong still upon his melting mouth attent ;
 Whose sensefull words empierst his hart
 so neare,
 That he was rapt with double ravishment,
 Both of his speech, that wrought him
 great content,
 And also of the object of his vew,
 On which his hungry eye was alwayes bent ;

That twixt his pleasing tongue, and her
 faire hew,
 He lost himselfe, and like one halfe en-
 traunced grew.

XXVII.

Yet to occasion meanes to worke his
 mind,
 And to insinuate his harts desire,
 He thus replyde : ' Now surely, syre, I
 find,
 That all this worlds gay showes, which
 we admire,
 Be but vaine shadowes to this safe retyre
 Of life, which here in lowlinesse ye lead,
 Fearelesse of foes, or fortunes wrackfull
 yre
 Which tosseth states, and under foot
 doth tread
 The mightie ones, affrayd of every
 chaunges dread.

XXVIII.

' That even I, which daily doe behold
 The glorie of the great mongst whom I
 won,
 And now have prov'd what happinesse ye
 hold
 In this small plot of your dominion,
 Now loath great Lordship and ambition ;
 And wish th' heavens so much had graced
 mee,
 As graunt me live in like condition ;
 Or that my fortunes might transposed
 bee
 From pitch of higher place unto this low
 degree.'

XXIX.

' In vaine ' (said then old Melibœ) ' doe
 men
 The heavens 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 doe know each can most aptly
 use :
 For not that which men covet 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 for-
 tune in his brest.

XXX.

' It is the mynd that maketh good or
 ill,
 That maketh wretch or happie, rich or
 poore ;

For some, that hath abundance at his will,
 Hath not enough, but wants in greatest store,
 And other, that hath litle, askes no more,
 But in that litle is both rich and wise;
 For wisdome is most riches: fooles therefore
 They are which fortunes doe by vowes devize,
 Sith each unto himselfe his life may fortunize.'

XXXI.

'Since then in each mans self' (said Calidore)
 'It is to fashion his owne lyfes estate,
 Give leave awchyle, good father, in this shore
 To rest my barcke, which hath bene beaten late
 With stormes of fortune and tempestuous fate
 In seas of troubles and of toylesome paine;
 That, whether quite from them for to re-
 trate
 I shall resolve, or backe to turne againe,
 I may here with your selfe some small repose obtaine.

XXXII.

'Not that the burden of so bold a guest
 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 give,
 That may perhaps you better much with-
 all,
 And in this quiet make you safer live.'
 So forth he drew much gold, and toward him it drive.

XXXIII.

But the good man, nought tempted with the offer
 Of his rich mould, did thrust it farre away,
 And thus bespake: 'Sir knight, your bounteous proffer
 Be farre fro me, to whom ye ill display
 That mucky masse, the cause of mens decay,
 That mote empaire my peace with daungers dread;

But, if ye algates covet to assay
 This simple sort of life that shepherds lead,
 Be it your owne: our rudenesse to your selfe abroad.'

XXXIV.

So there that night Sir Calidore did dwell,
 And long while after, whilst him list remaine,
 Dayly beholding the faire Pastorell,
 And feeding on the bayt of his owne bane:
 During which time he did her entertaime
 With all kind courtesies he could invent;
 And every day, her companie to gaine,
 When to the field she went he with her went:
 So for to quench his fire he did it more augment.

XXXV.

But she that never had acquainted beene
 With such queint usage, fit for Queenes and Kings,
 Ne ever had such knightly service seene,
 But, being bred under base shepherds wings,
 Had ever learn'd to love the lowly things,
 Did litle whit regard his courteous guize,
 But cared more for Colins carolings
 Then all that he could doe, or ever de-
 vize:
 His layes, his loves, his lookes, she did them all despize.

XXXVI.

Which Calidore perceiving, thought it best
 To change the manner of his loftie looke;
 And doffing his bright armes himselfe adrest
 In shepherds weed; and in his hand he tooke,
 Instead of steele-head speare, a shepherds booke;
 That who had seene him then, would have bethought
 On Phrygian Paris by Plexippus brooke,
 When he the love of fayre Oenone sought,
 What time the golden apple was unto him brought.

XXXVII.

So being clad unto the fields he went
 With the faire Pastorella every day,
 And kept her sheepe with diligent attent,
 Watching to drive the ravenous Wolfe away,

The whylest at pleasure she mote sport
and play;
And every evening 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 milke:
love so much could.

XXXVIII.

Which seeing Coridon, who her like-
wise
Long time had lov'd, and hop'd her love
to gaine,
He much was troubled at that straungers
guize,
And many gealous thoughts conceiv'd in
vaine,
That this of all his labour and long paine
Should reap the harvest ere it ripened
were:
That made him scoule, and pout, and oft
complaine
Of Pastorell to all the shepheards there,
That she did love a stranger swayne then
him more dere.

XXXIX.

And ever, when he came in companie
Where Calidore was present, he would
loure
And byte his lip, and even for gealousie
Was readie oft his owne heart to devoure,
Impatient of any paramoure:
Who, on the other side, did seeme so
farre
From malicing, or grudging his good
houre,
That all he could he graced him with her,
Ne ever shewed signe of rancour or of
jarre.

XL.

And oft, when Coridon unto her brought
Or litle sparrows stolen from their nest,
Or wanton squirrels in the woods farre
sought,
Or other daintie thing for her adrest,
He would commend his gniift, and make
the best;
Yet she no whit his presents did regard,
Ne him could find to fancie in her brest:
This new-come shepheard had his market
mard,
Old love is litle worth when new is more
prefard.

XLI.

One day, when as the shepheard swaynes
together
Were met to make their sports and merrie
glee,

As they are wont in faire sunshynie
weather,
The whiles their flockes in shadowes
shrouded bee,
They fell to daunce: then did they all
agree
That Colin Clout should pipe, as one most
fit;
And Calidore should lead the ring, as
hee
That most in Pastorellae grace did sit:
Thereat frown'd Coridon, and his lip
closely bit.

XLII.

But Calidore, of courteous inclination,
Tooke Coridon and set him in his place,
That he should lead the daunce, as was
his fashion;
For Coridon could daunce, and trimly
trace:
And when as Pastorella, him to grace,
Her flowry garland tooke from her owne
head,
And plast on his, he did it soone displace,
And did it put on Coridons instead:
Then Coridon woxe frolicke, that earst
seemed dead.

XLIII.

Another time, when as they did dispose
To practise games and maisteries to
try,
They for their Judge did Pastorella chose;
A garland was the meed of victory:
There Coridon forth stepping openly
Did chalenge Calidore to wrestling game;
For he, through long and perfect industry,
Therein well practisd was, and in the
same
Thought sure t' avenge his grudge, and
worke his foe great shame.

XLIV.

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 upon him fallen light,
His dearest joynt he sure had broken
quight.
Then was the oaken crowne by Pastorell
Given to Calidore as his due right;
But he, that did in courtesie excell,
Gave it to Coridon, and said he wonne it
well.

XLV.

Thus did the gentle knight himselve
abcare

Amongst that rusticke rout in all his
deeds,
That even they, the which his rivals were,
Could not maligne him, but commend him
needs;
For courtesie amongst the rudest breeds
Good will and favour. So it surely
wrought
With this faire Mayd, and in her mynde
the seeds
Of perfect love did sow, that last forth
brought
The fruite of joy and blisse, though long
time dearely bought.

XLVI.

Thus Calidore continu'd there long time
To winne the love of the faire Pastorell,
Which having got, he used without crime
Or blamefull plot; but menaged so well,
That he, of all the rest which there did
dwell,
Was favoured and to her grace com-
mended.
But what straunge fortunes unto him be-
fell,
Ere he attain'd the point by him intended,
Shall more conveniently in other place be
ended.

CANTO X.

Calidore sees the Graces daunce
To Colins melody;
The whiles his Pastorell is led
Into captivity.

I.

WHO now does follow the foule Blatant
Beast,
Whilest Calidore does follow that faire
Mayd,
Unmyndfull of his vow, and high behest
Which by the Faery Queene was on him
layd,
That he should never leave, nor be delayd
From chasing him, till he had it at-
chieved?
But now, entrapt of love, which him be-
trayd,
He mindeth more how he may be relieved
With grace from her, whose love his heart
hath sore engrieved.

II.

That from henceforth he meanes no
more to sew
His former quest, so full of toile and paine:
Another quest, another game in vew
He hath, the gnerdon of his love to gaine;
With whom he myndes for ever to re-
maine,
And set his rest amongst the rusticke sort,
Rather then hunt still after shadowes vaine
Of courtly favour, fed with light report
Of every blaste, and saying alwaies in
the port.

III.

Ne certes mote he greatly blamed be
From so high step to stoupe unto so low;
For who had tasted once (as oft did he)
The happy peace which there doth over-
flow,
And prov'd the perfect pleasures which
doe grow

Amongst poore hyndes, in hils, in woods,
in dales,
Would never more delight in painted show
Of such false blisse, as there is set for
stales
T' entrap unwary fooles in their eternall
bales.

IV.

For what hath all that goodly glorious
gaze
Like to one sight which Calidore did vew?
The glauce whereof their dimmed eies
would daze,
That never more they should endure the
shew
Of that sunne-shine that makes them
looke askew:
Ne ought, in all that world of beauties
rare,
(Save onely Glorianaes heavenly hew,
To which what can compare?) can it com-
pare;
The which, as commeth now by course, I
will declare.

V.

One day, as he did raunge the fields
abroad,
Whilest his faire Pastorella was else-
where,
He chaunst to come, far from all peoples
troad,
Unto a place whose pleasaunce did appere
To passe all others on the earth which
were:
For all that ever was by natures skill
Devised 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.

VI.

It was an hill plaste in an open plaine,
That round about was bordered with a
wood
Of matchlesse hight, that seem'd th' earth
to disdaine;
In which all trees of honour stately stood,
And did all winter as in sommer bud,
Spredding pavilions for the birds to bowre,
Which in their lower braunches sung
aloud;
And in their tops the soring hauke did
towre,
Sitting like King of fowles in majesty and
powre:

VII.

And at the foote thereof a gentle flud
His silver waves did softly tumble downe,
Unmard with ragged mosse or filthy
mud;
Ne mote wyld beastes, ne mote the ruder
clowne,
Thereto approach; ne filth mote therein
drowne:
But Nymphes and Faeries by the bancks
did sit
In the woods shade which did the waters
crowne,
Keeping all noysome things away from it,
And to the waters fall tuning their ac-
cents fit.

VIII.

And on the top thereof a spacious plaine
Did spred it selfe, to serve to all delight,
Either to daunce, when they to daunce
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 pleasauntly the hill with equall hight
Did seeme to overlooke the lowly vale;
Therefore it rightly cleeped was mount
Acidale.

IX.

They say that Venus, when she did dis-
pose
Her selfe to pleasaunce, used to resort
Unto 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 even her owne Cytheron, though in it
She used most to keepe her royall court,
And in her souveraine Majesty to sit,
She in regard hereof refusse and thought
unfit.

X.

Unto this place when as the Elfin Knight
Approcht, him seemed that the merry
sound
Of a shrill pipe he playing heard on hight,
And many feete fast thumping th' hollow
ground,
That through the woods their Eccho did
rebound.
He nigher drew to weete what mote it be:
There he a troupe of Ladies dauncing
found
Full merrily, and making gladfull glee,
And in the midst a Shepheard piping he
did see.

XI.

He durst not enter into th' open greene,
For dread of them unwares to be descryde,
For breaking of their daunce, if he were
seene;
But in the covert of the wood did hyde,
Beholding all, yet of them unespyde.
There he did see that pleased much his
sight,
That even he him selfe his eyes envyde,
An hundred naked maidens lilly white
All raunged in a ring and dauncing in de-
light.

XII.

All they without were raunged in a ring,
And daunced round; but in the midst of
them
Three other Ladies did both daunce and
sing,
The whilst the rest them round about did
hemme,
And like a girlond did in compasse
stemme:
And in the midst of those same three
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.

XIII.

Looke! how the crowne, which Ariadne
wore
Upon her yvory forehead, that same day
That Theseus her unto his bridale bore,
When the bold Centaures made that
bloudy fray
With the fierce Lapithes which did them
dismay,
Being now placed in the firmament,
Through the bright heaven doth her beams
display,
And is unto the starres an ornament,
Which round about her move in order ex-
cellent.

XIV.

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 rosië girlond that right well
Did her beseme: And ever, as the crew
About her daunst, sweet flowres that far
did smell
And fragrant odours they uppon her
threw;
But most of all those three did her with
gifts endew.

XV.

Those were the Graces, daughters of
delight,
Handmaidens of Venus, which are wont to
haunt
Uppon this hill, and daunce 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 paravaunt,
Was she to whom that shepheard pypt
alone;
That made him pipe so merrily, as never
none.

XVI.

She was, to weete, that jolly Shep-
heards lasse,
Which piped there unto that merry rout;
That jolly shepheard, which there piped,
was
Poore Colin Clout, (who knowes not Colin
Clout?)
He pypt apace, whilest they him daunst
about.
Pype, jolly shepheard, pype thou now
apace
Unto thy love that made thee low to lout:
Thy love is present there with thee in
place;
Thy love is there advaunst to be another
Grace.

XVII.

Much wondred Calidore at this straunge
sight,
Whose like before his eye had never
sene;
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
show,
With which his eyes mote have deluded
beene.
Therefore, resolving what it was to know,
Out of the wood he rose, and toward them
did go.

XVIII.

But, soone as he appeared to their vew,
They vanisht all away out of his sight,
And cleane were gone, which way he
never knew;
All save the shepheard, who, for fell de-
spight
Of that displeasure, broke his bag-pipe
quight,
And made great mone for that unhappy
turne:
But Calidore, though no lesse sory wight
For that mishap, yet seeing him to mourne,
Drew neare, that he the truth of all by
him mote learne.

XIX.

And, first him greeting, thus unto him
spake:
'Haile, jolly shepheard, which thy joyous
dayes
Here ledest in this goodly merry-make,
Frequented of these gentle Nymphes al-
wayes,
Which to thee flocke to heare thy lovely
layes!
Tell me, what mote these dainty Damzels
be,
Which here with thee doe make their
pleasant playes?
Right happy thou that mayst them freely
see!
But why, when I them saw, fled they
away from me?'

XX.

'Not I so happy,' answerd then that
swaine,
'As thou unhappy, which them thence
didst chace,
Whom by no meanes thou canst recall
again;
For, being gone, none can them bring in
place,
But whom they of them selves list so to
grace.'
'Right sory I,' (saide then Sir Calidore)
'That my ill fortune did them hence dis-
place;
But since things passed none may now
restore,
Tell me what were they all, whose lacke
thee grieves so sore?'

XXI.

Tho gan that shepheard thus for to dilate:

'Then wote, thou shepheard, whatsoever thou bee,

That all those Ladies, which thou sawest 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 bee

Her to adorne, when so she forth doth wend;

But those three in the midst doe chiefe on her attend.

XXII.

'They are the daughters of sky-ruling Jove,

By him begot of faire Eurynome,

The Oceans daughter, in this pleasant grove,

As he, this way comming from feastfull glee

Of Thetis wedding with Æacidee,

In sommers shade him selfe here rested weary:

The first of them hight mylde Euphrosyne,

Next faire Aglaia, last Thalia merry;

Sweete Goddesses all three, which me in mirth do cherry!

XXIII.

'These three on men all gracious gifts bestow,

Which decke the body or adorne the mynde,

To make them lovely or well-favoured show;

As comely carriage, entertainment kynde,

Sweete semblaunt, friendly offices that bynde,

And all the complements of curtesie:

They teach us how to each degree and kynde

We should our selves demeane, to low, to hie,

To friends, to foes; which skill men call Civility.

XXIV.

'Therefore they alwaies smoothly seeme to smile,

That we likewise should mylde and gentle be;

And also naked are, that without guile

Or false dissemblance all them plaine may see,

Simple and true, from covert malice free;

And eke them selves so in their daunce they bore,

That two of them still froward seem'd to bee,

But one still towards shew'd her selfe afore;

That good should from us goe, then come, in greater store.

XXV.

'Such were those Goddesses which ye did see;

But that fourth Mayd, which there amidst them traced,

Who can aread what creature mote she bee,

Whether a creature, or a goddesse graced

With heavenly gifts from heven first en-raced?

But what so sure she was, she worthy was

To be the fourth with those three other placed:

Yet was she certes but a countrey lasse;

Yet she all other countrey lasses farre did passe:

XXVI.

'So farre, as doth the daughter of the day

All other lesser lights in light excell;

So farre doth she in beautyfull array

Above all other lasses beare the bell;

Ne lesse in vertue that beseemes her well

Doth she exceede the rest of all her race;

For which the Graces, that here wont to dwell,

Have for more honor brought her to this place,

And graced her so much to be another Grace.

XXVII.

'Another Grace she well deserves to be,

In whom so many Graces gathered are,

Excelling much the meane of her degree:

Divine resemblance, beauty souveraine rare,

Firme Chastity, that spight ne blemish dare:

All which she with such courtesie doth grace,

That all her peres cannot with her compare,

But quite are dimmed when she is in place:

She made me often pipe, and now to pipe apace.

XXVIII.

'Sunne of the world, great glory of the sky,

That all the earth doest lighten with thy rayes,

Great Gloriana, greatest Majesty!

Pardon thy shepheard, mongst so many layes

As he hath sung of thee in all his dayes,
To make one minime of thy poore hand-
mayd,
And underneath thy feete to place her
praysē:
That when thy glory shall be farre dis-
playd
To future age, of her this mention may be
made!

XXIX.

When thus that shepheard ended had
his speach,
Sayd Calidore: 'Now sure it yrketh mee,
That to thy blisse I made this luckelesse
breach,
As now the author of thy bale to be,
Thus to bereave thy loves 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.

XXX.

In such discourses they together spent
Long time, as fit occasion forth them led;
With which the Knight him selfe did
much content,
And with delight his greedy fancy fed
Both of his words, which he with reason
red,
And also of the place, whose pleasures
rare
With such regard his senses ravished,
That thence he had no will away to fare,
But wisht that with that shepheard he
mote dwelling share.

XXXI.

But that envenim'd sting, the which of
yore
His poysnous point deepe fixed in his hart
Had left, now gan afresh to ranele sore,
And to reneue the rigour of his smart;
Which to recure no skill of Leaches art
Mote him availle, but to returne againe
To his wounds worker, that with lovely
dart
Dinting his brest had bred his restlesse
paine;
Like as the wounded Whale to shore flies
from the maine.

XXXII.

So, taking leave of that same gentle
Swaine,

He backe returned to his rusticke wonne,
Where his faire Pastorella did remaine:
To whome, in sort as he at first begonne,
He daily did apply him selfe to donne
All dewfull service, voide of thoughts
impure;
Ne any paines ne perill did he shonne,
By which he might her to his love allure,
Aud liking in her yet untamed heart pro-
cure.

XXXIII.

And evermore the shepheard Coridon,
What ever thing he did her to aggrate,
Did strive to match with strong conten-
tion,
And all his paines did closely emulate;
Whether it were to caroll, as they sate
Keeping their sheepe, or games to exer-
cize,
Or to present her with their labours late;
Through which if any grace chaunst to
arize
To him, the Shepheard streight with jeal-
ousie did frize.

XXXIV.

One day, as they all three together
went
To the greene wood to gather strawberies,
There chaunst to them a dangerous acci-
dent:
A tigre forth out of the wood did rise,
That with fell clawes full of fierce gour-
mandize,
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.

XXXV.

Which Coridon first hearing ran in hast
To reskue her; but, when he saw the feend,
Through cowerd feare he fled away as
fast,
Ne durst abide the daunger of the end;
His life he steemed dearer then his frend:
But Calidore soone comming to her ayde,
When he the beast saw ready now to
rend
His loves deare spoile, in which his heart
was prayde,
He ran at him enraged, instead of being
frayde.

XXXVI.

He had no weapon but his shepherds
hooke
To serve 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 recou'r, he did him
quell,
And, hewing off his head, he it presented
Before the feete of the faire Pastorell;
Who, scarceley yet from former feare ex-
empted,
A thousand times him thank that had her
death prevented.

XXXVII.

From that day forth she gan him to
affect,
And daily more her favour to augment;
But Coridon for cowerdize reject,
Fit to keepe sheepe, unfit for loves con-
tent:
The gentle heart scornes base disparage-
ment.
Yet Calidore did not despise him quight,
But usde him friendly for further in-
tent,
That by his fellowship he colour might
Both his estate and love from skill of any
wight.

XXXVIII.

So well he wood her, and so well he
wrought her,
With humble service, and with daily
sute,
That at the last unto his will he brought
her;
Which he so wisely well did prosecute,
That of his love he reapt the timely
frute,
And joyed long in close felicity,
Till fortune, fraught with malice, blinde
and brute,
That envies lovers long prosperity,
Blew up a bitter storme of foule adver-
sity.

XXXIX.

It fortun'd one day, when Calidore
Was hunting in the woods, (as was his
trade)
A lawlesse people, Brigants hight of yore,
That never usde to live by plough nor
spade,
But fed on spoile and booty, which they
made
Upon their neighbours which did nigh
them border,
The dwelling of these shepherds did in-
vade,
And spoyld their houses, and them selves
did murder,
And drove away their flocks; with other
much disorder.

XL.

Amongst the rest, the which they then
did pray,
They spoyld old Melibee of all he had,
And all his people captive led away;
Mongst which this lucklesse mayd away
was lad,
Faire Pastorella, sorrowfull and sad,
Most sorrowfull, most sad, that ever sight,
Now made the spoile of theeves and Bri-
gants bad,
Which was the conquest of the gentlest
Knight
That ever liv'd, and th' onely glory of his
might.

XLI.

With them also was taken Coridon,
And carried captive by those theeves
away;
Who in the covert of the night, that
none
Mote them descry, nor reskue from their
pray,
Unto their dwelling did them close con-
vay.
Their dwelling in a little Island was,
Covered with shrubby woods, in which no
way
Appeard for people in nor out to pas,
Nor any footing fynde for overgrown
gras:

XLII.

For underneath the ground their way
was made
Through hollow caves, that no man mote
discover
For the thicke shrubs, which did them
alwaies shade
From view of living wight and covered
over;
But darkenesse dred and daily night did
hover
Through all the inner parts, wherein they
dwelt;
Ne lightned was with window, nor with
lover,
But with continuall candle-light, which
delt
A doubtfull sense of things, not so well
sene as felt.

XLIII.

Hither those Brigants brought their
present pray,
And kept them with continuall watch and
ward;
Meaning, so soone as they convenient
may,
For slaves to sell them for no small re-
ward

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 theeves, she thought her self in hell,
Where with such damned fiends she should in darknesse dwell.

XLIV.

But for to tell the dolefull dreriment

And pittifull complaints which there she made,
Where day and night she nought did but lament
Her wretched life shut up in deadly shade,
And waste her goodly beauty, which did fade
Like to a flowre that feeles no heate of sunne,
Which may her feeble leaves with comfort glade —
And what befell her in that theevish wonne,
Will in another Canto better be begonne.

CANTO XI.

The Theeves fall out for Pastorell,
Whilest Melibee is slaine :
Her Calidore from them redeemes,
And bringeth backe againe.

I.

THE joyes of love, if they should ever last
Without affliction or disquietnesse
That worldly chaunces doe amongst them cast,
Would be on earth too great a blessednesse,
Liker to heaven then mortall wretchednesse :
Therefore the winged God, to let men weete
That here on earth is no sure happinesse,
A thousand sowres hath tempred with one sweet,
To make it seeme more deare and dainty,
as is meet.

II.

Like as is now befallne to this faire Mayd,
Faire Pastorell, of whom is now my song :
Who being now in dreadfull darknesse layd
Amongst those theeves, which her in bondage strong
Detaynd, 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 heavinesse, would rew
And pitty her sad plight, so chang'd from pleasaunt hew.

III.

Whylest thus she in these hellish dens remayned,

Wrapped in wretched cares and hearts unrest,
It so befell, (as Fortune had ordayned)
That he which was their Capitaine profest,
And had the chiefe commaund of all the rest,
One day, as he did all his prisoners vew,
With lustfull eyes beheld that lovely guest,
Faire Pastorella, whose sad mournfull hew
Like the faire Morning clad in misty fog
did shew.

IV.

At sight whereof his barbarous heart was fired,
And inly burnt with flames most raging whot,
That her alone he for his part desired
Of all the other pray which they had got,
And her in mynde did to him selfe allot.
From that day forth he kyndnesse to her showed,
And sought her love by all the meanes he mote ;
With looks, with words, with gifts he oft her wowed,
And mixed threats among, and much unto her vowed.

V.

But all that ever he could doe or say
Her constant mynd could not a whit remove,
Nor draw unto the lure of his lewd lay,
To graunt him favour or afford him love :
Yet ceast he not to sew, and all waies prove,

By which he mote accomplish his request,
Saying and doing all that mote behove;
Ne day nor night he suffred her to rest,
But her all night did watch, and all the
day molest.

VI.

At last, when him she so importune
saw,
Fearing least he at length the raines
would lend
Unto his lust, and make his will his law,
Sith in his powre she was to foe or frend,
She thought it best, for shadow to pre-
tend
Some shew of favour, 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.

VII.

So from thenceforth, when love he to
her made,
With better tearmes she did him enter-
taine,
Which gave him hope, and did him halfe
perswade,
That he in time her joyance should ob-
taine:
But when she saw through that small
favours gaine,
That further then she willing was he
prest,
She found no meanes to barre him, but to
faine
A sodaine sicknesse which her sore op-
prest,
And made unfit to serve his lawlesse
minde behest.

VIII.

By meanes whereof she would not him
permit
Once to approach to her in privity,
But onely amongst the rest by her to sit,
Mourning the rigour of her malady,
And seeking all things meete for remedy;
But she resolv'd no remedy to fynde,
Nor better cheare to shew in misery,
Till Fortune would her captive bonds
unbynde:
Her sicknesse was not of the body,
but the mynde.

IX.

During which space that she thus sicke
did lie,
It chaunst a sort of merchants, which
were wount

To skim those coastes for bondmen there
to buy,
And by such trafficke after gaines to
hunt,
Arrived in this Isle, though bare and
blunt,
T' inquire for slaves; where being readie
met
By some of these same theeves at the
instant brunt,
Were brought unto their Captaine, who
was set
By his faire patients side with sorrowfull
regret.

X.

To whom they shewed, how those mar-
chants were
Arriv'd in place their bondslaves for to
buy;
And therefore prayd that those same
captives 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 just demaund deny,
And willed streight the slaves should forth
be called,
And sold for most advantage, not to be
forstalled.

XI.

Then forth the good old Melibœ was
brought,
And Coridon with many other moe,
Whom they before in diverse spoyles had
caught;
All which he to the marchants sale did
showe:
Till some, which did the sundry prisoners
knowe,
Gan to inquire for that faire shepherdesse,
Which with the rest they tooke not long
agee;
And gan her forme and feature to ex-
presse,
The more t' augment her price through
praise of comlinesse.

XII.

To whom the Captaine in full angry
wize
Made answer, that the mayd of whom
they spake
Was his owne purchase and his onely
prize;
With which none had to doe, ne ought
partake,
But he himselfe which did that conquest
make:
Litle for him to have one silly lasse;

Besides, through sicknesse now so wan
and weake,
That nothing meet in merchandise to
passe:
So shew'd them her, to prove how pale
and weake she was.

XIII.

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 darkesome
night
With starrie beames about her shining
bright,
These marchants fixed eyes did so amaze,
That what through wonder, and what
through delight,
A while on her they greedily did gaze,
And did her greatly like, and did her
greatly praise.

XIV.

At last when all the rest of them offred
were,
And prizes to them placed at their
pleasure,
They all refused in regard of her,
Ne ought would buy, how ever prisd with
measure,
Withouten her, whose worth above all
treasure
They did esteeme, and offred store of
gold.
But then the Captaine, fraught with more
displeasure,
Bad them be still; his love should not be
sold;
The rest take if they would; he her to
him would hold.

XV.

Therewith some other of the chiefest
theeves
Boldly him bad such injurie forbear;
For that same mayd, how ever it him
greeves,
Should with the rest be sold before him
there,
To make the prises of the rest more
deare.
That with great rage he stoutly doth
denay;
And, fiercely drawing forth his blade,
doth sweare
That who so hardie hand on her doth
lay,
It dearely shall aby, and death for hand-
sell pay.

XVI.

Thus, as they words amongst them
multiply,
They fall to strokes, the frute of too
much talke,
And the mad steele about doth fiercely
fly,
Not sparing wight, ne leaving 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 havocke; whiles the
candle-light
Out quenched leaves no skill nor differ-
ence of wight.

XVII.

Like a sort of hungry dogs, ymet
About some carcase by the common way,
Doe fall together, stryving each to get
The greatest portion of the greedie pray,
All on confused heapes themselves assay,
And snatch, and byte, and rend, and tug
and teare;
That who them sees would wonder at their
fray,
And who sees not would be affrayd to
heare:
Such was the conflict of those cruell
Brigants there.

XVIII.

But first of all their captives they
kill,
Least they should joyne 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,
Creepes forth of dores, whilst darknes him
doth hide,
And flies away as fast as he can hie,
Ne stayeth leave to take before his friends
doe dye.

XIX.

But Pastorella, wofull wretched Elfe,
Was by the Captaine all this while de-
fended,
Who, minding more her safety then him-
selfe,
His target alwayes over her pretended;
By means whereof, that mote not be
amended,
He at the length was slaine and layd on
ground,
Yet holding fast twixt both his armes ex-
tended

Fayre Pastorell, who, with the selfe same
wound
Launcht through the arme, fell down with
him in drierie swound.

XX.

There lay she covered with confused
preasse
Of carcasses, 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 attonce agreed well;
And, lighting candles new, gan search
anone,
How many of their friends were slaine,
how many fone.

XXI.

Their Captaine there they cruelly found
kild,
And in his armes the dreary dying mayd,
Like a sweet Angell twixt two clouds up-
hild;
Her lovely light was dimmed and decayd
With cloud of death upon her eyes dis-
playd;
Yet did the cloud make even that dimmed
light
Seeme much more lovely in that dark-
nesse layd,
'nd twixt the twinckling of her eye-lids
bright
To sparke out litle beames, like starres in
foggie night.

XXII.

But when they mov'd the carcasses
aside,
They found that life did yet in her re-
maine:
Then all their helps they busily applyde
To call the soule backe to her home againe;
And wrought so well, with labour and
long paine,
That they to life recovered her at last:
Who, sighing sore, as if her hart in twaine
Had riven bene and all her hart-strings
brast,
With drearie drouping eyne lookt up like
one aghast.

XXIII.

There she beheld, that sore her griev'd
to see,
Her father and her friends about her
lyng,

Her selfe sole left a second spoyle to bee
Of those, that, having saved her from
dying,
Renew'd her death by timely death deny-
ing.

What now is left her but to wayle 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.

XXIV.

But when they saw her now reliv'd
again,
They left her so, in charge of one, the
best
Of many worst, who with unkind disdain
And cruell rigour her did much molest;
Scarse yeelding her due food or timely
rest,
And scarsely suffering her infestred wound,
That sore her payn'd, by any to be
drest.
So leave we her in wretched thraldome
bound,
And turne we backe to Calidore where we
him found.

XXV.

Who when he backe returned from the
wood,
And saw his shepherds cottage spoyled
quight,
And his love reft away, he wexed wood
And halfe enraged at that ruefull sight;
That even his hart, for very fell despight,
And his owne flesh he readie was to
teare:
He chauft, he griev'd, he fretted, and he
sight,
And fared like a furious wyld Beare,
Whose whelpes are stolne away, she being
otherwhere.

XXVI.

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 tyd-
ings heare:
The woods did nought but echoes vaine
rebound;
The playnes all waste and emptie did
appeare;

Where wout the shepherds oft their
pypes resound,
And feed an hundred flocks, there now
not one he found.

XXVII.

At last, as there he romed up and
downe,
He chaunst one comming towards him to
spy,
That seem'd to be some sorie simple
clowne,
With ragged weedes, and lockes upstar-
ing hye,
As if he did from some late daunger fly,
And yet his feare did follow him behynd:
Who as he unto him approched nye,
He mote perceive by signes which he did
fynd,
That Coridon it was, the silly shepherds
hynd.

XXVIII.

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 op-
prest,
That he no word could speake, but smit
his brest,
And up to heaven his eyes fast-streming
threw:
Whereat the knight amaz'd yet did not
rest,
But askt againe, what ment that ruffull
hew:
Where was his Pastorell? where all the
other crew?

XXIX.

'Ah, well-away!' (sayd he, then sigh-
ing sore)
'That ever I did live this day to see,
This dismall day, and was not dead be-
fore,
Before I saw faire Pastorella dye.'
'Die? out alas!' then Calidore did cry,
'How could the death dare ever her to
quell?
But read thou, sheheard, read what
destiny
Or other dyrefull hap from heaven or
hell
Hath wrought this wicked deed: doe
feare away, and tell.'

XXX.

Tho, when the Shepheard breathed had
awhyle,

He thus began: 'Where shall I then com-
mence
This wofull tale? or how those Brigants
vyle,
With cruell rage and dreadfull violence,
Spoyld all our cots, and caried us from
hence;
Or how faire Pastorell should have bene
sold
To marchants, but was sav'd with strong
defence;
Or how those theeves, whilest one sought
her to hold,
Fell all at ods, and fought through fury
fierce and bold.

XXXI.

'In that same conflict (woe is me!) be-
fell
This fatall chance, this dolefull accident,
Whose heavy tydings now I have to tell.
First all the captives, which they here
had hent,
Were by them slaine by generall consent:
Old Melibœ and his good wife withall
These eyes saw die, and dearely did la-
ment;
But, when the lot to Pastorell did fall,
Their Captaine long withstood, and did
her death forstall.

XXXII.

'But what could he gainst all them doe
alone?
It could not boot: needs mote she die at
last.
I onely scapt through great confusione
Of cries and clamors which amongst
them past,
In dreadfull darknesse dreadfully aghast;
That better were with them to have bene
dead,
Then here to see all desolate and wast,
Despoyled of those joyes and jolly-head,
Which with those gentle shepherds here I
wont to lead.'

XXXIII.

When Calidore these ruefull newes had
raught,
His hart quite deaded was with anguish
great,
And all his wits with doole were nigh dis-
traught,
That he his face, his head, his brest did
beat,
And death it selfe unto himselfe did
threat;
Oft cursing th' heavens, that so cruell
were

To her, whose name he often did repeat;
And wishing oft that he were present
there
When she was slaine, or had bene to her
succour nere.

XXXIV.

But after grieve 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 save 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 revenge he were too weake,
Then for to die with her, and his lives
threed to breake.

XXXV.

Tho Coridon he prayd, sith he well knew
The readie way unto that theevish wonne,
To wend with him, and be his conduct
trew
Unto 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
drede,
But by all meanes the daunger knowne
did shonne:
Yet Calidore so well him wrought with
meed,
And faire bespoke with words, that he at
last agreed.

XXXVI.

So forth they goe together (God before)
Both clad in shepherds weeds agreeably,
And both with shepherds hookes: But
Calidore
Had, underneath, him armed privily.
Tho, to the place when they approached
nye,
They chaunst, upon an hill not farre
away,
Some flockes of sheepe and shepherds to
espy:
To whom they both agreed to take their
way,
In hope there newes to learne, how they
mote best assay.

XXXVII.

There did they find, that which they
did not feare,

The selfe same flocks the which those
theeves had reft
From Melibœ and from themselves whyle-
are;
And certaine of the theeves there by them
left,
The which, for want of heards, them-
selves then kept.
Right well knew Coridon his owne late
sheepe,
And seeing them for tender pittie wept;
But when he saw the theeves which did
them keepe,
His hart gan fayle, albe he saw them all
asleepe.

XXXVIII.

