SPENCER (Edmund). The Faerie Queene, disposed in XII. Bookes. Fashioning twelve Morall Vertues.

Numerous woodcut chapter-headings.

Sm. folio, old calf. London, printed by H. L. for Mathew Lownes, 1609.

"* The First Folio Edition and the first to contain the "Two Cantos of Mutabilitie", which both for forme and matter, appeare to be parcell of some following Booke of the Faerie Queene."

Langbaine says that Shakespeare took the plot of "Much Ado about Nothing" from the "Faerie Queen," and Dr. Furness reprints a portion of it as the source of the plot of King Lear.

It is also cited by Hunter in his "New Illustrations" of As You Like It, and The Merry Wives of Windsor; and by D'Ance in his "Illustrations" of All's Well that Ends Well, Antony and Cleopatra, Cymbeline, and Hamlet.
THE FAERIE QUEENE, DISPOSED INTO XII. BOOKES,
Fashioning twelve Morall Vertues.

AT LONDON.
Printed by H. L. for Mathew Lowne, 1614.
TO THE MOST
HIGH MIGHTY
AND MAGNIFICENT
EMPERESS, RENOWNED FOR
PIETIE, VERTUE, AND ALL
GRATIOUS GOVERNMENT,
ELIZABETH,
BY THE GRACE OF GOD QUEENE
OF ENGLAND, FRANCE, AND IRELAND, AND
OF VIRGINIA, DEFENDOVR OF THE FAITH
&c. HER MOST HUMBLE SERVANT, EDMUND SPENCER
DOETH IN ALL HUMILITY DEDICATE, PRESENT AND CON-
SECRATE THESE HIS LABOURS, TO LIVE WITH
THE ETERNITY OF HER
FAME.
THE FIRST BOOKE
OF THE FAERIE QUEENE:
CONTAINING
THE LEGENDE OF THE KNIGHT
OF THE RED CROSSE,
OR
Of Holinesse.

1
O, I the man, whose Muse whilest did mask,
As time her taught, in lovely Shepherds
Am now enforce'd to barren task. (seeds,
For trippers from to change mine outseteds)
And sing of Knights, & Ladies gentle deeds;
Whose praises having slept in silence long,
Mec, all too meanes, the sacred Muse ueeds
To blazon broad, amongst her learned throng:
Fierce warres, and faithfull louses, shall moralize my song.

2
Helpsthen, 6 holy Virgins, chiefes of nine,
Thy weaker Novece to performe thy will:
Lay forth out of thine euerlastit: firene
The antique rollres, which thare lieudden full,
Of Faerie Knights, and fairest Teensuill,
Whom that most noble Briton Prince to long
Sought through the world, and suffred to much ill,
That I must rie his un defeved wrong:
O! help thou my weake wit, and sharpen my dull tongue.

3
And thou most dreaded impe of highenft Iowe,
Faire Venus sunny, that with thy cruel dart
At that good Knight so cunningly didst pouse,
That glorious fire it kindled in his hart,
Lay now thy deadly Heben bowe apart,
And with thy mother milde come to mine ayde:
Come both, and with you bring triumphant Matt,
In louses and gentle iolities arrayd,
After his murdrous spoles and bloody rage allayd.

4
And with them eke, 6 Goddesse heavenly bright,
Mirrour of grace and Muse the divine,
Great Lady of the greatest Ile, whose light
Like Phelom lampe throughout the world doth shine,
Shed thy faire beames into my feble eynes,
And raise my thoughts, too humble, and too vile,
To think of that true glorious type of thine,
The argument of mine afflicted fule:
The which to heare, vouchsafe, 6 dearest dread a while.

A 2. Canto
Canto I.

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

1 Gentle Knight was prickinge on the Plaine,
Yeld in mightie arms and fliteshield,
Wherin old dints of deep wounds did remain
The cruel marks of many a bloudie field;
Yet arms till that time did he neuer wield.

2 His angry steede did chide his forming butt
As much disdaining to the curbe to yield:
Full lolly Knight he seem'd, and faire did fit,
As one for knightly guifts and fierce encounters fite.

3 But on his breath a bloody Croffe he bore,
The deare remembrance of his dying Lord,
For whose sweet fakes that glorious badge he wore,
And deed (as lieu) euer him ador'd:
Upon his shield the like was allocred,
For louteraigne hope, which in his help he had:
Right faithfull true he was in deed and word;
But of his cheere did feeme too solemne fad:
Yet nothing did he dread; butuer was ydread.

4 Upon a great adventure he was bond,
That greatest Gloriou's to him gave,
That greatest gloriou's Quene of Farcic lond,
To win him worthip, and her grace to have,
Which of all earthly things he most did crave;
And euer as he rode, his heart did earn
To prove his puiffance in batell braue:
Upon his ftrete, and his new force to learn;
Upon his ftrete, a Dragon horribile and blarem.

5 So pure an Innocent, as that fame lamb,
She was in life and every vertuous lore,
And by defcent from Royall lynge came
Of ancient Kings and Quenes, that had of yore
Their feeters fretch't from East to Western shore,
And all the world in their jubilation held;
Till that infernal fiend with foule vprore
Forewaft all their land, and them expeld:
Whom to avenge, he had this Knight from far compeld.

6 Behinde her farre away a Dwarfe did lag,
That lizzie seem'd in becying euer lift,
Or weared with bearing of her bag;
Or heedments at his back. Thus as they past,
The day with cloudes was studdes overcast,
And angry Iove in hideous storme of raine
Did pour into his Lemans lap to fall,
That euer wight to throwd it did conftraine,
And this faire couple eke to fhrowd themfelves were faine:

7 Enforc't to fecke some covert night at hand,
A shadie grove not farre away they fpied,
That prompt ayde the tempest to withfand:
Whole loftie trees, yeld with fumer's pride,
Did spread so broade, that heavens light did hide,
Not perceable with power of any flaire:
And all withen were paths and alleys wide,
With footing worn, and leading inward fpare:
Faire harbour, that them femees 1io in they caught are:

8 And forth they paffe, with pleafure forward led,
Joying to hear the birds sweet harmony,
Which therein fhrouded from the tempeftts dred,
Seem'd in their fong to fhowe the cruel sky,
Much can they praise the trees fo fraught and hie,
The flyng Phe, the Cedar proud and tall,
The vine-prop Elme, the Poplar neuer dry,
The builder Oxe, fole king of forrests all,
The Alpine, good for fiates, the Cyptreff bunearall. The
Cant. 1.

THE FAERIE QUEENE.

The Laurell, mead of mightie Conquerours
And Poets sage, the Faire that weepeth still,
The Willow, worne of forlornre Paramours,
The Eugh, obedient to the benders will,
The Birch for fruite, the Sillow for the mill,
The Myrthe sweet, bleeding in the bitter wound,
The warlike Beesth, the Aske for nothing ill,
The fruitful Olme, and the Platan round,
The carer Holme, the Maple sidom inward found.

Led with delight, they thus beguile the way,
Vntill the blastinge storms are overblowne,
When, weennig to returnne, whence they did stray,
They cannot finde that path which first did blowne,
But wander to and fro in wares unknowne,
Furthfeth from end then, when they needst wene:
That maketh them doubt their wits be not their owne:
So many paths, so many turnings seen,
That which of them to take, in divers, doubt they been.

At last, resolving forward full to fare,
Till that some end they finde or in or out,
That path they take, that beare seem'd most bare,
And like to lead the labyrinth about:
Which when by true they hunted had throughout,
At length they found; the hollow Case
Amid the thickest woods. The Champion stout
Eftiones dismounted from his courser brate,
And to the Dwarfe whilke his needelle spere he gavce.

Be well aware, quoth then that Lady mildes,
Leaft fuddaine mischief yee too rash provoke:
The danger hid, the place vnknowne and wildes,
Breeds dreadful doubts, oft fire is without smoke,
And perill without shewe: therefore your hardy stroke
Sir Knight with-hold, till further tryall made.
Ah Lady (said he) shame, where to stroke
The forward footing for an hidden shade:
Virtue gives her felse light, through darkness for to ride.

Yea, but (quoth first) the perill of this place
I better wot then you: though now too late
To wip you back returne with foule disgrace:
Yet widdom warne, whilst footes is in the gate,
To vay the steppe, cre forced to retreate.
This is the wondring wood, this Errors den,
A moniter wile, whom God and man doth hate:
Therefore I reed beware, Fly, fly (quoth then)
The fearefull Dwarfe:) this is no place for living men.

But, full of fire and greedy hardiment,
The youthfull knight could not for ought be ftaide:
But forth into the darksome hole he went,
And lookd in: his glittiring armour made
A little glooming light, much like a shade,
By which he saw the ugly monster plains,
Harte like a serpent horribly displiced,
But th other halfe did womans shape retaines,
Most lothome, filthy, foule, and full of vile dauidne.

And, as shee lay upon the durtie ground,
Her huge long talle her den all ouerprod,
Yet it was in knots and many boughds ypward,
Pointed with mortall flung. Of her there brede
A thousand young ones, which the whely fed,
Suckling vpon her profonous dugs, each one:
Of sundrie shape; yet all ill favourd:
Soone at that vncoth light vpon them shone,
Into her mouth they crept, and saddain all were gone.

Their dam vpstart, out of her den effaire,
And rushed forth, hurling her hideous tale
About her curlid head, whole fists displaid
Were strech't now forth at length without entraile.
Shee lookt aboute, and seeing one in masle
Armed to paint, saunter back to turne againe:
For, light she had at the deadly bale,
Ay went in defert darknesse to remaine,
Where plaine none might her see, nor shee see any plaine.

Which when the valiant Elfe perceiued, he kept
As Lyon fierce vpon the flying pray,
And with his trenchand blade her boldly kept
From turning back: and forced her to stay:
There with exag'd fierce loudly gan to bray,
And turning fierce, her speckled tail advanc'd,
Threating her angry styng, him to dismay:
Who, nought stuffe, his mighty hand enhauss'd:
The stroke downe from her head into her shouder glaund:

Much daunted with that dints, her fene was daiz'd;
Yet kindling rage, her felse the gather'd roundes,
And al at once her beautify body radd
With doubled forces high aboute the ground:
The wrapping vp her wretched figure around,
Kept fierce vp vpon his shieldes, and her huge traine
Alliasd to paint, his body wound:
That hand of foot to frost he stumble to in vaine:
God help the man to wrapt in Errors endless traine.

His Ladys sad to of his fore constrain,
Cride out, Now, now Sir Knight, fwe what you bee,
Add faith vnto your force, and be not faint:
Strangle her, elfe the ture will strangle thee.
That when he heard, in great perplexity,
His gali did graste for grace and high dauidne,
And knitting all his forces, got one hand free,
Where-wit he gypt her gorge with so great paine,
That foote to looche her wicked bands did her constrain.

There with the spewd out of her filthy maw
A fould of poynon horrible and black:
Full of greatumps of flesh and gobbers raw,
Which fink to vilethy, that it fere't him flack.
His grasping hold, and from her turne him back:
Her vomit full of bookes and paper was,
With loathly frogs and toades, which eyes did lack;
And creep's, sought way in the weedy graf.

Her filthy pisse takke all the place defiled his.
THE FIRST BOOKE OF

Cant. 1.

As when old Eder Nile {gi}g the swall
With timely pride about the Egyptian vale,
His ruly vates doe fretful flame outwell,
And overflowe each Plaine and lowdely dale:
But when his later ebbes gis to awake,
Huge heaps of mud he leaues, wherein there breed
Tene thould kindes of creatures, partly male,
And partly female of his fruitfull feed;
Such ugly monstrous shapes else where may no man see.

The same so sore annoyed has the Knight,
That wel-nigh chok'd with the deadly stunk,
His forces falle, ne can no longer fight.
Whole courage when the fent perceiv'd d to shriake,
Shee poured forth out of her hellish stink
Her fruitfull cursed spawne of Serpents small:
Deformed monsters, foul, and blacke as ink,
Which swarming all about his legges did croll,
And him encircled ere, but could but hurt at all.

A gentle {she}pherd in sweet even-side,
When ruddy Plados gis to welke in weft,
High on an hill, his flock to viewen wide,
Markes which doe bite their haftly fupper head;
A cloade of comrouss gnies doe him molest,
All furging to infringe their deeleful things,
That from their noyce he no where can refk,
But with his clowm with hands their tender wings
He brudleth off, and off doth mar their mumurings.

Thus ill {f}table, and faire full more of shame,
Then of the certame perill he flood in,
Hale furious unto his foe he came,
Refolv'd in mind all suddenly to win,
Or loome to love, before he once would win;
And brooke at her with more then manly force,
That from her body full of filthy fin
He refh her stetfull head without remorse:
A flame of soule black blood forth stucked fo her cote.

Her fattred broode, faire as their Parent deare,
They saw to rudely falling to the ground,
Grong full deadly, all with troublous scare,
Gathered themselves about her body round,
Wecing their wanton entrance to hare found
At her wide mouth: but, being there with food,
They flocked all about her bleeding wound,
And sucked vp their dying mothers blood,
Making her death their life, and her hurt their good.

This defesable fight him much amaz'd,
To fee th'unkindly Imps of heauen accurd,
Do ware their dam; on whom while he gaz'd,
Having all fatisfide their bloody thurt,
Their bellies swollen he fawe with fulness hurt,
And bowels gulping forth: well worthy end
Of such a drunke her life, the which them hurt;
Now needeth him no longer labour spend:

His Lady, seeing all that chaunc'd from fure,
Approch'd in haffe to greet his victorie;
And saide, faire Knight, borne under happy fure,
Who fee your vanquish'd foes before you live:
Well worthy be you of that Armorie,
Wherein you have great glory wonne this day,
And prooud your strength on a strong enemie,
Your firt adventure: many fuch I pray,
And henceforth ever with, that like succeed it may.

Then mounted he vp his Steed againe,
And with the Lady backward fought to wend;
That path he keep'd, which beaten was most plain:
Ne euer would to any by-way bend,
But fill did follow one vnto the end,
The which at last out of the wood them brought.
So, forward on his way (with God to friend)
He pass'd forth, and new adventure fought,
Long way he travailed before he heard of ought.

A length they chaunc't to meet upon the way
An aged Sirr, in long black weades yclad,
His fets all bare, his beard all hoarie gray,
And by his belt his booke he hanging had;
Sober he seem'd, and very fagely laid,
And to the ground his eyes were lowely bent;
Simple in themwe, and voyd of malice bad,
And all the way he pray'd as he went,
And often knocked his breast, as one that did repent.

Hee faire the Knight faluted, louing lowes:
Whoe fai't he quited, as that courteous was:
And after ask'd him, if he did knowe
Of strange adventures, which abroad did pafs.
Ah my deare fonne (quoth he) you should, ala,
Silly old man, that lites in hudden Cell,
Bidding his besides all day for his trepats,
Tidings of warre and worldly trouble tell?
With holy father fits not with such things to tell.

But, if of danger which hereby doth dwell,
And homely end euil ye defire to heare,
Of a strange man I can you tidings tell,
That waketh all this country faire and neare.
Of fuch (said he) I chiefly doe enquire,
And shull you well reward to shew the place,
In which that wicked wight his dryes doth wear:
For, to all knighthood it is foule disgrace,
That fuch a cursed creature liues to long a space.

Fare bence (quoth he) in waftfull wilderneffe
His dwelling is, by which no livyng wight
May ever paffe, but thorough great differte.
Now (said the Lady) draweth toward night.
And well I wote, that of your later fight
Ye al for forward be: for what so strong,
But wanting reft, will alio want of might?
The Sunne, that measur'd heaven all day long,
At night doth raise his fleades the Great waues among.

Then
THE FAERIE QUEENE.

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

A little lowely Hermiteage it was,
Downe in a dale, hard by a forrest side,
Farre from ressort of people; that did pass
In trawell to and fro; a little wide.
There was an holy Chappell edifie,
Where the Hermite daily went to say
His holy things each morn and evemide:
Thereby a Gryffyl flame did gently play,
Which from a fared fountaine welled forth alway.

Arrived there, the little house they fill,
No looke for entertainment, where none was:
Reef is their feast, and all things at their will;
The noblest mind the best contentment has.
With faire discours the evening to they pas's.
For, that old man of pleasing words had fare,
And well could file his tongue as smooth as glass;
He tol'd of Saints and Popes, and evermore
He flor'd an Aut-Mary after and before.

The droupping Night thus creepeth on them fast,
And the sad humour loading their eye liddes,
As measlenger of Morpheus on them cast
Sweet slumbering dew, the which to sleep them biddest.
Vnto their lodgings then his geusts he riddes;
Where when all dron'd in deadly sleepe he findest,
Hie to his medicine, and there amidst,
His Magick bookes and arts of sundry kindest.
Hec jeuxes out mightie charmes, to trouble sleepy minde.

Then chusing out few wordes most horrible,
(Let none them read) thereof did verie fame,
With which, and other spells like terrible,
He had awaked all Phobes, grisly Dame,
And curtld heaven, and spake reprochefull fame
Of highest God, the Lord of life and light,
A bold bad man, that dur'd to call by name,
Great Gorgon, Prince of darknesse and dead night,
At which Ceytor quakes, and Smyr is put to flight.

And forth hee call'd out of deep darknesse dread
Legions of Sprights, which like little fiues
Fluttering about his cuer damned head,
Aware where to ther sencte he applieth,
To styde his friends, or fray his enemies:
Or these he choo'se out two, the falfeft two,
And listeth for to forge true-fenning eyes;
The one of them he gave a melligre to,
The other by him felte hidde other worke to do.

Hee, making speedy way through speried aire,
And through the world of wautes wide and deep,
To Morpheus house doth hastily repair:
Amid the bowels of the earth full steep
And lowest where dawning day doth never peep,
His dwellings are, there in his wonted bed
Doth ever wake, and Cynthia still doth sleep
In silver dew his ever-droupping bed.
Whits fade Night over him her mantle black doth spread.

Whose double gates he findeht locked fast,
The one faire fram'd of burnishft Ytory:
The other, all with filder ouercraft,
And wakfull dogges before them faire doe lyce,
Watching to bunit Carether enmy,
Who oft is want to trouble gentile sleep.
By them the Spright doth palle in quietly,
And vnto Morpheus comes, whom drowned deep
In drowse fir he findeht: of nothing he takes keep.

And more, to full him in his flumber soft,
A trickling flame from high rock tumbling downe,
And ever-dripping flame upon the loft.
Mist with, a mumuring wind, much like the towne,
Of warming Bears, did call him in a twonse:
No other noise, nor peoples troublous eyes,
At full arc want to annoye him in his pines,
Might there be heard: but carelesse Quiet lyes,
Wraith in eternal silence, farte from enemies.

The meuslenger approaching to him spake;
But his wile words return'd to him in vaine:
So found he leape, that nought mought him awake.
Then rudele he him thrust, and pulst with paine,
Whereat he ran to stretch: but he againe
Shooke him so hard, that forced him to speake.
As one then in a dreame, whose drier braune
Is soft with troublous figure, and fancie weak,
He mumbled soft, but would not all his silence brake.

The Spright then gan more boldely him to wake,
And threatned unto him the dreamed name
Of Hector: whereat he gan to quake,
And lifting vp his bampful head, with blame
Hale angry, asked him for what he came.
Fither (quoth he) me Achimago gent,
He that the Rubburne Sprites can wilie tame,
He bids thee to him send for his intent
A fit falte dreame, that can delude the flepers sent.

The God obste, and calling forth straightway
A divers dreame out of his prifon darke,
Delivered it to him, and downe did lay
His heane head, deoide of carefull earke,
Whose fenest all were straighten bornch'd and flarke.
He take returning by the Yuorit dore,
Remounted vp as light as chearfull Lucre,
And on his little wings the dreame he bore
In haste into his Lord, where he him left; sore.

A 4.
Who all this while, with charmes and hidden arts,
 Had made a Lady of that other Spright,
 And fram'd of liquors were her tender parts
 So lucky, and so like in all mens sight,
 That weaker sexe it could have raught or quight:
 The maker selfe, for all his wondrous wit,
 Was nigh beguiled with so goodly sight:
 Her all in white he clad, and over it
 Cal'd a black stole, most like to seeme for Pian fit.

Now, when that idle dreame was to him brought,
 Vnto that Elfin Knight he bad him fly,
 Where he slept soundly, voice of cruel thought,
 And with falle fiewes shut his fantasy,
 In secret as he him schooled privy:
 And that new creature borne without her due,
 Full of the makers guile, with vantage fly:
 He taught to imitate that Lady true,
 Whole semblance the did carry under feigned hew.

Thus well instructed, to their worke they haste,
 And coming where the Knight in stamber lay,
 The one upon his hardy head him pla'e,
 And through the dreames of loues and lustfull play:
 That nigh his manly hart did melt away,
 Bathed in wanton blis, and wicked joy:
 Then fent him this Lady by him lay,
 And to him plained, how that falle winged boy
 Her heart hart had subdewd, to learn Dame Pleasures toy.

And shee her selfe (of beauty sovereign Queene)
 Faire Pene, fent me into his bed to bring
 Her, whom he waking evermore did weene
 To be the chaste fower, that ay did spring:
 On earthely branch, the daughter of a King:
 Now a loose Leeman to vile service bound:
 And eke the Graces fent me all to sawg,
 Hymen in Hymen, dancing all around,
 Whilfe fruifie Flora her Yrie girlond crown'd.

In this great passion of unwonted lust,
 Or wonted fear of doing out his mis,
 He flarted vp, as fentiting to mistrust,
 Some secretly, or hidden fée of his:
 Lo, there before his face his Lady is,
 Under black stole hiding her baited looke;
 And as he fultsbling offred him to kiss,
 With gentle blandifhment, and lovely looke,
 Most like that virgin true, which for her knight him tooke.

All cleane dismaid to fee so vacouth fight,
 And halfe charg'd at her shamellefue guiue,
 He thought he had stain'd her in his fierce delight:
 But halfe heat temprings with suffeance wife,

He flaid his hand, and gan himselfe advise
 To prove his fene, and tempt her faigned truth;
 Wringing her hands in womens pitious wife,
 The can the weepes, to fitte vp gentle nigh,
 Both for her noble blood, and for her tender youth.

And said, Ah Sir, my liege Lord and my lour,
 Shall I accute the hidden cruel Fate,
 And mightie cause wroth in heauen above,
 Or the blind God, that doth me thus amaze,
 For hoped loue to winne me certaine hate?
 Yet thus perfuite he bids me doe, or die.
 Dix is my dye yet true my wretched fate,
 You, whom my hard avenging defitie
 Hath made judge of my life or death indifferently.

Your owne decre fake for'ttree at first to leave
 My Fathers kingdome; There the ftopt with tearis,
 Her tweluen heart her speech feem'd to becaue,
 And then againe begun, My weaker yeares
 Captu'd to fortune and faire worldly teares,
 Fly to your faith for succour and surecyle:
 Let me not die in langour and long teares.
 Why Dame (quoth he) what hast ye thus dismaid
 What tratays ye, that were wont to comfort me affraid?

Loute of your selfe, fhee said, and decre constraunt
 Lets me no sleepe, but waste the wearie night
 In secret anguifh and vnprivy'd plainte,
 Whilst you in carelesse sleepe are drowned quite.
 Her doubtfull words made that redoubt ballet
 Suspec't his truth: yet fish ane true hee knew,
 Her fawning loue with foule didtanefull joye
 He would not lend; but faid, Deare dame, I rew,
 That for my fake unkownes such griesfe unto you grew.

Assure your selfe, it fell not all to ground:
 For all doe deare as life is to my hart,
 I deeme your loue, and hold me to you bound.
 Ne let vaine feares procure your needles smart;
 Where cawe is none, but to your rett depart.
 Not all content, yet feem'd he to appeale
 Her mournfull plaintes, beguiled of her art,
 And fent with words that could not chufe but please,
 So fiding softly forth, the turn'd as to her cafe.

Long after lay he mufing at her mood,
 Much griefe'd to thinke that gentle Dame so light,
 For whose defence he was to shed his blood.
 At last, dull wearinesse of former fight
 Haung yrockt a sleepe his skedome spight,
 That troublous dreame gan freshly to his brainye,
 With bowres, and beds, and ladys deare delight:
 But when he saw his labour all was vaine,
 With that misformt spight he back return'd again.

Canto
Canto II.

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

All in amaze he suddenly vp start
With sword in hand, and with the old man went;
Who sooone him brought into a secret part,
Where that false couple were full close lydlyent:
In wanton luft and lust embracement:
Which when he saw, he burnt with jealous fire,
The eye of reason was with rage yblent,
And would have slaine them in his seruice ere;
But hardly was restrained of that aged Sire.

Returning to his bed in torment great,
And bitter anguish of his guilefull fire,
He could not rest, but did his flout heart eat,
And waile his inward guilt with deep ensight,
Yelke orme of life, and too long lingering night.
And at last faire Hesperus in highest skie
Had spent his Limpe, and brought forth dawning light,
Then vp he rose, and clad him hastily:
The Dwarfes him brought his steed to both waye do fie.

Now when the rofy-singed Mornynge faire,
Weary of aged Triton lyf ton bed;
Had iped her purple robe through dewy aire,
And the high hills Titan discovered,
The royall virgin hooke off droolly-bed,
And rising forth out of her balc bowre,
Lookt for her knight, who far away was fled,
And for her Dwarfes, that wont to wait each howre;
Then gin the wale and wepe, to see that wofull towre.

And after him the rode with so much speede
As his owne beast could make: but all in vaine:
For him so far had borne his light-footsteed,
Pricked with wrath and in a fierce disdain,
That him to follow was but fruitelesse paine;
Yet the ferous unhappy Swan did stay,
But every hill and dale, each wood and plaine
Did search, force graced in her gentle heede,
He to vengeously left her, whom he loved best.
The first book of

2

But subtle Archimage, when his guests
He saw divided into double parts,
And Pia wandering in woods and forests,
This end of his darts, he prais'd his darts, and arts,
That had such might euer true meaning bears;
Yet crefts not so, but other means doth make,
How he may beke unto her furtherfinish.
For her he hated as the hissing snake,
And in her many troubles did most pleasure take.

3

He then devise himselfe how to disguife;
For by his mighty Science he could take
As many formes and shapes in seeming wife,
As ever Prouers to himselfe could make;
As sometime a fowle, sometime a fish in lake,
Now like a fox, now like a dragon fell,
That of himselfe he oft for fear would quake,
And oft would fly away. O! who can tell
The hidden power of hearts, & might of Magicks spell?

But now seem b't best, the perrson to put on
Of this good Knight, his late beguiled guest: In mighty arnes was he ylad aon,
And silver shield, upon his coward breest.
A bloody crose, and on his craven creft
A bunch of haire, discoloured diversly:
Fulliely knight he seem'de, and well adrest,
And when he late upon his courser free,
Saint George himselfe yee would have demandt him to be.

But he, the knight, whoseke semblance he did bær,
The true Saint George, was wandr'd far away,
Still flying from his thoughts and jealous heart; Will was his guide, and greuell led him aay.
At last him chanc'd to meet upon the way
A Faulconer Saint Jan, all arm'd to point,
In whose great shield was writ with letters gay
Saint Geo: Full large of Limbe, and empty iount
He was, and cear'd not for God or man a point.

He had a faire companion of his way,
A goodly Lady, clad to scarlet red,
Purpled with gold and pearle of rich alyay,
And like a Persean mettre on her head.
She wore, with crownes and orches garnished,
The which her lawfull lovers to her gave;
Her petiff buffet, all was overpassed,
With tincull trappings, woven like a waue.
Whose bridelle arm'd with goldey bells, and botelles bound.

With faire disport and courting dalliance
She entertain'd her lover all the way:
But when the law the knight his speare advance,
She soon left off her mirth and wanton play,
And bad her knight adresse him to the fray:
His foe was night at hand. He prickt with pride
And hope to winne: His Ladies heart that day,
Forth sproutt falt: adowne his couriers side
The red bloud, trickeling stand the way as he did ride.

The knight of the Red-croffe when he spide,
Spurring to hote with rage dispirituous,
Gan fairly cuthe his speare, and towards ride:
Soone meete they both, both fell and furious,
That daunted with their forces hideous,
Their feets doe stagger, and amazt stand;
And eke themselues too rudeely rigorous,
Affonied with the stroke of their owne hand,
Doe backe rebus, and each to other yealdeth land.

As when two rammes, ftritt with ambitious pride,
Fght for the rule of the rich fleeced flock,
Their horned fronts so fierce on either side
Doe meet, that with the terror of the fliock
Attonied, both fliad feulelyc as a block,
Forgetfull of the hanging victory:
So fiode the twaine, vnmooued as a rock,
Both faring fierce, and holding idely
The broken reliques of their former cruelty.

The Sarazin fore daunted with the buffe,
Snatching his sword, and fiercely to him fliete;
Who well it wands, and quicke fuff with cuff:
Each others equal punishment convoy,
And through their iron fides with cruelties
Does fcoke to perece: repining courage yields
No foute to foe. The flashing fiers fities
As from a forge out of their burning fhiels,
And streams of purple bloud new die the verdant fliels.

Curtie on that Croffe (quothe then the Sarazin)
That keepeth thy body from the bitter fit;
Dead long ygoe I wroke thou haddest bin;
I had not that charme from thee forsworn it:
But ye I wrovst thee now affaire the
And hatch thy head. There-with upon his creft
With rigourous fo outrageous he finet,
That a large fpare it fhowd out of the refl,
And glaucing down his shield, fr6 blame him fairely bleft.

Who throughes wondrous wrath, the fleeling spark
Of natue vertue in citizeon reviue,
And at his haughtie helmet making mark,
So hulges brooke, that it the feele did rive,
And left his head. He tumbling downe alane,
With blandy mouth his mother earth did kis,
Greeting his grave: his grudgeing ghost did shrue
With the fraile flie: at first it blass'd
Whither the foules doe flie of men, that lie unse.

The Lady, when she saw her champion fall,
Like the old ruiner of a broken towre,
Staid not to walle her woeful funerall,
But from him fled away with all her powre;
Who after her as hastily gan crowe,
Ebbing the Dwarfe with him to bring away
The Smallichyth, signe of the conquerour.
Her bones he ouertookes, and bad to slay;
For presence cause was none of dread, her to dismay.
She turning backe with ruefull countenance,  
Cryde, Mercy, mercy! Sir vouchsafe to shewe  
On sily Dame, libe'test to hard mishance,  
And to thy mighty will. Her humbleste lowe,  
In to rich weate and seeming gloreus shewe,  
Did much enmose his flautest wicke heart,  
And say'd I deare Dame, your fuddelin outherowe  
Much ruch me; but now put faire apart,  
And tell, both who ye be, and who that took your part.

Melting in teares, then gan fine thus lament:  
The wretched woman, whom vnhappy howe  
Hath now made thrall to your commandement,  
Before that angry heavens lift to lowre,  
And fortune Ible be trysted to your pow'r,  
War (O, what now auseth that I was.)  
Borne the sone daughter of an Emperor,  
He that the wide Werd under his rule has,  
And high hath set his throne, where Tiberis doth pafs.

He in the first flowre of my freeheft age,  
Betrothed me into the onlyl heir  
Of a most mightie King, moit rich and fage;  
Was never Prince to faithfull and fole faire;  
Was never Prince to meach and deonourable:  
But ere my hoped day of founfalt were,  
My deare Lord fell from high honours faire,  
Into the hands of his accursed fone,  
And cruelly was slaine: that I tall I euer more.

His bleffed body, foold of lucy breath,  
Was afterward, I knowe not how, conuaid  
And fro me hid: of whole moit innocent death  
When tidings came to me vnhappy mayl;  
O, how great frowde my lad leonic alaide!  
Then forth I went, his wofull cort to finde:  
And many yeares through the world ftrayd,  
A virgin widow: whose deep wounded munde  
With love, long time did languish as the friken hinde.

At last, it chaunced this proud Salmoxin  
To meet me wandring: who perfore me led  
With him away, but yet could never win  
The Fort, that Ladies hold in foureigne dread.  
There lies he now with foule dishonour dead,  
Who white he liv'd, was called proud Salmoxin,  
The head off of three brethren, all three bred  
Of one bad fire, whose youngest is Salmoxin,  
And twixt them both was borne the bloudy bold Salmoxin.

In this sad plight, friendleffe, unfortunate,  
Now miserable I fidefa dwell,  
Creauing of you in putty of my fate,  
To do none ill, if pleafe ye not do well,  
He in great passion all this while did dwell,  
More buffetting his quicke eyes, her face to view,  
Then his dull ears, to heare what the did tell;  
And say'd: faire Lady, heart of flint would rewe,  
The vnderfleued woes and forrowes, which ye thow.

Henceforth in fale assurance may ye reft,  
Having both found a new friend you to syde,  
And loft an old foe; that did you molest;  
Better new friend then an old foe is faid.  
With change of cheare, the leemie simplicial maid  
Let fall her ery, as flame fell to the earth;  
And yielding foff, in that she sought gain fain.  
So forth they rode, he faining feemly mirth,  
And the eoy looks fo, Dainty they lay maketh death.

Long time they thus together travelled:  
Till weary of their way, they came at last,  
Where grew two goodly trees, that faire did spred  
Their armes abroad, with gray moife over-caft;  
And their greene leaves trembling with every blast,  
Made a calme shadowe far in compasse round;  
The fearfule Shpheard oft then aghast  
Vnder them never fat, no wont there found  
His merry oucten pipe, but found th'vulnacy ground.

But this good Knight, soon as he them gan spie,  
For the coole fliadow thither hiftly ly got:  
For, golden Phoebus now that mounted his,  
From feery whecles of his faire chariot,  
Hurted him to foe reaching cruell hot,  
That burning creature more it yet abide;  
And his new Lady it tendered not,  
There they alight, in hope themfelves to hide  
From the fierce heat, and reft their weary limbs a side.

Faire seemly pleaflance each to other makes;  
With goodly purposes there as they fit:  
And in his falled fancy he her takes  
To be the faireft wight, that hued yit;  
Which to exprefle, he bendes his gentle wit:  
And thinking of those branches greene to frame  
A girlond for her daunty forhead fir,  
He plucks a bough: out of whole ref there came  
Small drops of gory blood, that rickled downe the fame.

Therewith a pious yelling voyce was heard,  
Crying, O spure with guilty hands to teare  
My tender fides in this rough rynde embard:  
But fly, alfly furce wy, for fare  
Leaf to you hap, that happed to me here,  
And to his wretched Lady, my deare Loue!  
O too deare loue! loue bought with death too deare  
Aftond he flode, and vp his hure did houre,  
And with that fuddcin horror could no member move.

At last, when-as the dreadfull passion  
Was ouer-paft, and manhood well awake;  
Yet murther at the frange occasion,  
And doubting much his tenie, he thus becaufe:  
What voice of damned ghost from Limbo lake,  
Orguileful forthe wandring in empyre ayre  
(Both which traitle men dare oftetimes mutfake)  
Sends to my doubfullr eares these speecches rare,  
And rufeull plaints, me bidding guildleffe bloud to spaire?
Then groaning deep, Nor damed ghost, quoth he,
Nor guilfe full spirit to thee these words doth speake:
But once a ma, Frabuio, now a tree,
Wretched man, wretched tree; whose nature weake,
A cruell witch her cursed will to wroake,
I hath thus transformd, and plac't in open Plaines,
Where Boreas doth blowe full bitter pleake,
And scourching Sunne doth dry my secret vaines.
For, though a tree I feeme, yet cold and heat me paines.

Say on Frabuio then, or man, or tree,
Quoth then the Knight, by whose mischievous arts
Art thou misshapend thus, as now I see?
He oft finds medicine, who his grief imparts;
But double griefs afflict concealing hearts,
As raging flames who fraught to suppreffe,
The author then, say thee, of all my straits,
Is one Dufia a false foretreff,
That many errant knights hath brought to wretchednes.

In prime of youthful years, when course hot
The fire of love and joy of chearall
First kindled in my brest; it was my lot
To love this gentle Lady whom ye see,
Now not a Lady, but a seeming tree;
With whom as once I rode accompanide,
Me chaunted of a knight encounterd bee,
That had a like face Lady by his side;
Like a faire Lady, but did bowe Dufia hide.

Whose forde beauty he did take in hand,
All other Dames to have exceedeed fare.
I in defence of mine did likewise stand;
Mine, that did then shine as the morning starre:
So, both to battell fierce arm'd were;
In which his harder fortune was to fall,
Ynder my speare: such is the dy of ware:
Her, Left as a prite martall,
Did yield her comely person, to be at my call.

So doubtly lovd of Ladies vnlike faire,
I hope seeing such, the other such indeed,
One day in doubt I call for to compare,
Whether in beauties glory did exceed;
A royall girond was the Victors meede;
Both feemed to win, and both feemed won to bee,
So hard the discord was to be agree'd.
Dufia was as faire, as faire more bee.
And ever Eifie Dufia feemed as faire as shee.

The wicked witch now seeing all this while
The doubtful behaviour equally to say,
What not by right, the call to win by guile,
And by her hellish science raftd freight way
A foggy mift, that o'er-cast the day,
And a dull blust, that breathing on her face,
Dimed her former beauties lushing ray,
And with fonde and gory forme did her egrace;
Then was the faire alone, when none was faire in place.

Then cried she out, Phye, phye, deformed wight,
Whose borrowed beauty now appeareth plaine.
To have before bewitched all men's sight,
O leave her foone, or let her foone be slaine.
Her loathly visage viewing with disdain,
Effoones I thought her such, as the me told,
And would have kild her; but, with faine paine,
The false witch did my wrathfull hand with-hold:
So left her, where she now is turnd to trecen mould.

Thenceforth I took Dufia for my Dame,
And in the witch vnweaving joyd long times;
Ne ever witt, but that she was the same;
Till on a day (that day is every Prime,
When witches wont do penance for their crime)
I chaunt't to see her in her proper hew,
Bathing her felfe in origant and thyme;
A blithy londe old woman I did view,
That euer to have toucht her, I did deadly row.

Her nearer parts misflapen, manerous,
Were hid in water, that I could not see;
But they did feeme more foule and hideous,
Then woman's shape man would beleive to be.
Thenceforth from her most beastly companie
I gan refrene, in munde to flip away,
Soone as appeare safe opportunity:
For, danger great, if not affer'd decay,
I was before mine eyes, if I were knowne to stay.

The dulcifh bag by changes of my cheare
Perceiv'd my thought; and drown'd in sleepe night,
With wicked heartes and oiments did befmeare
My body all, through charmes and magicke might;
That all my fentes were bereav'd quight;
Then brought the me into this defett waite,
And by my wretched Louers side me pight;
Where now included in wooden wals full fast,
Banish'd from lusing wights, our weary daies we waste.

But how long time, sayd then the Elfin Knight,
Are you in this misterfion house to dwell?
We may not change, quoth he, this cull plught,
Till we be bathed in a lusing Well;
That is the terme prescribed by the spell.
O! how, sayd he, mote I that well out-finde,
That may restore you to your wonted well?
Time and suffed fates to former kind
 SHALL vs refore: noue effe from hence may vs vnbind.

The felf Dufia, now Fideffa nigh,
Heard how in vaine Frabuio did lament,
And knew well all was true. But the good knight
Full of fide ftreafe and ghauffly dreniment,
When all this speech the lusing tree had spent,
The bleeding bough did thrust into the ground,
That from the blood he might be innocenc;
And with frefh clay did clofe the wooden wound:
Then turning to his Lady, dead with feare her found.

Her
Her seeming dead he found with seigned feare,
As all ympearing of that well the saw,
And paines him selfe with buffe care to save
Her out of carnelle swoune. Her eylads blew
And dimmed sight, with pale and deadly hew,
At last the gun vp lifht, with trembling care
Her vp he tooke, too simple and too true,
And of her kift. At length, all puffed feare,
He set her on her steade, and forward forth did beare.

Canto III.

Forsaken Truth long sekes her love,
and makes the Lyon mylde,
Maries blind Devotions mart, & fall's
in hand of leachour vilde.

From her faire head her fillet the vindight,
And laid her stole aside. Her angels face
As the great eye of heauen thined bright,
And made a sunshine in the shade place;
Did never mortall eye behould such heavenly grace.

It fortuned, out of the thickeft wood
A ramping Lyon rushed fluddauntly,
Hunting full greedy after saavage blood;
Soone as the royall virgin he did spy,
With gaping mouth at her ran greedyly,
To have atonce devoure'd her tender corse;
But to the pray when as he drew more nie,
His bloody rage affwaged with remore,
And with the sight amaz'd, forgot his furous force.

In stead thereof he kist her ware feare,
And lickt her lilly hands with sawning tongue,
As hee her wronged innocence did weet.
Of how can he suruflatter the moft strong,
And simple truth subdue avenging wrong?
Whose yealded pride, and proud subfumtion,
Still dreading death, when she had mark'd long,
Her heart gyn melk in great compassion,
And drizzling tears did shied for pure affiction.

The Lyon Lord of every bcast in field,
Quoth he, her princely puissance doth abate,
And mightie proud to humble weake does yeld,
Forgetfull of the hungry rage, which late
Him prickt, in purty of my lid estate;
But he my Lyon, and my noble Lord,
How doth he find in cruel heart to hate
Her that him lov'd, and euer most ador'd,
As the God of my life? why hath he me abhord?

Redour-
Redounding tears did choke th'end of her plaint,
Which softly echoed from the neighbour wood;
And face to see her sorrowful content,
The kingly bea't upon her swelling fount;
With pity calm'd, downe fell her anger mood.
At last in cloke heart fluttering vp her paine,
Are the virgin born of heavenly brood,
And to her snows Palfrey got againe,
To secche her sainct Champion, if she might attaine.

The Lyon would not leave her desolate,
But with her went along, as a strong gard
Of her chaft person, and a faithfull mate.
Of her sad troubles and misfortunes hard;
Still when she slept, she kept both watch and ward;
And when she wak'st, he waited diligent.
With humble servitie to her will prepar'd
From her faire eyes he tooke commandement,
And ever by her looke'sDecent with intent.

Long fhe thus truelid through desertswide,
By which she thought her wandring knight should pafs,
Yet never fiew of living white elpide;
Till that at length she found the trodden grafs,
In which the drift, he kept both watch and ward;
Vnder the fleep foot of a mountaine hore;
The fame she followes, till at last fhe has
A damfll, fleep, flower footing her before,
That on her shoulders fad a pot of water bore.

To whom approching, fhe to her gan call,
To veet, if dwelling place were nigh at hand;
But the rude wench her answer'd nought at all,
She could not heare, nor speak, nor understand.
Till efting by her fide the Lyon fland,
With fuddain ftrike her pitcher downe the threw,
And fled away: for never in that land
Face of faire Lady fhe before did view,
And that dread Lyon lookes her caft in deadly bow.

Full fhe the fped, ne ever lookt behide,
As her life upon the waggier hy;
And home fhe came, where as her mother blind
Sat in eternal night: nought could the fhe say;
But fuddainly catching hold, did her difmay
With quaking hands, and other fignes of feare;
Who full of deadly ftrake and cold affray,
Can flunt the dere. By this arriued there
Dame Pia, weare Dame, and entrance did require.

When which none vielded, her vnruly Page
With his rude claves the wicket open tent,
And let her in: where of his cruel rage
Nigh dead with feare, and faint affhinement,
She found them both in darkorne corner rnt;
Where that old woman day and night did pray
Vpon her to besides dreamente penitent:
Nine hundred Peter was in every day,
And thirteene hundred Arches was wont to lay.

And to augment her painfull penance more,
Thrice every weke in after she did ftr
And next her wrinkled skin rough fackclothe wore,
And thirteene three times did fall from any bit:
But now for care she besides the did forget.
Whole needleles dfread for to remove awa,
Faire Pia's framed words and countenance ftr.
Which hardly doon, at length she gain them pray,
That in their cottage small, that night she reft her may.

The day is spent, and commeth drowfe night,
When euer creature throwed is in fleep;
Sad Pia downe her layes in weaire plight,
And at her feet the Lyon watch doth fleep:
In ffeate of reft, the doule lament, and wepe.
For the late loffe of her deare loved Knight,
And fighes, and groanes, and exaure doe fleep.
Her tender breath in bitter teares all night,
All night the thinks too long, and often lookees for light.

Now when Anderbon was mounted hie,
About the finnic Caffiplea chaire,
And all in deadly fleep did drowned lie,
One knocked at the dore, and in would fare:
He knocked alfo, and often curf, and fware,
That rattle enmity was not at his call:
For on his back a heavy load he bare
Of nightly guilties, and pallide feuerall,
Which he had got abroad by purchase criminal.

He was to weet a flout and fundie thiefe,
Wont to rob Churches of their ornaments,
And poore mens boxes of their due reliefe,
Which guen was to them for good intents;
The holy Saints of their rich refiduums
He did difroble, and laid thefe to waste,
And grace the Priets of their habitiments,
Whiles none of the holy things in safety kept;
Then he by cunning sleights in at the window crept.

And all that he by right or wrong could find,
Vnto this house he brought, and did beforwe.
Upon the daughter of this woman blind,
Abuela, daughter of Correct aflow,
With whom he whoreome was, that few did knowe,
And fed her fuit with feaft of offeringes;
And plenty, which in all the land did grove:
Ne spared he to give her gold and rings,
And now he to her brought part of his flullen things.

Thus, long the dore with rage and threats he bet,
Yet of those fearefull women none durft rife,
The Lyon frayd them, him in to let:
He would no longer flay him to aduice,
But open breaks the dore in furious wife,
And earring is when that did attending be;
Encountring fierce, him fuddainly doth furpize,
Anfwaing cruell claves on tranfubbrag brift,
Vnder his lowly foot proudly hath unpreff.
THE FAERIE QUEENE.

Cant. III.

20 Him booteth not reffes, nor suecor call,  
His bleeding heart is in the venger hand,  
Who straight him rent in thousand peeces small,  
And quite dismembered hauh: the thricefull land  
Drunke vp his life: his corle left on the strand.  
His fearfull friends weare out the woeful night,  
No daer to wepe, nor teeme to vnderstand  
The heauir hap which on them is alight,  
Affraid,leave to themselfes the like misshapen might.

21 Now when broad day the world discouer'd has,  
Vp Pheroes, vp rofe the Lynecke;  
And on their former journeу forward passes,  
In waiues vacknowne, her wandring knight to seeke,  
With paines farre puffing that long wandring Greekes,  
That for his lord refused deire;  
Such were the labours of this Lady mecke,  
Still weeping him, that from her still did fliе,  
Then furcheft from her hope, when moft fhee weened nie.

22 Soone as fhee parted thence, the fearfull twaine,  
That blind old woman and her daughter deare  
Came forth, and finding Kepheus there flaine,  
For anguish great they gun to rend their hauers,  
And beat their breaths, and naked flith to teare.  
And when they both had wepe and waitd their fill,  
Then forth they ranne like two amaze JSGlobal Deere,  
Halfe mad through malice, and revenging will,  
To follow her, that was the cauer of their ill.

23 Whom outvaking, they gun loudely brayd,  
With hollow howling, and lamenting cry,  
Shamefully at her raue the way;  
And her accounging of diufconecte,  
That was the flowe of faith and chastitie;  
And all amidft her rayling, she did pray,  
That plaques, and mifchiefs, and long miferie  
Might fall on her, and follow all the way,  
And that in endlesse errour the might euer stray.

24 But when fhee law her prayers nought prouaine,  
She back returned with some laboure loft;  
And in the way, as fhee did wepe and waile,  
A Knight her met in myghty armes emboude,  
Ye et knighthood was not for all his bragging bold,  
But ftubill Archameas, that Vn a southe  
By ramens into new troubles to have tought;  
Of that old woman rydings he founseff,  
And that of such a Lady she could tellen ought.

25 There-with fhee gun her paffion to renew,  
And cry, and curie, and rade, and rend her haires,  
Saying, that harlot fhee too lateley knew,  
That could her fled fo many a better teare,  
And fo forth told the story of her feare:  
Much feemed he to mone her haplesse chaunc,  
And after, for that Lady did inque,  
Which beeing taught, he forward gan advance,  
His faire enchant'd flied, and eke his charmed launce.

26 Ere long he came where \(V_{\text{unt}}\) wandr'd all his flowre,  
And that wilde Champion wayting her before:  
Whom feeing fuch, for dread he dartt not thowre  
Himselfe too night at hand, but turned wide,  
Vnto an hill: from whence when the hyn spide,  
By his like feeing shield, her knight by name  
Shee weend it was, and towards him gan ride:  
Approching night, the fliit it was the flame,  
And with faire fearfull humiliation towards him she came.

27 And weeping flied, Ah my long lack'd Lord,  
Where haue ye been? that long fough: my fight?  
Much feared I to have been quite ahord,  
Or ought haue done, that ye fchine fome might,  
That should as death vnto my deare heart light:  
For since mine eye your ioouys fliit did mift,  
My cheerfull day is turnd to cheerleffe night,  
And eke my night of death the shadow is;  
But welcom now my light, and fhining lamp of blis.

28 Hee thereto meeting, fayd, My dearfate Dame,  
Faere be it from your thought, and fro my will,  
To think that knighthood I fo much fhould flame,  
As you to leute, that have mee tound full,  
And chooe in Faery Court of meere good will,  
The earth full sooner lente her kindly skill  
To bring forth fruite, and make eternall death,  
Then I leave you, my life, yborne of heavenly birth.

29 And footh to fay, why I left you fo long,  
Was for to lecke adventure in strange place,  
Where Archameas fai'd a fuch a long range  
To many Knights did daily worke difgrace:  
But knight he now fhall neuer more deface;  
Good cafe of mine excufe: that more ye pleafe  
Well to accept, and euermore embrace  
My faithfull ferverice, that by land and seas  
Have vow'd you to defend, now then your plaint appeaue.

30 His loucy words her femei d due respemence  
Of all her pulled paines: one louing howre  
For many yeeres of frowe can dispence:  
A dram of fweet is worth a pound of lowre:  
She had forgot, how many a woeful flowre  
For him the late endur'd: fliet speaks no more  
Of paff: true is, that true loue hath no powre  
To looken back: his eye be first before.  
Before her flund her knight, for whom the toyld fo lore.

31 Much like, as when the beacont Mariners,  
That long hath wandred in the Ocean wide,  
Ox fount in fwhelling Tribes faithfull teare,  
And long time hauing and his towney hide  
With blissing breath of heauen, that none can bide,  
And torching flumes of fierce Orion hound,  
Soone as the port from farre he has eipide,  
His cheerfull whistle merrily doth found.  
And \(\text{Xerxes}\) crowne with cups his mates him pledge a-

32 Such
BOOKE

THE FIRST BOOKE OF

Cant. 111.

Such voy made Phe, when her Knight she found;
And eke th'encounter joyous seem'd no less
Then the glad Merchant, that doth view from ground
His ship faire come from wattery wilderness;
He hurles out vows, and Neptune oft doth bless:
So forth they pay, and all the way they speake
Difcourting of her dreadful late distreffe,
In which she askt her, what the Lyon meant:
Who told her, all that fell in coursey as the went.

They had not ridden faire, when they might see
One pricking towards them with hastie heat,
Full strongly arm'd, and on a courier free
That through his fiercescencé fom'd all with sweat,
And the hard iron did for anger eat,
And his hot rider spair'd his chafted side;
His looke was fierce, and ferc'd him to threat
Cruc'el revenge, which he in heart did hide,
And on his shield Sans ley in bloudie lines was wade.

When nigh he drew unto this gentle paire,
And saw the Red-croffe, which the Knight did bear,
He burnt in ire, and gan eritoones prepare
Himfelfe to battell with his couched speare.
Loth was that other, and did faint through feare
To tale th'entr'yce his deadly fcelce,
But yet his Lady did so well him cheare,
That hope of new good hap he gan to see;
So sent his speare, and found his borne with iron heele.

But that prone Paynim forward came too fierce,
And full of wrath, that with his fharpe-head speare
Through vainly crofted shield he quite did pierce
And,had his ftaggering fmeel not flaundered fcare,
Through shield and body eke he flould him beare;
Yet so great was the puissance of his paffe,
That from his fiddle quide he did him beare:
He tumbling rudely downe to ground did ruff,
And from his gore wound a well of bloud did gulf.

Dispointning lightly from his loftie fped,
He to hone lepte, in mord to reuife his life,
And proudly faid, Lo, there the worthy meed
Of him, that flew Sans ley with bloudy knfe:
Hencforth his ghoft, freed from repuung fiare,
In pace may flavor over Labe lake,
When mourning stars, purg'd with enemies life,
The black infernoil forties doen aflake:
Life from Sans ley thou tooke, Sans ley full fto the take.

There with in haufe his helmet gan vlance,
Till Phe crede, & bold that heuie hand,
Deare Sir, what euer that thoue in place be
Enon fuch, that thy foe doth vanquih fland,
Now at thy mercy: Mercy not withifand:
For he is one the trueth Knight alone,
Though conquer'd now he lie on lowcly land,
And with it fortune fand, faire did thrive
In bloudy field; therefore do I feke him not deprave.

Her pittious words might not abate his rage;
But rudely rending vp his helmet, would
Have flaine him ftright: but when he fees his age,
And hauie head of Archmage old,
His hauie hand he doth flamizd hold,
And halfe almoft, wonder'd at the fight:
For, the old man well knew he, though unvold,
In charme and magick to have wondrouf might,
Neuer wont in field, he in round lift to light.

And f aid, Why Archmage, lackleffe fue,
What do I fee? what hard mishap is this,
That hath thee theer brought to tale mine ire?
Or thine the fault, or mine the error is,
In teade offoe, to wound my friend armes?
He an{wer'd nought, but in a trauce full lay,
And on those guilefull dazed eyes of his
The cloudes of death did fit. Which doen away,
He left him lying fo, he would no longer fly.

But to the Virgin comes, who all this while
Amazed stands, her felt fo meek to fee
By him, who has the guarden of his guile,
For to misfeigning her true Knight to bee:
Yet is she now in more perpetuall,
Left in the hand of that same Paynim bold,
From whom her booteft not at all to flie;
Who, by her cleanly garments catching hold,
Her from her Palfrey pluckt, her vifage to behold.

But her fierc fummon full of gentle awe
And high didlake when as his louter signe Dame
So rudely handef by her face he fawe,
With gaping lawes full greedy at him came,
And ruminp on his shield, did weene the fame
Hame left away with his hard rending clawes:
But he was fount, and luft did now inflame
His courage more that from his grappling pawes
He hath his shield redden'd, & forth his sword he draws.

O then too weakke and feafeles was the force
Offlave beaft, his puissance to withifand:
For, he was strong, and of fo mighty corse,
As euer wicked fpeare in warlike hand,
And fates of armes did wideely vnderfand.
Efeiones he pierc'd through his chafted cheft
With thrilling point of deadly iron fland,
And runneth this Lordly hart with death oppreff
Her round aloud, white life forfooke his stubborne breath.

Who now is left to kepe the torbome maid
From raging spalpe of lawlesse victors will?
Her faithfull guard remoone'd, her hope difmaid,
Her lifte a ycleed prey to fate or fiell.
Henow Lord of the field, his pride to fill,
With foile reproches, and did infullight
Her vilely entaines, and (will or null)
Bears her away upon his courser light:
Her prayers sought prastale, his rage it more of might.

And
And all the way, with great lamenting paine,
And precious plants she filleth his dale eares,
That flowry heart could riven haste in twaine,
And all the way the wets with flowing teares:

But hee, enraged with rancke, nothing heares.
Her tender beaute yet would not leave her so,
But follows her faire oft, ne ought he faire
To be partaker of her wandering woe;
More mild in beauteely kind, then that her beastly foe.

Canto III.

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

Of late knight, what euer that doth arms profesi
And through long labors hunted after fame,
Beware of frauds, beware of ficklenes,
In choice, & change of thy dear loued Dame,
Least thou of her believe too lightly blame,
And faith unwerving do thy hart remove:
For unto Knight there is no greater shame,
Then lightnesse and inconstancy in love;
That doth this Redoife knights enample plainly prove.

Who after that he had faire ere lorne,
Through light misdeeming of her lornlie,
And false Duese in her head had borne,
Called Fides', and so suppos'd to be;
Long with her transual, till at last they see
A goodly building, bravely garnished,
The house of mighty Prince it seem'd to bee:
And toward it a broad high way that led,
All bare through peoples feet, which thither travelled.

Great troupe of people trau'ld thitherward
Both day and night, of each degree and place:
But few return'd, having ta'ped hard,
With balefull beg gere, or foule disgrace,
Which euer after in moat wrought cafe,
Like loathome lazers, by the hedges lay.
Thither Duese bade him bend his pace:
For the is werry of the tosefore way,
And alio nigh consum'd is the lingering day.

A stately Palace built of squared brick,
Which cunningly was without morter laid,
Whose walls were high, but nothing strong, nor thick,
And golden foilie all over them displaid.

That purest skie with brightnesse they dismaid:
High lifted vp were many lofty towres,
And goodly galleries farre over-laid,
Full of faire windowes, and delightful bowres;
And on the top a Diall told the timely bowres.

It was a goodly heape for to behold,
And spake the praises of the workmen wit;
But full great pittie, that so faire a mold
Did on to weake foundation ever fit:
For on a linda hill, that full did rise,
And far away, it mounted was fullarie,
That every breath of heaven flaked it:
And all the hinder parts, that few could spie,
Were ruinous and old, but painted cunningly.