But Calidore recomforting his grieve,
Though not his feare, for nought may
feare disswade,
Him hardly forward drew, whereas the
thiefe
Lay sleeping soundly in the bushes shade,
Whom Coridon him counseld to invade
Now all unwares, 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 gave them the
time of day.

XXXIX.

Tho, sitting downe by them upon the
greene,
Of sundrie things he purpose gan to faine,
That he by them might certaine tydings
weene
Of Pastorell, were she alive or slaine:
Mongst which the theeves them ques-
tioned againe,
What mister men, and eke from whence
they were:
To whom they aunswer'd, as did apper-
taine,
That they were poore heardgroomes, the
which whylere
Had from their maisters fled, and now
sought hyre elswhere.

XL.

Whereof right glad they seem'd, and
offer made
To hyre them well if they their flockes
would keepe;
For they themselves were evill groomes,
they sayd,
Unwont with heards to watch, or pasture
sheepe,
But to forray the land, or scoure the
deepe.

Thereto they soone agreed, and earnest
tooke
To keepe their flockes for litle hyre and
chepe,
For they for better hyre did shortly
looke:
So there all day they bode, till light the sky
forsooke.

XLI.

Tho, when as towards darksome night
it drew,
Unto their hellish dens those theeves them
brought;
Where shortly they in great acquaintance
grew,
And all the secrets of their entrayles
sought.
There did they find, contrarie 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 blyth
did rest,
But chiefly Calidore, whom grieffe had
most possesst.

XLII.

At length, when they occasion fittest
found,
In dead of night, when all the theeves did
rest,
After a late forray, and slept full sound,
Sir Calidore him arm'd as he thought
best,
Having of late by diligent inquest
Provided him a sword of meanest sort;
With which he streight went to the Cap-
taines nest:
But Coridon durst not with him consort,
Ne durst abide behind, for dread of worse
effort.

XLIII.

When to the Cave they came, they found
it fast;
But Calidore with huge resistlesse might
The dores assayed, and the locks up-
braust:
With noyse whereof the theefe awaking
light
Unto the entrance ran; where the bold
knight
Encountering him with small resistence
slew,
The whiles faire Pastorell through great
affright
Was almost dead, misdoubting least of-
new
Some upore were like that which lately
she did vew.

XLIV.

But when as Calidore was comen in,
And gan aloud for Pastorell to call,
Knowing his voice, although not heard
long sin,
She sudden was revived therewithall,
And wondrous joy felt in her spirits
thrall:
Like him that being long in tempest tost,
Looking each houre into deathes mouth
to fall,
At length espyes at hand the happie cost,
On which he safety hopes that earst feard
to be lost.

XLV.

Her gentle hart, that now long season
past
Had never joyance felt nor chearefull
thought,
Began some smacke of comfort new to
tast,
Like lyfull heat to nummed senses
brought,
And life to feele that long for death had
sought.
Ne lesse in hart rejoyced Calidore,
When he her found; but, like to one dis-
traught
And robd of reason, towards her him
bore;
A thousand times embrast, and kist a
thousand more.

XLVI.

But now by this, with noyse of late up-
rore,
The hew and cry was raysed all about;
And all the Brigants flocking in great
store
Unto the cave gan preasse, nought having
dout
Of that was doen, and entred in a rout:
But Calidore in th' entry close did stand,
And enteratuyng them with courage
stout,
Still slew the formost that came first to
hand
So long till all the entry was with bodies
mand.

XLVII.

Tho, when no more could nigh to him
approch,
He breath'd his sword, and rested him till
day;
Which when he spyde upon the earth t'
encroch,
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 readie stay,
And, fierce assayling him, with all their
might
Gan all upon him lay: there gan a dread-
full fight.

XLVIII.

How many flies, in whottest sommers
day,
Do seize upon some beast whose flesh is
bare,
That all the place with swarmes do over-
lay,
And with their litle stings right felly fare;
So many theeves about him swarming are,
All which do him assaile on every side,
And sore oppresse, ne any him doth spare;
But he doth with his raging brond divide
Their thickest troups, and round about
him scattreth wide.

XLIX.

Like as a Lion mongst an heard of dere,
Disperseth them to catch his choysrest
pray;
So did he fly amongst them here and there,
And all that nere him came did hew and
slay,
Till he had strowd with bodies all the way;
That none his daunger daring to abide
Fled from his wrath, and did themselves
convay
Into their caves, their heads from death
to hide,

Ne any left that victorie to him en-
vide.

L.

Then, backe returning to his dearest
deare,
He her gan to recomfort all he might
With gladfull speaches and with lovely
cheare;
And forth her bringing to the joyous
light,
Whereof she long had lackt the wishfull
sight,
Deviz'd all goodly meanes from her to
drive
The sad remembrance of her wretched
plight:
So her uneath at last he did revive
That long had lyen dead, and made again
alive.

LI.

This doen, into those theevish dens he
went,
And thence did all the spoyles and
treasures 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 love betake;
And also all those flockes, which they be-
fore
Had reft from Melibœ and from his make,
He did them all to Coridon restore:
So drove them all away, and his love with
him bore.

CANTO XII.

Fayre Pastorella by great hap
Her parents understands.
Calidore doth the Blatant Beast
Subdew, and bynd in bands.

I.

LIKE as a ship, that through the Ocean
wyde
Directs her course unto one certaine cost,
Is met of many a counter winde and tyde,
With which her winged speed is let and
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 stayd, yet never is
astray.

II.

For all that hetherto hath long de-
layd

This gentle knight from sewing his first
quest,
Though out of course, yet hath not bene
missayd,
To shew the courtesie by him profest
Even unto the lowest and the least.
But now I come into my course againe,
To his atchievement of the Blatant
Beast;
Who all this while at will did range and
raine,
Whilst none was him to stop, nor none
him to restraine.

III.

Sir Calidore, when thus he now had
rayght

Faire Pastorella from those Brigants
 powre,
 Unto the Castle of Belgard her brought,
 Whereof was Lord the good Sir Bellamoure;
 Who whylome was, in his youthes freshest
 flowre,
 A lustie knight as ever wielded speare,
 And had endured many a dreadful stoure
 In bloody battell for a Ladie deare,
 The fayrest Ladie then of all that living
 were:

IV.

Her name was Claribell; whose father
 light
 The Lord of Many Ilands, farre renound
 For his great riches and his greater might:
 He, through the wealth wherein he did
 abound,
 This daughter thought in wedlocke to
 have bound
 Unto the Prince of Picteland, bordering
 nere;
 But she, whose sides before with secret
 wound
 Of love to Bellamoure empierced were,
 By all meanes shund to match with any
 forrein fere.

V.

And Bellamour againe so well her
 pleased
 With dayly service and attendance dew,
 That of her love he was entyrelly seized,
 And closely did her wed, but knowne to
 few:
 Which when her father understood, he
 grew
 In so great rage that them in dongeon
 deepe
 Without compassion cruelly he threw;
 Yet did so streightly them asunder keepe,
 That neither could to company of th' other
 creepe.

VI.

Nathlesse Sir Bellamour, whether
 through grace
 Or secret guifts, so with his keepers
 wrought,
 That to his love sometimes he came in
 place;
 Whereof her wombe, unwist to wight,
 in dew fraught,
 And in dew time a mayden child forth
 brought:
 Which she streightway, (for dread least
 if her syre
 Should know thereof to slay he would
 have sought.)
 Delivered to her handmayd, that for hyre

She should it cause be fostred under
 straunge attyre.

VII.

The trustie damzell bearing it abrode
 Into the emptie fields, where living wight
 Mote not bewray the secret of her lode,
 She forth gan lay unto the opea light
 The litle babe, to take thereof a sight:
 Whom whylest she did with watrie eyue
 behold,
 Upon the litle brest, like christall bright,
 She mote perceive a litle purple mold,
 That like a rose her silken leaves did faire
 unfold.

VIII.

Well 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 litle space
 Behind the bushes, where she did her
 hyde,
 To weet what mortall hand, or heavens
 grace,
 Would for the wretched infants helpe pro-
 vyde;
 For which it loudly cald, and pittifully
 cryde.

IX.

At length a Shepheard, which there by
 did keepe
 His fleecie flock upon the playnes around,
 Led with the infants cry that loud did
 weepe,
 Came to the place; where, when he
 wrapped found
 Th' abandond spoyle, he softly it un-
 bound;
 And, seeing there that did him pittie sore,
 He toke it up and in his mantle wound;
 So home unto his honest wife it bore,
 Who as her owne it nurst (and named)
 evermore.

X.

Thus long continu'd Claribell a thrall,
 And Bellamour in bands; till that her
 syre
 Departed life, and left unto them all:
 Then all the stormes of fortunes former
 yre
 Were turnd, and they to freedome did
 retyre.
 Thenceforth they joy'd in happinesse
 together,
 And lived long in peace and love entyre,
 Without disquiet or dislike of ether,
 Till time that Calidore brought Pastorella
 thether.

XI.

Both whom they goodly well did enter-
taine;
For Bellamour knew Calidore right well,
And loved for his prowess, sith they
twaine
Long since had fought in field: Als Clari-
bell
Ne lesse did tender the faire Pastorell,
Seeing her weake and wan through dur-
ance long.
There they a while together thus did dwell
In much delight, and many joyes among,
Untill the Damzell gan to wex more
sound and strong.

XII.

Tho gan Sir Calidore him to advize
Of his first quest, which he had long for-
lore,
Asham'd to thinke how he that enterprize,
The which the Faery Queene had long
afore
Bequeath'd to him, forslacked had so
sore;
That much he feared least reprochfull
blame
With foule dishonour him mote blot there-
fore;
Besides the losse of so much loos and fame,
As through the world thereby should
glorifie his name.

XIII.

Therefore, resolving to returne in hast
Unto so great atchievement, he bethought
To leave his love, now perill being past,
With Claribell; whylest he that monster
sought
Throughout the world, and to destruction
brought.
So taking leave of his faire Pastorell,
Whom to reconfort all the meanes he
wrought,
With thanks to Bellamour and Claribell,
He went forth on his quest, and did that
him befell.

XIV.

But first, ere I doe his adventures tell
In this exploite, me needeth to declare
What did betide to the faire Pastorell
During his absence, left in heavy care
Through daily mourning and nightly mis-
fare:
Yet did that auncient matrone all she
might,
To cherish her with all things choice and
rare;
And her owne handmayd, that Melissa
hight,

Appointed to attend her dewly day and
night.

XV.

Who in a morning, when this Maiden
faire
Was dighting her, having her snowy brest
As yet not laced, nor her golden haire
Into their comely tresses dewly drest,
Chaunst to espy upon her yvory chest
The rosie marke, which she remembred
well
That litle Infant had, which forth she
kest,
The daughter of her Lady Claribell,
The which she bore the whiles in prison
she did dwell.

XVI.

Which well avizing, streight she gan to
cast
In her conceptfull mynd that this faire
Mayd
Was that same infant, which so long sith
past
She in the open fields had loosely layd
To fortunes spoile, unable it to ayd:
So, full of joy, streight forth she ran in
hast
Unto her mistresse, being halfe dismayd,
To tell her how the heavens had her graste
To save her chyld, which in misfortunes
mouth was plaste.

XVII.

The sober mother seeing such her mood,
Yet knowing not what meant that sodaine
thro,
Askt her, how mote her words be under-
stood,
And what the matter was that mov'd her
so?
'My liefie,' (sayd she) 'ye know that long
ygo,
Whilest ye in durance dwelt, ye to me
gave
A litle mayde, the which ye chylded tho;
The same againe if now ye list to have,
The same is yonder Lady, whom high God
did save.'

XVIII.

Much was the Lady troubled at that
speech,
And gan to question streight, how she it
knew?
'Most certaine markes' (sayd she) 'do me
it teach;
For on her brest I with these eyes did view
The litle purple rose which thereon grew,
Whereof her name ye then to her did
give.

Besides, her countenance and her likely
 hew,
 Matched with equall years, do surely
 prieve
 That yond same is your daughter sure,
 which yet doth live.'

XIX.

The matrone stayd no lenger to enquire,
 But forth in hast ran to the stranger
 Mayd;
 Whom catching greedily, for great desire
 Rent up her brest, and bosome open layd,
 In which that rose she plainly saw dis-
 playd:
 Then, her embracing twixt her armes
 twaine,
 She long so held, and softly weeping sayd;
 'And livest thou, my daughter, now
 againe?
 And art thou yet alive, whom dead I long
 did faine?'

xx.

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 monu-
 ments,
 That this young Mayd, whom chance to
 her presents,
 Is her owne daughter, her owne infant
 deare.
 Tho, wondring long at those so straunge
 events,
 A thousand times she her embraced nere,
 With many a joyfull kisse and many a
 melting teare.

XXI.

Who ever is the mother of one chyld,
 Which having thought long dead she fyndes
 alive,
 Let her by proove of that which she hath
 fyld
 In her owne breast, this mothers joy
 describe;
 For other none such passion can contrive
 In perfect forme, as this good Lady felt,
 When she so faire a daughter saw survive,
 As Pastorella was, that nigh she swelt
 For passing joy, which did all into pitty
 melt.

XXII.

Thence running forth unto her loved
 Lord,
 She unto him recounted all that fell;
 Who, joyning joy with her in one accord,
 Acknowledg'd for his owne faire Pastorell.
 There leave we them in joy, and let us
 tell

Of Calidore; who, seeking all this while
 That monstrous Beast by finall force to
 quell,
 Through every place with restlesse paine
 and toile
 Him follow'd by the tract of his outra-
 gious spoile.

XXIII.

Through all estates he found that he
 had past,
 In which he many massacres had left,
 And to the Clergy now was come at last;
 In which such spoile, such havocke, and
 such theft
 He wrought, that thence all goodnesse he
 bereft,
 That endlesse were to tell. The Elfin
 Knight,
 Who now no place besides unsought had
 left,
 At length into a Monastere did light,
 Where he him found despoyling all with
 maine and might.

XXIV.

Into their cloysters now he broken had,
 Through which the Monckes he chaced
 here and 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,
 Were yrkesome to report; yet that foule
 Beast,
 Nought sparing them, the more did tosse
 and teare,
 And ransacke all their dennes from most
 to least,
 Regarding nought religion, nor their holy
 heast.

XXV.

From thence into the sacred Church he
 broke,
 And robd the Chancell, and the desks
 downe threw,
 And Altars fouled, and blasphemy spoke,
 And th' Images, for all their goodly hew,
 Did cast to ground, whilest 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.

XXVI.

Him in a narrow place he overtooke,
 And fierce assailing forst him turne againe:
 Sternely he turnd againe, when he him
 strooke

With his sharpe steele, and ran at him
amaine

With open mouth, that seemed to containe
A full good pecke within the utmost brim,
All set with yron teeth in raunges twaine,
That terrifide his foes, and armed him,
Appearing like the mouth of Orcus griesly
grim:

XXVII.

And therein were a thousand tongs em-
pight

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 groynd continu-
ally;

And some of Tygres, that did seeme to
gren

And snar at all that ever passed by:

But most of them were tongues of mortall
men,

Which spake reprochfully, not caring
where nor when.

XXVIII.

And them amongst were mingled here
and there

The tongues of Serpents, with three
forked stings,

That spat out poyson, and gore-bloody
gere,

At all that came within his ravenings;

And spake licentious words and hatefull
things

Of good and bad alike, of low and hie,
Ne Kesars spared he a whit, nor Kings;
But either blotted them with infamie,
Or bit them with his banefull teeth of
injury.

XXIX.

But Calidore, thereof no whit afrayd,
Rencountred him with so impetuous
might,

That th' outrage of his violence he stayd,
And bet abacke, threatning in vaine to
bite,

And spitting forth the poyson of his
sight

That fomed all about his bloody jawes:

Tho, rearing up his former feete on high,
He rampt upon him with his ravenous
pawes,

As if he would have rent him with his
cruell clawes:

XXX.

But he, right well aware, his rage to
ward

Did cast his shield atweene; and, there-
withall

Putting his puissaunce forth, pursu'd so
hard,

That backward he enforced him to
fall;

And, being downe, ere he new helpe could
call,

His shield he on him threw, and fast
downe held:

Like as a bullocke, that in bloody stall
Of butchers balefull hand to ground is
feld,

Is forcibly kept downe, till he be throughly
queld.

XXXI.

Full cruelly the Beast did rage and rore
To be downe held, and maystred so with
might,

That he gan fret and fome out bloody
gore,

Striving in vaine to rere him selfe upright:
For still, the more he strove, the more the

Knight

Did him suppress, and forcibly subdew,
That made him almost mad for fell
despight:

He grind, hee bit, he scratcht, he venim
threw,

And fared like a feend right horrible in
hew:

XXXII.

Or like the hell-borne Hydra, which
they faine

That great Alcides whilome overthrew,
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,
Whilost Calidore him under him downe
threw;

Who nathemore his heavy load releast,
But aye, the more he rag'd, the more his
powre increast.

XXXIII.

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 termes of shamefull infamy;

Oft interlacing many a forged lie,
Whose like he never once did speake, nor
heare,

Nor ever thought thing so unworthily:
Yet did he nought, for all that, him for-
beare,

But strained him so streightly that he
chokt him neare.

XXXIV.

At last, when as he found his force to
shrincke
And rage to quaille, he tooke a muzzel
strong
Of surest yron, made with many a lincke:
Therewith he mured up his mouth along,
And therein shut up his blasphemous tong,
For never more defaming gentle Knight,
Or unto lovely Lady doing wrong;
And thereunto a great long chaine he tight,
With which he drew him forth, even in
his own despight.

XXXV.

Like as whylome that strong Tirynthian
swaine
Brought forth with him the dreadfull dog
of hell,
Against his will fast bound in yron chaine,
And, roring horribly, did him compell
To see the hatefull sunne, that he might
tell
To griesly Pluto what on earth was donne,
And to the otherdamned ghosts which dwell
For aye in darkenesse, which day-light
doth shonne:
So led this Knight his captiue with like
conquest wonne.

XXXVI.

Yet greatly did the Beast repine at
those
Straunge bands, whose like till then he
never bore,
Ne ever any durst till then impose;
And chauffed inly, seeing now no more
Him liberty was left aloud to rore:
Yet durst he not draw backe, nor once
withstand
The proved powre of noble Calidore,
But trembled underneath his mighty
hand,
And like a fearefull dog him followed
through the land.

XXXVII.

Him through all Faery land he follow'd
so,
As if he learned had obedience long,
That all the people, where so he did go,
Out of their townes did round about him
throng,
To see him leade that Beast in bondage
strong;
And seeing it much wondred at the sight:
And all such persons as he earst did wrong

Rejoyced much to see his captive plight,
And much admyr'd the Beast, but more
admyr'd the Knight.

XXXVIII.

Thus was this Monster, by the may-
string might
Of doughty Calidore, supprest and tamed,
That never more he mote endammadge
wight
With his vile tongue, which many had
defamed,
And many causelesse caused to be blamed.
So did he eeke long after this remaine,
Untill that, (whether wicked fate so
framed
Or fault of men,) he broke his yron chaine,
And got into the world at liberty againe.

XXXIX.

Thenceforth more mischief and more
scath he wrought
To mortall men then he had done before;
Ne ever could, by any, more be brought
Into like bands, ne maystred 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 ever bring him
into band.

XL.

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 biting all that him doe bate,
Albe they worthy blame, or cleare of crime:
Ne spareth he most learned wits to rate,
Ne spareth he the gentle Poets rime;
But rends without regard of person or of
time.

XLI.

Ne may this homely verse, of many
meanest,
Hope to escape his venomous despite,
More then my former writs, all were they
cleanest
From blamefull blot, and free from all
that wite
With which some wicked tongues did it
backebite,
And bring into a mighty Peres displeasure,
That never so deserved to endite.
Therefore do you, my rimes, keep better
measure,
And seeke to please; that now is counted
wise mens threasure.

TWO CANTOS OF
MUTABILITIE:

WHICH, BOTH FOR FORME AND MATTER, APPEARE TO BE PARCELLE OF SOME
FOLLOWING BOOKE OF

THE FAERIE QUEENE,

UNDER

THE LEGEND OF CONSTANCIE.

CANTO VI.

Proud Change (not pleas'd in mortall things
Beneath the Moone to raigne)
Pretends as well of Gods as Men
To be the Sovereaine.

I.

WHAT man that sees the ever-whirling
wheele,
Of Change, the which all mortall things
doth sway,
But that thwy doth find, and plainly
feele,
How MUTABILITY in them doth play
Her cruell sports to many mens decay?
Which that to all may better yet appeare,
I will rehearse that whylome I heard say,
How she at first her selfe began to reare
Gainst all the Gods, and th' empire sought
from them to beare.

II.

But first, here falleth fittest to unfold
Her antique race and linage ancient,
As I have 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
strive
With Saturnes sonne for heavens regi-
ment;
Whom though high Jove of kingdome did
deprive,
Yet many of their stemme long after did
survive:

III.

And many of them afterwards obtain'd
Great power of Jove, and high authority:
As Hecaté, in whose almighty hand
He plac't all rule and principallitie,
To be by her disposed diversly
To Gods and men, as she them list divide;
And drad Bellona, that doth sound on hie
Warres and allarums unto Nations wide,

That makes both heaven and earth to
tremble at her pride.

IV.

So likewise did this Titanesse aspire
Rule and dominion to her selfe to gaine;
That as a Goddesses men might her admire,
And heavenly honors yield, as to them
twaine:
And first, on earth she sought it to ob-
taine;
Where shee such prooffe and sad examples
shewed
Of her great power, to many ones great
paine,
That not men onely (whom she soone sub-
dewed)
But eke all other creatures her bad doo-
ings rewed.

V.

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 faire frame (which
none yet durst
Of Gods or men to alter or misguide)
She alter'd quite; and made them all ac-
curst
That God had blest, and did at first pro-
vide
In that still happy state forever to abide.

VI.

Ne shee the lawes of Nature onely brake,
But eke of Justice, and of Policie;

And wrong of right, and bad of good did
make

And death for life exchanged foolishlie :
Since which all living wights have learn'd
to die,

And all this world is woxen daily worse.
O pittious worke of MUTABILITY,
By which we all are subject to that curse,
And death, instead of life, have sucked
from our Nurse!

VII.

And now, when all the earth she thus
had brought
To her behest, and thrall'd to her might,
She gan to cast in her ambitious thought
T' attempt the empire of the heavens
hight,
And Jove himselve 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 pre-
paire.

VIII.

Thence to the Circle of the Moone she
clambe,
Where Cynthia raignes in everlasting
glory,

To whose bright shining palace straight
she came,
All fairely deckt with heavens goodly
storie;

Whose silver gates (by which there sate an
hory
Old aged Sire, with hower-glasse in hand,
Hight Time) she entred, were he lief or
sory;

Ne staide till she the highest stage had
scand,

Where Cynthia did sit, that never still did
stand.

IX.

Her sitting on an Ivory throne shee
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 Evening-starre in-
tend;

That with his Torche, still twinkling like
twylight,

Her lightened all the way where she should
wend,

And joy to weary wandring travellers did
lend:

X.

That when the hardy Titanesse beheld
The goodly building of her Palace bright,
Made of the heavens substance, and up-
held

With thousand Crystall pillors of huge
hight,

She gan to burne in her ambitious spright,
And t' envie her that in such glory
raigned.

Eftsoones she cast by force and tortious
might

Her to displace, and to her selfe to have
gained

The kingdome of the Night, and waters
by her wained.

XI.

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 be-
mone,

Or unto Gods, whose state she did maligne,
Or to th' infernall Powers her need give
lone

Of her faire light and bounty most be-
nigne,

Her selfe of all that rule she deemed
most condigne.

XII.

But she, that had to her that soveraigne
seat

By highest Jove assign'd, therein to beare
Nights burning lamp, regarded not her
threat,

Ne yielded ought for favour or for feare;
But with sterne count'naunce and dis-
dainfull cheare,

Bending her horned browes, did put her
back;

And, boldly blaming her for comming
there,

Bade her attonce from heavens coast to
pack,

Or at her perill bide the wrathfull
Thunders wrack.

XIII.

Yet nathemore the Giantesse forbare,
But boldly preacing-on raught forth her
hand

To pluck her downe perforce from off
her chaire;

And, there-with lifting up her golden wand,
Threatned to strike her if she did withstand:

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 uncouth habit and sterne looke still gazed.

XIV.

Mean-while the lower World, which nothing knew
Of all that chaunced heere, was darkned quite;
And eke the heavens, and all the heavenly crew
Of happy wights, now unpurvaied of light,
Were much afraid, and wondred at that sight;
Fearing least Chaos broken had his chaine,
And brought againe on them eternall night;
But chiefly Mercury, that next doth raigne,
Ran forth in haste unto the king of Gods to plaine.

XV.

All ran together with a great out-cry
To Joves faire palace fixt in heavens hight;
And, beating at his gates full earnestly,
Gau 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 uprear'd,
Or other his old foes that once him sorely fear'd.

XVI.

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 for-slowe;
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 heaven it were, then to arrest
The Author, and him bring before his presence prest.

XVII.

The wing-foot God so fast his plumes did beat,
That soone he came where-as the Titanesse
Was striving 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 Jove her dooings to discharge.

XVIII.

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 evill hower
He from his Jove such message to her brought,
To bid her leave faire Cynthia's silver bower;
Sith shée his Jove and him esteemed nought,
No more then Cynthia's selfe; but all their kingdoms sought.

XIX.

The Heavens Herald staid not to reply,
But past away, his doings to relate
Unto his Lord; who now, in th' highest sky,
Was placed in his principall Estate,
With all the Gods about him congregated:
To whom when Hermes had his message told,
It did them all exceedingly amate,
Save Jove; who, changing nought his count'nance bold,
Did unto them at length these speeches wise unfold;

XX.

'Harken to mee awhile, yee heavenly Powers!
Ye may remember since th' Earths cursed seed

Sought to assaile the heavens eternall
towers,
And to us 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
Upon the fruitfull earth, which doth us
yet despite.

XXI.

'Of that bad seed is this bold woman
bred,
That now with bold presumption doth
aspire
To thrust faire Phœbe from her silver
bed,
And eke our selves from heavens high
Empire,
If that her might were match to her desire.
Wherefore it now behoves us to advise
What way is best to drive her to retire,
Whether by open force, or counsell wise:
Areed, ye sonnes of God, as best as ye can
devise.'

XXII.

So having said, he ceast; and with
his brow
(His black eye-brow, whose doomefull
dreaded beck
Is wont to wield the world unto his vow,
And even the highest Powers of heaven
to check)
Made signe to them in their degrees to
speake,
Who straight gan cast their counsell grave
and wise.
Mean-while th' Earths daughter, thogh
she nought did reck
Of Hermes message, yet gan now advise
What course were best to take in this hot
bold emprise.

XXIII.

Eftsoones she thus resolv'd; that
whil'st the Gods
(After returne of Hermes Embassie)
Were troubled, and amongst themselves
at ods,
Before they could new counsels re-allie,
To set upon them in that extasie,
And take what fortune, time, and place
would lend.
So forth she rose, and through the purest
sky
To Joves high Palace straight cast to
ascend,
To prosecute her plot. Good on-set
boads good end.

XXIV.

Shee there arriving boldly in did pass;
Where all the Gods she found in counsell
close,
All quite unarm'd, as then their manner
was.
At sight of her they suddaine all arose
In great amaze, ne wist what way to
chose:
But Jove, all fearlesse, forc't them to
aby;
And in his sovaine throne gan straight
dispose
Himselfe, more full of grace and Majestie,
That mote encheare his friends, and foes
mote terrifie.

XXV.

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,
Until that Jove himselfe her selfe be-
spake:
'Speake, thou fraile woman, speake with
confidence;
Whence art thou, and what doost thou
here now make?
What idle errand hast thou earths man-
sion to forsake?'

XXVI.

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 envie)
I greater am in bloud (whereon I build)
Then all the Gods, though wrongfully
from heaven exil'd.

XXVII.

'For Titan (as ye all acknowledge
must)
Was Saturnes elder brother by birth-
right,
Both sonnes of Uranus; but by unjust
And guilefull meanes, through Corybantes
slight,
The younger thrust the elder from his
right:

Since which thou, Jove, injuriously hast
 held
 The Heavens rule from Titans sonnes by
 might,
 And them to hellish dungeons downe hast
 feld.
 Witnesse, ye Heavens, the truth of all
 that I have told!

XXVIII.

Whil'st she thus spake, the Gods, that
 gave 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 and
 forraine race
 Unwares is chaunc't, far straying from
 his peeres:
 So did their ghastly gaze bewray their
 hidden feares.

XXIX.

Till, having pauz'd awhile, Jove thus
 bespake:
 'Will never mortall thoughts cease to
 aspire
 In this bold sort to Heaven claime to
 make,
 And touch celestial seats with earthly
 mire?
 I would have thought that bold Pro-
 crustes hire,
 Or Typhons fall, or proud Ixions paine,
 Or great Prometheus tasting of our
 ire,
 Would have suffiz'd the rest for to
 restraine,
 And warn'd all men by their example to
 refraine.

XXX.

'But now this off-scum of that cursed
 fry
 Dare to renew the like bold enterprize,
 And challenge th' heritage of this our
 skie;
 Whom what should hinder, but that we
 likewise
 Should handle as the rest of her allies,
 And thunder-drive to hell?' With that,
 he shooke
 His Nectar-deawed locks, with which the
 skyes
 And all the world beneath for terror
 quooke,
 And eft his burning leviu-brond in hand
 he tooke.

XXXI.

But when he looked on her lovely face,
 In which faire beames of beauty did
 appeare
 That could the greatest wrath soone turne
 to grace,
 (Such sway doth beauty even in Heaven
 beare)
 He staid his hand; and, having chang'd
 his cheare,
 He thus againe in milder wise began:
 'But ah! if Gods should strive with flesh
 yfere,
 Then shortly should the progeny of man
 Be rooted out, if Jove should do still
 what he can.

XXXII.

'But thee, faire Titans child, I rather
 weene,
 Through some vaine errour, or induce-
 ment light,
 To see that mortall eyes have never 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 lesse than hers
 doth seem to showe.

XXXIII.

'But wote thou this, thou hardy Titan-
 esse,
 That not the worth of any living wight
 May challenge ought in Heavensinteresse;
 Much lesse the Title of old Titans Right:
 For we by conquest, of our soveraine
 might,
 And by eternal doome of Fates decree,
 Have wonne the Empire of the Heavens
 bright;
 Which to our selves we hold, and to whom
 wee
 Shall worthy deeme partakers of our
 blisse to bee.

XXXIV.

'Then cease 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

Have Jove thy gracious Lord and Sovere-
aine.
So having said, she thus to him replide :
'Ceasse, Saturnes sonne, to seeke by prof-
fers vaine
Of idle hopes t' allure me to thy side,
For to betray my Right before I have it
tride.

XXXV.

'But thee, O Jove ! no equall Judge 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 Jove wexed wroth, and in his
spright
Did inly grudge, yet did it well conceale ;
And bade Dan Phebus scribe her Appella-
tion seale.

XXXVI.

Eftsoones the time and place appointed
were,
Where all, both heavenly Powers and
earthly wights,
Before great Natures presence should
appeare,
For triall of their Titles and best Rights :
That was, to weet, upon 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
Renowned hath with hymnes fit for a
rurall skill.

XXXVII.

And, were it not ill fitting for this file
To sing of hilles and woods mongst warres
and 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 fairest Hill
That was in all this holy Islands hights)
Was made the most unpleasent and most
ill :
Meane-while, O Clio ! lend Calliope thy
quill.

XXXVIII.

Whylome when IRELAND florished in
fame

Of wealths and goodnesse, far above the
rest
Of all that beare the British Islands name,
The gods then us'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 soveraine Queene
profest
Of woods and forrests which therein
abound,
Sprinkled with wholsom waters more then
most on ground :

XXXIX.

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 con-
sort,
For with the Nymphes the Satyres love
to play and sport.

XL.

Amongst the which there was a Nymph
that hight
Molanna ; daughter of old Father Mole,
And sister unto Mulla faire and bright,
Unto whose bed false Bregog whylome
stole,
That Shepheard Colin dearely did condole,
And made her lucklesse loves 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.

XLI.

For, first, she springs out of two marble
Rocks,
On which a grove of Oakes high-mounted
growes,
That as a girlond seemes to deck the locks
Of som faire Bride, brought forth with
pompous showes
Out of her bowre, that many flowers
strowes :

So through the flowry Dales she tumbling
downe
Through many woods and shady covert
flowes,
(That on each side her silver channell
crowne)
Till to the Plaine she come, whose Valleyes
she doth drowne.

XLII.

In her sweet streames Diana used 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 covert shade, where none behold her
may;
For much she hated sight of living eye.
Foolish god Faunus, though full many a
day
He saw her clad, yet longed foolishly
To see her naked mongst her Nymphes in
privity.

XLIII.

No way he found to compasse his desire,
But to corrupt Molanna, this her maid,
Her to discover 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.

XLIV.

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 lov'd the Fanchin, who by nought
did set her,
That he would undertake for this to get
her
To be his Love, 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.

XLV.

The simple mayd did yield to him
anone;

And eft him placed where he close might
view
That never any saw, save onely one,
Who, for his hire to so foole-hardy dew,
Was of his hounds devour'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 lovely limbes, for Jove a
likely pray.

XLVI.

There Faunus saw that pleased much
his eye,
And made his hart to tickle in his brest,
That, for great joy 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 unworthy been of so divine a
meed.

XLVII.

The Goddesse, all abashed with that
noise,
In haste forth started from the guilty
brooke;
And, running straight where-as she heard
his voice,
Enclos'd the bush about, and there him
tooke,
Like darred Larke, not daring up to looke
On her whose sight before so much he
sought.
Thence forth they drew him by the hornes,
and shooke
Nigh all to peeces, that they left him
nought;
And then into the open light they forth
him brought.

XLVIII.

Like as an huswife, that with busie care
Thinks of her Dairy to make wondrous
gaine,
Finding where-as some wicked beast
unware
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,

Entrapp'd him, and caught into her
 traine;
 Then thinks what punishment were best
 assign'd,
 And thousand deaths deviseth in her
 vengefull mind.

XLIX.

So did Diana and her maydens all
 Use 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
 countervaille:
 Ne ought he said, what ever he did
 heare,
 But, hanging downe his head, did like a
 Mome appeare.

L.

At length, when they had flouted him
 their fill,
 They gan to cast what penaunce him to
 give,
 Some would have gelt him; but that same
 would spill
 The Wood-gods breed, which must for
 ever live:
 Others would through the river him have
 drive
 And ducked deepe; but that seem'd
 penaunce light:
 But most agreed, and did this sentence
 give,
 Him in Deares skin to clad; and in that
 plight
 To hunt him with their hounds, him selfe
 save how hee might.

LI.

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
 jest;
 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 'twas Molanna which her so bewraid.
 Then all attonce their hands upon Molanna
 laid.

LII.

But him (according as they had
 decreed)
 With a Deeres-skin they covered, 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 heavens would have
 brast;
 That all the woods and dales, where he
 did flie,
 Did ring againe, and loud re-eccho to the
 skie.

LIII.

So they him follow'd till they weary
 were;
 When, back returning to Molann' againe,
 They, by commaund'ment of Diana, there
 Her whelm'd with stones. Yet Faunus
 (for her paine)
 Of her beloved Fanchin did obtaine,
 That her he would receive unto his bed:
 So now her waves passe through a
 pleasant Plaine,
 Till with the Fanchin she her selfe do wed
 And (both combin'd) themselves in one
 faire river spread.

LIV.

Nath'lesse Diana, full of indignation,
 Thence-forth abandond her delicious
 brooke,
 In whose sweet streame, before that bac
 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 over
 looke
 The richest champain that may else be
 rid;
 And the faire Shure, in which are thou
 saud Salmons bred.

LV.

Them all, and all that she so deare di
 way,
 Thence-forth she left; and, parting fro
 the place,
 There-on an heavy haplesse curse did lay
 To weat, that Wolves, where she wa
 went to space,
 Should harbour'd be and all those Wood
 deface,

And Thieves should rob and spoile that
Coast around:
Since which, those Woods, and all that
goodly Chase

Doth to this day with Wolves and Thieves
abound:
Which too-too true that lands in-dwellers
since have found.

CANTO VII.

Peeling from Jove to Nature's bar,
Bold Alteration pleades
Large Evidence: but Natures soone
Her righteous Doome areads.

I.

AH! whither doost thou now, thou
greater Muse,
Me from these woods and pleasing forrests
bring,
And my fraile spirit, (that dooth oft
refuse
This too high flight, unfit for her weake
wing)
Lift up aloft, to tell of heavens King
(Thy souveraine Sire) his fortunate
successe;
And victory in bigger notes to sing
Which he obtain'd against that Titanesse,
That him of heavens Empire sought to
dispossesse?

II.

Yet, sith I needs must follow thy be-
hest,
Do thou my weaker wit with skill inspire,
Fit for this turne: and in my feeble brest
Kindle fresh sparks of that immortall fire
Which learned minds inflameth with
desire
Of heavenly things: for who, but thou
alone
That art yborne of heaven and heavenly
Sire,
Can tell things doen in heaven so long
ygone,
So farre past memory of man that may be
knowne?

III.

Now, at the time that was before
agreed,
The gods assembled all on Arlo Hill;
As well those that are sprung of heavenly
seed,
As those that all the other world do fill,
And rule both sea and land unto their
will:
Onely th' infernall Powers might not
appeare;
As well for horror of their count'naunce
ill,
As for th' unruly fiends which they did
feare;

Yet Pluto and Proserpina were present
there.

IV.

And thither also came all other
creatures,
What-ever life or motion do retaine,
According to their sundry kinds of
features,
That Arlo scarsly could them all containe,
So full they filled every hill and Plaine;
And had not Natures Sergeant (that is
Order)
Them well disposed by his busie paine,
And rangued farre abroad in every
border,
They would have caused much confusion
and disorder.

V.

Then forth issewed (great goddesse)
great dame Nature
With goodly port and gracious Majesty,
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 every
where,
Her head and face was hid that mote to
none appeare.

VI.

That, some do say, was so by skill
devised,
To hide the terror of her uncouth 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 it the Sunne a thousand times did
pass,
Ne could be seene but like an image in a
glass.

VII.

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 devize to what
 It to compare, nor finde like stuffe to that:
 As those three sacred Saints, though else most wise,
 Yet on Mount Thabor quite their wits forgot,
 When they their glorious Lord in strange disguise
 Transfigur'd sawe; his garments so did daze
 their eyes.

VIII.

In a fayre Plaine upon an equall Hill
 She placed was in a pavilion;
 Not such as Craftes-men by their idle skill
 Are wont for Princes states to fashion;
 But th' Earth herselfe, of her owne motion,
 Out of her fruitfull bosome made to growe
 Most dainty trees, that, shooting up anon,
 Did seeme to bow their bloosming heads
 full lowe
 For homage unto her, and like a throne
 did showe.

IX.

So hard it is for any living 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 kinde* describ'd it well:
 Which who will read set forth so as it ought,
 Go seek he out that Alane where he may be sought.

X.

And all the earth far underneath her feete
 Was dight with flowers 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, they at her foot-stoole threw;

That richer seem'd then any tapestry,
 That Princes bowres adorne with painted imagery.

XI.

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 love 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 joyance hath thee well beseene.

XII.

Was never so great joyance since the day
 That all the gods whylome assembled were
 On Hæmus hill in their divine 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 ravisht with delight
 Of his celestiall song, and Musicks wondrous might.

XIII.

This great Grandmother of all creatures bred,
 Great Nature, ever young, yet full of ild
 Still mooving, yet unmoved from her sted
 Unseene of any, yet of all beheld;
 Thus sitting in her throne, as I have told
 Before her came dame Mutability;
 And, being lowe before her presence feld
 With meek obaysance and humilitie,
 Thus gan her plantif Plea with words to amplifie:

XIV.

'To thee, O greatest Goddess, one! great!
 And 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 Injurie
 Which any of thy creatures do to other
 (Oppressing them with power unequally,
 Sith of them all thou art the equall mothe)

And knittest each to each, as brother unto brother.

xv.

'To thee therefore of this same Jove I plaine,
And of his fellow gods that faine to be,
That challenge to themselves the whole worlds raigu,
Of which the greatest part is due to me,
And heaven it selfe by heritage in Fee:
For heaven and earth I both alike do deeme,
Sith heaven and earth are both alike to thee,
And gods no more then men thou doest esteeme;
For even the gods to thee, as men to gods, do seeme.

xvi.

'Then weigh, O soveraigne goddesse! by what right
These gods do claime the worlds whole sovereignty,
And that is onely dew unto thy might
Arrogate to themselves ambitiously:
As for the gods owne principality,
Which Jove usurpes unjustly, that to be
My heritage Jove's selfe cannot denie,
From my great Grandsire Titan unto mee
Deriv'd by dew descent; as is well knownen to thee.

xvii.

'Yet mauger Jove, and all his gods beside,
I do possesse the worlds most regiment;
As if ye please it into parts divide,
And every parts inholders to convent,
Shall to your eyes appeare incontinent.
And, first, the Earth (great mother of us all)
That only seemes unmov'd and permanent,
And unto Mutabilitie not thrall,
Yet is she chang'd in part, and eeke in generall:

xviii.

'For all that from her springs, and is ybredde,
How-ever faire it flourish for a time,
Yet see we soone decay; and, being dead,
To turne againe unto 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,
Unlike informe, and chang'd by strange disguise:
So turne they still about, and change in restlesse wise.

xix.

'As for her tenants, that is, man and beasts,
The beasts we daily see massacred dy
As thralls and vassals unto mens beheasts;
And men themselves do change continually,
From youth to eld, from wealth to poverty,
From good to bad, from bad to worst of all:
Ne doe their bodies only flit and fly,
But eeke their minds (which they immortal call)
Still change and vary thoughts, as new occasions fall.

xx.

'Ne is the water in more constant case,
Whether those same on high, or these belowe;
For th' Ocean moveth still from place to place,
And every River still doth ebbe and flowe;
Ne any Lake, that seems most still and slowe,
Ne Poole so small, that can his smoothnesse holde
When any winde doth under heaven blowe;
With which the clouds are also tost and roll'd,
Now like great Hills, and streight like sluces them unfold.

xxi.

'So likewise are all watry living wights
Still tost and turned with continuall change,
Never abiding in their stedfast plights:
The fish, still floting, doe at random range,
And never rest, but evermore exchange
Their dwelling places, as the streames them carrie:
Ne have the watry foules a certaine grange
Wherein to rest, ne in one stead do tarry;
But flitting still doe flie, and still their places vary.

xxii.

'Next is the Ayre; which who feelles not by sense
(For of all sense it is the middle meane)
To flit still, and with subtill influence
Of his thin spirit all creatures to maintaine
In state of life? O weake life! that does leaue
On thing so tickle as th' unsteady ayre,
Which every howre is chang'd and altdred cleane

With every blast that bloweth, fowle or faire:
The faire doth it prolong; the fowle doth it impaire.

XXIII.

'Therein the changes infinite beholde,
Which to her creatures every 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 shiver and to shake:
Rayne, 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.

XXIV.

'Last is the fire; which, though it live for ever,
Ne can be quenched quite, yet every day
We see his parts, so soone as they do sever,
To lose their heat and shortly to decay;
So makes himself his owne consuming pray:
Ne any living creatures doth he breed,
But all that are of others bredd doth slay;
And with their death his cruell life dooth feed;
Nought leaving but their barren ashes without seede.

XXV.

'Thus all these fower (the which the groundwork bee
Of all the world and of all living wights)
To thousand sorts of Change we subject see:
Yet are they chang'd (by other wondrous slights)
Into themselves, and lose their native might;
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.

XXVI.

'So in them all raines Mutabilitie;
How-ever these, that Gods themselves do call,

Of them do claime the rule and sovereignty;

As Vesta, of the fire æthereall;
Vulcan, of this with us so usuall;
Ops, of the earth; and Juno, of the ayre;
Neptune, of seas; and Nymphes, of Rivers all:

For all those Rivers to me subject are,
And all the rest, which they usurp, be all my share.

XXVII.

'Which to approven true, as I have 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 judge thyselfe, by verdit of thine eye,
Whether to me they are not subject all.
Nature did yeeld thereto; and by-and-by
Bade Order call them all before her Majesty.

XXVIII.

So forth issew'd the Seasons of the yeare.

First, lusty Spring, all dight in leaves of flowres

That freshly budded and new bloosmes did beare,

(In which a thousand birds had built their bowres

That sweetly sung to call forth Paramours)
And in his hand a javelin he did beare,

And on his head (as fit for warlike stoures)
A guilt engraven morion he did weare;

That as some did him love, so others did him feare.

XXIX.

Then came the jolly Sommer, being dight
In a thin silken cassock coloured greene,

That was unlyned all, to be more light;
And on his head a girlond well besene

He wore, from which, as he had chauffed been,

The sweat did drop; and in his hand he bore

A boawe and shaftes, as he in Forrest greene

Had hunted late the Libbard or the Bore,
And now would bathe his limbes with

labor heated sore.

XXX.

Then came the Autumne all in yellow clad,

As though he joyed in his plentiful 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:
Upon his head a wreath, that was enrold
With eares of corne of every sort, he bore;
And in his hand a sickle he did holde,
To reape the ripened fruits the which the
earth had yold.

XXXI.

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 adown 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 scarce his loosed limbes he hable
was to weld.

XXXII.

These, marching softly, thus in order
went;
And after them the Monthes all riding
came.
First, sturdy March, with brows full
sternly bent

And armed strongly, rode upon a Ram,
The same which over 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.

XXXIII.

Next came fresh Aprill, full of lustyhed,
And wanton as a Kid whose horne new
buds:

Upon 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; and wet he
seem'd in sight

With waves, through which he waded for
his loves delight.

XXXIV.

Then came faire May, the fayrest mayd
on ground,

Deckt all with dainties of her seasons
pryde,
And throwing flowres out of her lap
around:

Upon two brethrens shoulders she did
ride,

The twinnes of Leda; which on eyther
side

Supported her like to their soveraigne
Queene:

Lord! how all creatures laught when her
they spide

And leapt and daunc't as they had rav-
isht beene!

And Cupid selfe about her fluttred all in
greene.

XXXV.

And after her came jolly June, arrayd
All in greene leaves, as he a Player were;
Yet in his time he wrought as well as
playd,

That by his plough-yrons mote right well
appeare.

Upon a Crab he rode, that him did beare
With crooked crawling steps an uncouth
pase,

And backward yode, as Bargemen went
to fare

Bending their force contrary to their
face;

Like that ungracious crew which faines
demurest grace.

XXXVI.

Then came hot July boyling like to fire,
That all his garments he had cast away.

Upon 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' Amphy-
trionide

Him slew, and with his hide did him array.
Behinde his back a sithe, and by his side

Under his belt he bore a sickle circling
wide.

XXXVII.

The sixt was August, being rich arrayd
In garment all of gold downe to the
ground;

Yet rode he not, but led a lovely Mayd
Forth by the lilly hand, the which was
cround

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 Justice
solde,

She left th' unrighteous world, and was
to heaven extold.

XXXVIII.

Next him September marched, eeke on
foote,
Yet was he heavy laden with the spoyle
Of harvests riches, which he made his
boot,
And him enrich with bounty of the
soyle:
In his one hand, as fit for harvests 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 gave to each as Justice duly
scann'd.

XXXIX.

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 joyous oyle, whose gentle
gust
Made him so frolick and so full of lust:
Upon a dreadfull Scorpion he did ride,
The same which by Dianaes doom un-
just
Slew great Orion; and eeke by his side
He had his ploughing-share and coulter
ready tyde.

XL.

Next was November; he full grosse
and fat
As fed with lard, and that right well
might seeme;
For he had been a fattig hogs of late,
That yet his browes with sweat did reek
and steem,
And yet the season was full sharp and
broom:
In planting eeke he took 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.

XLI.

And after him came next the chill
December:
Yet he, through merry feasting which he
made
And great bonfires, did not the cold re-
member;
His Saviour's birth his mind so much did
glad.
Upon a shaggy-bearded Goat he rode,

The same wherewith Dan Jove in tender
yeares,
They say, was nourisht by th' Idæan
mayd;
And in his hand a broad deepe boawle he
beares,
Of which he freely drinks an health to all
his peeres.

XLII.

Then came old January, wrapped well
In many weeds to keep the cold away;
Yet did he quake and quiver, 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:
Upon an huge great Earth-pot steane he
stood,
From whose wide mouth there flowed
forth the Romane Flood.

XLIII.

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 twelve Months forth, and
their dew places found.

XLIV.

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 covered her uncomely 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 upon his scepters
hight
The goodly Sun encompast all with
beames bright.

XLV.

Then came the Howres, faire daughters
of high Jove
And timely Night; the which were all
endewed
With wondrous beauty fit to kindle love;
But they were virgins all, and love
eschewed
That might forslack the charge to them
foreshewed
By mighty Jove; who did them porters
make
Of heavens gate (whence all the gods
issued)
Which they did daily watch, and nightly
wake
By even turnes, ne ever did their charge
forsake.

XLVI.

And after all came Life, and lastly
Death;
Death with most grim and griesly visage
seene,
Yet is he nought but parting of the breath;
Ne ought to see, but like a shade to
weene,
Unbodied, unsoul'd, unheard, unseene:
But Life was like a faire young lusty
boy,
Such as they faine Dan Cupid to have
beene,
Full of delightfull health and lively joy,
Deckt all with flowres, and wings of gold
fit to employ.

XLVII.

When these were past, thus gan the
Titanesse:
'Lo! mighty mother, now be judge, and
say
Whether in all thy creatures more or lesse
CHANGE doth not raigin and bear the
greatest sway;
For who sees not that Time on all doth
pray?
But Times do change and move contin-
ually:
So nothing heere long standeth in one
stay:
Wherefore this lower world who can
deny
But to be subject still to Mutability?'

XLVIII.

Then thus gan Jove: 'Right true it is,
that these
And all things else that under heaven
dwell
Are chaung'd of Time, who doth them all
disseise

Of being: But who is it (to me tell)
That Time himselfe doth move, and still
compell
To keepe his course? Is not that namely
wee
Which poure that vertue from our heav-
enly cell
That moves them all, and makes them
changed be?
So them we gods do rule, and in them
also thee.'

XLIX.

To whom thus Mutability: 'The things,
Which we see not how they are mov'd
and swayd
Ye may attribute to your selves as Kings,
And say, they by your secret powre are
made:
But what we see not, who shall us per-
swade?
But were they so, as ye them faine to be,
Mov'd by your might and ordered by
your ayde,
Yet what if I can prove, that even yee
Your selves are likewise chang'd, and
subject unto mee?'

L.

'And first, concerning her that is the
first,
Even you, faire Cynthia; whom so much
ye make
Joves 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 every
day
We changed see and sundry formes
partake,
Now hornd, now round, now bright, now
browne and gray;
So that "as changefull as the Moone" men
use to say.

LI.

'Next Mercury; who though he lesse
appeare
To change his hew, and alwayes seeme as
one,
Yet he his course doth alter every 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.

LII.

' 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 have
lost,
And cleane without his usuall spheere to
fare;
That even 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 have, so
many crookes.

LIII.

' But you, Dan Jove, that only constant
are,
And King of all the rest, as ye doe clame,
Are you not subject 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, wheresoever they comment the same,
They all consent that ye begotten were
And borne here in this world; ne other
can appeare.

LIV.

' Then are ye mortall borne, and thrall
to me
Unless the kingdome of the sky yee make
Immortall and unchangeable 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 have or this or that to make,
Is checkt and changed from his nature
trew,
By others opposition or obliquid view.

LV.

' 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 do the Starres and Signes therein
still move,

And even itselfe is mov'd, as wizards
saine:
But all that moveth doth mutation love;
Therefore both you and them to me I
subject prove.

LVI.

' Then, since within this wide great
Universe
Nothing doth firme and permanent ap-
peare,
But all things tost and turned by trans-
verse,
What then should let, but I aloft should
reare
My Trophee, and from all the triumph
beare?
Now judge then, (O thou greatest god-
desse trew)
According as thy selfe doest see and heare,
And unto me addoom that is my dew;
That is, the rule of all, all being rul'd by
you.'

LVII.

So having ended, silence long enseed; /
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 soveraine
place:
At length she, looking up with chearefull
view,
The silence brake, and gave her doome in
speeches few.

LVIII.

' I well consider all that ye have 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 themselves at length
again,
Do worke their owne perfection so by
fate:
Then over them Change doth not rule and
raigne,
But they raigne over Change, and do their
states maintaine.

LIX.

' Cease therefore, daughter, further to
aspire,

| | |
|--|---|
| <p>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.'</p> | <p>So was the Titanesse put downe and whist, And Jove confirm'd in his imperiall see. Then was that whole assembly quite dis- mist, And Natur's selfe did vanish, whither no man wist.</p> |
|--|---|

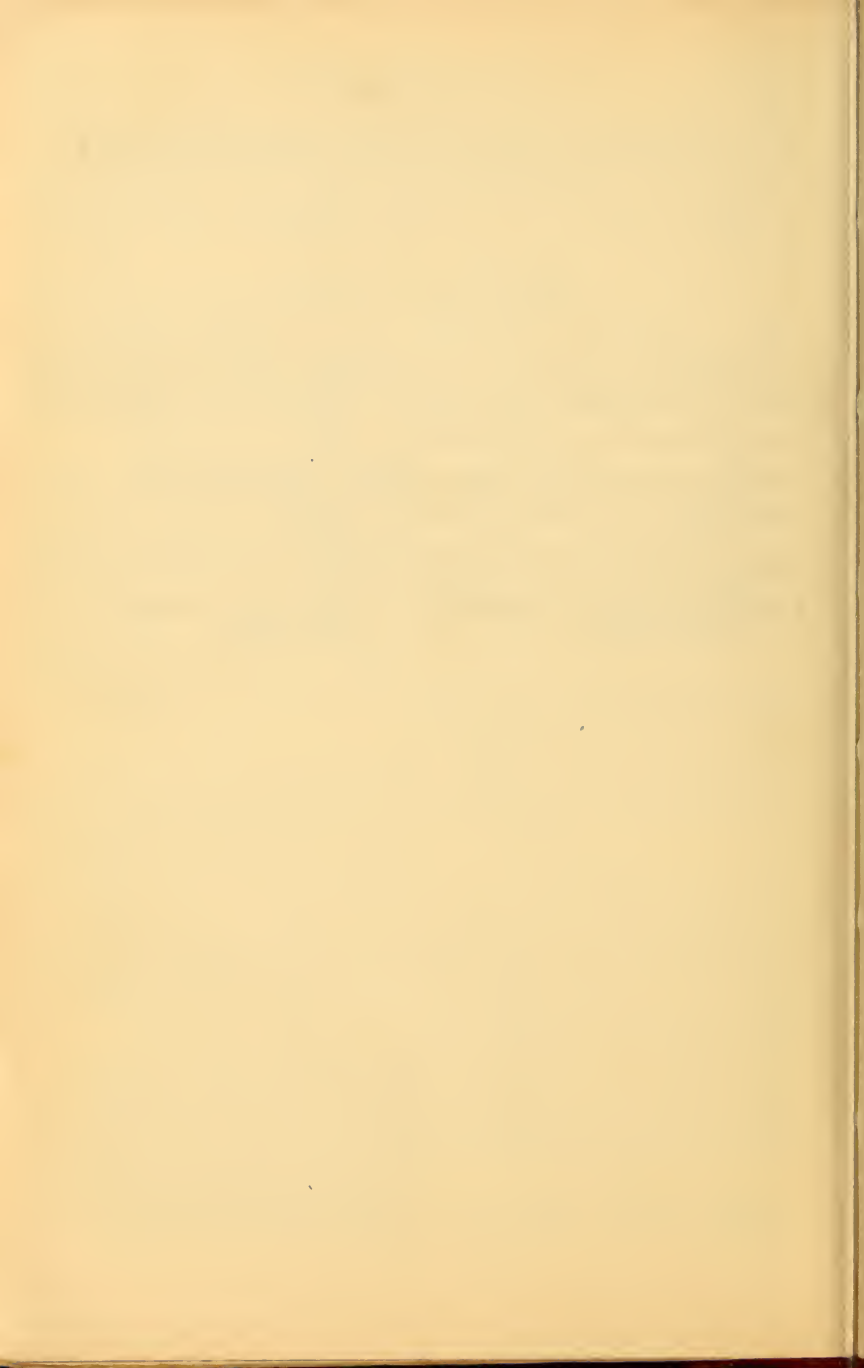
THE VIII. CANTO, UNPERFITE.

I.

WHEN I bethinke me on that speech
 whyleare
 Of Mutabilitie, and well it way!
 Me seemes, that though she all unworthy
 were
 Of the Heav'ns Rule; yet, very sooth to
 say,
 In all things else she beares the greatest
 sway:
 Which makes me loath this state of life
 so tickle,
 And love of things so vaine to cast away;
 Whose flowring pride, so fading and so
 fickle,
 Short Time shall soon cut down with his
 consuming sickle.

II.

Then gin I thinke on that which Nature
 sayd,
 Of that same time when no more Change
 shall be,
 But stedfast rest of all things, firmly
 stayd
 Upon the pillours of Eternity,
 That is contrayr to Mutabilitie;
 For all that moveth doth in Change
 delight:
 But thenceforth all shall rest eter-
 nally
 With Him that is the God of Sabaoth
 hight:
 O! that great Sabaoth God, grant me that
 Sabaoths sight!



VARIATIONS FROM THE ORIGINAL EDITIONS.

Page 5 (LETTER OF THE AUTHORS), l. 29, *vi*. All the early editions read *v*.

P. 8 (VERSES TO THE AUTHOR), col. 1, l. 4, *faire* (1609), *fare* (1590).

P. 8 (VERSES TO THE AUTHOR), col. 1, l. 8, *reedes* (1609). The 4to. 1590 has *reede*.

P. 12 (VERSES BY THE AUTHOR), col. 2, l. 18, *soverains*. The 4to. 1590 reads *soverain*, but fol. 1611 has *soveraignes*.

Page 14, book i. Prol., stanza 4, line 5, *my feeble* (1596), *mine feeble* (1590).

P. 16, bk. i. c. i. st. 12, l. 5, *your stroke*. The 4to. 1590 reads *your hardy stroke*; but it is corrected in 'Faults escaped in the Print,' though the incorrect reading is retained in the 4to. 1596, and in the fol. 1611.

P. 16, bk. i. c. i. st. 15, l. 7, *shapes* (1590), *shape* (1596).

P. 17, bk. i. c. i. st. 21, l. 5, *later spring*. The editions of 1590, 1596, and 1611 read *later ebbe gins t' avale* (*to avale*), but this lection is corrected in 'Faults escaped in the Print.'

P. 18, bk. i. c. i. st. 23, l. 9, *oft* (1590), ? *off* (Collier).

P. 18, bk. i. c. i. st. 24, l. 8, *raft* (1590), *reft* (1609).

P. 18, bk. i. c. i. st. 30, l. 9, *sits* (1590), *fits* (1609).

P. 20, bk. i. c. i. st. 42, l. 8, *sights*. The 4to. 1590 reads *sighes*. In the 'Faults escaped in the Print' we are told to read *sights*.

P. 21, bk. i. c. i. st. 50, l. 3, *He thought have* (1590), *He thought t' have* (1611).

P. 21, bk. i. c. i. st. 50, l. 5, *can* (1590), *gan* (1679).

P. 22, bk. i. c. ii. Arg. l. 3, *stead* (1596). The 4to. 1590 has *steps*.

P. 24, bk. i. c. ii. st. 14, l. 4, et passim (Books i. ii. iii.) *off* (1596), *of* (1596).

P. 24, bk. i. c. ii. st. 17, l. 5, *cruell spies*. The 4tos. 1590, 1596, and fol. 1609 read *cruelties*, which is corrected in 'Faults escaped in the Print.'

P. 24, bk. i. c. ii. st. 17, l. 9, *die* (1609), *dies* (1590).

P. 24, bk. i. c. ii. st. 18, l. 1, *quoth* (1596), *qd.* (1590).

P. 25, bk. i. c. ii. st. 19, l. 9, et passim (Books i. ii. iii.) *whither* (1596), *whether* (1590).

P. 25, bk. i. c. ii. st. 22, l. 5, *thy* (1590), *your* (1596).

P. 26, bk. i. c. ii. st. 29, l. 2, *shade him thither* (1590), *shade thither* (1596), *shadow thither* (1609).

P. 26, bk. i. c. ii. st. 29, l. 3, *now ymounted,*

now that mounted (1590, 1596). The reading in the text is found in 'Faults escaped in the Print.'

P. 26, bk. i. c. ii. st. 32, l. 9, *plaints* (1596), *plants* (1590).

P. 33, bk. i. c. iii. st. 38, l. 7, *the* (1590), *that* in errata.

P. 36, bk. i. c. iv. st. 16, l. 3, *hurten* (1590), *hurlen* (1609).

P. 37, bk. i. c. iv. st. 23, l. 7, *dry dropsie* (1590), ? *dire dropsie* (Upton), *hydropsy* (Collier).

P. 37, bk. i. c. iv. st. 24, l. 3, *whally* (1590), *walled* (?).

P. 38, bk. i. c. iv. st. 27, l. 6, *pelfe* (1596), *pelve* (1590).

P. 38, bk. i. c. iv. st. 29, l. 9, *fourth* (1596), *forth* (1590).

P. 38, bk. i. c. iv. st. 30, l. 4, *chaw* (1590), *jaw* (1609).

P. 38, bk. i. c. iv. st. 30, l. 6, *neighbours* (1596), *neibors* (1590).

P. 38, bk. i. c. iv. st. 32, l. 9, *fifte*, *first* (1590), but *fipte* is among the errata in 'Faults escaped in the Print.'

P. 39, bk. i. c. iv. st. 39, l. 2, *juery* (1596), *fary* (1590).

P. 40, bk. i. c. iv. st. 41, l. 9, *renverst* (1590), *re'nerst* (1609).

P. 40, bk. i. c. iv. st. 43, ll. 1, 3, *pledge*, *edge* (1596), *pledg*, *edg* (1590).

P. 41, bk. i. c. v. st. 2, l. 5, *hurld*. The 4to. 1590 has *hurls*, but *hurld* is in 'Faults escaped in the Print.' The editions 1596, 1609 retain the incorrect reading.

P. 42, bk. i. c. v. st. 7, l. 9, *And heven helmets deepe* (1590), *And helmets heven deepe* (1596).

P. 43, bk. i. c. v. st. 15, l. 2, *thirsty* (1590), *thirstie* (1596).

P. 46, bk. i. c. v. st. 35, l. 9, *leke* (1590), *leake* (1596).

P. 46, bk. i. c. v. st. 38, l. 6, *cliffs*. The editions 1590, 1596, and 1609 read *clifts*. The correction is supplied in 'Faults escaped in the Print.'

P. 47, bk. i. c. v. st. 41, l. 2, *nigh* (1590), *high* (1596).

P. 48, bk. i. c. v. st. 52, l. 9, *ensevd* (1596), *enseved* (1590).

P. 49, bk. i. c. vi. st. 1, l. 5, *in*. The 4tos. and folio 1609 read *it*, though *in* is among the errata.

P. 51, bk. i. c. vi. st. 15, l. 2, *Or Bacchus* (1590), *Of Bacchus* (1596); Hughes, *If Bacchus*.

P. 52, bk. i. c. vi. st. 23, l. 8, *noused* (1590), *noursled* (1596).

P. 52, bk. i. c. vi. st. 26, l. 5, *fiers* and *fell* (1596), *sicif* and *cruell* (1590).

P. 53, bk. i. c. vi. st. 33, l. 9, *woods* (1596), *wods* (1590).

P. 54, bk. i. c. vi. st. 39, l. 7, *he* (1596), *she* (1590).

P. 55, bk. i. c. vi. st. 47, l. 8, *to fight* (1590), *two fight* (1611).

P. 57, bk. i. c. vii. st. 12, l. 9, *stound* (1596), *stound* (1590).

P. 57, bk. i. c. vii. st. 18, l. 8, *smoke* (1596), *smok* (1590).

P. 58, bk. i. c. vii. st. 18, ll. 4, 5, *braught*, *naught* (1590), *brought*, *nought* (1596).

P. 58, bk. i. c. vii. st. 20, l. 3, *that* (1590), *the* (1596).

P. 58, bk. i. c. vii. st. 22, l. 9, *sight* is omitted in 4to. 1590, but is found in the 4to. 1596.

P. 59, bk. i. c. vii. st. 29, l. 4, *glitterand* (1590), *glitter and* (1679).

P. 60, bk. i. c. vii. st. 32, l. 18, *whose* (1609), *her* (1590).

P. 60, bk. i. c. vii. st. 37, l. 7, *trample* (1596), *amble* (1590).

P. 60, bk. i. c. vii. st. 37, l. 8, *chauft* (1596), *chaust* (1590).

P. 61, bk. i. c. vii. st. 43, l. 5, *ronne*. The 4to. 1590 has *come*, which is amended in 'Faults escaped in the Print.'

P. 62, bk. i. c. vii. st. 47, l. 3, *hands* (1596). The 4to. 1590 reads *hand*.

P. 62, bk. i. c. vii. st. 52, l. 4, *That*. All the early editions read *that*, but ? *the*.

P. 63, bk. i. c. viii. Arg. l. 3, *that gyaunt* (1590, 1596), but *the gyaunt* is among the errata.

P. 63, bk. i. c. viii. st. 1, l. 6, *through* (1596), *thorough* (1590).

P. 64, bk. i. c. viii. st. 7, l. 6, *wise*. The 4to. 1590 reads *wist*, which is corrected in 'Faults escaped in the Print.'

P. 66, bk. i. c. viii. st. 21, l. 5, *their ? his*, i. e. Argoglio's (Church).

P. 66, bk. i. c. viii. st. 21, l. 7, *pouvre* (1596), *poure* (1590).

P. 66, bk. i. c. viii. st. 22, l. 4, *right* (so in all old editions). Most modern editions read *left*.

P. 66, bk. i. c. viii. st. 24, l. 6, *his* (1596), *her* (1590).

P. 69, bk. i. c. viii. st. 44, l. 4, *delight*, ? *dislike* (Upton).

P. 70, bk. i. c. ix. Arg. l. 2, *bands* (1596). The text of the 4to. 1590 reads *hands*, but *bands* is in 'Faults escaped in the Print.'

P. 71, bk. i. c. ix. st. 9, l. 3, *the* (among the errata in 'Faults escaped in the Print.'). Ed. 1590 reads *that*, a lection which Church defends.

P. 71, bk. i. c. ix. st. 12, l. 9, *on* (from 'Faults escaped in the Print.'). The text has *at*.

P. 72, bk. i. c. ix. st. 17, l. 8, *proves* (1590), *provesse* (1609).

P. 74, bk. i. c. ix. st. 32, l. 7, *glee* (1590), ? *fee* (Church).

P. 74, bk. i. c. ix. st. 33, l. 3, *cliff* in errata, *clift* (1590).

P. 74, bk. i. c. ix. st. 33, l. 3, *ypight* (1596), *ypight* (1590).

P. 74, bk. i. st. 35, l. 4, *griesie* (1590), *griesly* (1611).

P. 75, bk. i. c. ix. st. 42, l. 7, *holds*. The 4to. 1590 reads *hold*.

P. 76, bk. i. c. ix. st. 46, l. 7, *falsed* (1596), *fulst* (1590).

P. 77, bk. i. c. ix. st. 52, l. 1, *saw* (1596), *heard* (1590).

P. 77, bk. i. c. ix. st. 52, l. 3, *reliv'd* (1590), *reliev'd* (1611).

P. 77, bk. i. c. ix. st. 53, l. 2, *feeble* (1590), *seely* (1596), *silly* (1609).

P. 77, bk. i. c. ix. st. 53, l. 6, *greater* (1596), *greter* (1590).

P. 80, bk. i. c. x. st. 20, l. 5, *Dry-shod*, &c. This line is found in fol. 1609, but is omitted in the 4tos.

P. 81, bk. i. c. x. st. 27, l. 6, *His blamefull body in salt water sore* (1590), *His body in salt water smarting sore* (1596).

P. 82, bk. i. c. x. st. 36, l. 4, *their*. The 4to. 1590 reads *there*.

P. 84, bk. i. c. x. st. 52, l. 6, *Brings*. The 4to. 1590 has *Bring*.

P. 84, bk. i. c. x. st. 52, l. 6, *them* (1590) ? *him* or for *traveller* (l. 4) read *travellers*.

P. 85, bk. i. c. x. st. 57, l. 5, *pretious*, adopted from the errata in 'Faults escaped in the Print.' The text of the 4to. 1590 has *piteous*, which is retained by the fol. 1611.

P. 85, bk. i. c. x. st. 59, l. 2, *frame*. The editions of 1590, 1596, 1609, 1611, read *fame*, though *frame* is among the errata in 'Faults escaped in the Print.'

P. 86, bk. i. c. x. st. 62, l. 4, *As wretched*, &c. (1590). The 4to. 1596 reads *Quoth he, as wretched and liv'd in like paine*.

P. 86, bk. i. c. x. st. 62, l. 8, *And bitter battailes*, &c. (1590), *And battailes none are to be fought* (1596).

P. 86, bk. i. c. x. st. 62, l. 9, *they* (1590) is omitted in 1596 and 1611.

P. 86, bk. i. c. x. st. 65, l. 3, *face* (1590), *place* (1596).

P. 87, bk. i. c. xi. st. 3. This stanza is not found in the first 4to., but is in second 4to. 1596.

P. 90, bk. i. c. xi. st. 22, l. 1, *his* (1590), ? *the* (Church).

P. 90, bk. i. c. xi. st. 26, l. 6, *swinged* (1590), *singed* (1609).

P. 91, bk. i. c. xi. st. 30, l. 5, *one*. The 4tos. read *its* though *one* is in 'Faults escaped in the Print.' Mr. Collier says there is no authority for reading *one*.

P. 92, bk. i. c. xi. st. 37, l. 2, *'yelled* (1609), *yelded* (1590).

P. 92, bk. i. c. xi. st. 41, l. 4, *Nor* (1609), *For* (4tos. 1590, 1596).

P. 94, bk. i. c. xi. st. 54, l. 7, *poysse* (1590) ? *noyse*.

P. 96, bk. i. c. xii. st. 11, l. 2, *too* (1596), *to* (1590).

P. 96, bk. i. c. xii. st. 11, l. 4, *gossibs* (1590), *gossips* (1596).

P. 97, bk. i. c. xii. st. 17, l. 4, *note* (1590), *no'te* (1596).

P. 99, bk. i. c. xii. st. 32, l. 6, *wylie* (1596), *wiely* (1590).

P. 99, bk. i. c. xii. st. 34, l. 2, *vaine*, adopted from the errata. The text of the 4to. 1590 has *faine*. Church thinks that *faine* = *faigned* or *feigned* is a good reading.