Arrived there, they pass'd in forth right:
For full, to all, the gates open wide;
Yet charge of them was to a Porter right
Call'd Mabern, who entrance none decide:
Theence to the hall, which was on every side
With rich array and costly Arras deckt:
Infinite farts of people did abide:
There waiting long, to win the wished fight
Of her, that was the Lady of that Palace bright.

By them they pass'd, all gazung on them round,
And to the Presence mount: whose glorious view
Their faile amazed lenches did confound:
In lesson Princes Court none euer knew
Such enelle riches, and to tumpetous shew:
Ne Persia selfe, the nurse of pompous pride,
Like euer Lew. And there a noble crew
Of Lords and Ladies spread on euer side,
Which with their presence faire, the place much beautifide.
With lofty eyes, half-loth to looke so lowe,
She thanked them in her didiaineful wife,
No other grace vouchlaced them to shewe
Of Princell worthy, fearde them bad arie.
Her Lords and Ladies all this while dencile
Themclues to letten forth to strangers figh:
Some frounce their curled hare in croude face,
Some pranke their ruffes, and others triumyght
Their gay attire: each others greater pride does spright.

Goodly they all that knight doe entretaine,
Right glaid with him to have incerit their crew:
But to Dues each one himselfe did paine
All kindnesse and faire curtsefio fishe
For in that Court whilome her well they knew:
Yet the fount Fauree mognof the midlde crowd,
Thought all their glory vaine in knightly view,
And that great Princelle too exceeding proud,
That to strange knight no better countenance allowd.

Suddaine vpriseth from her flatlye place
The royall Dame, and for her coche doth call:
All hurlen forth, and fhee with Princely paie,
As faire Aqua in her purple pall,
Out of the East the dawnynge day doth call:
So forth she comes: her brightnesse broad doth blazer:
The heapes of people, thronging in the hall,
Doe ride each other, fpont her to gaze:
Her glorious gliter and light doth all mens eyes amaze.

So forth fhee comes, and to her coche doth clame,
Adorned all with gold, and girlandz gay,
That fcm d as feth as Flora in her prime,
And stroute to march, in royll rich array,
Great Iunee golden chaire, the which they fay
The Gods fland gazynge on, when the doth ride
To Juway high house through heaven breffe-pd way
Drawne of faire Peacock, that excellin prade,
And full of Argus eyes their tylles dffpreind wide.

But this was drawn of fix vnqueall beastes,
On which her fix fage Counsellours did ride,
Tought to obeye their beftiall beheaves,
With like conditions to their kinds applyde:
Of which the firts, that all the refc did guide,
Was flungfill Idemifhe, the null of firs,
Vpon a bloudfull Asle he chose to ride,
Arrad in habut black, and amit thin.
Like to an holy Monk, the feruice to begin.

And in his hand his Portefl fell he bare,
That much was worn, but therein little red:
For, of devotion he had little care,
Still drawn in sleepe, and moft of his days devd;
Scurfe could he oncel uphold his heauen hed,
To looken whether it were night or day:
May freme the wine was very enuilled,
Vhen fuch in one had giuing of the way,
That knew not, whether right he were, or ilke aftry.

From
Inconscion man, that loved all he saw,
And lusted after all that he did love,
Ne would his looser life be tale to low,
But joy'd he saw wenches hearts to tempt and prove.
If from their loyall loves he might them move,
Which lewdness fill him with reprocheful paine
Of that foule eulog, which all men reproce,
That rats the marrow, and confines the bace:
Such one was Lucifer, the third of all thursyne.

And greedy Avarice by humblid ride,
Vpon a Camell laden all with gold;
Two iron cossers hung on either side,
With precious metall, full as they might hold,
And in his lap an heape of coine he told;
For of his wicked plesse his God he made,
And vnto hell him selfe for money told;
Accursed vury was all his trade,
And right and wrong yoke in equall balance waide.

Moit wretched wight, whom nothing might suffice,
Whose greedy lust did lack an greatest hole,
Whose need had end, but no end cutestic,
Whose wealth was want, whose Plenty made him sore,
Who had enough, yet wishd moremore;
A vile defate, and eke in spoore and hand
A grievous gout tormented him full sore,
That well he could not touch, nor go, nor stand:
Such one was Amorice, the fourth of this faire band.

And next to him malecious Envy rode,
Vpon a ravenous Wolf, and shill did chaw
Betweene his cankeret teeth a venemose tode,
That all the poison ran about his jaw;
But inwardly he chewed his owne maw
At neighbours wealth, that made him ever sad;
For death it was, when any good he saw,
And wept, that coute of weeping none he had:
But when he heard of harme, he weaxed wondrous glad.

All in a kittle of discouer'd sly,
He clothed was, y vp arched fuld of eyes;
And in his boale face secretly lay
An hatefull Snaue, the which his tawpe ypite
In many verticals, and mortall finge implie.
Still he rode, he graffed his teeth, to ice
Those heapes of gold with greedy Courteafe,
And grugled at the great felicite
Of proudse Lucifera, and his owne company.
Of warlike deeds.

So havingfolacesthemselfes a space,
With pleasire of the breathing fields yeeld,
They backe returned to the Princely Place;
Whereas an errant Knight in armes yeeld,
And heartflipt fluid, wherein with letters red,
Was written, say, they new arraigned find:
Enam’d with braine and fierce hardy-head,
He seem’d in harde to harbour thoughts vnderstond,
And nourish bloody vengeance in his bitter mind.

Who when the famed shield of blaine Sansfoy
He spade with that fame Faery champions Page,
Bewraying him, that did of late deftroy
His eld’st brother, burning all with rage
He to him leapt, and that fame enious gate
Of Victo’s glory from him snatcht away;
But th’Elfin Knight, which ought that warlike wages
Disdained to lofe the meed hee wonne in fray,
And him reouercouring fierce, restekd the noble pray.

There-wis they gan to hurlen greedily,
Redoubted battle ready to darraine,
And cast their shields, and shakke their swords on hie,
That with their stnare they troubled all the trains:
Till that great Queene upon eternall paine
Of highe defcription, that endowen might
Commanded them their furie to refraine,
And if that either to that shield had right,
In equall kits they should the morrow next it fight.

Ah dearest Dame (quothe ther the Paynim bold)
Pardon the errour of enraged wight,
Whom great griece made forget the raines to hold
Of reaisons rule, to see this recreant Knight,
No knight, but treachour full of fable delight
And shamefull treafour, who through guile hath blaine
The proveft knighte that euer field did fight,
Even about Sansfey (O! who can then refraine)?
Whose shield he bears re’twerto, the more to heap disdain.

And, to augmente the glory of his guile,
His dearest towe the faire Fidessa loe
Is there polleflid of the trystour vile,
Who repays the hareft towen by his foe,
Sowen in bloody field, and bought with woe:
That brothers hand half dearly well requit,
So be, & Queene, you eual favour thowe.
Him little answered th’angry Elfin Knight;
He never meant with words, but wordes, to plead his right.

But threw his gauntlet, as a sacred pledge
His caufe in combat the next day to try:
So been they parted both, with hearts on edge,
To be aveng’d each on his enemy,
That night they paffe in joy and solely,
Feasting and courting both in bowre and hall;
For Steward was exotique Gluttony,
That of his plenty poured forth to all;
Which doon, the Chamberlain Sloss did to rest them call.

Now
THE FAERIE QUEENE

44 Now, when as darksome night had all displaid, Her coate black curtain over brightest sky, The warlike youths on dainty couches laid, Did chase away sweet sleep from sluggisht eye, To muse on meanes of hoped victory. But when as Morpheus had with head in male Arrested all that courtely company, Vp rose Duessa from her resting place, And to the Paynims lodging came with silent pace.

45 Whom broode awake the findes, in troublous fit, Forecasting how his foe he might annoy, And him amates with speeches seeming fit: Ah desre Sancioy, next dearst to Sansfey, Cause of my new grieue, cause of my new joy, Joyous, to see his image in mine eye, And grieued, to think how foe did destroy, That was the flower of grace and cheualrie; Lo, his Fideessa, to thy secret faith I trie.

46 With gentle words he can her fairely greet, And bad say on the secret of her hart. Then fighting oft, I learn that broth sweet Of temtred is (quoth fice) with muchell smart: For, since my brat was launct with louely dart Of deare Sancioy, I neuer joyed howere, But in eternal woes my weaker hart Haued walkt, louing him with all my powre, And for his sake haued felt full many an heauie howre.

47 At last, when perils all I weened past, And hop'd to scape the crop of all my care, Into newes unweeting I was caft, By this false faytor, who unworthy ware His worthy vessel, whom he with guilefull snare Entrapped flew, and brought to a flamefull grave. Me silly maid away with him he bare, And euer since hath kept in darksome case, For that I would not yeeld, that to Sansfey I gave.

48 But since faire fume hath sperit that lowering cloudes, And to my loathed life now flowes form light, Vnder your beames I will me falsely throwes, From dreaded forme of his disdainfull light: To you thinheritance belongs by right Of brothers prate, to you eek longs his love. Let not his love, let not his refletty sprect Be vnreun'd, that calls to you abone

Frie wandring Syrgeone flüores, where it doth endless moue.

49 Thereto saide he, faire Dame be nought disdain For forrowes past; that grieues is with them gene: Ne yet of present perill be affraid; For, needlessse fears did never vantage none, And helplesse hap it boveteth not to none. Dead is Sansfey, his vital paines are past, Though griueth ghost for vengeance deep doe groane: He liues, that shall him pay his duties leat, And guilty Elin bloud shall sacrifice in hau.

50 O! but I feare the fickle freakes (quoth fice) Of Fortune falle, and oddes of armes in field. Why Dame (quoth he) what odder can euer be, Where both doe fight alike, to win, or yeeld? Yes, but (quoth fice) he beares a charmed fielde, And eke enchanted armes, that none can pierce, Ne none can wound the man that does them wield, Charmed or enchanted (anwered he then fiece) I no whit reck, ne you the like need to reherfe.

51 But faire Fideessa, thence Fortunes guile, Or enemies powre hath now captuad you, Returne from whence ye came, and rett while Till morrow next, that I the Elice subdue, And with Sansfey dead dowry you endue. Ay me, that is a double death (the fide) With proude foes fight my forrow to tenure: Where euer yet I be, my secret aide Shall followe you. So passinge forth, thee him obside.
THE FIRST BOOKE OF

Canto V.

The faithfull knight in equall field
Subdues his faithlesse foe:
Whom false Dueffa snares, and for his cure to hell does goe.

He noble hart, that harbours vertuous thought,
And is with child of glorious great intent,
Can neuer rest, 'till after haue brought
The eternal brood of glory excellent:
Such refulgent passion did all night torment
The flaming courage of That Faery Knight,
Deuoung, how that doughty tournament
With greatest honour hearchieved might;
Still did he wake, and still did watch for dawning light.

At last, the golden Orientall gate
Of greatest heauen gan to open faire,
And fun-bright paffion did all night araise,
With shouting fanses, and dawning shroude:
Which when the wakefull Elfe perceiued, straightaway
He started vp, and did himselfe prepare,
In fun bright armes, and battallious array:
For with that Pagin proude he combat will that day.

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

Soon after comes the cruell Sarazin,
In wonen maille all armed warily,
And dainty looks he him, who not a pin
Does care for looke of huing creatures eye.
They bring them wines of Greece, and Arabia,
And dainty spices fetched from further Ind,
To kindle hearts of courage privily;
And in the wine a folome art they bind
To obserue the factor laws of armes that are sign'd.

At last, forth comes that faire renowned Queene,
With royll pomp and Princely maitie;
Shee is ybrought into a paled Greene,
And placed under falsely Canapee.
The warlike feats of both tho'se knights to see.
On th'other side, in all mens open view
Dueffe placed is, and on a tree
Saws fair his shields is hang'd with bloody hew:
Both tho'se the lawrell girlondes to the victor dew.

A thrilling trumpet sounded from on hie,
And into battale bad themclues addresse:
Their shining shieldes about their wrists they tie,
And burning blades about their heads doe blie.
The instruments of wrath and heauinse:
With greedy force each other both affaile,
And strike to fiercely, that they doe impresse
Dewe dinted furrowes in the bated mail:
The iron walls to ward their blowes are weake and fraile.

The Sarazin was stout, and wondrous strong,
And heaped blowes like iron hammers great:
For, after bloud and vengeance he did long.
The knight was fiercke, and full of youdehly heat:
And doubled strokes, like dreaded thunders threat:
For, all for proue and honour he did fight,
Both frinnen strike, and beaten both doe beat,
That from their shields forth flieth fire light,
And helmets hewen deeps, these marks of either might.

So th'one for wrong, the other furices for right:
As when a Grifon, feized of his pray,
A Dragon fierce encountreth in his flight,
Through wide'd ayre making his ydle way,
That would his rightfull raviner end away:
With ludeous horror both together flight,
And force to force, that they the heavens affray:
The wife Soode layes, feizing to fad figh,
Th'hammered vulgar yells of warres and mortal figh.
So th'o'one for wrong, the other for right,
And each to deadly flame would drive his foe;
The cruel steelhe so greedily doth bite
In tands sheath, that dreamers of blood downe flowe,
With which the armes, that earst to bright did showe
Into a pure vermillion now encrude:
Great rult in all the gazers harts did growe,
Seeing the gored wounds to gape to wide,
That victory they dare not wish to either side.

At left, the Paynim chamber to call his eye,
His saddling eyes, flaming with wrathfull fire,
Vpon his brothers shield, which hung thereby:
Therewith redoubled was his raging ire,
And said, Ah wretched fome of wofull fire,
Dooft thou fit wayling by blake Stigeinislake,
Wilt he come thy shield is hanged for victors hire,
And fuggeish german dooth thy forces flake,
To after-send his foe, that him may ouertake?

Goe cautitious, he, him quickly ouertake,
And foone recollect him from his long wandering woe;
Goe guilty ghost, to him my needle make,
That I his shield hauie quit from dying foe.
There-with vpon his crest he trooke him to,
That twice hee reeled, ready twice to fall;
End of the doublefull battell deeme tho,
The lookers on, and lowd to him gan call
The falle Duessa. Thine the shield, and I, and all.

Soone as the Faerie heard his Ladie speake,
Out of her frowning dreame he gan awake,
And quickning faith, that earth was weakne waxen,
The creeping deadly cold away did thake:
Tho moved with wrath, and shame, and Ladies sake,
Of all attance he cast a cang'd to be,
And with fo exceeding furte at him spake,
That forced him to stoope vpon his knee;
Had he not stooped so, he should have clouts bee.

And to him saide, Goe now proude Miferant,
Thy selfe thy needle doe to german deare;
Alone he wanding, thee too long doth wante:
Goe, lay this foie thy shield with doth beare.
There-with his hauncie him and he high gan rearre,
To him haue flame; when loke, a darklome crowde
Vpon him fell: he no where doth appere,
But vanish is. Tho the Elfe him calls alowde,
But answer none receiues: the darknes he does throuwde.

In haste Duessa from her place arose,
And to him running Gaid, a proveth knight,
That ever Lady to her lone did chose,
Let now abate the terror of your might,
And quench the flame of furious delight,
And bloody vengeance: lo, th'enemall powres
Courting your foe with cloude of deadly night,
Hate borne him hence to Pluton balefullowres.

The conquest yours, I yours, the shield, and glory yours,
Not all so fatisfide, with greade eye
He fought all round about, his thristfull blade
To bathe in bloud of fathiccle enemy,
Who all that while lay hid in secret shade:
He flands amazed, how he thence should fake.
At last the trumpets, Triumph found on his,
And running Heralds humble homage made,
Greeting him goodly with new victory,
And to him brought the shield, the castle of ennemie.

Where wish he goeth to that sovereign Queene;
And falling her before on lovely knee;
To her makes present of his service teene;
Which shee accepts, with thanks, and goodly gree,
Greatly advancing his gay chesltre.
So marcheth home, and by her takes the Knight,
Whom all the people follow with great glee,
Shouting, and clapping all their hands on hights,
That all the aire it fills, and flies to heaven bright.

Home is he brought, and laid in fumpuous bed;
Where many skilfull leaches him abide,
To talle his hurts, that yet still frefully bled.
In vine and oyle they waften his wounds wide,
And softly can embalmie on every side.
And all the while, most heavenly melody
About the bed sweet muschete did divide,
Him to beguile of griefe and agony:
And all the while Duessa were full bitterly.

As when a wearie traveller that frataes
By mudy shore of broad foen-mouthed Nile,
Vnowecting of the perilous wandring wares,
Doth meet a cruel craftic Crocodile,
Which in falle griefe hiding his harmefull guile,
Doth weep with full sore, and shedeth tender teares:
The foolish man, that putttes all this while
His mouresfull plight, is swallowd vp vnwares,
Forgetfull of his owne, that mindes anothers care.

So wept Duessa vsually everie:
That thining lamps in Iwers high house were light:
Then forth the royle, ne longer would abide,
But comes into the place, where the Heathen knight
In flumbering faire one night void of all pright,
Lay couer'd with incandint cloudes all day:
Whom when she found, as the him left in plight,
To wake his woeful cafe she would not stay,
But to the Eastern coast of heauen makes speedy way.

Where grievly Night, with visage deadly sad,
That Phoebe cheerfull face durt neuer view,
And in a boute black pitchie mantle clad,
She finn's forth comming from her darksome new,
Where the all day did hide her hared hew,
Before the dore her iron charter stood,
Already harnesed for journey new:
And eke black feedes yborne of hellish brood,
That on their ruffle bits did champ, as they were wood.

Who
THE FIRST BOOKE OF

Who when the saw Dunsia sunny bright,
Adorn'd with gold and jewels shining clear,
Shee greatly grew amaz'd at the sight,
And the unsuqainted light began to足: 
(For never did such brightness there appear)
And would have back retir'd to her Cave,
Vntill the witches speech the gun to hear,
Saying, yet do thou dreadst Dame, I praie
Abide, till I have told thee the message which I haue.

Shee said, and forthwith Dunsia gun proceed,
O then most ancient Grandmother of all,
More old then Iow, whom thou at first didst breed,
Or that great house of Gods call'd full,
Which wall begot in Damorgens hall,
And saw the seers of the world vnnmade,
Why suffredst thou thy Nephews deare to fall
With Elin sword, most shamefully betray'd ?
Lo, where the Stout Samsy doth sleepe in deathly shade.

And him before, I saw with bitter eyes
The bold Samsy thrice underneath his spfare;
And now the prey of bowes in field and lyes,
Nor wall of friends, nor laid on groynig beare,
That whilome was to meete too dearly deare.
O! what of Gods then boots it to be borne,
If old Angles scientist of cuill hearthe?
Or who shall not great Rights dread children scorne,
When two of three her Nephews are to foule forborne ?

Vp then, vp dreary Dame, of darkesse Queene,
Goe gather vp the relquises of dry race,
Or eile goe them avenge, and let be scene
That dreased Night in brightest day hast place,
And can the children of faire Light deface,
Her feeling speeches some compulsion moused
In heart, and change in that great mothers face :
Yet pitie in her heart was never proued
Till then; and curnnt here the hated, never loued.

And aie, Deare daughter rightely may I r Row
The fall of famous children borne of me,
And good iccestes, which their foes enue:
But who can turne the fireame of definie,
Or breake the chaine of strong incessine,
Which sitts tisde to Iowes eternall fate?
The loumes of Daye he fauorouth, I see,
And by my ruines thinks to make them great,
To make one great by others lofie, is bad excheare.

Yet shall they not escape fairely all;
For none shall pay the price of others guilt:
And be the man that made Samsy to fall,
Sklall with his owne blood price that he hath spilt.
But what art thou, that tellst of Nephews kilt?
I that doe seeme not I, Dunsia sm,
(Quoth shee) how cuer now in garments gile,
And gorgeous gold arrayd to thee came;
Dunsia I, the daughter of Deceit and Shame.

Then bowing downe her aged backe, she kif:
The wicked witch, laying: In that faire face,
The felle refemblance of Deceit, I wift,
Did dooly turke: yet to true-seeming grace
It carried, that I scarce in darksome place
Could it descrene, though I the mother be
Of Falshood, and roote of Dunsias race.
O welcome child, whom I have longe to see,
And now have seene vewares: Lo, now I go with thee.

Then to her iron wagen she betakes,
And with her bears the foule welfauour witch:
Through mirk some are her ready way the makes,
Her towfoold Teme (of which, two blacke as pitch,
And two were browne, yet eache to each vnhke)
Did lofie swim by, neuer flampes,
Vulifle she chane't their clubborne mouths to twitch:
Then, feming tame, their brades they would champe,
And trampling the fine elements, would fiercely ramphe.

So well they sped, that they be come at length
Vnto the place whereas the Paynim lay,
Deuido of outward fente, and nafty strengthe,
Cour'd with charmed cloudes from view of day,
And fight of men, since his late lackleffe fray.
His crutch wound wth cruddy blood concealed,
They binden vp so wisely as they may,
And handle fastly, till they can be healed.
So lay him in her charret, close in night conceaule.

And all the whyle fiesed fround the ground,
The wakefull dogs did never cease to bay,
As guing warning of th'vwnointed found,
With which her iron wheeles did them affray,
And her darke grieved looke them much dismay:
The mesenger of death, the ghastly Owle,
With drearie shrikes did alfo her bewray,
And hungry Wolves continually did howle,
At her abhorred face, so filthy and so foule.

Thence turning backe in silence fast they holde,
And brought the heausie corse with exile pace
To yawnning gulf of deepe Avenus hole.
By that same hole, an entrance, darke and bafe
With fineske and sulphure hiding all the place,
Defends to hell: there creature never palt,
That backe returned without heauenly grace;
But dreadful Furies, which their chains hate brist,
And damned spightes went forth to make ill men agast.

By that same way the direfull dames doe drive
Their mountfull charret, fild with ruffly blood,
And downe to Phoetes house are come blide:
Which puffling through, on every side they hooold:
The trembling ghosts with sid amazed mood,
Chattering their iron teeth, and flaring wide
With flaming eyes: and all the hellish brood
Of fiends inerall flockt on everie side,
To gaze on earthly wight, that with the Night durst ride.

They
They paffe the bitter waues of Asphius,
Where many soules fit wailing woefully,
And come to fiery flood of Thrigetoum,
Whereas the damned ghosts in tormentes fry,
And with sharpe thrilling fireicks do boilde, and cry,
Curfing high Iove, the which them thither send,
The houfe of endlesse paine is built thereby,
In which, ten thousand forts of punishment
The curfed creatures doe eternally torment.

Before the threethold, dreamefull Cerberus
His three deformed heads did lay along,
Curled with thousand Adders venomous,
And lilled forth his bloudie flaming tonge:
At them he gun to receve his brutish strong,
And fellie gnarre, untill daies enemie
Did him appeale; then downe his tale he hung,
And suffred them to passe quietly:
For, thee in hell and heauen had power equallly.

There was inio turn’d on wheele,
For drowstemp the Queene of heauen to fin;
And Syfplume an huge rounde fome did teele.
Against an hill, he might from labour fin;
There thrurthe Tantalus hung by the chin;
And Tityus led a vulture on his mawes;
Typhon’s voynts were stretched on a gun,
Thisfom condemn’d to endlesse floth by law,
And fitte fifters water in leafevels draw.

They all beholding worldly Affayes in place,
Leave off their worke, vanimind full of their heart;
To gaze on them; who forth by them doe paue,
Till they be come into the furturfe part:
Where was a Cave wyrought by wondrous art,
Depe, darke, vnesie, dolefull, comfortsle,
In which fau Agelapyns faire apart
Empfond was in chaines remodifile,
For that Hippolytus went corfe hee did redrefs.

Hippolytus a solly huntman was,
That went in charret chace the foaming Bore;
Heall his Peeres in beuyene did purue,
But Ladies luste, as loffe of time forborne:
His wanton fipdam lovd him the more,
But when the faw her offred fweetts refued,
Her loue fice turn’d to hate, and him before
His father fierce, of treafon fälle accused,
And with her zealoud terme, his open ears abused.

Who, all in rage, his Sea-god ftrete befought
Some curfed vengeance on his fonne to cast:
From furning gulf two monsfers straighte were brought,
With dread whereof his chafing fcees aginst,
Both charret swifit and huntman overcast.
His goodly corps on ragged clifts yrent,
Was quicke dismembrd, and his members chaffe
Scattered on eyry mountaine, as he went,
That of Hippolytus was left no monument.

His cruell tep妲ume seeing what was done,
Her wicked daies with wretched knoufe did end,
In death avowing th’innocence of her fonne.
Which hearing his rath Sure, began to rend
His haire, and haffe the tongue, that did offend:
That gathering vp thre relics of his heart
By Diane means, who was Hippolytis friend,
Them brought to Agelapys, that by his art
Did healde them all againe, and toyned every part.

Such wondrouss science in mans wit to raigne
When Iove wise’d, that could the dead revive,
And fates expired could renewe againe,
Of endlesse life he might him nor deprifie,
But vnto hell did thuft him downe blame,
With fhudding thunderbolt ywouned foce:
Where long remaining, he did alwaies ftriere
Himfelfe with fates to health for to refore,
And flake the heavenly fire, that raged eternmore.

There ancients Night arriving, did alight
From her high weare wynd, and in her armes
To Agelapyns brought the wounded knight:
Whom having softly difparied of armes,
To gun to him discouer all his haumes,
Befeeching him with prayer, and with praffe,
If either fates, or oyles, or herbes, or charmes
A foredone wight from dore of death more raife.
Hee would at her request prolong her neveues daies.

Ah Dame (quoth hee) thou tentext mee in vaine,
To dare the thing which daily yet I rue,
And the old caufe of my continued paine
With like attempt to like end to reme;
Is not enough, that thrufft from heauen due
Here endlesse penance for one fault I pay,
But that redoubled erime with vengeance new
Thou biddest mee to ceake? Can Night desay?
The wrath of thundring Iove, that rules both night & day?

Not fo (quoth shee) but fhit that heauens king
From hope of heauen hithe thee excludde quight,
Why flarret thou, that unft hope for thing,
And fearst not, that more thee burden might,
Now in the powre of euclifting Noble?
Goe to then, thy fure renowned fonne
Of great Apollo, shew thy famous might
In medicine, that elide hath to thee wonne
Great paines, & greater praffe, both noetuer to be doun.

Herwords prevailed: And then the learned leach
His cunning hand gun to his wounds to lay,
And all things clef, the which his art did teach:
Which having fecne, from thence arose away
The mother of dread darknesse, and let fly
Arounges fonne there in the Leachs cure,
And backe returning tooke her wanted way,
To runne her timely race, whilefh Thebus pure
In weatere waues his wearey wagon did recure,
C. The
Canto V.

The false Dufias leaving noytous Night,  
The falsc Dufias leaving noytous Night,  
Return to stately Palace of dame Pride;  
Where when she came, she found the Faerie knight  
Departed thence, albe his woundes wide,  
Not throughly heal'd, yet rauish'd were to ride.  
Good cause had he to hafen thence away;  
For on a day his wary Dwarf had spide,  
Where in a dungeon deeps huge numbers lay.  
O. cursue wretched thalls, that wait'd night and day.

A ruefull fight, as could be seene with eye:  
Of whom he learned had in secret wise  
The hidden cause of their captiuitie,  
How mortgaging their lutes to Cruelty,  
Through wilefull Pride, and wanton Ricote,  
They were by law of that proude Tyrantcfe  
Provoke with Wrath, and Enrifes false turmsife,  
Condemned to that Dungeon merelle,  
Where they should live in woe, and die in wretchedness.

There was that great proude king of Babylon,  
That would compell all nations to adore  
And him as onely God to call vp,  
Till through cellestiall doome thowne out of doore,  
Into an Ox he was transform'd of yore:  
There also was king Cynias, that exaun't  
His heart too high through his great riches storte;  
And proude Antinclus, the which avaunc't  
His cursed hand gainst God, and on his altars daunc't.

And tell long time before, great Nimrod was,  
That starst the world with Word and Fire warraid;  
And after him, old Zyma fast did pass  
In princely pomp, of all the world obaid;  
There also was that mighty Monarch Lid  
Lowe vnder all, yet aplied all in pride;  
That name of native fire did foule vu, braid,  
And would as Ammonis fonne be magnifie,  
Till scorn'd of God, and man a flamelull death he die.

All these together in one heape were thowne,  
Like caudes of beaft in buttercufes fall,  
And in another corner wide were thowne  
The antique ruines of the Romanes fall:

Great Remulus the Grandfire of them all,  
Proud Tarquin, and too lordly Lomulus,  
Stout Seipos, and stouby Hamniball,  
Ambitious Sylla, and Horne Marius,  
High Cesar, great Pompey, and fierce Antiochus.

Amongst these mighty men, were wemen mixt,  
Proud women, vaine, forgetfull of his yoke:  
The bold Semiramis, whose sides transfir  
With formes owne blade, her tumer, light she spoke;  
Faire Selene, that her feli did choke  
With wilful cord, for wanting of her will;  
High minded Cleopatra, that with stroke  
Of' Alpes flung her felie did stoutly kill:  
And thousand moe the like, that did that dungeon fall.

Besides the endless routs of wretched thrilles,  
Which thither were assembl'd day by day,  
From all the world after their wofull falls,  
Through wicked pride, and wastef welthies decay.  
But most of all, which in the Dungeon lay,  
Fell from high Princes courts, or Ladies bowes,  
Where they in idle pomp, or wanton play,  
Consum'd had their goods, and thristlefe bowres,  
And lastli thowne themselves into these heany flowers.

Whole cafe when as the carefull Dwarf had told,  
And made example of their mounfelle fight  
Into his Maiter, he no longer would  
There dwell in perill of like painefull plight,  
But early rofe, and in that dawnning light  
Descouer'd had the world to heauen wise,  
He by a prouie Pofterne tooke his flight,  
That of no curious eyes he more be spide:  
For, doubtlefe death entwad, if any him defcribe.

Scarce could he footing find in that foule way,  
For many cores, like a great Ly-fall  
Of murdered men which therein strowed lay,  
Without remorke, or decent funerall:  
Which all though that great Princesse pride did fell  
And came to thimelf fall.  
And them befide  
Forth riding vnderneath the castell wall,  
A dung-hill of dead carlakes he spide,  
The dreafefull spectacle of that sad houte of Pride.
Canto VI.

From lawlesse lust by wondrous grace
sare Vna is releas'd:
Whom saluage nation does adore,
and learnes her wife behead.

S when hee saw his flatting arts to fail,
And subtile engines set from batterie,
With greedy force he gan the fort assaile,
Whereof hee weend poffessed soone to bee,
And with rich spoile of ranfick chaffish.
Ah heavens! that doth this hidious act behold,
And heavenly virgin this outraged bee,
How can ye vengeance suit to long waih-hold,
And hurte not flattering flames upon that Paynem bold?

The pittious maiden, carefull, comfortele.
Does throw out thrilling thiekce, & shrieking cries,
The left vain help of womens great differe,
And with loud plants importuneth the skyes,
That molten faries doe drop like weeping eyes;
And Phoebus flyng to moft shamefull light,
His blushing face in foggy cloud displays,
And hides for shame. What wit of mortall wight
Can now devise to quit a thrall from such a plight?

Eternal providence, exceeding thought,
Where none apparell can make her felie a way:
A wondrous way it for this Lady wrought,
From Lyons claws to pluck the gript pray,
Her thrill out-cryes and thriekce to loud did bray,
That all the woods and forrests did reound;
A troupe of Faunes and Satyres far away
Within the wood were dancing in a round,
Whiles old Sylerus flirs in flady arbou founds

Who, when they heard that pittious stained voice,
In haste for tooke their ravel monument,
And ran towards the far rebounded noise,
To weet what wight to loudly did lament,
Vnto the place they came incument;
Whom when the raging Sarazin espied,
A rude, mispleafer, monstrous rabatement,
Who like hee never saw, he durst not bode,
But got his ready breeds, and laid away gun ride.
THE FIRST BOOKE OF

Fare off he wonders, what them makes so glad,
Of Bacchus merry fruit they did invent,
Or Cybele frantick rites hate made them mad;
They drawing nigh, vnto their God present
That flower of List and beauty excellent.
The God himself, viewing that mirrour rare,
Stood long amaz'd, and burnt in his intent;
His own faire Driop now he thinks not faire,
And Phoebus fore, when to his he doth compare.

16

The wood-borne people fall before her flat,
And worship her as Gods of the wood;
And old Syr'vanus felice behinck not, what
To think of wight so faire, but gazing flood,
In doubt to descrie her borne of earthly brood;
Sometimes Dame Venus felle he seems to fee:
But Venus neuer had so louver mood;
Sometimes Diana her takes to bee,
But milclath bowes, and Shaftes, and buckkins to her knee.

17

By view of her he ginneth to revive
His ancient love, and deare Cupid's,
And calls to mind his pourtriture anew,
As heares he was, and yet not faire to this,
And how he fled with glauncing dart amifs
A gentle Hind, the which the louely boy
Did love as life, about all worldly bliss;
For grieve whereof the lad not did after joy,
But pynd away in angiuith and self-will'd annoy.

18

The wooddy Nymphes, faire Hamadryades,
Her to behold doe thether rumpe space,
And all the troupe of light-foote Naiades
Flock all about to see her lously face;
But when they viewed haue her heauelly grace
They enue her in their malicious mind,
And the for awe of feare of sole disprage:
But all the Satyres foroe their wooddy kind,
And henceforth nothing faire, but her on earth they find.

19

Glad of such luck, she luckelie lucky maid,
Did her content to pleafe their feble eyes,
And long time with that salvage people stayed,
To gather breath in many miseries.
During which time, her gentle wit the places
To teach them truth, which worthip iht her in vaine;
And made her th image of Idolatries:
But when their bootlell zeal she did restraine
From her owne worship, they her Asl wold worship falsely.

20

It furtune a noble warlike Knight
By suit occasion to that forest came,
To seeke his kindred, and the lineage right,
From whence he tooke his well defiered name:
He had in armes abroad wholesome macheall fame,
And fild farre lands with glory of his might;
Plaine, faithfull, true, and enemy of flame,
And ever lov'd to fight for Ladies right,
But in mine glorious frayre he little did delight.

A Sæ
A Satyre sponge, yborne in forest wilde,
By strange adventure as it did bene,
And there begotten of a Lady wilde,
Faire Pyramis, the daughter of Labryde,
That was in scared bands of wedlock side
To Therion, a loofe wantly swaine;
Who had more ioy to range the forest wide,
And chase the falvage beasft with busie paine,
Then ferue his Ladies loue, and waste in pleasures vaine.

The forlorn maid did with loutes longing borne,
And could not lack her louers company;
But to the wood she goes, to ferue her name,
And fecke her poupae, that from her fall does fle.
And follows other game and venery:
A Satyre chaunc't her wandring for to finde,
And Kinding cosles of luft in brutish eye,
The lowly links of Wedlock did vnbind,
And made her perion thrall into his beastly kinde.

So long in secret cabin there he held
Her captaine to his fenfull desire,
Till that with time lyce his belly fredd,
And 보내 a boy vnto that Glounge fire:
Then home he suffred her for to retir.
For ronfume leaing him the late borne child;
VHmh to ill, to riche yeere he gun aspire,
He nourished vp in life and manners wilde,
Enmongst wilde beaus & woods, from lawes of men exile.

For all he taught the tender Imp, was but
To banish coward and baldbear seare;
His trembling hand he would him force to put
Vpon the lyon, and the ragged beaure;
And from the the Beares teats her whelel to teare;
And eke wilde roring Bulls hee would him make
To tame, and ride their backs not made to beaues;
And the Robucks in fight to overtake,
That curius beast for seare of him did she and quake.

Thereby to fereliffe, and so fell he grew,
That his owne ire, and maiter of his guise,
Did often tremble at his horrid view,
And oft for dread of hurt would him aduise,
The angry beasts nor rashly to delyve,
Nor too much to provoke; for he would leare
The Lyon foote to him in louey wife,
(Aleson harte) and make the Libbard feme
Leave roaring, when in rage he for revenge did yeare.

And for to make his powre approv'd more,
VHilde beasts in iron yokes he would compell;
The spotted Panther, and the usked Bear;
The Parde, swath, and the Tigre cruelle;
The Antelope, and Wolfe, both fierce and fell;
And them confine in equall teame to draw.
Such ioy he had, their flubborne harts to quell,
And fiurde courage tame with dreadfull awe,
That his beasft they feared, as proud tyrants iuwe.

His loving mother came vpon a day
Vnto the woods, to see her little fonne;
And chaunc't vnuar toes to meet him in the way,
After his sports, and cruell paffime dayes,
When after him a Lyoness did runne,
That roaring all with rage, did loude require
Her children deare, whom he way he had vonne:
The Lyon vhelps the saw how he did beare,
And full in rugged armes, withouten childish feare.

The fearefull Dame all quaked at the sight,
And turning back, gan fly to fife away,
Vnhitt with loues reveale from vaine affright,
She hardly yet perwised was to fly aw,
And then to him theefwomanshould words gan fly:
Ah Satyre, my dearling, and my ioy,
For loue of mee leaue off this dredfull playe,
To dally thus with death, is no fit toy,
Goe find some other play-fellowes, mine own sweet boy.

In these, and like delights of bloody game
He trained was, all raper yeere he raught;
And there abode, whilst any beasft of name
Walkt in that forest, whom he had not raught;
To severe his force: and then his courag he raught
Desir'd of forraine foemen to be knowne,
And farre abroad for strange adventures forght;
In which his might was never overthowne.

But through all Feary lord his famous worth was blouwe.

Yet euermore it was his manner faire,
After long labours and adventures spent,
Vnto thole native woods for to repair,
To see his lion, and the spring antient;
And now he thither came for life relent;
Where he wauaht the Feayre, and moued,
Strange lady, to fo strange habiliment,
Teaching the Satyras, which her fat around,
True faced lore, which from her sweet lips did redound.

He wondred at her wifeborne heavenly rare,
VHole like in womens wit he never knew;
And when her courteous deeds he did compare,
Can her admire, and her fall for wowers rew,
Blaming of Fortune, which such troubles threw,
And joy'd to make prooue of her crueltie
On genle Dame, to hurlleffe, and so true:
Thence forth he kept her goodly company,
And learnt her discipline of stile and vertue.

But fie, all vow'd vnto the Rederosse Knight,
His wandring prell cloly did Iuent,
Ne in this new acquaintance could delight,
But her deare heart with anguish did torment,
And all her wit in secret councells spent,
How to ecape. At last, in print found wife
To Satyre shee fleewd her intent:
VHho glad to gained such fiaosur, gin deuice,
How with that penfull Maid he best might thence arise.

Cant. VI.

THE FAERIE QUEENE.

27.

His loyning mother came vpon a day
Vnto the woods, to see her little fonne;
And chaunc't vnuar toes to meet him in the way,
After his sports, and cruell paffime dayes,
When after him a Lyoness did runne,
That roaring all with rage, did loude require
Her children deare, whom he way he had vonne:
The Lyon vhelps the saw how he did beare,
And full in rugged armes, withouten childish feare.

28.

The fearefull Dame all quaked at the sight,
And turning back, gan fly to fife away,
Vnhitt with loues reveale from vaine affright,
She hardly yet perwised was to fly aw,
And then to him theefwomanshould words gan fly:
Ah Satyre, my dearling, and my ioy,
For loue of mee leaue off this dredfull playe,
To dally thus with death, is no fit toy,
Goe find some other play-fellowes, mine own sweet boy.

29.

In these, and like delights of bloody game
He trained was, all raper yeere he raught;
And there abode, whilst any beasft of name
Walkt in that forest, whom he had not raught;
To severe his force: and then his courag he raught
Desir'd of forraine foemen to be knowne,
And farre abroad for strange adventures forght;
In which his might was never overthowne.

But through all Feary lord his famous worth was blouwe.

30.

Yet euermore it was his manner faire,
After long labours and adventures spent,
Vnto thole native woods for to repair,
To see his lion, and the spring antient;
And now he thither came for life relent;
Where he wauaht the Feayre, and moued,
Strange lady, to fo strange habiliment,
Teaching the Satyras, which her fat around,
True faced lore, which from her sweet lips did redound.

31.

He wondred at her wifeborne heavenly rare,
VHole like in womens wit he never knew;
And when her courteous deeds he did compare,
Can her admire, and her fall for wowers rew,
Blaming of Fortune, which such troubles threw,
And joy'd to make prooue of her crueltie
On genle Dame, to hurlleffe, and so true:
Thence forth he kept her goodly company,
And learnt her discipline of stile and vertue.

32.

But fie, all vow'd vnto the Rederosse Knight,
His wandring prell cloly did Iuent,
Ne in this new acquaintance could delight,
But her deare heart with anguish did torment,
And all her wit in secret councells spent,
How to ecape. At last, in print found wife
To Satyre shee fleewd her intent:
VHho glad to gained such fiaosur, gin deuice,
How with that penfull Maid he best might thence arise.
So, on a day, when Satyrnes were gone
To doe their tourne to Syr Garold,
The gentle virgin (left behind alone).
He led away with courage stout and bold.
Too late it was to Satyrnes to be told,
Or cure hope recouer her againe:
In vaine she seemt, that hating cannot hold.
So lust he carried her with carefull paine,
That they the woods are full, and come now to the Plaine.

The better part now of the lingering day,
They trauell had, when as they far epide
A weary wight wanders by the way,
And towards them they gan to haste to ride,
To see of newes, that did abroad bebold,
Or synges of her knight of the Redrose.
But her they finding, gan to turne aside,
For feare, as fem'd, or for some feigned losse,
More greedy they of newes, lust towards him do crose.

A silly man, in simple weeds forsworne,
And todd with duit of the long dried way:
His sandles were with tostaine tramelled torne,
And face all tand with forching funny ray,
As he had trauald many a sommers day,
Through boyling lands of Araby and Eind;
And in his hand 3 Laced staffs, to stay
His weart limbs upon: and eke behind,
His scrip did hang, in which his needmats he did bind.

The Knight approching nigh, of him inquir'd
Tydings of warre, and of adventures new;
But warres, not new adventures none he herd,
Then Paus gan to ask, if sought he knew,
Or heard abroad of that her champion true,
That in his armure bare a croset red.
Aye mee, deare Dame (quoth he) wel may I see
To tell the sad fight, which mine eyes have read:
These eyes did fee that Knight both lungs and eke dead.

That cruel word her tender hart to thrill,
That landaine could did rane, through every raine,
And flowy horeour all her fenes fild.
With flying fit, that downe she fell for paine.
The knight her lightly reared vp againe,
And comforted with courteous kind relie;
Then wonne from death, fiece bade him tellen plaine
The further proceede of her hidden griefe;
The lefster pangs can beare, who hath endur'd the chiefe.

Then gan the Pilgrims there, I chanc'd this day,
This fastal day, that shall I ever new
To see two Knights in trauell on my way
(A fare fight) arrant'd in battall new,
Both breathing vengeance, both of wrathfull hew.
My facefull flesh did tremble at their sight,
To see their blades to greedily imbrow,
That drunk with bloud, yet thirsted after life: (kife.
What more? the Redrose knight was slaine with Paynins

Ah deareft Lord (quototh flyce) how might that bee,
And he the stoutest Knight that euer wonne?
Ah deareft Dame (quototh he) how might I see
The thing that might not be, and yet was done?
Where is (said Satyrnes) that Paynins fonne,
That him of life, and vs of joy hath left?
Not farre away (quoth hee) hee therefore doth wonne
Foreby a fountaine, where I late him left (cleft.
Washing his bloody wounds, that through the freelle were

There-with the Knight thence marched forth in haft,
Whiles Paus with huge heartenfull opprest,
Could not for sorrow follow him to faft;
And done he came, as he the place had gheft,
Whereas that Pagan pronde himselfe did rest,
In secret shadow by a fountaine fide:
Euen hee it was, that eftas would have supprest
Faire Paus: whom when Satyrnes epide,
With foule reproofe full words he boldly him defide.

And said, Aris thou euerly Milcreant,
That haft with knyghetfull guile and treacherous traine,
Faire knyghetloth fullly flamed, and dooth plant
That good Knight of the Redrose to slaye:
Aris, and with like treason now maintaine
Thy guile wrong, or else thee guilty yield.
The Sarazin this heareing, rote amaine,
And catching vp in haffe his three square shield,
And shining helmet, fonne him buckled to the field.

And drawing nigh him, said, Ah misborne Elfe,
In cruel houre thou fost the hither fent,
Another wrongs to weake upon thy felfe:
Yet ill thou blamfst mee, for having blent
My name with guile and traitorous intent,
That Redrose Knight, perdie, I never knew!
But had he beene, where euer his armes were lent,
The enchanter vaine his error should not rive:
But thou his error falt, I hope, now proven true.

There-with they gan, both furious and fell,
To thunder blowes, and hereby to affaile
Each other bent his enemy to quell,
That with their force they perceat both plate and maille,
And made wide furrowes in their fheithes fiale,
That it would pity any living eye.
Largue floods of blood adowne their fides dardraile;
But floods of blood could not them fatifie.
Both hungered after death: both choate to win, or die.

So long they figh, and fell revenge pursue,
That blaining each, threnodies to breathe let,
And oft refreshed, battall of renue:
As when two Boreis with rankling malice met,
Their gory fides freshe bleeding fiercely frite,
Till breathlesse both themsmles asde retire,
Where foaming wrath, their cruel taskes they wheet,
And trample th'earth, the whiles they may require;
Then back to fight againe, now breathed and entire.
Cant. VII.

THE FAERIE QVEENE

45

So fiercely, when these Knights had breathed once,
They gan to fight returne, increasing more
Their purrsant force, and cruel rage attone,
With heaped strokes, more hugely then before,
That with their drie wounds and bloody gore
They both deformed, fiercely could be knowne.
By this, lad Fina with anguish fore,
Led with their noise, which through the aire was throwne,
Arrived where they in earth their lustreless blood had lowne.

Whom all to foone as that proude Sarazin
Espied, he gan reuie the memory
Of his lewd lusts, and late attemptted kin,
And left the doubtfull battell haftily,
To catch her, newly offred to his eye:
But Satyrene with strokes him turninge, fluid,
And herinly bade him other busines ply,
Then hunts the steps of pure vnspotted Maid;
Where-with he all enrag'd, these bitter speeches said.

O foolish fairies fonee, what faire mad
Hath thee incented, to hate thy dullefull fate?
Were it not better I that Lady had,
Then that thou hadst repentit it too late?
Most fotefelle man he, that himfelfe doth hate,
To loue another. Lo then, for thine aid,
Here take thy louers token on thy pale.
So they two fight the whules the royall Maid
Fled saie away, of that proude Paynim force affraid.

But that falle Pilgrim, which that leaing told,
Becing indeed old Adonigiae, did stay
In secret shadow, all this to behold,
And much resoyced in their bloody fray:
But when he saw the Damned pale away,
He left his ftand, and her purled space,
In hope to bring her to her lust decay.
But, for to tell her lamentable cafe,
And eke this battells end, will need another place.

Canto VII.

The Redcrosse knight is Captaine made
by Giant proude oppress:
Prince Arthur meets with Vna
greatly with these newes diffirest.

2

Her feeing upon the cooling shade, and bayes
His sweate forehead in the breathing wind,
Whiche through the trembling leaves full gently playes,
Wherein the cheerful birds of funery kind
Do chant sweet musick, to delight his mind:
The VVitch approaching gan him fairely greet,
And with reproche of carentenfa vnkind.
Vpbrayd, for leaving her in place vnmit.

With foule words tempring faire, lowre guli with home

4

Vnkindenfa past, they gan of solace treat,
And bathe in pleasuance of the joyous shade,
Which filled them against the boylinge heat,
And with greene boughes decking a gloomy glase.
About the fountaine like a garland made:
Whole bubbling wave do! ever ithebly well.
Neuer would through frequant sommer fade:
The faire Nymph, which therein wont to dwell,
Was out of Diane's favour, as it then befell.

C. 4.
The cause was this: One day when Pluthe faire
With this her band was following the chase,
This Nympha, quite tyr'd with heats of scorching aire,
Sat downe to rest in middle of the race:
The Goddess, wroth, gan foule her disgrace,
And bade the waters, which from her did flowe,
Betch as shee herelle was then in place.
Therefor her waters waxed dull and flowe,
And all that drunk thereof, did faint and feeble grove.

Yet goodly court he made full to his Dame,
Pour'd out his adoration on the ground,
Both carelesse of his health, and of his fame:
Till at the last he heard a dreadful sound,
Which through the wood loud bellowing did rebound,
That all the earth for terror seem'd to shake,
And trees did tremble. The Elfe tharre-with aloud,
Vpstartt lightly from his looker make,
And his valiant weapons gaine in hand to take.

But ere he could his armour on him dight,
Or get his shield, his monstrous enemy
With furie steps came walking in his sight,
An hideous Giant, horrible and he,
That with his talonse seem'd to threat the skie,
The ground eke grononnder him for dread,
His lying like law never lying eye,
Ne durt behold; his stature did exceed
The height of three the talllest fomes of mortall feed.

The great Earth his vncest mother was;
And blustering droll had boaste of fire,
Who with his breath, which through the world doth
Her hollow womb did secretly inspire.
(p. 30)
And fild her hidden cates with firemire,
That these conceiu'd and trebbling the desire,
In which the wombes of women doe expire.
Brought forth this monstrous maffe of earthly flame,
Pult vp with empty wind, and fild with sinfull crime.

So grew great through arrogant delight
Of th' highst defeat, whereof he was yborne,
And through presumption of his matchless might,
All other powers and knighthood he did borne.
Such now he marcheth to this man forlorn,
And left to losse: his walking steps are taine
Upon a mangled Oxke, which he had torne
Out of his mothers bowels, and it made
His mortall mace, where-with his foes he disdaine.

That, when the Knight he spide, he gan advance
With huge force and interfupportable maine,
And towards him with dreadfull fury preyne,
With hopplesse, and eke hopefelle, all in vaine
Did to him pate, fal battale to darraine,
Disarm'd, disgrace'd, and inwardly dismaye,
And eke to faint in every joynt and vaine,
That fearfully he could woold his botteflle sangle blade.

The Giant stroke so mainly merelle,
That could have overthowne a stony towre:
And were not heauenly grace, that him did bleffe,
He had been pouled all, as thin as owre:
But he was wary of that deadly flower,
And lightly leap't from underneath the blowe:
Yet jo exceeding was the villains powre,
That with the wind it did him overthrow,
And all his tentes flound, that still he lay fllow lioe.

As when that diuulfif iron Engin wrought
In deepell Hell, and fram'd by Furies skill,
With windie Nitre and quack Sulphur fraught,
And ramm'd with bullet round, ordain'd to fall,
Conceawt fire, the heavens it doth fill
With thundring noise, and all the aire doth choke,
That none can breathe, nor see, nor heare at will,
Through smouldery cloudes of duskyft flaming fioke,
That then only breath him daunt, who hath espait the
(broke.

So daunted when the Giant saw the Knight,
His heauie hand he heaued vp on his,
And him to duft thought to have batterd quide,
Untill Duffia loud to him gan cry:
O great Orgegias, greatest under the sky,
O hold thy mortall hand for Ladies sake,
Hold for my sake, and doe him not to die;
But, vanquit, thine eternall bondillue make,
And me thy worthy meed unto thy Leman take.

He harkned, and did stay from further harms,
To goaine so goodly guardan, as thee spake:
So, willingly he came into his armes,
Who also willingly to grace did take,
And was poseffed of his new found make.
Then vp he tooke the thundred fentelle coree,
And ere he could out of his fwayne awake,
Him to his Cattle brought with wontfull force,
And in a Dungane decep him throw without remorse.

From that day forth Duffia was his desire,
And highly honoured in his haughty eye:
He gave her gold, and purple paile to warre,
And triple crowne fect on her head full hee,
And her endow'd with royall meacie:
Then, far to make her dreaded more of men,
And yeoplets harts with awfull terror tie,
A monstrous beast ybred in filthy fen
He chose, which he had kept a long time in darksome dea.
Such one it was, as that renowned Snake
Which great Aesopus in Stromboz flew,
Long soild in the fifth of Lerna lake,
Whose many heads out budding ever new,
Did breed him endless labour to subdue:
But this fame Monster much more ugly was:
For, feuen great heads out of his body grew,
An Iron breast, and back of icy brafs,
And all embrod in blood, his eyes did shine as glafs.

His tyle was stretched out in wondrous length,
That to the house of heavenly Gods' straight,
And with exorted powre, and borrow'd strength,
The ever-burning lamps from thence did fetch,
And proudly threw to ground, as things of nought;
And vnderneath his filthy feet did tread
The sacred things, and holy hearts fortooke.
Upon this dreadfull Beast with feauenfold head
He let the faile Dufis, for more awe and dread.

The woufull Dwarfe, which saw his maisters fall,
While he had keeping of his grazing feed,
And valiant knight become a bravur youth,
When all was pait, rooke vp his forlone weapon,
His mighty armoure, missing most at need;
And siluer shield, now idle maisterlesse;
His poynant spere, that many made to bleed,
The ruful monuments of heauenlye,
And with them all departes, to tell his great distress.

He had not travailed long, when on the way
He woufull Lady (woufull Fame) met,
Fast flying from the Paynim greedy pray,
Whilest Satyrane him from pursuit did let;
Who when her eyes fte on the Dwarfe had set,
And faw the fignes that deadly tydings spake,
Sche fell to ground for sorrowful regret,
And liuely breath her faid breafee did forlak,
Yet might her pitious heart be feene to pant and quake.

The messenger of fo unhappy newes,
Would faine have dide: dead was his heart within,
Yet onwardlye some little comfort fhewes:
At firste recouerent, he doth begin
To rub her temples, and to chaufe her chin,
And euerie tender part does tolfe and turne:
So hardly he the flitchee life does win,
Vnto her naturall prifon to returne:
Then gins her greace soule thus to lament and mourne.

Yee dreary instruments of deathfull fight,
That doe this deadly spectacle behold,
Why doe ye longer feed on leashed light,
Or liking find to gaze on earthly mold,
Sith cruel Fate the careful threads vnfold,
The which my life and loue together tide?
Now let the fliny dart of leftefcold steel
Pierce to my hart, and paffe through everie side,
And let eternal night to lad sight from me hide.

O lightsome day, the lamp of highste love,
First made by him, mens wandering ways to guide,
When darknesse he in deepst dungeon drewe,
Henceforth thy hatred face for ever hide,
And that vp heavens windowes shinning wide:
For earthly sight can nought but sorrow breed,
And laterentance, which shall long abide.
Minc eyes no more on vanity shall fede,
But feele vp with death, shall haue their deadly meed.

Then downe agane fframe fell into the ground;
But hee her quickeely reared vp againe:
Thrice did shee sink downe in deadly sound,
And thrice hee her renned with bitter paine;
At last, when life recover'd had the name,
And over-wrestled his strong enemie,
With foiling tongue, and trembling eyrie vain:
Tell on (quoth fcie) the woufull Tragedie,
The which thee relictus did present vnto mine eye.

Tempfeuous Fortune hath peace all her lights,
And thrilling sorrow throwes vp her mad diet,
Thy faie tongue cannot tell more heavy plight,
Then that I feeke, and harbour in mine hart:
Who hath endur'd the whole, can bare each part.
If death it be, it is not the first wound,
That blemish hat my breath with bleeding smart.
Begin, and end the bitter balefull sound:
If leafe then that I fear, more favour I have found.

Then gan the Dwarfe the whole discourse declare,
The fubtile traines of Archimagny old:
The wanton loues of Elfe Fideffes faire,
Bought with the blood of vanquifh Paynim bold:
The wretched payre transformed to treen mold,
The house of Pride, and perils round about:
The combat, which he with Sans soy did hold:
The luckelesse conflict with the Giant flour,
Wherein captur'd, of life or death he stood in doubt.

Shee heard with patience all unto the end,
And frowne to matter sorrowfull affay:
Which greater grew, the more fhe did conten:
And almost rent her tender hart in twain;
And loue frefh coales into her fire did lay:
For, greater loue, the greater is the lofe.
Was never Lady louted dearer day,
Then fhe did loue the Knight of the Redcroffe:
For whose deare life fome troubles her did tolfe.

At laft, when fervent sorrowfull was,
She vp arose, refoluing him to find
A deadly or dead: and forwarth forth doth pafs,
All as the Dwarfe the way to her affign:
And enfermorer in confuent carefull mind
She fed her wound with frefh renewed bals;
Long toft with flames, and bet with bitter wind,
High over hills, and lowe adowne the daile,
She wander'd many a wood, and mean'dry a vale.
At last, the chansons by good hap to meet,
A godly knight, fair marching by the way
Together with his squire, arrayed meet:
His glitter and armour shone faire away,
Like glimmering light of Phoebus brightest ray:
From top to toot no place appeared bare,
That deadly dint of steel endanger may:
A man his breast a bandrick braw he ware, (fere)
That sh'd like twinkling stars, with stones most precious 30
And in the midst thereof, one precious stone
Of wondrous worth, and eke of wondrous sights,
Shap't like a Lady's head, exceeding shone,
Like Hesperus amongst the lighter lights,
And frouce for to amaze the weaker sights;
Thereby, his mortall blade full commonly long
In fiorie theath, yeard with curious sights;
Whole hits were burnish gold, and handle strong
Of molter pearl, and buckled with a golden tong.