P. 99, bk. i. c. xii. st. 34, l. 3, *improvided* (1590), *unprovided* is found in some modern editions.

P. 99, bk. i. c. xii. st. 36, l. 7, *bains* (1590), *banes* (1596).

- P. 100, bk. i. c. xii. st. 39, l. 9, *sprite* (1590). Some later editions, as 1611, read *spreete*.
- P. 100, bk. i. c. xii. st. 40, l. 9, *His* (1590), *Her* (1596).
- P. 101, bk. ii. Prol. st. 2, l. 8, *Amazon*. The fol. 1609, following the text of 4to. 1590, reads *Amazons*, but *Amazon* is among the errata in 'Faults escaped in the Print.'
- P. 101, bk. ii. Prol. st. 4, l. 6, *thou* (1596), *then* (1590).
- P. 102, bk. ii. c. i. st. 3, l. 2, *food* (1590), *feude* (1609).
- P. 103, bk. ii. c. i. st. 12, l. 9, *chalenge* (1596), *chaleng* (1590).
- P. 104, bk. ii. c. i. st. 16, l. 1, *liefe* (1596, 1609), *life* (1590).
- P. 104, bk. ii. c. i. st. 20, l. 2, *quit* (1590), *quite* (1596).
- P. 104, bk. ii. c. i. st. 20, l. 7, *blotted* (1596), *blotting* (1590).
- P. 106, bk. ii. c. i. st. 28, l. 3, *well becommeth* (1590, 1596), *ill becommeth* (1679).
- P. 106, bk. ii. c. i. st. 31, l. 4, *on* (1596), *one* (1590).
- P. 106, bk. ii. c. i. st. 32, l. 7, *must* (1596), *most* (1590).
- P. 106, bk. ii. c. i. st. 33, l. 8, *thrise* is adopted from the errata of 4to. 1590, but *these* occurs in all old editions.
- P. 106, bk. ii. c. i. st. 34, l. 6, *steedy* (1590), *steadie* (1609).
- P. 107, bk. ii. c. i. st. 39, l. 4, *dolour* (1590), *labour* (1596).
- P. 108, bk. ii. c. i. st. 42, l. 9, *stout courage* (1590), *courage stout* (1609).
- P. 108, bk. ii. c. i. st. 47, l. 2, *sight* (1590), *sight* (1609).
- P. 110, bk. ii. c. i. st. 58, l. 4, *frye* (1590), *?fryze* (Church).
- P. 110, bk. ii. c. i. st. 59, l. 2, *common* (1596), *commen* (1590).
- P. 110, bk. ii. c. i. st. 59, l. 8, *great* (1596), *greet* (1590).
- P. 111, bk. ii. c. ii. st. 4, l. 3, *lieu* (1590), *?love* (Church).
- P. 111, bk. ii. c. ii. st. 5, l. 3, *hard* (1596), *hart* (1590).
- P. 111, bk. ii. c. ii. st. 7, l. 7, *pray* (Collier). It is *chace* in all the old editions.
- P. 112, bk. ii. c. ii. st. 12, l. 8, *fame* (1596), *frame* (1590).
- P. 113, bk. ii. c. ii. st. 21, l. 2, *hond* (1609), *hand* (1596).
- P. 114, bk. ii. c. ii. st. 28, l. 2, *their champions*. The 4to. 1590 reads *her champions*, but 4to. 1596 has *their champion*.
- P. 114, bk. ii. c. ii. st. 30, l. 1, *there* (1609), *their* (1590, 1596).
- P. 114, bk. ii. c. ii. st. 30, l. 3, *bloodguiltinesse* (1609), *bloodguiltnesse* (1590, 1596).
- P. 115, bk. ii. c. ii. st. 34, l. 9, *her* (1590), *their* (1596).
- P. 115, bk. ii. c. ii. st. 38, l. 5, *forcard* (1590), *?froward* (cf. l. 7 of st. 38).
- P. 116, bk. ii. c. ii. st. 42, l. 6, *to hold*. All the old editions read *to make*.
- P. 116, bk. ii. c. ii. st. 44, l. 4, *enrold*. The 4to. 1590 reads *entroid*, the fol. 1609 *introid*.
- P. 117, bk. ii. c. iii. st. 3, l. 7, *heard* (1596), *hard* (1590).
- P. 117, bk. ii. c. iii. st. 4, l. 5, *A pleasing vaine of glory, &c.* (1590), *A pleasing vaine of glory vaine did find* (1596).
- P. 117, bk. ii. c. iii. st. 6, l. 9, '*Mercy!*' *loud* (so all old editions), *? 'Mercy, Lord!'*
- P. 118, bk. ii. c. iii. st. 11, l. 4, *courser* (1596), *course* (1590).
- P. 119, bk. ii. c. iii. st. 20, l. 5, *does greatly them affeare* (1590), *their haire on end does reare* (1596). For *greatly* (in the errata) the text of the 4to. 1590 has *unto*.
- P. 120, bk. ii. c. iii. st. 26, l. 9, *fringe* (so all the 4tos.).
- P. 121, bk. ii. c. iii. st. 35, l. 4, *many bold emprize* (1590), *?many a bold emprize* (Jortin).
- P. 123, bk. ii. c. iii. st. 45, l. 4, *one foot* (1609), *on foot* (1590).
- P. 123, bk. ii. c. iii. st. 46, l. 9, *erne* (1590), *yerne* (1609).
- P. 123, bk. ii. c. iv. Arg. l. 3, *Phaon* (1590), *Phedon* (1596).
- P. 123, bk. ii. c. iv. st. 4, l. 6, *loosely* (1596), *loosly* (1590).
- P. 124, bk. ii. c. iv. st. 12, l. 3, *hong* (1590), *hung* (1609).
- P. 124, bk. ii. c. iv. st. 12, l. 8, *tonge*. The text has *tongue*, which is altered to *tonge* in the errata of the 4to. 1590.
- P. 124, bk. ii. c. iv. st. 13, l. 6, *note* (1590), *no'te* (1609).
- P. 125, bk. ii. c. iv. st. 17, l. 6, *one* (1596), *wretch* (1590).
- P. 125, bk. ii. c. iv. st. 17, l. 8, *occasion* (1596), *her quifull trech* (1590).
- P. 125, bk. ii. c. iv. st. 17, l. 9, *light upon* (1596), *wandring ketch* (1590).
- P. 125, bk. ii. c. iv. st. 18, l. 5, *chose* (1590), *chuse* (1609).
- P. 125, bk. ii. c. iv. st. 18, l. 8, *Or* (1590), *Our* (1609).
- P. 128, bk. ii. c. iv. st. 38, l. 4, *this word was* (so all the old editions), *these words were* (Hughes's second edition).
- P. 128, bk. ii. c. iv. st. 40, l. 3, *should* (1596), *shold* (1590).
- P. 129, bk. ii. c. iv. st. 45, l. 5, *that did fight* (1590), *thus to fight* (1596).
- P. 129, bk. ii. c. v. Arg. l. 1, *Pyrochles, &c.* (1590). The second 4to. 1596 reads: —
*Pyrochles does with Guyon fight,
And Furors chayne unbinds;
Of whom sore hurt, for his revenge
Attin Cymochles finds.*
- P. 130, bk. ii. c. v. st. 5, l. 9, *doe me not much fayt* (1590), *doe not much me fayle* (1596).
- P. 130, bk. ii. c. v. st. 8, l. 7, *hurle* (1590), *hurle* (1596), *hurlen* (1611).
- P. 130, bk. ii. c. v. st. 10, l. 7, *enimy* (1596), *enimye* (1590).
- P. 131, bk. ii. c. v. st. 15, l. 9, *who selfe* (1590), *whose selfe* (1609).
- P. 132, bk. ii. c. v. st. 19, l. 4, *shee* (1609), *hee* (1590, 1596).
- P. 132, bk. ii. c. v. st. 19, l. 7, *garre* (1590), *do* (1596).
- P. 132, bk. ii. c. v. st. 21, l. 7, *occasions* (1590), *occasion* (1609).
- P. 132, bk. ii. c. v. st. 22, l. 5, *spight* (1590), *spright* (1609).

- P. 132, bk. ii. c. v. st. 23, l. 1, *that* (1590), *the* (1609).
- P. 133, bk. ii. c. v. st. 29, l. 5, *prickling* (1590), *pricking* (1596).
- P. 133, bk. ii. c. v. st. 31, l. 5, *In Nemus gayned*, &c. (1590), *Gaynd in Nemea* (1596).
- P. 133, bk. ii. c. v. st. 32, l. 6, *meriments*. All old copies read *meriment*.
- P. 134, bk. ii. c. v. st. 34, l. 8, *So he them* (1590), *So them* (1596 and 1609).
- P. 135, bk. ii. c. vi. st. 1, l. 7, *abstaine* (1590), *restraine* (1596).
- P. 135, bk. ii. c. vi. st. 3, l. 4, *As merry as Pope Jone* (1590), *that nigh her breath was gone* (1596).
- P. 135, bk. ii. c. vi. st. 3, l. 6, *That to her might more* (1590), *That might to her more* (1596).
- P. 136, bk. ii. c. vi. st. 12, l. 9, *and throue her sweete smells*, &c. (1590), *and her sweet smells throue*, &c. (1596).
- P. 136, bk. ii. c. vi. st. 14, l. 9, *whiles* (1596), *whils* (1590).
- P. 136, bk. ii. c. vi. st. 14, l. 9, *love lay* (1590), *loud lay* (1596).
- P. 137, bk. ii. c. vi. st. 18, l. 7, *wave . . . griesy* (1590), *waves . . . griesly* (1609).
- P. 137, bk. ii. c. vi. st. 21, l. 8, *bonds* (1590), *boundis* (1609).
- P. 138, bk. ii. c. vi. st. 27, l. 9, *there* (1596), *their* (1590).
- P. 138, bk. ii. c. vi. st. 29, l. 2, *importune* (1590), *importance* (1596), *important* (1609).
- P. 139, bk. ii. c. vi. st. 33, l. 5, *salied* (1590), *sailed* (1609).
- P. 140, bk. ii. c. vi. st. 43, l. 7, *hath lent this cursed light* (1596), *hath lent but this his cursed light* (1590).
- P. 141, bk. ii. c. vi. st. 43, l. 6, *wondred* (1596), *wounded* (1590).
- P. 141, bk. ii. c. vi. st. 50, l. 3, *liver swell* (1596), *livers swell!* (1590).
- P. 141, bk. ii. c. vi. st. 51, l. 5, *fire too inly* (1596), *fer inly* (1590).
- P. 142, bk. ii. c. vii. st. 1, l. 2, *to a stedfast starre*, ? *to the stedfast starre*, i.e. the *pole-star* (Church).
- P. 142, bk. ii. c. vii. st. 3, l. 9, *fire-spitting* (1590), *fire-spetting* (1609).
- P. 142, bk. ii. c. vii. st. 4, l. 4, *Well yet appeared* (1590), *Well it appeared* (1596).
- P. 142, bk. ii. c. vii. st. 5, l. 6, *Ingoives* (1590), *Ingoes* (1596), *Ingots* (1619).
- P. 142, bk. ii. c. vii. st. 5, l. 9, *straunge* (1596), *strauug* (1590).
- P. 142, bk. ii. c. vii. st. 7, l. 3, *rich hills* (1590), *rich heapes* (1596).
- P. 143, bk. ii. c. vii. st. 10, l. 1, *ill besits* (1590), *ill befits* (1609).
- P. 143, bk. ii. c. vii. st. 12, l. 9, *as great* (1596), *in great* (1590).
- P. 144, bk. ii. c. vii. st. 19, l. 5, *bloodguiltinesse* (1609), *bloodguiltinesse* (1590, 1596).
- P. 144, bk. ii. c. vii. st. 21, l. 5, *internall Payne* (1590), *infernall Payne* (1596). Perhaps *infernall Payne* = *infernal punishment* should stand in the text. Collier suggests *eternal* as an amended reading.
- P. 145, bk. ii. c. vii. st. 24, l. 7, *ought* (1596), *nought* (1590).
- P. 146, bk. ii. c. vii. st. 36, l. 4, *yron* (1596), *dying* (1590).
- P. 146, bk. ii. c. vii. st. 37, l. 1, *when an* (1590), *when as* (1596).
- P. 147, bk. ii. c. vii. st. 39, l. 8, *mesprise* (1590), *mesprise* (1596).
- P. 147, bk. ii. c. vii. st. 40, l. 7, *golden* (1596), *yron* (1590).
- P. 147, bk. ii. c. ii. st. 40, l. 7, *But* (1596), *And* (1590).
- P. 147, bk. ii. c. vii. st. 41, l. 3, *sterne was his looke* (1590), *sterne was to looke* (1596).
- P. 149, bk. ii. c. vii. st. 52, l. 6, *with which*. All the old copies read *which with*.
- P. 150, bk. ii. c. vii. st. 60, l. 4, *intemperate* (1596), *more temperate* (1590).
- P. 150, bk. ii. c. vii. st. 64, l. 9, *of his pray* (1590), *of the pray* (1596).
- P. 151, bk. ii. c. viii. st. 3, l. 8, *Come hither, hither* (1609), *Come hether, Come hether* (1590).
- P. 153, bk. ii. c. viii. st. 16, l. 7, *tomb-blacke* (1596), *tomblacke* (1590).
- P. 154, bk. ii. c. viii. st. 25, l. 1, *Which those his cruell foes* (from the errata in 'Faults escaped in the Print'). The text of the 4tos. read:—
Which those same foes that stand hereby,
The folios (1609, 1611) have:—
Which those same foes, that doen await hereby.
- P. 155, bk. ii. c. viii. st. 29, l. 7, *upheave*. All old editions read *upreare*.
- P. 155, bk. ii. c. viii. st. 32, l. 3, *lodge* (1596), *lodg* (1590).
- P. 155, bk. ii. c. viii. st. 35, l. 5, *in his* (1590), *on his* (1609).
- P. 156, bk. ii. c. viii. st. 37, l. 3, *rayle* (1590), *traile* (1609).
- P. 156, bk. ii. c. viii. st. 40, l. 4, *so well as he it ought* (1590), *so wisely as it ought* (1609).
- P. 157, bk. ii. c. viii. st. 44, l. 8, *no more* (1596), *not thore* i.e. *not there* (1590).
- P. 157, bk. ii. c. viii. st. 47, l. 4, *swerd* (1590), *sword* (1596).
- P. 157, bk. ii. c. viii. st. 47, l. 9, *this* (1590, 1596, 1609, 1611), *he* (1679).
- P. 157, bk. ii. c. viii. st. 43, l. 8, *Prince Arthur* (1609), *Sir Guyon* (1590).
- P. 157, bk. ii. c. viii. st. 49, l. 7, *tred* (1590), *treed* (?)
- P. 158, bk. ii. c. viii. st. 55, l. 3, *bowing with*. All the old editions read *with bowing*; but WITH is directed to be *deled* among the errata in 'Faults escaped in the Print.'
- P. 159, bk. ii. c. ix. st. 4, l. 5, *liefe* (1590), *life* (1679).
- P. 159, bk. ii. c. ix. st. 6, l. 9, *Arthegall* (1596), *Arthogall* (1590).
- P. 159, bk. ii. c. ix. st. 7, l. 5, *Seven times the Sunne* (1590), *Now hath the Sunne* (1596).
- P. 159, bk. ii. c. ix. st. 7, l. 6, *Hath walckte about* (1590), *Walckte round aboute* (1596).
- P. 160, bk. ii. c. ix. st. 9, l. 1, *veete*. All old editions read *wote*.
- P. 161, bk. ii. c. ix. st. 15, l. 3, *Cupitaine* (1609), *Captaine* (1590).
- P. 161, bk. ii. c. ix. st. 13, l. 3, *woo'd* (1596), *wooded* (1590).
- P. 161, bk. ii. c. ix. st. 21, l. 1, *them* (1596), *him* (1590).

P. 161, bk. ii. c. ix. st. 21, l. 3, *fensible* (1590), *sensible* (1596).

P. 162, bk. ii. c. ix. st. 28, l. 4, *meate* (1590), *meat* (1679).

P. 163, bk. ii. c. ix. st. 37, l. 8, *doen you love* (1609), *doen your love* (1590).

P. 163, bk. ii. c. ix. st. 38, l. 2, *mood*. All old editions read *word*.

P. 164, bk. ii. c. ix. st. 38, l. 9, *three years* (1590), *twelvemoneths* (1596).

P. 164, bk. ii. c. ix. st. 41, l. 7, *Customy* (from errata in 'Faults escaped in the Print'). The texts of 1590, 1596 read *lastury*.

P. 164, bk. ii. c. ix. st. 42, l. 1, *cheare* (1596), *cleare* (1590). If the reader prefers *cleare* (the reading which Collier prints and defends), he must take it as a substantive in the sense of *clearness, serenity*.

P. 165, bk. ii. c. ix. st. 48, l. 3, *these* (1596), *this* (1590).

P. 165, bk. ii. c. ix. st. 49, l. 4, *reason* (so all copies). Mr. Collier says that in Drayton's copy of the fol. 1611 *reason* is altered to *season*.

P. 165, bk. ii. c. ix. st. 52, l. 9, *th' house* (1609), *the house* (1590).

P. 167, bk. ii. c. x. st. 6, l. 6, *For safēty that* (1590), *For safeties sake that* (1596).

P. 167, bk. ii. c. x. st. 7, l. 7, *liveden* (1590), *lived then* (1596).

P. 167, bk. ii. c. x. st. 7, l. 9, *sternnesse* (1596), *sternessee* (1590).

P. 168, bk. ii. c. x. st. 15, l. 9, *munificence* (1596), *munifience* (1590).

P. 169, bk. ii. c. x. st. 19, l. 5, *upon the present floure* (1590), *in that impatient stoure* (1596).

P. 169, bk. ii. c. x. st. 20, l. 2, *to sway* (1590), *of sway* (1596).

P. 170, bk. ii. c. x. st. 24, l. 8, *it mote* (1596), *he mote* (1590).

P. 170, bk. ii. c. x. st. 30, l. 2, *weeke* (1590), *wike* (1609).

P. 171, bk. ii. c. x. st. 31, l. 1, *too* (1596), *to* (1590).

P. 171, bk. ii. c. x. st. 34, l. 7, *then* (1590), *till* (1596), *when* (1609).

P. 172, bk. ii. c. x. st. 41, l. 1, *Gurgiant* (1590), *Gurgunt* (1596).

P. 172, bk. ii. c. x. st. 43, l. 1, *Sisillus*. All copies read *Sifillus*.

P. 173, bk. ii. c. x. st. 53, l. 2, *in great* (1590), *with great* (1609).

P. 175, bk. ii. c. x. st. 65, l. 9, *have forst* (1590), *enforst* (1596).

P. 178, bk. ii. c. xi. st. 9, l. 9, *they that Bulwarke sorely rent* (1596), *they against that Bulwarke lent* (1590).

P. 178, bk. ii. c. xi. st. 10, l. 2, *assignment* (1590), *dessignment* (1596).

P. 178, bk. ii. c. xi. st. 11, l. 4, *dismayd* (so all editions, ancient and modern) but ? *mis-mayd*, i. e. *mis-male*, *made amiss*, *mis-shaped*, *ill-shaped* (Child). If this conjecture be right, and it is extremely plausible, the *comma* after *ape* should be *deleted*. Church thought that *dismayd* = *dismayed* (frightened), and that 'Some like to houndes, some like to apes,' should be read as in a parenthesis, so that *dismayd* will refer to *feends of hell*, cf. 'ghastly spectacle *dismayd*,' 'F. Q.' bk. iii. c. iii. st. 50, l. 3.

P. 178, bk. ii. c. xi. st. 13, l. 2, *is* (1590), *was* (1596).

P. 178, bk. ii. c. xi. st. 13, l. 5, *assayed* (1590), *assayled* (1596).

P. 179, bk. ii. c. xi. st. 21, l. 8, *there . . . there* (1609), *their . . . their* (1590).

P. 181, bk. ii. c. xi. st. 30, l. 9, *survive* (among the errata in 'Faults escaped in the Print'). The texts of the 4to. 1590, and folios 1609, 1611 read *revive*.

P. 181, bk. ii. c. xi. st. 32, l. 5, *unrest* (1596), *infest* (1590).

P. 183, bk. ii. c. xii. Arg. l. 1, *by* (1596) *through* (1590).

P. 183, bk. ii. c. xii. Arg. l. 2, *passing through* (1596), *through passing* (1590).

P. 184, bk. ii. c. xii. st. 8, l. 4, *hours* (1590), *hoarse* (1596).

P. 185, bk. ii. c. xii. st. 13, l. 9, *Apolloes temple* (1590), *Apolloes honor* (1596).

P. 186, bk. ii. c. xii. st. 21, l. 1, *heedful* (1596), *earnest* (1590).

P. 186, bk. ii. c. xii. st. 23, l. 9, *monoceroses* (Child), *monoceros* (1590).

P. 187, bk. ii. c. xii. s. 27, l. 4, *sea resounding* (1609), *sea the resounding* (1590).

P. 189, bk. ii. c. xii. st. 39, l. 8, *upstaring* (1590), *upstarting* (1596).

P. 189, bk. ii. c. xii. st. 43, l. 7, *mightiest* (1596), *migttest* (1590).

P. 190, bk. ii. c. xii. st. 47, l. 6, *foresee* (1609), *forsee* (1590).

P. 190, bk. ii. c. xii. st. 51, l. 1, *Therewith* (1590), *Thereto* (1596).

P. 190, bk. ii. c. xii. st. 54, l. 7, *Hyacine* (1611), *Hyacint* (1590).

P. 191, bk. ii. c. xii. st. 60, l. 5, *curious ymagere* (1590), *pure imagerie* (1609).

P. 191, bk. ii. c. xii. st. 61, l. 8, *fearfully* (1590), *tenderly* (1596).

P. 193, bk. ii. c. xii. st. 76, l. 8, *That* (1596), *Thot* (1590).

P. 193, bk. ii. c. xii. st. 77, l. 5, *alabaster* (1590, 1596, 1609, 1611), *alabaster* (1679).

P. 194, bk. ii. c. xii. st. 81, l. 4, *that same* (1596), *the same* (1590).

P. 194, bk. ii. c. xii. st. 83, l. 7, *spoyle* (1590), *spoyld* (1596).

P. 196, bk. iii. c. i. Prol. st. l, l. 2, *The fayrest* (1590), *That fayrest* (1596).

P. 196, bk. iii. c. i. Prol. st. 4, l. 2, *thy selfe thou* (1590), *your selfe you* (1596).

P. 196, bk. iii. c. i. Arg. l. 3, *Mulecastaes* (from errata in 'Faults escaped in the Print'). The texts of 4tos. 1590, 1596, and folios 1609, 1611, read *Materastaes*.

P. 202, bk. iii. c. i. st. 41, l. 8, *lightly* (1609), *highly* (1590).

P. 203, bk. iii. c. i. st. 47, l. 7, *which* (1596), *that* (1590).

P. 203, bk. iii. c. i. st. 48, l. 2, *burst* (1590), *burst* (1609).

P. 204, bk. iii. c. i. st. 56, l. 8, *Bascimano* (1590), *Bascio mani* (1609).

P. 204, bk. iii. c. i. st. 60, l. 8, *wary* (1609), *wearly* (1590).

P. 204, bk. iii. c. i. st. 60, l. 9, *fond* (1590), *fand* (1609).

P. 206, bk. iii. c. ii. st. 3, l. 6, *too* (1596), *to* (1590).

- P. 206, bk. III. c. ii. st. 4, l. 1, *She traveling with Guyon by the way* (so all old editions). Upton proposed to read the *Rederosse Knight* instead of *Guyon*. Todd suggested *Redcrosse*, and Drayton, according to Collier, proposed *S. George*.
- P. 207, bk. III. c. ii. st. 8, l. 5, *Which to prove* (1590), *Which I to prove* (1596).
- P. 207, bk. III. c. ii. st. 15, l. 4, *allegge* (1590), *alledge* (1679).
- P. 208, bk. III. c. ii. st. 16, l. 9, *part* (1590), *point* (1609). Mr. Collier says that Todd was a careless collator, yet Todd is right in saying that the folios read *point*, and Mr. Collier is wrong in asserting that they read *part*.
- P. 210, bk. III. c. ii. st. 30, l. 5, *her in her warme bed* (1590), *in her warme bed her dight* (1596).
- P. 211, bk. III. c. ii. st. 44, l. 1, *minde* (1590), *mine* (1609).
- P. 212, bk. III. c. ii. st. 50, l. 2, *breaded* (1590), *braided* (1609).
- P. 213, bk. III. c. iii. st. 1, l. 1, *Most* (1590), *Oh!* (1609).
- P. 213, bk. III. c. iii. st. 3, l. 1, *dredd* (1590), *drad* (1609).
- P. 213, bk. III. c. iii. st. 4, l. 8, *protense* (1590), *pretence* (1596).
- P. 216, bk. III. c. iii. st. 23, l. 5, *shall* (1590), *all* (1679).
- P. 216, bk. III. c. iii. st. 29, l. 1, *with* (1590), *where* (1596).
- P. 217, bk. III. c. iii. st. 35, l. 1, *thy* (1590), *the* (1596).
- P. 218, bk. III. c. iii. st. 37, l. 7, *their* (1590), *the* (1596).
- P. 218, bk. III. c. iii. st. 44, l. 5, *yeares* (in 1590 is omitted by the 4to. 1596 and fol. 1609, and *full* is inserted to render the line complete).
- P. 218, bk. III. c. iii. st. 44, l. 6, *Ere they to former rule, &c.* (1596), *Ere they unto their former rule* (1590).
- P. 219, bk. III. c. iii. st. 50, l. 9, *Hee* (from the error in 'Faults escaped in the Print'). The text of 4to. 1590 reads *she*, and omits *as earst*, which are supplied from the fol. 1609.
- P. 220, bk. III. c. iii. st. 53, l. 3, (*need makes good schollers*) *teach* (1590), *whom need new strength shall teach* (1596).
- P. 222, bk. III. c. iv. st. 5, l. 8, *shē* (1596), *he* (1590).
- P. 222, bk. III. c. iv. st. 8, l. 9, *thy* (1590), *these* (1596).
- P. 223, bk. III. c. iv. st. 15, l. 6, *speare* (1609) *speares* (1590).
- P. 225, bk. III. c. iv. st. 27, l. 6, *fleshy* (1596), *fleshy* (1590).
- P. 225, bk. III. c. iv. st. 30, l. 6, *swowne* (1596), *swownd* (1590).
- P. 225, bk. III. c. iv. st. 33, l. 4, *ravmes* (1590), *traynes* (1596).
- P. 226, bk. III. c. iv. st. 39, l. 9, *sith we no more shall meet* (1596), *till we againe may meet* (1590).
- P. 226, bk. III. c. iv. st. 40, l. 6, *gelly-blood* (1590), *jelly'd blood* (1611).
- P. 227, bk. III. c. iv. st. 43, l. 4, *vauted* (1590), *vaulted* (1609).
- P. 227, bk. III. c. iv. st. 46, l. 2, *great* (1596), *gret* (1590).
- P. 227, bk. III. c. iv. st. 45, l. 1, *off* (1590), *of* (1596).
- P. 228, bk. III. c. iv. st. 49, l. 8, *forhent* (1590), *forehent* (1609).
- P. 229, bk. III. c. iv. st. 59, l. 5, *Dayes dearest children be* (1596), *The children of day be* (1590).
- P. 230, bk. III. c. v. st. 3, l. 2, *till that at last* (1590), *till at the last* (1609).
- P. 232, bk. III. c. v. st. 10, l. 5, *no* (1596), *now* (1590).
- P. 232, bk. III. c. v. st. 21, l. 9, *blood*. The 4to. 1590 reads *flood* (1596), *bloud*.
- P. 233, bk. III. c. v. st. 30, l. 7, *better* (1596), *bitter* (1590).
- P. 234, bk. III. c. v. st. 37, l. 3, *did* (1590), *?had* (Collier).
- P. 234, bk. III. c. v. st. 39, l. 9, *his* (1596), *their* (1590).
- P. 234, bk. III. c. v. st. 40, l. 4, *loves sweet teene* (1596), *sweet loves teene* (1590).
- P. 235, bk. III. c. v. st. 40, l. 9, *liking* (1590), *living* (1596).
- P. 235, bk. III. c. v. st. 44, l. 5, *bowntie*, *?beautie* (Collier).
- P. 236, bk. III. c. iv. st. 50, l. 8, *to all th'* (1590), *to* is omitted in fol. 1609.
- P. 236, bk. III. c. v. st. 51, l. 9, *let to* (1590), *let it* (1611). Collier is wrong in contradicting Todd's assertion that the fol. 1611 reads *let it*.
- P. 236, bk. III. c. v. st. 53, l. 9, *weare* (1609), *uere* (1590).
- P. 237, bk. III. c. vi. st. 3, l. 9, *were* (1590), *was* (1596).
- P. 237, bk. III. c. vi. st. 5, l. 3, *bare* (1596), *bore* (1590).
- P. 237, bk. III. c. vi. st. 6, l. 5, *his beamēs*. The fol. of 1609 has *his hot beames*.
- P. 238, bk. III. c. vi. st. 12, l. 2, *aspect*. The 4to. 1590 reads *aspects*.
- P. 238, bk. III. c. vi. st. 12, l. 4, *beautie* (1590), *beauties* (1596).
- P. 239, bk. III. c. vi. st. 20, l. 5, *change . . . straunge*. The 4to. 1590 reads *chaung . . . straung*; the 4to. 1596 has *change, strange*.
- P. 240, bk. III. c. vi. st. 25, l. 5, *Which as* (1609), *From which* (4tos. 1590, 1596). Church proposed to read *Of which a fountaine, &c.*
- P. 240, bk. III. c. vi. st. 26, l. 4, *both farre and neare* (1596), omitted in the 4to. 1590.
- P. 240, bk. III. c. vi. st. 26, l. 6, *thence* (1590), *hence* (1596).
- P. 240, bk. III. c. vi. st. 29, l. 5, *Gnidus* (1596), *Gnidus* (1590).
- P. 241, bk. III. c. vi. st. 39, l. 1, *and to all* (1590), *to* is omitted in fol. 1611.
- P. 242, bk. III. c. vi. st. 40, l. 6, *saw*. All the old copies read *spyde*.
- P. 242, bk. III. c. vi. st. 42, l. 5, *heavy* (1596), *heavenly* (1590).
- P. 242, bk. III. c. vi. st. 45, l. 4, *And dearest lore* (in 1609), omitted in the 4tos.
- P. 242, bk. III. c. vi. st. 45, l. 5, *Narcisse* (1596), *Marcisse* (1590).
- P. 243, bk. III. c. vi. st. 48, l. 9, *losen* (1590), *loosen* (1609).
- P. 243, bk. III. c. vi. st. 52, l. 9, *launched* (1596), *launch* (1590), *launced* (1609).
- P. 244, bk. III. c. vii. Arg. l. 4, *Gyaunts*. It is *Gynant* in 1590, and *Gyants* in 1596.

P. 244, bk. III. c. vii. st. 1, l. 8, *she did* (1596), *he did* (1590).

P. 244, bk. III. c. vii. st. 5, l. 1, *the tops* (1590), *th' tops* (1609).

P. 245, bk. III. c. vii. st. 9, l. 3, *to* (1596), *two* (1590).

P. 245, bk. III. c. vii. st. 13, l. 6, *hath* (1590), *had* (1609).

P. 246, bk. III. c. vii. st. 18, l. 5, *Might by the witch or by her sonne compast* (1590). The verb *be* must be understood before *compast*. *Might be the witch or that her sonne* (1596).

P. 246, bk. III. c. vii. st. 19, l. 6, *her* (1590), *that* (1609).

P. 247, bk. III. c. vii. st. 23, l. 4, *he* (1596), *she* (1590).

P. 248, bk. III. c. vii. st. 32, l. 7, *muchell* (1596), *much ill* (1611). Collier is wrong in contradicting Todd's assertion respecting the lection of the fol. 1611.

P. 249, bk. III. c. vii. st. 43, l. 8, *nere*. The 4to. 1590 has *uere*; the 4to. 1596 reads *neare*.

P. 249, bk. III. c. vii. st. 45, l. 5, *from him* (1590), *him from* (1609).

P. 250, bk. III. c. vii. st. 46, l. 8, *the* (1590), *that* (1596).

P. 250, bk. III. c. vii. st. 48, l. 4, *And many hath to &c.* (1596), *Till him Chylde Thopas to &c.* (1590).

P. 252, bk. III. c. viii. st. 2, l. 7, *golden* (1590), *broken* (1596).

P. 252, bk. III. c. viii. st. 5, l. 1, *advice*:—*device* (1590), *advise* (1596).

P. 253, bk. III. c. viii. st. 6, l. 7, *wæx* (1590), *wax* (1609).

P. 253, bk. III. c. viii. st. 7, l. 4, *to womens* (1590), *a womans* (1596).

P. 253, bk. III. c. viii. st. 9, l. 9, *whom* (1609), *who* (4tos.)

P. 254, bk. III. c. viii. st. 17, l. 3, *brought, through*. The 4to. 1590 has *brought, throug*.

P. 255, bk. III. c. viii. st. 25, l. 6, *hond*. It is *hand* in all old editions.

P. 256, bk. III. c. viii. st. 30, l. 3, *froy* (1609), *froy* (1590), but see p. 256, st. 35, l. 2.

P. 256, bk. III. c. viii. st. 32, l. 7, *Hud* . . . *assoyld* (so all the old editions). Church proposed to read *Did* . . . *assoyle*.

P. 256, bk. III. c. viii. st. 33, l. 9, *her by* (1590), *thereby* (1596).

P. 257, bk. III. c. viii. st. 37, l. 9, *hight* (1596), *high* (1590).

P. 258, bk. III. c. viii. st. 47, l. 5, *surely*. Upton suggested *sorely*.

P. 258, bk. III. c. viii. st. 49, l. 2, *T'have* (1596), *To have* (1590).

P. 259, bk. III. c. ix. st. 2, l. 4, *attonce* (1596), *attonce* (1590).

P. 259, bk. III. c. ix. st. 7, l. 3, *misdonne* (1596), *disdonne* (1590).

P. 261, bk. III. c. ix. st. 20, l. 9, *persant* (1590), *persent* (1609), *present* (1611).

P. 261, bk. III. c. ix. st. 22, l. 1, *Bellona* (1590), *Minerva* (1596).

P. 261, bk. III. c. ix. st. 22, l. 5, *her speare* (1590), *the speare* (1596).

P. 262, bk. III. c. ix. st. 27, l. 5, *that glaunces* (1609), *with glaunces* (1590).

P. 262, bk. III. c. ix. st. 27, l. 7, *demeasurure* (1590), *demeanure* (1609).

P. 263, bk. III. c. ix. st. 32, l. 8, *glad* (1596), *yglad* (1590).

P. 263, bk. III. c. ix. st. 37, l. 7, *glories* (1590), 1596, 1609), *glorious* (1611, 1679).

P. 264, bk. III. c. ix. st. 43, l. 9, *remoud* (1590), *remou'd* (1609), *remou'd* (1679).

P. 264, bk. III. c. ix. st. 45, l. 3, *neck* (1596), *necks* (1590).

P. 265, bk. III. c. ix. st. 47, l. 3, *heard* (1596), *hard* (1590).

P. 265, bk. III. c. ix. st. 49, l. 4, *Which, after rest* (1596), *And after rest* (1609).

P. 266, bk. III. c. x. st. 2, l. 2, *grievously* (1596), *grivously* (1590).

P. 267, bk. III. c. x. st. 8, l. 9, *to* (1596), *with* (1590).

P. 268, bk. III. c. x. st. 18, l. 4, *Then* (1596), *So* (1590).

P. 268, bk. III. c. x. st. 21, l. 9, *earned* (1590), *yearned* (1609).

P. 270, bk. III. c. x. st. 31, l. 3, *and with thy* (1596), *that with thy* (1590).

P. 270, bk. III. c. x. st. 31, l. 7, *vertues pay* (1609), *vertuous pray* (1590).

P. 270, bk. III. c. x. st. 33, l. 7, *over-ronne*. It is *overonne* in 1590.

P. 271, bk. III. c. x. st. 40, l. 1, *adresse*. All old copies have *adrest*.

P. 271, bk. III. c. x. st. 40, l. 3, *wastefull* (1596), *faithfull* (1590).

P. 271, bk. III. c. x. st. 41, l. 7, *wide forest*, (1590), *wild forest* (1609).

P. 272, bk. III. c. x. st. 47, l. 1, *the* (1609), *his* (1590).

P. 274, bk. III. c. xi. st. 2, l. 3, *golden* (1609), *golding* (1590).

P. 274, bk. III. c. xi. st. 4, l. 4, *all that I ever, &c.* (1590), *that I did ever, &c.* (1596).

P. 274, bk. III. c. xi. st. 6, l. 6, *has* (1590), *was* (1611). Collier is wrong in contradicting Todd's assertion respecting the reading of the fol. 1611.

P. 274, bk. III. c. xi. st. 7, l. 6, *of* (1590), *off* (1596).

P. 275, bk. III. c. xi. st. 12, l. 1, *singults* (1590), *singulfes* (1590).

P. 276, bk. III. c. xi. st. 19, *death* (1590), ? *life* (Jortin).

P. 276, bk. III. c. xi. st. 22, l. 8, *the which* (1596). In . . . 1590 *the* is omitted.

P. 277, bk. III. c. xi. st. 23, l. 2, *Inglorious, beastlike*. The 4to. 1590 reads *Inglorious and beastlike*. In fol. 1611 and is omitted. Collier is wrong in saying that no old edition omits *and*.

P. 277, bk. III. c. xi. st. 27, l. 7, *entred* (1596), *decked* (1590).

P. 277, bk. III. c. xi. st. 28, l. 8, *Like a* (1596), *Like to a* (1590).

P. 278, bk. III. c. xi. st. 33, l. 9, *her* (1590), *his* (1609).

P. 278, bk. III. c. xi. st. 36, l. 7, *thee* (1596), *the* (1590).

P. 279, bk. III. c. xi. st. 38, l. 5, *fire* (1590), *fier* (1596).

P. 279, bk. III. c. xi. st. 39, l. 6, *each other* (1596), *his other* (1590).

P. 279, bk. III. c. xi. st. 39, l. 8, *stag* (suggested by Jortin). All old copies read *hag*.

P. 280, bk. III. c. xi. st. 47, l. 9, *hevens hight* (suggested by Church). All old editions read *heven bright*.

P. 282, bk. III. c. xii. st. 7, l. 8, *wood* (1596), *word* (1590).

P. 282, bk. III. c. xii. st. 9, l. 3, *other* (1609), *others* (1596).

P. 283, bk. III. c. xii. st. 12, l. 3, *too or froe* (1590), *to and fro* (1596).

P. 283, bk. III. c. xii. st. 12, l. 6, *winged* (1590), *wingy* (1596).

P. 283, bk. III. c. xii. st. 17, l. 6, *did tosse* (so all copies). Church would omit *did*, and for *tosse* read *lost*: *In her right hand a fierbrand she tost.*

P. 283, bk. III. c. xii. st. 18, l. 5, *drad* (1596), *dread* (1590).

P. 283, bk. III. c. xii. st. 18, l. 8, *hony-laden*. All old editions read *hony-lady*.

P. 284, bk. III. c. xii. st. 21, l. 7, *fading*. Church thinks that Spenser meant to write *failing*.

P. 284, bk. III. c. xii. st. 21, l. 8, *still* (1596), *skill* (1590).

P. 284, bk. III. c. xii. st. 23, l. 5, *hand* is omitted in 4tos., but is among the errata in 'Faults escaped in the Print.'

P. 284, bk. III. c. xii. st. 26, l. 7, *by the* (1590), *with that* (1596).

P. 285, bk. III. c. xii. st. 27, l. 3, *and bore all away* (1596), *nothing did remayne* (1590).

P. 285, bk. III. c. xii. st. 27, l. 8, *It* (1590), *In* (1611). Collier is wrong respecting the reading of the folios.

P. 285, bk. III. c. xii. st. 28, l. 1, *there* (1609). The 4tos. read *their*.

P. 285, bk. III. c. xii. st. 29, l. 1, *wandering* (1590), *wondering* (1611).

P. 285, bk. III. c. xii. st. 33, l. 3, *to herselfe* (1596), *to the next* (1590).

P. 286, bk. III. c. xii. st. 34, l. 4, *unto her* (1609), *unto him* (1590).

P. 286, bk. III. c. xii. st. 38, l. 5, *bor'd* (1596), *sor'd*, i.e. made sore, hurt (1590).

P. 286, bk. III. c. xii. st. 40, l. 6, *faire Lady* (1596), *faire Lad* (1590).

P. 287, bk. III. c. xii. st. 45, l. 9, *Whilist here I doe respire*.

When Spenser printed his first three books of the 'Fairie Queene' the two lovers, Sir Scudamore and Amoret, have a happy meeting: but afterwards, when he printed the fourth, fifth, and sixth books, he reprinted likewise the first three books; and, among other alterations, he left out the five last stanzas and made three new stanzas, viz. 43, 44, 45. *More easie issew now*, &c. By these alterations this third book not only connects better with the fourth, but the reader is kept in that suspense which is necessary in a well-told story. The stanzas which are mentioned above as omitted in the second edition, and printed in the first, are the following—

43.

"At last she came unto the place, where late
 "She left Sir Scudamour in great distresse,
 "Twixt dolour and despight halfe desperate,
 "Of his lones succour, of his owne redresse,
 "And of the hardie Britomarts successe:
 "There on the cold earth him now thrown she
 "found,
 "In wilfull anguish and dead heavennesse,
 "And to him cold; whose voices knowne sound
 "Soon as he heard, himself he reared light from
 "ground.

44.

"There did he see, that most on earth him joyd,
 "His dearest loue, the comfort of his dayes,
 "Whose too long absence him had sore annoyd,
 "And wearied his life with dull delays.
 "Straight he upstart from the loathed layes,
 "And to her ran with hasty egernesse,
 "Like as a Deare, that greedily embayes
 "In the cool soile, after long thirstinesse,
 "Which he in chace endured hath, now nigh
 "breathlesse.

45.

"Lightly he clipt her twixt his armes twaine,
 "And streightly did embrace her body bright,
 "Her body, late the prison of sad paine,
 "Now the sweet lodge of loue and deare
 "delight:
 "But she, faire Lady, overcommen quight
 "Of huge affection, did in pleasure melt,
 "And in sweete ravishment pourd out her
 "spright.
 "No word they spake, nor earthly thing they
 "felt,
 "But like two seneceles stocks in long embrace-
 "ment dwelt.

46.

"Had ye them seene, ye would have surely
 "thought
 "That they had beene that faire Hermaphrodite,
 "Which that rich Romane of white marble
 "wrought,
 "And in his costly Bath causd to bee site.
 "So seemd those two, as growne together
 "quite,
 "That Britomart, halfe envying their blesse,
 "Was much empassiond in her gentle sprite,
 "And to her selfe oft wisht like happinesse:
 "In vain she wisht, that fate n'ould let her yet
 "possesse.

47.

"Thus doe those louers, with sweet counter-
 "vayle,
 "Each other of lones bitter fruit despoile.
 "But now my teme begins to faint and fayle,
 "All woxen weary of their journall toyle:
 "Therefore I will their sweatie yokes assoyle
 "At this same furrowes end, till a new day;
 "And ye, faire Swayns, after your long tur-
 "moyle,
 "Now cease your worke, and at your pleasure
 "play:
 "Now cease your work; to morrow is an holy
 "day."

P. 288, bk. IV. c. i. l. 4, *Triamond*. All the early editions have *Telamond*.

P. 291, bk. IV. c. i. st. 16, l. 4, *grieffull* (1596), *griefe-full* (1609).

P. 291, bk. IV. c. i. st. 16, l. 7, *none* (1596), *one* (1609).

P. 296, bk. IV. c. ii. st. 2, l. 5, *concented* (1596), *consented* (1679).

P. 299, bk. IV. c. ii. st. 19, l. 1, *besitting* (1596), *befitting* (1679).

P. 299, bk. IV. c. ii. st. 22, l. 7, *arizing*. The 4tos. have *advizing*, the folios *arizing*.

P. 303, bk. IV. c. ii. st. 52, l. 9, *so be* (1596), *be so* (?).

P. 305, bk. IV. c. iii. st. 7, l. 4, *skill* (1609), *skill*, (1596).

P. 305, bk. iv. c. iii. st. 8, l. 8, *avengement* (1609), *advengement* (1596).

P. 305, bk. iv. c. iii. st. 9, l. 6, *n'ote* (1609), *not* (1596).

P. 305, bk. iv. c. iii. st. 13, l. 8, *other brethren* (so all copies). It should be *second brother* (Church).

P. 306, bk. iv. c. iii. st. 20, l. 1, *adventure* (so all copies). It has been proposed to read *advantage*; but *adventure* = opportunity.

P. 308, bk. iv. c. iii. st. 36, l. 3, *wards* (so all copies). Church proposed to read *swords*.

P. 311, bk. iv. c. iii. st. 52, l. 9, *elswhere* (1609), *elswere* (1596).

P. 311, bk. iv. c. iv. st. 1, l. 4, *minds* (1596), *lives* (1609).

P. 311, bk. iv. c. iv. st. 2, l. 3, *als* (1609), *els* (1596).

P. 311, bk. iv. c. iv. st. 2, l. 4, *Blandamour* (1609), *Scudamour* (1596).

P. 312, bk. iv. c. iv. st. 8, l. 2, *Ferrau* (1609), *Ferrat* (1596).

P. 312, bk. iv. c. iv. st. 10, l. 5, *worse* (1609), *worst* (1596).

P. 313, bk. iv. c. iv. st. 17, l. 4, *maiden-headed* (1596), ? *satyr-headed* (Church).

P. 314, bk. iv. c. iv. st. 24, l. 9, *swound*. The 4to. has *sound*.

P. 314, bk. iv. c. iv. st. 24, l. 1, *beam-like* (1609), *bravelike* (1596).

P. 315, bk. iv. c. iv. st. 29, l. 6, *cuffing* (1611), *cuffing* (1596).

P. 318, bk. iv. c. v. st. 4, l. 4, *Lemno* (1596), *Lemnos* (1611).

P. 318, bk. iv. c. v. st. 5, l. 5, *Acidalian* (1596), *Aridalian* (1609).

P. 318, bk. iv. c. v. st. 6, l. 8, *Martian* (1596), ? *martial*.

P. 320, bk. iv. c. v. st. 16, l. 1, *that* (1596), *the* (1609).

P. 320, bk. iv. c. v. st. 21, l. 8, *one* (so all old copies). Hughes reads *own*.

P. 321, bk. iv. c. v. st. 23, l. 7, *sens* (1596), *since* (1609).

P. 321, bk. iv. c. v. st. 25, l. 5, *one* (1609), *once* (1596).

P. 322, bk. iv. c. v. st. 31, l. 3, *his* (1609), *her* (1596).

P. 322, bk. iv. c. v. st. 35, l. 4, *unpared* (1596), *prepared* (1611).

P. 322, bk. iv. c. v. st. 37, l. 2, *Pyracon* (1609). Ed. 1596 reads *Pynacon*.

P. 323, bk. iv. c. v. st. 40, l. 7, *wheresoever* (1596), *wheresoere* (1611).

P. 327, bk. iv. c. vi. st. 24, l. 8, *feare* (1609), *his feare* (1596).

P. 327, bk. iv. c. vi. st. 28, l. 6, *Him* (proposed by Upton and Church), *Her* (1596), *He* (1609).

P. 328, bk. iv. c. vi. st. 33, l. 6, *ranging* (1596), *raging* (1611).

P. 330, bk. iv. c. vi. st. 44, l. 4, *in* (1596). Some modern editors, following fol. 1609, alter to *on*.

P. 330, bk. iv. c. vi. st. 46, l. 5, *whom* (1609), *who* (1596).

P. 330, bk. iv. c. vii. st. 1, l. 1, *darts* (1609), *dart* (1596).

P. 332, bk. iv. c. vii. st. 10, l. 9, *over-sight* (1596), *ore-sight* (1609).

P. 332, bk. iv. c. vii. st. 12, l. 1, *caytive* (1596). Some editors have proposed to read *captive*.

P. 333, bk. iv. c. vii. st. 22, l. 1, *Nor hedge* (1596). Mr. J. P. Collier proposes to read *for hedge*.

P. 333, bk. iv. c. vii. st. 23, l. 3, *to* (1596) is omitted in 1679.

P. 333, bk. iv. c. vii. st. 25, l. 1, *which* (1609), *with* (1596).

P. 335, bk. iv. c. vii. st. 34, l. 1, *sad* (1609), *said* (1596).

P. 337, bk. iv. c. viii. st. 1, l. 9, *infaced* (1596), *infected* (1611).

P. 338, bk. iv. c. viii. st. 9, l. 9, *pertake* (1596), *partake* (1609).

P. 338, bk. iv. c. viii. st. 12, l. 3, *her* (suggested by Church), *him* (1596).

P. 345, bk. iv. c. viii. st. 64, l. 1, *this* (1596), *his* (1609).

P. 345, bk. iv. c. ix. Arg. l. 2, *Æmylia* (suggested by Church), *Pæana* (1596).

P. 345, bk. iv. c. ix. st. 1, l. 8, *vertuous* (1609), *vertues* (1596).

P. 346, bk. iv. c. ix. st. 3, l. 3, *these* (1596), *this* (1609).

P. 347, bk. iv. c. ix. st. 11, l. 9, *them* (suggested by Church), *him* (1596).

P. 347, bk. iv. c. ix. st. 12, l. 2, *he* (1596), ? *they or was* (Church).

P. 347, bk. iv. c. ix. st. 14, l. 8, *dyde* = *dyled*, complexioned. Church suggested *eyde*.

P. 347, bk. iv. c. ix. st. 17, l. 5, *quest*. It is *quest* in 1596 and in all old copies.

P. 347, bk. iv. c. ix. st. 17, l. 7, *bequest* (1596), *request* (1611).

P. 348, bk. iv. c. ix. st. 23, l. 8, *wide*. Mr. J. P. Collier says that in Drayton's copy of the fol. of 1611 *wilde* is suggested as an emendation for *wide*.

P. 349, bk. iv. c. ix. st. 26, l. 1, *Then gan* (proposed by Church). In 1596 it is *their gan*, in 1611 *there gan*.

P. 349, bk. iv. c. ix. st. 30, l. 8, *repayed* (1609), *repayred* (1596).

P. 350, bk. iv. c. ix. st. 37, l. 2, *Knight* (1596), ? *Knights* (Upton).

P. 352, bk. iv. c. x. st. 7, l. 9, *ancient* (1609), *ancients* (1596).

P. 352, bk. iv. c. x. st. 9, l. 1, *earne* (1596), *yearne* (1611).

P. 353, bk. iv. c. x. st. 17, l. 5, *adward* (1596), *award* (1609).

P. 353, bk. iv. c. x. st. 19, l. 1, *meanest* (1609), *nearest* (1596).

P. 354, bk. iv. c. x. st. 23, l. 2, *ghesse* (1596), *bee* (1609).

P. 354, bk. iv. c. x. st. 23, l. 8, *to bee* (1596), *to ghesse* (1609), *I ghesse* (1611).

P. 354, bk. iv. c. x. st. 26, l. 9, *aspire* (1596), *inspire* (1611).

P. 354, bk. iv. c. x. st. 27, l. 1, *Hyllus* (1596), *Hylus* (1609).

P. 356, bk. iv. c. x. st. 35, l. 6, *hell* (so all copies). Some editors have suggested *mell* = confound; but *hell* = O. E. *hill* or *hele* = cover, which agrees with its nominative *waters*. *And fire devoure the ayre* is a parenthetical clause.

P. 358, bk. iv. c. x. st. 51, l. 9, *girlonds* (so all editions), ? *gardians* (Church), ? *guerdots* (J. P. Collier).

- P. 358, bk. iv. c. x. st. 55, l. 8, *warie* (1596), ? *wearie* (Church and Upton).
- P. 358, bk. iv. c. x. st. 56, l. 4, *at* (1596), *on* (1609).
- P. 359, bk. iv. c. xi. st. 4, l. 2, *dredd* (1596), *drud* (1609).
- P. 359, bk. iv. c. xi. st. 4, l. 6, *seven* (1596), *three* (1609).
- P. 361, bk. iv. c. xi. st. 17, l. 6, *age*. All old copies read *times*.
- P. 361, bk. iv. c. xi. st. 19, l. 4, *fortold* (1596), *foretold* (1611).
- P. 363, bk. iv. c. xi. st. 34, l. 5, *Grant* (Child). The ed. of 1596 reads *Guant*.
- P. 365, bk. iv. c. xi. st. 45, l. 1, *lovely* (1596), *loving* (1609).
- P. 365, bk. iv. c. xi. st. 48, l. 8, *Endore* (1596), read *Eudore* (Child).
- P. 366, bk. iv. c. xi. st. 52, l. 7, *but* (so all copies). Some editors have proposed to read *both*.
- P. 368, bk. iv. c. xii., st. 13, ll. 1, 2, *Thus whilst*, &c. (1596).
- Thus whilst his stony heart was toucht with,*
&c.
And mighty courage something mollifide (1609).
- P. 369, bk. iv. c. xii. st. 23, l. 9, *That it was no old sore* (1596), *That no old sore it was* (1611).
- P. 371, bk. v. Prol. st. 2, l. 2, *at* (1596), *as* (1611).
- P. 371, bk. v. Prol. st. 2, l. 9, *degendered* (1596), *degenerated* (1611).
- P. 372, bk. v. Prol. st. 7, l. 8, *thirtie* (1596), ? *thirteen*.
- P. 372, bk. v. Prol. st. 9, l. 4, *ne* (1596), *no* (1611).
- P. 372, bk. v. Prol. st. 11, l. 2, *stead* (1609), *place* (1596).
- P. 373, bk. v. c. i. st. 4, l. 1, *Irena* (1609), *Eirena* (1596).
- P. 376, bk. v. c. ii. Arg. l. 3, *Munera*, &c. The 4to. has *Momera*. The correct reading was adopted by Hughes.
- P. 377, bk. v. c. ii. st. 2, l. 7, *As to his* (1609), *And to his* (1596).
- P. 377, bk. v. c. ii. st. 4, l. 1, *he* (1609), *she* (1596).
- P. 378, bk. v. c. ii. st. 11, l. 4, *When as*. All editions read *Who as*. Church proposed to read *Tho as = then as*.
- P. 380, bk. v. c. ii. st. 32, l. 4, *earth* (1609), *eare* (1596).
- P. 381, bk. v. c. ii. st. 38, l. 1, *these* (1596), *those* (1609).
- P. 382, bk. v. c. ii. st. 44, l. 4, *way* (1596), *weigh* (1609).
- P. 382, bk. v. c. ii. st. 45, l. 8, *weight* (so all editions), ? *scale* (Church).
- P. 382, bk. v. c. ii. st. 46, l. 9, *way* (1596), *lay* (1609).
- P. 386, bk. v. c. iii. st. 20, l. 2, *adviewed* (so all editions). Upton suggested *had viewed*.
- P. 389, bk. v. c. iii. st. 40, l. 6, *we here* (1609), *were here* (1596).
- P. 389, bk. v. c. iv. st. 1, l. 3, *Had needs have* (1596), *Had need of* (1611).
- P. 390, bk. v. c. iv. st. 8, l. 8, *doure* (1596), *dovre* (1609).
- P. 392, bk. v. c. iv. st. 22, l. 2, *pinnoed* (1596), *pinnond* (1611).
- P. 394, bk. v. c. iv. st. 36, l. 1, *watchman* (1609), *watchmen* (1596).
- P. 394, bk. v. c. iv. st. 36, l. 8, *haife like a man* (1596), *arm'd like a man* (1609).
- P. 394, bk. v. c. iv. st. 37, l. 8, *so few* (so all copies). Church proposed to alter *neare* in l. 1 to *new*, so as to rhyme with *few*. Mr. J. P. Collier proposes to read *to feare* instead of *so few*, thus making a suitable rhyme for *neare*.
- P. 394, bk. v. c. iv. st. 37, l. 6, *there* (1596), *their* (1611).
- P. 394, bk. v. c. iv. st. 39, l. 3, *doale . . . divide* (1609), *doile . . . davide* (1596).
- P. 404, bk. v. c. vi. st. 5, ll. 6, 7, *For houres*, &c. (so all editions); but we ought to read, says Church,
For dayes, but houres; for moneths that passed were,
She told but weekes, &c.
- P. 405, bk. v. c. vi. st. 13, l. 9, *singults* (1609), *singulfs* (1596).
- P. 406, bk. v. c. vi. st. 16, l. 7, *things compacte*. Mr. J. P. Collier, following Church, reads *thing compacte* = a concerted thing. But the clause may stand if we look upon *things* as in the genitive case.
- P. 406, bk. v. c. vi. st. 17, l. 5, *Heard* (1609), *Here* (1596).
- P. 407, bk. v. c. vi. st. 24, l. 1, *their* (1596), *her* (1609).
- P. 407, bk. v. c. vi. st. 25, l. 9, *nights*. Church suggested *Knights*.
- P. 407, bk. v. c. vi. st. 29, l. 5, *glims* (1596), *glimse* (1609), *glimpse* (1679).
- P. 408, bk. v. c. vi. st. 32, l. 7, *did* (1596), ? *had*.
- P. 408, bk. v. c. vi. st. 33, l. 7, *avenge* (1596), *reenge* (1609).
- P. 408, bk. v. c. vi. st. 34, l. 7, *their* (1596), *that* (1611).
- P. 408, bk. v. c. vi. st. 35, l. 5, *vilde* (1596), *vile* (1609).
- P. 410, bk. v. c. vii. st. 6, l. 9, *her wreathed* (1596), ? *his wreathed* (Church).
- P. 411, bk. v. c. vii. st. 13, l. 5, *to robe* (1596), *to be* (1611).
- P. 414, bk. v. c. vii. st. 38, l. 5, *bad* (1596), *sad* (1609).
- P. 415, bk. v. c. vii. st. 42, l. 3, *Princess* (1609), *Princes* (1596).
- P. 420, bk. v. c. viii. st. 34, l. 8, *curat* (1596), *curas* (1679).
- P. 420, bk. v. c. viii. st. 40, l. 6, *knowne* (1609), *knowne* (1596).
- P. 421, bk. v. c. viii. st. 48, l. 6, *whether* (1596), *whither* (1609).
- P. 422, bk. v. c. viii. st. 50, l. 8, *cowheard* (1596), *coward* (1609).
- P. 425, bk. v. c. ix. st. 21, l. 1, *knights* (1596), *knight* (1611).
- P. 425, bk. v. c. ix. st. 26, l. 4, *Font*. The 4to. of 1596 reads *Fons*.
- P. 426, bk. v. c. ix. st. 33, l. 8, *rebellious* (1609), *rebellions* (1596).
- P. 428, bk. v. c. ix. st. 44, l. 1, *oppose* (1596), *oppose* (1609).
- P. 429, bk. v. c. x. st. 6, l. 4, *and her* (1609), *and of her* (1596).
- P. 430, bk. v. c. x. st. 8, l. 4, *Idols* ? *Idol* (Church).

- P. 431, bk. v. c. x. st. 18, l. 8, *fastnesse* (1596), *safenesse* (1611).
- P. 432, bk. v. c. x. st. 23, l. 1, *whether* (1596), *whither* (1611).
- P. 432, bk. v. c. x. st. 23, l. 4, *threating* (1596), *threatning* (1611).
- P. 432, bk. v. c. x. st. 26, l. 3, *so now ? now so* (Church).
- P. 434, bk. v. c. x. st. 37, l. 6, *hard preased* (1596), *had preaced* (1609).
- P. 435, bk. v. c. xi. st. 5, l. 9, *have rive* (1596), *not rive* (1611).
- P. 436, bk. v. c. xi. st. 12, l. 4, *to them* (1596), *on them* (1679).
- P. 436, bk. v. c. xi. st. 13, l. 9, *through* (1609). Ed. 1596 reads *throug*.
- P. 440, bk. v. c. xi. st. 40, l. 6, *shall sure aby*. The 4to. 1596 omits the two words *shall sure*, which are supplied from the folio 1611.
- P. 440, bk. v. c. xi. st. 41, l. 2, *too blame* (1596), *to blame* (1679).
- P. 440, bk. v. c. xi. st. 41, l. 6, *know* (suggested by Upton), *knew* (1596).
- P. 442, bk. v. c. xi. st. 54, l. 9, *corruptfull* (1596), *corrupted* (1609).
- P. 443, bk. v. c. xi. st. 61, l. 7, *meed* (so all editions). The rhyme requires *hyre* (Church).
- P. 443, bk. v. c. xi. st. 61, l. 8, *froward* (1609), *forward* (1596).
- P. 443, bk. v. c. xii. st. 1, l. 9, *enduren* (1609), *endure* (1596).
- P. 444, bk. v. c. xii. st. 5, l. 9, *the Eagle* (1596), *th' Eagle* (1609).
- P. 445, bk. v. c. xii. st. 17, l. 5, *such* (1596), *sure* (1609).
- P. 446, bk. v. c. xii. st. 19, l. 2, *shame* (1596), *? harme* (Collier).
- P. 447, bk. v. c. xii. st. 30, l. 6, *hungrily* (1596), *hungerly* (1609).
- P. 451, bk. vi. Prol. st. 6, l. 9, *fame* (adopted by Collier), *name* (1596).
- P. 452, bk. vi. c. i. st. 8, l. 7, *wretched* (1596), *wicked* (1611).
- P. 455, bk. vi. c. i. st. 28, l. 6, *ere he* (1609), *ere thou* (1596).
- P. 455, bk. vi. c. i. st. 34, l. 2, *swound* (adopted by Child), *sound* (1596).
- P. 456, bk. vi. c. i. st. 37, l. 5, *potshares* (1596), *potshards* (1611).
- P. 456, bk. vi. c. i. st. 40, l. 9, *yearne* (1596), *earne* (1609).
- P. 457, bk. vi. c. ii. st. 3, l. 2, *deed and word* (1609), *act and deed* (1596).
- P. 458, bk. vi. c. ii. st. 3, l. 3, *eares*. All old editions read *eyes*.
- P. 458, bk. vi. c. ii. st. 3, l. 4, *eyes*. All old editions read *eares*.
- P. 462, bk. vi. c. ii. st. 39, l. 2, *implements* (1596), *ornaments* (1609).
- P. 464, bk. vi. c. iii. st. 1, l. 3, *a man* (1596). In 1679 *a* is omitted.
- P. 465, bk. vi. c. iii. st. 12, l. 7, *save hole* (1596), *salve hole* (1611).
- P. 466, bk. vi. c. iii. st. 21, l. 8, *default* (1596), *? assault* (Collier).
- P. 467, bk. vi. c. iii. st. 24, l. 5, *Crying aloud to shew* (1609). The 4to. 1596 has *Crying aloud in vaine to shew*, &c.
- P. 467, bk. vi. c. iii. st. 28, l. 6, *soft footing* (1679), *softing foot* (1596).
- P. 468, bk. vi. c. iii. st. 30, l. 9, *thorough* (1609). The 4to. 1596 has *through*.
- P. 468, bk. vi. c. iii. st. 35, l. 3, *which* (1609). The 4to. 1596 has *that*.
- P. 469, bk. vi. c. iii. st. 42, l. 4, *approve* (1609), *reprove* (1596).
- P. 469, bk. vi. c. iii. st. 42, l. 7, *reprove* (1609), *approve* (1596).
- P. 470, bk. vi. c. iii. st. 48, l. 2, *and all* (so all old editions), *? with all*.
- P. 472, bk. vi. c. iv. st. 13, l. 8, *where* (1609), *there* (1596).
- P. 472, bk. vi. c. iv. st. 16, l. 8, *hurt* (1611), *hurts* (1596).
- P. 474, bk. vi. c. iv. st. 31, l. 5, *of our unhappie paine* (so all old copies). Church proposed *of this our happie paine*.
- P. 475, bk. vi. c. iv. st. 35, l. 3, *Lo!* (1609), *Low* (1596).
- P. 476, bk. vi. c. v. Arg. l. 1, *Serena* (Hughes), *Matilda* (1596).
- P. 479, bk. vi. c. v. st. 28, l. 2, *lives* (1596), *? live*. Professor Child prints *lived*.
- P. 480, bk. vi. c. v. st. 36, l. 4, *off* (1609), *of* (1596).
- P. 481, bk. vi. c. v. st. 39, l. 3, *gree* (1609), *glee* (1596).
- P. 481, bk. vi. c. v. st. 41, l. 2, *there* (1609). The 4to. has *their*.
- P. 482, bk. vi. c. vi. st. 4, l. 4, *Of which* (1596), *In which* (1611).
- P. 483, bk. vi. c. vi. st. 11, l. 9, *Makes*. The 4to. 1596 has *Make*.
- P. 484, bk. vi. c. vi. st. 17, l. 7, *Calepine* (Hughes), *Calidore* (1596).
- P. 486, bk. vi. c. vi. st. 35, l. 6, *fight* (1609), *right* (1596).
- P. 488, bk. vi. c. vii. st. 3, l. 7, *armed* (1609). The 4to. has *arm'd*.
- P. 490, bk. vi. c. vii. st. 15, l. 9, *yearned* (1596), *earned* (1609).
- P. 493, bk. vi. c. vii. st. 38, l. 7, *through* (1609). The 4to. 1596 has *throug*.
- P. 493, bk. vi. c. vii. st. 40, l. 7, *tyreling* (1596), *tyrling* (1679).
- P. 495, bk. vi. c. viii. st. 3, l. 9, *misust* (1596), *misus'd* (1609).
- P. 496, bk. vi. c. viii. st. 11, l. 9, *two* (1609), *tw* (1596).
- P. 497, bk. vi. c. viii. st. 15, l. 3, *pounded* (1596), *ponned* (1609).
- P. 497, bk. vi. c. viii. st. 17, l. 6, *From* (1609), *For* (1596).
- P. 500, bk. vi. c. viii. st. 39, l. 4, *daintest* (1596), *daintiest* (1609).
- P. 501, bk. vi. c. viii. st. 47, l. 3, *toyle* (1609), *toyles* (1609).
- P. 501, bk. vi. c. viii. st. 50, l. 4, *they* (1596), *shee* (1609).
- P. 502, bk. vi. c. ix. st. 4, l. 9, *time* (1596), *? tine* (Church and Upton).
- P. 505, bk. vi. c. ix. st. 28, l. 6, *th' heavens* (1596). Some modern editions read *the heaven*.
- P. 506, bk. vi. c. ix. st. 36, l. 3, *adrest* (1596), *? he drest* (Church).
- P. 506, bk. vi. c. ix. st. 36, l. 8, *Oeonone* (Hughes), *Benone* (4to. 1596 and all old editions).
- P. 508, bk. vi. c. ix. st. 45, l. 9, *bought* (1596), *? sought* (Church).

P. 508, bk. vi. c. ix. st. 46, l. 5, *did dwell* (1611), *did well* (1596).

P. 508, bk. vi. c. x. st. 2, l. 9, *in the port* (1609). The 4to. has *on the port*.

P. 511, bk. vi. c. x. st. 22, l. 5, *Æacidee*. The 4to. has *Æicidee*.

P. 511, bk. vi. c. x. st. 24, l. 7, *froward* (1611), *forward* (1596).

P. 512, bk. vi. c. x. st. 34, l. 9, *her*. Collier suggests *ere* = before.

P. 513, bk. vi. c. x. st. 36, l. 6, *he* (omitted in all old editions).

P. 513, bk. vi. c. x. st. 42, l. 5, *daily* (1596), ? *deadly* (Church).

P. 514, bk. vi. c. x. st. 44, l. 8, *And* (1609), *But* (1596).

P. 516, bk. vi. c. xi. st. 19, l. 4, *pretended*, ? *protended* (Collier).

P. 517, bk. vi. c. xi. st. 24, l. 1, *reliv'd* (1596), *reviv'd* (1609).

P. 520, bk. vi. c. xi. st. 45, l. 4, *lyful* (1596), *lifeful* (1609).

P. 523, bk. vi. c. xii. st. 12, l. 8, *loos* (1596), *praise* (1609).

P. 526, bk. vi. c. xii. st. 40, l. 7, *learned* (1596), *gentle* (1609).

P. 526, bk. vi. c. xii. st. 41, l. 3, *cleanest* (1596), ? *clearest* (Child).

P. 534, bk. vii. c. vi. st. 53, l. 6, *unto* (1609). The folio 1611 has *unto unto*.

P. 534, bk. vii. c. vi. st. 54, l. 8, *champain* (1611), *champion* (1609).

P. 535, bk. vii. c. vii. st. 2, l. 3, *feeble*. The folios have *sable*.

P. 536, bk. vii. c. vii. st. 8, l. 9, *showe* (1611), *show* (1609).

P. 536, bk. vii. c. vii. st. 9, l. 1, *hard* (1611), *heard* (1609).

P. 536, bk. vii. c. vii. st. 9, l. 7, *kinde*. The folios have *kindes*.

P. 536, bk. vii. c. vii. st. 10, l. 7, *they*:—*which they* (1611).

P. 536, bk. vii. c. vii. st. 12, l. 5, *Peleus* (1611), *Pelene* (1609).

P. 537, bk. vii. c. vii. st. 16, l. 3, *thy* (1609), *my* (1611).

P. 538, bk. vii. c. vii. st. 28, l. 3, *bloosmes did* (1609). The ed. of 1611 omits *did*.

P. 540, bk. vii. c. vii. st. 41, l. 5, *rode* (so all copies); the rhyme requires *rade*.

P. 540, bk. vii. c. vii. st. 41, l. 7, *Idæan* (Upton). The folios read *Iæan*.

P. 542, bk. vii. c. vii. st. 55, l. 7, *saine* (1609), *faine* (1611).

P. 543, bk. vii. c. viii. st. 1. l. 7, *to cast* (1609), *and cast* (1611).

P. 543, bk. vii. c. viii. st. 2, l. 8, *Sabaoth* (1611), *Sabbaoth* (1609).

P. 543, bk. vii. c. viii. st. 2, l. 9. For *that* Mr. Collier suggests *thou*. But there should perhaps be no comma after *God*, and the sentence will be an optative one signifying 'O may that great God of hosts grant me the enjoyment of that rest eternal.' Perhaps *Sabaoths sight* is an allusion to the ancient interpretation of the word *Jerusalem*, i.e. *visio pacis*.

P. 543, bk. vii. c. viii. st. 2, l. 9, *Sabaoths* (1609 and 1611), ? *Sabbaths* (Church).

P. 543, bk. vii. c. viii. st. 2, l. 9, *Sabaoth God* (1611), *Sabbaoth God* (1609).

GLOSSARY.

A, in 'A Gods name.'
Abace, abase, to lower, to hang down.
Aband, to abandon.
Abashment, fear.
Abear, to behave, conduct.
Abet, abett, to aid, support, maintain; asserting falsely.
Abid, abode, remained.
Abie, aby, abye, to pay the penalty of, to atone for, suffer for; abide by.
Abiect, to throw or cast down.
Abode, remained; a delay, stay.
Abolish, to wipe out.
Aboord, abord, from the bank, astray, at a loss. *Aborde*, harbor.
Abouts, about.
Abrade, to rouse, wake up.
Abray (pret. *abrayde*), to start up suddenly, to awake; to quake with sudden fear.
Abusion, abuse, deceit, fraud.
Accloy, acloye, to clog up, choke, encumber, hinder.
Accoasting, skimming along near the ground.
Accompt, accoumpt, account.
Accorage, to encourage.
Accord, to grant, to agree, to reconcile; an agreement.
According, agreeably to, according to; accordingly.
Accoste, to go side by side, to adjoin, border.
Accourting, entertaining (courteously).
Accoustrement, garb.
Accoy, accois, to subdue, daunt, tame.
Accoy, to coy, caress.
Accoyle, to assemble, gather together.
Accrew, to increase.
Achates (Acates), purchased provisions, cates.
Acquight, acquit, acquite, to deliver, release; acquitted, free.
Adamants, crystals.
Adaw, to adaint, tame, moderate.
Adayes, daily.
Addeeme, to adjudge.
Ad doom, to adjudge.
Address, to prepare, adjust, direct, clothe, arm.
A rest, ready.
Adjoyne, to approach, join.
Admiraunce, admiration.
Admire, to wonder at.
Adore, to adorn.
Adorne, ornament.
Adowne, down.
Adrad, adred, adreddē, afraid, terrified.
Adrad, to be frightened.
Advance, to extol; impel.