32
His haughty helmet, horrid all with gold,
Both glorious brightness, and great terror bred;
For, all the creft a Dragon did enfold,
With greedy paws, and over all did spread
His golden wings: his dreadfull hide hid
Close couched on the beuer, seem'd to throwe
From flaming mouth bright sparkles fiercened,
That fuddaine horror to fmit harts did throwe;
And stately tale was ftreight adowne his back full lowe.

33
Upon the top of all his lofty creft,
A bunch of haires discolored dully
With sprinkled pearle, and gold full richly drest,
Did shake, and seem'd to daunce for idolity,
Like to an Almond tree ymonted his
On top of greene Selims all alone,
With blossoms braue bedecked daintily,
Whose tender locks do tremble every one.
At every little breath, that vnder heauen is blowne.

34
His warlike shiel'd all cloffly couer'd was,
Ne might of mortall eye be euer seen;
Not made of steel, nor of enduring brafs,
Such earthly metals soone consumed be
But all of Diamond perfect pure and cleane
It framed was, one maffe entire mould,
Hewen out of Adadant rock with engines keene,
That point of speare it never pierceth could,
Ne dint of direfull sword divide the substance would.

35
The fame to wight he neuer want dircloe,
But when as monsters huge he would dismiss,
Or daunt unequall armies of his foes,
Or when the flying heauens he would affray;
For, fo excessive thine his shining ray,
That Phoebus golden face it did attaint,
As when a cloud his beames doth over-lay;
And fitter Cynthia wept pale and faint,
As when her face is stain'd with magick arts constraint.
O but (quoth she) great grief will not be told, 41
And can more easily be thought, than said. Right to (quoth he) but he, that never would,
Could never tell so might guesse greatest aide. But griefe (quoth she) does greater growe displeased,
If then it find not help, and brede dispaire.
Dispaire brede not (quoth he) where Faith is taide.
No faith to faith (quoth she) but faith doth paire.
dFlesh may empare (quoth he) but reason can reape.

His goodly reason, and well guided speach,
So deep did settle in her gravitis thought,
That her perverted to dichose the breach,
Which love and fortune in her hart had wrought,
And said: Faire Sir, I hope good hap hath brought
You to inquire the secretes of my griefe,
Or that your wisedome will direcct my thought,
Or that your prowess can me yield reliefe: Then heare the storie finde, which I shall teell you briefe.

The forlorn Maiden, whom your eyes have seene
The laughing flock of Fortunes mockeries,
Am th only daughter of a King and Queene,
Whose Parents deare, which equall Defunt
Did runne aboute, and their felicines,
The favourables heauen did not envye,
Did spread their rule through all the territories
Which Pluton and Euphores Boweth by,
And Geveson golden waues doe walk continually,
Till that their cruel croued enemy,
An huge great Dragon horrible in sight,
Bred in the loathly lakes of Tartar,
With murdrous raving, and devoureing might.
Theyeieucres, for care into his iawe to fall,
Hec fore to cackle strong to take the r flight,
Where last embard in mirky brazen wall,
He has them now foreere besteg'd to make the thrall.

Full many knights adventurous and stout,
Hauet enterpriz'd that Monster to lubdew;
From every coast that heauen walks about,
Hauet duther come the noble Martaill crew,
That famous hard achievements fulf purfure,
Yet noer any could that girlond win,
But all still thrunk, and itt be greter grewe:
All they for want of fith, or guilt of sin.
The pitious prayse of his fierce cruell hauet bin.

At last, yeld with farte reported proue,
Which flying Fame throughout the world had spred,
Of doughty knights, whom Facyr land did raffe,
That noble order light of Maidened,
Forth-with to court of Griannia I sped,
Of Griannia, great Queene of glory bright,
Whose kingdomes feft Cleopatra is red,
There to obtaine some fuch redoubted knight,
That Parents deare from Tyranis powere deliuer might.

It was my chance (my chance was faire and good)
There for to find a free unprooued knight,
Whose manly hands_indued in guilty blood
Had never beene, nor euer by his might,
Had trowne to ground the vreaged right:
Yet of his prowess prove he since hath made
(I winneffe am) in many a cruell figh:
The growning ghosts of many one damnable
Hauet left the bitter dint of his avenging blade.

And yet the forlorn relieques of his powre,
His byning sword, and his devouring speare,
Which have endured many a dreadfull flames
Can speake his prowess, that did eare you hear,
And well could rule: now he hath left you here,
To be the record of his rarefull losse,
And of my dolefull daunentous desire:
O! heare record of the good Redcrosse,
Where have you left, our Lord, that could so wel you toile?

Well hoped I, and faire beginnings had,
That he my capture langour shoulde recee,
Till all inweaning, an En. haunter had
His frite about, and made him to midtrecce,
My loyaltye, not such as it did feeme,
That rather death defte, then such deight.
Be judge ye heauens, that all things right eeeeme,
How I thowt lov'd, and loue with all my might,
So thought I teke of him, and think I thought eught.

Thenceforth, mee desolate he quite farewell,
To wander where wild fortune would me lead,
And other bywaits he himsfelfe betooke,
Where neuer foot of hauing wight did tread,
That brought not backe the barefull body dead;
In which he quanced caile. DLoginFormet,
Mince notly foe, mine only Deadely deed,
Who with her witchcraft and mistelming sweet,
Inveigled him to followe her desere venite.

At last, by fubtilt slyghts thee him betraied
Vnto his foe, a Giant huge and tall,
Who him disarmed, dilufate, dismaid,
Vぬares surprized, and with mightie mall
The monster mericllle him to declaill,
Wholefull did neuer foe before behold;
And now in Kirklane dungeon, wt. sched thrall,
Remedelle, for ye he doe him hold;
This is my cause of griefe, more grete then may be told.

ERE they had ended all, face p to fount:
But hee her comforted and faine bespeak,
Cerces, Mdamme, ye have great cause of plaint,
That stout and heart, I thowt, could eafe to quake.
But be of cheere, and comfort to you take:
For, till I have seene your captaine Knight,
Affure your slete, I will you not forfake.
His cheerrfull words revi'd her cheerrfull spight.
So forth they went, the Draunc them guiding euer right.

Cant.
Canto VIII.

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

The same before the Giants gate he blew,  
That all the Castle quaked from the ground,  
And every dore of free-will open flew.  
The Giant fell in his fount, and that found  
(Where he with his Dueffia dalliance found)  
In hate came sulking forth from inner bowre,  
With flaring countenance fierce, as one afoimd,  
And flagering steps, to seet what sudden flowre

Hid wrought that horror strange, and dar'd his dreaded  
(powe)  
And after him the proude Dueffia came,  
High mounted on her many-headed beast,  
And every head with fume tongue did flame,  
And every head was crowned on his chest,  
And bloudie mouthed with late enuell feathe.  
That when the knight beheld, his mightie shield  
Upon his manly arme he loone addrest,  
And at him fiercely flew, with courage fild,  
And eager greedincel through every member thirl.  

There-with the Giant buckled him to fight,  
Infam'd with scornetull wrath and high disdain:  
And lifting up his dreadfull club on hight,  
All arm'd with ragged finbubes and knottish graine,  
Him thought at first encounter to sue finde.  
But wife and ware was that noble Pers,  
And lightly leaping from his montfroun maine,  
Did firste avoid the violence him nere.  
It booted nought, to think, such thunderbolts to bee.

Ne shme he thought to shunne to hideous mighte:  
The idle strokes, enforcing furious way,  
Mifling the mark of his mislayned sight  
Did fall to ground, and with his heauy lway,  
So deepely dinted in the driven clay,  
That three yards deep a sawrow vp did throwe:  
The fird earth wounde I with foire afly,  
Did groane full grievous underneath the blowe, (showe:  
And trembling with strange feare, did like an earthquake  
As
As when almoyst Love, in wrathfull mood,
To wreke the guile of mortall finnes is bent,
Hurlles forth his thundring dart with deadly food,
Enroll’d in flames, and smouldering drestiment;
Through rien clowdes and molest Firmament;
The fiere threeforked engin making way,
Both lofty towers and troubrous trees hasting,
And all that night his angry palfage flew,
And flouting in the earth, casts vp a mount of clay.

His boyftrous club, so buried in the ground,
He could not return vp againe to light,
But that the Knight him at advantage found,
And whiles he thrue his combred club to quight
Out of the earth, with blade all burning bright
He finore off his left arme, which like a block
Did fall to ground, depriv’d of nature might;
Large breames of blood out of the trunck stood
Forth gulltful, like fresh water flame from rien rock.

Dismaid with so desperate deadly wound,
And eke impatient of vnwooned paine,
He loudly brav’d with beastly yelling found,
That all the fields rebell’d against
As great a noyse, as when in Cymbrian Plaine
An heard of bulles, whom kindly rage doth thring,
Doe for the milke mothers want complaine,
And fill the fields with troublous blsqud climbing,
The neighbour woods around with hollow murmuring.

That when his dear Dukea heard, and saw
The cruel fiend that dangered her estate,
Vato his syde fiche hastily did draw
Her dreadfull beast who twolne with blood of late,
Came ramping forth with proud prelumpious gate,
And threaten’d all his heads like flaming brandes,
But him the Squire made quickly to retract,
Encompassing here with single sword in hand,
And twixt him and his Lord did like a bulwarke stand.

The proud Dukea full of wrathfull light,
And fierce dideeing to be affronted so,
Enfore’t her purple beast with all her might
That fop out of the way to overthrow,
Scouring the let of fio unstable foe:
But much more would that couragious fwine
To her yeld palfage, grant his Lord to goe,
But with courageous stroke’s did him retaine,
And with his body bard the way anwixt them twaine.

Then took the angry Witches her golden cup,
Which full the bore, replete with magick arts;
Death and despair did many thereof sup,
And secrete poyson through their inward parts,
The eternal bale of heacque wounded hart’s);
Which, after charmes and some enchantments said,
She lightly sprinkled on his weaker parts;
Therewith his fluid courage foonce was quaid,
And all his fentes were with fuddiane dread duided.

So downe he fell before the cruel beast,
Who on his neck his bloudy claws did seize,
That life with cruith out of his parrying breate;
No powre he had to thire, nor will to ride.
That, when the carefull knight gan well arise,
He lightly left the foe with whom he fought,
And to the beast he turn’d his enterprise’s;
For, wondrous anger in his hart it wrought,
To see his loud Squire into such thrall he came brought.

And high advancing his blood-thriftie blade,
Stroke one of those deformed heads to force,
That of his puissance proud enample made;
His monstruous scalp down to his teeth it tore,
And that misformed shape misshapen more:
A sea of blood gush’t from the gaping wound,
That her gray garments stand with filthy gore,
And overflowed all the field around;
That over choos’d in bloud he wade on the ground.

Thereat he roared for exceeding paine,
That to have heard, great horror would have bred,
And scourging th’emptie ayre with his long trene,
Through great impatience of his grieved hed,
His gorgeous rider from her lofty fied
Would hauce catt downe, and trode in dirty hire,
Had not the Giant foone her succored;
Who, all enraged with ftrike and frantick ire,
Came hurting in full fierce, and for’ce the knight retire.

The force, which wont in two to be disperst,
In one alone left hand he now enites, (crft)
Which is through rage more strong then both were
With which his hideous club slopt he stites,
And at his foe with furious rigour frames,
That strangest Oake might seeme to overthrow;
The Browke upon his shield to heacque lites,
That to the ground it doubleth him full lowe,
What mortal wight could ever bear so monstruous blowes?

And in his fall, his shield that couer’d was,
Did looke his wife by chance, and open flew:
The light whereof, that heauen light did pafs,
Such blazing brightnesse through the ayer threw,
That eye moste not the fame endure to view.
Which when the Giant epide with flaring eye,
He downe let fall his arme, and loft with draweth
His weapon huge, that heaced was on he.
For to have slaine the man, that on the ground did lie.

And eke the fruitfull-headed beast, amaz’d
At flaming beams of that sunshyne shied,
Became starke blind, and all his fentes daiz’d,
That downe he tumbled on the durtie field,
And seem’d him selfe as conquered to yield.
Whom when his maister proue did perceive to fall,
Whiles yet he feelde feete for fantastique reed,
Viro the Giant loudly the gan call,
O helpe Oreges, helpe, or else we perish all.
The First Booke of...
Then asked he, which way hee in might pafs:
He could not tell, againe he answere.
Thereat the curteous Knight displeased was,
And said, Old fire, it seems thou hast not red
How ill it suits with that fame fiper he.
In vaine to mockt, or mockt in vaine to bee:
But if thou be, as thou art pourtrathd
With naturees, in ages gruce degree.
Areadein gracer wife, what I demand of thee.

His anwife like wise was, he could not tell.
Whole fentencles speech, and doted ignorance
When as the noble Prince had marked well,
He gheft his nature by his countenance,
And calmd his wrath with goodly temperance.
Then to him stepping, from his arme did reach
Thofe keyes, and made himselfe free entrance.
Each dore he open ended without any breach;
There was no barre to stop, nor foe him to impeach.

There all within full rich arrayed he found,
With royall array and replendent gold.
And did with flore of every thing abound,
That greatest Princes prudence might behold.
But all the flores (too filthy to be told)
With blots and lumps, of that fame fiper he.
Which there were faine, as thepeoue out of the fold,
Defiled was, that dreadfull was to view,
And facred after outer it was ftrowed new.

And there beside of marble flone was built
An altar, carv'd with cunning Imagery.
On which true Christians bloud was often spilt,
And holy Martyrs often done to die.
With cruel malice and strong tyrannie;
Wholeobleftidprites from underneath the flone
That God had made, to ftrive continually,
And with great griefe were often heard to groane,
That hardef heart would bleed, to heare their pitious more.

Through every roome he fought, and every bowre,
But nowere could he find that woufhl thrill:
At left he came unto an iron dore,
That falt was locket, but key found not at all
Emongit that bunch, to open it withall;
But in the fame a little grate was pight,
Through which he fent his voice, and loud did call
With all his powre, to weet if huing wight
Were houded there within, whom he enlargen might.

There with an hollow, dracry, murmuring voce
Thefe pitious plaints and doolours did refound;
O who is that, which brings me happy choice
Of death, that here he dieing euer found,
Yet live perfone in falfefull darknefe bound?
For, now three Moones have changed three their hew,
And have beene three hid underneathe the ground,
Since I the heauens cheiffull face did view:
O welcome thou, that dooef of death bring rydings true.

Which when that Champion heard, with pearcing point
Of pittie deare his hart was thrilled fore,
And trembling honour ranne through evry joynts,
For ruth of gentle knight fo foule forlore:
Which flattering off, he took that iron dore,
With furious force, and indignation fell:
Where entered in, his ftood could find no flore,
But all a deepe defcent, as darke as hell,
That breathed euer forth a filthy baneful fhme.

But neither darknefe foule, nor filthy bands,
Nor noyous fhme his purpole could with-hold,
(Entire affefion hateth nimmer hands)
But that with conffant zeal, and courage bold,
After long paines and labours manifold,
He found the means that Prifoner vp to reate;
Whose febleche thighs, vnable to upheld
His pined corfe, him fcare to light could beare.
A ruefull speculace of death and ghastly dreare.

His fad dull eyes deep sunk in hollow pits,
Could not endure th' unwonnt funne to view;
His bare thin cheeokes for want of better bits,
And empliy sides accuised of their due,
Could make a foyny hart his hap to rue;
His raw bone armes, whose mighty brawnft bowres
Were wont to true flockle plate, & helmes nowe,
Were clean contum'd, and all his vifal powre
Decay'd, and all his flith shrunke vp like withered flowers.

Whom when his Lady faw, to him fhe ran
With havficiy : to fee him made her glad,
And fad to view his vifage pale and wan,
Who earth in flowers of frethet youth was clad.
Tho when her well of tears fhe wafted had,
Shee faid, Ah deareft Lord ! what euill fhare
On you hath found, and with his influence bad,
That of your felye ye thus berobbed are
And this misfimeing how your munys lookes dooth marre?

But welcome now my Lord, in wele or woc,
Whole prudence I have lackt too long a day;
And he on fortune mune avowed foe,
Whole wrathfull wreakes themselfes doe now alay,
And for thee wrongs fhall treble pennaiue pay
Of treble good : good growres of euils prife.
The cheerfelle man, whom forrow did affry,
Had no delight to teatish of his grief:
His long endurde famine needt no more reliefe.

Faire Lady, then faid that victorious knight,
The things that grievous were to doe, or bear,
Them to renew, I vow, breed no delight;
Belit mufick breeds delight in loathing care:
But th'only good, that grows of paffed fear,
Is to be wife, and ware of like age.
This days enample hath this leitfon serene
Deepe written in my heart with iren pen,
"That bliffe may not abide in flate of mortall men."

Hence-
THE FIRST BOOKE OF Cant. IX.

45 Hence-forth Sir Knight, take to you wondred strength,
And master these mishaps with patient might;
Lo, where your foce eyes shrank in monstrous length:
And lo, that wicked woman in your sight,
The rooste of all your care, and wretched plight,
Now in your powre, to let her lie, or die.
To do her die (quoth Pna) were deplight,
And shame t'avenge to weake an enemy;
But (poole her of her scarlet robe, and let her fly.

So, as the base, that Witch they disafraid,
And robd of royall robes, and purple pall,
And ornaments that richly were displaid;
Ne spared they to strip her naked all.
Then when they had depoispd her tire and Cull,
Such as she was, their eyes might her behold,
That her misshaped parts did them appall,
A loathly, wrinkled bag, ill favour'd, old,
Whose secretish, good manners biddeth not to told.

Her crafty head was altogether bald,
And (as in hate of honourable eld)
Was ouer-growne with leauce and filthy scald;
Her teeth out of her rotten gummies were feld,
And her owre breath abominably fmeld;
Her dried dugs, like bladders lacking wind,
Hung downe, and filthy matter from them wold;
Her wrinkled skin, as rough as Maple rind,
So scabby was, that would have loathed all womankind.

46 Her neather parts, the shame of all her kind,
My chaster Maffe for shame donth blith to write:
But at her rompe the growing had behind
A Foxes tale, with dung all fouly sight;
And (as her feet most monstrous were in fight)
For, one of them was like an Eagles claw,
With griping talents arm'd to greedy fight,
The other like a Beares veteen paw:
More vgly shape yet never living creature saw.

Which when the knights beheld, amaz'd they were,
And wondred at to foule deformed wight.
Such then (said Pna) as the formeth here,
Such is the face of falshood, such the fight
Of foule Duesa, when her borrowed light
Is layd away, and counterface knowne.
Thus when they had the Witch disrob'd quight,
And all her filthy feature open showne,
They let her goe at will, and wander ways unseen.

She flying fast from heaven's hated face,
And from the world that her discover'd wide,
Pledger to the wastfull wilderness space,
From lying eyes her open shame to hide,
And lurkt in rocks and Caues long vnetpide.
But that faire crew of knightes, and Pna faire,
Did in that Castle afterwards abide,
To rest themselves, and weare powres repair.
Wherefore they found of all, that dauntie was and rare.

Canto IX.

His loues and linage Arthur tells,
The knights knit friendly bands:
Sir Trevisan flies from Despair,
Whom Redcrosse knight with bands.

Who when their powres, empird through Labour long,
With due repalt they had recured well,
And that weake captive wight now vexed strong,
Them lift no longer there at leyfure dwell,
But forward fare, as their adventures fell:
But ere they parted, Pna faire befought
That stranger knight his name and nation tell;
Leaf so good, as he for her had wroght.
Should die vnknowne, and I tried be in thanklesse thought.

Fair
Faire virgin (laid the Prince) ye me require
A thing without the compass of my wit:
For, both the image and the certain Sire
From which it springing, from me are hidden yet.
For, all so foam as life did me admit
Into this world, and shewed beauteous light,
From mothers surp. I taken was snfft:
And straight delufer'd to a Faery knight,
To be vp brought in gentle thewes and Martiall might.

Vnto old Timon he me brought byline,
Old Timon, who in youthly yeares hath been
In warlike feates th' expertest man alive,
And is the wisest now on earth I see
His dwelling is lowe in a valley green,
Vnder the rootes of Ragar mossie bote,
From whence the riuer Dee as siluer cleen
His tumbling bellowes rolls with gentle rore:
There all my days he trained me vp in verme lour.

Thither the great Magician Merlin came,
As was his vie, oft-times to visit mee:
For he had charge my discipline to frame,
And Tutours nouritoure to overtake.
Of what lones and what image I didspring:
Whose aunswere hade me still assured be,
That I was sonee and heire unto a king,
As time in her soft terme the truth to light should bring.

Well worthy impe. said then the Lady gent,
And Pupill fit for such a Tutours hand,
But what adventure, or what high intent
Hath brought you hither into Faery land,
And is Prince. As thou, crowne of Martiall band?
Full hard it is (quoth hee) to recede right
The course of heavenely cause, or vanlent
The secret meaning of the eternal light, (wight).
That rules mens wayes, and rules the thoughts of hauing.

For whether he through fatall deeps forefight
Mec hither sent, for caufe to me vnheall
Or that feath bleeding wound, which day and night
Whileorne doth rankle in my ivern bren.
With forced fury following his behalf,
Me hither brought by waies yet never found,
You to have helpt I hold my selfe yet blest.
Ah curtious knight (quoth hee) what secret wound
Could ever find, to grieve the gentle hart on ground?

Deare Dame (quoth hee) you sleeping sparks awake,
Which troubled once, into huge flames will grove,
Ne euer will their fervent fuee slake,
Till hauing moistiure into fomoke doe growe,
And wafted life doe lie in ashes lowe.
Yet silence silence lefteneth not my fire
(But told, it flames; and hidden, it does glowe)
I will reuele what ye to much desire:
Ah Loue, lay down thy bowe, the whiles I may refpire.

It was in frechets floure of youthly yeares,
When courage first does crepe in many cheef,
Then first the seek of kindly heate appears
To kindle loue in every bung breide;
But me had warne'd old Timon's wise behal,
Thofe creeping flames with reaion so subdue,
Before their rage grewre to so great virest,
As miferable lovers vlie to rue.
Which full wre x old in wiles, whilsoe we still weate y new.

That idle name of loue, and louers life,
As lost of time, and vertues enemy
I euer found, and lou'd to shre vp strife,
To middeft of their mounfull Tragedy,
Ay went to laugh, when then I heard to cry,
And blowe the fire, which them to Athes brest:
Their God himselfe, grieved at my liberte,
Shot many a dart at mee with fierce intent.
But I them warded all with warie gouvemement.

But all in vaine: no fort can be fo strong,
Ne fleshly breath can armed be foound,
But will at last be wonne with battrey long,
Or vnawares at disadventage found;
Nothing is sure, that growes on earthlie ground.
And who most true in arme of fleshly might,
And boastis, in beauties chaine not to be bound,
Doch soonest fall in diferentious fight,
And yeelds his caiticke neck to victors most defpight.

Inspample make of him your hapless joy,
And of my selfe now mated, as ye see;
Where prouder vaunt, that proude avenging boy
Did soone plucke downe, and eurf'd my liberty.
For, on a day, pricks forth with olletry
Of ooffer life, and heare of hardtiments.
Ranging the forest wide on courser free,
The fields, the floods, the heauens with one conset
Did feeme to laugh on me and, faunter mine intent.

Fore-weared with my spoere, I did a slight
From losly freed, and downe to sleeke me laid;
The verdant greffe my couche did goodly dight,
And pillow was my helmet faire displaid;
Where every fore the humour sweetestbayd,
And dumpring left my hart did sleepe away,
Me seumed by my fee a royall Maid
Her dainty limbs full loslye downe did lay:
So faire a creature yet lawe never funny day.

Most goodly glee and lonelyly blanneishment
She to me made, and bade me love her deare;
For, dearly fure her loue was to me bent,
As when soft time expir'd should appeare.
But, whether dreames delude, or trute were,
Was never hart to ravish with delight,
Ne loving man like words did euer beare,
As fice to me deuicer'd all that night.
And at her parting laide, Shee Queene of Factice hight.

When
THE FIRST BOOKE OF
Cant. IX.

When I awoke, and found her place devoid,
And nought but palled griefs where she had lay,
I sorrowed all to much, as cert I say'd,
And wash'd all her place with watry eyen.
From that day forth I lov'd that face divine;
From that day forth I call'd in careful mind,
To seek her out with labour and long time,
And never vow to rest, till her I find.
Nine moneths I seek in vain, yet still that vow abide.

Thus as he spake, his vilsage waxed pale,
And change of hue great passion did bewray;
Yet full he strove to cloak his inward bale,
And hide the smoke that did his fire display,
Till gentle fairest thus to him gan say;
Oh happy Queene of Faeries, that hast found
Mongst many, one that with his prowess may
Define thine honour, and thy foes confound:
True loues are oftentimes, but seldom grow on ground.

Thine, then, said the gentle Redcross knight,
Next to that Ladies none shall be the place,
O fairest virgin, full of heavenly light,
Whole wondrous grace, exceeding earthly race,
Was firmest fixt in mine extremest case.
And you my Lord, the Patron of my life,
Of that great Queene may well gaine worthy grace:
For, onely worthy you, through prowess prie.
If cunning man mote worthy be, to her lieft.

So, diversely discoursing of her loues,
The golden Sunne his glistering head gan shew,
And laud remembrance now the Prince amoues,
With fresh desir his voyage to pursue:
Als fairest earn'd her trauaile to renew.
Then those two Knights, fast friendship for to bind,
And love eftablisht each to other true,
Gane goodly gifts, the signes of gracefull mind,
And eke the pledges firmes, right hands togethertojoy'd.

Prince Arthur gave a box of Diamond rare,
Embowed with gold and gorgious ornament,
Wherein were clos'd a few drops of liquor pure,
Of won'trous worth, and vertue excellent,
That any wound could heale incontinent:
Which to requite, the Redcross knight him gaue
A booke, wherein his Sauior's testament
Was writ with golden letters rich and braue;
A worke of wondrous grace, and able foules to save.

Thus been they parted, Arthur on his way
To seek his loue, and other far to fight
With flames for, that all her realms did prey.
But she now weighing the decayed plight,
And shrunken sinewes of her choen knight,
Would not a while her forward course put low,
Ne bring him forth in face of dreadfull fight,
Till he recover'd had his former heu:
For, him to be yet weak, and weary, well he knew.

So as they trauaile, lo, they gan espy
An armed knight towards them gallop fast,
That seem'd from some feared foe to fly,
Or other grieved thing, that him agast.
Still as he red, his eye was backward cast,
As if his feare full follow him behind.
Ais flew his steed, as he his bands had brafit.
And with his winged heelest did tread the wind,
As he had been a foule of Pegusus his kind.

Nigh as he drew, they might perceive his head
To be warm'd, and curst vncombed bares
Visting stiffe, dismaid with vacouth dread;
Nor drop of bloud in all his face appears,
Nor life in limbe: and to increase his fears,
In soule reproche of knighthoods faire degree,
About his neck an hempen rope he wearas,
That with his giltring armes does ill agree;
But he of rope or armes has now no memorie.

The Redcross knight toward him crossed fast,
To weet what matter was so dismaid:
There hem he finds all fentences and agast,
That of him felle he seem'd to be afraid.
Whom hardly he from flying forward ftaid,
Till he thefe wordes to him deliuer might:
Sir knight, aread who hath ye thus afford,
And eke from whom may make ye this hastily flight:
For, nauer knight I saw in such futilmeing plight:

He answerd nought at all; but adding new
Fears to his first amazement, staring wide
With fony eyes, and hartlike hollow hew,
Aftonish'd sodel, as one that had epidae
Internall injuries, with their chanse vntide.
Him yet againe, and yet againe befpeake.
The gentle knight who nought to him replide,
But trembling every jot sondrily quake,
(Shake. And falting tongue at left these words I evoon thoetherto)

For Gods deare loue, Sir Knight, do me not flay:
For loe, he comes, he conies fast after me.
Eft looking back, would faine have runne away:
But he him fort's to stay, and tellen free.
The secret cause of his perplexitis:
Yet nathmore by his bold harttie speech,
Could his bloud-frozen hart emboldned bee:
But through his boldnesse rather feare did reach:
Yet fort's at left he made through silence falldine breache.

And am I now in futilmeing sure (quoth he)
From him, that weold have forced me to die:
And is the point of death now turned fro me,
That I may tell this hapelle his story:
Fears nowt (quoth he) no danger now is me:
Then shal I you recount a ruefull cafe
(Said he) the which with this valuclive eye
I late beheld, and had not greater grace
Me rest from it, had been partaker of the place.

I late-
I lately chauce't (would I had never chaunce't)
With a faire Knight to keepen companee,
Sir Termi hight, that well himselfe advanc'e
In all ariaffes, and was both bold and free,
But not so happy as more happy bee:
He lov'd, as was his lot, a Ladic gent,
That him againe lov'd in the laste degree:
For, free was proud, and of too high intent,
And joy'd to see her louter languith and lament.

From whom returning sad and comfortel'se,
As on the way together we did fare,
We met that vallline (God from him me flie)
That curfed wight, from whom I can't whyseare,
A man of hell, that calls himselfe Despair:
Who first vs greets, and after fare arcedes
Of dyings strange, and of adventures rare:
So creeping clofe, as Snake in hidden weedes,
Inquirith of our fates, and of our knyghtely dedes.

Which when he knew, and felt our feeble harts
Emboth with bale, and bitter bying grieues,
Which love had luanch'd with his deadly darts,
With woundyng words and termes of foulre reprieffe,
He pluckt from vs all hope of due relieues,
That erit vs held in loue of lingering life;
Then hopelesse, heartel'se, gan the cunning thiefe
Perfound vs to dye, to flint all further firi'se:
To me he lent this rope, to him a ruffe knife.

With which had instrument of hafie death,
That woefull lorer, loathing longer light,
A wide way made to letorh living breath.
But I more fearfull, or more luckie wight,
Dismay'd with that deformed dismall fenre,
Fled fall away, halfe dead with dying feare:
Ne yet after's of life by you, Sir Knight,
Whose like inifornite like chance may beare:
But God you neuer let his charmed speeches he'ree.

How may a man (said he) with idle speach
Be wonne, to spoyle the Castle of his health?
I wote (quoht he) whom triall late did teach,
That like would not for this worlde wealth:
His subtil tongue, like dropping honney, meath:
Into the hart, and searethe euerie vaine,
That ere one be aware, by secreth heat:
His powr is ref, and weaknefe doth remayne.
O! neuer Sir desire to try his guilefull traine.

Cetres (said he) hence shall I never rett,
Till I that treachours art have heard and tride;
And you Sir Knight, whose name mote I quire,
Of grace doe me into his cabin guide.
I that hight Tewnau (quoht he) will ride
(Against my liking) back, to doe you grace:
But not for gold nor glew will I abide
By you, when ye arrire in that fame place;
For leuer had I dye, then fee his deadly Lice.

Ere long they come, where that fame wicked wight
His dwelling has, lowe in an hollow Cau.
Furre vndneath a craggly chift yppght,
Dark, doleful, drearie, like a greedy Graue,
That shill for carrion carcasses doth cane:
On top whereof of ye dwelt the galty Owle,
Shrinking his baldful note, which euer drea
Furre from that haunt all other chased full owles:
And all about it wandering ghosts did blawe and howle.

And al about, old flocks and frubs of trees,
Whereon nor fruit, nor leafe was euer seene,
Did hang upon the ragged rockie knes:
On which had many wretches hang'd breen,
Wrote carcasses were stuckt on the Greene,
And throwne about the clitts. Arrived there,
That bare-head knight, for dread and dolefull teene,
Would faine have fled, on deurf approchen neare:
But th'othe for't him fylf, and comforted in feure.

That darkome Cau they enter, where they find
That curfed man, lowe sitt't on the ground,
Muffling full faidly in his fullen mind:
His grieues locks, long growen, and unbound,
Disordred hung about his sholders round,
And hid his face through which his hollow eye:
Lookt deadfully dull, and stared at aaloound:
His raw-bone checks, through penarie and pine,
Were thrunde into his lavers, as he did never dine.

His garment, nought but many ragged clou'ts,
With thorns together pin'd and patched was,
The which his nacked sides he wrap't about;
And him befide there lay upon the grafs:
A drearie coule, whose life away did pafs,
All wallow'd in his owne yet luke-warme bloud,
That from his wound yet welde freth alas;
In which a ruffe knife fall fixt flood,
And made an open pallese for the guffing bloud.

Which pitious speclacle, approving true
The wooll tale that Tewnau had told,
When as the gentl Rederoffe knight did view
With faire scale he burnt in courage bold,
Him to avenge, before his bloud were cold,
And to the villain Lid, Thou damned wight,
The author of this fact, we herte behold,
What subtice can but judge against their right, (fight)
With thine owne bloud to pise his bloud, here fied in

What frantick fit (quoht he) hath thus disstraught
Thee, foolish man, so rash a doome to gue?
What shalke euer other judgement taught,
But he should die, who merits not to live?
None elice to death this man depaying drue,
But his owne guiltie mind deruing death.
Is then vnaught to each his due to gue?
Or let him die, that loatheth huing breath?
Or let him deat at easte, that lueth here neath?
Who travels by the weary wandering way.
To come into his wished home in haste.
And meets a flood, that doth his passage stay.
Is not great grace to help him over put.
Or free his feet, that in the mire sticketh fast?
Most curious man, that grieveth at neighbours good.
And soon, that joyeth in the woe thou hast.
Wilt why not let him passe, that long hath stood.
Vpon the banke, yet wilt thy selle not pulse the flood?

The knight much wondered at his fuddain woe,
And said, The terme of life is limited,
Ne may a man prolong, nor shorten it;
The fouldier may not move from watchfull night,
Nor leave his hand, whilst his Captaine bed.
Who life did limit by Almighty doom.
(Quest he) knowes best the termes established;
And hee, that points the Centonell his room.
Dost licent him depart around of morning drome.

Is not his deed, what euer thing is donee,
In heauen and earth? did not hee all create
To die againe? all ends that was begunne,
Their times in his eternal booke of fate.
Are written sure, and have their certaine date.
Who then can firue with strong necessitie,
That holds the world in his full changing fate,
Or run the death ordaind by definition?

When houre of death is come, let none ask who, nor

The longer life, I wote the greater fin,
The greater sin, the greater punishment:
All those great battells, which thou boasts to win.
Through strife and bloodyshed, and avengement,
Now praid, hereafter deare thou shalt repent.
For, life must life, and blood must bloody repay.
Is not enough thy cruel life repented?
For hee, that once hath misst the right way,
The further he doth goe, the further he doth stray.

Then doe no further goe, no further stray,
But here lie downe, and to thy rest betake,
Then'll to present, that life enleaven may.
For what hath life, that may it lound make,
And guyes not rather caufe it to fortlike?
Fare, fike, age, loffe, labour, sorrow, strife.
Paine, hunger, cold, that makes the hart to quake;
And ever fickle fortune rageth high.
All which, and thousands moe, do make a loathsome life.

Thou wretched man, of death haft greatest need.
If in true balance thou wilt weigh thy flate:
For, never knight that dared warlike deed,
More luckellee disaventures did amaste.
Witneffe the dungeon deepes, wherein of fate,
Thy life floure vp, for death to oft did call.
And though good luck prolonged thine thy date,
Yet death then would the like mishaps forefall,
Into the which hereafter thou moste happen fall.

Why then dooth thou, a man of fin, desire
To draw thy dayes forth to their last degree?
Is not the measure of thy sinful hire
High heaped vp with huge iniquitie.
Against the day of wrath, to burden thee?
Is not enough, that to this Lady mild
Thou Elfed haft thy faith with persante,
And told thy felle to certe Duncalville,
With whom in all abuse thou haft thy felle deside!

Is not he in, that all this doth behold
From hightefl heauen, and bears an equality?
Shall he thy finnes vp in his knowledge fold,
And guitle be of thine impiety?
Is not his Law, let every inner die:
Die shalt all fleth; what then mult needs be donne,
Is it not better to doe willingly?
Then linger, till the glaffe be all our runne.

Death is the end of woest; die, fooone, & Facies soone.

The knight was much enmowed with his speach,
That as a swords point through his hart did pierce,
And in his confence made a secret breach.
Well knowing true all, that hee did reuerie,
And to his frend remembrance did reuerie.
The vgly view of his deformed crimes,
That all his manly powres did dispere,
As hee were charmed with incantated runes,
That oftentimes he quark, and bunred oftentimes.

In which amazement, when the Miscreant
Perceiued him to wauer weake and fraile,
Whiles trembling horror dide his confcence darte.
And heliuh anguished his foule sufhe.
To drive him to depaire, and quite to quail.
He shewd him painted in a table plane,
The damned gohths, that doe in torments waile,
And thousand founds that doe them endless paine.
With fire and brimstone, which for ever shall remaine.

The fight whereof so throughly him dismayd,
That nought but death before his eyes he saw.
And ever burning wrath before him laid,
By righteous sentence of th' Almighites law:
Then gan the villain him to overcrave,
And brought unto him swords, ropes, poynes, fire,
And all that might him to perdition draw.
And bade him chaie, what death he would defire.
For death was due to him, that had prouelt Gods ire.
Canto X.

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

There was an ancient house not farre away, Rowne wood throughout the world for sacred lore, And pure unspotted life; so well they say It govern'd was, and guided, extramore. Through visagama of a Materne gruce and herc; Whose onely joy was to relieve the naked Of wretched soules, and help the helpless pore: All night she spent in bidding of her beds, And all the day in doing good and godly deeds.

Dame Celia men did her call, as thought From heauen to come, or thither to sire, The mother of three daughters well brought In gooodly theues, and godly excriment: The eldest two most sober, chaste, and wise, Fidelia and Speranza virginis were, Though sould, yet wanting wedlocks solemnize; But faire Charissa to a leuely fere Was linked, and by him had many pledges decre.

Arrived
Arrived there, the doe they find fast lockt;  
For it was wary watched night and day,  
For feare of many foes: but when they knockt,  
The Porter open’d unto them strait way:  
He was an aged Sire, all horry gray,  
With lookes full lowely caft, and gate full slowe,  
Wont on a staffe his feeble legs to stant,  
Hight Humilla. They pule in fouling lowe;  
For strait and narrow was the way, which he did shewe.  

Each goodly thing is hardest to begin:  
But entred in, a spacious court they see,  
Both plaine, and pleasent to be walked in,  
Where thence they do meete a Franklin faire and free,  
And entertaines with comely courteous glee,  
His name was Zele, that him right well became;  
For, in his speeches and behavioour bee  
Did labour luyly to expresse the same,  
And gladly did them guide, till to the Hall they came.  

There fairely then receive a gentle Squier,  
Of milde demeanore, and rare courteisie,  
Right cleanly clad in comely fad attire;  
In word and deed that shewed great modestie,  
And knew his good to all of each degree,  
Hight Reverence. Hee them with speeches meet,  
Does faire entreat; no courting nicetie,  
But simplest, and efe unfinned sweet,  
As might become a Squier to great persons to greet.  

And afterwards them to his Dame he leads,  
That aged Dame, the Lady of the place:  
Who all this while was bufie at her heades:  
Which doen, the vp arose with feemly grace,  
And toward them full matronely did pase.  
Where, when that Fairest Pina the beheld,  
Whom well the knew to spring from heavenly race,  
Her hart with joy vnwonted joyly sweld,  
As feeling wondrous comfort in her weakers ed.  

And her embrasing laid, ô happy earth,  
Whereon thy innocent feet doe euer tread,  
Most vertuous virgin, borne of heavenly birth,  
That to redemc thy wooful Parents head,  
From Tyrants rage, and euer-dying dread,  
Haft wandred through the world now long a day;  
Yet euer in thy wight thy foes to leade,  
What grace hath thee now hither brought this way?  
Or doe thy feeble feet vnwecting hither faue?  

Strange thing if this an errant Knight to see  
Hecte in this place, or any other wight,  
That hither turns his steps. So fewe there bee  
That chaffe the narrow path, or fecke the right:  
All keep the broadest high way, and take delight  
With many rather for to goe after,  
And be partakers of their wilt plajt,  
Then with a awe to walke the right way;  
O foolish men! why haft ye to your owne decay?  

Thy felse to fee, and tyred limbs to ref,  
O matrone fage (quoth the) I hither came,  
And this good Knight his way with me address,  
Led with thy praife and broad-blazed fame,”  
That vp to heauen is bowne. The ancient Dame,  
Him goodly greeete in her modest guife,  
And entertain them both, as beft became,  
WVith all the courtlyes that she could doe,  
Ne wanted ought, to shew her bounteous or wife.  

Thus as they gan of sundry things deuise,  
Lo, two most goodly virgins came in place,  
Ynked arme in arme in lowely wife,  
WVith countenance demure, and modest grace,  
They numbred even steps, and equal pace:  
Of which the eldest, that Fadella hight,  
Like roome becomes threw from her Cystal face,  
That could have daz’d the raft beholders sight,  
And round about her head did shine like heauens light.  

She was arrayd all in lilly white,  
And in her right hand bore a cup of gold,  
WVith wine and water fild vp to the hight,  
In which a Serpent did himselfe enfold,  
That honour made to all that did behold;  
But she no what did change her comfiant mood:  
And in her other hand the faft did hold  
A booke, that was both sign and fald with blood,  
Wherein darke things were writ, hard to be understood.  

Her younger Sifter, that Speranza hight,  
WVas clad in blewe, that her befeeme well;  
Not alfo cherefull seemed the of figh,  
As was her fitter; whether dread did dwell;  
Or anguill in her hart, is hard to tell:  
Upon her arme a silver anchor lay,  
WVhereon she heaped euere, as befeell;  
And euer up to heauen, as the did pray,  
Her redfull eyes were bent, ne swerved other way.  

They seeing Pina, towards her gan wend,  
WVho them encounters with like courteisie  
Many kind speeches they between them fpend,  
And greatly joy each other well to fee:  
Then to the Knight with flamefull modestie  
They turne themselues, at Pina meete requent,  
And him salute with well beferning glee;  
WVho faire them quites, as him befeeme beft,  
And goodly can discourse of many a noble feft.  

Then Pina thus; But the your fitter deare,  
The deare Chriftis, where is the become?  
Or wants the health, or buife is elsewhere?  
Ah no, faide they, butforth she may not come:  
For the of late is lightned of her wombe,  
And hath encreset the world with one fonne more,  
That her to fee should be but troublome.  
Indeed (quoth the) that should be trouble fore,  
But helphet be God, and her encres fo enmore.  

Then
And came to Callie to declare her state:
Who, well acquainted with the common plight,
Which sinful horror work'd in wounded hart,
Hers wisely comforted all that she might,
With God's good counsel and advise right;
And straightway sent with careful diligence
To fetch a Leach, the which had great insight
In that disease of griev'd conscience,
And well could cure the same; his name was Patience.

Who comming to that foule-defaced knight,
Could hardly him intreat to tell his grace;
Which knowne, and all that nou's his humane spright,
Well seereth, estoones he can apply reliefe;
Of blues and med'cines, which had passing priece,
And thereto added words of wondrous might:
By which to safe he him recovered briefe,
And much advaung'd the passion of his plight,
That he his paine endur'd, as seeming now more light.

But yet the caufe and roote of all his ill,
Inward corruption, and infected sin,
Not primg'd nor heald, behind remained still,
And letting fore did tangle yet within,
Close creeping mixt the marrow and the skin,
Which to extirpe, he laid him priuely
Downe in a darkome lowely place faire in,
Whereas he meant his corroyces to apply,
And with streight diet tame his stubborne malady.

In shes and sackcloth he did array
His dainty coate, proud humours to abuse,
And drest with fasting every day,
The swelling of his wounds to mitigate,
And made him pray both early and late,
And ever as superious fleth did rot,
Amendment ready full at hand did wait,
To pluck it out with pincers firc hot,
That foone in him was left no one corrupted jot.

And bitter Penances, with an iron whip,
Was wont him once to dipele every day:
And sharpe Remorses his hart did prick and nip,
That drops of blood thence like a well did play;
And lad Repeances vied to embay,
His body in fult water satisfying sore,
The filthy blots of finne to wash away.
So in short space they did to health restore
The man that would not dye, but carfly at deaths dore.

In which, his torment often was so great,
That like a Lyon he would cry and rore,
And rend his fleth, and his own knesse eat.
His owne desire was his hearing euermore
His ruefull shrikes and groanings, often to rore,
Her guiltlesse garments, and her golden haire,
For pity of his paine and anguished fore;
Yet all with patience wisely she did bear;
For well the shee, his crime could elle be never cleare.

Whom
THE FIRST BOOKE OF  

Cant. X.

Whom thus recouer'd by wise Patience,  
And true Repentance, they to Pana brought:  
Who sooyus of his cured confidence,  
Him de. reely kif, and Eirely eke befough:  
Himfelffe to chearful, and confoming thought  
To put away out of his carefull bref:  
By this, Charis, late in child-bed brought,  
Was woxen strong, and left her fruttofull neft:  
To her, late Pana brought this unn acquainted guest.

She was a woman in her frekeft age,  
Of wondrous beauty, and of bountie rare,  
With goodly grace and comely perfonage,  
That was on earth not cefe to compare;  
Full of great love, but Cupids wanton fpare  
As helpe he hated, chaffe in work and will;  
Her neck and breasts were ever open bare,  
That ay thereof her babes might fucf their fill;  
The ref was all in yellow robes arreffed full.

A multitude of babes about her hong,  
Playing their sports, that toy'd her to behold,  
Whom still flie fed, whiles they were weake and young,  
But shruf them forth full, as they vexed old:  
And on her head flie wore a tyre of gold,  
Adorn'd with gemmes and owches wondrous faire,  
Whofe paffing price vnreafon was to be told;  
And by her fide there fete a gentle pairre  
Of Turtle dores, fife sitting in an ivory chaire.

The Knight and Pana entring, faire her greet;  
And bid her joy of her happy brood;  
Who them requires with court fies femeing meet,  
And entertaines with friendly chear full mood.  
Then Pana her befought to be fo good,  
As in her vertuous rules to schoolde her knight,  
Now after all his torment well withitood,  
In that full hone of Panaery, where his fpright  
Had paff the paines of hell, and long enduring night.

She was right souyous of her refult request,  
And taking by the h. i. t. that Fairies fonne,  
Gan him infruct in every good behof,  
Of flove, and righteouſſence, and well to doone,  
And wrath and hatred waryly to fianne,  
That drew on men Gods hatred and his wrath,  
And many foules in doleurs had forfonde:  
In which, when him the well infructed hath,  
From thence to heaven the reacheth him the ready path.

Wherein his weaker wandring steps to guide,  
An ancient Matrone fte to her does call,  
Whofe fober lookes her wife fome well defcride:  
Her name was Mercy, well knowne over all,  
To be both gracious, and eke hberall:  
To whom the carefull charge of him the gane,  
To head-right, that he should never fall  
In all his waies through this wide worlds waie,  
That Mercy in the end his righteous soule might faine.

The godly Matrone by the hand him beares  
Forth from her preence, by a narrow way,  
Scttered with bythly thornes, and ragged breares,  
VWhich full before him the remoyd away,  
That nothing might his ready palle lay:  
And euer when his feet encountered were,  
Or gan to shrinke, or from the right to stray,  
She held him Stee, and firmly did vpbeare,  
As carefull Nurie her child from falling off does reare.

Eftiones vnto an holy Hospittall,  
That was fore by the way, ftee did him bring,  
In which feaven Bead-men, that had wolved all  
Their life to lerufe of high heavens King,  
Did ipend their dayes in doing godly thing:  
Their gates to all were open euermore,  
That by the weaire waye were trauailing,  
And one fete waiting, to them before,  
To call in commers-by, that needely were and pere.

The fift of them that eldeft was, and beft,  
Of all the houfe had charge and gouernement,  
At Guardian and Steward of the reft:  
His office was to glie entertaynment  
And lodging, vnto all that came, and went:  
Not vnto fuch, as could him feaft againe,  
And double quarte for that on them spent,  
But fuch as want of harbour did contrayne:  
Thole for Gods fike his dutie was to entertaine.

The fconde was an Almner of the place:  
His office was, the hungry for to feed,  
And thifty glie to drinke, a worke of grace:  
He fcoud not once himfelfe to be in need,  
Ne car'd to hoord for thofe, whom he did breed:  
The grace of God he laid vp still in store,  
Which as a focke he left vnto his fecd;  
He had enouh, what need him care for more?  
And had he lefte, yet fome he would glie to the pore.

The third had of their Wardrobe cutodie,  
In which were no rich tares, nor garments gay,  
The plumes of pride, and wings of vanitie,  
But clothes mett to kepe keene cold away,  
And naked nature leemely to array;  
With which, bare wretched wightes he daily clad,  
The images of God in earthly clay;  
And if that no spare clothes to glie he had,  
His owne coate he would cut, and it distribue glad.

The fourth appointed by his office was,  
Poor prisoners to relieve with gracious ayd,  
And captives to redeem with price of braie,  
From Turkes and Sarazins, which them had rade;  
And though they fauite were, yet well he waid,  
That God to v vs gorfouge euer lowre  
Much more then that why they in bands were layd,  
And he that forgive'll hold with heauen flowers, (bowre.  
The faulfe soules from thence brought to his heav'nal.
The first 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 doth most dismay 
The feeble foul departing hence away. 
All is but lost, that living we believe, 
If not well ended at our dying day. 
O man, I have mind of that last bitter throw; 
For, as the tree does fall, so lies it euer lower. 

The first had charge of them now beeing dead, 
In feemly fort their corpes to engrave, 
And deck with dainty flowers their bridall bed, 
That to their heavenly Spoues both sweet and brave 
They might appear, when their soules shall faue. 
The wondrous workmanship of Gods owne mould, 
Whole face he made all beasts to fear, and gane 
All in his hand, euen death we honour shoull. 
Ah deareft God nie grace, I dead be not faidfull. 

The feadneth now after death and burial done, 
Had charge the tender Orphans of the dead 
And widowers ayde, least they should be vndone: 
In face of judgemen he their right would plead, 
Ne ought the powre of mighty men did dead 
In their defence, nor would for gold or fee 
Be wonne their rightfull cause downs to tread; 
And when they stood in most necessitie, 
He did supply their want, and gave them euer free. 

There when the Elfin Knight arrivd was, 
The first and chiefest of the feamen, whose care 
Was guests to welcome, toward him did pas: 
Where, seeing Mercy, that his steps were bare, 
And alwaies led, to her with reverence: 
He humbly louted in mecke lowliness, 
And feally welcome for her did prepare: 
For, of their Order shee was Patronelle, 
Albe Clarisfa were their chiefest Foundreffe.

There the while he staid, himselfe to rest, 
That to the rest more able he might be: 
During which time, in euer good beeffes, 
And godly worke of Almes and charitie, 
She him instructed with great industriue; 
Shorte therein so perfect he became, 
That from the first vnto the laft degree, 
His mortal life he learned had to frame 
In holie retrenchme, without rebuke or blame. 

Tence forward, by that painefull way they pas, 
Forth to an hill that was both steep and hie; 
On top whereof a sacred Chappell was, 
And eke a little Hermittage thereby, 
Wherein an aged holy man did lie, 
That day and might for his devotion, 
Ne other worldly busines did apply; 
His name was heauenly Contemplation; 
Of God and goodnesse was his meditation. 

Great grace that old man to him giong had; 
For God he often saw from heauen's bright. 
All were his earthly ever both blute and bad, 
And through great age had lost their kindly fight, 
Yet wondrous quick and percutant was his spright, 
As Eagles eye, that can behold the sunne: 
That tall they scale with all their powre and might, 
That his frailte thughes might weare and fordonne. 
Can faile: but by her help the top at laft he wonne. 

There they doe find that godly aged Sir, 
With snowie locks adowne his shoulders flid, 
As hoarie frost with spangles doth appere 
The mosly branches of an Oakke halfe dead. 
Each bone might through his body well be red, 
And euery finewe seene through his long falt: 
For, nought he ear'd his carcafe long vnfre: 
His mind was full of spiritual repait, 
And pyod his stepp, to keepe his body lowe and chasti.

Who, when these two approaching he espy, 
At their first presence grew agraciated more, 
That for't his lay he has heavenly thoughts aside; 
And had he not that Dame respectfull more, 
Whom highly he did reverence and adore, 
He would not once have mouted for the Knight. 
They him hustled standing farrre afore; 
Who well them greeting, humbly did requit, 
And asked to what end they clomb that tedious height. 

What end (quoth she) should cause us take such paine, 
But that faire end, which every living wight 
Should make his markes, high heaven to attaine: 
Is not from hence the way, that leadeth right. 
To that most glorious house, that glistren bright. 
With burning flares, and eater-living fire, 
Whereof the keyes are to thy hand behight 
By wife Fidelia? thee dothe thee require, 
To shew it to this Knight, according his desire.

Thrice happy man, said then the father grace, 
Whole if appearing steps thy steadie hart did lead, 
And shews the way, his sinfull fault to ease: 
Who better can the way to heaven arriue, 
Then thou thy selfe, that was both borne and bred 
In heavenly throne, where thouand Angels flie? 
Thou dost the prayers of the righteous feed 
Prevent before the Maiefie daunce, 
And his avenging wrath to Clemencie incline. 

Yet yet thou bidst, thy pleasure shalbe donne. 
Then come thou man of earth, and see the way, 
That neuer yet was feene of Faerie sonne, 
That never led the traueller astray; 
But, after labours long, and said deley, 
Brings them to joyous rest and endlesse bliss. 
But, first, thou munt a ceasone lift and pray, 
Till from her bands the spight affoluted is, 
And have her strength recour'd from fraile infirmities.
That done, he leads him to the highest Mount;  
Such one, as that some 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,  
Dewft fortie daries open: where, set in thone  
With bloody letters by the hand of God,  
The bitter doome of death and balefull monke.  
He did receuе, whiles flashing fire about him thone.  

Or like that facred hill, whose head full hee,  
Adorn'd with fruitfull Olivias all round,  
Is, as it were for endless memory  
Of that dear Lord, who oft thereon was found,  
For ever with a flowing gyrdon crownd:  
Or like that pleasant Mount, that is for ay  
Through famous Poets verse cut where renowned,  
On which the thrice three learned Ladies play  
Their heavenly notes, and make full many a louely lay.

From thence, faire off he vnto him did flee  
A little path, that was both steep and long,  
Which to a goodly Citie led his view;  
Whose walls and towres were builded high and strong  
Of pearle and precious stone, that earthily tong  
Cannot descrie, nor wit of man can tell;  
Too high a ditty for my simple song;  
The Cote of the great King hight it well,  
Wherein eternal peace and happinesse doth dwell.

As he thereon stood gazying, he might see  
The blessed Angels to and fro defend  
From highest heaven, in gladidence compace,  
And with great joy into that Citie wend,  
As commonly as friend doth with his friend,  
Whereas he wondered much, and gen enquire,  
What stately building darte so high exceed  
Her loftie towres vnto the verthe Sphere.  
And what unknowen nation thence encompaile were.

Faire Knight (quoled he) Hierusalem that is,  
The new Hierusalem, that God hath built,  
For tho to dwell in that are chosen his,  
His chosen people, purg'd from sinfull guilt,  
With pittious bloud, which cruellly was spilt  
On cursed tree, of that unspotted Lam,  
That for the sines of all the world was kilt:  
Now are they Saints all in that Citie sam,  
More deare vnto their God, then younglings to their dam.

Till now, fain did then the Knight, I weened well,  
That great Cleopoli, where I have been,  
In which that fairest Fontie Queene doth dwell  
The fairest Citie was, that might be seen;  
And that bright towre all built of crystall cleene,  
Pantina, fenn'd the brightest thing that was:  
But now by proofe all otherwife I weene;  
For, this great Cote, that does faire lursafe,  
(ghis &  
And this bright Angels towre, quite dimt that towre of

Most true, then said the holy aged man;  
Yet is Cleopoli, for earthly fame,  
The fairest place, that eye beholde:en can:  
And well becometh all Knights of noble name,  
That couet th'immortal bookes of fame  
To be eternall, and hence to hauie  
And doe in their service to that fouer principe,  
That glorie does to them for guerdon grante:  
For, fice is heavenly borne, and heauen may infly vaunt.

And thou faire imp, spronge out from English race,  
How euer now accounted Elfris fonne,  
Well worthy doth thy tenure for her grace,  
To ayde a virgin deolate foredone.  
But, when thou famous vitricie haft woman,  
And high emongst all Knights haft hy thy field,  
The riche fortie list of earthly conquest fonne,  
And waft thy hands from guilt of bloudly field:  
For, blood can nought but fin, & warres but forowe yield.

Then fecke this path, that I to thee prefige,  
Which after all to heauen shall thee tend;  
Then peaceably thy painfull pilgrimage  
To yeander fame Hierusalem doe bend,  
Where is for thee ordaind a bleffed end:  
For, thou emongst those Saints, whom thou dost feeke,  
Shall be a Saint, and thine owne nations friend  
And Patronе: thou Saint George that called bee,  
Saint George of mery England, the signe of victory.

Vnworthy wretch (quoled he) of fo great grace,  
How dar I thinke such glory to attaine?  
Thefe that haue it attaied, were in like case  
(Quoled he) as wretched, and liued in like paine.  
But deeds of armes mift I at last be faite,  
And Ladie love to leane, for dearely bought  
What need of armes, where peace doth ay remaine  
(Said he) and batallie none are to be fought:  
As for loues loues are vaite, and vanishte in nought.