Adventure, chance; opportunity; to attempt.
Advie, to view.
Advize, advise, to consider, perceive, take thought of, bethink.
Advizement, consideration.
Adward, an award; to award.
Emuling, emulating, rivalling (*æmuled*).
Afeard, afraid.
Affear, to frighten.
Affect, affection; sorrow; imitation.
Affection, passion.
Affide, affyde, betrothed; intrusted.
Afflicted, low, humble.
Afford, to consent.
Affrap, to strike, to strike down, to encounter, to assault.
Affray, to terrify, fray; terror.
Affrende, to make friends.
Affret, encounter.
Affront, to confront, encounter, oppose.
Affy, to betroth, espouse; intrust.
Affyaunce, betrothal.
Afore, in front, before.
Aggrace, favor, kindness, goodwill; to make gracious.
Aggrate, to please, delight, charm, treat politely.
Aglet, point, tag.
Agree, to settle, to cause to agree.
Agreeably, alike, in a manner to agree.
Agrise, agrize, agryse, agryze, to cause to shudder, to terrify, to make disgusted.
Agryz'd, having a terrible look, disfigured.
Agwise, aguize, to deck, adorn, fashion, accoutre; to disguise.
Alabaster, alabaster.
Albe, albee, although.
Alleggeance, alleviation.
Alew, howling.
Algate, algates, altogether, wholly, by all means, in all ways, at all events, nevertheless.
All, although; 'all as' = as if.
Allegge, to lessen, allay.
Almes, a free allowance, alms.
Alone (only), without compulsion.
Alow, downwards.
Alow, praise.
Als, also.
Amaine, violently, by force.
Amate, to daunt, subdue, to stupefy, terrify; to keep company with.
Amaze, amazement.
Ambassage, embassy.
Ameearst, amerced, punished.
Amenuge, to manage, handle.

Amenauce, carriage, behavior.
Amis, amice, a priestly vestment.
Amount, to mount up, ascend.
Amove, to move, remove.
Anvile, anvil.
Annoy, annoyance, grief, hurt.
Antickes, antiques, ancient or fantastic figures.
Apace, fast, copiously.
Appall, to falter; to weaken.
Appay, apay (pret. and p. p. *appay'd, ap-paid*), to please, satisfy, pay.
Appeach, to impeach, accuse.
Appease, to cease from.
Appele, to accuse; to offer.
Appellation, appeal.
Apply, to attend to; to bend one's steps to.
Approven, to put to the proof, to prove.
Approvaunce, approval.
Arborett, little grove.
Aread, areed (p. p. *ared*), to tell, say, declare, describe, inform, teach, interpret, explain; appoint; detect.
Arear, areare, areve, arreare, to the rear, backward, aback.
Arêt, arret, to allot, intrust, adjudge.
Arew, in a row, in order.
Argumentis, signs, indications.
Arights, rightly.
Arke, box, chest.
Arras, tapestry of Arras.
Arraught (pret. of *arreack*), seized forcibly.
As, as if.
Askaunce, sideways.
Aslake, to slake, abate, appease.
Aslope, on the slope, aside.
Assay, to try, attempt, assail, attack; an attempt, trial; value.
Assayde, affected.
Assiege, to besiege.
Assignment, design.
Assize, measure.
Assoil, assoyl, to absolve, determine, set free, let loose, renew; to pay; to remove.
Assott, to befool, to beguile, bewilder.
Assure, to promise, assert confidently.
Assvage, to grow mild.
Assyn, to mark or point out.
Astart, to start up suddenly.
Astert, befall, come upon suddenly.
Astond, astound, astonied, astonished, stunned.
Astonish, to stun.
Astonying, confounding.
Attack, to seize, take prisoner (*attack*).
Attaine, attayne, to find, reach, fall in with.
Attaint, to stain, obscure.
Attempt, to tempt.
Attendement, intent.
Attent, attention.
Attone (atone), at one, together, reconciled.
Attone, attons, at once, together.
Attrapt, dressed.
Atween, atweene, between.
Atwixt, between, at intervals.
Aumayl, to enamel.
Availle, avale, to fall, sink, lower, descend, bow down.
Avant, depart.
Avantage, advantage.
Avanting, advancing (boastfully).
Avenge, revenge.

Avengement, revenge.
Aventred, thrust forward (at a venture).
Aventring, pushing forward.
Avize, avyze, to perceive, consider, regard, view, take note of, reflect, bethink; advise.
Avizefull, observant.
Avoid, to depart, go out.
Avoure, 'to make avoure' = to justify, maintain.
Awarned, made, was made aware.
Awayte, to wait for; watch.
Awhape, to terrify, frighten.
Aygulets (aglets), tags, points of gold.
Aym, direction.

Babe, doll.
Bace, low.
Bace, the game of prisoner's base; 'bad bace' = challenged.
Bafuld, disgraced (as a recreant knight).
Baile, to deliver; custody.
Banns, banns (of marriage).
Bale, grief, sorrow, affliction, trouble; *bales*, ruins; *baleful*, full of bale, destructive, deadly; *balefulness*, ruin.
Balke, to disappoint, to deal at cross purposes; a ridge between two furrows.
Balliards, billiards.
Ban, banne, to curse (*band*, cursed).
Band, forbid, banish; assemble.
Bandog, mastiff.
Bane, death, destruction.
Banket, banquet.
Bannerall, a standard (shaped like a swallow's tail).
Barbe, equipments of a horse, horse-armour.
Barbican, a watch-tower.
Bard, ornamented with *bars* (ornaments of a girdle).
Base, low; the lower part.
Baseness, a low humble condition.
Basen-vide, widely extended.
Bases, armor for the legs.
Bash, to be abashed.
Bastard, base, lowborn.
Basted, sewed slightly.
Bate, did bite; fed.
Bate, to bait, attack.
Batt, stick.
Battailous, ready for battle, in order for battle.
Batteilant, embattled, fortified.
Battill (properly *to fatten*), to be of good flavor.
Batton, stick, club.
Bauldricke, belt.
Bawne, a hill.
Bay, a standstill, a position in which one is kept at bay.
Baye, to bathe.
Bayes (baies), laurels.
Bayt, bait, artifice; to bait (a bull); to cause to abate, to let rest.
Beades, prayers.
Beadroll, a list.
Beare, burden; bier.
Beastyhead, 'your *beastyhead*,' 'a greeting to the person of a beast.'
Beath'd, plunged.
Beaveres, fair companions.
Beckes, beaks.
Become, to come to, go to, to suit, to happen.
Bed, bad.

- Bedight*, dressed, equipped, decked, adorned ; 'ill-bedight,' disfigured.
- Beduck*, to dive, dip.
- Befell*, was fitting, proper.
- Beginne*, beginning.
- Begord*, stained with gore.
- Behave*, to employ, use.
- Beheast*, *behest*, command.
- Behight*, call, name, address, pronounce, promise, command ; ordained ; adjudged, intrusted.
- Behoofe*, profit.
- Behote*, to promise ; call ; *behott*, promised.
- Belaccoyle*, kind salutation or greeting.
- Belamour*, *belamy*, a lover.
- Belay*, to beset, encompass ; adorn.
- Beldame*, fair lady.
- Belgard*, fair (or kind) looks.
- Bellibone*, a beautiful and good woman.
- Belyde*, counterfeited.
- Ben* (*bene*, *been*), are.
- Band*, band.
- Beneficiall*, a benefice.
- Bent*, long stalks of (*vent*) grass.
- Beraft*, bereft.
- Bere*, to bear ; bier.
- Beseeke*, beseech.
- Beseene*, 'well-beseen,' of good appearance, comely.
- Beseme*, *beseeme*, to be seemly, to seem fit, to suit, fit, become, appear.
- Besitting*, befitting.
- Bespeake*, to address.
- Bespredd*, adorned.
- Besprent*, *besprint*, besprinkled.
- Bestud* (*bested*, *bestedded*), situated, placed, placed in peril ; treated ; attended ; beset ; 'ill bested' = in a bad plight.
- Bestaine*, to stain.
- Bestow*, to place.
- Bestrad*, bestrided.
- Bet*, did beat.
- Betake* (pret. *betooke*), to take (into), to deliver, bestow, betake one's self.
- Beteeme*, to deliver, give.
- Bethinke*, to make up one's mind.
- Bethrall*, to take captive.
- Betide*, *betyde*, to befall, to happen to ; *betid*, *betyded*, *betight*, befall, befallen.
- Bett*, better.
- Bever*, the front part of a helmet (covering the mouth).
- Bevy*, company (of ladies).
- Bewalle*, to choose, select.
- Bewray*, to reveal, betray, accuse ; signify.
- Bickermnt*, bickering, strife.
- Bid*, to pray.
- Bide*, to bid, offer.
- Biggen*, cup.
- Bilive*, *bylive*, *blive*, forthwith, quickly.
- Bils*, battle-axes.
- Blame*, to blemish ; injury, hurt.
- Blanckt*, confounded, put out of countenance.
- Blast*, to wither.
- Blatier*, to bluster (in note).
- Blaze*, to blazon forth, proclaim.
- Blemishment*, a blemish.
- Blend* (pret. and p. part. *blent*), to mix, confuse, confound, defile, blemish, stain, obscure.
- Blent*, blinded, obscured, blotted.
- Blere*, to blear (one's eyes), deceive.
- Bless*, to preserve, deliver ; to brandish.
- Blesse*, bliss.
- Blin*, to cease.
- Blincked*, dimmed.
- Blind*, dark.
- Blist*, wounded, struck.
- Blist*, blessed.
- Bloncket*, liveries, gray coats.
- Blont*, blunt, unpolished.
- Bloosme*, blossom, bloom.
- Blot*, *blotten*, to defame, blemish.
- Blubbred*, wet or stained with tears.
- Boad*, 'bootles boad' = lived uselessly, profitlessly.
- Boads*, bodes, portends.
- Bode*, abode.
- Boley* (or *buala*), 'place (situated in a grassy hollow) enclosed by man in which to put cattle in the spring and summer months, while on the mountain pastures — a place that insures safety.' (HENRY KINAHAN in *The Athenæum*, No. 2167, May 8, 1869).
- Bollet*, bullet.
- Bolt*, arrow.
- Bond*, bound.
- Boone*, prayer, petition.
- Boord*, *bord*, to accost, to address, talk with ; conversation ; go side by side.
- Boot*, to avail, profit ; booty, gain.
- Booting*, availing.
- Bore*, borne.
- Borde*, coast.
- Bordraging* (pl. *bordrags*), border ravaging, border raid.
- Borowe*, *borrowe*, pledge, surety.
- Borrell*, rustic.
- Bosse*, middle of shield.
- Bouget*, budget.
- Bought*, fold.
- Boult*, to sift, bolt.
- Bounse*, to beat.
- Bountie*, *bounty*, goodness. *Bounteous*, generous, good. *Bountyhed*, generosity.
- Bourdon*, burden (of a song).
- Bourne*, boundary.
- Bout*, about.
- Bouzing-can*, a drinking-can.
- Bownd*, to lead (by a direct course).
- Bowre*, chamber, inner room ; to lodge, shelter.
- Bowers*, muscles (of the shoulder).
- Boy*, a term of reproach.
- Boystrous*, rough, rude (as applied to a club).
- Brace*, to embrace, encompass.
- Brag*, proudly. *Bragly*, proudly. *Bragging*, proud.
- Brame*, sharp passion (cf. O.E. *breme*, severe, sharp).
- Bransles*, dances, brawls.
- Brast*, burst.
- Brave*, fair, beautiful.
- Braverie*, finery.
- Bravely*, gallantly, splendidly.
- Bravned*, muscular, brawny.
- Bray* (*braie*), to cry out suddenly, cry aloud, utter aloud ; gasp out.
- Braynepan*, skull.
- Breaded*, braided, embroidered.
- Breare*, *brere*, briar.
- Breech*, breeches.
- Breede*, work, produce.

Breem, breme, boisterous, rough, sharp.
Brenne, to burn.
Brent, burnt.
Brickle, brittle.
Brigandine, a kind of light vessel.
Brim, margin of the horizon.
Brize, bryze, gadfly.
Brocage, pimping.
Broch, to commence, broach.
Brode, abroad.
Broud, sword.
Brondiron, sword.
Bronds, embers, brands.
Brood, a brooding-place (? an error for *bood* = O. E. *bood* or *abood*, an abode, resting-place; cf. *bode*).
Brooke, to endure, bear, *brook*.
Brouzes, twigs.
Brunt, assault.
Brust, burst.
Bruted, renowned, *bruted*.
Brutenesse, brutishnesse, brutality, brutelike state.
Buckle to, make ready.
Buff (pl. *buffes*), a blow.
Bug, apparition, bugbear, goblin.
Bugle, wild ox.
Buegle, bead.
Bullion, pure gold.
Burdenous, heavy.
Burganet, headpiece, helmet.
Burgein, burgeon, bud.
Buskets, bushes.
Busse, kiss.
But-if, unless.
Buzom, obedient, yielding, tractable.
By-and-by, one by one, singly.
Byde, abide. *Byding*, abiding, remaining.
Bylice, quickly, also active. See *Blive, believe*.
Bynempt, named, appointed; bequeathed.

Cabinet, cottage, little cabin.
Cerule, azure.
Captive, caytive, subject, captive; vile, base, menial, rascal.
Cull, caul, cowl, cap.
Camis, camus, a light, loose robe of some light material (as silk, &c.), chemise.
Can or *Gan* (an auxiliary of the past tense), did.
Can, knows.
Cancered, cankerd, corrupt.
Canon bitl, a smooth round bit (for horses).
Capitayn, captain.
Caprifole, woodbine.
Captivaunce, captivity.
Captived, taken captive, enslaved.
Capuccio, hood (of a cloak), capuchin.
Card, chart.
Care, sorrow, grief, injury. *Careful*, sorrowful.
Careless, free from care; uncared for.
Carke, care, sorrow, grief.
Carl, carle, an old man; churl.
Carriage, burden.
Cast, to consider, plot, resolve, purpose; time, period, opportunity, 'nere their utmost cast' = almost dead; a couple.
Castory, color (red or pink).
Caudron, caldron.
Causen, to assign a cause or reason, explain.
Cautelous, wary.

Caved, made hollow.
Centonel, a sentinel.
Certes, certainly.
Cesse, to cease.
Cesure, a breaking off, stop.
Chaffar, to chaffer, exchange.
Challenge, to claim; to track, follow; accusation.
Chamelot water, camlet watered.
Chamfred, wrinkled, furrowed.
Champain, champion, champion, open country, plain.
Championesse, a female warrior.
Character, image.
Charge, assault, attack.
Charget, chariot.
Charm, to tune; a tune, song.
Chauff, chauffe, to become warm, to be irritated, to chafe; rage.
Chaunceful, hazardous.
Chaunticleer, the cock.
Chaw, jaw; to chew.
Chayre, chary.
Chayre, chariot.
Cheare, chere, countenance, favor, cheer.
Chearen, to cheer up.
Checked, chequered.
Checklaton (O. E. *ciclaton*), a rich kind of cloth.
Cherelie, cheerfully.
Cherishment, a cherishing.
Cherry, to cherish.
Cherye, chief rent.
Cherisaunce, enterprise, undertaking, performance, bargain.
Chickens (faithlesse), heathen brood.
Chiefe, 'wrought with a chiefe,' worked with a head (like a nosegay).
Childed, gave birth to a child.
Chimney, fireplace.
Chine, back.
Chorle, churl.
Chynd, cut, divided.
Clark, clerk, scholar.
Clave, clove, cleft, did cleave.
Cleane, cleene, cleene, pure, *clean*; entirely.
Cleanly, skilfully.
Cleep, to call.
Clemence, clemency.
Clew, plot, purpose (properly a hank of thread).
Clift, cliff.
Clinck, clicket, latch.
Clombe, climbed, mounted.
Close, secret. Closely, secretly.
Clouches, clutches.
Clouted, bandaged with a *clout* or rag.
Cloyd, wounded.
Coast, to approach.
Coach, coach.
Cocked, in cocks (in heaps).
Cognizaunce, knowledge, recollection.
Colled, embraced, fondled.
Collusion, deceit, cunning.
Colour, pretence; to hide.
Coloured, deceitful, crafty.
Colwort, cabbage-plant.
Comber, to encumber. *Combrous*, laborious, troublesome.
Commene, common, to commune, discourse.
Comment, to relate (falsely).
Commodity, advantage.
Commonly, in common, equally.

- Compacte* (?), compacted, concerted.
Compacted, close. *Compacture*, a close knitting together.
Companie, companion.
Compare, to collect, procure.
Compass, circuit.
Compast, contrived. *Compast creast*, the round part of the helmet.
Compel, to cite, call to aid.
Complement, perfection (of character); union.
Complish, to accomplish.
Complyne, evensong.
Comportance, behavior.
Compound, to agree.
Comprize, to comprehend, understand.
Comprovinciall, to be contained in the same province with.
Compyle, to heap up; frame; settle, reconcile.
Conceitful, thoughtful.
Concent, to harmonize.
Concent, harmony.
Concew, to grow together.
Cond, learnt.
Condign, worthy.
Conditions, qualities.
Conduct, conductor, guide; management.
Confusion, destruction.
Congé, leave.
Conjure, to conspire.
Conne, to know.
Consort, company, companion; concert; to combine, unite (in harmony).
Constraint, distress, uneasiness.
Containe, to restrain, control.
Conteck, dispute.
Contempt, contemned.
Contrive, to wear out, spend.
Controverse, debate, controversy.
Convenable, conformable.
Convent, to convene, summon.
Convert, to turn.
Convince, to conquer, overthrow.
Coosen, kindred.
Coosinage, fraud.
Cope, to chop, bargain with.
Copesmate, a companion.
Coportion, an equal portion.
Covage, heart, mind; wrath.
Corbe, crooked.
Corbe, *corbel*, a projecting piece of wood, stone, or iron, placed so as to support a weight of material.
Cordewayne, *cordwayne*, cordovan leather.
Coronall, a wreath, garland.
Coronation, carnation.
Corpse, a (living) body. *Corse*, a body, bulk, frame.
Corsive, corrosive.
Cosset, a hand-reared lamb.
Cost, to approach, come to one's side.
Cote, sheep-fold.
Cott, a little boat.
Couched, bent; laid (in order).
Could, knew.
Count, an object of interest or account.
Countenance, to make a show of.
Counter, encounter.
Countercast, counterplot.
Counterchange, return of a blow.
Counterfesaunce, a counterfeiting.
- Counterpoys*, to counterbalance.
Countercayle, to oppose, resist.
Coupe, a cage, coop.
Couplement, couple.
Coure, to cover, protect.
Courst, chased.
Courting, attendance at court.
Couth, could; knew, knew how.
Covert, concealed.
Coverture, covering, shelter.
Covetise, *covetize*, covetousness.
Cowardree, cowardice.
Cracknell, a thin hard-baked biscuit.
Cræsie, cracked.
Crag, *cragge*, neck.
Craggy, knotty.
Crake, to boast; boast, boasting.
Crank, a winding.
Crank, vigorously.
Crapples, grapples, claws.
Crased helth, impaired health.
Cratch, rack, crib.
Creakie, indented with creeks.
Creasted, crested, tufted.
Creete, cattle, live stock.
Cremosin, *cremsin*, crimson.
Creve (priestess *creve*) = *crevet*, *cruiſe*, vessel.
Crime, accusation, reproach, fault.
Crisped, curly (hair).
Crooke (cross), gibbet.
Cros-cul, to pierce or cut across. *Croslet*, a little cross.
Croud, a fiddle.
Cruddle, to curdle. *Cruddy*, curdled.
Crumenall, purse.
Cud, not the thing chewed, but the *stomach* where the food is received before ruination.
Cuffing (or *cuffing*), striking.
Culter, a ploughshare.
Culver, dove.
Culvering, *culverin*, a sort of cannon.
Cumbrous, troublesome.
Curats, *curiets*, cuirasses.
Curelesse, hard to be cured, incurable.
Curtaxe, cutlass.
Cut, fashion.
- Dædale*, skilful; fertile.
Daint, *daynt*, dainty (superl. *dayntest*).
Dainty, rare, valuable.
Dallie, to trifle. *Dalliaunce*, idle talk, trifling.
Dame, lady.
Dannify, to injure, damage.
Damozel, damsel.
Danisk, Danish.
Dapper, neat, pretty.
Darrayne, to prepare, get ready, for battle.
Darred, dazzled, frightened ('a *darred* lark' is generally explained as a lark caught (? frightened) by means of a looking-glass).
Dayesman, a judge, arbitrator.
Daze, to dazzle, dim; to confound.
Dead-doing, death-dealing.
Deaded, deadened.
Dealth, bestows.
Deare, valuable, precious.
Deare, hurt, injury; sore, sad; sorely.
Dearing, darling.
Dearnelie, sorrowfully, mournfully (literally *secretly*, hence *lonely*, *sadly*, &c.).

- Deaw*, to bedew.
Debate, to contend, strive; battle, strife. *Debatement*, debate.
Debonaire, gracious, courteous.
Decay, to destroy, perish, relax; destruction, ruin, death.
Deceived, taken by deceit.
Deceit, deceit.
Decesse, decease.
Decreed, determined on.
Decreued, decreased.
Deeme (pret. *dempst*), to judge, deem, 'deeme his payne' = adjudge his punishment.
Deering-dooers, doers of daring deeds.
Deface, to defeat.
Defame, disgrace, dishonor.
Defaste, defaced, destroyed.
Defesaunce, defeat.
Defeature, defeat.
Defend, to keep or ward off.
Defly, deftly, gracefully.
Define, to settle, decide.
Deforme, shapeless, deformed.
Defray, to avert (by a proper settlement); appease.
Degendered, degenerated.
Deluy, to temper, stop, remove.
Delice (*Deluce*), flower-de-lice (= flos delicarum), the iris.
Delices, delights. *Delightsome*, delightful.
Dell, hole.
Delve, dell, hole, cave.
Demayne, *demeane*, *demeasur*e, demeanor, bearing, treatment. *Demeand*, treated.
Demisse, submissive.
Dempt. See *Deeme*.
Denay, to deny.
Dent, dint, blow.
Deow, dew.
Depainted, depicted.
Depart, to divide, separate, remove; departure.
Depeinct, *depeincten*, to paint.
Depend, to hang down.
Deprave, to defame.
Der-doing = performance of daring deeds.
Dernful, mournful. See *Dearnelie*.
Dernly, secretly; grievously, severely.
Derring-doe, daring deeds, warlike deeds.
Derth, scarcity.
Derye, to draw away, transfer.
Describe, *descry*, to perceive, discover; reveal.
Describe, to describe.
Desine, to denote.
Despairefull drift, hopeless cause.
Desperate, despairing.
Despight, anger, malice; a scornful defiance.
Despightful, *despiteous*, malicious.
Despoyl, to unrobe, undress.
Desse, dais.
Desynde, directed.
Detaine, detention.
Devicefull, full of devices (as masques, triumphs, &c.).
Devise, *devize*, to guess at; purpose; to describe, talk. *Devized*, painted. *Devized of*, reflected on.
Deroyr, duty.
Dew, dne. *Dewfull*, due.
Develap, palear.
Diapase, diapason.
- Diapred*, variegated.
Difference, choice.
Diffused, scattered.
Dight, to order, to arrange, prepare, dress, deck; mark.
Dilate, to spread abroad, enlarge upon.
Dinting, striking.
Dint, scar, dent; 'dolors dint' = pang of grief.
Diriges, dirges.
Dirk, to darken; darkly.
Disaray, disorder.
Disaccord, to withhold consent.
Disadvantage, to lower, to draw back.
Disaventurous, unfortunate, unsuccessful, unhappy. *Disaventure*, mishap, misfortune.
Disburden, to unburden.
Discharge, to acquit one's self of, account for.
Discide, to cut in two.
Disciple, to discipline.
Disclaim, to expel.
Disclose (pret. *disclose*), to unfold, transform; set free, disengage.
Discoloured, many-colored.
Discomfited, disconcerted.
Discomend, to speak disparagingly of.
Discounsell, to dissuade.
Discoure, *discure*, to discover.
Discourse, shifting.
Discourteise, discourteous.
Discreet, differing.
Discrew, thrown or shook off.
Disease, to distress; uneasiness. *Diseased*, ill at ease, afflicted.
Disentrayle, to draw forth, to cause to flow.
Disgrace, deformity.
*Disquize*ment, disguise.
Dishable, to disparage.
Disleall (*disloyal*), perfidious.
Dislikeful, disagreeable.
*Disloign*d, separated.
Dismall, fatal.
Dismay, to subdue, defeat, grieve, disquiet; defeat, ruin. *Dismayfull*, terrifying.
Dismayd = mismade, deformed.
Dismayl, to take off a coat of mail.
Dispacing, pacing, roaming.
Dispairful, despairing. See *Despairefull*.
Disparage, disparagement.
Dispart, to divide.
Dispence, to pay for; expense; abundance.
Dispiteous, cruel.
Display, to spread out; discover.
Disple, to discipline.
Displeasance, *displeasance*, displeasure.
Disport, play, sport.
Disprad, *dispred*, spread abroad.
Dispraize, to disparage.
Dispredden (pl.), spread out.
Disprofesse, to abandon.
Dispurvaunce, want of provisions.
Disseise, *disseize*, to dispossess.
Disshivered, shivered to pieces.
Dissolute, weak.
Distayne, to defile.
Distent, beaten out.
Disthronize, to dethrone.
Distinct, marked.
Distraine, to rend.
Distraught, distracted; drawn apart, separated.
Distroubled, greatly troubled,

- Dite, dighte*, to make ready.
Ditt, ditty, song.
Diverse, distracting, diverting.
Diverst, diverged, turned off.
Divide, to play a florid passage in music (Kitchin).
Dirinde, deified.
Divorced, separated by force.
Doale = *dole*, destruction.
Documents, instructions.
Doe, to cause.
Dofte, to put off.
Dole, doole, sorrow, grief. *Doolefull*, sorrowful.
Dolor (dolor), grief.
Dome, doome, doom, judgment, censure.
Don, to put on.
Done, donne, to do, 'of well to *donne*' = of well-doing; *DOEN*, to cause; *DOEN* (pl.), they do.
Donne, dun.
Doomesfull, threatening doom.
Dortours, sleeping apartments.
Doted, foolish.
Doubt, fear (also to fear); a matter of doubt.
Doubtful, fearful.
Doubted, redoubted.
Drad, dred, dread, dreaded, feared; an object of reverence. *DREDEST*, most dread.
Draft, drift, aim, purpose.
Drapet, cloth.
Draught (= *draft*), stratagem, aim.
Drave, drove.
Dread, fury. Dreadful, fearful.
Dreare, Dreere (Dreeriment), grief, sorrow, dreadful force. *Dreerihed, drearyhood, dry-rihed*, dreariness, affliction.
Drent, drowned.
Dresse, to dispose, adorn.
Drerill, a slave.
Droome, a drum.
Droupe, to droop.
Drousy-hed, drowsiness.
Drouth, drought.
Drover, a boat.
Droyle, to work sluggishly.
Drugs, dregs.
Dumpish, heavy.
Duraunce, bondage.
Durefull, enduring.
Duresse, confinement.
Dye, lot, destiny.
- Earne*, to yearn; to be grieved.
Earst, erst, first, soonest, previously; at *earst*, at length; at present.
Easterlings, men of the East (Norwegians, Danes, &c.).
Eath, ethe, easy.
Edge, to sharpen.
Ed ifye, to build, inhabit.
Eeke, eke, to increase; also.
Efferced, made fierce, inflamed.
Efforce, to oppose.
Efforced, efforst, forced, constrained, compelled (to yield).
Effraid, scared.
Eft, afterwards, again, forthwith, moreover.
Eftsoones, soon after, forthwith.
Eide, seen.
Eine, eyes.
Eld, age, old age.
- Elfe*, fairy.
Els (elles), else, elsewhere, otherwise.
Embace, embase, to bring or cast down, humiliate. *Embaste*, debased, dishonored.
Embar, to guard, confine.
Embassade, ambassador.
Embassage, embassy, message.
Embatteil, to arm for battle.
Embaum, to anoint.
Embay, to bathe; bask.
Embayl, to bind up.
Embellisht, adorned (with flowers).
Embosome, to foster.
Emboss, to overwhelm, press hard; to surround, enclose.
Embosse, to adorn, ornament, array.
Embow, to arch over, to curve, bend.
Embowell, to take out the bowels.
Embower, to take shelter.
Emboyl, to boil (with anger). *Emboyled*, heated.
Embrace, to brace, to fasten or bind; to protect.
Embracement, an embrace.
Embrave, to decorate.
Embreaude, embroder, to embroider.
Embreve, to stain with blood.
Embusied, occupied.
Eme, uncle.
Emeraud, emerald.
Emmove, to move.
Emong, among. *Emongest*, amongst.
Empale, to enclose, fringe.
Empare, empair, to diminish, impair, hurt.
Emparlauncher, treaty.
Empart, assign.
Empassioned, empassionate, moved or touched with passion, feeling.
Empeach, to hinder, prevent; hindrance; disfigurement.
Empeopled, dwelt.
Emperce, empierce, to pierce through (pret. *empersst, emperst*).
Emperill, to endanger.
Emperish, to perish, decay.
Empight, fixed, settled.
Emplonged, plunged.
Empoysoned, poisoned.
Emprise, enprize, enterprise, attempt.
Empurpled, purple-dyed.
Enaunter, lest.
Enbosome, to fix firmly.
Enchace, enchase, to adorn, embellish; to honor with befitting terms; engrave; dart.
Encheason, reason, cause, occasion.
Encomberment, hindrance.
Encroche, to come on.
Endamage, to damage, do harm.
Endangerment, danger.
Endecourment, endeavor, labor.
Endew, to endow.
Endite, to censure.
Endlong, from end to end, continuously.
Endosse, write on the back, indorse.
Endure, to harden.
Ene, once.
Enfelon'd, made fell or fierce.
Enfested. See *Infest*.
Enferce, to make fierce.
Enforme, to fashion.

- Enfoldred*, hurled out like thunder and lightning.
- Engin*, wiles, deceit, contrivance.
- Engirt*, surrounded.
- Englut*, to glut, fill.
- Engore*, to gore, wound.
- Engorge*, to devour, glut.
- Engrafted*, *engraft*, implanted, fixed.
- Engrained*, dyed.
- Engrasp*, to grasp.
- Engrave*, to bury; to cut, pierce.
- Engreece*, *engriev*, to grieve, to be vexed.
- Engrosse*, to buy up in large quantities, to re-grate; to write a large letter.
- Engroste*, made thick.
- Enhaunse*, to lift up, raise.
- Enlargen*, *enlarge*, to set at large, deliver.
- Enlumine*, to illumine.
- Enmove*, to move. See *Emmove*.
- Enrace*, to implant.
- Enragement*, rapture.
- Enraunge*, to range.
- Enraunged*, ranged in order.
- Enrold*, encircled.
- Enseames*, encloses.
- Ensew*, *esuew*, to follow after, pursue. *Ensu-ing*, following.
- Ensnarle*, to ensnare, entangle.
- Entayle*, to carve, inlay; (sb.) carving.
- Enterdeale*, negotiation.
- Enterpris*, to undertake.
- Enterprize*, to entertain; take in hand.
- Entertain*, take, receive (pay). *Entertayne*, *entertainment*, hospitality.
- Entertake*, to entertain.
- Entire*, inward, internal. *Entyrelly*, earnestly; entirely.
- Entraille*, *entrayl*, to twist, entwine, inter-lace.
- Entraille*, twisting, entanglement.
- Entrall*, the lowest part, depth (bowels).
- Entreat*, to treat of, treat.
- Enure*, to use, practise. *Enured*, accustomed; committed habitually.
- Envy*, to be angry, indignant; to emulate.
- Enwallowe*, roll about.
- Enwombed*, pregnant.
- Enwrap*, to wrap up.
- Equall*, impartial.
- Equipage*, array, equipment; to array, equip.
- Ermelin*, an ermine.
- Ermine*, skin of the ermine.
- Erne*, to yearn.
- Errant*, wandering.
- Errour*, wandering.
- Erst*. See *Earsl*.
- Eschev*, escape.
- Esloyne*, to withdraw.
- Espiall*, sight, appearance, observation.
- Essoyne*, to excuse.
- Estate*, state, rank.
- Eterne*, eternal. *Eternize*, to make eternal.
- Eternize*, to immortalize.
- Elhe*, easy.
- Eugh*, yew. *Eughen*, *ewghen*, of yew.
- Evangelij*, gospel.
- Evill*, poor, unskilful.
- Ewefts*, efts.
- Exanimate*, lifeless.
- Escheat*, gain, profit, escheat.
- Expert*, to experience.
- Expire*, breathe out; to fulfil a term, put an end to.
- Express*, to press out.
- Ecstasie*, surprise.
- Extent*, stretched out.
- Estirpe*, to root out.
- Estort*, extorted.
- Extract*, descended.
- Extreate*, extraction.
- Exuls*, exiles.
- Eyas*, newly-fledged young.
- Eyne*, eyes.
- Face*, to carry a false appearance.
- Fact*, feat, deed.
- Fail*, *fail*, to deceive; to cause to fail.
- Fain*, *gayne*, glad, eager; *jaynd*, desired; *jaynes*, delights.
- Fain*, *gayne*, to feign, dissemble; to mistake; imagine; 'fained dreadful' = apparently dreadful.
- Faitour*, *jaytour*, cheat, deceiver, vagabond, villain.
- Fallen*, befall.
- Falsed*, falsified, deceived; insecure, weak.
- Falses*, falsehoods. *Falser*, a liar.
- Faltring*, faltering.
- Fantasy*, *fantazy*, fancy; apprehension.
- Fare*, to go, proceed, act, deal.
- Farforth*, very far.
- Faste*, having a face.
- Fastness*, stronghold.
- Fate*, destined term of life. *Fatal*, ordained by fate.
- Fault*, to offend, be in error.
- Favour*, feature.
- Favourlesse*, not showing favor.
- Fay*, a fairy; faith.
- Fear*, *feare*, companion; *to feare*, together.
- Fear*, *fearen*, to frighten; 'feared — of,' alarmed by.
- Fearfull*, timid.
- Feastfull*, festival.
- Feateously*, neatly.
- Feature*, fashion, form, character.
- Fee*, tenure; pay, service; property.
- Feeble*, enfeebled. *Feeblesse*, feebleness.
- Feeld* (golden), an emblazoned field (of a knight's shield).
- Feend*, fiend, devil.
- Fell*, let fall, thrown down.
- Fell*, befall; gall.
- Fell*, fierce, cruel. *Felly*, cruelly. *Fellonest*, most fell. *Fellonous*, wicked, fell. *Felnesse*, cruelty, fierceness.
- Feminitee*, womanhood.
- Fensible*, fit for defence, defensible.
- Feood*, feud, enmity.
- Fere*, companion, husband.
- Ferne*, lodging.
- Ferry*, a ferry boat.
- Fett*, to fetch; fetched (rescued).
- Feutre*, *feutre*, to place the spear in the rest, to prepare for battle.
- Fiaunt*, commission, flat.
- File*, to defile.
- File*, to polish, smoothe.
- Fine*, end.
- Firm*, to fix firmly.

- Fit*, to be fitting; 'Of loves were fitted' = were suited, furnished with lovers.
- Fit*, *fitt*, emotion, passion, grief; a musical strain.
- Flaggy*, loose.
- Flatt*, plain.
- Flake*, a flash.
- Flamed*, inflamed.
- Flasket*, a basket.
- Flattling*, *flawwise*, with the flat side (of the sword).
- Flaw*, a gust of wind.
- Fleare*, to mock.
- Fleet*, to sail, float; to flit.
- Fleur-de-luce*, the iris. See *Delice*.
- Flea*, flax.
- Flit*, fleet, swift; changing; unsubstantial, light.
- Flit*, *flitte*, to move, change, flee. *Flitting*, fleeting; yielding.
- Flong*, flung.
- Flore*, ground, spot.
- Flout*, to mock, deride.
- Flowrets*, little flowers.
- Flushing*, rapidly flowing.
- Fodder*, grass.
- Foen*, foes.
- Foile*, a leaf (of metal).
- Foison*, abundance, plenty.
- Folknote*, a meeting, assembly.
- Fon*, a fool. *Fonly*, foolishly.
- Fond*, foolish, doting; *fondling*, fool. *Fondly*, foolishly. *Fondness*, folly.
- Fond*, found; tried.
- Fone*, foes.
- Food*, feud.
- Foolhappie*, undesigned.
- Foolhardise*, foolhardiness, folly.
- For*, notwithstanding; for fear of; what for = what sort of?
- Fordo*, to destroy. *Fordonne*, utterly undone, ruined, overcome.
- Foreby*, *forby*, hard by, near; with; past.
- Forecast*, previously determined.
- Foredamned*, utterly damned.
- Forelay*, to lay before, or over.
- Forelent*, given up entirely.
- Forelifting*, lifting up in front.
- Forepast*, gone by.
- Fore-red*, foretold.
- Foresheved*, previously instructed.
- Foreside*, the side to the fore, external covering.
- Forespent*, *forspent*, utterly wasted.
- Forestall*, to take previous possession of, to hinder, obstruct.
- Foretaught*, previously taught.
- Forewent*, gone before.
- Forged*, false.
- Forgery*, fiction, deceit; a counterfeit or assumed character.
- Forgive*, to give up.
- Forhaile*, to overtake.
- Forhent*, overtaken.
- Forlent*, gave up.
- Forlore*, forlorn, utterly lost, abandoned; *forlore* (pret.), deserted, lost (to sense of propriety).
- Formally*, expressly.
- Formerlie*, beforehand.
- Forpas*, to pass over.
- Forpassed*, past by or through.
- Forpined*, pined away.
- Forray*, to ravage, prey on; a raid.
- Forsake*, to avoid; renounce.
- Forsay*, forsake.
- Forsayd*, denied residence, banished.
- Forslacke*, *forsloe*, *forslow*, to delay, waste in sloth, neglect, omit, impede.
- Forstall*, *forstallen*, to prevent. See *Forestall*.
- Forswad*, spent with heat.
- Forswonck*, tired with overwork.
- Forthink*, to repent, be sorry for; to give up.
- Forthright*, straightway.
- Forthy*, therefore, because.
- Fortilage*, a little fortress.
- Fortune*, to happen.
- Fortunize*, to make happy.
- Fortuneless*, unfortunate.
- Forwandre*, to stray away.
- Forwasted*, utterly wasted.
- Forwearie* (*forwearied*), utterly wearie, worn out.
- Forwent*, left; did forgo.
- Forworne*, much worne.
- Foster*, forester.
- Fouldring*, thundering.
- Found*, established.
- Foundring*, toppling, falling.
- Foy*, allegiance, faith.
- Foyle*, repulse, defeat; to defeat, ruin, overthrow.
- Foyne*, to thrust, push.
- Foyson*, abundance.
- Fraight*, fraught.
- Frame*, to make, form, support, prepare, direct; to put in shape for motion.
- Franchisement*, deliverance.
- Franck*, free, forward.
- Francklin*, freeman, freeholder.
- Franion*, a loose woman.
- Fray*, to frighten, terrify, alarm; affray.
- Frenne*, a stranger.
- Fret*, ornamental border. *Fretted*, ornamented with fret-work.
- Frett*, to consume.
- Friend*, to befriend.
- Frigot*, a little boat.
- Friskes*, gambols.
- Frize*, to freeze.
- Fro*, from.
- Frolicke*, 'fained her to frolicke' = desired her to be cheerful.
- Fronks*, foreheads.
- Fronne*, frozen.
- Frory*, frosty, frozen.
- Frounce*, to fold, plait.
- Froward* = forward, at a distance from.
- Frowie*, musty.
- Fruict*, fruit.
- Fry*, swarms (of young children).
- Fry*, to foam.
- Fulmined*, fulminated.
- Fume*, to pass away like smoke.
- Funeral*, death.
- Furniment*, furnishing.
- Furniture*, gear, equipment.
- Fylde*, felt.
- Fyle*, to polish.
- Fyled*, kept in files, registered.
- Gage*, pledge.
- Gain*, against (as in *gainstrive*).
- Gainsay*, denial.

- Galage* (galoche), a wooden shoe.
Galingale, sweet cyperus.
Gall, bile.
Gallimaufrey, hotch-potch.
Gamesome, pleasant.
Gan (can), began, did.
Gang, to go.
Gard, safeguard, protection.
Garran, a kind of horse.
Garre, to cause, make.
Gasping, gaping.
Gastfull, fearful, dreary.
Gate, a goat.
Gate, way, procession.
Gaudy green, a robe of a light green.
Gazement, gaze.
Gealousy, jealousy.
Geare, gere, gear, dress, equipment; matter, affair.
Geare, to jeer, scoff.
Geason, rare, uncommon.
Gelly, clotted.
Gelt, gold; bribed with gold.
Gelt. This word has been variously explained — by some as a gelding, by others as a guilty person. Professor Child explains it as a wild Irishman, *Celt*.
Gelt, castrated.
Gent, gentle, kind, accomplished.
Gere. See *Geare*.
German, brother.
Gerne, to grin.
Gesse, to deem, think, *guess*.
Gest, deed of arms; gesture, deportment, bearing.
Ghastly, terrible. *Ghastliness*, terribleness.
Ghess, to guess, deem.
Ghost, spirit, soul.
Giambeux, leggings, greaves.
Gin, engine (of torture); plot, contrivance, snare.
Gin, ginne, to begin.
Gipsen, a gipsy.
Giust, tournaments, tilts; to joust, tilt.
Glade, valley, dale.
Glade, to gladden.
Glaive, glave, glayve, a sword.
Glee, pleasure? fee property.
Glenne, country, hamlet.
Glib, a thick bush of hair overhanging the eyes.
Glims, glimpse, indistinct light.
Glinne, glen.
Glitterand, glittering.
Glisten, to glitter, shine.
Glode, glided.
Glory, vainglory, boasting.
Glozing, deceitful.
Glutted, filled.
Gnarre, growl, snarl.
Gobbeline, goblin.
Gobbet, morsel, piece.
Godded, deified.
Goe, gone.
Gondelay, gondola.
Goodlied, goodlihead, goodness; goodly appearance.
Goodles, marigolds.
Gore, to pierce, wound.
Gore-blood, clotted blood.
Gorge, throat.
Gorget, armor for the throat.
Goshawke, a large kind of hawk.
Gossib, kinsman.
Gourmandize, greediness.
Govermall, government.
Governance, government.
Government, control.
Grace, favor, kindness; to give favor to.
Grafted, grafted.
Graille, gravel.
Graine, dye (scarlet).
Grammercy, many thanks.
Grange, dwelling, place.
Grapple, to tug.
Graplement, grasp, clutch.
Graste, graced, favored.
Grate, to scorn.
Grayle, gravel.
Grayle, the holy vessel said to have been used at Our Saviour's Last Supper.
Greave, grove.
Gree, degree, rank.
Gree, favor, goodwill.
Greete, to congratulate, praise; mournful; to assign with praise; to weep.
Gren, to grin, snarl.
Grenning, grinning.
Gride, pierce.
Griefull, grievous.
Griesie, thick, sluggish; gray.
Grieslie, grisely, horrible.
Grieved, hurt.
Grinnes, severity, savageness (Embl.).
Grin, to gnash the teeth.
Gripe, to grasp.
Griple, gripe, grasp; grasping, greedy.
Gronfull, full of groans.
Groome, man, a young man, a servant.
Grosse, heavy; the whole.
Groundhold, ground-tackle (as cables, anchors).
Grovelling, with face flat to the ground.
Groynd, growled.
Grudge, grutch, to murmur, growl.
Gryde, cut, pierce through.
Gryesy, grysie, squalid; foggy, moist.
Gryfon, gryphon, griffin (a fabulous animal), perhaps used for vulture, eagle.
Grypt, 'through grypt' = *through-gyrd*, pierced through.
Guarish, to heal.
Guerdon, reward.
Guiten, to beguile.
Guiten, guyter, deceiver.
Guilt, guiled.
Guize, manner, mode (of life), custom.
Gulfe, throat.
Gulphing, flowing (like a gulf).
Gust, taste.
Gybe, gibe (Embl.).
Gyeld, guild, courthouse.
Gynst, beginnest.
Gyre, circle, course.
Gyrd, fettered.
Habergeon, haberjeon, a small coat of mail, armor for the neck and breast.
Habiliment, clothing.
Habitance, habitation.
Hable, able, fit.
Hacqueton, a jacket worn under armor.
Hagard, wild, untamed.

- Haile, hayl*, to drag, haul.
Hale, health, welfare.
Halfendeale, half part.
Halfen-eye = half ordinary sight, i.e. one eye.
Hallidome, 'by my *halidom*' = by my faith as a Christian.
'Han (pl.), have.
Hand, 'out of *hand*' = at once; 'nigh *hand*' = near.
Handsell, price, reward.
Hansomly, neatly.
Hap, to happen, fortune, lot.
Happily, haply, by chance.
Happy, successful.
Harborough, harbrough, shelter.
Hard, heard.
Hardiment, hardihood, boldness.
Harnesse, rudeness.
Hardyhed, hardihood.
Harnesse, weapons.
Harrow, an exclamation of distress, a call for help.
Harten, to encourage, incite; *hartned*, encouraged.
Hartlesse, timid.
Haskie, a wicker basket for fish.
Haubergh, hauberk, hauberque, hawberk, a coat of mail.
Haught, high, august.
Hault, haughty.
Hauylt, embraced.
Haunten, to frequent.
Hareour, harour, deportment, behavior.
Hayle, to drag.
Hazardize, danger.
Hazardry, hazard, risk; gaming.
Headlesse-hood, heedlessehood, heedlessness.
Heame, home.
Heard, herd; a keeper of cattle. *Heard* = *groomes*, herdsman.
Heare, hair. *Hearie*, hairy.
Heast, hest, command, behest; name; office (of one who had taken vows).
Heben, ebony; of ebony wood.
Hedstall, that part of the bridle which is put on the horse's head.
Heedinesse, heedfulness.
Heedy, wary.
Heeling, heel.
Hefte, raised; threw.
Hell, to cover.
Helme, helmet.
Hem, them.
Hend, to seize, grasp.
Henge, hinge.
Hent, took, seized.
Her, their.
Herbars, herbs.
Herneshaw, heron.
Herry, hery, to praise, worship, honor.
Hersall, rehearsal.
Herse, ceremonial.
Hether, hither.
Hew, shape, form.
Hew, hacking.
Heydeguyes, dances.
Hide, hastened. See *Hye*.
Hidder (if not an error for *hider* = hither) = he-deer; animals of the male kind.
Hie, to hasten.
- Hight*, called, named; intrusted; directed; pronounce worthy, hence determine, choose; appointed; purports.
Hight, 'on *hight*' — aloud.
Hild, held.
Hippodames, sea-horses.
Hoary frost, hoarfrost.
Hole, whole.
Holpen (p.p.), helped.
Hond, hand.
Hong, hung.
Honycroock, pot of honey.
Hood, state, manner.
Hooved, hovered, abode.
Hopelesse, unexpected.
Hoie, hoary.
Horrid, rough.
Hospitage, hospitality.
Hospitale, a place of rest.
Hoste, to entertain, lodge.
Hostlesse, inhospitable.
Hostry, lodging.
Hot, hote, was called; mentioned.
Housling, sacramental.
Hove, rise, float; hover.
Howe, time; 'good *houre*' = good fortune.
Howes, devotional exercises.
Hoye, vessel, ship.
Hububs, shouts, din.
Hugger mugger, in secret, secretly.
Humblesse, humility, humbleness.
Hurlyburly, noise of battle.
Hurtle, to rush, dash, hurl, attack; brandish; crowd.
Hurtlesse, innocent.
Husband, farmer.
Hyacine, hyacinth.
Hye, to hasten; *on hye*, hastily.
Hylding, base, vile.
Hynde, a servant.
- Idle*, causeless.
Idole, image.
Ill-faste, having an ill-look. *Ill-hedded*, disturbed in the head.
Imbrast, embraced.
Immeasured, unmeasured.
Imp, child, scion, shoot.
Imp, to engraft, insert.
Impacable, unappeasable.
Imperceable, not able to be pierced.
Implove, entreaty.
Imply, to infold, entangle, envelop.
Importable, intolerable.
Importune, violent, savage; full of trouble; to threaten; to solicit.
Importunely, with importunity.
Impresse, to make an impression.
Improrided, unprovided, unlooked for.
In, inne, dwelling, lodging.
In, 'in . . . *lyte*' = fall upon.
Incontinent, forthwith, immediately.
Indec, to put on.
Indifferent, impartial. *Indifferently*, impartially.
Indignauce, indignation.
Indigne, unworthy.
Indignify, to treat with indignity.
Inferd, offered.
Infest, to make fierce or hostile, hostile.

- Influence*, the power of the stars.
Informed, formed imperfectly.
Infuse, infusion.
Ingate, entrance.
Ingoue, ingot.
Inholder, inhabitant.
Inly, inwardly; entirely.
Inquest, quest, adventure.
Inquire, to call.
Insolence, uncourteousness.
Insolent, rude.
Inspyre, to breathe.
Insu'th = ensu'th, follows.
Intend, to stretch out; to denote, name; direct one's course.
Intendment, intention; knowledge.
Intent, purpose.
Interesse, interest.
Interlace, to intermingle, interweave.
Intermedle, to intermix.
Intimate, to communicate.
Intreat, to prevail upon.
Intuse, contusion.
Invade, to come into.
Invent, to find out.
Invest, to put on.
Irkes, wearies.
Irkesome, tired, weary.
Irrenowned, inglorious.
- Jacob's staffe*, a pilgrim's staff.
Jade, a horse; a scolding woman.
Jarre, quarrel, variance.
Jasp, jasper.
Javel, a worthless wretch.
Jeopardie, jeopardy, danger.
Jesses, strips of leather tied round the legs of hawks, with which they are held upon the fist.
Jollie, jolly, handsome, pretty, lively.
Jolliment, jollitee, jollity, joyfulness, prettiness, liveliness.
Jollyhead, jollity.
Jott, speck, small piece.
Journall, diurnal.
Jovial, bright, sunny.
Joy, to rejoice, be glad, enjoy.
Joyauunce, joyfulness, merriment.
Joysauunce, jousauunce, joyousness.
Juncates, junkets.
- Kaies*, keys.
Kearn, *kearne*. See *Kern*.
Keepe, heed, care, charge; to take care, protect, 'heedie keepe' = watchful care; *keepinge*, guard.
Keight, caught.
Kemd, combed.
Ken, to know, try. *Kend*, *kent*, knew, perceived, known. *Kenst*, didst know.
Kern, an Irish foot-soldier.
Kerne, a farmer.
Kerve, to cut.
Kesar, emperor.
Kest, cast.
Kestrell-kynd, base nature.
Kind, nature; sex; occupation. *Kindly*, natural.
Kinred, kindred.
Kirtle, a coat fastened at the waist.
Knee, projection of rocks.
Knife, a sword, dagger.
- Kon*, know. *Kond*, knew.
Kydst, knewest.
Kyded, begotten.
- Lackey*, to follow as a servant.
Lad, led.
Lade, to load.
Laesie, lazy.
Laid, attacked.
Laire, plain.
Lumping, shining.
Lanck loynes, slender waist.
Langurous, languid.
Lap, *luppe*, to fold, entangle.
Larded, fattened.
Lare, pasture.
Large, bountiful.
Latched, seized, caught.
Lauce, balance.
Launch, to pierce.
Laver, a basin.
Lay, field, lea, plain.
Luy, cry.
Lay, to throw up.
Lay, law.
Layd, faint.
Laye, laity.
Laystall, a dunghill, a place for the deposit of filth.
Lazar, leper.
Lea, field.
Leach, a physician.
Leachcraft, medical skill.
Leake, leaky.
Leany, lean.
Leap, a basket.
Leare, lore, counsel. *Leares*, lessons.
Leasing, lying, falsehood.
Least, lest.
Leave, to raise.
Ledden, dialect, speech.
Lee, river.
Leese, to loose.
Lefte, lifted.
Legierdemain, sleight of hand.
Leke, leaky.
Leman, a lover.
Lend, to give, provide.
Lengd, longed.
Lenger, longer.
Lepped, did leap.
Lere, to learn; lore.
Lesinges, lies.
Lessoned, instructed.
Lest, to listen.
Let, to hinder; 'let be' = away with; hindrance.
Level, to direct one's course.
Levin, lightning. *Levin brond*, thunder-bolt.
Levd, ignorant, wicked, foolish. *Lewdly*, foolishly.
Lewdnesse, wickedness.
Libbard, leopard.
Lich, like.
Lief, *liefe*, dear, beloved; willing; 'liefe or sory' — willing or unwilling = *liefe* or *loth*: (comp.) *liefer*; (superl.) *liefest*, 'liefest liefe' = dearest loved one.
Liege, lord, master — one to whom faith has been pledged. *Liege-man*, a vassal, one who owes homage to a liege lord.

- Lifful*, living, full of life.
Lig, *liggen*, to lie.
Light, easy, ready; to lighten; befall.
Lightly, quickly.
Lignage, *lynage*, lineage.
Like, to please.
Like as, as if.
Likely, similar.
Likelynesse, likeness.
Lill, to put out the tongue.
Limbeck, retort.
Limhound, a bloodhound, limer.
Lin, to cease.
List, to desire, like; (impers.) please. *Listful*, attentive.
Lite, *lyte*, alight, befall.
Livelod, *livelood*, livelihood.
Lively, lifelike, living.
Livelyhed, *livelyhead*, livelihood; living original; motion of a living being.
Liverey, delivery.
Loathly, loathsome.
Loft, height.
Lome, clay, loam.
Lompish, dull, slow.
Long, to belong.
Loord, lout.
Loos, fame.
Loose, to solve.
Lope, leapt.
Lopp, branch.
Lore, learning, teaching, fashion; speech.
Love, *lor*, left, deserted; lost sight of.
Loring, learning.
Lorrel, *losell*, *lozell*, a loose, idle fellow.
Lose, to loosen.
Losen, to set loose. *Los'te* = loosed, dissolved.
Lot, fate; share.
Lothfull, unwilling, unpleasant, loathsome.
Loup, loop.
Lout, *lowt*, to bow, to do obeisance.
Lovely, loving; lovingly; *lovely*, of love.
Lover, an opening in the roof to let out the smoke.
Lug, a perch or rod of land.
Lumine, to illumine.
Luskishnesse, sluggishness.
Lust, pleasure, desire; to desire, please.
Luster, a glittering, sheen.
Lustlesse, feeble, listless.
Lusty, pleasant.
Lustihede, *lustyhed*, *lusty-head*, pleasure; pleasure (of youth).
Lymiter, a friar licensed to beg within a certain district.
Lynage, lineage.
Lyne, linen.
Lyte, to alight, light, befall.
Lythe, pliant.

Mace, sceptre.
Macerate, to tear.
Madding, foolish.
Mage, magician.
Magnes-stone, the magnet.
Muil, *mayl*, *male*, armor.
Maine, *mayne*, force; ocean. *Mainely*, *maynly*, strongly, violently.
Mainsheat, mainsail.
Maintenaunce, condition.
- Maisterdome*, *maistry*, mastery, superiority.
Maistring, superior, controlling.
Make, to write poetry.
Make, companion, mate.
Malefice, evil deed.
Malengin, ill intent, deceit, guile.
Malice (pret. *malist*), regarded with malice, bore ill-will to.
Maligne, to grudge.
Mall, club, mallet; to maul.
Mallalent, ill-will.
Mand, blocked up with men.
Manie, *many*, company, multitude.
Manner, kind of.
Mantle, to rest with outspread wings.
Mard, spoil, injured, dishonored.
Marge, margin, bank.
Margent, margin.
Marle, ground, soil.
Marishes, marshes.
Martelled, hammered.
Martyr, to afflict, torment.
Martyrize, to devote as a martyr.
Maske, to conceal one's self by means of a mask (as at a masquerade).
Masse, wealth; material.
Massy, massive.
Mate, to stupefy, confound, *amate*.
Matchlesse, not to be matched.
Maugre, *maulgre*, in spite of, a curse on! unwillingly.
Mavis, thrush.
Mayntenaunce, behavior.
Maysterdome, superiority.
Mazed, amazed, confounded.
Mazeful = *amazeful*, wonderful.
Mazer, a kind of hard wood (probably the maple); a bowl made of maple and richly ornamented.
Me, 'he cast me down.'
Mealth, melteth.
Mean, middle, moderate, moderation; means; 'by meanes,' because.
Meannesse, humble birth.
Meanly, moderately.
Meare, pure; boundary.
Mear'd, divided, shared.
Measure, moderation.
Medewart, meadow-wort.
Measured, sang.
Measurelesse, boundless.
Meddle, *medle*, to mix.
Meed, reward.
Meere, absolute, entire.
Meint, mingled.
Melampode, black hellebore.
Mell, to intermeddle.
Melling, meddling.
Memories, services for the dead.
Memorize, to commemorate.
Menage, to manage, guide (a horse); to wield (arms); management.
Mendes, amends.
Mene, means.
Ment, purposed, meant.
Ment, joined, united.
Merciable, merciful.
Mercie, *mercy*, thanks, favor; thank you.
Mercify, to pity.
Merinake, *meryment*, merry-making, sport.
Mery, pleasant, cheerful.

- Mesprise, mesprize*, contempt, insolence ; mis-
take.
Merc, to confine, secrete ; prison ; den.
Meynt, mingled, united.
Mickle, much, great.
Middest, midst ; midmost.
Miere, to move.
Mincing, affected.
Mind, to call to mind.
Mindlesse, unmindful.
Minime, a trifling song, but properly a musical
note.
Miniments, trifles, toys.
Mineon, a favorite.
Minisht, diminished.
Mirke, dark, 'to *mirke*' = very obscure.
Mirkesome, dark.
Mis, to sin, err.
Misavised, ill-advised, misinformed.
Misaymed, ill-aimed.
Miscall, to abuse.
Mischallenge, false challenge.
Misconceipt, mistake.
Miscounselled, ill-advised.
Miscreant, unbeliever.
Miscreated, ill-formed.
Miscreaunce, false faith, misbelief.
Misdeem, to deem amiss, misjudge. *Misdeem-
ing*, misleading. *Misdempt*, misjudged, mis-
weened.
Misdesert, crime.
Misdid, failed.
Misdiet, over-eating.
Mislight, ill-dressed.
Misdowne, to misdo.
Misdoubting, fearing sadly.
Miser, wretch.
Misfeign, to feign wrongfully.
Misfare, misfortune.
Misfaring, evil doing ; misfortune.
Misgone, gone astray.
Misgovernance, misrule.
Misquyde, trespass.
Mishappen, happen amiss.
Mishapt, misshaped.
Misleeke, mislike, to dislike.
Misregard, misconstruction.
Missay, to say to no purpose, uselessly ; abuse,
speak ill of.
Misseem, to be unseemly, to misbecome.
Misseeming, unseemly, wrong ; deceit.
Misshape, deformity.
Misshapen, deformed.
Mister, sort of, manner of.
Misthought, mistake.
Mistooke, suspected.
Mistrayne, to mislead.
Mistreth, signifies, matters.
Misusage, abuse.
Misweene, to think amiss.
Miswende, to go wrong.
Mizzle, to rain in little drops.
Mo, moe, more.
Mochell, much.
Mold, mole, spot.
Moldwarp, mole.
Molt, melted.
Mome, blockhead.
Moniment, mark, stamp ; record.
Monoceros, sea-unicorn (? sword-fish).
- Moorish, morish*, marshy.
Moralize, to cause to be moral.
More, root, plant.
Morion, helmet.
Morrow, morning.
Mortall, deadly.
Mortality, the estate of mortal man.
Most, greatest.
Mostchat, generally.
Mot, mote (pl. *moten*), may, must, might.
Mott, measured.
Mought, might.
Mould, to moulder ; shape, form.
Mountenance, space, distance.
Moves, insulting grimaces, *mouths*.
Moyity, half.
Moyle, to defile.
Muchell, much, great.
Muck, wealth.
Mucky, sordid, vile.
Mumming, masking.
Munifcence (*munifcence*), fortification, defence.
Mured, walled, enclosed.
Muse, to wonder ; wonderment.
Musicall, music.
Must, new wine.
Myndes, resolves.
Mysterie, profession, trade.

Namely, especially.
Napron, apron.
Narre, nearer.
Nas, has not.
Natife, natural.
Nathelesse, nathless, none the less, never the
less.
Nathemoe, nathemone, none the more, never
the more.
Ne, nor.
Neat, cattle.
Needments, necessities.
Nempt, named.
Nepheues, descendants, grandchildren.
Net, nett, pure, clean.
Nethelesse, nevertheless.
Newell, a new thing.
Nigardise, nigardliness, miserliness.
Nigh, to approach.
Nighly, nearly.
Nil, will not ; will or nill, willing or unwilling ;
'nilled,' unwilling.
Nimblisse, nimbleness.
Nip, to slander.
Nobilesse, noblesse, nobleness, nobility.
Nominate, to name, affirm.
Nones, nonce, occasion.
Noriture, norture, nurture, bringing up.
Norveyses, Norwegians.
Not, note, wot not, know not, knows not. (It
sometimes seems to stand for *ne mote* = could
not).
Nothing, not at all.
Notifye, to proclaim.
Nought, not, of no value.
Nould, would not.
Noule, the head, pate.
Nourice, nurse.
Nourisle, nousle, to nurse, foster, rear.
Nousling, nestling, burrowing.
Novell, news.

Noyance, noyaunce, annoyance.
Noyd, noyed, annoyed.
Noyes, noise.
Noyous, annoying, disagreeable, injurious.
Noysome, hurtful.
Nycely, carefully.
Nye, to draw near.
Nys, is not.

Oaker, ochre.
Obliquid, oblique.
Obsequy, funeral rite.
Oddes, advantage.
Of, off; upon; by; of all, above all.
Offal, that which falls off.
Offend, to harm, hurt.
Ofnew, recently.
Ofspring, origin.
On, one.
Onely, chief, especial.
Ope, open.
Opprest, taken captive.
Or, ere, before.
Ordain, to set (the battle) in order.
Order, to arrange; rank (of army).
Ordinaunce, arrangement; ordinance, artillery.
Oricalche, a kind of brass.
Origane, bastard marjoram.
Other, left.
Otherwhere, elsewhere.
Otherwhiles, sometimes.
Ought, owned; owed.
Outbarre, to arrest.
Outgo, to surpass.
Outhyred, let out for hire.
Outlaunched, outlaunched.
Out-learn, to learn from.
Outrage, violence, outburst.
Outstrained, outstretched.
Outweave, wear out; pass, spend.
Outwell, to gush or well out; (pret.) outwelled.
Outwent, surpassed.
Outwin, to get out.
Outwind (= outwin), to get out.
Outcrest, wrest out, discover.
Outcrought, completed, passed.
Overall, everywhere; all over.
Overbore, overthrew.
Overcame, overspread.
Overcaught, overtook.
Overerare, to crow over, insult.
Overdight, decked over, covered over, over-spread.
Overgo, to overpower, surpass.
Overgive, to give over.
Overgrast, grown over with grass.
Overhaile, to draw over.
Overhent, overtook; overtaken.
Overkest, overcast.
Overlade, to overwhelm.
Overplast, overhanging.
Over-raught, overtook.
Over-red, read over.
Overpasse, pass over, alleviate.
Overren, to over-run, oppress.
Oversee, to overlook.
Over-sight, escape (through having overlooked a danger).
Over-swim, to swim over.
Overbore, overthrew.

Overthwart, opposite.
Overture, an open place.
Overcent, overcome.
Owe, to own. See Ought.
Owch, a socket of gold to hold precious stones, a jewel.
Owre, ore.
Owzell, blackbird.
Oystrige, ostrich.

Pace, pase, step, pass, passage.
Packe, to pack off; a burden.
Paddock, toad.
Paine, payne, labor, pains; punishment; 'did him paine' = took pains, exerted himself.
Paire, to impair.
Paled, 'pinckt upon gold, and paled part per part,' = 'adorned with golden points or eyelets, and regularly intersected with stripes. In heraldry a shield is said to be parted per pale when it is longitudinally divided by a pale or broad bar.'
Paled, fenced off.
Pall, to subdue, moderate.
Pall, a cloak of rich material.
Panachœa, panacea.
Pannikell, skull, crown.
Paragon, paragone, companion, equal; rivalry.
Paramour, a lover.
Paravaunt, first, beforehand; in front.
Parbreake, vomit.
Pardale, panther.
Parentage, parent.
Parget, plaster.
Part, party; depart.
Partake, to share.
Parture, departure.
Pas, passe (passing, surpassing), to surpass, exceed.
Passion, suffering. Passioned, affected with feeling, be grieved. Passionate, to express feelingly.
Patchocke, clown.
Patronage, defence. Patronesse, a female defender.
Pauce, pawnce, pansy.
Pavone, peacock.
Payne, to take pains, exert.
Payse, to poise, balance.
Pealing, appealing.
Peare, pere, equal.
Peasant knight, base knight.
Peaze, blow.
Peece, fabric, fortified place, as a castle, ship, &c.
Pæced, imperfect.
Peere-tree, pear tree.
Peinct, to paint.
Peise, peize, to poise, weigh.
Pen, to confine, restrain.
Pendants, ornaments (of wood or stone) hanging down from a Gothic roof.
Penne, feather.
Penurie, want of food.
Percen, to pierce.
Perdu, perdy, pardieu, truly.
Peregall, equal.
Perforce, of necessity.
Perke, pert, brisk.
Perlous, perilous.

Persant, persault, piercing.
Perseline, parsley.
Persant, piercing.
Personage, personal appearance.
Persue, a track.
Pert, open, plain.
Perveyaunce, provision. See *Purveyaunce*.
Petronell, a kind of blunderbuss.
Pesaunt, a peasant.
Phere = *ferè*, companion.
Physnomy, countenance.
Pictural, a picture.
Pight, fixed, placed, fastened.
Pill, to spoil, plunder.
Pine, pyne, sorrow, grief; to waste away through torment; 'pined ghost,' a spirit wasted away (through torment); *done to pine*, caused to die.
Pinnoed, pinioned.
Piteous, compassionate, tender-hearted.
Place, 'of place,' of rank.
Plaine, playne, to complain.
Plaintife, plaintive.
Platane, plane tree.
Pleasaunce, pleasauns, pleasure, delight; objects affording pleasure.
Pled, pleaded.
Plesh, a shallow pool, plash.
Plight (p. p. *plight*), weave, plait, fold; a plait, fold; condition.
Ply, to move.
Poise, poyse, weight, force.
Point, poynt, to appoint; a whit, 'to poynt' = exactly.
Poke, a pouch.
Poll, to plunder.
Pollicie, statecraft.
Porespisees, porpoises.
Port, portance, portauunce, demeanor, bearing.
Portesse, breviary.
Possesse, to accomplish.
Potshaves = *potshards*, fragments of broken vessels.
Pouke, a goblin called Puck or Robin Goodfellow.
Pouldred, powdered, spotted; reduced to powder.
Pounce, claws, talons.
Pound, weight, balance, 'new in pound' = anew in the balance.
Pourtrahed, drawn.
Pourtraict, pourtraiture, portrait, image.
Pousse, pease.
Poynant, piercing, sharp.
Poyse, weight, force.
Practic, practicke, treacherous, deceitful; skillful.
Prancke, to trim, deck, adorn, adjust; a malicious trick.
Praunce, to prance.
Pray, to be the prey of; to make a prey of.
Preace, prease, to press; a press, crowd.
Preene, to prove.
Prefard, preferred.
Prefix, fixed beforehand.
Prejudize, foresight.
Prepense, to consider.
Presage, to tell or point out, foresee.
Presence, reception-room.
President, precedent.
Prest ready, prepared.

Pretend, to attempt; to stretch out (or over), offer.
Prevent, anticipate.
Price, to pay the price of, atone for; value.
Prick, to ride hard, to spur on quickly; point, centre of target.
Prickett, a buck.
Prief, priefe, proof, trial, experiment.
Prievè, to prove.
Prime, pryne, spring time; morning.
Primitias, first fruits.
Primrose, chief rose.
Principle, beginning.
Prise, adventure.
Prive, privy, secret. *Privitee, privitie*, private life; intimate relation.
Procure, to arrange, entreat.
Prodigious, ominous.
Professe, to present the appearance of.
Prone, proyne, to prune or trim the feathers.
Project, to throw forward.
Prolling, prowling.
Prolong, to postpone.
Prone, subjected.
Proper, own, peculiar; *proper good*, own property.
Protense, a stretching out.
Prove, to experience, try, feel.
Provokement, a provoking.
Prow, brave; (superl.) *Prowest. Prowes*, prowess.
Prune. See *Proine*.
Pryse, to pay for. See *Price*.
Puddle, a small stream.
Puissant, powerful.
Pumie, pumy stones, pumice stones.
Purchase, to obtain, to get, win (honestly or otherwise).
Purchas, purchase, property, booty, robbery.
Purpled, embroidered on the edge.
Purport, disguise.
Purpose, purpose, conversation, discourse; 'to purpose,' to the purpose; to speak as 'purpose diversly' = to speak of various things.
Pursuivant, a pursuer.
Purray, to provide.
Purveyaunce, provision, management; function.
Puttocke, a kite.
Pyne, pain (of hunger); torment.
Pyoning, diggings, work of pioneers.
Quaile, to cast down, defeat, conquer; perish.
Quaint, nice, fastidious.
Qualify, to ease, soothe.
Quarle, quarrel, a square-headed arrow.
Quarrie, quarry, prey, game.
Quart, quarter.
Quayd, quailed, quelled, subdued.
Queane, a worthless woman.
Queint, quaint; 'queint elect,' oddly chosen.
Queint, quenched.
Quell, to kill, to subdue; to perish; to abate; to disconcert, frighten.
Queme, to please.
Quest, expedition, pursuit.
Quick, quince, to stir, move.
Quick, alive; 'some quicke' = something alive.
Quietage, quietness.
Quight, to set free; to requite.
Quilted, padded.