O! let me not (quoled he) returne againe  
Back to the world, whose isoyes so fruitelesse are;  
But let me heere for aye in peace remaine,  
Or straignt way on that last long voyage faire,  
That nothing may my present hope empare.  
That may not be (said he) ne maist thou yet:  
Forgoest that royall maisdes bequeathed care,  
Who did her caufe into thy hand commit,  
Till from her cursed foe thou haue her freely quit.

Then shall I foone (quoled he) to God me grace,  
Abet that virgins cause dicenfolatate,  
And shortly back returne vnto this place,  
To walke this way in Pilgrims poore estate.  
But now arcay, old father, why of late  
Didd thou behaght me borne of English blood,  
Whom all a Fairenes fonne doens nominate?  
That word thou (said he) avouchen good,  
Sith to thre is unknowne the cradle of thy brood.
For well I wote, thou springst from ancient race
Of Saxon Kings, that bate with mighty hand,
And many bloody battailes fought in place,
High reared their royall throne in Branian land,
And vanquished them, unable to withstand:
From thence a Faery thee vnweeting rett,
There as thou flepest in tender swaddling hand,
And her base Elfin brood there for thee left.

Such men do Changelings call, so chang'd by Faeries theft.

Thence thee they brought into this Faerie land,
And in an heaped furrow did thee hide;
Whereof, thee a Ploughman all vnweeting fonde,
As he his toilesome teame that way did guide,
And brought thee vp in ploughmans shuttle to hide,
Whereof George he thee gavte to name;
Till prickt with courage, and thy forces pride,
To Faery Court thou camst to seek for fame,
And prove thy puissant armes, as seemes thee best became.

O holy Sir(e quoth he) how shall I quight?
The many Latours I wish thee have found,
That haft my name and nation red aright,
And taught the way that does to heaven bound?
This said, adowne he looked to the ground,
To haue return'd, but dazd were his eyne
Through passing brightnesse, which did quite confound
His feeble senses, and too exceeding thine.
So darke are earthly things compar'd to things divine.

At last, when as himselfe he gan to find,
To Pene back he caft him to return;
Who him awaited full with pensive mind.
Great thanks and goodly mead, to that good fire,
He thence departing gavte for his panes hire.
So came to Pena, who him ioy'd to see,
And after little rest, gan him desire,
Of her adventure mind full for to bee.
So leaue they take of Castles, and her daughters three.

Canto XI.
The knight with that old Dragon fights
Two daies incessantly:
The third, him overthowes, & gaines
Most glorious victory.

Igh time now gan it weue for Pene faire,
To thynke of those her captue Parents desire,
And their forsworned kingdom to reueire:
Where to when as they now approached nere,
With harty words her Knight she gan to cheare,
And in her modest manner thus spake;
Deare Knight, as deare as ever Knight was deare,
That all these sorrowes suffer for my sake,
High heaven behold the tedious toyle ye for me take.

Now are we come unto my native foyle,
And to the place where all our perils dwell;
Here hee hanst that fiend, and does his daily foyle,
Therefore henceforth be at your keeping well,
And ever ready for your foe in man.
The spake of noble courage now awake,
And tissey your excellent selfe to excell;
That shall ye esteem more renowned make
Above all knights on earth, that batallte undertake.

And pointing forth, lo, yonder is (said he)
The brauen tower, in which my parents desire
For dread of that huge fiend improued be,
Womt I from far, see on the walls appeare,
Whole sight my feeble soule doth greatly cheare:
And on the top of all, I do espie
The watchman waiting, ydngs glad to heare,
That (o my parents) might I happily
Vnto you bring, to save you of your misery.

With that, they heard a roaring hideous sound,
That all the aire with terror filled wide,
And fecm'd vncheck to shake the steadfast ground:
Eepeeines that dreadfull Dragon they eipide,
Where freighted he lay upon the funny side
Of a great hill, himselfe like a great hill,
But all to soone, as he from faire descdre.
Tho' glistening armes, that heaven with light did fill,
Hemourn'd himselfe full blithe, and haftned them vntill.

E. 1. Then
Then bake the Knight this Lady yeve alood,  
And to an hill her felte with-drawe afoote,  
From whence since she might behold that battleis proofe,  
And eke be safe from danger far defended:  
She him obeyd, and turned a little wide.  
Now, 6 thou Lord Mufc, most learned Dune,  
Faire Impe of Phaebus, and his aged bride,  
The Nurse of tune, and euerlasting fame,  
That warlike hands ennobleth with immortal names.

O gently come into my feele brest,  
Come gently, but not with that mighty rage,  
Where-fore with the Martall troupes thou dost inflate,  
And harts of great Heroes dost enrage,  
That nought their kindled courage may allawe;  
Soone as thy dreadful trumpes begin to sound,  
The God of warre with his fierce equippage  
Thou dost awake, sleepe never hee to found,  
And feared Nations dooth with horror sterno afoound.

Faire Godofe lay that furious fit afoide,  
Till I of warres and bloudy Mars doe sing,  
And Britton fieldes with Sarasin bloudy man,  
Twixt that great Faery Queene and Paynim King,  
That with their honore heauen and earth did ring,  
A worke of Labour long, and endless praise;  
But, now while let downe that haughty firing,  
And to my tunes thy seconde tenor raise,  
That this man of God his godly ames may blaze.

By this, the dreadfull Beast draw neere to hand,  
Hale flying, and hale footing in his harte,  
That with his largeness measured much land,  
And made wide fliadowe under his huge wahte;  
As mountaine doth the valley overcast  
Approaching nigh, herculean hight afoare  
His body monstitous, horrible, and vaff  
Which is increase his wondrous greatneffe more  
Was swolne with wrath, and pooyon, and with bloody gote.

And ouer, all with brozen faules was arm'd,  
Like platez coat of faelle, to couetle neere,  
That nought more pearsce, ne might his corse be harm'd  
With dint of sword, nor pult of pointed speare;  
Which as an Eagle, sitting prey appeare,  
His sery plumes doth rouse, full ruddyly sight  
So slaked he, that horrorous wahte to haue  
For, as the dashing of an Armour bright,  
Such noyse his rounded faules did lend into the Knight.

His flaggy wings when forth he did displaie  
Were like two fyltes, in which the hollow wind  
Is gathered full, and worked speedily fast:  
And eke the pennes that did his pincons bind,  
Were like mane-yards, with flying carmes in haste;  
But which, when as him lift the ayre to bee,  
And there by force unwonted puffage find,  
The clouds before him fled for terour great,  
And all the heauens foyld full amaze with his threat.

His huge long talle, wound vp in hundreds foldes,  
Does overspried his long brists-rically back:  
V hose wreathed bougets when euer he vnfoolds,  
And thicke entangled knots adowne does flack:  
Bepoll'd all with shielles of red and black,  
Tweepeth all the Land behind him faire,  
And of three furnings does but little lack:  
And at the point two stings in-fixed are,  
Both deadly sharp, that sharpest steele excelled faire.

But stings and sharpest steele did far exceed  
The sharpselle of his cruel rending claves:  
Dead was it sure, as lare as death in deed,  
What euer thing does touch his raunasious pawes,  
Or what within his reach he euer draws.  
But, his most hideous head, my tongue to tell  
Does tremble to for, his deep roaring awes  
Wide gaped, like the grievously mouth of hell,  
Through which into his darke abyssyle all rain fell.

And that more wondrous was, in eitherawe  
Three ranks of iron teeth entwanged were,  
In which, yet trickling bloud and gobbes rauwe  
Of late desoured bodies did appeare,  
That fight thereof bred cold congealed feare:  
Which to increace, and all attaine to fall  
A cloude of fmoothering smake and talphur feare  
Out of his finking gorge forth steeple fount,  
That all the ayre about with smake and fanchor did fill.

His blazing eyes, like two bright shining shields,  
Did burne with wrath, and sparkle en fire:  
As two broade Beacons, set in open fields,  
Send forth their flames faire off to every Shire,  
And warning giue, that enemies confpire,  
With fire and sword the region to invade;  
So flam'd his eyne with rage and rancorous ire:  
But faire within, as in a hollow glade,  
Theose glaring lamps were set, that made a dreadfull shade.

So dreadfully he towards him did pass,  
Forelifting vp aloft his speckled breit,  
And often bounding on the brufed grais,  
As far great joyance of his new-comme guest.  
Efficaces he gun advance his haughty creft,  
As chauntled Bore his bratles doth vperare,  
And sloothe his feales to batell ready driect:  
That made the Redcroyff Knight nigh quake for feare,  
As bidding bold defiance to his foeman neere.

The Knight gan fairely couche his steady speare,  
And fiercely ranne at him with rigorous might:  
The pointed steele arroung rudyly thare,  
His harder hode would neither pierce nor bight,  
But glancing by forth, pulfe forward right;  
Ye fer amouesd with to puffant puls,  
The wrathfull beast about him turned light,  
And him to rude ly passynge by, did brush  
With his long talle, that horse & man to ground did rush.

Both
The Faerie Queene

Both horse and man vp lightly rose againe,
And fresh encounter towards him addrest:
But th'idle stroke yet backe recoyled in vaine,
And found no place his deadly point to reft.
Exceeding rage enflam'd the furious beast,
To be avenged of so great defpight;
For, never felt his imperceable breast
So wondrous force from band of liuing wight;
Yet had he prov'd the powre of many a pious knight.

Then with his wauing wings displayed wide,
Himselfe vp high he left from the ground,
And with strong flight did forcely diuide
The yielding aire, which nigh too feeble found.
Her flitting parts, and element vnfound,
To beare to great a weight: he cutting way
With his broad failes, about him foared round:
At last, lowe floating with vnweildie sway,
Smacht vp both horse and man, to beare them quite away.

Long he there bore about the subiect Plaine,
So farre as Ewenghe bowe a shaft may fende,
Till strugling strong did him at last contraine,
To let them downe before his fligges end:
As bagard Hauke, presuming to contend
With harde towle, above his able might,
His weare pounces all in vaine doth spend,
To trufe the prey too heaulie for his flight.

Which comming downe to ground, does freee it selfe by

The knight his thrallingspeare againe aflaid
In his brasl plate body to emboulse,
And three men strength vnto the stroke he lid;
Where-what the fufle beame quaked, as afrraid,
And glauncing from his fcaly neck, did glide
Clofe under his left wing, then broad dispaid;
The pearcing fletee there wrought a wound full wide,
That with the vicous sharke the Monfier loudly cries.

Hee so difseized of his gryping groffe,
The Knight his thrallingspeare againe aflaid
In his brasl plate body to emboulse,
And three men strength vnto the stroke he lid;
Where-what the fufle beame quaked, as afrraid,
And glauncing from his fcaly neck, did glide
Clofe under his left wing, then broad dispaid;
The pearcing fletee there wrought a wound full wide,
That with the vicous sharke the Monfier loudly cries.

Byng cryde, as raging feas are wont to rore,
When wintrs froome his wrathfull week does threat,
The rolling billowes heat the ragged shore,
As they the earth would shoulde from her feate,
And greedy gulfes does gap, as he would eat
His neighbour element in his revenge;
Then gin the blunting brethren boldly threat,
To moue the world from off his fteds light henge,
And boylous billtellmake, each other to avenge.

The fliey head fluck fast full in his feth,
Till with his cruel claws he snatcht the wood,
And quite afnder broke. Forth flowed freth
A gullung riuere of black goarte blood,
That drowned all the land whereon he flood:
The firesame thereof would drive a water-mill.
Trebly augmented was his furious mood
With bitter fente of his deep rooted ill,
That flames of fire he threw forth from his large nothflu.

His hideous tale then hurled he about,
And there-with all enrapt the nimble thykes
Of his froth-forme stede, whose courage stout
Striving to loose the knot, that fift him yres,
Himselfe in straighter bands too rafh implies,
That to the ground he is perfite confrain
To throwe his rider: who can quickly rife
From off the earth, with durny bleed dittaine;
For, that reprochefull full right foully he didlaid:

And fiercely tooke his trenchand blade in hand,
With which he froteko fo furious and fo fell,
That nothing seemed the puissance could withstand:
Vpon his creft the hardned iron fell,
But his more hardned creft was arm'd so well,
That deeper dint therein it would not make;
Yet so extremely did the buffe him quell,
That from thenceforth he found the like to take,
But when he saw them come, he did them full forlake.

The knight was wroth to see his stroke be guil'd,
And sone againe with more outrageous might;
But backe againe the sparking fletee recoold,
And left not any marke where it did light;
As if in Adaman rock it had beene pight.
The beast impatient of his smarting wound,
And of fo fierce and forcely delight,
Thought with his wings to flye above the ground;
But his late wounded winges vnter cusable found.

Then full of griefes and anguish vehement,
He loudly brayd, that like was never heard,
And from his wide detouring oven fent
A flake of fire, that flasht in his beard,
Hit him alm'd, and almost made afpect
The seurching flame fore fenging all his face,
And through his armour all his body card,
That he could not endure so cruell cafe,
But thought his armes to leave, and helmet to valace.

Not that great Champion of the antique world,
Whom famous Poets verse so much doth daunt,
And hath for twelue huge labours high extold,
So many furies and sharp fits did haint,
When him the poynoned garment did enchant
With Centaurs blood, and bloody verses charm'd,
As did this knight twelue thousand and dolours daunt,
Whom fire fletee now burnt, that earth him arm'd,
That erst him goodly arm'd, now most of all him hurl'd.

Faint, weary, fore, embolden, grieved, brest
With heat, toyle, wounds, armes, smart, & inward fire
That never man such mishites did torment;
Death better were, death did he oft defire;
But death will never come when needs require.
Whom so dismaid when that his foe behel'd,
He cast to suffer him no more repaire,
But gan his hordie ftere about to wold,
And him so strongly frooke, that to the ground him feld.
It fortunate (as faire it then befall)  
Behind his back (unwitting) where he stood,  
Of auncient time there was a springing Well,  
From which fast trickled forth a silver flood,  
Full of great vurtues, and for med'cine good.  
Whyleome, before that curled Dragon got  
That happy Land, and all with innocent blood  
Defil'd those fared wanes, it rightly hot
The Well of Life: yet ye their verses had forgot.

For, vsto lie the dead it could restore,  
And guilt of sinnfull crimes cleanse withal away:  
That's that with fickle we were inflicted sore,  
It could recure, and aged long decay  
Renew, as it were borne that very day.  
Both Sis this, and Iordan did excell,  
And th' English bath, and like the german Spaw,  
Ne can Celsife, nor Helirna match this Well:  
Into the same, the knight (saxflewthrought) fell.

Now gos the golden Phaene for to sleepe  
His firrse face in illowes of the Welt,  
And his faint feeses watred in Ocean deep,  
Whiles from their tournall Labours they did rest,  
When that infernall Monister, having left  
His weary feet into that huing Well,  
Can high advance his broad discoloured breat  
About his wonted pitch, with countrance fell,  
And clapt his iron wings, as Victor he did dwell.

When which his pensive Lady saw from faire,  
Great woe and sorrow did her soule affay,  
As weening that the sad end of the warre,  
And gain to heigh't God entirely pray,  
That feared chance from her to turne away:  
With folded hands and knees full lowly bent  
All night the watchy, ne once adowne would lay  
Her dauntly limbs in her sad drimement,  
But praying full did wake, and waking did lament.

The morrow next gan early to appear,  
That Iritics rofe to rumme his daily race;  
But early ere the morrow next gan rearre  
Out of the se faire Iritics dewsey face,  
Vp rofe the gentle virgin from her place,  
And looked all about, if flete might syp  
Her loved knighe to moue his mainly pase:  
For, flete had great doubt of his fayety,  
Since late the faw him fall before his enemy.

At last the saw, where he vpstraitt brune  
Out of the Welt, wherein he drencht ly:  
As Eagle freh out of the Ocean wave,  
Where he hath left his plumes all hoary gray,  
And deckt himselfe with feathers youthful gay,  
Like Eysas hanke vp mounts into the skies,  
His newly budded pinces to affay,  
And martails at himselfe, full as he flies:  
So new, this new-borne kight to barstall new did rife.

Whom, when the damned hand so swore did syp,  
No wonder if he wandered at the fight,  
And doubted, whether his late enemy  
It were, or other new toppuhs knight.  
He, now to proue his late renewed might,  
High brandishing his bright deaw-burning blade;  
Upon his crested scalp to fore did dinte,  
That to the skull a yawning wound it made.

The deadly dunt his dullest feathers all damaed.

I wote not, whether the reuenging feele  
Were hardned with that holy water dew  
Wherein he fell, or that per edge did feele,  
Or his baptizd hands now greater grew;  
Or other leceret vertue did enioy:  
Elfe, neuer could the force of heelely arme,  
Ne matter metal in his bloud embrew:  
For, all that found could neuer wight him harme,  
By subtilic, nor flight, nor might, nor mighty charme.

The cruel wound enraged him to fore,  
That loud he yelled for exceeding paine;  
As hundred rimpeing Lyons comb to rore,  
Whome ranownt hunger did thereto confaine;  
Then gan he toffe afoot his stretched trame,  
And there with fourege the buxome stre fore,  
That to his force to yeelden it was fine;  
Ne ought his furidc brokes might stand afore.

That high trees outthrowed, and rocks in pieces tore.

The fame advancinge high about his head,  
With harp intencion fling to rude him smot,  
That to the earth he drame, as fritten dead;  
Ne limning wight would haue him life beho:  
The mortall fling his angry needle hot  
Quite through his shield, and in his shoulder fead,  
Where fea that fluck, ne would there out be got:  
The grieve thereof he wondrous sore deade,  
Ne might his ranking paine with patience be appeased.

But yet more mindfull of his honour deare,  
Then of the grievous smart which him did wring,  
From loathed fole he can him lightly reare,  
And frouse to loose the faire infixed tirings:  
Which when in vane he trie with strugling,  
Infant d with wrath, his raging blade he flet,  
And flrokeo fo strangely, that the knotty ring  
Of his huge larte he quite in fander lef,  
Fincelys thereof he beau'd, but the hump him left.

Hart cannot think, what outrageous, and what cryes,  
With foile enoundred smoke and flaming fire,  
The hell-bred defhe flroveth forth into the skies,  
That all was covered with darknesse dire;  
Then fraught with tournour, and engorged ire,  
He cauf at once him to avenge for all,  
And gathering vp him selfe out of the mire,  
With his vaeus wings did fiercely fall  
Upon his inne-bright shield, and grip'd it fast withall.  

Much
Much was the man encumber'd with his bold
In fear to lose his weapon in his paw,
He will yet how his talents to unfold;
Nor harder was from Cerverus greedie saw
To pluck a bone, than from his cruel claw
To reuse by strength the grieved gage away;
Thrice he afflict'd from his foot to draw,
And thrice in vain to draw it did allay,
It booted nought to thineke, to robbe him of his pray.

When he saw no power might prevaile,
His trusty sword he cast to his left side,
Where-with he fiercely did his foe affumble,
And double blowes about him floutly laid,
That glaucing fire out of the iron plaid;
As sparkes from the andrie vie to fly, When heanie hammers on the wedge are swaid;
There-with at last he forc't him to vaine
One of his grasping feet, to him defend thereby.

The other foot fast fix'd on his shield,
When no strength nor stroke'st molest him contraine
To looke, ne yet the warlike pledge to yield,
He smote therewith all his might and maine,
That nought so wondrous pinnance mightfultaine;
Upon the stonyt the lucky steele did light,
And made such way, that new'd it quite in swaine;
The paw yet mutted not his manifest might,
But h ung still on the fluid, as it at first was light.

For griefe thereof, and dimmit despit,
From his internall founse forth he throw
Huge flames, that dimmed all the heavens light,
Enfoild in dusky smoke and brimstone blew;
As burning Astrea from his boiling flow
Doth belch out flames, and rocks in pieces broke,
And ragged ribs of mountains molten new,
Emwapped in coldblack clouds and filthy smoke,
That all the land with stench, & heauen with horror choke.

The heate whereof, and harrie full pittance,
So fore him noyed, that fore't he to retire
A little backward for his best defence,
To face his body from the scorching fire,
Which he from hellish enemies did expaire.
It chaunc't (eternal God that chaunc'd did guide)
As he recoyled backward, in the mir
His nigh forwar'd feelest feet did flide,
And downe he fell, with dread of flame fore terrifie.

There grew a goodly tree him faire befeide,
Loaden with fruit and apples roistered,
As they in pure Verminlon had bene dide,
Whereof great vertes ouer all were red:
For, happy life to all which thereon fed,
And life eke everlasting did bestall:
Great God it planted in that bleffed field
With his almighty hand, and did it call
The Tree of Life, the crime of our first fathers fall.

In all the world like was not to be found,
Saue in that bole, where all good things did growe,
And freely springt out of the fruittfull ground,
As incorrupted Nature did them fouse,
Till that dread Dragon all did overthrowe.
Another like faire tree eke grew thereby,
Whereof who so did eat, citioues did knowe
Both good and ill: O mournfull memory!
That tree through one mans fault hath done vs all to die.

From that first tree forth flow'd, as from a Well,
A tricking freame of Balme, most softe rante
And dainty desire, which on the ground fill fell,
And overflowed all the fertul Plaine,
As it had dewed been with timely raine:
Life and long health that gracious cymment gave,
And deadly wounds could heal, and reare againe
The selfelose corfe appointed for the Graue.
Into that same hefell: which did from death him saue.

For night thereto the euer durned beast
Durst not approch, for he was deadly made,
And all that he preferred, did detest:
Yet he it off advertor'd to invade.
By this, the drouing day-light gan to fade,
And yeeld his room to fad succeeding night,
Who with her fable mantle gan to shield
The face of earth, and waies of living luight,
And hight her burning torch set vp in heauen bright.

When gentle Faeron the second fall
Of her desire knight, who weary of long fight,
And faint through loss of blood, moon'd not at all,
But lay as in a dreame of depe delight,
Befmarid with precious Balme, whole vermons might
Did beate his wounds, and forging heathe alay,
Againe the skiren was with lore affright,
And for his fatete gan deuoutly pray;
And watch the noyous night, and wait for joyous day.

The joyous day gan early to appeare,
And faire Aurora from her dewdy bed
Of aged Thetis gan her felle to bare,
With roife cheeks, for shame as blushing red;
Her golden locks for hate were loosly fhed
About her cares, when Faeron her did mark
Climbe to her charet, all with flowers spred
From heaven hight to chafe the carelesse dark,
With merry note her loud salutes the mounting Lark.

Then fleshly vp arose the doughty knight,
All healed of his hurts and wounds of woe,
And did himselfe to battell ready dight;
Whose early foe awaiting him befre
To have devoured, so soone as day bepired,
When now he saw himselfe so fleshly rare,
As if late fight had noghht him dammify,
He wroze difmay, and gan his fate to feare;
Nathelie, with wonted rage he him advanced neare.

The Tree of Life, the crime of our first fathers fall.
THE FIRST BOOKE OF

Cant. X. II.

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

Which when as true by tryall he outfound,
He bate to open wide his bracer gate,
Which long time had been shut, and out of bond
Proclaimed ioy and peace through all his State:
For dead now was his ioe, which them forsaied late.

Then gan triumphant Trumpeters found on hi,
That went to heaven the echoed report
Of their new ioy, and happy victory
Gainst him, that had them long oppreft with tort,
And fift imprisoned in fieged fort.
Then all the people, as in lolemne fesit,
To him assembled with one full confort,
Rejoycing at the fall of that great befit,
From whose eternall bondage now they were releaft.

Forth came that ancient Lord and aged Queene,
Arraid in antike robes downe to the ground,
And fad habilitaments right well befcene;
A noble crew about them waited round
Of fage and fober Perres, all gravely gownd;
Whom faire before did march a goodly band
Of tall young men, all able armes to found,
But now they Laurell branches bore in hand;
Glad figne of victory and peace in all their land.

And in his first encounter, gaping wide,
He thought strange to him to have swallowd quight,
An Iufht upon him with outrageous pride;
Who him encountering fierce, as haue in flight,
Perforce rebuted back. The weapon bright,
Taking advantage of his open law,
Ran through his mouth with fo imporunt might,
That deeply emprest his darke fome hollow jaw,
And back retyr'd, his life blood forth with all did drawe.

So downe he fell, and forth his life did breath,
That vanifht into fmoake and clouds swift;
So downe he fell, that the earth him vnderneath
Did groane, as feeble fo great loade to lift;

**Canto X. II.**

Ehold, I fee the Haueyn night at hand,
To which I meane my weariwe courfe to bend;
Vere the maine fluite, & beare vp with the land,
The which afore is fairely to be bend,
And feemeth fainthe from fainthe, that may offend:
There this faire Virgin weare of her way
Mufte landed be, now at her journeyes end:
There eke my feeble Barke a while may flay,
Till merrie wind and weather call her thence away.

Scarce had Thalians in the glooming Eaft
Yet harnefled his fric-footed teeme,
Ne reared about the earth his flamig creafe,
When the left deadly fmoake aloft did fume,
Tha figne of left outrbreathed life did fume,
Vnto the watchman on the Castle wall:
Who thereby dead that balefull Beast did fume,
And to his Lord and Lady loud gan call,
To tell how he had fene the Dragons fatal fall.

Vprock with haffice ioy, and feeble fped
That aged Sirs, the Lord of all that land,
And lookt forth, to ween if true indeed
Those rydings were, as he did vnderfand:

So downe he fell, as an huge rockie clift,
Whose falso foundation waves haue wafhft away,
With dreadfull poyfe is from the maine landrift,
And rolling downe, great Neptune doth difmay:
So downe he fell, and like an heaped mountainie lay.

The Knight himfelfe euem trembled at his fall,
So huge and horrible a maffe it feem'd;
And his deare Ladie, that beheld it all,
Durf not approche for dread, which the midleem'd:
But yet at lift, when as the direfull fpeed
She faw not fure, off-flaking vaine affright,
She higher drew, and faw that joyous end:
Then God the prayf'd, and thankd her faiughtfull knight,
That had atcheu'd to great a conquest by his might.
Vnto that doughty Conquerour they came,
And him before, themselfes prostrating lowe,
Their Lord and Patrone loud did him prostrate,
And at his feet their Laurel boughes did throw.

Soone after them, all dancing on a Rowe
The comely virgin came, with girldens sight,
As freeth as flowries in newdow greene doe growe,
When morning dew upon their leaes dont light;
And in their hands sweet Tymbrels all upheld on high.

And them before, the fry of children young
Their wancon sports and childish marth did play,
And to the Maidens founding Tymbrels sung
In well attuned notes, a joyous lay,
And made delightfull musicke all the way,
Untill they came where that faire virgin stood;
As faire Dian in freeth summers bare
Beholds her Nymphes, entangld in fadie wood,
Some wrestle, some doe run, some bathe in crystall flood:

So fhe beheld those maidens meriment
With cheerefull view; who, when to her they came,
Themselfes to ground with gracious humblleness bent,
And her ador by honourable name,
Lifting to heaven her everlasting fame:
Then on her head they set a girldens greene,
And crowned her twixt carnell and twist game;
Who, in her selfe-resemblance well beenece,
Did femeene fuch as fhe was, a goodly maiden Queene.

And after, all the rasall many ran;
Heaped together in rude rablement,
To fee the face of that victorious man;
Whom all admired, as from heaven lent,
And gazed upon with gaping wonderment.
But, when they came where that dead Dragon lay,
Stretcht on the ground in monstrous large extent,
The fight with all feare did them durnay,
Ne durt approche him nigh, to touch, or once affay.

Some feard, and fded; fome feard and well it feld;
One that would viffer feeme then all the rest,
Warnd him not touch; for, yet perhaps remaind
Some linging life within his hollowe brest,
Or in his wonble might hurke fome hidden rest
Of many Dragons, his fruidfull feed;
Another faid, that in his eyes did refl
Yet sparkling fire, and bade there of take heed;
Another faid, he faw him move his eyes indeed.

One mother, when as her foole-hardly child
Did come too nere, and with his talents play,
Halle deade through feare, her little babe reuled,
And to her goldfips gan in couffell fay;
How can I teell, but that his talents may
Yet scratch my fonne, or crack his tender hand?
So, durnely there chues in vaine they fray;
Whiles fome more bold, to meure him nigh fland,
To procue how many strets he did spread of land.

Thus flocked all the folke him round about;
The whiles that hoarie King, with all his traine,
Behing arriued, where that Champion flout
After his foes defeance did remaine,
Him goodly greetes; and faire doez entertaine,
With princely gifts of wine and Gold;
And thourf, and thakes him yeelds for all his paine.
Then, when his daughter desire he doe behold,
Her dearly doue imbrace, and kifteh manifold.

And after, to his Palace he them brings,
With Shames, and Trumpets, and with Clarions sweet;
And all the way the joyous people sings,
With and their garments frowes the paveed street:
Whence mounteing vp, they find puruerse meeet
Of all, that roial Prince Court becomes,
And all the floates was verdureth their feet
Befred with coftly fearlott of great name;
On which they lowely fit, and fiting purpose frame.

What needs me tell their featt and goodly guife,
In which was nothingriotous nor vnigne?
VVhat needs of dainty dishes to dextue,
Of comely feruices, or courtly traine?
My narrow leaves cannot in them containe,
The large discoure of roial Princes state,
Yet was their manner then but bate and plaine:
For, that antique world excelle and pride did hate:
Such proude luxurious pompes is sullen vp but late.

Then, when with meats and drinks of every kind
Their feruent apettes they quenchd had,
That ancient Lord gan fit ocation find,
Of frangtre adventures, and of perils faid,
Which in his trouable he befallen had,
For to demand of his renowned goett;
Who then with vertuance grewe, and courtance faid,
From point to point, as is before express,
Discourst his voyayge long, according his request.

Great pleasures mixt with pitifull regard,
That godly King and Queene did passionate,
Whiles they his pitifull adventures heard,
That oft they did lament his lucklesse state,
And often blame the too importune fate,
That heapes on him fo many wrathfull weakes:
For, neuer gentle Knight, as he of late,
So toffed was in Fortunes cruell fakes;
And all the while all tears beseide the hearers chacks.

Then faid the roiall Peere in fober wife;
Deare fonne, great been the euils, which ye borte
From first to last, in your late enterprize,
That I note, whether praife, or pity more;
For, neuer living man (I weene) to fare
In sea of deadly dangers was drieff:
But fhe now falt ye feifable knote the thore,
And well arriued are, (high God be bleft)
Let vs devote of cafe, and everlastnig reft.
Ah, dear Lord, said then that doughty Knight, 18
Of cale or res I may not yet deuise;
For, by thefaith which I to armes have plight,
I bouned am, oft right after this emprise
(As that your daughter can ye well adviseth)
Back to returne to that great Faery Queen,
And her to ferue five yeeres in warlike wife,
Gaitht that proude Pauyn king that works her teene:
Therefore I ought craue pardon, till I there beene.

Unhappy falses that hard necessitie
(Quoth he) the trouble of my happy peace,
And vowed foe of my felicitie:
Ne can I quittance the fame can lustly peace;
But fals that bund ye cannot now releaft,
Not done vndoe; (for vowes may not be vaine)
Soone as the terme of thofe six yeares fhall ceafe,
Ye then shall hither back returne againe,
The marriage to accomplifh vow'd betwixt you two.

Which, for my part, I couet to performe,
In forte as through the world I did proclaime,
That who fo hold that Monfter (moft deform'd)
And him in hardy battells overcame,
Should have mine onely daughter to his Dame,
And of my kingdom heire apparent bee:
Therefore, fith now to thee pertaines the fame,
By due defert of noble chivalrie,
Both daughter and eile kingdome, lo, I yeld to thee.

Then forth he called that his daughter faire,
The faireft of his onely daughter dese,
His onely daughter, and his onely heire:
Who forth proceeding with fad fober cheer;
As bright as doth the morning ftreame appearre
Out of the Eaft, with flaming locks bedight,
To tell the dawning day is dawnung neare,
And to the world does bring long wished light;
So faire and freth that Lady fiew'd her felfe in light.

So faire and freth, as frefhelf flourre in May;
For, fith that laid her mouenfull ftole aife,
And widow-like fad wimpfe throwne away,
Where-with her heavenly beauty the fide hidde,
Whiles on her weare weourney the did ride;
And on her now a garment the did wowre,
All lily white, withouten spot, or pride,
That feme I like filke and fiver wovn neare;
But neither filke nor filver therein did appeare.

The blazing brightnesse of her beauties beame,
And glorious light of her furnifhine face,
To tell, were as to strive againft the flame.
My ragged rimes are all too rude and bare,
Her heavenly lineaments for to encheafe.
Ne wonder: for, her owne deare loued knight,
All were the daily with himfelfe in place,
Did wonder much at her cellefull light:
Oft had he feene her faire, but neuer to faire light.

So fairely light, when fhe in presence came,
She to her Sire made humble reverence,
And bowed lowe, that her right well became,
And added grace unto her excellence:
Who with great wildome, and graue eloquence,
Thus gan to fay. But eche thus had faid,
With lying speech, and leaming great pretence,
Came running in, much like a man difmayd,
A Meffenger with Letters, which his meffage faid.

All in the open hall amazed ftood
At fuddain enimesse of that vnwarie fight,
And wondered at his brakeliffe hatefull mood.
He but for nought would fay his paffage right,
Till falt before the King he did fight,
Where falling flat, great humbleffe he did make,
And kift the ground, whereon his ftoe was right.
Then to his hands that wrot he did betake,
Which he diclofig, read thus, as at the paper fpace.

To thee, moft mightie King of Edens fayre,
Her greeting fends in thefe fadlines addreft,
The woeful daughter, and forfaken heire
Of that great Emperour of all the Welf;
And bids thee be advisd for the fett,
Ere thou thy daughter linke in holy band
Of wedlocke, to that new vnknowen guett:
For, he already plighted his right hand
Vnto another Loue, and to another Land.

To me, fad maid, or rather widow fad,
He was affiwicked long time before,
And facred pledges he both gate, and had,
Falfe errant knight, infainous, and forwore:
Witnesse the burning Altars, which he fhowre,
And gultyle heauens of his bold purfuites;
Which though he hath polluited off and yere,
Yet I to them for judgement int doe fly,
And them comure to venge this shamefull injury.

Therefore fith mine he is, or free or bond,
Or filke or true, or living, or fiele dead,
With-hold, 0 foueraygne Prince, your hardy bond
From knitting league with him, I you arread;
Ne weeme my right with strength advowne to tread,
Through weakeenesse of my widowed, or woe:
For, truth is strong, his rightfull cue to pleade,
And fhall find friends, if need requireth fo:
So bids thee well to fare, Thy neither friend, nor foe,

When the thee bitter byting words had red,
The tydings strange did him abashd make,
That fihle he fatoe long time aflonished
At in great mufe, new word to creature faire.
At falt, his folemnnes silence thus he brake;
With doubtfull eyes fai fixed on his guest;
Redoubtled knight, that for mine onely fayke.
Thy life and honour late adventured,
Let nought be hid from me, that ought to be expret.
What means thee broadly toowes, and idle threats,
Throwne out from womanish impatient mind?
What heauens! what altars! what enraged heares
Here heaped vp with tearmes of love vnsand,
My confience clear is with guilty ban. Is would bind?
High God be witnesse, that I guelfe ame.
But, if thy felie, Sir Knight, ye faulst to finde,
Or wafted be in loues of former Dame,
With crime doe not it couer, but disclose the fame.

To whom the Redcrafe knight this answere fent,
My Lord, my King, be nought my reas, to remand,
Till well ye werte by grade intendment,
What woman, and wherefore doth me vpraid
Vvth breach of loue, and loyalty betrayed.
It was in my mishaps, as hitherward
I late reuaile, that vneares I vpraid
Out of my way, through perils strange and hard:
That day should faile me, ere I had them all declar'd.

There did I find, or rather I was found
Of this faule woman, that Fiditsa right,
Fiditsa high, the faileft Dame on ground,
Moff faile Deufa, royall richly dign'd,
That eafe was to inveagleweaker right:
Who, by her wicked arts, and wilie skill,
Too faile and strong for earthly skill or might,
Vneares me wrought into her wicked will,
And to my foe betraid, when leaft I feared ill.

Then stopped forth the goodly royall Maid,
And on the ground her felie protrating lowe,
With sober countenance thus to him laid:
O pardon me, my foueraigne Lord, to howe.
The secret treasons, which of late I knew
To have beene wrought by that faile Sorceriye.
She onely thee is, that eath did throwe.
This gentle knight into so great dissterre,
That death him did awaie in daily wretchednesse.
And now it seemes, that she laboured hath
This cirfca meinger with letters vaine,
To worke newe wor and improunded death,
By breaking of the band between vs twaine:
Wherein shee edde hath the pealethe paine.
Of this faile footman, closelet with simplenesse:
Whom if ye pleaue for to dicover plaine,
Ye shall him Archimago find, I gheffe.
The faileft man alioe, who tries shall find no leffe.

The King was greatly moued at her speach,
And all with luddane indignation fraught,
Bade on that meinger reade hands to reach.
Eschoones the Gard, which on his State did wait,
Aatch that faiter faile, and bound him fraite:
Who, seeming fadely chaufli at his hand,
As chained Beare, whom cruel dogs doe bat,
With idle force did faine them to withfand,
And ofte semblance made to escape out of their hand.

But they him laid full lowe in dungeon deepe,
And bound him hand and foot with iron chains.
And with continuall watch did warly keepe.
Who then would thinke, that by his faulke treines
He could escape foule death or deadly paines?
Thus when that Princes wrath was paccliffe,
He gan renew the late forbidden banes,
And to the Knight his Daughter deare he tye,
With faured rices and vowes for euer to abide.

His owne two han Is the holy knots did knit,
That none but death for euer can diuide:
His owne two hands, for such a turne most fis,
The houling fire did kindle and houde,
And holy water thereon sprinkled wide:
At which, a bufty Teade a gHONE did light,
And faured lampes in secret chamber hide,
Where it should not be quenched day nor night,
For feare of euill fates, but burnen euer bright.

Then gan they sprinkle all the pots with wine,
And made great feast, to sollemnize that day:
They all perambled with Frankenece divine,
And precious odours fetcht from thus away,
That all the house did sweate with great array;
And all the while sweet Mufiek did apply
Her curious skill, the warbling notes to play,
To drive away the dull Melancholy;
The whistes one long a song of loue and soliety.

During the which, there was an heavenly noise
Heard found through all the Palace pleasant:
Like as it had been made in Angel's voice,
Singing before the eternall Mufick,
In their trimall tripletices on his;
Yet with no creature, whence that heavenly sweet
Proceeded: yet each one feltsecretly
Himselfe thereby rest of his fenes meet,
And raufithed with rare impreffion in his spire.

Great joy was made that day of young and old,
And soleimne feaft proclamed throughout the Land,
That their exceeding misth may not be told:
Suffer it, here by signes to understand.
The visaul layes at enring of loues band.
Thrife happy man the Knight himselfe did hold,
Poffefed of his Ladys hart and hand:
Cuer, when his eye did her behold,
Her hart did feeme to melt in pleasures manifold.

Her joyous presence and sweet company
In full content he there did long enjoy,
Ne wicked envie, nor vile deceit;
His desire delights were able to annoy:
Yet swimming in that sea of blissfull joy.
He nought forgot, how he whileme hisfornere,
In case he could that most wondrous beast destroy,
Vnto his Faery Queene back to returne:
The which he shortly did, and Faed left to mourne.

Now
Now strike your sails ye goodly Mariners:
For we be come into a quiet rode,
Where we must land some of our passengers,
And light this weary vessel of her lode.

Here she awhile may make her safe abode,
Till she repaired have her tackles spent,
And wants supply. And then again abroad
On the long voyage whereunto she is bent:
Well may she speed, and fairly finish her intent.

The end of the first Booke.
Right well I wote, most mighty Soueraigne,
That all this famous antique history,
Of some, th'abundance of an idle braine
Will judged be, and painted forgery,
Rather then matter of just memory;
Sith none that breatheth living aire,
Does knowe.
Where is that happy Land of Faery,
Which I so much doe vaunt;
Yet nowhere fliow,
But vouch antiquities, which no body can knowe.
Yet have from wise Ages hidden bee:
And later times things more unknowne shall showe.
Why then should wildeffe man so much miswowe
That nothing is, but that which he hath scene?
What if within the Moonce faire thingis sphere,
What if in every other starre vnscene
Of other worlds he happily should heare?
He wonder would much more: yet such to some appear.
Of Faery land yet if he more inquire,
By certaine signes heere let in furnery place
He may it find: ne let him then admire,
But yield his senfe to be too blunt and base,
That no'te without an hound fine footing trace.
And thou, a fairest Prince of the sky,
In this faire Mirror maist behold thy face,
And thine owne realmes in lond of Faery,
And in this antique Image thy great sunceuery.

The which, o pardon me thus to enfold
In covert veale, and wrap in shaddows light,
That feble eyes your glory may behold,
Which elfe could not endure those beams of bright,
But would be dazzled with exceeding light.
O pardon, and vouchsafe with patient care
The braue adventures of this Faery Knight,
The good Sir Gyon, graciously to heare,
In whom great rule of Temperance goodly doth appeare.

From
Guyon, by Archimago abus'd,
The Redcrosse knight awaits,
Findes Mordant and Amaulialaine
With pleasures poisoned baits.

Hat cunning Architect of cankred guile,
Whom Princes late displeasure left in hands,
For falled Letters and tuborned wife,
Soone as the Redcrosse knight he vndertands,
To hence departed out of Edinwars,
To serve againe his soueraigne Elfin Queene,
His sires he moves, and out of cyntue hands
Himselfe he frees by secret meanes vnleece;
His shackles empie left, himselfe escaped cleene.

And forth he fares, full of malicious mind,
To worken michtiee and avenging weoe,
Where euer he that godly knight may find,
His onely hart loe, and his onely foe,
Sith Faus now he algazes muft forgoe,
Whom his vtorious hands did eft refore
To natives crowne and kingdome late ygoe:
Where the enioyet sure peace for euermore,
As weather-beaten shp arm'd on happy shore.

Him therefore now the obiect of his spight
And deadly fende he makes : him to offend
By forged treafion, or by open light,
He feeks, of all his drft the aimed end :
Thereeto his fubtle engins he does bend,
His prickeke wit, and his faire fielde tong,
With thoufand other fielges : for, well he kend,
His credit now in doubtfull balancce hong :
For, hardly could he hurt, who was already frong.

Still as he went, he craftie fiates did lay,
With cunning trames him to entrap vnwares,
And prætie pilals plac't in all his way,
To weet what course he takers, and how he fares;
To ketch him at advantage in his fiates,
By trull of his former harms and cares,
But now to wife and warie was the knight,
That he de'crie, and flunned flull his flight :
The fiue, that once was caught, new baiit will hardly bite.

Nath'leffe, th'Enchanter would not fpare his paine,
In hope to win occasion to his will ;
Which when he long ariued had in vaine,
He chang'd his mind from one to other ill : -
Foes to all good he enemy was still.
Upon the way him fortuned to meet
(Faire marching ynderneath a shady hill)
A goodly knight, all arm'd in harnfelle meet,
That from his head no place appeared to his fect.

His carriage was fulle comely and upright,
His countenance demure and temperate ;
But yet to strenue and tirrible in fight,
That cheerd his friends, and did his foes amaze : -
He was an Ellin borne of noble fate,
And macke worfhip in his naturall land,
Well could he tourney, and in lift debate,
And Knighthood tooke of good Sir Huon hand,
When with king Oron he came to Faerie Land.

Him also accompanyd upon the way
A comely Palmer, clad in black attire,
Of riport yeres, and hares all hoacie gray,
That with a flaffle his feeble fteps did fiere,
Leaf his long way his aged limbs should tire : -
And, if by lookes one may the mind aread,
He seem'd to be a Sage an Hoben fire,
And ever with fluoe fute the knight did lead,
Who taught his trampling fteps with equall steps to tread.

Such when as Archimago them did view,
He weened well to worke sorne vncauth wife;
Efeecoes wontwifting his deceitfull clew,
He gan to weewe a web of wicked guile,
And with faire countenance and flattering fiile,
To them approaching, thus the Knightspake : -
Faire fome of Mars, that feke with warlike fpoile,
And great achiueements, great your feltes to make,
Vouchsafe to flay your fecled humble miurers take.
The Faerie Queene
Chapter I

He found his neede for humble misers sake,
And bade tell on the tenor of his plaint:
Who, engagynge then in every limbe to quake,
Through inward fear, and seeming pale and faint,
With pittous mome his pearing speech gainst paint:
Dear Lady, how shall I declare thy tale,
Whom late I saw in lurchous contraint!
Would God thy fell now present were in place,
To tell this ruthfull tale: thy light could win thee grace.

Or rather would, I would so had chance't,
That you, most noble Sir, had prit of eyes.
Wherein I said (with vile but audac'nt)
Laid first his flidy hands on virgin cleene,
To poole her daintie corse & faire theene,
As on the earth (great mother of vs all)
With liuing eye more faire was neuer scene,
Of chastitie and honour virginall:
Wermelle ye heauen, whom this in aune to helpe did call.

How may it be (said then the knight halfe wrath),
That knight should knight-hood euer to have fient?
None but that few (quoth he) would weere for troth,
How shamefully that Mable did torment.
Her looser golden locks he rudely rent,
And drew her on the ground, and his sharp sword
Against her snowy breast he fiercely bent,
And threatened death with many a bloody word;
Tongue hates to tell the rest, that eye to see abord.

There-with, amoundeo from his sober mord,
And liues ye herd (said he) that wrought this ait,
And doen the heauen blinded him vitall good?
Her liues (quoth he) and bashetch of the faite,
Ne yet hath any Knight his courage crackt.
Where may that treauchour then (said he) be found,
Or by what meenes may I his footing track?
That shall I fiew (said he) as sure, as bound.
The friken Deare doth challenge by the bleeding wound,

He said not longer talke, but with fierce ire,
And zealous haffe, away is quickly gone
To seeke that Knight, where hune that crafty Squire
Suppos'd to be. They doe arrive amone,
Where sae a gentle Lady all alone,
With garments rent, and hair discheuen'd,
Wringing her hands, and making pittous mone;
Her twolken eyes were much dispurg'd,
And her faire face, with teares was louly blubber'd.

The knight, approching nigh, thus to her said,
Faire Lady, through doute forrow till bedight,
Great pity is to see you thus dismaid,
And marre the blosom of your beauty bright:
For thy, appeate your griefe and beauty plight,
And tell the cause of your conceived paine.
For, if the line that you doo despight;
He shal you doe due recompence againe,
Or else his wrong with greater puissance maintain.

Which when shee heard, and despightfull wife,
She wilfully her forrow did augment.
And offered hope of comfort did despighte:
Her golden locks most cruellly the rent,
And scratcht her face with gally devoiements.
Ne would she speake, ne fees, ne yet be seenne,
But hid her vilage, and her head downe bent,
Either for gruous Shame, or for great seene,
As if her hart with forrow had transitced bene.

Till her that Squire bespake, Dame, my life,
For Gods deare lease be not to willoo bell,
But doe vouchsafe now to receiue this:
The which good fortune doth to you present,
For, what beats it to wepe and to wayment;
When ill is chaunte's, but doth the ill increas,
And the wecke mind with double woes torment;
When she her Squire heard speake, she gan appease
Her voluntarie paine, and feele some secret cafe.

Ensuite she spake, A gentle trustifie Squire,
What comfort can I woffull wretch conceave,
Or why should euer I hencethere defea?
To se faire beautifie face, and life not feane,
Sith that Falke Trayeor did my honour reave.
Falke Trayeour certes (said the Faerie Knight)
I read the man, that euer would deceave
A gentle Lady, or her wrong through might:
Death were to little paine for such a foule delight.

But now faire Lady, comfort to you make,
And read who hath ye wrought this shamefull plight;
That short revenge the man may undertake,
Where to he be, and soon by whom light;
Certies (said she) I wote not how he hight;
But under him a gray fedid did he wold,
Whose sides with dulped circles weren dight;
A white he rode, and in his fuller shied
He bore a bloudy Cross, that quarrell all the field.

Now by my head (said Gayou) much I muste
How that same Knight should doe so foule amis,
Or euer gentle Damizell to abate:
For, may I holde thy, hee furely is
A right good Knight, and true of word ywis:
I present was, and can it witteswell,
When arres he swore, and straith did enterep;
Th'adventure of the Errant Damzell,
In which he hath great glorie wonne, as I heare tell.

Nathlesse, he shortly shal asone be tryde,
And fairly quite him of the imputed blame:
Elle be yeante, he dearly shall abode,
Or make you good amendement for the same:
All wrongs have minds, but no amends of shame.
Now therefore Lady, rise out of your paine,
And fee the falsing of your blotted name,
Full loath thee fending thereto, but yet did taine:
For, she was inly glad her purpose so to gaune.

Her
And cryde, Mercie Sir Knight, and mercy Lord,  
For mine offence and hebblesse hardimient,  
That had almost committed crime abhord,  
And with reproochefull flame mine honour shott,  
Whiles curfed steele against that badge I bent,  
The fared badge of my Redeemers deeth,  
Which on your flied is set for ornament;  
But his fierce foe for his flied could fly vnoeth,  
Who (prickt with courage keene) did cruell batter breath.

But, when he heard him speake, straight way he knew  
His error, and (himselfe inclyning said)  
Ah! dear Sir Guyon, well becommeth you;  
But me behooueth rather to vpbrayd,  
Who hattie hand to farrise from reaon strayd,  
That almoft it did dasyous violence  
On that faire Image of that heavenly Maid,  
That deckes and armes your flied with faire defence:  
Your coute flied takes on you anothers due offence.

So been they both atorne, and doen spreare  
Their betters bright, each other for to greet;  
Goodly comportance each to other bear,  
And entertainne themselves with court fies meet.  
Then faid the Rederoffe Knight, Now motte I weare,  
Sir Guyon, why with to fierce faulce,  
And ill intent ye did at earl mee meet;  
For, fith I know your goodly govenranece,  
Great coute (I weare) you guided, or some vncoutne chance.

Cerres (laide he) well moame I flame to tell  
The fond encafon that me hither led.  
A lifte infamous faiour late befell  
Me for to meet, that seemed ill befelt,  
And plaid of grieuos outrage, which he red  
A Knight had wrought against a Lady gent;  
Which to avenge, he to this place me led,  
Where you he made the marke of his intent,  
And now is fled; foule flame him follow, where he went.

So can he turne his carnifh into gamne,  
Through goodly handling and wife temperance.  
Bythis, his aged guide in prefence came i  
Who, foone as on that knight his eye did glaunsce,  
Enloone of him had perfit cognizance,  
Sith he in Faerue Court he late anide:  
And faid, Faire fonne, God give you happy chance,  
And that deare Croffe upon your flied deuid,  
Where with about all knights ye goodly ferme aguaid.

Joy may you haue, and everlastinge fame,  
Of late most hard stichetment by you donne.  
For which enrolled is your glorious name  
In heavenly Regiffers aboide the Sunne,  
Where you a Saint, with Sants your feat haue wonne:  
But, wretched we, where ye haue left your marke,  
Mutt now anew begin, like race to runne,  
God guide thine, Guyon, well to end thy wakke,  
An to the wifthed heaven bring thy warie burke.
Palmcr. (him answered the Redemprf knight)
His be the praffe, that this arteche ment wroght,
Who make my hand the orgin of his might:
More then good-will to me attribute nought:
For, all I did, I did but as I ought.
But you, Eure Sir, whose pageant next enfeues,
With more yeete thee, as well can with your thought.
That home ye may report these happy newes:
For, well ye worthy beene for worth and gentle thewet.

32
So, courtesie conge both did close and take,
With right hands plighted, pledges of good will.
Then Guyon forward gan his voyage make,
With his black Palmer, that him guided full.
Still he him guided over dale and hill,
And with his steady stiffe did point his way:
His face with reason, and with words his will,
From soulie intempertance he set did fly,
And sufferd not in wrath his faint feet to stray.

33
In this faire wise they traually long yfere,
Through many hard affayes, which did betide;
Of which he honour fully way did bear,
And spred his glory through all Countries wide.
At last, as changeth them by a Forsett side
To pulse (for succour from the sorest ray)
They heard a full voice, that deadly ende
With pearling thundres, and many adole full lay:
Which with ardour, while they forward steps they lay.

34
But, if that careless heattens (spout the fire) despise
The close of soft reuenge, and take delight.
To see sad pageants of mens miseries,
As bound by them to bane in lites delphig.
Yet can they not warne death from wretched wight.
Come then, come fone, come with your self to me.
And take away this long lest loaded light.
Sharpe be thy wounds, but sweet the medicines bee,
That long captaine soules from weary thalsome tree.

35
But thou, sweet Babe, whom frowning froward fate
Hath made sad woeitice of thy fathers faller,
Sith heaven thee deignes to hold in huing fate,
Long manth thou lute, and better thriue withall,
Then to thy lucklesse Parents did befall:
Lute thou, and to thy mother dead attel,
That clear the dide from blemish crimnal:
Thy little hands embrwed in bleeding breat;
Lose, for pledges beate.
So give me leave to ret.

36
With that, a deadly shrille the forth did throwe,
That through the wood reechoed againe.
And after, gave a groane to deeps and lowe,
That femed her tender hart was rent in twaine,
Or child with point of thorough-pearcing paine:
As gentle Hund, whose eyes with cruel teale
Through bunced, forth her bleeding life doth raise,
Which the sad pang apprheaching the does feale,
Brests out her latest breath, and np her eyes doth feele.

37
Which when that warior heard, dismounting first:
From his tall steed, he ruffte into the thick,
And loone arrivted, where that fad pourraught:
Of death and labour lay, haste dead, haste quick,
In whose white slabsafter breast did thicke
A cruel knife, that made a greatly wound,
From which forth, pulle a flame of gore-bloud thick,
That all her goodly garments flnde and round.
And into a deeps languine dide the grasse ground.

38
Pittifull spectacle of deadly smart:
Befide a bubbling fountaine lowe the lay,
Which the increas with her bleeding hart,
And the cleane wares with purple gold did ray:
Ais in her lap a little babe did play
His cruel sport, in stead of sorrow dew:
For, in her dreaming bloud he did embay
His little hands, and tenderiyus embrow:
Pittifull spectacle, as euer the did view.

39
Befides them both, upon the foiled graft
The dead corse of an armed knight was stred,
Whole armoure all with bloud besprinkled was:
His ruddie lips did smale, and rose red
Did paint his chearefull cheekes, yet beeing ded:
Seem'd to have bene a goodly personage,
Now in his freshet flower of lustyhed,
Fir to inflame faire Lady with loves rage,
But that fierce fate did crop the bloisme of his age.

40
Whom, when the good Sir Guyon did behold,
His hart gan wet as starks as Marble stone,
And his fresh bloud did friere with fearfull cold,
That all his fmeks fem'd brest attone:
At last, his mightie ghost gan deepes to grooce,
As Lyon grudging in his great dildane,
Mournes inwardly, and makes to himselfe mon.
Till ruth and fracle affechon did constraine
His courage stout to floure, and shew his inward paine.

41
Out of her gored wound the cruelste stile
He lightly stnatcht, and did the floud-cate flop
With his faire garment: then gan softlye feele
Her feeble pulse, to proue if any drop
Of luing bloud yet in her veins did hop,
Which when he felt to moare, he hoped faire
To call back life to her forskaten thop:
So well he did her deadly wound respare,
That at the last the gan to breathe out luynge aire.

42
Which he perceiving, greatly gan reioyce,
And goodly counsell (that for wounded hart
Is meett medicin) tempred with sweet voice:
Ay me! deare Lady, which the Image art
Of ruysfull pity, and impatience art,
What dreellie chance, arm'd with reuenging fete,
Or cursed hand hath plaid this cruel part,
Thus foule to haften your vint奈ely date?
Speake, o deare Lady speake! I helpe never comes too late.

F 3.
There-with her dim eye-lids she vp gan reare,
On which the dreary death did sit, as sad
As lump of lead, and make darke cloudes appear;
But when at him (all in bright armour clad)
Before his standing fled eldip had,
As one out of a deadly dreame affright,
She weakly startt, yet the nothing drad:
Straight downe againe her felic in great deight,
She groowling threw to ground, as hating life and light.

The gentle knight, her fone with carefull paine,
Vpflirt light, and softly did waftlic:
Thrice he her regard, and thrice the sunke againe,
Till he his armes about her fides gan fold,
And to her Lid; Yet if the fone cold
Have not all feizd on your frozen hart,
Let one word fall that may your griefe unfold,
And tell the secret of your mortall fmar.
He oft findes prefent help, who does his griece impart.

Then calling vp a deadly looke, full lowe
She ftight, from bottom of her wounded brest,
And after, many bitter threds did throwe,
With lips full pale, and solring tongue oppreft.
These words the breathed forth from suffic heat:
Leave, sh leave off, what euer wight thou bee,
To let a weary wretch from her dueret,
And trouble dying foules tranquiliite.
Take not away now got, which none would give to me.

Ah ! fare be it (said he) Deare dame fio mee,
To hinder foule from her defined reft,
Or hold thine life in long capacitie:
For I thee fece, it but to haue redreft
The bitter pangs, that doth thy hart infet.
Tell then (to Lady) tell what fatal griece
Hath with fo huge misfortune ou oppreft?
That I may eft to compose thy reft,
Or die with you in sorrow, and partake thy griece.

With feeble hands then stretcht forth on hie,
As heauen accunting guilte of her death,
And with drye drops conceald in her eye,
In thee, sad words the fpent her vmpof breath;
Heare then (to man) the bowres that sneath
My tongue can telle, so fare all fent they pafs.
Lo, this dead corpus, that lyes here verderneath,
The gentlent knight, that euer on greene gras.
Gay feeted with impur did prick, the good Sir Mordant was:

Was (by the while, that he is not fio nowe)
My Lord, ny loue; my deare Lord, my deare loue,
So long as heauenes will with eqall brow
Vouchsafe to behold vs from above,
One day when he high courage did emmoue,
(As wond ye knights to feeke adventures wild)
Her pricked forth, his puillant force to prove,
Me then he left enowmed of this child,
That luckelle child, whom thus ye fce with bloud defil'd.

Him fortuned (hard fortune yet my ghefe)
To come where rele Acrofia doth wone,
Acrofia, a told Enchaunteresse,
That many errant knights hath foule fordoone:
Within a wandering Iland, that doth ronne
And stray in perilous gulf, her dwelling is;
Faire Sir, if euer there ye trauell, fhomee
The cutted land where many wend amifs,
And knowe it by the name: it hight the Bower of bliss.

Her bliff is allia pleasure and delight,
Where-with theee makes her lowers drunkn mad:
And then, with words and weedes of wondrous might,
On thee she works her will to vies bad:
My lifef Lorde she thes beguiled had:
For he was fkel (all felines doth fratelie breed.)
Whom, when I heard to been so ill bettol,
(Weake wretch) I wrafft my felic in Palmers weed,
And call to feeke him forth through danger & great dread.

Now had faire Cynthia by euen tournes
Full meafured three quarters of her yeare,
And thrice threetimes had fild her crooked homes,
When as my wombe her burthen will forbearre,
And bade me call Lucina to me near.
Lucina came a man-child forth I brought: (were it)
The woods, the Nymphes, my bowres, my Midwives
Hard help at need. So deare thee babe I bought
Yet nought too deare I deeme'd, while to my deir I sought.

Him lo I sought, and fo at last I found,
Where him that Witch had thralled to her will,
In chains of lutf and lewd defires ybound,
And fo transformed from his former skill,
That me he knew not, neither his owne ill:
Tell through wife handling and faire gowernance,
I him recurred to a better will,
Purged from drugs of soule intemperance:
Then meates I goode delute for his deluuerance.

Which when the vile Enchaunteresse percei'd,
How that my Lorde from her I would repaire,
With cup thus charme'd, him parting the decei'd:
Sad verfe, give death to him that death does give,
And lffe of love, to her that loves to liue,
So faire as Bacchus with the Nymphs doth liue:
So parted we, and on our journee drive,
Till comming to this Well, he ftopt to drink:
The charme fullfai'd, dead suddeynly he downe did fink.

Which, when I wretch. Not one word more thefai'd,
But breakthrough the end for want of breath,
And flying loft, as downe to flecte her lad,
And ended all her woe in quiet death.
That feeing good Sir Gawan, could vncaeth
From teares abfintiue; for griefe his hart did grate,
And from fo heuie figh his head did wreath,
Accenting Fortune, and too cruel fate,
Which plunged had faire Lady in fo wreched state.

Then
THE FAERIE QUEENE.

CANT. II.

Then turning to the Palmer, said, Old fire,
Behold the Image of mortallitie,
And feele nature cloth't with fleshly tare,
When raging passion with fierce tyranie
Robbs reason of her due regalitie,
And makes it keruunt to her base part:
The strong, through pleasure soonest falls, the weak
But temperance (said he) with golden square
Betwixt them both can measure out a meane,
Neither to melt in pleasures hot desire,
Nor fry in hardesse griefe and dolefull teene.
This happy man, who freest them both sweene:
But, if this wretched woman overcome
Of anguish, rather then of crime hath beene,
Recuer her cause to her eternal doom:
And in the meanes, yonc'scure her honorable toombee.

CANTO II.

Babes bloody hands may not be clen'sd,
The face of golden Meane.
Her sisters two Extremities:
Sriue her to banish cleane.

Poore Orphane, in the wide world scattered,
As budding branchfull rent from the native tree,
And thrown forth, till it be withered:
Such is the state of men: thus enter wee
Into this life with woe, and end with miserie.

Then fought himself inclining on his knee
Downe to that Well, did in the water weene
(For love doth leash disdainfull nice).
His guilty hands from bloudie gore to cleene.
He wash'd them oft and oft, yet nought they becane
(For all his washing) cleaner. Still he stroue,
Yet still the little hands were bloudie seene,
The which him into great amazement drove,
And into diuers doubts his watering wonder cloute.
2. He will not whether blot of foule offence
Might not be purg'd with water nor with bath;
Or that high God, in lieu of innocence,
Imprinted had that token of his wrath,
To fly how fore black-glutinellc he hat;h
Or that the charme and venim, which they drunk,
Their blood with secret filthy infected hath,
Being diffus'd through the fentenellc trunk:
That through the great contagion diseafed fully shrink.

3. Whom thus at gaze, the Palmer gan to bord
With goodly reason, and thus faire bespeak;
Ye' been right hard amastcd, gracious Lord,
And for your ignorance great marvell make,
Whiles cause not well conceived ye mistake.
But know, that secret virtues are infall'd.
In every Fountain, and in every Lake,
Which who hath skill them rightuly to have ches'd,
To prove of paffing wonders hath full often'sd.

4. Of thofe, fome were fom to their fourc indwelled
By great Dame Nature, from whom froidull papp
Their Well-heads fupport, and are with moisture dawd;
Which fedes each living plant with liquid lap,
And fills with flowers Faire Flowers painted lap:
But other fome, by gift of later grace,
Or by good prayers, or by other hap,
Had virtue pour'd into their waters bafe,
And thence-forth were renown'd, & fought from place to place.

5. Such is this Well, wrought by occation strange,
Which to her Nymph befelle. Vpon a day,
As fhe faw the woods with bowe and flarts did range,
The hartfelle Hind and Robbucke to difmay,
As Fawns effay'd to meet her by the way,
And kindling fire at her faire burning eye,
Inflamed was to follow beauties chase,
And clus'd her, that falt from him did fly;
As Hind from her, fo the red from her enemy.

6. At laft, when failing breath began to faint,
And faw no means to feape, of thame affaid,
She faw her downe to wepte for fore concern,
And to Diana calling loud for alife;
Her deare befought, to let her be a maid.
The Goddelc beard, and fuddain where the fate,
Welling out frames of tears, and quite confum'd
With ftonic fear of that rude ruffick mate,
Transform'd her to a fcone from fteafalt virgins flate.

7. Lo, now fhe is that fcone: from thofe two heads
(As from two weeping eyes) fresh freames doe flowe,
Yet cold through fear, and old confused dreads;
And yet the fcone her feancey fumis to flowe,
Shall like a maid, that fuch ye ma'y her knowe;
And yet her virtues in her water hide:
For, it is chaffe and pure, as paffant snowe,
Ne let her wates with any fitch be dice,
But ever (like her felfe) raffincd hath been tried.

8. From thence it comes, that this behoves bloudy hand
May not be cleans'd with water of this Well:
Ne certes Sir firize you it to withinhand;
But let them all be bloudy, at befall,
That they his mothers innocents may tell,
As he bequeathed in her left testament;
That as a laced Symbolt it may dwell
In her fones bath, to minde recompence,
And be for all chafe Diana an endless monument.

9. Her band'd to his reafon, and the child
Vptaking to the Palmre gate to hear;
But his lad fathers armes with blood defild,
An heauie load himfelce did lightlycaret,
And turning to that place, in which whytcare
He left his lofty feed with golden fell:
And goodly gorgeous barbes, him found not theare.
By other accident that eart befell,
He is withvaide; but how, or where, here fits not tell.

10. Which when Sir Gywun faw, all were he wrought,
Yet algates more he ftof himfelle appeale,
And fairely fane on foone, bowe euer loft;
His double burden did him fore difafe.
So long they trauelled with little cafe,
Till that at laft they to a Castle came,
Built on a rock adorning to the fees;
It was an ancient worke of antique fame,
And wondrous strong by nature, and by skiffal frame.

11. There to three fitters dwell of fundry fort,
The children of one fire by mothers three;
Who dyeing whylemo did divide this Fort
To them by equall fhares in equall fee;
But firefull mard, and divers qualitie
Draw them in parts, and each made others foe;
Sall did they fritue, and daily defpare;
The eldef did againft the younges goe,
And both againft the middef meanes to worke woe.

12. Where, when the Knight arri'd, he was right well
Receiv'd, as knight of fo much worth became,
Of fecret fitter, who did far excell
The other two; Medina was her name,
A fobet fad, and comely curteous Dame;
Who rich array'd, and yet in modeft guize,
In goodly gurnents, that her well became,
Faire marching forth in honourable wise,
Him at the threafhold met, and well did enterprize.

13. She led him vp into a goodly bowre,
And comely courted with meet modeftie;
Ne in her speech, ne in her lanquor,
Was lightterell feene, or looser vactie,
But gracious womanhood, and gravitie,
About the reafon of her youthful yeares;
Her golden locks the roundly did spye,
In brayed tramel'd, that no looser heares.
Did out of order tary about her dainty cares.
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THE FAERIE QVEENE.

Cant. II.

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16
Whil'ft

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Secmcly to

felfe

thus bulily did frame,

cntertoiiie licr

new-come gueft,

Ncwc J hcereof to her other iifters wmc.

Who all

tliis

while were at their wanton reft,

Accourling «acli her friend with lauilhfeaft ;
Thcv were two knights of peerlefle puiflaunce,
And famous farre abroadfor warlike gcft,
W'bich to iheic Ladies loue did countcniunce.

And

to his Mjfticfle each himfelfe ftroue to idvauncc.

But they him fpying, both with greedy force

Attoncevponhim ran, and htm bel'et
With rtroakcsofmortall ftcele without remorTcj
And on his fhield like iron flcd"cs bet
As when a Bcarc and Tigrc, beino met
In cruell fight on lybickc Ocean wide,
:

Efpy a trauailer with feet (urbct,

Whom they in equall prey hope to diuidc,
They Hint their ftrite, and him alfaile on cucry fide.

»7

He that made louc vnto the eldeft Dame,
Was hight Sir Huddibrm, an hardy man
Yet not lo good of deeds, as great of name,
Which he by many rafti adventures wanj
Since errant armcs to few he firft began i
More huge in ftrength, then wile in wofkei he waSt

And rcalon with foole-hardize over -ran
Sterne melancholy did his courage pafs.
And was (for tcrrour more) all arm'din {hixungbrafs.

18
But he tliat lov'd the younoeftj was Sam-loy,
outraged.
that
fiire
^na
late
foule
He

The moft vnruly and

boy
That cucr warlike weapons menaged.
tlieboldeft

And luftred not their blowcs

f tbilt,

to bite

him ncrc,

But with redoubled buSis them back did put
Whofe grieucd mindes.which choler did enplut,
Againft themfelucs turning their wrathful! lpi<>ht,
Gan with new rage their fhields to licw and cut
But ftill when Guyon came to part their fight.

With heauie load on him they frelhly gan to finighc.

As a rail (hip toffed in troublous feas.

Whom raging winds threaming to make the pray
Of thcrough rocks, do diuerfly difeafe.

And to all lawlefle lull encouraged.

Meets two contrar)' billowes by the way,
Thather on either fide do fore aflay,

Through ftrong opinion ofhis matchlefle migl«t

And boaft to fwallow her in greedy GraUe

Nc ought he car 'd, whom he endamaged

She,fcorning both their fpightSjdocs make wide way,
And witli her breaft breaking the fomy wauc,

By tortious wrong, or whombereau'd of right.
He now this Ladies champion chofc for loue to fight
Thefe two gay knights, vow'd to fo diuers louct.
Each other docs envie with deadly hate.
And daily waiTcagainft his foemanmoucs.
In hope to win morcfauour with his mite,

And th'oilicrs plcaiing fcruice to abate,

To magnifie his ownc. But when they heard,
How in that place ftrange knight arriued late«
Both knights and Ladies forth right angry far'd.

And

fiercely vnto battdl flcine themfelucs prepar'd.

20
But ere they could proceed vnto

tlie

place

Where he abode, themfelucs at difcordfell,
And crucll coinbatioynd in middle Ipace
With hornblcalfault, and fune fell.
They heapt huge ftroakcs, the fcomed life to quell,
That all on vprorc from her Ictlcd feat,

The boufe was raifd, andall that in did dwell
Set m"d that loud thunder with amazement great,
Pid rend thcratling skies v/ith flames of fouldnngheat.

11

To wcet what dreadfuU thing was there in hond
Where, when as two braue knights in bloudy fight
With deadly rancour he enraungcd fond,
His funbroadHiicld about his wreft he bond,
And fliyning blade vnflicatli'd, with which he ran
Vnto that ftcad, their (hife to vndcrftond;
And,athisfirftarriuall,thcm

Does ride on both theirbacksjond fau-c her felfe doth faue:
So boldly he him bearcs, and rudieth forth
Betweene them both, by conduft ofhis blade.
Wondrous great prowclTe and hcroick worth

He (hew'd that day, and rare enfample made.
When two fo mighty warriours he difinade
Attonce he wards and ftrikes, he takes and payes,

Now forc't to yield, now forcing to invade,
Beforc,behind, and round about him layes
So double was his paines, fo double be his praife.
z6

Strange fort of fight, three valiant knights to fee
Three combats loyne in one, and todarraine
A triple warrc with triple enniitec.
All for their Ladies froward loue to giine,

Which gotten was but hate. So

loUc does raine
In ftoutcft mindes, and maketh monftrous warre
He maketh warrc, he maketh peace againc.

And yet his peace isbut conanuall iarre

O mifcrablc men, that to him fubicft arre

1

i7

The noyfc thereof caltli forth that ftringer Knight,

•

But he, not like a wearie trauai Icre,
Their /harp aflault right boldy did

bc^n

With goodly mcaitet to pacific, well as he can.

While thus they mingled were in furious armes.
The fairc Af f<//n.j with her trcflcs tome,
And naked breaft (in pitty of tlicir hormes)
Emongft them ran, and falling them beforne,
Bcfought them by the wombc which them had borne.
And by the loues, which were to them moft dcare.
An 1 by the knighthood, which they furc hadfworne.
Their deadly crucll diCcord to forbeare.

And to her iuft conditions offaircpcace to hcarc.
Bu:


But her two other sisters, standing by,  
Her loud gain-said, and both their Champion bad  
Pursue the end of their strong enmity,  
As sure of their loves they would be glad.  
Yet Bet, with pitiful words and counsell sad,  
Still strove their stubborn rage to subdue;  
That, at the last, supplicating fury mad.  
They gan abataine from dint of direfull stroke,  
And harken to the sober speeches which the spoke.

Ah! puffiant Lords, what cursed euill Spright,  
Or fell Erronys in your noble harts?  
Her hellish breed hath kindled with delight,  
And hird you vp to worke your willfull smarts?  
Is this the joy of armes t be these the parts  
Of glorious knight-hood, after bloud to thurf?  
And not regard due right and intent farts?  
Vaine is the vaunt, and victory vaunt,  
That more to mighty hunds, then rightfull cause doth truft.

And, were there rightfull cause of difference,  
Yet were not better, faire it to accord,  
Then with bloud-guiltinefs to heape offence,  
And mortall vengeance toynes to crime abord?  
O fly from wrath, & my benef Lord,  
Set he with rightees, and bittertrues of warre,  
And thousand Furies wait on wrathfull wordes;  
Ne ought the praise of prouefle more doth marre,  
Then foule revenging rage, and base contentious faire.

But louelly concord, and most faire peace,  
Doth nourish vreetes, and fast friendship breedes:  
Weake the maker strong, & strong thing does increase,  
Till it the pitch of highest praiue exceedes;  
Brave be her warres, and honourable deeds,  
By which the triumphs over ire and praiue,  
And winnes an Olive girldon for her meeds:  
Be therefore, & my deare Lords, pacifie,  
And this misseeming discord meekly lay aside.

Her graciouws words their rancour did appall,  
And finde to deepe into their boyling bratts,  
That dowe they let their cruel weapons fall,  
And lowelly did abate their lofifie credts  
To her faire preence, and fairette beftesse,  
Then she began a trystie to procure,  
And fairefull terms betwixt both their requestes,  
That as a lave for euuer should endure:  
Which to obtayne, in word of knights they did affure.

Which to consume, and lat to bind their league,  
After their weare sweat and bloody toile,  
She them befought, during their quiet trageie,  
Into her lodging to repaire awhile;  
To refte themselves, and grace to reconcile.  
They loone contenues: so forth with her they lare,  
Where they are well receiued, and made to poole  
Themselfes of Fored arms, and to prepare  
Their minds to pleafure, and their mouthes to dainy faire.

And those two froward sisters (their faire loves)  
 Came with them eke (all were they wondrous loth)  
And eamed cheere, as for the time behoves;  
But could not colour yet to well the troth,  
But that their natures had appeard in both:  
For, both did at theirseconde fitter grutch,  
And inly grieve, as doth an hidden moffon  
The inner garment fret, not th'vitter touch:  
One thought ther heart too little, th'other thought to.

Elifia (to the eldest hight) did deeme  
Such entertainment beaue, ne ought would eat,  
Ne ought would speake, but euermore did fceeme  
As difcontant for want of mirth or meat;  
No foluace could her Paramour intreac  
Her once to flowe, ne court, nor dalliance:  
But with bent looming browes, as she would threat,  
She fould, and frownd with frownd countenance,  
Vnworthy of faire Ladies comely government.

But young Perifia was of other mind,  
Full of difpif, still laughing, loosely light,  
And quite contrary to her fitters kind;  
No mezure in her mood, no rule of right,  
And pure out in pleafure and delight;  
In wine and meate the flowd about the bank;  
And in excelle exceeded her owne might;  
In fampuous tirc the toyd her helfe to prank;  
But of her loue too lauffht (little haufe the thank.)

Firt, by her side did fit the bold SaniLy,  
Fit mate for such a mincing mionee,  
Who in her looatnefe toke exceeding toy;  
Might not be found a funker tramion,  
Of her loved parts to make companion;  
But Hadubras, more like a Malecontent,  
Did fce and grieve at his bold faiuion;  
Hardly could he endure his hardiment,  
Yet still he fce, and inly did himfelfe torment.

Betwixt them both, the faire Medina late,  
With fober grace, and goodly carriage:  
With equall meature did moderate  
The frong extremeties of their outrage;  
That forward parte the euuer would allwage,  
When they would fruite due reafon to exceed;  
But that fame froward twaine would aaccourage,  
And of her pleinty adde unto their need;  
So kept the them in order, and heriffe in heed.

Thus fairely she attempted heer felf,  
And pleaid them all with meet fatietie:  
At laft, when luft of meat and drinkes was cauf,  
She Guron deare belought of courtees,  
To tell from whence he came through jeopardie,  
And whither now on new adventure boud.  
Who, with bold grace, and comely gravity,  
Drawing to him the eyes of all around,  
From lofty hege bega the words aloud to found.  
This
Canto III.

Vaine Braggadocchio, getting Guyons horse, is made the scorn
Of knighthood true, and is of faire
Belphabe foule forlorn.

Oone as the morowe faire with purple beames
Diperte the shadowes of the mistie night,
And Titan playing on the Eastern streams,
Can cleare the dewy aire with springing light,

Sir Guyon, mindful of his vow uplight,
Vprose from drowsie couch, and him addrest.
Vnto the journey which he had beheld:
His puissant armes about his noble breaste,
And many-folded shielde he bound about his wret.

Whereof he cra'd redreffe. My Soueraigne,
Whose glory is in gracious deeds, and joyes
Throughout the world her mercy to maintaine,
Eftciones deurs'd redreffe for such annoyes:
Mee (all vnt for so great purpose) the employes.

To thence the shadowes of the heathen world,
Sith left I left that honourable place,
In which her royall presence is intold;
I weare shall I reit in loue not hold,
Till I that false Aresia have wonne;
Of whose foule deeds (too hideous to be told)
I witnesse am, and that their wretched issue,
Whole wofull Parents the hath wickedly for donne.

Tell on, faire Sir, saide the, that doelefull tyle,
From which fad ruth doe steme you to restraine.
That we may pitty such unhappy bale.
And learnne from pleasures poynton to abstinence:
Ill, by example, good doth often gaine.
Then forward he his purpofe gan purfue,
And told the flore of the mortall paine,
Which Mardens and Emaries did row.

As with lamenting eyes him/elfe did lately view.

Night was faire spent, and now in Ocean deep,
Orion, flying fast from hipping Snake,
His flaming head did haften for to fleepe,
When of his pittious tale he end did make:
Whillft with delight of that he wily spoke,
Thole gests beguiled, did beguile their eyes
Of kindly fleape, that did them outcome.
At last, when they had markd the changd skyes,
They wifh their house was spent; then each to rett him his.

Canto III.
Then, taking Guyon of that virgin pure,  
  The bloudy-handed babe into her truth  
  Did earnestly commit, and her comitie,  
  Inveruous fole to traine his tender youth,  
  And all that gentle nouritoure enuit:  
And, that so loone as riper yeares he taught,  
He rought for memory of that daies truth,  
Be called Reddymane, and thereby taught,  
  To venge his Parents death, on them that had it wrought.  

So forth he far'd, as now becall, on foot,  
Sith his good feedis is Lately from him gone:  
  Patience performe; he helpes what may it boot  
  To fret or anger, or for griefe to mone?  
His Palmer now shall foot no more alone:  
  So fortune wrought, as vnder greene woods side  
He lately heard that dying Lady groane,  
  He left his feed without, and speare bide,  
  And rufhed in on footo, to ayde her ere the dide.  

The whiles, a loth wandering by the way,  
One that to bounty never caft his mind,  
Yet thought of honour ever did affay  
  His bafer brief, but in his keftrell kind  
A pleasing vие of glory vaine did find,  
  To which his flowing tongue, and troublets foright  
Gave him great ayde, and made him more inclin'd  
  That brave feate there finding ready right,  
Purlloyd both feed and speare, and ran away full light.  

Now gan his hart all well inollitie,  
And of himselfe great hope and helpe conceiued,  
That puffed vp with smaide of vanitie,  
And with self-lost perlonage deceiued,  
Gan he to hope, of men to be receiued  
  For such, as he him thought, or fume would bee:  
  But, for in court gty portance he perceiued,  
  And gallant flew to be in greatest yece,  
  Eufonoes to Court he caft't assault his first degree.  

And by the way he chance to spy  
One sitting idle on a sunny banke,  
To whom attanuing in great bravity,  
  As Peacock, that his painted plumes doth pranke,  
He smote his courfer in the trembling blind,  
  And to him threatned his hart thriling speare;  
The lewy man, seeing him ride to rank,  
  And syme at him, fell flat to ground for feare,  
And crying Mercy loud, his pitious hands gan rese.  

Theerat the Scarrow waxed wondrous proud,  
Through fortune of his first adventure faire,  
And with big thundring voyce revil'd him loud:  
Vile Captiane, vassall of dread and despare,  
Vnworthy of the common breathed aire,  
  Why I nest thou, dead dog, a longer day,  
And doolt not unto death thy selfe prepare?  
Die, or thy lfe my captive yield for sty:  
Great enuour I thee grant; for such were thus to sty.  

Hold, O deare Lord, hold your dead-dooping hand,  
Then lond he eride, I am your humble thrall.  
  As wretch (quoth he) thy definations withstand  
My wrathfull will, and doe for mercy call.  
I glie thee life: therefore proffrated fall  
  And kifie my thirrup; that thy homage bee.  
The Miter threwe himselfe as an Offall,  
  Straight at his footo in base humilitie,  
And eloped him his Lege, to hold of him in Fee.  

So, happy peace they made and faire accord:  
Eufonoes this liege-man gun to wexe more bold,  
And when he felt the folly of his Lord,  
In his owne kind he gan himselfe vnfold:  
  For, he was wylie witted, and grosse old  
In cunning sleights and practick knavery,  
  From that day forth he call for to vphold  
His idle humour with fine flatterie,  
And blowe the bellowe to his swelling vanitie.  

Trumptar, first man for Braggadocialio,  
To ferue at Court in view of vauanting eye;  
  Vaine-glorious man, when flucturing wind does blowe  
In his light wings, is lifted vp to skye:  
  The scorne of knight-hoold and true chevalrie,  
To chinke without defect of gentle deed,  
  And noble worth, to be advanced he:  
  Such praye is flame; but honour, vertues meed,  
  Doth beire the fairest flowre in honourable seed.  

So forth they passe (a well comforted pareja)  
  Till that it length with Archmage they meet?  
Who seeing one that shone in armour faine,  
  On goodly courser, thundring with his feet,  
  Eufonoes supped him a perion meet,  
  Of his revenge to make the instrument:  
  For, since the Redroffe knight he carft did weet,  
  To been with Guyon knit in one confent,  
  The ill, which carft to him, hee now to Guyon meant.  

And comming clofe to Trumptar, gun inquire  
Of him, what mighty warroir that most bee.  
  That rode in golden fell with finge speare,  
  But wanted fword to wrake his committée.  
  He is a great adventurer (said hee)  
  That hath his sword through hard assay forgone,  
  And now hath word, till he avenged bee  
  Of that deffight, nuer to wearen none:  
  That speare is him enough to dose a thousand grone.  

Th'enchanter greatly joyed in the vaunt,  
And weend what fell long his will to win,  
And both his boen with equall foyle to daunt.  
  Tho, to him louting lowly, did begin  
To plaine of wrongs, which had committed bin  
By Guyon, and by that falle Redroffe knight;  
  Which two, through treason and decedfull gin,  
  Had flame Sir Mordant, and his Lady bright.  
That more him honour win, to wrake to soule deffight.  

There-
There with all suddenly he seem'd enag'd,
And threatned death with dreadful countenance,
As if their lusts had in his hand been gaged:
And with duff force shakynge his mortall launce,
To let him weet with his doughty vallance,
Thus said; Old man, great sure shall be thy meed,
If where these knightes for fear of deye vengeance
Doe luke, thou certainly to me areed,
That I may wreake on them their hainous hatefull deed.

Ceris, my Lord (said he) that shal I foone,
And giue you of his good help to their decay:
Shall I wisely you aduise to doun;
Gue no oys to your foes, but doe pursuay
Your selfe of sword before that bloody day:
For they are two the prowst knightes on grounded,
And off approu'd in many hard aly:
And eke of sure fault feele, that may be found,
Do arry your selfe against that day, them to confound.

Dotard (said he) let by thy deepe advisa;
Seyemes that through that many yeares thy witts thee faile,
And that weake old hast left thee nothing wise.
Else neuer should thy judegement be so faire,
To measure manhood by the sword or maule.
Is not enough four quarters of a man,
Withouten sword or shield, an hoist to quaille?
Thou little wotest, what this right hand can:
Speak they, which have beheld the battaile which it was.

The man was much abus'd at his boaste,
Yet well he wist, that whoof would content;
With either of tho' Knights on euyn coate,
Should need of all his armes, him to defend;
Yet feared leat his boldnesse should offend,
When Braggadechous said, Once I did sweare,
When with one sword feuer knightes I brought to end,
Thence-forth in battle neuer sword to beare,
But it were that, which noblest knight on earth doth weare.

Perdic, Sir Knight, said th' enchaunter blisse,
That shall I shortly purchase to your hand:
For, now the bell and noblit knightly shine
Prince Arthur is, that women in Faerie land:
He hath a sword that flames like burning bronze.
The fame (by my advisa) I undersraye
Shall by to morrow by thy side be fond.
At which bold word that boaster go to quake,
And woundd in his mind, what mote that monster make.

He laid not for more bidding, but away
Was fuddaine vanished out of his sight:
The Northerne wind his wings did broad display
At his command, and reared him vp light
From off the earth to take his aerie flight.
They lookt about, but no where could spy
Traict of his foote: then dead through great aйтиght
They both nigh were, and each bad other site:
Both Red attence, neuer backe returned eye.

Till that they came into a forest greene,
In which they throwd them selves from caufelesse feare;
Yet feare them follows full, where so they beace.
Each trembling leafe, and whistling wind they heare,
As guily bug their haires on end does reare:
Yet of both doe stiue their fearelessnesse to fine;
At hilt, they heared a horse, that thirled cleare
Throughout the wood, that echchoed againe,
And made the foorth rang, as it would rive in swaine.

Ent through the thick they heard one ruddy ruft:
With moyc while heer heer from his lofty feed
Downe fell to ground, and crept on into bluhs,
To hide his coward head from dyeing deed.
But Trompert stoutly rai'd to taken heed
Of what might hap. Eftoone there stepped forth.
A goodly Lady, clad in hunters weed,
That feem'd to be a woman of great worth,
And by her fleetly portance, borne of Heavenly birth.

Her face fo faire as seeth it seem'd not,
But heavenly pournais'a of bright Angelic hew,
Clearnesse, and in the skie, withouten blame or blot,
Through goodly mixture of complextions dew.
And in her cheeks the vermeill red did shew
Like rofes in a bed of illies sted,
The which unbrocall odours from them throw,
And gazers lende with double pleasure fed,
Able to heale the sickes, and to reuise the dead.

Her ivory forhead, full of bountie braine,
Like a broad table did it selfe dispread,
For love his lofitt triumphs to engrace,
And wrote the battes of his great goddeh:
All good and honour might therin be red:
For there their dwelling was. And when thence spake,
Sweet words, like dropping honny the did fied,
And twixe the pearls and rubis lusty brake
A silver found, that heavenly musicke fceem'd to make.

Upon her eye-lids many Graces face,
Vnder the shadow of her euyn browes,
Working belrads, and amorous retreate,
And every one her with a grace endowe:
And eveny one with meadennis, to her bowes.
So glorious minirour of celefull grace,
And fouzaince monument of morritall vowes,
How shall faire pen defcriue her heavenly face,
For seare through want of skill her beautie to discraine?
16

So faire, and thousand thousand times more faire
She seem'd, when she pretend'ed was to fight,
And was yclad (for heat of storming site)
All in a saken Camas, lilly white,
Purfied upon with many a folded plught,
Which all about bparinkled was throughout,
With golden sylbulets, that shirved bright,
Like twinkling flares, and all the skirt about
Was hemed with golden fringe.

Below her hom her weede did fome-what twine,
And her freight legs moft brauely were embayled
In golden buttonks of costly Cordwaine,
All bard with golden bendes, which were entaild
With curious anticke, and full faire amuaid
Before, they fatced were vnder her knee
In a rich fweell, and therein entraid
The end of all their knots, that none might fee,
How they within their foundlings close enwrapped bee.

20

Like two faire Marble pillows they were feene,
Which doe the temple of the Gods support,
Whom all the people decke with girdles greenes,
And honour in their fettuall rest;
Those fame with flately grace, and princely port.
She taught to tread, when the her felle would grace;
But with the woodie Nymphes when she did play,
Or when the flying Libbard she did chase,
She could them nimble mov, and after fine space.

22

And in her hand a sharp borne speare she held,
And at her backe a bowe and quinuer guy,
Stiff with fteele-ledged darts, where-with the quck
The slaninge beards in her vckiorous play,
Knitt with a golden bantudrake, which forelay
Atthwart her knowy breath, and did diuade.
Her dainty pepus, which like young fruit in May
Now little gane so swill, and beeing rid,
Through her that uud wefed their places onely fignifide.

25

Her yellowe locks dripped, like golden wire,
About her shoulders were looly fteed,
And when the wind enmoght them did inpire,
They weved like a penon wide difpird,
And lowe behind her backe were catter'd:
And whether arti were, or headleffe hph,
As through the crowning forret raff the fhe fde,
In her rude haires sweet flowres therefelfe her did lap,
And flourifhing frith leaues and blomblows did enwrap.

27

Such as Diana by the fandy shore
Of Wilte Eustrey, or on Cyntinnus greene,
Where all the nymphes haue her vnwaeres forlore,
Wandereth alone with bowe and arrows keen,
To fecke her game: Or as that famous Queen
Of Amazons, whom Prynus did detroy,
The day that first of Priame the fhe was keen,
Did flw her felke in great triumphat joy,
To fccour the weake flate of fad afflicted Troy.

30

Such when as hartleffe Trompert her did view,
He was dismay'd in his coward mind,
And doubted, whether he himſelfe should shew,
Or fly away, or bide alone behind:
Both here and hope he in her face did find,
When she at him fying, thus bellepake:
Haile Groome; did not thou fooe be bleacing Hind,
Whole right hande hauch earth, my feldift arrowe strake
If thou didft, tell mee, that I may her overtake.

Where-with revin'd, this anwered forth he threw:
O Goddesse (for fuch I thee take to bee)
For, neither doth thy face terreſtiall ſhow,
Nor voyce found mortall; I aver to thee,
Such wounded beaft, as that, I did not fee,
Sith earſt into this forret wild I came.
But moſt thy goodlyſhed forſtree me, mee.
To weet which of the Gods I shall thine name.
That vnto thee due worship I may rightſly frame.

To whom the thuts; but ere her words enfewed,
Vnto the bath she her eye did ſuddaine glauce,
In which vaine broagedoche was meued,
And faw it frue: She left her pertaince launce,
And towards gan a deadly ſhaft aduance,
In mind to make the beaft. At which fad flowre,
Trompert forſte ſtep, to flay the tallont come,
Out-crying: O what euer heavenly powre,
Or earthly wight thou be, with-hold this deadly howere.

O fay thy hand: for,yonder is no game
For thy fierce arrowes, them to exercife;
Lut lo, my Lord, my liege, whoſe warlike name
Is farre renown'd through many bold empreie;
And now in fhaue he throwed yonder lies.
She flaskd with that, he cruaid out of his neft,
Forth creepin on his castuſ hands and thies,
And fhanding fnowtly vp, his loftie creft.
Did fiercely flake, and rowze, as comming late from reft.

As fearfully fowle, that long in fecret Cauе
For dread of fearing haute her felke hath hib, hib,
Not careing how, her fallyne face to faue.
She her gay painted plumes deforderd,
Seeing at laft her felle from danger rid,
Peeped fowth, and oncoe renueres her natiffe pride:
She gins her feathers fowle disfigured
Proudly to prauce, and fet on every fide,
So fakes off shame, ne thanks how erit the did hide.

So when her goodly viſage he beheld,
He gan himſelfe to vaunt: but when he viewed
These deadely tooles, which in her hand the held,
Soone into other fits he was transmewd,
Till fhee to him her gracious speche renewed;
All hałe, Six knight, and well may thee befal,
As all the like, which honour hauę purfewed
Through deeds of arme and provoſſe Martuall;
All vernet meritus praiſe: but feth the moft of all.
Canto. I.

THE FAERIE QUEENE.

38 To whom he thus: & fairest under skies,
True be thy words, and worthy of thy praise,
That wadres scarce doth highest glorie raise.
Therein shall I spent all your study dies,
And many battles fought, and many prais.
Throughout the world, where'er they might bee found,
Endeavouring my dread'd name to raise.
Above the Moone, that fame may it resound.
In her eternal trompe, with laurel'd girdland round.

39 But, what art thou (a Lady) which dost range
In this wide forest, where no pleasure is,
And dost not sit for joyous Court exchange,
Emongst thine equall Peeres, where happy blis:
And all delight does reigne, much more then this?
There thou maist love, and dearly loved bee,
And swim in pleasurer, which thou here dost miss;
There maist thou best be seene, and best maist see:
The wood is fit for beasts; the Court is fit for thee.

40 Whole in pomp of proud estate (quothe shee)
Does swain, and bates himselfe in courtly blis,
Does waste his dais in darke obscurite,
And in obliusion ever buried is:
Where safe abounds, yet's eath to doe amiss;
But who his limbs with labours, and his mind
Behates with care, cannot so easie miss:
Abroad in armes, at home in studious kind.
Who seekes with painfull toyle, shall honour soonest find.

41 In woods, in wares, in wares she wants to dwell,
And will be bound with perill and with paine;
Ne can the man that moulds in idle Cell,
Vnto her happy manion attaine:
Before her gate high God did Sweat ordaine,
And wakefull Watches euer to abide:
But eafe is the way, and pulese plaine
To Pleasers palace; it may toome be side,
And day and night her dores to all stand open wide.

42 In Princes Court, The reft she would haue saied,
But that the foolifh man (full with delight
Of her sweet words, that all his *safie shaim'd,
And with her woundrous beauty raumish'd quight)
Can burne in filty luft, and leaping light,
Thought in his bafle, turns her to embrace.
With that, the swarving, back, her Lucretin bright
Against him bent, and fiercely did menace;
So, turned her about, and fled away space.

43 Which when the Peasant saw, amazed he stood,
And grieved at her flight; yet durst he not
Purrow her steps, through wild unkownen wood:
Besides, he feared her wrath, and threatened floe.
Whereas in the bath he lay, not yet to forget:
Ne car'd he greatly for her presence vain
But running, fled to T获得感, What foule blot
Is this to Knight, that Lady should again.
Depart to woods vouchsafe, and leave to proud disdain.

44 Perdie (said T获得感) let her paffe at will,
Leaft by her presence danger mote befall:
For, who can tell (and sure I care it ill)
But that she is some power celestial?
For, whereas she spake, her great wordes did appall
My feeble courage, and my hart oppreffe,
That yet I quake and tremble ouer all.
And I (said Bage gadecaus) thought no lesse,
When first I heard her home found with such glaminse.

45 For, from my mothers wombe this grace I haue
Me given by eternall definition,
That earthly thing may not my courage braue
Dismay with feare, or cause one foot to stoie,
But other hellish foes, or powres on he:
Which was the cause, when earst that horne I heard,
Weering it had beene thunder in the sky,
I hid my selfe from it, as one affard.
But when I other knew, my selfe I boldly reard.

46 But now, for feare of worse that may betide,
Let vs soone hence depart. They soone agree;
So to his stead he got, and gun to ride
As one vntill therefore, that all might see
He had not train'd beene in chearelice.
Which well the valiant courser did deserve;
For, he defier'd to tread in dew degree,
But chauss and arm'd, with courage shrewd and sterner,
And to be ear'd of that bathe burden still did yerne.
Canto III.

Guyon does Furor bind in chains, and stops Occasion: Delivers Phedon, and therefore by Strife is ray'd upon.

1

N brave pursuit of honourable deed,
There is I know not what great difference
Between the vulgar and the noble seed,
Which into things of valorous pretence
Seemes to be borne by nature instinct;
As, feates of arms, and love to entertaine;
But chiefly skill to ride, femeas a science
Proper to gentle blood: some others faine
To manage fwords, as did this vaunter; but in vain.

2

But he (the rightfull owner of that need)
Who well could manage and subdue his pride,
The whites on foot was forced for to yeed,
With that black Palmer, his moft truthe guide;
Who fuffered not his wandering feet to fide,
But when frong fuffion, or weake fublime
Would from the right way feek to draw him wide,
He would through temperance and ftrong affine,
Teach him the weak to ftrengthen, & the ftrong uppreffe.

3

It fortuned fort haring on his way,
He faw from farre, or feemed for to fee
Some troublous yfure or contentious fray,
Whereto he drew in haste it to agree.
A mad man, or that faimed mud to bee,
Drew by the hairie long upon the ground,
A handfome fhipling with great crueltie,
Whom he knew he hit, and got'd with many a wound,
That checks with teares, & fides with bloud did all abound.

4

And him behind, a wicked Hag did falke,
In ragged robed, and filthy disarray,
Her other leg was lame, that he no'te walke,
But on a fufhe her feeble feeps did fay:
Her locks, that loathly were and hoarie gray,
Grew all afare, and loofely hung vnord,
But all behind was pall, and wore away,
That none thereof could ever taken hold,
And eke her face ill favoure, full of wrinkles old.

And I ever as fhee went, her tongue did walke
In foule reproche, and teernes of vile delight,
Prouoking him by her outrageous tale,
To heape more vengeance on that wretched wight;
Sometimes she taught him ftones, where-with to finite,
Sometimes her ftallke, though it her one leg were,
Withouten which she could not goe vpright;
Ne any enmity fhe did forbear,
That might him move to wrath, and indignation reare.

5

The noble Guyon moued with great remorse,
Approaching, firft the Hag did thruff away;
And after, adding more impetuous force,
His mightie hands did on the mad man lay,
And pluck him backe: who, all on fire fraught way,
Against him turning all his fell intent,
With beaftly brutal rage gan him affay,
And fmit, and hit, and kick, and fcratch, and rent,
And did he wift not what in his auengement.

6

And fure he was a man of mickle might,
Hid he had governance, it well to guide:
But when the frantick fit inflam'd his fpright,
His force was vaines, and ftoke more ofte wide,
Then at the ayned marke, which he had eyde:
And oft of himfelfe he chau-n'te to hurt vnwares,
Whiff refran fmet through paffion, nought defiderate,
But as a blindfold Bull at randon faries, (nought cares.
And where he hits, nought knowes, and whom he hurts,

7

His rude affault and rugged handling,
Strange feamed to the Knight, that aye with foe
In faire defence and goodly menageing
Of armes was wont to fight: yetnathmoe
Was he abash'd now not fighning fo.
But more encrefed through his carnall play,
Him fiercely gpre, and hanging to and fro,
To overthrow him strongly did aflay:
But overthrowd himselfe vnwares, and loower lay.

And
And being downe the villaine fore did beate,
And bruise with clovenhiff fifts his manely face:
And eke the Hug with many a bitter threat,
Still call'd upon to kill him in the place.
With whole reproache and odious menace
The Knight embloying in his haughty hart,
Knot all his forces, and gan loose vnbrace
His grasping hold, so lightly did viplarte,
And drew his deadly weapon, to maintaine his part.

Which when the Palmer saw, he loudly cryde,
Not fo, says Guyon, neuer think that so
That Monfter can be maffierd or defroy'd:
He is no, sa, he is not such a foe,
As Steele can wound, or strength can overthroe.
That fame is Furor, cursed cruel wight,
That unto knighthood works much fame and woe;
And that fame Hug, his aged mother, sight.

With her, whofoe'er raging Furor time,
Must firft begin, and well her amencage:
First her refrainne from her reprochell blame,
And cruel manners, with which the doth entrate,
Her trannick tonne, and kindles his courage:
Then when she is withdrawn, or strong withfood,
'Tis eath his idle fume to alwage,
And calle the tempelt of his passion wood.

There with Sir Guyon left his firft emprise,
And turning to that woman, falt her heart.
By the houre locks, that hung before her eyes,
And to the ground her throw: yet n'ould the flent
Her bitter raving and foule reuilement,
But full proouk't her tone to wreake her wrongs,
But natheffe he did her ill torment,
And catching hold of her vngratious tongue.

Thereon an iron lock did eftain firme and strong,
When then as fpeech was from her reft,
With her two crooked hands the signes did make,
And beckned him, the laft help she had left:
Bute, that laft left help away did take,
And both her hands fast bound into a stake,
That the no te fume.
Then gyn her fonne to fike
Full fast away, and did her quite forfake;
But Guyon after him in hafte did he,
And foone him overooke in fad perpelfite.

In his strong armes he fiftily him embrac'd,
Who him guneftriuing, no fparke at all preuail'd:
For, all his powre was vfterly deface,
And furious fhips at earl fit quere were quall'd:
Ofte he enforc'd, and oft his forces fald,
Yet yield he would not, nor his rancour flake,
Then him to ground he caft, and rudely hard,
And both his hands fift bound behind his back,
And both his feet in letters to an iron rack.

With hundred iron chains he did him bind,
And hundred knots that did him fore conftrainne:
Yet his great iron teeth he flill did grind,
And grimly gnath, threatening revenge in vaine:
His burning eye, whom bloudie.strakes did ftame,
Stared full wide, and threw forth spards of fire,
And more for rancie delight, then for great paine,
Shack't his long locks, couleur like copper wire,
And bit his tawny beard to draw his raging ire.

Thus when as Guyon, Furor had captu'd,
Turning about, he saw that wretched Squire,
Whom that mad man of life high late depru'd,
Lying on ground, all loyld with bloud and mure:
Whom, when as he perccieved to refuse,
He gan to comfort, and his wounds to drie.
Becing at lafte recou'red, he gan inquire,
What hard mishap him brought to such diftresse,
And made that cautiuns thrall, the thrall of wretchedness.

With hurt then throbbing, and with wavy eyes,
Faire Sir, quoth he, what man can fliue the hap,
That hidden eyes vnwares him to surprife?
Miffortune wai'ces advantage to enrip
Them in moft wari, in her whelming lap,
So me weake wretch, of many weakel one,
Vnrecting, and vnware of fuch mishap.
She brought to mischief through occasion,
Where this fame wicked villaine did me light upon.

It was a faithlefe Squire, that was the foure:
Of all my forrow, and of thefe did teares,
With whom from tender dug of common nourfe,
At once I was vpbrought; and eft when yeere,
More ripe reafion lent to chufe our Peares,
Our felues in league of vowed love we knote,
In which we long time, without jealousy feares,
Our fauior thoughts continu'd, as was fici;
And for my part (I vow) disemblled not a whit.

It was my fortune common to that age,
To loue a Ladie faire of great degree,
The which was borne of noble parentage,
And set in highfeft feat of dignite,
Yet feem'd no leffe to loue, then lovd to be:
Long is her feru'd, and found her fauior full,
Ne euer thing could caufe vs disagree:
Lowe that two harts makes one, makes eke one will:
Each frowe to pleafe, and others pleure to fulfill.

My friend, hight Philémon, I did partake,
Of all my loue and all my prieuite,
Who greatly joyous seemed for my fake,
And gracious to that Ladie, as to mee,
Ne euer wight that mote so welcome bee,
As he to her, withouten blot or blame;
Ne euer thing, that fhe could thinke or fe,
But unto him the would impart the fame:
O wretched man! that would abufe to gentle Dame.
At last, such grace I found, and means I wrought,  
That I that Lady to my spouse had wonne;  
Accord of friends, content of parents sought,  
Affiance made, my hapless life begunne,  
There wanted doubt but few rites to be donne,  
Which marriage made: that day too faire did beam:  
Me to your man, on whom the shining Sunne  
Did shew his face, I felie I did eterne,  
And that my faire friend did no lesse joyous demean.

But ere that wished day his beame disclosed,  
He, either envyng my toward good,  
Or of himselfe to treaton fell disposed,  
One day unto me came in friendly mood,  
And told (for secret) how he understood,  
That Lady whom I had to me assign'd,  
Had both disdained her honourable friend,  
And eke the faith, which she to me did bind;  
And therefore with me stay, till I more truth should find.

The gnawing anguish and sharpe jealouse,  
Which his fast speech infixed in my bref,  
Rankled to soere, and felted inwardly,  
That my enguished mind could find no rest,  
Till that the truth thereof I did outweare,  
And him besought by that same face of bane  
Betwixt vs both, to confell me the bet,  
He then with solemn oath and plighted hand  
Affur'd, ere long the truth to let me understand.

Ere long, with like asaine he boorded mee,  
Saying, he now had boulted all the foure,  
And that it was a groome of base degree,  
Which of my love was partner Paramour:  
Who vied in a darksome inner bowre  
Her oft to meet: which better to approve,  
He promis'd to bring me at that howre,  
When I should see that would me nearer moue,  
And druce me to with-draw my blind abudef love.

This gracelesse man, for furtherance of his guile,  
Did court the handmaid of my Lady deare,  
Who glad't embosome his affection vine,  
Did all she might, more pleasing to appearre.  
One day to worke her to his will more neare,  
He would her thus: Pryme (to thee hight),  
What great deligbt doth fortune to thee beare,  
Thus lowly to shewe thy beauty bright,  
That it should not defece all others lesser light.

But if she had her last help to these lent,  
T'adorn'e thy forme according thy defart,  
Their blazing pride thou wouldst thoue have blent,  
And staine their praisse with thy leaf best good part;  
No shou'd faire Claribell with all her art  
(Though the thy Lady be) approcheth thee neare:  
For proofe thereof, this evening, as thou art,  
Array thy selfe in her most gorgeous gear,  
That I may more delight in thy embracement deare.

The Maiden, proud through praisse, & mad through love,  
Him harkned to, and foone her selfe arraied,  
The white to me the treachour did remove  
His craftive engin, and as he had faid,  
Me leading, in a secret corner laid,  
The fildepector of my Tragedie:  
Where left he went, and his owne fate part plaide,  
Disguised like that groome of base degree,  
Whom he had fein'd th'abufer of my love to be.

Ethfoones he came vnto th'appointed place,  
And with him brought Pryme, rich arrayd,  
In Claribell's clothes. Her proper face  
I did not discern'd in that darksome shade,  
But weend it was my love, with whom he plaide.  
Ah God! what horroure and tormenting griefe,  
My hart, my hands, mine eyes, and all suffred  
My life were ten thousand destacht griefe,  
Then wound of seclusa worrne, & blame of such reprieue.

I home returning, fraught with soule delight,  
And chawing vengeance all the way I went,  
Soone as my loued loue appeare in fight,  
With wrathfull hand I flew her innocente;  
That after soone I dearly did lament;  
For, when the causse of this ouragious deed  
Demanded, I made plaine and euent,  
Her foultie Handmaid, which that bale did breed,  
Confest, how Philemon her wright to change her weed.

Which when I heard, with horrible affright  
And hellish fury all engag'd, I sought  
Upon my selfe that vengeable delight  
To punish: yet it better first I thought,  
To wrake my wrath on him, that first it wrought;  
To Phiilemon, faire faytour Phiilemon,  
I caft to say that I so dearly bouth;  
Of deadly drugs I gave him drinke anon,  
And waffht away his guilt with guilete potion.

Thus heaping crime on crime, and griefe on griefe,  
To loll of love adoying love of friend,  
I meant to purge both, with a third mistichief,  
And in my woe's beginner it to end:  
That was Pryme; she did first offend,  
She laft should smart: with which cruel intent,  
When I at her my murderous blade did bend,  
She fled away with gilty dreame.  
And I pursuwaing my fell purpose, after went.

Fears gave her wings, and rage enforcing my flight:  
Through Woods and Plains, so long I did her chase,  
Till this mad man (whom your victorious might  
Hath now fast bound) me met in middle place;  
As I her, so he me pursuawd space,  
And shortly overtooke: I, breathing ire,  
Sore chaufted at my stye in such a face,  
And with my heats, kindled his cruel fire;  
Which kindled once, his mother did more rage inflame.

Betwixe
THE FAERIE QUEENE.

33
Benvixt them both, they have me doon to die,
Through wounds, and froakes, & stubborne handeling,
That death were better then such agony,
As griefe and furie into me did bring:
Of which in mete, the sight the mortal ring,
The siring he will never be appeate.
When he thus ended had his sorrowing,
Said Guyon, Squire, for hauing ye bene diseased,
But all your hurts may soone through temperance be caed.

34
Then gan the Palmer thus, Moft wretched man,
That to affections does the bridle lend;
In their beginning they are weake and wan,
But soone through suffrance growe to fearefull end;
Whiles they are weake, bentes with them contend;
For, when they once to perfect strength doe growe,
Strong waret they make, and cruel Barrety bend.
Gans fort of Reafon, it to overthowe;
Wrath, Jaevolous griefe, loue, this Squire haue laid thus lowe.

35
Wrath, Jaevolous griefe, loue, doe thus expell:
Wrath is a fire, and Jaevolous a weed,
Greefe is a flood, and loue a monster fell;
The fire of ipars, the weed of little feede,
The flood of drops, the Moniter fillid did breed:
But ipars, feed, drops, and fillid doe thus delay;
The parks soone quench, the springing feede ouweed,
The drops dry vp, and fillid wipe cleane away.
So shall wrath, Jaevolous, griefe, loue, die and decay.

36
Valucky Squire (said Guyon) shal thee haue,
Falne into mutchillie through intemperance,
Henceforth take heed of that thou now hast paue,
And guide thy water with wate governance,
Leaft worke bee thee by some later commande:
But read how art thou namd, and of what kin.
Thence I hight (quoth he) and doe advance
Mine suerte from famous Conacio,
Who first to raise our boufe to honour did begin.

37
Thus as he spake, lo, farre away they spide
A varlet running towards haftily,
Whose flying feet to falt their way appilde,
That round about a cloud of dust did flie,
Which mingled all with sweat, did dim his eye.
He foone approched, panting, breathleffe, hot,
And all to sayled, that none could him defery;
His countenance was bold, and bathed not
For Guyon lookes, but forsee full eyelauence at him shot.

38
Behind his backe he bore a brazen flied,
On which was drawen faire, in colours fit,
A flaunging fire in midid of bloudie field,
And round about the wreath this word was writ,
Burnt I doe burn.
Right well becommaed it,
To be the shield of fome redoubtde knight:
And in his hand two darts exceeding fit,
And deadly harpe he held, whilse heads were dight
In poyson and in bloud of malice and defpight.

39
When hee in presence came, to Guyon first
He boldly spake, Sir knight, if knight thou bee,
Abandon this forefallen place at er.
For feare of further harme, I counsell thee,
Or hide the chauce at thine owne scoperdie.
The Knight at his grotiion att he wondered,
And though he frownd his idle miste,
Yet mildly him to purpose answered;
For, not to growe of nought he it conciected.

40
Varlet, this place most due to me I decre,
Yiedled by him that held it forcibly.
But, whom should come that harme, which thou doest
To threat to him, that minds his chauce caby?
Ferdy (said he) here comes, and is hardy
A knight of wondrous power, and great allay,
That never yet encountred enemy,
But did him deadly daun, or foule dismay.
Ne thou for better hope, if thou his presence lay.

41
How high the he then (said Guyon) and from whence
Pyrombole is his name, renowned warfare,
For his bold feates and hardy confidence,
Full oft approued in many a cruell warre,
The brother of Sinechotes, both which arre
The fanes of old Arcates and Deflight,
Arcates, fonne of Philgeston and farre,
But Philgeston is fonne of Herebol and Right;
But Herebolonne of Asterinie is right.

42
So from immortall race he does proceed,
That mortall hands may not withstand his might,
Drad for his derring doe, and bloudy deed;
For, all in bloud and poyson is his delight.
His am I Arin, his in wrong and right,
That matter make for him to worke upon,
And fliure him vp to ftrife and cruell flight.
Fly therefore, thefe fearfull headies anon,
Leaft thy boole-hardize worke thy fad confusion.

43
His be that care, whom moft it doth concern
(Said he): but whither with fuch haffe flight
Art thou now bound? for, well mote I difcerne
Great enemie, that carres thee fo swift and light.
My Lord (quoth he) me fent, and straighte Uchight
To fseeke Occasion, wherefo the bee;
For, he is all displaid to bloudy flight,
And breathes out wrath and hauious crueltie;
Hard is his hap, that first failes in his copardie.

44
Mad man (said then the Palmer) that does fseeke
Occasion to wrath, and caufe of ftrife;
She comes vnought, and shameful, follows eke.
Happy, who can abtaine, when Rauncour ride
Kindles Reuenge, and threat his radicke knife;
Whoe never wants, where every caufe is caught,
And raft Occasion makes vnquiet life.
Then let, where bound fliue fits, whom thou hast bought,
(Said Guyon) let that meffage to thy Lord be brought.
That, when the varlet heard and saw, straight way
He vexed wondrous wroth, and fled, Vile knight,
That knights & knighthood doift with flame in your, And th' enemys any\ helpless might,
With silly weake old women thus to fight;
Great glory and gay spoile durt haft thou got,
And Roundly proved thy puifiance here in fight:
That shall Pyrrhoechles weill requite, I wot,
And with thy bloud abolish fo reprocheful blot.

With that, one of his thraillant darts he threw,
Headeed with ire and vengable despigh:
The quiering Steele his symed end well knew,
And to his breast it made intended right:
But he was warie, and ere it empight
In the mount marke, advance't his shield atweene;
On which it feizing, no way enter might,
But backe rebonding, left the fork-head kneen:
Eftoones he fled away, and might no where be seen.

Canto V.

Pyrrhoechles does with Guyon fight,
And Fawors chaine unbinds:
Of whom fore hurt, for his revenge
Atin Cymocles finds.

But lightly stunned it, and passing by
With his bright blade did lincte at him so fell,
That the sharpe Steele arising forcibly
On his broad shield, bit not, but glauceng fell
On his horse neck before the quilled fell,
And from the head the body furnish quight:
So him difmounted lowe, he did compell
On foot with him to matchen equall fight:
The trunked beast fift bleeding, did him fouly dight.

Sore bruised with the fall, he flowe vprofe,
And all enragde, thus him loudly chent:
Did all knignt, whole coward courage chose
To weake it felle on beatl all innocents,
And funday that marke, at which it fould be men.
Thereby thine armes feme strong, but manhood frailes
So haft thou oft with guile thine honour blent;
But little may fuch guile thee now awale,
If wonted force and fortune do not much me faile.

With that he dresser his flaming fword, and strooke
At him fo fiercely, that the upper marge
Of his fieldfolded shield away it tooke,
And glauncing on his helmet, made a large
And open gaff therein: were not his target,
That brooke the violence of his intent.
The weary foule from thence it would discharge:
Nathelloe, so forse a buffe to him it lent,
That made him reele, and to his breast his beare bent:
Exceeding
Exceeding wroth was Guyon at that blowe,
And much aftay'd, that stroke of liuing arme
Should him dismay, and make him flipe to lowe;
Though otherwise it did him little harme:
Tho hearing high his iron brazed arme,
He fmore to make his friend his delivery,
That all his left side it did quite disforme:
Yet there the fleele fluid not, but inely bate.
Depee in his fed, and opened wide a red flood-gate.