- Quip*, a jeer, taunt; to sneer at, taunt.
Quire, company.
Quirk, a quip.
Quit, *quite*, *quyte*, to set free, to requite, repay; to return (a salute); freed, removed; 'quite clame,' to release.
Quooke, quaked.
- Rablement*, a rabble, troop.
Race, to raze; to cut; *raced*, erased.
Rad, rode.
Rad, perceived. See *Read*.
Raft, bereft.
Ragged, rugged.
Ruile, *rayle*, to flow, pour down.
Rain, *rayne*, to reign; kingdom.
Rakehell, loose, worthless.
Ramp, tear, attack; leap.
Runcck, fiercely; vigorous growing.
Randon, random.
Ranckorous, sharp.
Ranke, fiercely.
Rape, rapine.
Rascal, *raskall*, low, base, worthless.
Rase (pret. *rast*), to erase.
Rash, to tear violently, hack. *Rashly*, hastily, suddenly. *Rash*, quick.
Rate, to scold.
Rate, allowance; order, state.
Rath, early, soon. *Rather*, early-born.
Rath, mound.
Raught, reached, extended, took.
Raunch, to wrench.
Ravin, *ravine*, plunder, prey.
Ravishment, ecstasy.
Ray, to defile, soil.
Ray, array.
Rayle, to flow. See *Ruile*.
Rayle, abuse.
Rayne, kingdom.
Rayons, rays, beams.
Read, *reed*, advice; motto; proverb; prophecy.
Read, *reed* (pret. *rad*, *red*), to know, declare, explain or advise, discover, perceive, suppose; regard.
Readifye, to rebuild.
Reallie, to reform.
Reames, realms.
Reave, to raise, take up or away, steal; excite; to rouse.
Reason, proportion.
Reave (pret. *refl*, *raft*), to bereave, take away (forcibly).
Rebuke, conduct deserving of reproof, rudeness.
Rebutte, to cause to recoil.
Rechlesse, reckless.
Reclayme, to call back.
Recorde, to remember, to call to mind.
Recoure, *recover*, *recure*, to recover.
Recourse, to recur, return; 'had recourse' = did recur; return.
Recoulye, to retire, retreat.
Recuile, *recule*, to recoil.
Red, *redd*, declared, described, perceived, saw. See *Read*.
Redisbourse, to repay.
Redoubted, doughty.
Redound, to overflow, flow, be redundant.
Redress, to reunite, remake; to rest.
Reed, to deem. *Reede*, *read*, to advise.
- Reek*, to smoke.
Reele, to roll.
Refection, refreshment.
Reft, bereft, taken violently away. See *Reave*.
Regalitie, rights of royalty.
Regarde, a subject demanding consideration or attention; value.
Regiment, government, command.
Reke, to care, reck.
Relate, to bring back.
Release, to break loose from; to give up.
Relent, to give way, to slacken, relax, soften.
Relide, to ally, join.
Relive, to recover, revive, live again.
Remeasure, to retrace.
Remedillesse, without hope of rescue.
Remercy, to thank.
Remorse, pity.
Rencounter, to encounter, meet in battle.
Renfierced (*venfierst*), made more fierce or = *renforst* = reinforced.
Renforst, reinforced, enforced, made fresh effort.
Renne, to run.
Reverse, to reverse, overturn.
Repent, repentance; to grieve.
Repining, a falling (of courage).
Replevie, a law term signifying to take possession of goods claimed, giving security at the same time to submit the question of property to a legal tribunal within a given time.
Report, to carry off.
Reproof, reproof, shame.
Reprive, to deprive of, take away.
Reprive, reprove.
Reprize, to retake.
Requere, to require, demand.
Request, demand.
Requit, requited, returned.
Re seize, to reinstate, to be repossessed of.
Resemble, to compare.
Resemblance, look, regard.
Resiant, resident.
Respect, care, caution.
Respondence, correspondence, reply (in music).
Respyre, to breathe again.
Restlesse, resistless.
Restore, restitution.
Resty, restive.
Retourn, to turn (the eyes) back.
Retraite, picture, portrait.
Retrate, a retreat.
Retyre, retirement.
Revel, a feast.
Revengement, revenge.
Reverse, to return, to cause to return.
Revest, to reclothe.
Revilment, a reviling, abuse.
Revoke, to recall, withdraw.
Revolt, to roll back.
Rew, *rué*, to pity, to be sorry for, to lament over, repent.
Rew, row; 'in *rew*,' in order.
Ribauld, *rybauld*, a loose, impure person, ribald.
Richesse, riches.
Ridling, skill, skill in explaining riddles.
Rife, *ryfe*, abundant, abundantly, much, frequent. *Rifelye*, abundantly.
Rift, split, broken; gap, fissure, fragment.
Rigor, force. *Rigorous*, violent.

- Rine*, rind.
Ring, to encircle.
Riotise, *riotize*, riot, extravagance.
Rivage, bank.
Rire, to split, tear.
Rize, to come to.
Rocke, distaff.
Rode, raid, incursion.
Rode, roadstead, anchorage for ships.
Rong, rang.
Rontes, young bullocks.
Rood, a cross, crucifix.
Rosiere, a rose tree.
Rosmarine, a sea-monster that was supposed to feed on the dew on the tops of the sea rocks; rosemary.
Rote, a lyre, harp.
Roules, rolls, records.
Roundel, a roundelay, a kind of song.
Rout, crowd, troop.
Rove, to shoot (with a sort of arrow called a rover).
Rowel, the ring of a bit—any small movable ring.
Rowne, place, space.
Rownded, whispered.
Rowndell, a round bubble (of foam).
Rowze, *rouze*, to shake up.
Royne, to mutter.
Rubin, *Rubine*, the ruby.
Ruddock, redbreast.
Rue, to grieve.
Ruffed, ruffled. *Ruffin*, disordered. *Ruffing*, ruffling.
Ruinat, to ruin; ruined.
Ruing, pitying.
Rulesse, lawless.
Ruth, pity. *Ruthfull*, piteous.
Rutty, rooty.
Ryfe, frequent, common.
Ryve, to pierce.

Sacrament, oath of purgation taken by an accused party.
Siered, accursed.
Sad, firm, heavy, grave.
Saine, *sayne*, to say (pl. say).
Sake, cause.
Sale, a wicker net (made of sallows or willows).
Salaw, to salute.
Saliaunce, onslaught.
Salied, leapt, sallied.
Sal'ows, willows.
Salvage, savage, wild.
Salue, to salute.
Salve, to heal, save, remedy.
Salving, salvation, restoration.
Sam, together.
Samite, silk stuff.
Sample, example.
Sanguine, blood-color.
Sardonian, sardonic.
Saufgard, guard, defence. *Savegard*, to protect.
Saulge, sage.
Saw, word, saying, proverb, sentence.
Say, a thin stuff (for cloaks).
Say, assay, proof.
Scald, scabby.
Scand, climbed.

Scarabee, a beetle.
Scarmoges, skirmishes.
Scath, hurt, harm, damage, ruin.
Scatter, to let drop.
Scatterling, a vagrant.
Scerne, to discern.
Schuchin, *scutchin*, escutcheon, shield, device on a shield.
Scolopendra, a fish resembling a centipede.
Scope, aim; dimension; 'aymed scope,' a mark aimed at.
Scorse, to exchange.
Scorse, to chase.
Scould, scowled.
Scriene, *scrine*, *seryne*, *skreene*, a cabinet for papers, a writing desk; entrance of a hall.
Srike, shriek.
Scruze, to squeeze, crush.
Scryde, descried.
Sdeigne, to disdain.
Sea-shouldring, having shoulders that displace the sea.
Sear, to burn; burning.
Sease, to fasten on, seize.
See, seat.
Seelde, seldom, rare.
Seely, simple, innocent.
Seem, 'nought seemeth' = it is not *seemly*.
Seeming, apparently.
Seemlesse, unseemly.
Seemly, in a seemly manner; comely; apparent.
Seemlyhed, a seemly appearance.
Seene, skilled, experienced.
Seew, to pursue.
Seised, taken possession of.
Seisin, possession.
Selcouth, seldom known, rare, strange.
Sell, seat, saddle.
Semblaunce, *semblaunt*, *semblant*, likeness, appearance, phantom; cheer, entertainment.
Sence, feeling.
Seneschall, governor, steward.
Sens, since.
Sensefull, sensible.
Sent, scent, perception.
Sere, sear.
Serre, to bring to bear upon.
Set by, to esteem.
Severall, diverse.
Sew, to follow; to solicit.
Seyne, to say. See *Sayne*.
Shade, to shadow, represent.
Shallop, sloop.
Shame, to feel shame, to be ashamed.
Shamefast, modest.
Shamefastnesse, modesty.
Shard, division, boundary; cut.
Share, portion, piece; to cut.
Shayres, shires.
Sheare, to cut, divide.
Sheare, *shere*, bright, clear.
Sheares, wings.
Shed, to spill life blood, to kill.
Sheene, *shene*, bright, shining, clear.
Shend (pret. *shent*), to disgrace, defile, abuse, reproach, shame.
Shere, to cleave, divide.
Shere, bright, clear.
Shew, mark, track.

- Shidder* (generally explained as *she*), but if not a corruption of *thider* (thither) must mean *she-deer*, she animals.
Shield, 'God shield,' God forbid.
Shine, *shyne*, a bright light; bright.
Shiver, to quiver.
Shote, shallow.
Shonue, to shun.
Shope, shaped, framed.
Shot, advanced (in years).
Shriche-owle, shriek owl.
Shrieck, shriek.
Shrieve, to question (shrive).
Shrifts, confessions.
Shright, a shriek; to shriek.
Shrike, shriek.
Shrill, to give out a ringing, shrill sound; a shrill sound.
Shrilling, shrill.
Shriving, confession.
Shrowde, to take shelter.
Sib, *sibbe*, akin, related.
Sich, such.
Sicker, sure.
Sickernesse, security, safety.
Siege, seat.
Sield, cieled.
Sient, scion.
Sight, sighed.
Sign, watchword; representation, picture.
Sike, such.
Silly, simple, innocent.
Simplesse, simplicity.
Sin, since.
Singults, sighs.
Sinke, hoard, deposit.
Sited, placed, situated.
Sith, *sithe*, *sythe*, time, since.
Sithens, since, since that time.
Sithes, times.
Sits, is becoming.
Skean, a dagger.
Skill, to signify, to be a matter of importance.
Skippet, a little boat.
Slacke, slow.
Slake, to slack.
Slaver, slobber.
Slight, sleight, device, trick.
Slipper, slippery.
Slombry, sleepy.
Slug, to live idle.
Sly, subtle, clever.
Smirke, neat, trim.
Smit, smote; smitten.
Smot, smote; smitten.
Smouldry, *smouldring*, suffocating.
Snag, a knot.
Snaggy, knotted, covered with knots.
Snags, knots.
Snaky-wreathed = (?) *snake-ywreathed*, snake-entwined.
Snar, to snarl.
Snarled, twisted.
Snebbe, to reprove, snub.
Snib, to reprove.
Snub, knob (of a club).
Sovare-falcon, a falcon of the first year.
Sold, pay, remuneration.
Solein, sad.
Solemnize, a solemn rite.
- Somedele*, somewhat.
Song, sang.
Sunned, *sunned*, exposed to the sun.
Sonneshine, sunshiny.
Soote, sweetly.
Sooth, true, truth; truly.
Soothie, augury.
Soothly, *soothlich*, truly, indeed.
Soothsay, prediction, omen.
Sops in wine, a kind of flower like a carnation.
Sort, company.
Sort, 'in sort,' inasmuch as.
Souce, *souse*, *sowse*, to swoop on, as a bird does upon his prey, strike, attack; the swoop (of a hawk); blow.
Sowse, to immerse.
Southsay, soothsay. *Southsayer*, soothsayer.
Sorenuance, remembrance.
Sownd, to wield. *Sownd* = *swound*, swoon.
Sowne, a sound.
Sowst, struck.
Soyle, prey.
Space, to walk, roam.
Spalles, the shoulders.
Spangs, spangles.
Sparckle forth, to cause to sparkle.
Spare, sparing, niggardliness; to save.
Sparke (? an error for *sparthe*), a battle-axe.
Sparre, bolt, bar.
Speculation, sight.
Speed, 'evil speed,' misfortune.
Spell, charm.
Sperre, to bolt, shut.
Sperse, to disperse, scatter.
Spies, *spyes*, keen glances, eyes.
Spight, displeasure, grudge.
Spill, to ravage, destroy.
Spill, pieced, inlaid.
Spired forth, produced.
Spoil, to ravage, carry off.
Spunned, flowed out quickly.
Spot, to blame.
Spoused, espoused, betrothed.
Sprad, spread.
Spray, branch.
Spred, *spredden*, to spread over, to cover.
Sprent, sprinkled.
Spright, spirit.
Spring, a springal, youth.
Springal, a youth, stripling.
Spring-headed, having heads that spring afresh.
Sprong, sprang.
Spurne, to spur.
Spyall, spy.
Spyre, to shoot forth.
Squib, a paltry trifling fellow.
Squire, a square, a rule, a carpenter's measure.
Stadle, a staff, prop.
Staine, to disparage.
Stale, decoy, bait.
Stalk, a stride.
Stal'd, stolen, taken.
Stunck, weary.
Stare, to shine.
Stared, 'up stared,' stood up stiffly.
Stark, strong, stiff.
Star-read, knowledge of the stars.
Startuppe, a wooden shoe. (*Glosse*.)
State, stately.
Stay, to hold, hold up, support.

- stayd*, caused to stay.
Stayed, constant.
Stayne, to dim, deface.
Stayre, a step.
Stead, *sted*, *stedd*, station, place, situation.
Stead, to help, avail, bestead.
Steale, stale, handle.
Steane, a stone (vessel).
Steare, a steer.
Sted, place, condition; *stead*, horse. See *Stead*.
Steady, steady.
Steely = *steelen*, of steel.
Steemed, esteemed.
Steep, to bathe, stain.
Stelths, thefts.
Steme, to exhale.
Stemme, to rush against.
Stent, to cease, stop.
Sterve, to die; to starve.
Steven, voice, cry.
Stew, a hot steaming place.
Stie, to ascend.
Still, to drop, flow, trickle.
Stint, to stop, cease; a stop, limit.
Stir, *styre*, to stir, move, incite, provoke; to direct, steer.
Stole, a long robe.
Stomachous, angry.
Stomacke, temper.
Stond, attach.
Stonied, astonished, alarmed.
Stound, *stownd*, *stoud*, a moment of time; (a time of) trouble, peril, alarm, assault; effort; a stunning influence, a blow, amazement; stunned.
Stound, astonishment, amazement.
Stoup, to swoop.
Stout, stubborn, bold.
Stoure, *stoure*, tumult, disturbance, battle, passion, fit; paroxysm; danger, peril.
Straine, race, lineage.
Straine, *strayne*, to stretch out.
Straint, grasp, strain.
Strake, strook; a streak.
Strauunge, foreign, borrowed.
Strayne, to wield; to embody in strains.
Strayt, a street.
Streight, narrow, strait, strict; close.
Streightly, straitly, closely.
Streightnesse, straitness.
Strene, strain, race.
Stresse, distress.
Strich, the screech-owl.
Strif-ful, *stryfull*, contentious.
Stroken, struck.
Strond, strand.
Strong, strung.
Strow, to spread out, display.
Stub, stock of a tree.
Stud, *stудde*, trunk, stock; shrub, bush.
Sty, to ascend, mount.
Subject, lying beneath.
Submisse, submissive.
Subtile, fine-spun.
Subverst, subverted.
Succeed, to approach.
Success, succession.
Sue, solicit. See *Sew*.
Sufferaunce, patience, endurance.
Suffisaunce, abundance.
- Suffised*, satisfied.
Sugred, sweet.
Supple, to make supple.
Suppress, to overcome, keep down.
Surbate, to batter.
Surbet, bruised, wearied.
Surcease, to leave off, utterly to cease.
Surcharge, to attack with renewed vigor.
Surcharged, heavily laden.
Surplusage, excess.
Surprise, to seize suddenly.
Surmount, to surpass.
Surquedry, pride, insolence, presumption.
Survieu, *surveu*, to overlook, survey.
Suspect, suspicion.
Swain, *swayn*, a laborer, youth, person.
Swart, black.
Swarve, to swerve, retreat.
Swat, did sweat.
Sway, to swing, brandish, wield (arms); force; a rapid motion.
Sweard, sword.
Sweath-bands, swaddling-bands.
Swelt, fainted, swooned; burnt; (? swelled).
Swinck, labor, toll.
Swinge, to singe.
Swote, sweetly. See *Soot*.
Swound, swoon.
Sybbe, akin, related.
Syker, truly.
Syrlye, truly.
- Table*, a picture.
Tabrere, one playing on a tabor.
Tackle (pl. *tackles*), rigging.
Tadvaunce, to advance.
Taking, sickness.
Talaunts, talons.
Tamburins, small drums.
Tane, taken.
Tapets, tapestry, figured work.
Tare, tore.
Targe, target.
Tarras, terrace.
Tussal gent, the tiersel, or male gosshawk.
Tasswage, to assuage.
Tawdrice lace, a lace (girdle) bought at the fair of *St. Audrey* or *St. Ethelred*.
Teade, a torch.
Teene (*tene*), grief, sorrow, pain; affliction. See *Tine*.
Teene (? *leene*, lend, give), to bestow.
Tell, to count. *Teld*, told.
Temed, yoked in a team.
Temeweise, like a team.
Temper, to govern, control.
Tempring, controlling, governing.
Tend, to wait on.
Tender, to tend, attend to.
Terebinth, the turpentine tree.
Termelesse, unlimited.
Thee, to prosper, thrive.
Theeveryes, thefts.
Thelement, the elements.
Thelf, the elf.
Then, than.
Thereto, besides.
Thetch, thatch.
Thether, thither.
Thewed, behaved, mannered.

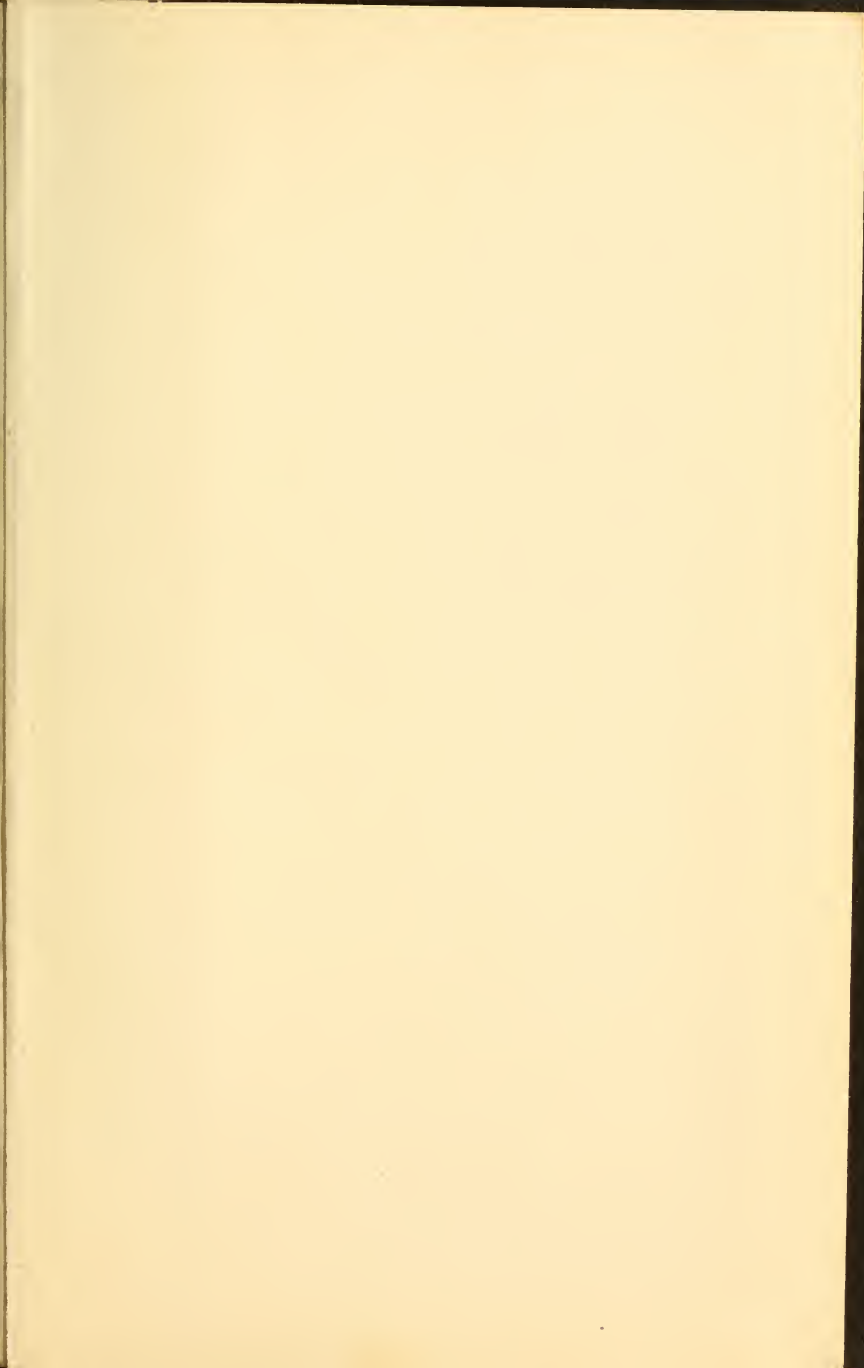
Thewes, qualities, manners.
Thick, a thicket.
Thilk, thilke, that same, this.
Tho, thoe, then. *Tho*, the, pl. those.
Thone, the one, the first.
Thorough, through.
Thoroughly, thoroughly.
Thother, that other, the other.
Thous = *thou es*, thou art.
Thrall, to take captive, enslave; bring into subjection, constrain; a slave; enslaved.
Threat, to threaten. *Threatfull*, threatening.
Thresher, a flail.
Threttie, thirty.
Thrid, a thread.
Thrill, to pierce. *Thrillant*, piercing.
Thrist, to thirst; thirst.
Thristy, thirsty.
Throw, time, while.
Throu, throe, pang; thrust, attack.
Thrust, to thirst; thirst.
Thwart, athwart.
Tickle, uncertain, insecure.
Tide, tyde, time, season, opportunity.
Tight, tied.
Timbered, massive (like timbers).
Timelesse, untimely.
Timely, seasonable, beautiful.
Tinct, colored.
Tine, affliction.
Tine, to light, kindle, inflame.
Tine or teen, sorrow, grief, pain.
Tire, rank, train.
Tire, tyre, attire, dress.
Titmose, hedge-sparrow.
To = for (as in *to frend*).
Todde, a thick bush.
Tofore, before.
Too, very.
Toole, weapon.
Tooting, looking about.
Top, head.
Toren heare, torn hair.
To-rent, rent asunder.
Tort, wrong, injury.
Tortious, injurious, wrongful.
Tossen, to brandish, toss.
Tottie, totty, tottering, unsteady.
To-torne, torn to pieces.
Tourney, to tilt, joust.
Touze, to tease, worry.
Toward, favorable; approaching, near at hand.
To-worne, worn out.
Toy, pastime, sport; to play.
Toyle, net.
Trace, to walk, track, tract.
Tract, trace; to trace.
Trade, footstep, tread; occupation; conduct.
Traduction, transfer.
Traine, trayne, to drag along, trail, to allure; wile, deceit, snare, trap; track; assembly.
Tramell, a net for the hair, tresses.
Transfard, transformed.
Transmere, to transmute, transform.
Transmore, to transpose.
Trap, to adorn (with trappings).
Traveled, toled.
Travell, toil.
Trayled, interwoven, adorned.
Treachour, wrechedour, a traitor.

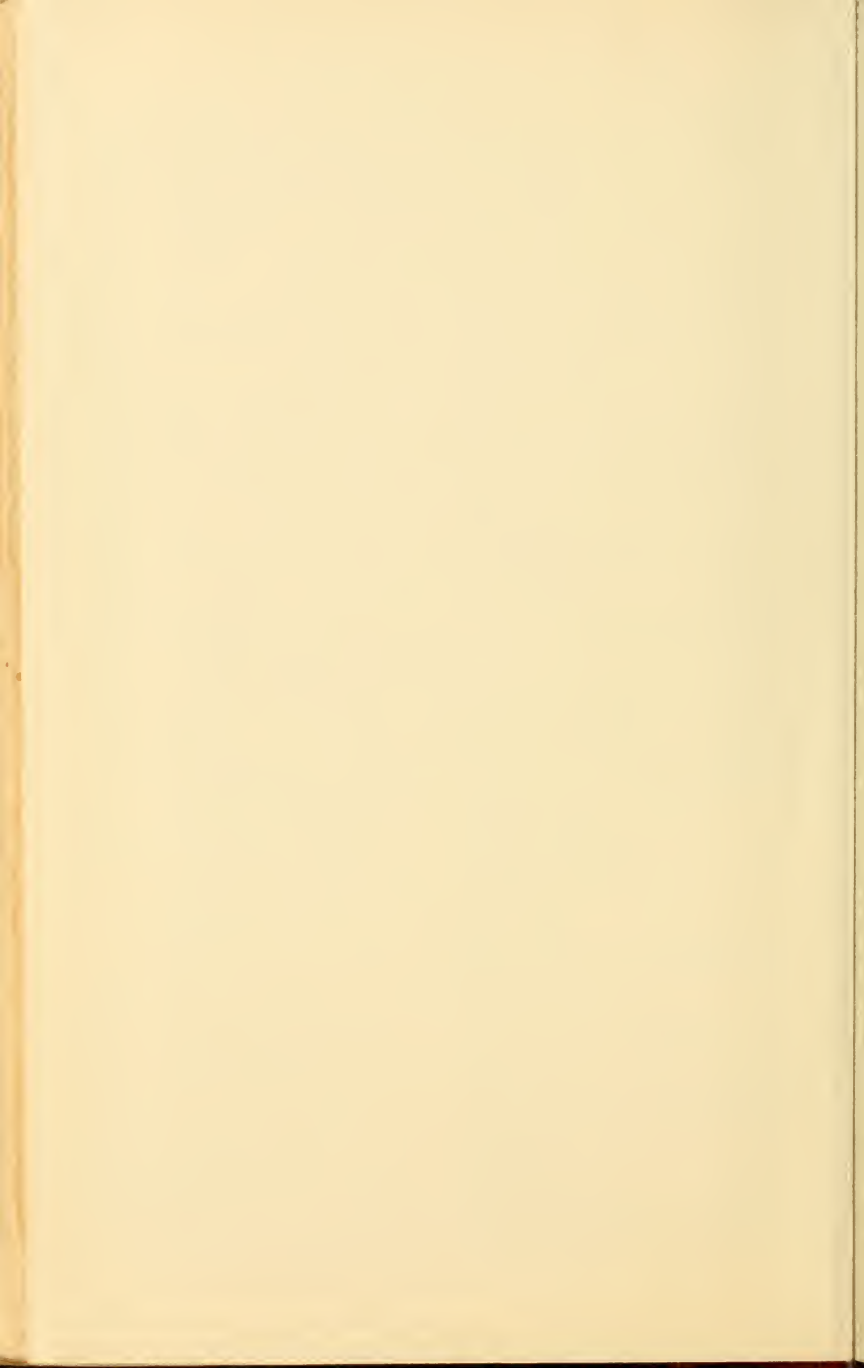
Treague, truce.
Treat, to discourse, hold parley with.
Treen, of trees.
Trenchand, trenchant, cutting.
Trentals, services of 80 masses, which were usually celebrated upon as many different days, for the dead.
Trie, to experience; prove, a *daw trie* = prove a jackdaw or fool.
Trild, flowed.
Trim, neat, well-formed; pleasing.
Trinall, threefold.
Triplicity, quality of being threefold.
Troad, trode, path, footstep.
Troncheon, a headless spear.
Troth, truth.
Troublous, restless.
Trou, to believe.
Truncked, truncated, having the head cut off.
Trusse, to pack up; carry off; a bundle.
Tryde, proved, essayed.
Trye, tried, purified.
Turmoild, troubled.
Turney, an encounter.
Turribant, turban.
Tway, twain, two.
Twight, to twit.
Twyfold, twofold.
Tynde, kindled.
Tyne, grief, pain. See *Tine*, *Teen*.
Tyne, to come to grief, to perish.
Tyranne, a tyrant.
Tyrannesse, a female tyrant.
Tyranning, acting like a tyrant.
Tyre, to dress, attire.
Tyreling, ? weary.
Ugly, horrible.
Umbriere, the visor of a helmet.
Unacquainted, unusual, strange.
Unbid, without a prayer.
Unblest, unwounded.
Unbrace, to unfasten.
Uncivile, wild, uncivilized.
Uncouth, unusual, strange.
Uncruded, uncrudled.
Undefide, unchallenged.
Underfong, to surprise, circumvent.
Underhand, secretly.
Underlay, to diminish.
Undersay, to affirm in contradiction to any one.
Undersong, burden (of a song).
Understand, to learn the cause of (or perhaps to take in hand for purpose of arbitration).
Undertake, to perceive, hear.
Undertime, time of the mid-day meal.
Undight, to undress, take off ornaments, unloose.
Uneasy, disturbed.
Uneath, unneath, unneathes, uneth, scarcely, with difficulty, uneasily.
Unespyde, unseen.
Unfilde, unpolished.
Ungente, uncourteous.
Ungentleness, base conduct.
Unguilty, not conscious of guilt.
Unhable, incapable.
Unhappy pain, unsuccessful labors (because there was no way to reap the benefit of their pains).
Unhappy, unfortunate.

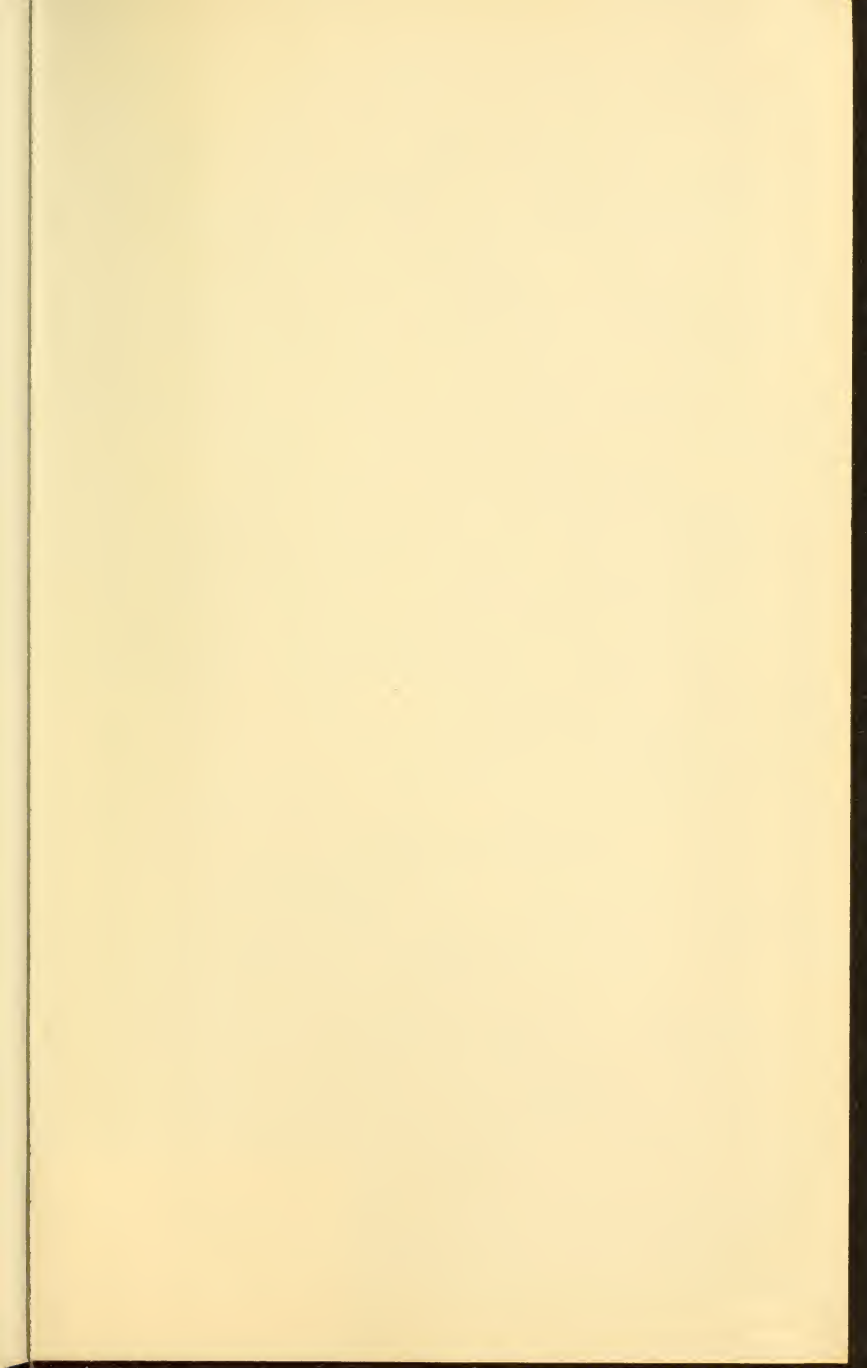
- Unhastie*, slow.
Unheate, *unhele*, to expose, uncover.
Unheedy, unwary. *Unheedily*, unheedingly.
Unherst, 'took from the herse or temporary monument where the knights' arms were hung.'
Unkempt, uncombed, rude.
Unkencd, *unkent*, unknown.
Unkind, unnatural.
Unkindly, unnatural.
Unlast, unlaced.
Unlich, unlike.
Unlike, not likely.
Unmannurd, not cultivated.
Unmard, uninjured.
Unmeet, unfit.
Unmethes, scarcely.
Unnoble, ignoble.
Unpurvaide of, unprovided with.
Unred, untold.
Unredrest, without redress, unrescued.
Unreproved, blameless.
Unrestfulnessse, uneasiness.
Unshed, unparted.
Unscote, unsweet.
Unspidie, unseen.
Unstayd, unsteady.
Unthrifty, wicked.
Unthriftyhead, unthrift.
Untill, unto.
Untimely, unfortunately.
Untrust, unbound.
Unvalued, invaluable.
Unwary, unwary, unexpected.
Unware, *unwares*, unawares, unexpectedly; unknown.
Unweeting, not knowing, unconscious.
Unweldy, unwieldy.
Unwist, unknown.
Unwont, unaccustomed.
Unworthy, undeserved.
Unwreaked, unrevenged.
Upbraide, *upbraiding*, reproach, abuse.
Upbrast, burst open.
Upbray, to upbraid; an upraiding.
Uphild, upheld.
Up hooded, uphoarded.
Uppeare, to raise up.
Upryst, uprisen.
Upstare, to stand up erect.
Upstart, start up.
Upstay, to support.
Uptyde, tied up.
Upwound, knotted.
Urchin, hedgehog.
Usage, behavior.
Usaunce, usage.
Use, to practise; habits.
Utmost, ntermost, outmost, last.
Utter, to put out or forth; outer.

Vade, to go; to vanish.
Vaile, to lay down.
Vaine, frail.
Vaine, the poetic vein.
Vainesse, vanity.
Valer, *value*, valor, courage.
Valiunnee, valor.
Variable, various.
Vauncing, advancing.
Vaunt, to display,
- Vauntage*, advantage, opportunity.
Vault, a vault.
Vaute, to leap.
Vaulted, vaulted.
Vault, a vault.
Veile, a veil.
Vellanage, *villinage*, slavery.
Vellet, velvet.
Venary, hunting.
Vengeable, revengeful, deserving of revenge.
Vengement, revenge.
Venger, avenger.
Ventayle, the place of the helmet.
Vented, lifted up the visor.
Venteth, snuffeth.
Ventre, to venture.
Ventrous, *venturous*, bold, adventurous.
Vere, to veer.
Vermeil, *vermeill*, *vermell*, *vermily*, vermilion.
Vertuous, possessing virtue or power.
Vestiment, vestment.
Vetchy, consisting of the straw of the *vetch* (tare).
Vild, vile.
Vildly, vilely.
Villein, base-born, low.
Vireayes, light songs.
Virginal, pertaining to a virgin.
Visionnie, visage.
Vitall, life-giving.
Voide, to avoid, turn aside, to remove.
Voided, cleared.

Wade, to walk, go.
Wae, woe.
Wag, to move (the limbs).
Wage, a pledge; to pledge.
Wagmoires, quagmires.
Waide, weighed, proved.
Waift, a waif, an article found and not claimed by an owner.
Waite, to watch.
Wakefull, watchful.
Walke, to roll, wag.
Wallowed, groveling.
Wan, gained; took.
Wan, pale, faint.
Wand, branch of a tree.
Wanton, wild.
War, worse.
Ward, to guard.
Ware, wary, cautious.
Wareless, unaware; unexpected; heedless.
War-hable, fit for war.
Wariment, caution.
Warke, work.
War-monger, a mercenary warrior.
Warray, *warrey*, to make war on, to lay waste.
Warre, worse.
Wasserman, a sea monster in shape like a man.
Wast, to desolate, lay waste; wasted.
Wastfull, barren, uninhabited, wild; devastating.
Wastness, wilderness.
Water-sprinkle, waterpot.
Waves, waves.
Wax, *wax*, to grow.
Way, to weigh, esteem.
Wayd, went on their way; weighed, determined.
Wayfull, lamentable.
Wayment, to lament; lamentation,







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