Deadly difmaid, with horror of that dint,
Psyrrholles was, and griev'd eke entire;
Yet nathemore did itch his fure fent;
But added flame unto his former fire,
That wel-nigh molt his hart in raging ire:
Ne thence-forth his approved skill, to ward,
Or shien, or hurien round in warlike gyre.
Remembr'd he, ne car'd for his safeguard,
But rudey rag'd, and like a cruel Tygre lav'd.

He hewed, and lafit, and foyn'd, and thund'red blowes,
And every way did fecke into his life:
Ne plate, ne male could ward to mighty throwes,
But yield'd pallage to his cruel knife.
But Guyon, in the heart of all his thife,
Was ware wife, and clofly did await
Advantage, while his foes fome forts of strife:
Sometimes alhawr, sometimes he brooke him frail,
And falled oit his blowes, till'dale with fuch baiit.

Like as a Lioon, whofe imperiall powre
A proud rebellous Vincorne defies,
T'avoid the rash affault and wrathfull towre
Of his fierce foe, him to a tree applic's,
And when him running in full course he fpies,
He fips afide; the whiles that furious beat
His precious horn, fought of his enemies,
Strikes he him, then he cannot be releef,
But to the mighty Victor yields a bountious faif:

With fuch faire flight him Guyon ofteuen fald,
Till at the laft, all breathlefe, weary, faint
Him fpaying, with freth onfe he falfaid,
And kindling new his courage (leeming queine)
Strooke him to hugely, through that great contraint
He made him flipe foperate vnto his knee,
And doe vswilling worship to the Saint,
That on his shield depainted he did fee;
Such hommage tull that intim. never learned hee.

Whom Guyon feeing flompe, unflew'd at
The present off of one victory,
And loone his dreadful blade about he caft,
Where-wis he fmore his haughty creft to his,
That ftraight on ground made him full lowe to lie;
Then on his breath his victouf ftoke he thrall'd:
With that he creide, Mercie, doe me not die,
Ne deeme thy force by Fortunes doome vnufht,
That hath (margre her fpright) thus lowe me laid in duff.

Elsfoones his cruel hand Sir Guyon fluid,
Teempring the paffion with adwicement lowe,
And maffiering might on enemy difmaid:
For, the equall dye of warre he well did knowe;
Then to him faid, Luce, and allegiance oye
To him that gueut on his falnder fable,
And henceforth, by this daies enimple frowe,
That haife wroth, and heededle hazardry,
Doe breede repentance late, and lafiting infamy.

So, yep he let him rife, whoe with grim looke
And count naunce fierce vftanding, gan to grind
His grated teeth for great aildaine, and flioke
His Landie locks, long hanging downe behind,
Knotted in blood and duff: for griefe of mind,
That he in oud of armes was conquered;
Yet in himfelfe fome comfort he did find,
That him fo noble Knight had maffiered,
Whole bounty more then might, yet both he wondered.

Which Guyon marking faid, Be nought aigre'ld,
Sir Knight, that this ye now jubbed are:
Was neuer man, whoe moft conquists archi'ed
But oftimes had the worfe, and loft by warre,
Yet shortly gaine, that lofe exceeded faire;
Lofe is no fame, nor to be leffe then foe;
To be to long, then hit his life, doth make
Both loofers lot, and victors prafed.
Vaine others overthrowes, whole telke doth overthrowe.

Fly, 6 Psyrrholles, fie the dreadful warre,
That in thy felles thy letter parts doe move:
Outragious anger, and woec working iarre,
Diffulluf patience, and hart-murd'reng loue;
That hope, those thy foes, those warrous iarre remove,
Which thee to endifche bale captu'ed lead.
But fish in might thou didn't my mercy proue,
Of Iecret to me the camion reared,
That thee against me drew with fo impentious dread.

Dreadlefte, fide he, that fhall I foon declare:
It was complained, that thou hadft done great tort
Vnto an aged woman, poore and bare,
And thral'd her in chanes with strong effort,
Void of all succour and needfull comfort:
That till becommes thee, fuch as I thee fee,
To worke fuch flame.
Threnefore thee exhort
To change thy will, and fer upon fome free,
And to her captu'one ftrine yield his first libertie.

Therat Sir Guyon fmailed: And is it that all
Said he, that thee fo fere diplatef ha'th?
Great mercy fure, for to enlarge a thrall,
Whose freedom fhall thee to greatest fathan.
Nath lefte, now quench thy hot emboloying wrath:
Lose, there they be to thee I yield then free,
Therat he wondrous glad, out of the path
Did lightly leape, where he them bound diu fée,
And gan to breake the bands of their captu'ites.
THE SECOND BOOKE OF

CANT. V.

Soone as Occasion felt her felde vertue,
Before her loome could well afloone bee,
She to her selfe returned, and straight deuide
Both Gavan and Pyrrhoethles: thone (Lest she)
Because he wonne: the other, because hee
Was wonne: no matter di the make of nooth,
To firre vp firre, and doe them disagre:
But loone as Fauor was enlarg'd, shee ftoke
To kindle his quench fiare, and thousand caufes wrothe.

It was not long, ere the inflam'd himfoe,
That he would aligare with Pyrrhoethles fights,
And his redeemer chaleng'd for his noe,
Because he had not well maintaine his right,
But yeilded had to that fame stranger knight:
Now gan Pyrrhoethles wax as wood as hee,
And him afronte with impatiente nght:
So both together fierce enraged bee,
Whiles Gavan standing by, their vncahse firre does fee.

Hey all that while Occasion did profoke
Against Pyrrhoethles, and new matter fram'd
When the old, him darling to be wonne
Of his late wrongs, in which the oft him blam'd
For suffering such abufe, as knighthood fram'd,
And him disabled quite. But he was wife,
Ne would with vaine occasion be infam'd:
Yet others the more vrgent did deuife:
Yet nothing could him to impatience entuye.

Their fell contention full increased more,
And more tharby increas'd Fauors might,
That he his foe has hurt, and wounded more.
And him in bloud and durrent deformed quight.
His mother clee (more to augment his right)
Now brought to him a flaming fier brand,
Which she in Stygian lake (ay burning bright)
Had kindled: that the gue into his hond,
That arm'd with fire, more hardly hee mote him withfond.

The gun the villain waxe to fierce and strong,
That nothing might luite his fumous force:
He call him dwayne to ground, and all along
Drew him through durance and myre without remore,
And founly barrater his comely coat.
That Gavan much disdeign'd go losely fight.
At last, he was compelt to cry perforce.
Helpe (O Sir Gavan) help most noble knight,
To rid a wretched man from hands of hellish wight.

The knight was greatly mowed at his plaint,
And gan him right to fuccour his differe;
Till that the Palmer, by his grace exempt,
Faint from yeilding pittifull redrede:
And said, Dearc loone, thy cautelife ruth represse,
Ne let thy stout hart melt in pitty vaine:
He that his towre fought through willunesse,
And his foe fetted would releafe againe,
Delirese to tale his fowllie fruit, repented paine.

Gavan obaid: So him away he drew
From needfle trouble of renewing fght
Already bought, his voyage to purw.
But call Pyrrhoethles vnto, Amin light,
When late he too his Lord in terme to plight,
Vnder Sir Gavan poffuant stroke to fall,
Him demeaning dead, as then he seem'd in fght,
Fled falt away, to tell his funerall
Into his brother, whom Gymolesse men did call.

He was a man of rare redoubted might,
Famous throughout the world for warlike praffe,
And glorious spoiles, purchase in perilous fght:
Pull many doughty knightes he in his daies
Had done to death, and lawf in equll frayes:
VVHole care, for ftere of his name,
Of flowres and beasts he made the pitifull prayes,
And hung their conquered armes for more defame
On gellow trees, in honour of his dearest Dame.

His dearest Dame is that Enchauterfe,
Thevile. Acetaia, that with vaine delightes,
And idle pleasures in the Bowre of Biffhe,
Does chareme her louers, and the feeble spightes
Can call the bodies of fride wygs:
Whom then the does transforme to monftrous heues,
And horrorously misshapes with vgly fights,
Captiv'd eternally in iron meues:
And darkforme dens, where Titus his face neuer fethues.

There Amin found Gymolesse foioiouring,
To ferue his Lemuars lour: for he, by hond,
Was guen all to luft and loofe luing,
When euer his fierce hands he free more find:
And now he has pouted out his idle mind
In dainty delites, and
Haung his warlike weapons caft behind,
And flowes in pleasures, and vaine pleading toyes,
Mingled emongft loofe Ladies and licentious boyes.

And ouer him, Art struing to compare
With Nature, did an Arbour greene dipr'd,
Prmed of wonton Ives, flowing Luere,
Through which the fragrant Eglinante did pr'd
His pricking armes, entrald with roches red,
Which dainty odours round about them threw,
And all within with flowers was garnished,
That when mild Zephyrus emgled them blew,
Did breathe out bountious finles, & painted colours fier.

And fell befide, there trickled softly downe
A gentle fream, whose murmuring waue did play
Emongt the pumy ftones, and made a towne,
To full him felt alape, that by it lye:
The weare Trauctor, wandring that way,
Therein did often quench his thirtie heat,
And then by it his weare limbs display,
Whilees creeping lument made him to forget
His former paine, and wip't away his toylome sweate.
Canto V.

THE FAERIE QUEENE.

Cant. V.

And on the other side a pleasant Groue
Was shot vp high, full of the stately tree,
That dedicated is Olympick fowe,
And to his fonde Alcides, when as hee
Gain'd in Nemea goodly vict'ryce,
Therein the merry birds of euerie fort,
Chaunted aloud their chearefull harmonie:
And made amongst themselves a sweet comfort,
That quickned the dull spriit with musicall comfort.

There he them found all carelessly dispaid,
In secret shadowe from the sunny ray,
On a sweet bed of Lillies softly laid,
Amidst a flock of Damzels fresh and gay,
That round about him didsolely did play
Their wanton follies, and light meriment;
Ecery of which did loothily diarry
Her upper parts of meet habiliments,
And shewed them naked, deckt with many ornaments.

And every of them fierce, with most delights,
Him to aggrate, and greatest pleasures shew;
Some frond faire looke, glancing like evening lights;
Others, sweet words, dropping like sonny dew;
Some, bathed kisses, and didsoft embrow
The fuged liquor through his melting lips:
One boasts her beauty, and does yeeld to view
Her dainty limbs above her tender hips;
Another, her out-boat, and all for tryall strips.

Hee, like an Adder, lurking in the weeds;
His wanings thought in deepe defire does sleepe,
And his fale eye with spoile of beauties feeds;
Sometimes, he falsely faines himselfe to sleepe,
Whereas through their lids his wanton eyes doe peep:
To steale a snatch of amorous conceit,
Whereby close fire into his hart does creepe:
So, then deceives, deceiv'd in his deceit,
Made drunke with drugs of deare voluptuous receit.

At his arriuving there, when he heard that he spake,
Thus in ful news of deepe delight to wade,
Fiercely approching, to him loudly cried,
Cymhiles, oh no, but Cymhiles said,
In which that manly peron late did sleepe,
What is become of grea Acrates sonne t
Or where hath he hung vp his mortall blade,
That hath so many haughty conquests wone?
Is all his force forborne, and all his glory done?

Then pricking him with his sharp-pointed dart,
He said: Vp, vp, thou womanish weak knight,
That here in Ladies lap entombed art.
Vnmindfull of thy praise and proud might,
And weetefke eke of lately wrouthe despight,
Whiles sad Pyrrocles eyes on funcke ground,
And groeneth out his vtemost grudging spight,
Through many a froake, & many a streaming wound,
Calling thy help in vaine, that heere in joyes art drown'd.

Suddainely out of his delightfull dremes
The man awoke, and would have questioned more;
But he would not endure that wofull theame
For to dilate at large, but vrged fore.
With pearcing words, and pitifull implore,
Him haftie to arise, As one affright
With hellishe fuids, or Faeries mad vprore,
He then yproct, impatient with fell despight,
And called for his armees for he would agitate fight.

They been ybrought: he quickly does him light,
And lightly mounted, pafteth on his way.
Ne Ladies loues, ne sweet entreaties might
Appose his hearte, or haftie passige lay.
For, he hath vow'd to been veng'd that day
(That day v solfe him seemed all too long:)
On him, that did Pyrrocles deare dichisie:
So, proudly pricketh on his courser strong,
And Ais wey he precke with spurs of shame and wrong.
Canto VI.
GyIon is of immodest Mirth
led into loose desire,
Fights with Cymoehles, whiles his brother burns in furious fire.

1
Harder lesson, to learme Continence
In iouous pleasure, then in grievous paine:
For, sweetnes doth allure the weaker tenie;
So strongly, that they necess it can retrace.
Froth, that which feeble nature counte faune;
But griefe and wrath, that be her enemies,
And foes of life, the better can retrace;
Yet vesture vaunts in both their victorie;
And GyIon in them all shewes godly maiftresses.

2
Whom bold Cymoehles trauailing to find,
With cruel purpofe bent to wreake on him
The wrath, which Atin kindled in his mind,
Came to a ruder, by whose vniuit brim
Wayning to refuge, he law whereas did swim.
Along the shore, as swift as glance of eye,
A little Gondeley, bedecked trim
With boughes and boughers woven cunningly,
That like a little forest seemd outwardly.

3
And therein fate a Lady fresh and faire,
Making sweete folace to herliffe alone;
Sometimes the fong, as loud as Larke in aire,
Sometimes the laught, that rugh her breath was gone;
Yet was there not with her elfe any one,
That might to her moue caufe of merriment:
Matter of mirth enough, though there were none,
She coulde deafe, and thousand wais invent
To feed her foolish humour, and vaine coldiment.

4
Which when faire off Cymoehles heard, and law,
He loudly caled to such as were abord,
The little barke vnto the shore to draw,
And him to ferry over that deep Ford:
The merry Manner vnto his word
Soone harkned, and her painted boat straight way
Tum'd to the shore, where that fame warlike Lord
She in receiue'd; but Atin by no way
Shee would admitt, albe the Knight her much did pray.

5
Eploones her shalow ship away did glide,
More twift then Swallow shotes the liquid skie,
Withouten care or Pilot it to guide,
Or winged canvas with the wind to fly;
Only she turn'd a pin, and by and by
It cut away upon the yeelding waue,
Ne cared she her courfe for to appole;
For, it was taught the waue, which shee would haaue,
And both from rocks and flats the fiele could wisely flanct.

6
And all the way, the wanton Damzell found
New mirth, her passenger to entertaine:
For, fixe in piaent purpofe did abound,
And greatlie joyed merry tales to faune,
Of which a flowerhoufe did with her remaine;
Yet feemed, nothing well they her became;
For, all her worde she drownd with laughter vaine,
And wANTED grace in vring the fame
That turned all her piaenace to a scoffing game.

7
And other whiles vaine voyes shee would defuile,
As her fantafick wit did most delight:
Sometimes her head the fondly would apace
With gaudiourlons, or frefh flowers light;
About her neck, or rings of rufhes plie:
Sometimes to doe him laugh, the would affay
To laugh at shaking of the leaves light.
Or to behold the watre worke, and play
About her little frigor, therein making way.

8
Her light behaviours, and loose dalliance
Gave wondrous great contentment to the Knight,
That of his way he had no sounenance,
Nor care of vowd revenge, and cruel fight,
But to weake wench did yeeld his Martall might.
So easie was to quench his flame d mind
With one sweet drop of faintall delight:
So easie is, that appeare the florme wind
Of malice in the calme of piaent womankind.

Diurte
Divers discourse in their way they spent,
Mongst which such Cymdeles of her questioned,
Both what the war, and what that vague ment,
Which in her ear the daily practised.
Whiles man, sayd she, that would it be reckoned
A stranger in thy home, and ignorant
Of Thedria (For to my name is red)
Of Thedria, thine own loyal servant.
For, thou to serve Areog thy selfe doost vaunt.

In this wide Inland sea, that hight by name
The Tide lake, my wandering ship I rowe,
That knowes her Port, and I the her by sayme,
Ne care, ne feare I, how the wind doth blowe,
Or whether swift I wend, or whether flowe:
Both flowe and swift aike doth serve my tournye,
Nestwilling Neptune, nought loud thunders lowe:
Can change my cheere, or make me ever mourne;
My little boat can safely passe this perillous borne.

Whilest thus she talked, and whiles thus the toyd,
They were fare past the pabbage which he spake,
And come into an island far, and broad,
That stood in the midst of the great lake,
There her small Gondolay her Port did make,
And that gay payre slifling on the flore
Disburdened her. Their way they forward take
Into the Land that lay them Eure before,
Whose pleasance she the him thew'd, and plentiful great store.

It was a chosen plot of fertile land,
Emongst wide waues it like a little nest,
As if it had by Nature cunning hand,
Beene choicely picked out from all the rest,
And Layd forth for enample of the best:
No daintie flowre or herbe that growes on ground,
No arboret with painted blossoms dreft,
And smelling sweet, but there it might be found.
To bud out fayre, and her sweet fms thelles throw all round.

No tree, whose branches did not bravely spring;
No branch, whereon a fine bird did not sit:
No bird, but did her thrill notes sweetely sing;
No fong but did containe a leauly diet:
Trees, branches, birds, and fongs were framed fit
For to allure trayle mind to carlesse & caue.
Careselle she the man soone wax, and his weake wit
Was overawe of things, that did him pleae;
So please, did his wrathfull purpoe faire appease.

Thus when shee had his eyes and fenes fed
With falle delights, and fild with pleasures vaine,
Into a shady dale she set him fed:
And layd him downe upon a grasse Plaine;
And her sweet felse, with hont drede or disdaine
She set before, laying his head dismar'd
In her looke flat, so mildly to fultaine,
Where soone he Dumbar'd, fearing not be harm'd,
The whiches with a loud lay she thus him sweetyly charm'd.

Behold, ô man, that toyle-some pains doost take,
The flowers, the fields, and all that pleasant growes,
How they themselves doe thine example make,
Whiles nothing enioy Nature them forth throwes.
Out of her fruitfull lap, bow, no man knowes,
They spring, they bud, they blossom fresh & faire,
And deck the world with thir rich pompous flowers.
Yet no man for them taketh pains or care,
Yet no man to them can his careful pains compare.

The Lilly, Lady of the bowling field,
The Flower-delice, her lovely Paramoure,
Did thee to them thy fruistle laboures yield,
And foone leave off this toylove some waree flowers:
Lo, lo, how braue she dekes her bountious bower,
Vith filken curtens and gold couterles,
Therein to throw her sacrampt Belamoure,
Yet neither spumes nor cardes, ne carees not freetes,
But to her mother Nature all her care she lets.

Why then doost thou, ô man, that of them all
Att Lord, and eke of nature Soueraine,
Willy make thy selfe a wretched thrall,
And wille thy toylesome hours in needele paine,
Seeking for danger and adventures vaine?
What bootes it all to have, and nothing vie?
Who shall him row, that swimming in the maine,
Will die for thrift, and water doth refuse?
Refuse such fruistle toyle, and prentis pleasures chuse.

By this, she had him hulled fast aleepe,
That of no worldly thing he care did take;
Theo she with liqours strong his eyes did flepe,
That this nothing should him hastily awake;
So she him left, and did her selfe betake
Vnto her boat againe, with which she left
The fishful waues of that great grievly lake;
Some shee that Iland faire behind her left,
And now is come to that same place, where first the weft.

By this time, was the worthy Guyon brought
Vnto the other side of that wide froond,
Vhere she was rowing, and her pabbage sought:
Him needed not long call, the foone to bond.
Her ferry brought, where him she byding fond,
With his led guide, her selfe the booke aboards,
But the Black Palmer suffred full to fond,
Ne would for price, or prayers once afoord,
To ferry that old man over the perilous foord.

Guyon was loath to leane his guide behind,
Yet being entred, might not backe retire;
For, the sift barks, obesyng to her wind,
Forth Lunched quickly, as she did desire,
Ne gave him leaue to bid that aged sire.
Aideu, but nimly ran her wanted course
Through the dull bollowes thick as troubled mire,
Whom neither wind out of their fast could force,
Not tymely stedes did drive out of their thiglth fourre.

And
And by the way, sir was her wonted guise,
Her merry fit the freely go to race,
And did of joy and jollitee desist,
Her felle to cherish, and her gait to cheare:
The Knight was courteous, and did not forbear
Her honest mirth and plentiace to partake:
But when he saw her joy, and gube, and gear,
And passe the bounds of modest mercya,
I her dalliance he despis'd, and follies did forsake.

Yet she still followed her former file,
And sayd and did all that more her delight,
Till they arrived in that pleasant hee,
Where sleeping late she left her other knight:
But, when she got of that land and had fight,
He will himselfe amiss, and angry sayd:
Ah Dame, perdy ye have not done me right,
Thus to mislead me, whiles you obeyd:
Me little neede from my right way to have frayd.

Fayre Sir, quoth she, be not displeas'd at all:
Who first on sea, may not command his way,
Ne wind and weather at his pleasure call:
The sea is wise, and caitie for to fray:
The wind unfaile, and doth never fray,
But heere while ye may in satie rest,
Till saylon ferue new paffage to assay:
Better safe Port, then be in less distre.
There with the laung, and did her earnest end in left.

But he, as did discon'tent, more wasteful
Himselfe appeares, and slided forth on shore:
The toyes whereof, and happy fruitfulnete,
Such is he saw the gun him lay before,
And all though pleasant, yet the made much more:
The fields did laugh, the flowers did freely spring,
The trees did bud, and carly blossoms bore,
And all the quire of birds did sweetly sing,
And told that gardens pleasures in their caroing.

And flee, more sweet then any bird on bough,
Would oftentimes amongst them beare a part,
And thrive to palle (as flee would well enough)
Their nature music by her skiffull art:
So did she all, that might his constant hart
With draw from thought of warlike enterprise,
And drown'de in diffolute delights apart,
Where noyle of armies, or view of Martiall guie
Might not reviue defire of knyghtly exercice.

But he was wife, and wary of her will,
And cyster held his hand upon his hart:
Yet would not feme so rude, and thered ill,
As to despise so courteous seeming part,
That gentle Lady did to him impart:
But fairely tempering, fond defire subdued,
And cyster her defire to depart.
She lift not heare, but her dippers purled cold,
And cyster bad them stay, till time the tide renew'd.

And now by this, Cymothes houre was spent;
That he awoke out of his idle dreame,
And shaking off his drowsie dement,
Can him arise, how ill did him becom'e,
In fothfull sleepe his molten hart to steme,
And quench the brand of his conceitd ire.
The vp he start, fiirt with flame extreme,
Ne frayd for his Damfell to inquire,
But matched to the strand, there palles to require.

And in the way, he with Sir Guyon met,
Accompanyde with Phedrae the faire:
Firstories he gun to rage, and inly fret,
Crying, Let be that Lady debohure,
Thou recreant knight, and fone thy felfe prepare
To battalla, if thou meane her love to gaine:
Lo, lo already, how the fowles in aire
Doe flock, awaying shortely to obtaine
Thy carcele for their prey, the guerdon of thy paine.

And there-withal he fiercely at him flew,
And with important outrage him affayd:
Who, done prepar'd to field, his fword forth drew,
And him with equall value counteayd:
Their mighty stroake's their habereons dimlyld,
And naked made each others many spalles;
The mortall ficle dejecteously entayld
Depe in their fith, quith through the iron wailes,
That a large purple firame adowne their giumble falles.

Cymothes, that had never met before
So purfuant foe, with envious deligbt:
His proud pretium force increased more,
Disdaining to be held so long in fight:
Sir Guyon grudging not to much his might,
As sbbc knyghtly rating, which he spoke,
With wrathfull fire his courage kindled bright,
Thier of desiring shortly to be woke,
And doublling all his powres, redoubled every stroke.

Both of them high attonce their hands enduaunt,
And both attonce their huge blowes downe did sway:
Cymothes fword on Guyon shied yealuate,
And thereof sigh one quarter fircard away:
But Guyons angry blade so fierce did play
On th'others helmet, which as Tienone,
That quite it of his plum'd creft in sway,
And bared all his head unto the bone;
Where-with atfoot, still he flood as fenneflee stone.

Still as he flood, faire Phedrae, that beheld
That deadly danger, fonee avense them runn:
And at their feet her felle most humberly fell,
Cryeing with pittious voyce, and count'naunc wan:
Ah, weal-away! most noble Lords, how can
Your cruel eyes endure so pitious fight,
To fied your'. luyes on ground? wo worth the man,
That firft did teach the curfed fiele to bight
In his owne fith, and make way to the living fright.
Well could he the remembrance, fish of late
He with Tyrrhochles sharp dispute detaine made:
Straight gan he him rueful, and bitter rate
As in his heart curst, that in darksome shade;
Hath tracked forth some salutage beastlike trade;
Vile Miserere (said he) whither dost thou dye?
The flame and death, which water flood inuade?
What coward hand shall doe thee next to die?
That art that fouly fled from famous enemies?
With that, he swiftly bokke his steedly dart:
But sorer Guyon, hearing him so rate
Though somewhat mowed in his mightie hart,
Yet with strong reason maistred passion tribute,
And passed fiercely forth. He turning tale,
Backe to the thrond retur'd and there still stayed,
Awaiting pacage, which him late did failure;
The whiles Gymlich with that wanton mayd
The hafte heat of his suow'd remorke delayed.

Whilesthere the varlet flood, he saw from farre
An armed knight, that towards him fast ran:
He ran on foot, as if in lucklesse ware
His forsome feed from him the victour war;
He seemed breathlesse, hartless, faint, and wan,
And all his armour spinkled was with bloud,
And foyst with durtie gore, that no man can
Discrene the how thereon. He newe flood,
But bent his hafte course to the tide flood.

The varlet saw, when to the flood he came,
How without stop or stay he fiercely lept,
And depechinelle be atacked in the same,
That in the lake his lofie crete was fleet;
Ne of his fatete seemed care he kept;
But with his raging armes he rudely shatter,
The waves about, and all his armour swept,
That all the bloud and filth away was waft;
Yet still he bet the water, and the billowes dacht.

Atin drew nigh, to view what it mote bee;
For much he wondered at that vnouch sight;
Whom should he see, but his owne deare Lord, there set
His owne deare Lord Tyrrhochles, in sad plight;
Reade to drawne himselfe for fel late dispight.
Harrow now out, and wel-awaie the cryde,
What diffilat day hath tene this cursed light,
To free my Lord so deadly dammeffet
Tyrrhochles, & Tyrrhochles, what is thee becye?

I burne, I burne, I burne, then loud he cryde;
O how I burne with inclement fire!
Yet nought can quench mine inly flaming fyde
Nor sea of houc cold, nor lake of mine,
Nothing but death can doe me to repyre.
All be it (said he) from Tyrrhochles faire
After purfling death once to requiere,
Or thinkes, that ought those puissant hands may murrre;
Death is for wretched borne vnder vnhappy faire.

H 2
Perelle.
Perdie, then it is fit for me (said he)
That am, I weene, most wretched man alittle:
Burning in flames, yet no flames can I see,
And dying daily, daily yet renew'd:
O Adon, help to me the last death to give.
The varlet at his plaint was grief'd to see,
That his deep wounded heart in two did rive,
And his owne health remembering now no more,
Did follow that example which he blam'd afore.

Into the lake he lep, his Lord to sayd,
(To love the dread of danger doth despare)
And of him catching hold, him strongly stayd
From drowning. But more happy he, then wise
Of that false nature did him not suffice.

The waues thereof to flowe and flagish were,
Engoys with mud, which did them fitle agrise,
That euerie weighte thing they did vpshew.
Ne ought more cuer sinke downe to the bottome there.

Whiles thus they struggled in that idle waue,
And frouene vaine, the one himfelfe to drowne,
The other both from drowning fere to face;
Lo, to that shore one in an adequate gowne,
Whole house: locks great granifie did crowne,
Holding in hand a providly arming sword,
By fortune came, led with the troublous fowne:
Where drashted deeppe he found in that dull ford
The carefoll tenant, finishing with his raging Lord.

Him, Adon, sayd, knewe right well of yore,
And loudly call, Help me, & Archimago:
To save my Lord, in wretched flight forlore;
Help with thy hand, or with thy cownaile edge:

Weake hands, but counsell is most strong in age.
Him when the old man saw, he wondred sore,
To see Pyrrhaecles there to rudely rage:
Yet fithens helpe, he saw, he needed more
Then pithe, he in haste approached to the thore.

And call'd: Pyrrhaecles, what is this, I see?
What hellish Furie hath at earst thee bent?
Furious evre I thee knewe to bee,
Yet utter in this strange astonishment.
These flames, these flames (he cryde) do me torment.
What flames (quoth he) when I thee precente see,
In danger rather to be rent, then bent?
Harrow, the flames, which me confume (said hee)
Ne can be quenches, within my secret bowels bee.

That cursed man, that cruel feend of hell,
Dorde, oh Furie, hath me thus bedight:
His deadly wounds within my inner swell,
And his hot fire burns in mine entrails bright,
Kindled through his infernal breath of fire,
Sith late with him I battell vain would boffe:
That now I weene I saw dredded thunder light
Does forceth not halfe to fore, nor damm'd ghoste.
In flaming Phlegon does not to fellie rote.

Which when as Archimago heard, his griefe
He knew right well, and hum arrouse disarmed;
Then call'd: his secret wounds, and made a preffe
Of satyrie place, that was with bruising harm'd,
Or with the hidden fire too inly warm'd.
Which done, he balmes and herbs thereto apply'd,
And evermore with mightie spoils them charmed,
That in short space he has them qualify'd,
And him restor'd to health, that would have algates dyde.
So Gyan having lost his trustie guide,  
Late left beyond that yde lake, proceeds  
Yet on his way, of none accompanie  
And enmore himselfe with comfort feedes,  
Of his owne vertues, and praty-worthy deedes.  
So long he yode, yet no adventure found,  
Which Fame of her shrill trumpet worthy recedes :  
For, still he travayd with wide wafteful ground,  
That nought but defert wilderness shew'd all around.

At last, he came vnto a gloomie glade,  
Coaer'd with boughles & shrubs from heavens light,  
V Where-as he sitting found, in secret shade,  
An vnconce, salvage, and vnciull wight,  
Of gstrainly hew, and foule ill favour'd sight:  
His face with fanoace was tann'd, and eyes were beard,  
His head and beard with fowr were ill bedight,  
His coale-black hands and feeme to have been feard  
In Smthes fire-spitting forge, & nails like claws appeared.

His iron coat all overgrowne with ruff,  
Was vnderneath enveloped with gold:  
Whole glistening glosse darkned with filthy dust,  
Well it appeared to have been of old  
A worke of rich enrule, and curious mold,  
V Voen with attacts and wild Imagery :  
And in his lap a mafs of coane he tyled,  
And turned vfpdowne, to feede his eye  
And courous defire with his huge thrautry.

And round about him lay on everie side  
Great heapes of gold that never could be spent  
Of which, some were rede owre, not punfide  
Of Malckers deuouring element:  
Some others were new druen, and differnt  
Into great Inges, and to wedges square :  
Some in round plates with ouen monumen;  
But most were flamp't, and in their metall bare  
The antique shapes of Kings and Ketas strange & rare.

Soone as he Gyan law, in great afferth  
And haffe he rofe, for to remove side  
The other precious flius from strangers envious fight,  
And downe them pour'd through an hole full wide,  
Into the hollow earth, thens there to hide.  
But Gyan lightly to him leaping, flayd  
His hand, that troubled, as one terildile;  
And, though himfelfe were at the fight defmaid,  
Yet him performance framed, and to him doubltfull said.

What ar thou man (if man at all thou art)  
That heere in defart haufe thine habitance,  
And thef rich heapes of wealth doth hide apart  
From the worlds eye, and from her right vfaunce?  
Thereat, with tharing eyes fixed faucente,  
In great difdaine, hec anfwerd: Hardye Elfe,  
That dareft view my direfull countenance,  
I read thee ruff, and headlefe of thy felle;  
To trouble my still feare, and heapes of preuious pelfe.

God of the world and wondlings I me calle,  
Great Mammon, greatest god belowe the sky,  
That of my plente poure out unto all,  
And vnto none my graces doe confine:  
Riches, renowme, and principaltie,  
Honour, elftue, and all this worlde good,  
For which men swine and sweat incceftantly,  
Fro me doe flowe into an ample flood,  
And in the hollow earth have their eternall brood.

Wherefore if me thou deigne to service few,  
Att thy command loe all these mountaine bee;  
Or if to thy great mind, or greedy view,  
All these may not suffice, thers shall to thee  
Tenne times so much be numbed freake and free.  
Mammon, said hee, thy godhead vaunts is vaine,  
And idle offers of thy golden fee;  
To them that covet lush eye-gluting gaine,  
Proffer thy gifts, and fitter fyrvarants entertaine.

Me ill beares, that in der-doing armes,  
And honours fuit my vowed dayes doe spend,  
Vnto thy bountious bates, and pleaffeing charme,  
With which weakes men thou witchefl, to attend;  
Regard of worldly muck doth fouly blend  
And lowe theh the high heroick price,  
That toyes for crownes and kingdomes to contend;  
Faire shields, gay fadders, bright armes bee my delight:  
Those be the riches fit for an adventur bayght.

Vaine-glorious Eife, said he, dooth not thou weet,  
That money can thy wants at will supply?  
Shields, fadders, and armes, and all things thee meet  
It can purdy in twinkling of an eye;  
And crownes and kingdomes to thee multiply,  
Doe not I Kings create, & throwe the crowne  
Sometimes to him, that lowe in dust doth ly?  
And him that raing, into his roomes thrunfdowne,  
And whom I luft, doe heape with glory and renoume.

All otherwize, said he, I riches read,  
And dece thine root in all disquisitenesse;  
First got with guile, and then pretrey'd with dread,  
And after fpent with pride and lustifnesse,  
Leaund behind them griefe and bausiene.  
Infinite midofc of them doe arife;  
Strife, and debate, bloodihted, and bitterness,  
Outragous wrong, and helish coutele,  
That noble hart (as great dishonour) doth dispute.  

Ne thine be kingdomes, ne the fcepters thine;  
But realmes and rulers thou doofl both confound,  
And loyall truth to reafon doofl incline;  
Witness the guiileffe bloud pour'd oft on ground,  
The crowned often flaine, the flayer crownd,  
The sacred Diadem in pecces rent,  
And purple robe goreed with many a wound ;  
Cattles surpri'd, great Cities fackt and bren:  
So mak't thou kings, & gainst wrongfull gouvernement.
What secret place, quoth he, can safely hold
So huge a mafs, and hide from heauenys eye?
Or where haft thou thy womme, that so much gold
Shou'd cant preferre, from wrong and robbery?
Come thou, quoth he, and see. So, by and by
Through that thick covert be him led, and found
A darkelome way, which no man could defcry,
That depe defcended through the hollow ground,
And was with dread and horroues compassed round.

At length they came into a larger space,
That stretcht it selfe into an ample Plaine,
Through which a beaten broad high way did trace,
That frighted did lead to Plaines gready raigne:
By that wayes side, there late in terrnall Pain,
And fall'd before him late tumultuous strifes;
The one, in hand an iron whip did rate
The other brandish'd a bloody knife,
And both did graffe their teeth, and both did threaten life.

On th'other side, in one comfort there sat
Cuell Revenge, and rancorous Delight
Dibbyall Treason, and hart-burning Plate:
But gnawing jealousie, out of their sight
Sitting alone, his bitter lips did bite,
And trembling Ferre full to and fro did fly,
And found no place, where safe he throu'd him might,
Lamenting sorrow did in darknesse lie,
And Shame his ugly face did hide from huing eye.

And over them sid Horroure with grim hew,
Did alwaies, fore, beating his iron wings;
And after him, Owles and Night-ravens flew,
The hatelfull messengers of heauite things,
Of death and deathes telling sad tidings;
Whiles sid Celen, flying on a cliif,
A song of bale and bitter sorrow sings,
That hart of flint al unders could haue rift:
Which hauing ended, after him the fyesh swiftly.

All these before the gates of Pluto lay,
By whom they puffling, splate into them sought.
But th'Elin knight with wonder all the way
Did feeke his eye, and fill his inner thought.
At lift, him to a little more he brought,
That to the gate of Helle, which gap'd wide,
Was next adjoyning, ne them parted ought;
Betwixt them both was but a little fride,
That did the houre of Riches from hell-mouth diuide.

Before the doore late selfe-consuming Care,
Day and night keeping wary watch and ward,
For feare lest Forces or Fraud should awaie
Breaken in, and spoyle the treasure there in gard:
Ne would he suffer Sleep one thither-ward
Approache, alse he his drowifie den were next;
For, next to death is Sleep to be compar'd,
Therefore his house is unto his annexe;
Here Sleep, there Riches, & Hel-gate them both betwixt.
So soone as Mammmon there arri'd, the dore
To him did open, and afforded way;
Him followed eke Sir Guyon courteous,
Ne darkerlie him, ne danger might dismay.
Soone as he entered way, the dore straightly shut,
And from therewith forth there kept
An ugly fiend, more foule than dimmall day,
The which with monstrous falkke behind him flept,
And euer as he went, due watch vpon him kept.

Well hoped he, ere long that hardie guest,
If euer courteous hand, or luftfull eye,
Or lips he layd on thing, that lirv'te he best,
Or euer flepe his eye-stringes did vnvee,
Should be his prey. And therefore full on lie
He euer him did hold his cruell clawes,
Threatning with greedy grape to doe him sic,
And rend in peeces with his tawsoous pawes.
If euer he transgred the faultyn Siggon Lawes.

That houes forme within was rude and strong,
Like an huge Cape, hewne out of rocky clift,
From whole rough vast the ragged branches henge,
Embott with mally gold of glorious gift,
And with rich metall loaded every ri.
That hevy ruine thay did seeme to threat;
And over them Arches high forth there kept
Their cunning web, and fixed her subtile net.
Enwrapped in houle smock & cloysters more black then jet.

Both roofe, and floore, and walls were all of gold,
But overgrowne with dust and old decay,
And hir in darkenesse, that none could behold
The hew thereof: for, view of cheerefull day
Did never in that houte it felte display,
But faint shadow of uncertain light;
Such as a lamp, whose life does Case away;
Or as the Moone cloathed with cloudy night,
Does shew to him, that walke in fear and led affright.

In all that roome was nothing to be scene,
But huge great iron chetts and coffers strong,
All bard with double bendis, that none could weene
Them to efforce by violence or wrong;
On every side they placed were along,
But all the ground with feuels was scattered,
And dead mens bones, which round about were flong,
Whole lutes (it seemed) whilome there were stend,
And their vile carcases now left unburied.

They forward paffe, ne Guyon yet spake word,
Till that they came vnto an iron dore,
Which to them open'd of it owne accord,
And they'd of riches such exceeding flore,
As euye of man did never fee before,
Ne euer could within one place be found,
Though all the wealth, which is, or was of yore,
Could gathered be through all the world around,
And that about were added to that vnder ground.

The charge thereof vnto a couetous Spriegr
Commanded was, who thereby did attend,
And waryly awaited day and night,
From other couetous fiends to it defend,
Who to it rob and ranstake did intend.
Then Mammmon, to execute that vnder way,
Loo, heere the worlde Blifs loo, heere the end,
To which all men doe syrne, rich to be made:
Such grace now to be happy, is before thee laid.

Certes, saide he, I'll shine offred grace,
Ne to be made so happy do intend:
Another blis before mine eyes I place,
Another happiness, another end.
To them, that lift, thefe bafe regards heend:
But I an arnes, and in athenecuentis bracce,
Doe rather choose my flitting house to penned,
And to be Lord of these, that richer have.
Then them to have my felic, and be their seruile flace.

Thereat the fiend his griffing teeth did grace,
And gried, so long to lache his greedy prey;
For, well he weened, that so glorious byst
Would tempt his gueft, to take thereof afay:
Had he so done, he had him fastach away,
More light then Calver in the Fainitos lift.
(Except all God the faire from such decay.)
But where-as Mammmon law his purpose muft,
Him to entrap vnwares another way he writ.

Thence, forward he him led, and shortly brought
Vnto another roome, whose dore forthright
To him did open, as it had been taught:
Therein an hundred raunages were pight,
And hundred fomnaces all burnyng bright:
By euer fomnace many fiends didride,
Deformed creatures, horrible in fight,
And euer fiend his blute paines displayd,
To melt the golden malc, ready to be trie.

One with great bellows gathered filling aire,
And with force wind the fuell did infame;
Another did the dying bronds repare
With iron tongs, and sprinkled off the fame
With liquid wares, fierce Vlicans rage to tame,
Who maltring them, renewed his former heat:
Some found the droffe that from the metal came:
Some fiard the molten owre with laddy great
And euer one did swink, and euer one did weat.

But when as earthily wight they present law,
Glistering in armes and battallious array,
From theri hot worke they did themselues withdraw
To wonder at the sight: for, till that day,
They neuer creature law, that came that way.
Their flaring eyes sparkeling with frequent fire,
And euyl shapes did rugh the man dinamy,
That were it not for thame, he would retire.
Till that him thus bispake their fouraigne Lord and sire:

Behold,
Behold, thou Fairies sowe, with mortall eyes,
That thou mayst see before did never se:
The thing that thou didst some of so earnestly
(To weet, wherefore all the wealth late fwept by nees,
Procemed)Jo, now is revealed to thee.
Here is the fountain of the worldz good:
Now therefore, if thou wilt enriched be,
Arise thee well, and change thy waist full mood,
Least thou perhaps hereafter with, and be withstood.

Sufficeth then, thou Money-God,quoth he,
That all chine idle offers I refuse.
All that I need I have: what needeth mee
To covet more then I have causeth to vie?
With such vaine I doth with worldlings vile abuse:
But give me leave to follow mine emprise.
Mammon was much displeased, yet no the chafe
But bear to the rigoure of his bold mephitic,
And thence him forward led, him further to entice.

He brought him through a darksome narrow fret,
To a broad gate, all built of beaten gold:
The gate was open, but therein did wait
A turndy vaine, talkeing with effe and bold,
As if the height God delie he would;
In his right hand an iron club he held,
But himselfe was all of golden mould,
Yet had both life and fene, and well could weld
That cursed weapon, when his cruel foci he queld.

Disdain he called was, and did disdain
To befoe calde, and who fo did him call:
Sterne was to looke, and full of homack vaine,
His portance terrible, and stature tall,
Far paffing th height of men terri tiall:
Like an huge Giant of the Titans race,
That made him for to all creatures great and small,
And with his pride all others powere defic:
More fit amongst all friends, then men to have his place.

Soone as thofe glittering arms he did efpoy,
That with thier brightnesse made that darkne flight,
His harmefull club be gon to hurtle hie,
And threaten battell to the Faerie knight:
Who likewise gan himfelfe to battell height,
Till Mammon did his haffe hand with-hold,
And countold him abfaine from perious fght:
For, nothing might abide the vilee neath bold,
Ne mortall Steele emprece his mutercreated mould.

So, hauing him with reafon pacifile,
And the fierce Carle commaundings to forbear,
He brought him in. The room was large and wide,
As it fome Glyckd or folemn Temple were:
Many great golden pilfours did vpbear
The mufy reft, and riches huge fultaine:
And every pilfour decked was full deere
With crownes and Diadems, & rives vaine,
VVhich mortall Princes wore, whilste they on earth did

A rout of people there affembled were,
Of euerie fort and nation vnder sky,
Which with great vprore preaced to draw neare
To th upper part, where was advanced hie
A flately fiej a of loueraigne magnific:
And thenceof late a woman gorgeous gay,
And richly clad in robes of royallie,
That neuer earthly Prince in such array
His glory did enhance, and pommous pride display.

Her face right wondrous fair did leeme to bee,
That her broad beauties beamd great brighterne threw
Through the dim shade, that all men might it see:
Yet was not that fame her owne natur e newe,
But wrought by art and counterfeeted flue,
Therby more louts vnto her to call:
Nathelie, most heavenly faire in deede and view
She by creation was, till the did fall.
Thenceforth she fought for helpes to cloke her crime wh-

There, as in glitring glory she did fit,
She held a great gold chaine yinked well,
Whose vpper end to highest heaven was knit,
And lower part did reach to lowest hell,
And all that praece did round about her fwell,
To catchen hold of that longe chaine, thereby
Tocliffe aloft, and others to exell;
That was Ambition, fraught desire to file,
And every linke thereof a step of dignitie.

Some thought to raise them selves to high degree,
By riches and unrighteous reward,
Some by clofe foullarding, some by flatterece;
Others through friends, others for bafe regard;
And all, by wrong wayes, for thmschelv prepard.
Those that were vp them selves, kept others lowe,
Those that were low them selves, held others hard,
Ne suffred them to rife or greater growe.
But every one did trie his fellow downe to throwe.

Which, when as Gypon sawe, he gan enquire,
What meant that preace about that Ladies throne,
And what the was that did so high a pire.
Him Mammon anwierted: That goodly one,
Whom all that folke with fuch contention
Doe flock about, my deare, my daughter is;
Honour and dignitie from her alone,
Derrided are, and all this worldex blif.
For which ye men doe trieue: few get, but many mis.

And faire Thelotimé fase rightly hight,
The faireft wight that wonmeth under sky,
But that this darksome neither world her light
Doth dim with horror and deformitie,
VVorthy of heaven and high felicitie,
From whence the gods haie her for evince thrift
But fift thou hast found favour in mine eye,
That fique I will her make, if that thou lust,
That she may the advance for works and merites oft.

Gramercy
The Faerie Queene

VII.

The tempest, in his painfasted state, was vexed with a heavy wrack:
For his grace was full of fitful and earthy weight,
And did stretch himself without the utmost bound
Of this great garden, compact with a mound,
Which over-hanging, they themselves did steep:
In a black and fuculent flow which would about its rounds;
That is the river of Ceynis deep:
In which full many fuculce do endlefswaile and wepe.

To behold, he clomb up to the banke,
And looking down saw many damned wight,
In whose lid all wealth was hid, and faire:
Plunged continually of cruel Springts,
That with their pitious eyes, and yelling frights,
They made the further shore surrounded wide:
Emongst the rest of those fuculce rude full sights,
One cursed creature he by chance espide,
That reached lay full deep, under the Garden side.

Depe was he drenched to the fuculent chin,
Yet gained full, as counten to drinke:
Of the cold liquor, which he wad in,
And stretching forth his hand, did often thinke
To reach the fruit, which grew upon the banke:
But both the fruit from hand, and fould from mouth
Did the abacke, and made him vainly swinke:
The whites he flerved with hunger and with drouth.
He daily dyed, yet never throughly dyen counth.

The knight, him seeing labour so in vain,
Aitc who he was, and what he meant thereby:
Who, growing deepes, thus answered him againe:
No fuculce all things were under stanto,
Lo, Tanaquil here tormentd eye,
Of whom high fucu lowe with many leafe trecld bee,
Lo here I now for want of food do dye:
But if that thou be such, as I thee see,
Of grace I pray thee, give to eat and drinke to mee.

Nay, nay, thou grecide Tanetius (quoth he)
Abide the fortune of thy present fate:
And into all that live in high degree,
Enample be of mind incoperare.
To teach them how to vie their present fate.
Then gan the curved wretch aloud to cry,
Accusing highest lowe and Gods ingrate,
And cec blaspheuming heauen bitterly.
As authour of vnuitrece, there to lict him dye.

Here he sought a little further, and espide
Another wretch, whose heartly deepes was great:
Within the river, which the same did hyde:
But both his hands, most fmilcous ever to be seen,
Aboute the water were on high extant,
And FOynd to wash themselves incessantly:
Yet nothing cleaner were for such intent,
But rather Fowler seemed to the eye:
So left his labour vain and idle industri.
The knight him calling, asked who he was,  
Who listing vp his head, him answered thus:  
I Pilate am, the falsest judge, alas,  
And most maist, that by yningrighteous  
And wicked doome, to fewes despitous  
Delivered vp the Lord of life to die,  
And I did acquite a murderer felonious;  
The whilsts my hands I wafhet in partie,  
The whilsts my soule was soyled with soule iniquity.

Infinite moe, tormented in like poine  
Herethurbelth, too long here to be told:  
Ne Mammon would there let him long remaine,  
For terror of the tortures manifold,  
In which the damned souls he did behold,  
But roughly him bespake. Thou fearfull foolo,  
Why taketh not of that fame fruit of gold,  
Ne listeth downe on that shame fruite foole,  
To refre thy weaire person, in the shadow coole?

All which he did; to doe him deadly full  
In fruly intemperance through finall baye:  
To which if he inclined had at all,  
That dreadfull feend, which did behind him wayt,

Would him have rent in thousand peeces strays:  
But he was warie wife in all his way,  
And well perceived his deceitfull sleight,  
Ne suffered but his fatefull betray;  
So goodly did beguile the Guyler of the pray.

And now he has so long remained there,  
That vitall powres gun were both weake and wan,  
For want of food, and sleep: which two vpcbere,  
Like mightie pillours, this fraile life of man,  
That none without the same endure can.  
For, now three daies of men were full outwrought,  
Since he this hardly enterprise began:  
For thy great Mammon lately he begoth,  
Into the world to guide him backe, as he him brought.

The God, though loth, yet was constrained to obey:  
For longer time, then that, no living wight,  
Belowe the earth, might suffer be to stay:  
So backe againe, him brought to huining light.  
But all to boone as his unfeeleed bright  
Oon fucce this vitall arc into his bref,  
As overcome with too exceeding might,  
The life did bit away out of her neft,  
And all his senses were with deadly fit oppreft.

Canto VIII.

Sir Guyon, laid in sworne, is by  
Acrates fones despoyld,  
Whom Arthur soone hath reskewd  
And Paynim brethren foyld.

And is there care in heaven? and is there loue  
In heavenly spirits to these creatures bafe,  
That may compantion of ther evils move?  
Ther is; else much more wretched were the sale  
Of men, then beasts. But o? th' exceeding grace  
Of highet God: that loues his creatures to;  
And all his works with mercie doth embrace,  
[That blest Angels, he lends to and fro;  
To vertue to wicked man, to suer his wicked foe.

How oft do they; their fDtter bowers leaue,  
To come to succour vs, that succour want?  
How oft do they, with golden pinsmes, cleawe  
The flitting skyes, like flying Purtuant,  
Against foule feeded to side vs multime  
They for vs fight, they watch and duly ward,  
And their bright Squadrons round about vs plant,  
And all for loue, and nothing for reward.

O why should heavenly God to man have such regard?

During the while that Guyon did abide  
In Mammon house, the Palmer whom whylete  
That wanting Maid of paflage had dentide,  
By further search had paflage found elsewhere;  
And being on his way, approached naere,  
Where Guyon lay in trauence, when suddenly  
He heard a voice, that called loud and cleare,  
Come hither, hither, 6 come hastily;  
That all the fields retoundied with the ruefull cry.
The Palmer lent his care into the noyle,
To west who called for temporally:
Againse, he heard a more effored voyce,
That bade him come in haste. He by and by
His feele feele direct to the cry
Which to that fayde debuke him brought at light,
Whore Mammon earre did tunne his direffury:
There the good Guyen he found flumbring fast
In fenfiffelfe dreame; which fight at frift him tooe again.

Befide his heed there fete a faire young man,
Of wonderous beautie, and of faireft yeares,
V Whore tender bud to babufeome new began,
And flourifh faire about his equal perce:
His snowy front curled with golden haires,
Like Phaethon lace adorne with funny rayes,
Divinely shone, and two sharp winged theares,
Docked with durefe plumes, place as painted lays,
Were fixt at his bache, to cut his ayerie wayes.

Like as Cupido on Idaenhill,
V When baungt laid his cruel bowe away,
And mortall arrowes, where-with he doth fill
The world with murducous ioyles and bloudy pray,
With his faire mother he him dightys to play,
And with his goodly sisters, Grace three;
The Goodedef pleased with his wonton play,
Suffers her feele through sleape begun to bee,
The whilst the other Ladies mind their merry gleed.

Whom when the Palmer saw, saith he was
Through feare and wonder, that he nought could fay,
Till him the child befake. Long lackt, slay.
Hath been thy faithful ayde in hard aflay,
Wiles deadly fit thy pupil doth dritmay,
Behold this heavy fight, thou returend Sire,
But dread of death and dolour doe away;
For, life ere long fhall to his home return,
And hir that breathiffle fones, fhall courage bold require.

The charge which God doth unto me arret,
Of his defire safety, I to thee commend;
Yet will I not forgoe, ye yet forget
The care thereof (my feele) unto the end,
But euermore him succour, and defend
Against his foe and mine: watch thou I pray;
For, euii is at hand him to offend.
So hauing laid, citoones he gain display
His painted nimble wings, and vanfithe quite away.

The Palmer feeing his left empty place,
And his flowe eyes beguiled of their light,
Worfe forr afraid, and flanding full a pace,
Gazed after him, as fowle elace thy fight:
At left, him turning to his charge behight,
With trembling hand his troubled palle gannely:
V Where finding life not yet dilofed quight,
He much rejoyce, and couerd it tenderly,
As chycken newly hatcht, from dreaded deftiny.

At laft, he spyde where towards him he did pace
Two Pyrmyon knights, all arm'd as bright as sky,
And them befe he an aged sire did trace,
And farre before a light-foot Page did fly,
That breathed strife and troublous comnic;
Thus were the two fones of Arates old,
Who meeting earf with Archimage fly,
Forby that idle ftron'd, of him were told,
That he, which earf them combatted, was Guyen bold.

Which to advant on him they dearly vow'd,
Where-euer that on ground they mote him find
False Archimage prouoke their courage proud,
And strife-full Atin in their fhunbome mind.
Coales of contenation and hot venenace tind.
Now been they come whereas the Palmer fate,
Keeping that flumbrd corfe to him affigned;
Well knew they both his perfon, fith of late
With him in bloody armes they rafily did debate.

Whom when Pyrrhus saw, inflam'd with rage,
That fire he foule befpake, Thou douet viele.
That with thy brutenefle thadift thy comedy age,
Abandone fone, I read, the cautiupe fille.
Of that fame outcast caraffe, that erewhile
Made it felloe famous through falle treechery,
And crowned his coward creft with knightly title:
Loe where he now inglorious doth lyse,
To prove hee liued ill, that did thus foully dye.

To whom the Palmer feareles anfwered;
Cerces, Sir Knight, ye were too much to blame,
That for to blett the honour of the dead,
And with foule cowardize his caraffe flume,
Whole hauing hands immortal'd his name.
Vile is the vengeance on the affes cold,
And enuy bafe, to bare at fleeping fame:
Was never wight, that treaution of him tolde:
Your felte his provost prov'd & found him fierce & bold.

Then fayd Cymothes: Palmer thou doef thy duty,
Ne canft of prowefee, ne of knighthood dyerce,
Sue as thou feft or hear't? But, well I wote,
That of his puiffance truly anfwered extreme.
Yet gold all is not, that doth golden dyerce,
Ne all good knights, that flake well fpace and shield:
The worthe of all men by their end eteme,
And then due praife, or due reproche them yield;
Had therefore, I him deeme, that thus hes deeder on field.

Good or bad (gyn his brother fierce reply)
What doe Iccke, feeth that he dyde entire?
Or what doth his bad death now diftie
The greedy hunger of reuenging ire,
Sith wrathfull hauing brought her owne desire?
Yet fi ne now way is left to weake my fpit?
I will him reate of armes, the vikors hire,
And of that shield, more worthy of good knight;
For why should a dead dog be deckt in armour bright?

Faire
The Second Booke of

Cant. VIII.

Faire Sir, saide then the Palmer suppliant,
For knighthoods loue doth not to foule a deed,
Ne blaine your honour with so shamefull vaunt
Of vile revenge. To spoyle the dead of weede
Is sacrilege, and dote all sinnes exceed;
But leave these reliques of his lusting might,
To decke his herse, and trap his tomb-black reed.
What herce or steel (said he) should he have dight,
But be entombed in the raun or the kight?

With that, rude hand upon his shield he laid,
And other brother on his helmet close,
Both fiercely bent to hate him disarrayed;
Till that they spyde, where towards them did pafe
An armed knight, of bold and bountious grace,
Whose Squire bore after him an heben lance,
And covered shield. VVell kend him for faire space
That enchantuer by his armes and amenance,
When vnder him he saw his Lybian feed to prauence;

And to those brethren said, Rufe, rife by line,
And vsce battle do your felues adдрес;
For, yonder comes the prowes knight almue,
Prince Arthur, Bowre of grace and noblelee.
That hath to Paynim knyghts wrought great diffire,
And thowand Sar'zins feuelly donne to dye.
That word to deepe did in their harts imprefse,
That both effoons vpstart furiously,
And gan themselues preparie to battell greedly.

But fierce Pyrhochles, lacking his owne sword,
The want thereof now greatly gun to plaine,
And archimage beloued, him that afford,
Which he had brought for Broggedescio vaine.
So would I, sayd th'enchauuter, glad and fame
Betere me to you his sword, you to defend,
Or ought that elle your honour might maintaine,
But this that weapons powre I will haue kend,
To be contrary to the worke which yee intende.

For, that same kynghode owne sword this is of yore,
Which Merlin made by his almighty art
For that his noursill, when he kynghood thowed, were
There-with to doon his foes eternall smart.
The metal first he mixt with Medeswar,
That no enchantement from his dint might faile:
Then it in flames of Astrae wormt away,
And feuen times dipped in the bitter wate
Of hellish Styx, which hidden vertue to it gaue.

The vertue is, that neither steel nor stone,
The brooke thereof from entrance may defend;
Ne euer may be vled by his bone,
Ne fore't his rightfull owner to offend,
Ne euer will it breake, ne euer bend.
Wherefore Monddeore it rightfulliy is hight.
In vain therefore, Pyrhochles, should I send
The fame to thee, against his Lord to fight.
For, sure it would deceit thy labour, and thy might.

Foolish old man, sayd then the Papian wreath,
That weened words or charmes may force withliand
Soone shalt thou fee, and then believe for troth,
That I can earue with this enchantuad brod
His Lords owne fleth. There-wit out of his bond
That veruous steele he rudely snatcht away,
And Guyons sheld about his writ he bond;
So, ready dight fierce battale to asay,
And match his brother proud in battalious array.

By this, that stranger knight in presence came.
And goodly faide them: who sought againe
Him answered, as courtesie became;
But with terme lossoes, and stormous disdaine,
Gave signes of grudge and dift. renement vaine.
Then, turning to the Palmer, hee gan say
Where, at his feet, with forrowfull demaine
And deadly hew, an armed corse did lye,
In whose dead face he read great magannimity.

Sayd he then to the Palmer, Reuerend lyre,
What great misfortune hath beit this knight?
Or did his life her fatal date eypyre,
Or did he fall by treason, or by light?
How-cuer, sure I rew his pitious plight.
Not one, nor outher, sayd the Palmer grave,
Hath him becline, but clowdes of deadly night
Awhile his heayny eylds corner'd hauce,
And all his seues drowned in deep feneicelie wae.

Which, those faire foees that doen await hereby,
Making advantage, to revenge their plight,
Woulde him diuarme, and treaten shamefully;
(Vnworthy yage of redoubted knyght)
But you, sayde Sir, whose honourable fight
Doth promis hope of help, and timely grace,
Mote I befeech to succour his sad plight,
And by your powre protect his felie cafe.

First praye of knyghthood is, foule outrage to deface.

Palmer, sayde he, no knyght to rule (I weene)
As doth outrage to a sleeping ghost:
Ne was there euer noble courage keen,
That in advantage would his puissance boit:
Honour is leafe, where oddes appear eth molt.
May be, that better reason will allwage
The rath revengers heat. V Words well dispot
Hau euer secret powre, t'appeasse inflamed rage:
If not, leave vnto me thy knyghts laft patronage.

Tho, turning to those brethren, thus besoke:
Yee warlike payre, whose valorous great might,
It feemes, butt wrongs to vengeance doth prouoke,
To wrekke thy wrath on this dead-slepening knyght,
Mote ought alay the formes of your despight,
And sette patience in ferior heat.
Not to debate the challenge of your right,
But for this carcaffe-pardon I entreat,
Whom fortune hath already lyad in loweft feet,
Now was the Prince in dangerous diftrefle, 
Wanting his sword, when he on foot should fight: 
His fingle fpeare could doe him in all Redrefs, 
Against two foes of fo exceeding might, 
The lefs of which was much for his right. 
And now the other, whom he carft did daint, 
Had read himfelfe againe to cruel fight, 
Three times more furious, and more puiffant. 
Vnmindfull of his wound, of his fate ignorant. 

So, both atonce him charge on either fide, 
With hideous frokees, and impoftable powre; 
That forced him his ground to trauerne wide, 
And wiely watch to ward that deadly flowre. 
For, on his flued, as thicke as stormy flowres. 
Their frokees of ofaine: yet did he never quaille, 
Ne backward fhrunke: but as a feldift towre, 
Whom foe with double battre doth affaile, 
Them on her bulwarke beares, & bids them nought strike: 

So fointly he withfhold their strong affly, 
Till that at laft, when he advantage fpide, 
His poynant fpeare he ftrike with pulifant fway 
At proud Cymbelles, whiles his shield was wide, 
That through his thigh the mortall fide did glide; 
His foone with ftrike, yet fell it not three fpace; 
Did brake the lance, and let the head abide: 
Out of the wound the red blood flowed freth. 

That vnderneath his feet foon he made a purple pleafe. 

Horribly then he gan to rage, and rale, 
Curfing his gods, and himfelfe dainty deep: 
Ais when his brother faw the red blood traile 
Adowne to falt, and all his armour fpeepe, 
For very fience floud he gan to wepe, 
And fied, Cymbel, cafe on thine cruel fhand, 
That twicke hath fpain, yet fell it not three fepe; 
From the third brunt of this my fatail brond: 

Lo, where the dreadfull Death behind thy back doth ftoode. 

With that hee frokeoe, and th'other frokeoe withall, 
That nothing leem'd more beare to monftrous might: 
The one vpon his couer'd shield did fall, 
And glancing downe, would not his owner bite: 
But th'other did vpon his trancheon flinte, 
Which hewing quite afinder, further way 
It made, and on his hacqueton did bite, 
The which diuinding with impurane fway, 
It feiz'd in his right fide, and there the dint did flay. 

Wide was the wound, and a large lukewarme flood, 
Red as the Roife, thence guifhed grievously: 
That when the Paynim fpide the streaminge blood, 
Gave him great hart, and hope of victorie. 
On the other fide, in huge perplexitie, 
The Prince now ftoode, hauing his weapon broke; 
Nought could he hurt, but still at ward did lie: 
Yet with his trancheon he fo rudely froke 
Cymbelles twicke, that twice him forck, his foone recover: 

Whom,
Whom when the Palmer law in tuch differe,  
Sir Guion (w'hose he lightly to him taught,  
And said; Faire woman, great God th'right hand bleffe,  
To we that sword so wisely as it sough.  
Glad was the knight, and with his fierce courage fraught,  
When at againe he armed fe'his hond;  
Then like a Lion, which hath long time faught  
His robbed welpeles, and at the last them fond  
Emongst the Shepheard's swaines, the wezeth wood & yond:  
So fierce he layd about him, and deale blows.  
On either side, that neithcr mauge could hold,  
Ne shield defend the thunders of his throwes:  
Now to Pyrhohiles many strokes he told  
Eft to Cymbeltes twice so many fold:  
Then backe againeterning his buffe hond,  
Them both attouce compeld with courage bold,  
To yield wide way to his hart-thrilling brond;  
And though they both stood stiffe, yet could not both  
As savage Bull, whom two fierce maughter bays,  
V'rhen rancour doth with rage him oncengore,  
Forges with warie ward them to await,  
But with his dreadful horne them druves aforde,  
Or flanges aloft, or treads downe in the flore,  
Breathing out wrath, and bellowing disdain,  
That all the forest quakes to heare him rore:  
So rag'd Prince Arthur twixt his foemen twaine,  
That neither could his mighty puiffance upliftaine.  
But ever to Pyrhordes when he smit  
(Who Guion shield cast ever him before,  
Whereon the Fairy Queenes pourtract was writ)  
His hau'n. relented, and the stroke forbore,  
And his dearte hart the piture gan asore;  
V'Which of the Paynim fait'd from deadly fower.  
But him hence-forthe the fame can facre no more;  
For, now arried is his fatall bowre,  
That no'te avoyded be by carthly skill or powre.  
For, when Cymbeltes law the foule reproche,  
Which them approached: pricket with guilty shame,  
And inward grace, he fiercely gan approche,  
Revolv'd to put-away that loathly blame,  
Or die with honour and defert of fame;  
And on the haukberk froooke the Prince fo fove,  
That quite dispers'd all the lincked frame,  
And peard to the skin, but hit no more,  
Yet made him twice to reeke, that never moon'd afore.  
Wherat refin'de; with wrath and sharp regret,  
Hec froooke so hugely with his borrow'd blade,  
That it empac'rd the Pagan's bargain,  
And cleaving the hard steelde, did deepc invade  
Into his head, and cruelly paffage made  
(ground, Quite through his braine. Hec tumbling downe on  
Beath'd out his ghost: which to th'innermost fire  
Fall flyinge, thee eternal torment found,  
For all the flames, where-with his lewel life did abound.
Canto IX.

The house of Temperance, in which doth sober Alme dwell, 
Bejeg'd of many foes, whom stranger knights to fight compell.

For want of weapons they shall soon be had. 
So soon he to discourse the whole debate, 
Which that strange knight for him sustain'd had, 
And tho' two satins confounded late, 
Whole carcasses on ground were horribly prostrate.

Where when he heard, and saw the tokens true, 
His heart with great affection was embay'd, 
And to the Prince with bowing reverence due, 
As to the Patron of his life, thus said: 
"My Lord, my liege, by whom most gracious ye'd 
I live this day, and fee my foes fabdew, 
What may suffice, to be for meede repay'd 
Of so great graces, as ye have me shew'd; 
But to be ever bound"

To whom the Infant thus: Faire Sir, what need Good turns be counted, as a servile bond, To bind their doers to receive their need? Are not all Knights by oath bound, so withfond Opprejlaurs powre by armes and puifant lond? Sufije, that I have done my due in place. So, goodly purpose they together lend, Of kinderlie and of curteous agrace; The whiles fall, Archamage, and Alim fled space.

For he, said he, if in that picture dead Such life ye read, and verue in vaine flew, 
Whit mote ye weene, if the true lively-head Of that most glorious vifage ye did view? 
But of the banite of her mind ye knew, 
That is, her bounhte, and imperial powre, 
Thousand times fayer then her mortal bre, 
O how great wonder would your thoughts elcourage, 
And infinite desire into your spirit poure?
She is the mighty Queen of Faerie,
Whose faire retreat I in my field dose bear:
She is the flower of grace and chastitie,
Throughout the world renown'd for all fair and neat.
My life, my hege, my Soueraigne, my deare,
Who's glorious light as the morning faire,
And with her light the earth culumines cleare;
Parre reach her mericies, and her praises faire,
As well in state of peace, as puissance in warre.

Thrice happy man, said then the Britten knight,
Whom glorious lot, and thy great valianc,
Hast made a soilder of that Princeesse bright,
Which with her bounty and glad countenance
Doth bleffe her tenants, and them high aduancement.
How may strange knight hope ever to aspire,
By faithfull servicie, and meet aduancement
Vnto such blisse? sufficient were that hire
For loffe of thousand lives, to die at her desire.

Said Gauen, Noble Lord, what meede so great,
Or grace of earthly Prince to loue,
But by your wondrous word and warlike feat
Ye well may hope, and easily attaine?
But were your will, her foold to entertaine,
And numbred be mongkts of Maydenhood,
Great guerdon (well I wote) should you remaine,
And in her loue highe be reckoned,
As Arralgeith, and Spoyly now been honour'd.

Cespe, then said the Prince, I God arrow,
That since I armes and knighthood first did plight,
My whole desire hath beene, and yet is now,
To ferue that Queene with all my powre and might.
Now hath the Sunne with his lamp-burning light,
Walkt round about the world, and I no leffe,
Since of that Goddeffe I have lou'd the fight,
Yet no where can her find: such HAPPYNTIE
Heauen doth do to me envy, and fortune fauorreifie.

Fortune (the foe of famous cheualiance)
Sildome (said Gauen) yields to vertue ydle,
But in her way throwes mifchefe and mischeauance,
Whereby her courte is fipt, and paflige fluid.
But you, faire Sir, be not here-with dismait,
But constant keepe the way in which ye stand;
Which were not, that I am eliel delaid
With hard adventure, which I haue in hand,
I labour would to guide you through all Faerie land.

Graumeric Sir, said he but mote I wote,
What strange adventure does ye nowe pursuc?
Perhaps my succour, or aduizement meet,
Mote read you much your purpose to confute.
Then gan Sir Gauen all the havyth flew
Offaile Archa, and her wicked wiles,
Which to avenge, the Palmer him forth drew
From Faerie court. So talked they, the whiles
They wafted had much way, and meafur'd many miles.

And now faire Thibauus grant decline in laufe
His wearie wagon to the Western vale,
When as they spide a goodly Castle, plac't
Forebye a rauer in a pleasant dale;
Which choosing for that evenings hospitale,
They thither marcht: but when they came in fight,
And from their weucy counters did aveal,
They found the gates fast bar'd long cre night,
And every loup fast locks, as taring foes delight.

Which when they saw, they weened foule reproche
Was to them done, their entrance to forfaile;
Till that the Squire gan nigher to approche;
And wind his hornes under the castle wall,
That with the noise it thooke, as it would fall:
Eftfoones forthlooked from the highest spire
The watch, and loud vnto the knights did call,
To weat what they so rudeely did require.

Who gently answered, They entrance did desire.

Fliy fly, good knights, said he, fly fast away
If that your liues ye love, as meet ye should;
Fly fast, and fawe your felues from meere decre:
Here may ye not have entrance, though we would be:
We would and would againe, if that we could;
But thouand enemies about vs rare,
And with long fiege vs in this castle hould:
Seven yeares this wize ye vs befiegle have,
And many good knights flaine, that have vs fought to faine.

Thus as he spake, loo, with outrageous cry
A thousand villains round about them warm'd
Out of the rocks and caves adoining nie,
Vile cuttice wretches, ragged, rude, deform'd,
All threatening death, all in strange manner arm'd,
Some with vviwde clubs, some with long spires,
Some ruffie knifes, some staves in faire warm'd.
Sterne was their looke, like will-samazd Stears,
Staring with hollow eyes, and flffe upstanding hearts.

Fiercely at first those knights they did assallie,
And drove them to reclofe: but when againe
They gave fresh charge, their forces gain to falle,
Vnable their encounter to sustaine;
For, with such puissance and impetuous mane
Those Champions broke on them, that forc't them fly,
Like scattered Sheepe, when as the Shepheards twaine
A Lyon and a Tigne dodi epy,
With greedy pale forth ruffling from the forest nie.

Awhile they fled, but foon returnd againe
Vitth greater fury then before was found;
And etormore their cruel Capitaine
Sought with his rauall routs to enchole them round,
And (outer-rumne) to tread them to the ground;
But foone the Knights with their bright-burning blades
Broke those rude troupees, and orders did confound,
Hewing and slitting at their idle flasses; (Iades."
For, though they bodies fcamne, yet substance from them
As
As when a swarme of Gnats at eventide
Out of the fenes of Allan doe arse,
Their murmuring small trumpeters founden wide,
While in the ayre their clarion armie flies,
That as a cloud doth seeme to dim the skies;
Ne man nor beast may rest, or take repast,
For their sharpew wounds, and noysome injuries,
Till the fierce Northerne wind with blustering blast
Doth blowe them quite away, and in the Ocean cast.

Thus when they had that troublous rout dispersd,
Vnto the Caffe gate they come againe,
And entrance caw'd, which was denued erft.
Now, when report of that their perilous paine,
And combersome conflict which they did fulfaine,
Came to the Ladies care which there did dwell,
She forth sliued with a goodly traine
Of Squires and Ladies equepped well,
And entertained them right fairely, as befit.

Aima she called was, a virgins bright;
That had not yet felt Captives wanton rage,
And euen with gold and pearle, most richly wrought,
And borne of two faire Damfels, which were taught
That ferenice well. Her yellow golden haires Were trimly worn, and in trelles wrought,
Ne other tyre she on her head did weare,
But crowned with a garland of sweet Roseter.

Goodly she entertain'd those noble knights,
And brought them vp into her caffle hall;
Where, gentle court and gracious delight
She to them made, with mildnefe vrginall,
Shewing herfelue both wife and liberall;
There when they refited had a feafon dew,
They her befouled of faveour speciall,
Of that faire Caffe to afford them view;
She graunted, and them leading forth, the fame did shew.

First, the them led vp to the Caffe wall,
That was fo high, as foe might notion clime,
And all fo faire, and fenfible withall,
Nor buildt of brick, ne yet of stone and lime;
But of thing like to that Egiptian fime,
Whereof King Nine whilome built Babel towres:
But great pitty, that no longer tyme
So goodly workmanship should not endure:
Soone it muft turne to earth; no earthly thing is sure.

The faire the es of feene d parly circular,
And part triangular; a worke divine!
Those two the first and left proportions are,
The one imperfeft, mortall; Crainine;
The other immortall, perfeft, masculine;
And twixt them both a quadrate was the bafe,
Proportioned equally by feuen and nine;
Nine was the circle let in heauen s place,
All which compeated, made a goodly Dyapye.

Therein two gates were placed seeemly well:
The one before, by which all in did paufe,
Did threatner far in workefhippe excel;
For, not of wood, nor of enduring brasse,
But of more worthy substance fram'd it was;
Doubly dispar'd, it did lock and clofe,
That when it locked, none might thorough paufe,
And when it open'd, no man might it clofe,
Still open to their friends, and clofed to their foes.

Of heuen fome the porch was fairly wrought,
Stone more of valeuw, and more smooth and fine,
The fone at Marble faret from Ireland brought;
Over the which was couè a wandering Vine,
Enchaunted with a wanton Juicke twine.
And over it a faire Porteaulis hung,
Which to the gate direcdly did incline,
With comely compafe, and compafture strong,
Neither vaccurly short, nor yet exceeding long.

Within the Rubrician a Porter fete,
Day and night dutie keeping watch and ward,
Nor night, nor word mote paufe out of the gate;
But in good order, and withvidnefse regard;
Viteres of secrets he from thence debard,
Babblers of folly, and blazers of crime.
His luram-bell might loud and wide be heard
When caufe requir'd, but never out of time;
Earely and latee it rieng, ar euening and at prime.

And round about the porch on euery fide
Twice fecteone warders fete, all armed bright
In glifirng Relic, and ftrongly folute:
Tall yronen feemed they, and of grete might;
And were enraunged ready fill for fght.
By them as Aima paffed with her guests,
They did obedience, as befouled right,
And then againe returned to their refets:
The Porter eke to her did low with humble gefta.

Thence the them brought into a fately Hall,
Wherein were myny tables faire diuipred,
And ready dight with drapes feafull:
Against the winds shoule be minuipred.
At th' upper end there face, yelad in red
Downe to the ground, a comely personage,
That in his hand a white rod menag'd:
He Steward was, hight Dier; ripe of age,
And in demeanoure sober, and in counfell lage.
And through the Hall there walked to and fro
A jolly yeoman, Merrifall of the same,
Whose name was apprized; he did betowe
Both guests and meat, when ever in they came,
And knew them how to order without blame,
As him the Steward bade. They both grave
Did due to them Lady, as became;
Who, putting by, forth led her guests thence
Into the kitchen room, ne Iarp'd for niceness none.

It was a vast shudden great diligence,
With many ranges read along the wall;
And one great chimney, whose long tunnel thence,
The fiome forth threw. And in the midst of all,
There placed was a caudron wide and tall,
Upon a mighty furnance, burning hot,
More hot, then Area' or flaming Magnific;
For, day and night it burnet, need ed hot,
So long as any thing in the caudron got.

But to delay the heat, lest by much paine
It might break out, and (et all the whole on fire,
There added was by goodly ordinance,
An huge great pair of hollowes, which did fire
Continually, and cooling breath infinge.
About the caudron many Cookes accoyed,
With hooks and ladles, as need did require;
The whiles the viands in the vessel boyd,
They did about their business, care, and dearly to

The master Cook was cal'd Michaelson,
A careful man, and full of comely grace,
The kitchen Clocke, that night Delectation,
Did order all the cases in neatly wise,
And set them forth, as well he could deute.
The rest had several offices assigned,
Some to remoove the faunum as it did rise;
Others to bear the same away did mind.
And others it to vse according to his kind.

But all the liquor, which was boile and waste,
Not good starr servisiable forc e for ought,
They in another great round yeall place,
Till by a conduct pipe it thence were brought.
And all the rest, that soone was and nought,
By secrete wayes that none might stelpe,
Was close comend, and to the back gate brought,
That clop'd was Port Equalline, whereby
It was afield quite, and the stove wee prudent.

Which goode order, and great workmanship skil,
When at thefe Knights beheld, with rare delight
And gazing wonder they their minds did fill;
For, never had they seenes strange a fight.
Thence back as same rate, Anna led them right,
And soone into a goode parlour brought,
That was with royall Arts richly light,
In which was nothing pourtrayed, nor wrought,
Yet wrought not poynted out, but eafe to be thought.

And in the midst thereof upon the thourc,
A lovely beaute of faire Ladies faire,
Couthed of many a jolly Paramour,
The which them did in modest wise attract.
And each one fought her Lady to aggrage;
And else amongst them little captue plaid
His wanton sports, becoming return.
From his fierce warres, and having from his lord
His cruel bowe, where with he thoughtes bath dimus.

Diuerse delights they found themselves to please;
Some sung in sweet consort, some laught for joy,
Some plaid with thrawes, some idly sat at ease;
But otber some could not abide to toy.
All pleasaunce was to them griefe and annoy:
This round, that round, the third for shame did blush;
Another seemen envious, or coy,
Another in her treed did grace a rush;
But at these strangers presence every one did hush.

Soone as the gracious Anna came in place,
They all attone out of their feates arose,
And to her homage made, with humble grace:
Whom, when the Knights beheld, they could dole.
They remed to court, and do a Danelike chose:
The Prince (by chance) did on a Lady light,
That right faire ancreth as morning rose,
But forsome what fad, and solemne eye in view.
As it some penfude thought comman and her gentle perfections.

In a long purple pull, whose skirt with gold
Was fretted all about, she was arrayd;
And in her hand a Poplar branch did hold:
To whom the Prince in curteous manner saide:
Gendle Madame, why been ye thus dimus,
And your faire beautie did do with faire effe pull:
Lues any, that you hath thus ill aped?
Or do you lose, or do you lacke your will?
What can the worse be, the first befterves you ill.

Faire Sir, saide she (half in dissaine full wife)
How is it that this word in me ye blame,
And in your felse doe not the same advote:
Him ill be commes, another fault to name,
That may swaves be blest with the faire:
Penitence I yield am, and sad in mind,
Through great defire of glory and of fame:
Ne ought I (weeke) are ye therein behide,
Came,
That hath twelve moneths fought one, yet no where can she.

The Prince was sably metted at her speche,
Well moveing true, what she had truly told;
Yet with faire semblant fought to hide the breake.
Which change of colour did perforte eneal,
Now seeming darest hot, now seemed cold.
This turning to side, he did inquire,
What wright the was, that Poplar branch did hold:
It antwird was: her name was Diana,
That by well doeing fought to honer to figure.
The wholes, the Faerie knight did entertaine
Another Damfell of that gentle crew,
That was right faire, and modest of demeanour,
And that too oft of the chaste and modest nature:
Strange was her hue, and all her garment blew,
Close round about her neck, with many a plie:
Upon her arm, the bird which she presented,
And keeps in constant close from haring Night,
Did sit, as yet unshamed, how rude she was did sit.

So long as 
your will, with her committed,
Unto the ground the cast her modest eye,
And ever and anon with rote red
The bashfull blood her lovely cheeks did die;
That her became, as poultrly livery,
Which cunning Craftsmans hand hast ever laid
With faire Vermin or pure lusty.
Great wonder had the knight to see the mad
So strangely passioned, and to her gently said,
Fare Damfell, fterneth by your troubled heart,
That either me too bold ye can see, this will
You to molest, or other to fear:
That in the fecret of you heart doth lies,
From whence this doth, as cloud from feme wise.
If the I, of pardon I you pray:
But if ought, else that I more not devise,
I will (if please you it diure) alloy
To safe you of that ill, to wisely as I may.

She answered nought, but more abashed for shame.
Held down her head, the white her lovely face
The falling blood with blushing did inflame,
And the strong passion made her modest grace.
The Craftsmans hand it in thy countenance,
Till Agnes but before it, Why would you
Fare Sir at that, which ye too much embrace?
She is the fortunate of your maidens,
You shamefesse are, but Shamefull'es estate is fine.

Thereat the Elfe did blush in proucere.
And turned his face away, but the the same
Dissembled faire, and faind to sucrece.
Thus they while with quiet and modestly.
Themelves did in face each one with his Dame,
Till that great Lute thence away them fough,
To see her Castles other wondrous frame.

Upon a finely Turrets the they brought,
Ascended by ten steps of Alabaster wrought.

That Turrets frame most admirable was,
Like uppish heaven complaited around,
And lited high above this earthly mas,
Which it surveyd, as a hill doth lower ground:
But not on ground more like to this belong.
Not that which ancient Cymru was one build,
In Thesics, which Alexander did confound:
Nor that proud tower of Troy, though richly gilt,
For which young Heifer blood by cruel Greek was spilt.

The rooke hereof was arched over head,
And decked with flowers and herbs daintily;
Two godly Baxtons, in in watches stood,
Theirain gate light, and hand did continue:
For, they of lime fire most jubly
Were made, and seem'd to make such sight.
Gourds with lidis devi'd of substance fly,
That readily they shet and open might.

O, who can tell the gracefes of that makers might!

Ne can I tell, ne can I stay to tell
This parts great workeanship, and wondrous powre,
That all this other worlds worketh doth excel,
And he thereunto that heuently proveth.
That God hath built for his owne blest boawe.
Therein were divine rooms, and divine flagges,
But three the chiefest, and of greatest powre,
In which there dwelt three honourable flagges,
The wiseft men (I weene) that lived in their ages.

Not he, whom Greee (the Nurse of all good Arte)
By Phæbus doome, the wiseft thought alue,
Might be compar'd to theke by many partes:
Nor that mighty Pylian fire, which did survee.
Three ages, such as mortalls to conuee,
By whose advice old Priamus cistic fell,
With thet in proue of politicke motte trie.
These three in these three rooms did sundry dwell,
And coutrilled faire Almas, how to gouerne well.

The first of them could things to come fore-fece;
The next, could of change pricent best advice:
The third, things past could keep in memore:
So that no time, nor reason could anfe,
But that the turm old here be in their comparte.
For thy, the first did in the fore-part fece,
That sought more kinder his quicke prudencie;
He had a sharfe foresight, and working wit,
That never idle was, ne once could rest a while.

His chamber was displaunted allwithin,
With sundery colours, in the which were witt
Infinite shapes of things diffipered thine.
Some such as in the world were uerue,
Ne can describ'd be of mortall witt:
Some daily scene, and known by their names,
Such as in idle fantaties doe flit:
Infrant Hags, Centaures, fpend, Hippades,
Apes, Lyons, Eagles, Owles, fooles, louters, children,
(Damer.

And all the chamber filled was with fires,
Which burzed all about, and made fuch found,
That they encumberd all mens ears and eyes,
Like many swarmes of Bees assembled round,
After their bines with honny doe abound:
All they were old thoughts and fantaues,
Deuices, dreames, opinions vsound,
Shewes, visiones, fouthe-fykes, and prophetics;
And all that fainat is, as leaunges, tales, and lits.
Emongst them all fate he which wou'd there,  
That highe Pharsalia by his nature trow;  
A man of yeares yet fryst, as moke appare,  
Of worthly complexion, and of erjibbed new,  
That him full of melancoly did trow;  
Bent hollow beetle browes, sharp staring eyes,  
That mad or foolish seem'd: one by his view  
Mote deeme him borne with ill distropt skyes,  
When oblique Saturne fate in th'houfe of agonies.

Whom Aima haunging shewed to her guestes,  
Thence brought them to the second room, whole was  
Were painted Eire with memorable gettes  
Of famous Wizards, and with picturals  
Of Magistrates, of courts, of tribunals,  
Of common wealthes, of states, of policie,  
Of lawes, of judgements, and of decretes;  
All Artes, all Science, all philosophie,  
And all that in the world was ay thought witty.

Of those that roome was full: and them among  
There sat a man of ripe and perfect age,  
Who did them meditate all his life long,  
That through continuall prake and visage,  
He now was grown right wise, and wondrous sage.  
Great pleasure had those stranger Knights, to see  
His goodly reason, and grave perfonage,  
That his discipkes both deere did bee:  
But Aima thence them led to th'indmost roome of three.

That chamber seemed ruinous and old,  
And therefore was remou'd faire behind,  
Yet were the wals, that did the fame uphold,  
Right firme and strong: though somewhat they declin'd;  
And therein sat an old man, halfe blind,  
And all decrepit in his feeble corse,  
Yet lusty vigour refledt in his mind,  
And reconmence him with a better forse:  
Weake body well is chang'd for minds redoubled forse.

This man of infinite remembrance was,  
And things foregone through many ages held,  
Which he recorded still as they did past,  
Ne suffred them to perish through long eld,

As all things else, the which this world doth wold,  
But laid them vp in his immortal firme,  
Where they for euer incorrupted dwell;  
The wares he well remembred of king Anax,  
Of old Asaraces, and Inachis divine.

The yeares of Nestor nothing were to his,  
Ne yet Manila, though longeft lyu'd;  
For, he remembred both their infancies:  
Ne wonder then, if that he were depru'd  
Of naturall strength now, that he them turui'd.  
His chamber all was hang'd about with rolles,  
And old records from ancient times deriv'd,  
Some made in booke, some in long purportment scrol'd,  
That were all worme-eaten, and full of canker holes.

Amidst them all lie in a charie was fet,  
Taffing and turning them withouten end;  
But for he was viable them to fet,  
A little boy did on him still attend  
To reach, when ever he for ought did send;  
And oft when things were loft, or laid amiss,  
That boy then sought, and unto him did lend.  
Therefor the Anamumet eloped is,  
And that old man Eunomus, by their properti.

The Knights, there entring, did him reverence dew,  
And wonder'd at his endless exercice,  
Then as they gan their Librarie to view,  
And antique Registres for to avife,  
There chaunc'd to the Princes hand to rise  
An antique booke, hight Briton monumet,  
That of this lands first conquest did deuife,  
And old diuision into Regiments,  
Till it reduced was to one mans gouvemments.

Sir Guyon chan'st eke on another booke,  
That hight Antiquity of Faerie land.  
In which when as he greedily did looke;  
Th'off-spring of Elves and Furies there he fond,  
As it deliuer'd was from hand to hand.  
Whereat they burning both with fervent fire  
Their countrie auntelly to vnderstand,  
Cra'd leue of Aima, and that aged fire,  
To read those booke; who gladly graunted their desire.
Canto X.

A chronicle of Briton Kings
from Brutus to Others raigne:
And rolles of Elsin Emperours,
till time of Gloriana.

The land, which warlike Britons now possess,
And therein have their mighty Empire fay'd,
In antique times was savage wildernefe,
Vape, yleed, vivamans etc., vapored, vapryled;
Ne was it land then, ne was it payd?
Amid the Ocean waves, ne was it sought
Of Merchants fare, for profits therein pray'd,
But was all defolate, and of some thought
By sea to have been from the Celteke main-land brought.

Ne did it then deserve a name to hame,
Till that the venturous Manner that way
Learning his flap from those white rocks to suze,
VWhich all along the Southeme sea-coast lay,
Threatning what the wreck and raft decay,
For fantasies take that fame his fcar-marke made,
And man't it Albion. But later day
Finding in it fit parts for fifters trade,
Gave more the fame frequente, and further to invade.

But fare in land a fals-Tagnation dwelv,
Of hideous Giants, and haft fists beasty men,
That never tasted grace, nor good-nesse felt,
But like wild beasts lurking in lostsome den,
And flying lift as Roebuck through the fen,
All asked without fame, or care of cold,
By hunting and by spoiling hied then;
Of stature huge, and eke of courage bold,
That fiones of men amaz'd their ferneffe to behold.

But whence they sprung, or how they were begot,
Vneath is to affure; vneath to weone
That monstrous error which doth some affet,
That Dauidfans fiftex daughters flicere
Into this land by chauncy have driven beene,
Where, comparing with feinds and filthy Sprights,
Through vain illusion of their luffvnecne
They brought forth Giants and fuch deadeall weight,
As fare exceeded men in their immensit'd mighty:

As
They held this Land, and with their faithfull
Polluted this fame gentle soyle long time:
That their own mother loath'd their beautyful
And gave birth to her broods wantonly crime.
All were they borne of her owne naturall
Vestill that Brutus suddenly deru'd.
From royall stock of old Affarace line,
Drum'd by faultfull erous, heretarri'd,
And them of thier wantfull pollicion depru'd.

But ere he had established his throne,
And spred his Empire to the utmost shore,
He fought great battles with his faluage foes:
In which he then defeated evermore,
And many Giants left on growing there:
That well can wittnes yet unto this day
The western Hogh, besprindled with the gore
Of mighty Goemcis, whom in fout fray
Corinbas conquered, and cruelly did slay.

And eke that ample Pit, yet faire renown'd,
For the large leape, which Debon did compell
Cousin to make, beeing eight hogs of ground;
Into which returning back, he fell:
But tho' he then returned, yet moost excell
That which huge fome of hideous Albion.
Whose father, Hercules in France did quell,
Great Godmher threw, in fierce contention,
At bold Cauarius; but of him was staine anon.

In mede of these great conquests by them got,
Corinbas had the Province vnmoit witt,
To him assign'd for his worthy lot,
Which of his name and memorable gift
He called Corinbas, yet so called beit:
And Debon thaire was, that is Deumufire:
But Cauarius had his portion from the rest,
The which he call'd Cauarius, for his hire;
Now Cauarius, which Kent we commonly inquire.

Thus Brut the Prince of thois Land into his rule subdu'd,
And raigned long in great felicitie,
Lov'd of his friends, and of his foes echewed,
He left threeson's (his famous progeny)
Bone of faire Ingenue of Italy;
Montfom whom he partizd his imperial fatre,
And Locurie left chiefse Lord of Britanry.
At last, ripe age bad him furrender dite.
His life, and long good fortune, vnto finall fate.

Locurie was left the soueraigne Lord of all;
But Albanie had all the Northenre part,
Which of himselfe Albainia he did call;
And Cambre did possesse the Westernie quarte,
Which Severas now from Locurie doth depart.
And each his portion peaceably enjoy'd,
Ne was there outward breach, nor grudge in hart,
That once their quiet gouernment annoy'd,
But each his paines to others profit still employ'd.

Vntill a Nation strange, with visage swart,
And courage fierce, that all mens did affray,
Which through the world then swarmed in every part,
And overwield all countres faire away,
Like Neyes great flood, with their imporunt sway,
This Land invad'd with like violence,
And did themselfes through all the North dispaye:
Vestill that Locurie for his Realmes defence,
Did head against them make, and strong munificence.

Hee them encounterd (as contused rour)
Foreby the River, that whome he was hight
The auncient Ebus, where with courage stout
He them defeated in victorious flight,
And chaz't to fiercely after fairefull flight,
That for't their Chieftaine, for his falsest sake
(Their Chieftaine Humber named was aright)
Vnto the mightie streame him to betake,
Where he an end of battle, and of life did make.

The King returned proud of victorie,
And insolent wox through unwonted eafe,
That shortly he forgot the jeopardie,
Which in his land he lately did appeale,
And fell to some volupatious diate:
He lovd faire Ladie Effirid, lendly lye'd,
Whose wanton pleasures him too much did pleaue,
That quite his hart from Guendetel's remov'd,
From Guendetel his wife, though alwayes faithful prov'd.

The noble daughter of Corurie,
Would not endure to be so vile disfrain'd,
But gathering force, and courage valourous,
Encountred him in battle well ordain'd,
In which his men through the to fly contrain'd:
But he the last purfued, that him she tooke,
And drew in bands, where he till death reman'd;
As his faire Leman, flying through a brooke,
She overhent, nought mov'd with her pitious looke.

But both her selfe, and eke her daughter deceare,
Begotten by her kingly Paramoure,
The faire Sabrina almost dead with fears,
She there attach'd, faire from all succoure;
The one the flow in that impatiente floure:
But the ind virgin innocent of all,
Adowne the rolling riper she did poure,
Which of her name now Severes men do call:
Such was the end that to disloyall loute did fall.

Then fer her some, which fhe to Locurie bore
(Madan was young, vemmet the rule offray)
In her owne hand the crowne she kept in flore,
Till riper yeares she rauh'd, and stronger fly:
During which time, her powre she did dispaye
Through all this Realme (the glory of her face)
And first taught men a woman to obey:
But when her sonne to mans estate did wex,
Shee it furreaded, ne herelie sheerer sheer wex.

Tho
Next him, king Eyr in happy peace long reign'd,
But had no issue male him to succeed,
But three faire daughters, which were well vpiraid,
In all that seemed hit for kingely seed:
Mongt whom his realm he equally decreed
To have diuided. Tho, when feeble age
Nigh to his vnrmsd date he saw proceed,
Hec call'd his daughters; and with speeches sage
Inquir'd, which of them most did love her parentage.

The eldste, Geronill, gan to protest,
That she much more then her owne life him lov'd:
And Regan greater cauce of his preest,
Then all the world, when euer it were proou'd:
But Cordell laid the lov'd him, as behoou'd:
Whose simple anwcrs, wanting colours faire,
To paint stforth, him to diifpleasure moou'd,
That in his crowne he counted her no heire,
But twixt the other twaine his kinglydome whole did shaire.

So, wedd'd th'one to Maygan king of Scots,
And th'other to the king of Cambria,
And twixt them held his realm by equall lots:
But without dower the wife Cordelia
Was sent to Agripp of Celtica.
Their aged Syre, thus eaid of his crowne,
A private life led in Albanie,
With Geronill, long had in great renowne,
That nought him grieu'd to be so rule deposed downe.

But true it is, that when the oyle is spent,
The light goes out, and wick is thrown away;
So, when he had regiou'd his regiment,
His daughter can leave his drooping day;
And wearie wox of his continuall slayne,
Theo to his daughter Regan he repaire,
Vho him at first well vied evey way;
But when of his departure the despar'd,
Her bounty the abated, and his chare empar'd.

The wretched man gan then sife too late,
That loose is not, where meet it is protest;
Too truly styde in his extremeth state:
At last, refo'd with his lady to prooue the reft,
He to Cordelia himselfe ad treft,
Who with entire affiction him receu'd,
As for her Syre and king her seem'd best;
And after all, an army strong thee leau'd.

To war on those, which him had of his realm betwixt.

So to his crowne she him retor'd againe,
In which he dyde, made nep or death by eld,
And after wll'd it shou'd to her remaine:
Who peaceably the same long time did wield;
And all mens harts in dew obedience held;
Till that her sitters children, woxen strong,
Through proud ambition against her rebeld,
And overcommen kept in prison long,
Till weare of that wretched life, her selde she hang.

Then
Then gan the bloudie brethren both to raigne:
But hierc Cunyno gan shortly to envie
His brother Morgan, prickt with proud disdain
To have a Peerrie in part of lower Weare,
And kindling caules of cruel enemie,
Rais'd warre, and him in battle overthrow'd,
Whence as he to thofe woode he did flee,
Which height of him Glamorgon, there him flew:
Then did he raigne alone, when he none equall knew.

His fonne Rival" his dead roome did supply,
In whole full time bold did from heaven raine:
Next, great Gorgyfus, then faire Caelly
In constant peace their kingdomes did containe;
After whom, Lege, and Kimerdyke raigne,
And Cordogud, till fire in yeects he grew;
When his ambitious fonnes unto them twaine,
Arraught the rule, and from their father drew;
Stout Perres and Renne Perres him in prifon threw.

But 0! the greedy thirst of royall crowne,
That knowes no kinred, nor regards no right,
Suid Perres vp to put his brother downe,
Who, into him aselloring forraine might,
Made warre on him, and fell him selfe in right;
Whose death t'avege, his mother mercelefe
(Moift mercelefe of women, Wyden height)
Her other fonne fift steeling did opprife,
And with moft cruel hand him murdered pitifully.

Here ended Brutus facred progenie,
Which had feaven hundred yeeres this feeper borne,
With high renowne, and great felicite.
The noble branch from th'anteque flocke was torme
Through discord, and the royall throne forborne:
Thence-forth this Realme was into factions rent,
Whilst each of Brutus born to be borne,
That in the end was left no moniment
Of Brutus, nor of Britons glory auntient.

Then vp arose a man of marchelle might,
And wondrous wit to manage high affairs,
Who fthird with pitty of the firefed plight
Of this faid Realme, cutt into fundry fhares
By fuch, as claimed themfites Brutus rightfull heires;
Gathered the Princes of the people loofe,
To taken confell of their common cares;
Who, with his wofid owne, him ftright did chaufe
Their King, and fowied him fealy to win or loofe.

Then made he head againft his enemies,
And Tunnor flew, or Logran miferate;
Then Roddoe and proud Stater, both allyes,
This of Albanie newly nominate,
And that of Cambay king confirmed late,
He overthrew through his owne vauntance;
Whole countries he reduc't to quiet flite,
And shortly brought to civil government,
Now one which care was many made through vauntance.

Then made he facred lawes, which some men fay
Were vnto him reveal'd in vision,
By which he freed the Trauilers high way,
The Churches part, and Ploughman's portion,
Refraining heall, and strong extorteion;
The gracious Name of great Britannie:
For, till his dayes, the chiefe dominion
By strength was wielded without policie;
Therefore he first wore crowne of gold for digistie.

Dommalo dido (for, what may live for ay?)
And left two fonnes, of pereleffe princes both;
That facked Rome too dearly did affay,
The recompence of their perjured oth,
And ranlackt Grecce well tride, when they were wroth;
Refides frucfied Fraunces, and Germany,
Which yet their prayses ftcak, all be they loth,
And inly tremble at the memory
Of Erennus and Bellinus, Kings of Britannie.

Next them, did Gorgynt, great Bellinus fonne,
In rule succeed, and eke in fathers prai;
He Efterland fubfeted, and D-nmarke wornne,
And of them both did foy and tribute raife,
The Churches part, and fome fettled theyere days;
He also gave to fugifites of Spagne
(Whom he at firs found wandering from their wayes,
A feste in Ireland fatisf to remaine,
Which they should hold of him, as fubjeft to Britaine.

After him raigned Ghuylinns his heyre
(Th'infultt man and trueft in his dayes)
Who had to wife Dame Mertius the fayre,
A woman worthy of immortall prai,
Which for this Realme found many goodly layes,
And wholeforme Statutes to her husband brought;
Her many deem'd to have bene of the Fayes,
As was fayer'd, that Numa taught;
Theofe yet of her be Mertius lawes both nam'd & thought.

Her fonnes Sifluf after her did raigne,
And then Kimarum, and then Dianus;
Next whom Meridius did the crowne fucuaine:
Who, had he oot with wrath outrageous,
And cruel rancour dimitt'd his valorous
And mighty deeds, should matchd haue the bent:
As well in that fame field victorious
Against the fortune Morand he expreft;
Yet Iuer his memory, though carufcal fleep in reft.

Fifte fonnes he left be gotten of one wife,
All which faceceuffly by turnes did raigne;
First, Goreboman, a man of fervious life;
Next, Archygal, who for his proud disdain
Depofifd was from Princesome fouveraine,
And pitifous Elidare put in his felds;
Who fiouily it to him refer't d again;
Till by his death he it recouerted:
But Peridare and Pirem him diathronizd.
The Faerie Queene

Good Claudius, that next was Emperor,
An army brought, and with him battell fought,
In which the king was by a Treachetous
Disguised flame, ere any ther of thought:
Yet ceased not the bloudie fight for ought;
For Arming his brothers place toppilde,
In armes, and eke in crowne: and by that draught
Did drue the Romans to the weaker side,
That they to peace agreed. So all was pacifice.

Was never king more highly magnifie,
Not dead of Romans, then was Augustus
For which the Emperor to him allude;
His daughter Genii is in marriage:
Yet thordy he remnec't the vaulted slige
Of Rome againe, who hith: a halfly tient
Pepheus, that with great tpoyle and rage
Forwarkt all, till Genius gent
Perwaded him to escale, and her Lord to relent.

He dyed: and him succeeded Marine,
Who tody'd his daies with great tranquillity:
Then Ceyll, and after him good Lucius,
That first received Christianitie,
The sacred pledge of Christ's Eunagly:
Yet true it is, that long before that date
Hither came Jepoh of Armauth,
Who brought with him the holy grace (they say)
And preach't the truth but since it greatly did decay.

This good king shortly without ill dew died,
Whereof great trouble in the kingdom grew,
That did her false in landy parts dide,
And with her power her owne selfe ouerthrew,
Whil'st Romanes daily did the weakcub low,
Which feing from Pandorus vp arose,
And taking armes, the Britons to her drew:
With whom she marchd straight against her foes,
And them enwaus before the Seuere did enclose.

There with the them a cruel battell rize,
Not with to good successe, as the de advising:
By reacion that the Captaines, on her side,
Corrupted by Pandorus, from her foule;
Yet such, as were through former flight preu'd;
Gathering againe, her Host she did renew,
And with fresh courage on the victorour seid:
But being all defeated save a few,
Rather then fly, or be captu'd, herselfe she new.

O famous monument of womens praise,
Matchable either to Semiramis,
Whom antique hill by high dootaisce,
Or to Hesper or to Thamar:
Her Host two hundred thousand numberd is;
Who, whiles good fortune favoured her might,
Triumphed ovt against her enimis;
And yet though ouercome in haples fight,
She triumphed on death, in enemies depight.
THE SECOND BOOKE OF

Cant. X.

Her reliques Fulgent hauing gathered,
Fought with Sweerus and him ouerthrew;
Yet in the chase was flame of them, that fled;
So made them victours, whom he did subdue.
Then gan Carusus tyrannize anew,
And gainst the Romans bent their proper powre,
But him Alleius treacherously flew,
And tooke on him the robe of Emperoure:
Meth feele the fame enjoyed but short happy howre:

For Afeleipate him overcame,
And left inglorious on the vanquished Playne,
Without or robe, or rag, to hide his shame.
Then afterwards he in his stead did raigne;
But shortly was by Ceyd in battell slain:
Who after long debate, since Lucies time,
Was of the Britons first crownd Suaveigna:
Then gan this Realme renew her palled prime:
Of his name Ceydeifer built of stone and lime.

Which when the Romans heard, they hither sent
Constantine, a man of middle might,
With whom king Ceyd made an agreement,
And to him gave for wife his daughter bright,
Faire Helena, the fairest living wight:
Who in all godly thewes, and goodly praffe
Did far excel, but was most famous hight
For skill in Musicke of all in her days,
Aswell in curious instruments, as cunning lays.

Of whom he did great Constantine beget,
Who afterward was Emperor of Rome;
To which whiles absent he his mind did set,
Ofttimes here lepnt into his roomes,
And it turmd by wrathfull and godly doomes:
But he his side selfliude by might,
Slaying Traherne, and hauing overcame
The Romane legion in dreadfull fight:
So settell he his kingdom, and confirmed his right.

But wanting islow male, his daughter desir
He gaue in wedlocke to Maximian,
And him with her made of his kYNdome heyre,
Who foone by meanes thereof the Empyre wan,
Till murdered by the friends of Gratian:
Then gan the Hunnes and Picts invade his land,
During the raigne of Maximian:
Which dyng left none here them to withstand,
But that they ouerran all partes with eafe hand.

The weare Britens, whose war-bale youth
Was by Maximian latey led away,
With wretched miseries, and woeful ruth,
Were to those Paganes made an open pray,
And dayly spectacles of sad decay:
(Yeares, Whom Romane warres, which now foure hundred
And more had wafted, could no whit diminifh;
Till they contenent of Commons and of Parres,
Theys crownd the second Constantine with joyous teares:

Who hauing oft in battell vanquisht
Those spoylefull Picts, and swarming Eaterlings,
Long time in peace his Realme establisht,
Yet oft annoyd with furnity bordragings
Of neighbour Scots, and forreign Scattering,
With which the world did in those days abound:
Which to outheare, with painefull pyonings
From sea to sea he hauet a mightie mound,
Which from Alesia to Peruns did that border bound.

Three fonnes he dyeing left, all under age:
By means whereof, their uncle Fortierrere
Vnfort the crowne, during their pupillage;
Which th'Infants tutors gathering to feare,
Them cloesly into Arminick did bare:
For dread of whom, and for those Picts annoyes,
He sent to Germans, strange aide to reare,
From whence edifices arroued here three hoys:
Of Saxons, whom he for his fafette employes.

Two brethren were their Capitaine, which hight
Hengif and Herfin, well approvd in warr,
And both of them men of renowned might:
Who making vantage of their civill faire,
And of thofe Forreiners, which came from faire,
Grow great, and got large portions of land,
That in the Realme ere long they stronger were,
Then they which fought at first their helping hand,
And Fortierrere enforce the kYNdome to aband.

But by the helpe of Fortireere his fonne,
He is against into his rule reftor'd,
And Hengift fentning fad, for that was done,
Receive is to grace and new accord,
Through his faine daughters face, & flattering word;
Soon after which, three hundred Lords he flew
Of Britifh bloud, all fittin at his bord;
Whofe dolefull monuments who lift to rew,
Th' eternal marks of treafon may at Stoneleng view.

But this, the fonnnes of Constantine, which fel,
Ambripee and Vibur did rife yeares attaine,
And here arriuing, strongly challenged
The crowne, which Vibur did long containe:
Till three thousande Lords he flew
Of Britifh bloud, all fittin at his bord;
Whofe dolefull monuments who lift to rew,
Thenceforth Aureinia peaceably did raigne,
Till that through peyton ftopped was his breath;
So now entombed lies at Stoneleng by the heath.

After him Vibur, which Pendragon hight,
Succeeding There abruptly it did end,
Without full point, or other Cefair right,
As if the reft fome wicked hand did rend,
Or Authour felle could not at leaft attend
To finifh it: that to vntimely breach
The Prince himelfe halfecometh to offend,
Yet infecr pleafure did offence impeach,
And wondere of antiquite long flert his speach.
Then Elfen, who two brethren giant kild,
The one of which had two heads, the other three:
Then Elfmr, who was in Magick skild;
He built by art upon the gilly See
A bridge of brats, whose sound heavens thunder seem'd to

He left three sonnes, the which in order raigned,
And all their Olimp, in their dew deñents,
Even seven hundred Princes, which maintaining
With mightie deeds their fundy governments;
That were too long their infinite contents
Here to record, no much material:
Yet should they be most famous monuments,
And bruce enample, both of Martall
And cruel rule to Kings and States imperiall.

After all these Efclés did raigne,
The wife Efclés in great Majestie,
Who mightily that scepter did sustaine,
And with rich spoiles and famous victorie,
Did high aduance the crown of Farry:
He left two sonnes, of whichEure Efron
The eldeft brother did vntimely die:
Whose empty place the mightie Oberon
Doubly sapphire, in spouall and dominion.

Great was his power and glorious, over all
Which him before that sacred seate did fill,
That yet remains his wide memoriall:
He dying left the Eirefl Tamagull,
Him to succeed therein, by his last will:
Fairer and nobler blast none this bowre,
Neither in grace, nor like in learned skill;
Therefore they Glorion call that glorious bowre.
Long maist thou Glorion live, in glory and great powre.

Beguil'd thus with delight of nothings,
And naturall desire of countires state,
So long they read in those antiquities,
That how the time was fled, they quere forgate,
Till gentle Alm living is so late,
Perforce their studys broke, and them befought
To thinke, how suoper did them long aiate:
So, halfe unwilling from their booke's them brought,
And fairely fated, as to noble knights she ought.
Canto XI.

The enemies of Temperance
besiege her dwelling place:
Prince Arthur them repells, and sawle
Maleger doth deface.

For, all fo soon as Guyon thence was gone
Upon his voyage with his trustye guide,
That wicked band of villains freth begun
That castle to slylye on every side,
And ly strong siege about it far and wid.
So huge and infinite their numbers were,
That all the land they under them did lade;
So sawle and uyly, that exceeding seare
Their visages impref, when they approached near.

Them in twelve troupes their Captain did dißpar;
And round about in fitte 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 case.
Scene of the same against the Castle gate,
In strong entrenchments he did delycely place,
Which with incessant force and endless hate,
They batterd day and night, and entrance did assure.

The other fine, fine fryder ways he fet,
Against the fire great Bulwarke of that pile.
And vnto each a Bulwarke did attet,
T'allyle with open force or hidden guile,
In hope thereof to win victorious spoyle,
They all that charge did feruently apply,
With greedy malice and importune toyle,
And planted there their huge artillery,
With which they daily made most dreadful battery.

The first trupe was a monstruous rablement
Of sawle mishapen wights, of which some were
Headed like Owles, with beakes voucemoly bent,
Others like Dogs, others like Gryphons dreme,
And some had wings, and some had claws to teare,
And every one of them had Lynces eyes,
And every one did bowse and arrowes bare
All those were laweselie lites, corrupt enuius,
And courteous aspects, all cruel enemies.
The whose same against the Bulwarke of the Sight
Did by strong siege, and battallious assailant,
Ne once did yield it repit day nor night,
But loone as Tsian gan his head exaunt.
And soone againe as he his light withhault,
Their wicked engins they against it bent:
That is, each thing, by which the eyes may fault;
But two then all more huge and violent,
Beautie, and money, they that Bulwarke sorely rent.

On th' other side, th' assiected Cattle ward
Their redift flowes did murgially maintaine,
And many bold repulse, and mane hard
Archivement wrought with perill and with paine,
That goddly frame from ruine to sustaine:
And those twain brethren Giants did defend
The walls so strongly with their sturdy maine,
That never entrance any durft pretend,
But they to direfull death their groning ghosts did lend.

The noble Virgin, Lady of that place,
Was much dismayed with that dreadfull fight
(For, never was the like to call)
Till that the Prince seeing her wolful plight,
Gan her recomfort from to sad affright,
Offering his seruice, and his dearft life
For her defence, against that Carle to fight,
Which was their chiefes and th'author of that strife:
She him remarcked as the Patrone of her life.

Eftoones himselfe in glitter and arms he dight,
And his well prov'd weapons to him heft;
So taking courrous conge he behalt,
Those gates to be forbare, and forth he went.
Faire more he thee, the prowelt and moft gent,
That euer branded bright beeke on his:
Whom loone as that unruly rabblement,
With his gay Squire influing did empy,
They read a moft outrageous dreadfull yelling cry.

And therewith all attone at him let fly
Their fluttering arrowes, thicke as thales of snowe,
And round about him flocke impetuously,
Like a great water flood, that tumbling lowe
From the high mountains, threats to overflowe
With suddain fury all the fertile Plaine,
And the sad husbandmans long hope doth throwe
Adowne the streame, and all his voyes make vaine,
Nor bounds nor banks his headlong rume may sustaine.

Vpon his shield their heaped haufe he bore,
And with his sword dispert the raffall flockes,
Which reched swieres, and him fell before,
As wethered leaves drop from their dried flockes;
When the wroth Western wind does reau their locks;
And underneath him his courageous feed.
The fierce Spumador trode them downe like docks,
The fierce Spumador borne of heavenly feed:
Such as Labmedon of Phaebustace did breed.

Which saddene horror, and confused cry,
When as their Captaine heard, in haste he yode
The caufe to view, and fault to remedy;
Vpon a Tigre swift and ference he rode,
That as the wind ran unterneath his lode,
With his long legs night taught into the ground:
Full large he was of limbe, and shoulders brode,
But of such suftible substance and unsound, (bound.
That like a ghost he seemd, whose Graue-clothes were

Thus these twelue troupes with dreadfull poiffanc
Ag on that Castle fittest fesse did lay,
And euermore their ladeous Ordinance
Vpon the Bulwarke cruelly did play,
That now it gan to threaten neere decay;
And euermore their wicked Captaine
Prouoked them the breaches to affay,
Sometymes with threats, sometymes with hope of gaine,
Which by the randacks of that peecce they should attaine.

And
And in his hand a bended bow all seene,  
And many arrows under his right side,  
All deadly dangerous, all cruel keen,  
Heade with flite, and feathers bloody white,  
Such as the Indians in their quyers hide;  
Those could be well direct and fright as line,  
And bid them strike the mark, which he had eye;  
Ne was there false, ne was there medicine,  
That more recure their wounds: so infly they did tire.

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,  
Therto as cold and dreary as a Snake,  
That seem'd to tremble eternmore, and quake:  
All in a canus thin he was bedight,  
And girded with a belt of twifted bake,  
Vpon his head he wore in Helmet light,  
Made of a dead mans fault, that seem'd a gally fight.  

Maleger was his name, and after him  
There follow'd but at hand two wicked Hags,  
With hoare locks all loose, and widge gwame;  
Their feet vnbood, their bodies wrapt in rags,  
And both as swift on foot, as chafed Stege;  
And yet the one her other leg had lane,  
Which with a stiffe, all full of little flags  
She did disport, and Impotence her name:  
But t'other was Impatience, arm'd with raging flame.

Soone as the Carle from furette the Prince efpide,  
Glittering in armes and warlike ornament,  
His beaft he fully pricket on other side,  
And his mifchievous bowe full readie bent,  
With which at him a cruel flite he fent:  
But he was ware, and it warded well  
Vpon his shield, that it no further went,  
But to the ground the idle quarrell fell:  
Then he another and another did expell.

Which to prevent, the Prince his mortall speare  
Soone to him raught, and fierce at him did ride,  
To be avenged of that horrid wilure:  
But he was too hardy to abide  
That bitter bownd, but turning quicke aside  
His light-foot beaft, flied faiy away for fere,  
Whom to pursit, the Infant after hire,  
So faiy as his good Courier could him beare,  
But labour loft it was, to weene approch him neare.

For, as the winged wind his Tigre flied,  
That view of eye could fcarce him outertake,  
Ne scarce his feet on ground were fene to tread;  
Through his and diu'd he speedie way did make,  
Ne hedge ne diu'd his readie paffeage brake,  
And in his flight the vllain turn'd his face  
(As vonts the Tartar by the Caspian lake,  
When as the Ruffian him in flight does chace)  
Vnto his Tygres tale, and thore at him space.
THE FAERIE QUEENE

Cant. XI.

The great Briton Prince him rous'd
Out of his hold, and broke his captive bands,
And as a Beare whom angry curres have touz'd,
Hanging off-there them, and e'es on their hands,
Bare-bred more fell, and all that him with hands
Treads downe and overthrown. Now had the Carle
Aighted from his Tigre, and his hands
Discharged of his bowe and deadly quare,
To seize upon his for flatlying on the marke.

Which now him turnd to disannoye deare;
For, neither can he fly, nor other harse,
But turst unto his strength and manhood measure,
Sith now he is serv'd from his mostious swarme,
And of his weapons as himselfe disarme.
The knight yet wrouthfull for his late disgrace,
Fiercely ahaunt his valorous right armes,
And him so forenorow with his iron mace,
That grouching to the ground he fell, and fild his place.

Well weene he, that field was then his owne,
And all his Labour brought to happy end,
When liudan vp the villicue overthrown,
Out of his owne arode, frefh to contend,
And gun himfelfe to second battell bond,
As he had not been. Thereby there lay
An huge great stone, which flood upon one end,
And had not been remoued many a day;
Some land-marke seem'd to be, or signe of tundry waye.

The same he snatch, and with exceeding fway
Throw at his foe, who was right well aware
To thunne the enem of his meant decay;
It boast not to think that throw to be heare.
But ground he gave, and lightly kept appare.
Eft hearce returning, as a himselfe disarme.
That once hath faild of her owne full hare,
Remounts againe into the open aire,
And vnto better fortune doth her selfe prepare.

So brave returning, with his brandish blade,
He to the Carle himfelfe again addrest,
And strooke at him so steamily, that he made
An open passage through his mean breth,
That halfe the field behind his backe did reft;
Which drawing becke, he looked euermore.
When the heare-blood shou'd gush out of his cheet,
Or his dead corse shou'd fall vp vn the flore:
But his dead corse vp vn the flore fell nuthemore.

Ne drop of bloud appeared flid to bee,
All were the wounde to wide and wondre see,
That through his carcafe one might plainly see:
Hull in a mude with horror hideous,
And halfe in rage to be deluded thus,
Againe through both the fides he strooke him quight,
That made his spight to groane full pityes:
Yet nuthemore forth flid his groaning spight
But freshely, as at first, prepar'd himfelfe to fight.

Thereat he smitten was with great affright,
And trembling terror did his heart appall:
Ne wilt he, what to thinke of that fame fight,
Ne what to lay, ne what to doe at all;
He doubtles, f elf f to fome makeall
Illusion, that did beguile his fene, away
Or wandering ghost, that wanted finerall,
Or acre spirit vnder fale presence.
Or hellish feend rats'd vp through diuellish science.

His wonder furre exceeded reaons reach,
That he began to doubt his darled fight,
And oft of error did himfelfe appall:
Fleth without bloud, a perfon without spight,
Wounds without hurt, a bo dy without might,
That could doe harse, yet could not harmed bee,
That could not die, yet feem'd a mortal wyte,
That was moft strong in moft infirmitee:
Like did he never hars, like did he never fea.

Awhile he stood in this altonishment;
Yet would he not for all his great dismay
Gue out to effect his fift intent,
And th'vnmost means of victorie affay,
Or th'vnmoft fiew of his owne decay.
His owne good swordes, that never fayld
At neede, till now, he hardly throw away,
And his brighte shield, that nought him now availed,
And with his naked hands him forcibly affayld.

Twixt his two mightie armes him vp he snatcht,
And cribst his carcafe fo against his breth,
That the didflainfull fiole he thane dispatcht,
And th'fiele breath all utterly expect.
Tho when he felt him dead, adowne he keft.
The lump with corfe into the teneflefe ground;
Adowne he keft it with fo pfaffent worth.
That backe against it did alfo rebound,
And gave against his mother Earth a grone full found.

As when Ewe's harnelle-Bearing Bird from his
Stoupes at a flying heron with proud diddane,
The fone-dead quary fells fo forcibly,
That it rebounds against the lowe Plane,
A foonde feld redbounding backe againe.
Then thought the Prince all penit fure was paft,
And that he victor onely did remaine:
No fouer thought, then that the Carle as falt
Gas hepe huge brokes on him, as ere he downe was caft.

Nigh his wits end then woes th'amazd knight,
And thought his labour folt and trauell vaine,
Against this lifdef shadow to fight:
Yet life he lay, and felt his mighty maine,
That while he mannefild full, did full him paine:
For thy he gun some other ways aduice,
How to take lifhe from that dead-living swaine,
Whom full he marked freshely to arize.

From the earth, and from her wombe new fpirits to reprise.

K
CANTO XII.

Guyon by Palmers governance,  
Passing through perils great,  
Doth ouerthrow the Boure of blisse,  
And Acrasie defeat.

Upon the waies to set her trembling light,  
An hideous roaring farre away they heard,  
That all their senses filled with affright,  
And straight they saw the raging furies read  
Vp to the skies, that them of drowning made affoard.

Sayd then the Boatsman, Palmer freete arigets,  
And keep an even course: for yonder way  
We needs must pass (God do vs well acquight):  
That is the Gulf of Greediness, they say,  
That deep engorged all this worlds pray:  
Which having woned vp excessive,  
He foon in vomiit vp against doth lay,  
And belcheth forth his superfutite,  
That all the seas for feare doth eame away to fly.

Owes this goodly frame of Temperance  
Firstly to rise, and her adorned bed  
To pricke of highest praise forth to advance,  
Formerly grounded, and fastfetted  
On fime foundation of true bountied:  
And this brave knight, that for this vextue  
Now comes to point of that fame perilous fied, (figs,  
Where Pleasure dwelleth in fentfull delights,  
Moghth thousand dangers, & ten thousand magick mights.

Two dayes now in that fee he fleyed has,  
Ne euer land beheld, ne fuing wight,  
Neought fue perilous, full as he did paife:  
Th'o when appeare the third Morrow bright  
And hauing quenched her burning fier brands,  
Heldlong her felue did cast into that lake;  
But Impotence, with her owne wiffull hands,  
One of Maiters curlid darts did take,  
So riv'd her trembling heart, and wicked end did make.

Thus now alone he conqueror remaines:  
Tho comming to his Squire, that kept his freed,  
Thought to have mounted: but his feeble vaines  
Him faileth thereto, and ferved not his need, (bleed,  
Through les of bloud, which from his wounds did  
That he began to faint, and life decay;  
But his good Squire him helping vp with speed,  
With fieldfull hand vpon his horrie did flue,  
And led him to the Cattle by the beaten waies.

Where many Groomes and Squiers reade were,  
To take him from his fued full tenderly,  
And eke the faireft. Alma met him there  
With bable and wine and costly spicerie,  
To comfort him in his infiraptiy;  
Effo ones she cast'd him vp to be coulnid.  
And of his armes depoyled eafely,  
In fumpuous bed the made him to be laid,  
And all the while his wounds were drifing by him fayed.

45 He then remembered well, that had been sayd,  
How the Earth his mother was, and first him bore:  
She eke, so often as his life decayed,  
Did life with vigor to him restore,  
And rayd him vp much stronger then before,  
So soon as he vnto her wombe was call'd:  
Therefore to ground he would him cast no more,  
Ne him commit to Graue terrifiell,  
But bare him farre from hope of succour vffull.

46 Tho, vp he caught him twiift his puiant hands,  
And hauing knuz'd out of his carrion corfe  
The loathfull life, now looold from sinfull bands,  
Vpon his shoulders carried him performe  
About three furlongs, taking his full course,  
Willing he came vnto a standing lake;  
Him thereunto he threw without remorse,  
Ne fard, till hope of life did him forfack: (make.  
So end of that Carles dayes, and his owne paines did

47 Which when those wicked Hags from farre did spi,  
Like twa mad dogs they ran about the landes,  
And th'one of them with dreadful yelliing cry,  
Throwing away her broken chaines and bands,
The Faerie Queene

On the other side an hideous Rock is sitt,
Or mightie Mages stone, whole corny cliff,
Depending on so high, dreadfull to sight,
Ouer the waves his rugged arms doth lift,
And threaten down to throwe his ragged rift.
On who so commeth nigh; yet nigh it draws not,
All palungers, that none from it can shift:
For whiles they fly that Gullies devouring taws,
They on this rock are rent, and sunk in helpless wawes.

Forward they passe, and strongly he them rowes,
Vntill they viage unto that Gullie arruisse,
Where flame more violent and greedy growes:
Then he with all his palungance doth strive
To strike his owres, and mightily doth drive
The hollow weftell through the threatenfull waves,
Which gaping wide, to swallow them alue
In th' huge abyss of his engulphing Graue,
Doth rore at them in vance, and with great terror rauce.

They paffing by, that greatly mouth did fee,
Sticking the Sea into his entrailles deep,
That teem'd more horible then hell to bee,
Or that darke dreadfull hole of Tartare swepe,
Through which the damned ghasts doen often cepe,
Backe to the world, bad liuers to torment:
But nought that fallles into this drysdef deepes,
Ne that apprecheth nigh the wide defcent,
May backe returne, but is condemned to be deute.

On the other side, they saw that perilous Rocke,
Threatning terriell on them to runnate,
On whose sharpes clifts the ribs of vawes broke,
And fluered ships, which had been wrecked late,
Yet sted, with carcyllas eximiate
Of fuch, as hanging all their substante spent
In wanton notes, and lutes incomparate,
Did afterwards make shipwrecke violent
Both of their life, and laine for ever fowly blant.

For thy, this hight The Rocke of vile Reproche,
A dangerous and detestable place,
To which nor flitt nor fowle did once approche,
But yelding Meawes, with Scagelles howle and bafe,
And Cornyonts, with birds of rauioues race,
Which fill late waiting on that waftull clifts,
For spoile of wretches, whose vnhappy cafe,
After loft credible and confured thrift,
At leaft them druen hath to this depairfull drift.

The Palmer, seeing them in fadde part,
Thus said: Behold th'example in our fights
Of luttful luxury and shrillflee warre:
What now is left of mistatieble wights,
Which spent their loother dates in lewd delights,
But flinte and fad reproche, here to be red,
By these rent reliques, speaking their ill plights?
Let all that live, hereby be couinelled,
To flanne Rocke of Reproche, and it as death to dred.

So forth they towed, and that Ferrizman
With his humble eates did bruite the sea too strong,
That the huge waters from his frigort ran,
And the light bubbles daunted all along,
Whiles the salt brine out of the billowes spung,
At last, far off they many Islands spie,
On every side flothing the floodes among;
Then said the knight, Lo, I the land descrie,
Therefore old Syre thy course do thereunto apply.

That may not be, said then the Ferrizman,
Least we unwresting haste to bee fordone:
For those same Islands, coming now and then,
Are not fume land, nor any certain wonne,
But straggling plots, which to and fro do runne
In the wide waters: therefore are they hight
The wandering Islands. Therefore do them shone;
For they have oft drawnne many a wandering wight
Into most deadly danger and distrefled plight.

Yet well they fereme to him, that earre doth yew,
Both faire and fruitfull, and the ground difpersed
With grasse green of delectable hue.
And the tall trees with leaves apparelled,
Are deckt with floweres dyde in white and red,
That mote the palungers thereto allure;
But whosoeuer once hath safened
His foot thereon, may never it recure,
But wandeth evermore uncertaine and vulture.

As this ifle of Debo whilome men report
Amid th' Agias sea long time did stray,
Ne made for flipping any certaine port,
Till that Latona travelling that way
Flying from Iones wrath and hard aaffy,
Of her faire twins was there delivered,
Which afterwards did rule the night and day;
Thenceforth it firmly was establisshed,
And for Aptor honour highly heritd.

They to him hearten, as beholmeth meete,
And passe on forward: to their way doth try,
That one of those same Islands which doe fleet
In the wide sea, they needes must pilgrn by,
Which seem'd do sweet and pleasant to the eye,
That it would tempt a man to touchen there:
Upon the bank they sitting did eye
A damtie damsel, dressing of her heare,
By whom a little skippet floting did appeare.

She, them eying, loud to them gai call,
Bidding them higher drawne into the shore;
For she did caute to buite them whithall;
And therewith loudly Laught: But nothimore
Would they once turne, but kept on as afofe;
Which when the Law, she left her looks vndight
And running to her boat withouten ore,
From the departing land it launched light,
And after them did druie with all her power and might.

Whom
Whom overtaking, she in every fort
They ran to bord, and purpose daintily,
Now leaving dalliance and wanton sport,
Now throwing forth lewd words immodestly;
Till that the Palmer gan full bitterly
Her to rebuke, for being loose and light:
Which not abiding, but more scornfully
Scotching at him, that did her fullly witt,
She turned her bote about, and from them rowed quite.

That was the wanton *Phebe*, which late
Did ferry him, over the *Ydle lake*:
Whom thought regarding, they kept on their gate,
And all her vaine allurements did forsake,
When they the wary Boaster thus belfast:
Here now behooveth vs well to asyle,
And of our faste great head to take;
For here before a perilous passage layes,
Where many Mermayds haunt, making false melodies.

By the way, there is a great *Quickland*,
And a whitepoole of hidden raprard;
Therefore, Sir Palmer, keep an euem head:
For twist them both the narrow way doth lie.
Scarce had he fayd, when hard at hand they spy
That quickland nigh, with water covered;
But by the checked waue they did defeke
It plaines, and by the sea dicoloured:
It called was the quickland of *Purnflydel*.

They, paffing by, a goodly Ship did fee,
Laden from far with precious merchandise:
And brandely furnished, as fhip might be,
Which through great daunger, or misprize,
Her felle had runne into that hazzarde;
Whole Mariners and Merchants with much toyle,
Labour'd in vaine to haue recered their prize,
And the rich waues to faue from pittous fpoyle:
But neither toyle nor trauell might her backe recollye.

On th'other fide they fee that perillous Poole,
That called was the *Whitepoole of dye*;
In which full many had with haples doole.
Beate funkie, of whom no memory did stay:
Which circled waters rapt with whirling fway,
Like to a retleffe wheele, still running round,
Did couet, as they past by that waie,
To draw the boat within the vertue bound
Of his wide *Labyneth*, and then to have them round.

But th'heedfull Boatman strongly forth did stretch
His brownie arms, and all his body sfraene;
That th'vertue fandy bleach they shortely fetch,
Whales the dread danger does behind remaine:
Suddaine they fee, from midt of all the Maine,
The surging waters like a Mountaine rile,
And the great fca puts vp with proud dailynne,
To fwell above the measure of his gufe,
As threatening to destroie all, that his powre despit.
Which Gwyns hearing, freight his Palmer bade
To flere the boate towards that dolefull Mayd,
That he might know of, and safe her sorrow lad:
Who him answring beter, to him feldfull fair.
Fare Sir, be not displeased, if disobayed:
For ill it were to hearken to her cry;
For she is truly nothing ill appayed,
But only womanfull forgerie,
Your stubborn heart to affiect with frailt infinite.

To which when the your courage hath inclin'd
Through foolish pitie, then her guelfulf balyt
She will embotome deeper in your mind,
And for your ruine at the left awayt.
The knight was ruled, and the Boatsman frayt
Hold on his course with payyed feet,feireflefe,
Ne euer flummce, ne euer sought to balyt
His tired armed vs to tolyome wearinefe
But with his oares did swerce the watry wildernefe.

And now they nigh approachd to the flod,
Where as those Mermaids dwelt: it was a full
And calmys bay, on thone side fielthed
With the broad shadow of an hoare hill,
On the other side an high rocke towerd full.
That shewed them both a pleasan port they made,
And did like an allefe Theatref full:
There thofe five fifters had continual trale,
And vs'd to bath themffelves in that deceefull flode.

They were faire Ladies till they fondly fri'vd
With th'Heliconiam mades for mutterly;
Of whom they ouerccmen were deprivd
Of their poud beautie, and thone mony
Transform'd to fith, for their bold lurkery:
Bunch'ter hailether their hair retained full,
And their sweet skill in wonted melody;
Which o'ers> after they abd'd to ill,
Tallure weak Truelers, whom gotten they did full.

So now to Gwyn, as he pai'd by,
Their pleasan tunes they sweetly thus applyd;
O thon faire forme of gentle Fergy,
That art in mighty armes most magnifie
Aboue all knights, that ever battell trie,
O turne thy ruder hitherward awhile:
Here may thy thorne be vertell safely ride
This is the Port of reft from troublous toyle,
The worlds sweet In, from pane & weareome tornymole.

With that, the rolling fea refounding loft,
In his big bafe then fity anwierd,
And on the rocke the waues breaking aloft,
A telemne Mane onto them measured,
The whites fleece Zephyr's lapd well whitlled
His trebble, a strange kind of harmonie,
Which Gwyns facrely tickled,
That he the Boatsman bad rowe caufily,
And lefthem heare some part of their rare melodie.

But him that Palmer from that vanitie,
With temperate aduice dauncedall,
That they is paff, and shordly gan defcry
The land, to which their course they leued;
When suddenly a great fea ouer pord
With his dull vapour all that defier has,
And heavens cheerfull face enveloped,
That all things one, and one as nothing was,
And this great Vaineife seem'd one confuded maze.

Thereat they greatly were dismayd, ne wilt
How to direct they way in darkenesse wide,
But fear'd to wander in that wavfull mist;
For tombling into mischieue veriacide.
Worke is the danger hidden, then defende,
Suddenly an inmeasurable flight
Of harmfull fowles, about them fluttering, cride,
And with their wicked wings them oft did imagt,
And forre angroy, groping in that griefly night.

Even all the nation of unhapfortune
And fatal birds about them flock'd were,
Such as by nature men abborre and hate,
The ill-fac't Owle, deaths dreadfull meffinger,
The ill-fac't Night, trumpe of dolefull dreare,
The lette-wings, daye's enemy,
The neefull Sircb, full waiting on the bore,
The Whistler thrill, that whole hearts, doth dty
The heliil Hapcy, Prophets of lad definie.

All those, and all that else does horror breed,
About them flew, and fild their fayles with feare:
Yet stayd they not, but forward did proceed,
Whiles thone did rowe, and thother fitly feare;
Till that at laft the weather gan cleare,
And the faire land at last did plainly showe.
Said then the Palmer, Lo where doth appeare
The facred isle, where all our peril growe;
Therefore Sir knight, your ready armes about you throwe.

He hearden, and his armes about him tooke,
The whites the nimble boate so well her fped,
That with her crooked keele the land the frooke,
Then forth the noble Gwyn falled,
And his face Palmer, that him governed;
But therby by his boate behind did flay,
They march'd fairely forth, of nought ycred,
Both firmly armd for entry hard silLY,
With contentacie and care, gainst danger and dismay.

Ere long they heard an hideous bellowing
Of many beafts, that roarde outrageously,
As if that hungeres point, or Fennys thing
Had them entagd with fild furquedy
Yet nought they feard, but paff on hardily,
Vntil they came in view of themes widde beafts:
Who all at once, gaping full greedily,
And rearin fiercely their vertanting crests,
Ran towards, to deaoure those unexcepted guests.
But loone as they approach't, with deadly threat
The Palmer over them his staffe vpheld,
His mighty staffe, that could all charmes defeat:
Eftatnces their flueborne courages were quelled,
And high advanced creste downe meekely feld:
In head of frayng, they themselfes did feare,
And trembled, as them puffing they beheld:
Such wondrous powre did in that staffe appear,
All monstors to fidebue to him that did it bear.

Of that same wood it fram'd was cunningly
Of which Caduceus whilome was made;
Caduceus, the rée of th' earthly,
With which he wonne the Syrenian realms invade,
Through gallyl honour, and eternal flame;
That inward finds with it he can affluce,
And Orus fame, whom nothing can perfwade,
And rule the Furies, when they most doe rage:
Such venome in his staffe had eke this Palmer fage.

Theence puffing forth, they shortly doe strike,
Whereas the Bowres of Bliffe was stature:
A place pickt out by choice of best blue,
Th.'s nature worke by art can imitate:
In which what euery in this worldly state
Is sweet, and pleasing vnto lunge fene,
Or that may daintily fantastie separate,
Was pour'd forth with plentiful dispence,
And made there to abound with luathfull influence.

Goodly it was enclofed round about,
As well their enter'd guest withke pe within,
As thokynyly beastes to hold without;
Yet was the fience thereof but weaken and thin:
Nought euery betwene, th. fortage to win;
But wise forms powre, and temperances might,
By which the mightie things effected bin:
And eke the gat was wrought of substance light,
Rather for pleasure, then for battery or fight.

It fram'd was of precious yuory,
That seem'd a worke of admirable wit;
And there in all the famous history
Of Indus and Medea was wyvnt:
Her mighty charmes, her furioues having fit,
His goodly conquest of the golden fleete,
His falfe faith, and love too lightly fit,
The wondred Argus, which in vent'rous pece
First through the Euxine fecre bote all the flower of Greece.

Ye might have seen the frothy billowes fy
Vnder the ship as thorough them the went,
That seem'd the waues were into yuory,
Or yuory into the waues were lent:
And other where the frothy substance sprent,
With vermeill like the boyes bloud therein fhed,
A pinous speculum did reprefent,
And otherwhiles with gold before prinked:
It seemd th'enchantt inrane, which did Cretian wed.

All this, and more might in that goodly gate
Breath, that ever open flood to all,
Which thither came: but in the Parch there fate
A comely peironage of stature tall,
And femblance pleasing, more then natural,
That Traveillers to him seem'd to enfnee;
His looser garment to the ground did fall,
And flew about his heele in wanton wife,
Not fit for speedy pafe, or manly exercise.

They in that place him Genius did call:
Not that celestiall powre to whom the care
Of life, and generation of all
That liues, pertaines, in charge particular,
Who wondroues things concerning our welfare,
And strange phantoms dath let vs off forefe:
And oft of secret ill bids vs beware:
That is our Selfe, whom though we doe not see,
Yet each doth in himselfe it well perceive to bee.

Therefore a God him fage Antiquity
Did wisely make, and good Argus call:
But this fame was to that quite contrary,
The fce of life, that good enuyes to all,
That secrete doth vs procure to fall,
Through guileful embellishments, which he makes vs see.
He of this Garth hid the governall,
And Pleasures porous was deuiz'd to be,
Holding a staffe in hand for more formalitie.

With duret floweres he daintily was deckt,
An Irowed round about, and by his side
A magny Bowre, bowles of wine warft,
As if it had to him beene facitnde,
Wherewith all newcome guestes he gratifieth:
So did he eke Sir Geewar salfly by:
But he his pale curtesie defide,
And ouerthrew his bowle daintifull:
And broke his staffe, with which he charmed embellishments fly.

Thus being entred, they beheld about
A large and lippocious plane, on every side
Strewed with pleafance, whose faire grafifie ground
M nated with greene, and goodly beautiful,
With all the ornaments of Pares pride,
Wherewith her mother Art, as a life in forme
Of riggard Nature, like a pompous Pride
Did decke her, and too luathfully adorn,
(morne).
When forth from virgin bowre she comes in thearly

Thereto the Heavenes always loued,
Lookt on them lovelly, fill in steadfast state,
Ne suffred fortie nor trustr on them to fall,
Then tender buds or leaves to violate,
Nor forching heat, nor cold intemperate
Taffht the creatures, which therein did dwell,
But the mide are with feacon moderate
Gently attemped, and dignifd to wel,
That full it breathed forth sweet spirit & holceme smell.

More
More sweet and wholsome, then the pleasant hill
Of *Reddown*, on which the Nymph that bore
A giant babe, her felts for grieve did kill.
Or the Thedalian Temple, where of yore
Faire *Daphne*, *Phalarbus* hart with loue did gore;
Or *Idea*, where the Gods lov'd to repaire,
When-euer they their heavinously bowes forsoore;
Or sweet *Parnassus*, the haunt of Muses faire;
Or *Eden*, if that ought with *Eden* more compare.

Much wondred *Gyges* at the faire aspect
Of that sweet place, yet suffer'd no delight
To sink in to his tenue, nor mind affect,
But pass'd forth, and look'd still forward right,
Briding his will, and merrizing his might:
Till that he came unto another gate,
No gate, but like one, being goodly bright
With bowes and branches, which did broad dilate
Their clapping armes, in wanton wraithings intreate.

So fashioned a Porch with super ducie,
Arch over head with an embracing Vine,
Whole bunches hanging downe, leem'd to entice
All paffers by, to take their luishous wine,
And did themselves into their hands incline,
As freelic offering to be gathered:
Some deep emperial as the *Hyacinth*,
Some as the Rubine, laughing sweetly red,
Some like faire *Emeraldes*, not yet well open'd,

And them amongst, some were of burnish gold,
So made by art, to beastric the rest,
Which did themselves eonwet the leaves enfold,
As lurking from the view of courteous guest,
That the weak bowes, with fo rich load opprest,
Did bow adowne, as ouer-burdened.
Vnder that Porch a comely *Dame* did reif,
Cid in faire weedes, but foule disorder'd,
And garments loose, that seem'd vnmeet for womand.

In her lefhand a Cup of gold she held,
And with her right the riper fruit did reach,
Whole fdpipy liquor that with fulnesse sweld,
Into her cup she cruz'd, with dainty breach
Of her fine fingers, without foule empeach,
That fo ftyre wine-prelle made the wine more sweet:
Thereof the vs'd to gue to drink to each,
Whom paffing by the happen'd to meet:
It was her guile, all Strangers goodly lo to greet.

So flew to *Gyges* offer'd it to fute:
Vhose taking it out of her tender hond,
The cup to ground did violently caft,
That all in pieces it was broken fond,
And with the liquor staint all the fond:
Whereat *Exerget* exceedingly was wrath,
Yet ro the fame amend, ne yet withifond,
But fuffred him to paffe, all were the loth:
Who not regarding her displeasure, forward goth.

There the most dainty Paradise on ground,
Itself doth offer to his fober eye,
In which all pufante plentifully abound,
And none does other happiest envy:
The painted bowes, the trees upshooting hie,
The dales for fhaide, the hilles for breathing space,
The trembling groves, the *Crysalise* running by:
And that, which all faire works doth most aggrace,
The art, which all that wrough, appeared in no place.

One would have thought (so cunningly the rude
And form'd parts were mingled with the fine)
That Nature had for wantonelle entwined:
Art, and that Art at Nature did repine:
So ftruwing each th'other to undermine,
Each did the others worke more beautifie:
So differing both in wulles, agreed in fine:
So all agreed through sweet duretsire.

This Garden to a lorene with all variety.

And in the midst of all, a Fountain fwool'd,
Of richeft substance that on earth might bee,
So pure and fhyne, that the silver fwoold
Through every channell running one might fee;
Most goolliy it with pure imagaree
Was over-wrought, and shapes of naked boyes,
Of whom some leem'd with luyely iollitee
To fly about, playing their wanton toys,
Whil's others did themselues embassy in liquid layers.

And over all, of purfet gold was fired
A trayle of *Ivye* in his native brea:
For the rich metal was fo colourd,
That right, who did not well av'd it view,
Would folely deem it to be *Ivye* true:
Lowwe his fLuckifw arms adowne did crepe,
That themselves dipping in the fiver dew,
Their fweete floweres they tenderly did steep:
Which drops of *Crysalise* leem'd d for wantonelle to wepe.

Infinite freames continually did well
Out of this Fountain, sweet and faire to fee,
The which into an ample Liver fell,
And shortly grew to fo great quantitie,
That like a little lake it seem'd to bee:
Whole depth exceeded not three cubits height,
That through the waues one might the bottom fee,
All pav'd beneath with *Lafpar* fBruing bright,
That leem'd the *Fontaine* in that Sea did laye upright.

And all the margent round about was fett,
With fuddy *Laurel* trees, thence to defend
The funny beames, which on the bullowest bet,
And thofe which therein bathed, note offend.
As *Gyges* hapeyn'd by the fame to vnd,
Two nakeed *Dame*z les he therein eypyte,
Which therein bating, seem'd to content,
And wretfle wantonly, ne care'd to hide
Their dainty parts from view of any whicht them eyde.

L. Some-
Some-times, the one would lift the other quight
Above the waters, and then downe againe;
Her plouge, as over-mastered by might,
Where both awhile would couered remaine,
And each the other from to rise refraine;
The whites their snowy limbs, as through a vele,
So through the Crystall waves appeared plaine:
Then suddainly both would themselves vnde,
And th' amorous sweete poyles to greedy eyes recule.

As that faire Starre, the inelligent of morn,
His deowy face out of the sea doth reape:
Or as the Cyprian Goddeffe, newly borne
Of th'Oceans fruitfull froth, did first appeare:
Such seemed they, and fit their yellow heare
Crystalline humour dropped downe space;
Whom fuch when Gajon law, he drew him neare,
And fome-what gan retain his earneft pafe,
His rubbea breast gan secret pleasure to embrace.

The wanton Maidens him elyng, flood
Gazing awhile at his vinned guide;
Then th'one her felle lowe ducked in the flood:
Abafht, that her a stranger did afife:
But th'other, rather higher did arife,
And her two lilly paps aloft displaid,
And all that might his melting hart entifie:
To her delights, the vnto him bewrayd:
The refid vnderneath, him more defirous made.

With that, the other likewise vp arrode,
And her faire locks, which formerly were bound
Vp in one knot, the lowe adowne did looke;
Which, flowing long and thick, her cloth'd around,
And th'luorie in golden mantle gownd;
So that faire speacle from him was refc:
Yet that which reft it, no leffe faire was found:
So hid in locks and waues from lookers theft;
Nought but her lovely face being for his looking left.

Withall fhe l.ughed, and flewe blusht withall,
That blushing to her laughter gane more grace,
And laughter to her blusing, as did fall:
Now when they spyde the knight to flack his pafe,
Them to behold, and in his sparkling face
The secret significs of kindled lust appeare,
Their wanton meriments they did encreafe,
And to him beckned, to approche more neare,
And fhewd him many lights, that courage cold could reare.

On which when gazing him the Palmer saw,
He much rebuke thef hepandering eyes of his,
And (counfell well) him forward thence did draw:
Now are they come nigh to the Bower of fliifie
Of her fond favories so nam'd amifs:
When thus the Palmer: Now Sir, well avise:
For, heere the end of all our trauell is:
Heere wonnes Arafka, whom we must furnifie,
Fithe she will flye away, and all our drift defprie.

Esioone they heard a most melodious sound,
Of all that more delight a daintie care,
Such as attance might not on lying ground,
Save in this Paradise, be heard elsewhere:
Right hard it was for wight which did it heare:
To read what manner musicke that more bee:
For, all that pleasing is to lying care,
Was there comforted in one harmonie,
Birdes, voyces, instruments, windes, waters, all agree.

The joyous birds, fhirond in chearful fhide,
Their notes vnto the voyce attempted sweet;
Th'Angellical soft trembling voyces made
To th'instruments divine repudence meet:
The fluer Founding instruments did meet
With the bare murrure of the waters fall:
The waters fall with difference differet,
Now loft, now loud, vnto the wind did call:
The gentle warbling wind lowe answered to all.

There, whences that Musick seem'd heard to bee,
Was the faire Witch, her felle now folacing
With a new Louer, whom through fuccere
And witchcraft, fhe from faire did thither bring:
There fhe him now laid aflumbering,
In secret fhide, after long wanton voyes:
Whilft round about them pleasantly did finge,
Many faire Ladies, and licentious boyes,
That euer mixt their fong with light licentious voyes.

And all the while, right over him the hong,
With her falle eyes eft fixed in his sight,
As seeking medicine, whence fhe was fong:
Or greedily depurling delight:
And oft inclining downe with kifles light,
For fcare of wakings him, his lips bedewed,
And through his humd eyes did fack his fpright,
Quite molten into luft and pleafure lod;
Where with the fiighte foft, as if his cafe fteere d

The whites, fome one did chaunt this lovely lay;
Ah fee, whofoe faire thing doth fooner fee to fee,
In fpringinge flower the image of thy day:
Ah fee the Virgin Rofe, how sweetly flie,
Doth fift fpeake forth with bathfull modestie,
That fayer lilies, the leffe yce fee her may;
Lo, fce fooner after, how more bold and free
Her bared before the doth broade display:
Lo, fce fooner after, how the fides and felles away.

So paffeth, in the paffing of a day,
Of mortal life the leafe, the bad, the flower,
Ne more doth flourifh after fift decay,
That earft was fought to deck both bed and bowre
Of many a Lady, and many a Paramoure:
Gather therefore the Rofe, whilft yet is prime,
For, fooner comes age, that will her pride deftwor:
Gather the Rofe of love, whilft yet is time,
Whilft loving thou mayft loved be with equal trine.

He
The Faerie Queene

Cant. XII.

The noble Efe, and carfull Palmer drew
So nigh them (minding not, but lufelfull game)
That had laide forth they on them raft, and threw
A subtle net, which onely ft. the fame
The skillfull Palmer formally did frame.
So held them under fift, the whiles the reft
Fled all away for fear of louer flame.
The faire Enchaunteffe, fo owrarcly oppreft,
Tryde all her arts, and all her flights, thence out to wret.

And eke her Louer frowe: but all in vain:
For, that fame net fo cunningly was wound,
That neither guile nor force might it deftraine.
They tooke them both, & both them strongly bound
In captaine bands, which there they ready found:
But her in chaine of Adamant he dyde;
For nothing elfe might keepe her life & found;
And Perdant (fo he higte) he foone vntyde,
And courefull fage in fteed thereof to him appilde.

But all those pleafant bowres, and Palace brave,
Guyen broke downe, with rigour pittiffe:
Ne ought their goodly workmanship might fave
Them from the tempete of his wrathfulneffe,
But that their biffhe he turn'd to balefulneffe:
Their Groues he feld, their Gardens did deface,
Their Arbers frode, their Cabints fupprefte,
Their Banket-houfes burne, their buildings race,
And of the fayrefte lawe, now made the foule place.

Then let they her away, and ake that knight
They with them led, both forrowfull and fad:
The way they came, the fame returned they right,
Till they arriv'd where they lately had
Charm'd thofe wild-beafts, that rage with fury mad.
WVich now awaking, fierce at them gan fly,
As in their muffire reftow, whom they lad:
But them the Palmer foone did pacifie.
(And die.)

Then Guyen asks, what meant thofe beafts which there
Said bee, Thefe feeming beeles are men indeed,
Whom this Enchaunteffe hath transformed thus,
Whylome her Louers, which her lufts did feed,
Now turned into figures houres, According to their minde like monstrous.
Sad end, quoth he, of life imtemperate,
And mournefull neede of yeues delicious:
But Palmer, fift more thee fo aggrace,
Let them returned beftro to their former state.

Straight-waye he with his vermons staffe them froooke,
And ftrike of bees they comely men became;
Yet beeing men, they did vmsually looke,
And flared gaftly, some for inward blame,
And some for wrath, to feer their captaine Dame:
But one about the refitfprincipall,
That had an hog been late (hight Griffe by name)
Repined greatly, and did him mutifall,
That had from hoggish forme him brought to naturall.

Said Guyen, See the mind of beaftly man,
That hath to foone forgot the excellence
Of his creation, when he life began,
That now he choofeth with vile difference,
To be a beaft, and lacke intelligence.
To whom the Palmer thus, The dunghill kind
Delights in filte and foule incontinence:
Let Griffe be Griffe, and have his hoggish mind,
But let vs hence depart, whilft weather trues and wind.

The end of the second book.
THE THIRD BOOKE
OF THE FAERIE QUEENE:
CONTAINING
THE LEGENDE OF BRITOMARTIS.
OR
Of Chastity.

Heere-to perfurce. But \( \delta \), drad Soueraigne,
Thus farre forth pardon, Sith that chooset wit
Cannot your glorious pourtrait & figure plaine
That I in colourd shoves may shadow it,
And antique prayles unto present persons fit.

But if in liuing colours, and right hew,
Your selfe you covet to see pictured,
Who can it doe more liuely, or more true,
Then that sweete verse, with \( \text{Ne} \)\( \text{tar} \) sprinkled,
In which a gracieous ferauns pictured
His Cynthia, his heauens fairest light?
That with his melting sweemeferd suffished,
And with the wonder of her beamsz bright,
My fensz lulled are in flumber of delight.

But let that fame delicious Poet lend
A little leaue into a rustickke Muse,
To sing his Mistresse prais; and let him mend,
If ought amiss her liking may abufe:
Ne let his Fayrect Cynthia refute,
In mirrours more then one her felle to see;
But cyther Gloriana let her chufe,
Or in Enalphe be fashioned to bee:
In thone her rule, in th other her rare chastitee.

L 3. Cant.
Canto I.

Guyon encountreth Britomart, faire Florimell is chaced:
Dueffae traines and Materashees champions are defaced.

Which seeing good Sir Guyon, deare befought
The Prince of grace, to let him runne that turne,
He granted: then the Faery quickly sought
His poynant speare, and sharply gan to spurne
His fonny feed, whole ffeete did burne
The verdant grasse, as he thereto did tread;
Ne did the other backe his footes returne,
But fiercely forward came withouten dread,
And bent his dreadfull speare against the others head.

They beece ymet, and both their poyns arraied,
But Guyon dropte for furious and fell,
That flem'd both shield and plate it would have riested:
Nathelss, it bore his foe ne from his fell,
But made him stagger, as he were not well;
But Guyon felle, ere well he was aware,
Night a speares length behind his crouser fell,
Yet in his fall to well himfelfe he bare,
That mischievous mischaunce his life & limbs did spure.

Great shame and sorrow of that fall he tooke;
For neuer yet fince warlike armes he bore,
And shinning speare in bloody field first shoote,
He found himfelfe dishonoured so fore.
Agh, defett knight that ever armure bore,
Let not thee griefe dismouunted to have beene,
And brought to ground, that neuer wont before;
For, not thy fault, but secret powere vnfeene,
That speare enchaunted was, which laid thee on the Greene.

But weeneff thou what wight thee overthrow,
Much greater griefe and shamefuller regret
For thy hard fortune then thou wouldst renew,
That of a fingle Damfell thou wert met
On equall Plaine, and thereto hard befte:
Even the famous Britomart it was,
Whom strange adventure did from Britaine fet,
To fecke her Lovers (leave faire fough't alas)
Whole image she had fene in Perse looking glafs.

He famous Briton Prince and Faery knight,
After long wayes & perilous paines endured,
Having their weary limbs to perfect plight
Reftor'd, & faery wounds right well recurred,
Of the faire Alma greatly were procured
To make them lenger fitourne and abode;
But when there to they might not be alured,
From feekeing prate, and deeds of armes abroade,
They courteous coune tooke, and forth together yode.

But the captiue Aetrafia he fent,
Because of trauell long a higher way,
With a strong gard, all revew to prevent,
And her to Faery-courteafe to convey,
That her for witness of his hard affay,
Vnto his Faery Queene he might present:
But he himfelfe betooke another way,
To make more triall of his hardiment,
And feeke adventures, as he with Prince Arthur went.

Long go they trauelled through wastefull wayes,
Where dangers dwelt, and perils most did wonne,
To hunt for glorye and renowned prafie;
Full many Countries they did over-runne,
From the v看来 to the fetting Sunne,
And many hard adventures did archiue;
Of all the which they honour euer wonne,
Seeking the weake oppreffed to releeue,
And to recouuer right for such as wrong did grieue.

At last, as through an open Plaine they yode,
They ipyle a knight, that towards pricked faire,
And him beside an aged Squire there rode,
That fenn'd to couche vnder his shield three-square,
As if that age bade him that burden spare,
And yield it thofe, that fouter could it wield:
He them cryeng, gan himfelfe prepare,
And on his arme addref his goodly shield
That bore a Lyon paffant in a golden field.
THE FAERIE QUEENE.

15 All suddenly out of the thickest brusht,

Upon a milke-white Palfrey all alone,

A goodly Lady did forebode them ruff,

Whose face did seeme as clear as Crystall stone,

And eke (through fear) as white as Whales bone:

Her garments all were wrought of beaten gold,

And all her feet with tinell trappings shone,

Which fled so fast, that nothing more him hold,

And scarce them tellarie gare, her paffing to behold.

Still as the sied, her eye she backward threw,

As fearing euill, that purfewred her falt,

And her faire yellow locks behind her flew,

Loosely diuerse with puffs of every blaff:

All as a blazing fire doth faire out-calt

His fairest beams, and flaming locks dispird,

At sight whereof the people fland again:

But the sage Wifard toldles (as he has reade)

That it importes death, and dothfull drenthead.

So, as they gazed after her avwhite,

Lo, where a gruily Forth forth did ruff,

Breathing ought beautifull luft her to defile:

His tyringe jade he fiercely forthe did pullin,

Through chique and thin, both over banke and buft,

In hope her to attaine by hooke or crooke,

That from his gorne fides the blood did gulf:

Large were his limbes, and terrible his looke,

And in his clownish hand a flurpe bore-speare he choose.

Which outrage when those gentle knights did see,

Full of great euill and fell leucovie:

They flyed not to svife who first shoulde bee,

But all fpurte after fast, as they mote wryt,

To retew her from flamefull villany.

The Prince and Guyon equally byluie

Her felic purfued, in hope to win thereby

Most godly meede, the fayreft Dame alue:

But after the foule Forfece Timias did fruise.

The whiles faire Britomart, whose conflant mind,

Would not so lightly follow beauties chase,

Ne reckt of Ladies love, did they behind,

And them awaited there a certaine space,

To weet if they would turne backe to that place:

But when fierce law them gone, the forward went,

As lay her journey, through that perous Pace,

With frefhast courage and fount hardiment:

Ne euill thing the feared, ne euill thing the meant.

At laft, as nigh out of the wood the came,

A flaterly Cattle farre away the fpyde,

To which her steps durecly the did frame.

That Cattle was most godly edifde,

And plac'd for pleafure high that forrest fide:

But faire before the gate a frurious Plaine,

Mantled with greene, it fete did fpredden wide,

On which the law fice knights, that did dare

Fierce battle against one, with cruell might and maine.
Mainly they all attone upon him layd,
And lore befoe on evry side around,
That nigh he breathlesse grew, yet nought dismayd,
Ne euer to them yielded foot of ground.
All had he loit much blood through many a wound,
But foultly dealt his blowes, and every way
To which he turned in his wrathfull found,
Made them recoyle, and fly from dread decay,
That none of all the fife, before him durft alay:

Like daftard Curtes, that hauing at a bay
The filage beft embos in wearie chace,
Dare not adventure on the stubborn prey,
Ne byte before, but come from place to place,
To get a fnaile, when turned is his face.
In fuch disfette and double full jeopardy,
When Britomart him faw, fhe ran apace
Vnto his reftor, and with earneft cry,
Bade thofe fame fife forbear that fingle enemy.

But to her cry they lift not lowen care,
Ne ought the more their mighty frowes fucoseas,
But gathering him round about more ware,
Their disfull rancour rather did encreace,
Till that the ruhah among the thickeft preace,
Perforce diptarted that compacted gyre,
And loue compell to harken vnto peace
Tho gan die mildly of them to inquire
The caufe of their diſtension and outragious ire.

Where to that fingle knight did awnswere frame;
These fife would me enrowe by odde of might,
To change my life, and love another Dame,
That death me liuer were then fuch defpight,
So vnto wrong to yield my wrafted right:
For, I loue one, the trueft one on ground,
Ne lift me change; the th'Errant Damfelf hight,
For whose deare fake full many a bitter found.
I haue endur'd, and tafted many a bloody wound.

Cerets, faid fhe, then been ye fife to blame,
To weene your wrong by force to sufhe:
For, knight to knaute his Lady were great fame,
That faithfull is, and better were to die.
All loffe is left, and left the infamy,
Then lone of loue, to him that loues but one;
Ne may loue be compell by maiftrey;
For, loue as maiftrey comes, sweet loue anone
Taketh his nimble wange, and froone away is gone.

Then spoke one of thofe fife, There dwelleth heere
Within this Cattle wall a Lady Liere,
Whofe fourtainec beautie hath no liuing peer.
There to do bountious and do debonaire,
That never any more with her comainre,
She hath ordaind this lawe, which we approve,
That every knight, which doth this way repair,
In cife he haue no Lady, nor no Lone,
Shall doe voeto her fceuen never to remov'e.

But, if he haue a Lady or a Loue,
Then muft he her forgoe with foule defame,
Or elfe with vs by dint of word approue,
That fhe is fairer then our fairest Dame,
As did this knight, before ye hither came.
Perdie, faid Britomart, the choice is hard:
But what reward had he that overcame?
He fhould advanced be to high regard
Said they, and haue our Ladies loue for his reward.

Therefore are ad Sir, if thou haue a Loue.
Loue haue I fure, quothe fhe, but Lady none;
Yet will I not troo mine owne Loue remoue,
Ne to your Lady will I feruice done,
But weake your wronges wrought to this knight alone,
And prove his caufe. With that, her mortal speare
She mightly averted towards one,
And downe him fmore ere well aware he were,
Then to the next the rode, and downe the next did beare.

Ne did the fay till three on ground the layd,
That none of them himfelfe could reare againe;
The fourth was by that other knight difmayd,
All were he ware of his former pane,
That now there doe but two of fife remaine;
Which two did yield before the did them fmithe.
Ah, fad the then, now may ye al fee plain.
That truth is ftrong, and true loue moit of might,
That for his truely festerous doth fo strongly fight.

Too well we fee, faid they, and prove too well
Our fauitie weakened, and your matchefle might:
For thay faye Sir, yours be the D.mozell,
Which by her owne lawe to your lot doth light,
And we your finge men faith vnto you plight.
So vnderneath her fettles their fwordes they fhard,
And after, her befoule, well as they might,
To enter in, and reapte the due reward:
Shee graunted, and then in they all together fard.

Long were it to defcribe the goodly frame,
And ftreightly port of Cattle layouts,
(For, fo that Cattle hight by common name)
Where they were entertaind with curteous
And combly glee of many gracious
Fare Ladies, and many a gentle knight,
Whor through a Chamber long and ipacious,
Eftoones them brought vnto their Ladies light.
That of them cleered was the Lady of delight.

But for to tell the fuppnsous array,
Of that great chamber, fhould be labour loft;
For, liuing wit (weene) cannot display
The royall riches and exceeding cote
Of evry pilloor and of evry pote;
Which all of purfet bullion framed were,
And with great pearlles and precious fones embos,
That the bright glister of their bemaex pleaere
Did sparkle forth great light, and glorious did appear.

These
When the might of the land was round about apparelled
With costly clothes of Sarras and of Troye;
In which, with cunning hand was pourtrayed
The loute of Venus and her Paramour.
The faire Adonis, turned to a flower,
A wakke of rare deuice, and wondrous wit.
First did it throw the bitter balsamfull flower,
Which her affayd with many a fertext fit,
When first her tender hart was with his beautie mist.

Then, with what freights and sweet allurements
The Entic't the Boy (as well that art she knew)
And wooded him her Paramour to be;
Now making grilonds of each flowre that grew,
To crowne his golden locks with honour dew;
Now leading him into a secret thade
From his Beatures, and from bright heauen view;
Where him to IEEE the gently would perusad,
Or bathed him in a fontaine by some courts glade.

And whil't he slept, she over him would spread
Her mantle, colour'd like the harry skyes,
And her sofit armes lay vnderneath his head,
And with ambrofull kiffes bathe his eyes:
And whil't he bath'd, with her two crafty eyes
She secket would search each dainty lim,
And throwe into the Well sweet Rolcmaries,
And fragrant violets, and Pancestrim,
And euer with sweet Neclar she did sprinkle him.

So did shee alle her needlesse hart away,
And joy'd his loute in secret vneptide.
But, for the saw he bent to cruelt play,
To hunt the salvages beast in forest wild,
Deadlyfull of danger, that mote him beside,
Shee oft and oft advis'd him to refraine
From chaile of greater beasts, whose brutish pride
More breed him feate vnwarres: but all in vaine:
For, who can shun the chanceat that deffy doth ordaine?

Lo, where beyond he lyeth languiishing,
Deadly engord of a great wilde Bore,
And by his side the Goddelle grotting
Makes for him endless mone, and extremore
With her loft garment wipes away the gore,
Which itaines his snowye skin with hatefull howe:
But when the faw no hede might him restore,
Him to a dainty flowre he did transmew,
Which in that cloth was wrought, as it liuely grew.

So was that chamber clad in goodly wise,
And round about it many beds were dight,
As whylome was the antique worldes guize.
Some for vanitye safe, some for delight,
As please'd them to vse, that vse it might:
And all was full of Damazels, and of Squires,
Dancing and dancing both day and night,
And swimming deepes in sexenfull desires,
And Cupid full emongst them kindled lustfull fires.

And all the while, sweet Musick did diuide
Her looser notes with Lydian harmony;
And all the while, sweet birds thereto applide
Their dainty lyes and defect melody,
Ay caroling of love and solitrie,
That wonder was to heare their trim confort.
Which when those knights beheld, with forrenfull eye,
They deigned such lalucious disport,
And loath'd the loofe demeanor of that wanton fort.

Then he they were brought to that great Ladies view,
Whom they found sitting on a lumpenous bed,
That glisterd all with gold and glorious shew,
As the proud Tyrian Queenes accustomed:
She them'd a woman of great bounded,
And of rare beautie, fauing that allance.
Her wanton eyes, ill figures of womanhood,
Did toll too lightly, and too often glance,
Without regard of grace, or comely amenance.

Long worke it were, and needlesse to deuize
Their goddyly entertainment and great glee:
She caus'd them be led in c争tuous wise
Into a bowre, disarmed for to bee,
And cheared with wine and spice and bee.
The Redcross Knight was foon disarmed there;
But the braue Mayd would not be disarmed be,
But onely vnted vp her vmbriere,
And so did let her goddyly viage to appeare.

As when faire Cynthia, in darkeforme night,
Is in a noyous cloud enveloped,
Where she may find the substance thin and light,
Breakes forth her siluer beautes, and her bright head,
Dissouers to the world discomfited:
Of the poore traueller that went astraye,
With thousand blessings she is heried:
Such was the beautie and the fining raye,
With which faire Britomart gave light into the day.

And eke those fire, which lately with her fought,
Now were disarmed, and did themselves prsent
Into her view, and company vnfought:
For they all seemed cerves and gent,
And all five brethren, borne of one parent,
Which had them traynd in all cuitie,
And goodly taught to tait and turnament:
Now were they liecemen to this Lady free,
And her Knights-servise ought, to bold of her in Fee.
The first of them by name Gardane hight,  
A jolly perion, and of comely view;  
The second was Parlane, a bold knight,  
And next to him Jeanke did enver;  
Bafianis did himselfe most counterfeit shew;  
But fierce Bacchante seem'd too full and keen;  
And yet in arms Negante greater grew:  
All were faire knights, and goodly well befeene;  
But to faire Britomart they all but shadowes became.

For she was full of amiable grace,  
And manly terror mixed there-withall,  
That as the one first vp affections bate,  
So other did mens ratiue appall,  
And hold them backe; that would in error fall;  
At he the last espoyd a vermil Rofe,  
To which shape thorns and thier way forswall,  
Dar not for dread his hardy hand expos'd;  
But willing it fare off, his ills with doth lose.

Whom when the Lady saw to faire a wight,  
All ignorant of her contrary act,  
(For the hec wond a fresh and lusty knight)  
She greatly gan enamoure to wex,  
And with waine thought her folved fancie vex:  
Her fickle hart conceived hateful fire,  
Like sparks of fire which fall in tender flex,  
That shortly brou't into extreme desire,  
And ranfack all her vaines with paffion entire.

Effoones fhee grew to great impatience,  
And into teares of open outrage brou't,  
That plaine difcouer'd her incontinence,  
Ne reft her, who her meaning did multruit;  
For shee was gan all to feebly laft,  
And pouted forth in fenfual delight,  
That all regard of fame she had diffcult,  
And mett repect of honour put to flight:  
So shamellef beauty soone becomes a feathry fight.

Faire Ladi's, that to loue captiv'd art,  
And chaffte desire do notneth in your mind,  
Let not her flank your sweet affections mare,  
Ne blot the bounty of all womankind,  
Mongst thousands good, one wanton Dame to find:  
Emongst the Rofes prove some wicked weeds:  
For, this was not to loue, but lafticyn'd:  
For, loue doth alwaies bring forth bountious deeds,  
And in each gentl' hard desire of honour breedes.

Nought so of loue this fooner Dame did skil,  
But as a coale to kindle futhy flame,  
Giving the bridle to her wanton will,  
And treading under foote her honest name:  
Such loue is hate, and fuch desire is flame.  
Still did fhe tone at her with crafty glanuce  
Of her falte eyes, that at her hart did ayme,  
And told her meaning in her counteranue;  
But Britomart dissembl'd it with ignorance.

Supper was shortly dight, and downe they far,  
Where they were fetured with all fumpuous fare,  
VHvles frcefull Ceres, and Lyceus fat  
Found out their prey, without fpfight or warre:  
Nought wante there, that dainty was and rare;  
And fye the cups their bands did overflowe,  
And frye between the cups, she did prepare  
Way to her loue, and fecret darts did throwe;  
But Britomart would not atich gualful full fentience knowe.

So when they flacked had the fervient heat  
Of appetite with meates of evcry fort,  
The Lady did faire Britomart entreat,  
Her to difarme, and with delightfull sport  
To loope her warlike limbs and strong effort:  
But when the more not there-no to be wonne,  
(For, fhe her fex under that strange purpport  
Did vfe to hide, and plainne appearance fumeio.)

In plainer wife to tell her grievance the begonne:

And all attence difcouer'd her desire  
With fighes, and fobs, and plaints, & pittious grieue,  
The outward sparker of her in-burning fire  
Which spent in vaine, alaff she told her briefe,  
That but if the deed lend her short relief,  
And doth her comfort, the more alegtes die.  
But the chaftfe Damzell, that had neuter prieue  
Of fuch malengines and fine forgettie,  
Did eafily beleue her strong extremtie.

Full eafe was for her to hate belief,  
Who, by felle-feeling of her feeble fate,  
And by long triall of the inward grieue,  
Where-with imporbus loue her harte did vex,  
Could judge what paines do louing harts perper,  
Who meanes no guile, he guided loosely flall,  
And to faire fenbaflia doth light fath ames:  
The bird, that knowes not the falfe. Fowlers call,  
Into his hidden net full eafily doth fall.

For-thy, she would not in dicourteous wife,  
Scorne the faire offer of good will profait  
For, great rebuke it is, loue to depifie,  
Or mildly ifgnour a gentle harts requete;  
But with faire counteranue, as becomed beft,  
Her entertained; nathlesse, fhe inly deem'd  
Her loue too light, to wone a wandring gentle  
Which the miniftringe, thereby efteem'd  
That fhe like inward fire that outward smoke had leem'd.

There-wit awhile the her fint fane fide,  
Till the mote winne fit time for her desir  
But yet her wound full inward fire did bly,  
And through her bones the falfe infifred fire  
Did spread it felfe, and venime clofe inflire.  
Thro, were the tables taken all away,  
And evry Knight, and evry gentle Squire  
Gan choofe his Dame with Bafio mani gay,  
With whom he meant to make his sport and courtly play.  
Some
The Faerie Queene. 12.9

Some fell to dance, some fell to hazardry,
Some to make love, some to make meritment,
As duteous wits to duteous things apply;
And all the while faire Malegaffa went
Her craggy eagons to her clofe intent.
By this th' eternal lamps, where-with high flame
Dost light the lower world, were halfe ylent,
And the moost daughters of huge Atalante
Into the Ocean deep to drive their weari drome.

High time it seemed then for euery wight
Them to betake unto their kindly ret;
Effointments long waxen torches weren light,
Vnto their bowres to guiden euery guilt:
Tho, when the Britoetelle saw all the ret
Avoided quere, the gan her felfe dispoit,
And ftate commit to her f te fethered net;
Where, through long watch, & late dayes wearty toyle,
She foundly flept, and carefull thoughts didquite affoile.

Now, when-as all the world in silence deep
Ylrowed was, and euery mortall wight
Was drown'd in the depth of deadly speepe,
Faire Malegaffa, whose engraced bright
Couldtfoot no reft in fuch perplexed plight,
Lightly arofe out of her weary bed,
And under the blacke veale of guilty Night,
Her with a fearlot mantle couered,
That was with gold and Ermines fayre enveloped.

Then panting left, and trembling euery joynet,
Her fcarlet full feet towardcs the bowre the moued;
Where the for secret purpose did appoynt
To lodge the warlike mayd vnwittily loued,
And to her bed approching, firft the proued,
Whether the fpeonr or not, with her fteft hand
She fofly fett, if any member moued,
And lent her weary care to vnderfand,
If any puffle of breath, or signe of fencs he fand.

Which, when-as none the fond, with eafie shift,
For fear lef her vnwares the shoud abrayd,
Th'o embrodred guilt the lightly vp did lift,
And by her fide her felfe the fofly layd,
Of eyuer fteel fingers touch affayd;
Ne any noyfe the made, ne word the fpake,
But inly fight.
At laft, the royall Mayd
Out of her quiter flember did awake,
And chang'd her weary fide, the better eafe to take.

Where, feeling one close touched by her fide,
She lightly leapt out of her flied bed,
And to her weapon ran, in mind to glide
The loathed leachour. But the Dame, halfe dead
Through fuddaine fear and gaitly dretiched,
Did thriceke aloud, that through the houfe it rong;
And the whole family there-with adrec,
Rashly out of their routed coaches prong,
And to the troubled chamber all in armes did throug.

And thofe for Knights, that Ladies Champions,
And eke the Rederofte knight ran to the found,
Halfe arm'd and halfe vnarm'd, with them attons:
Where when confudedly they came, they found
Their Lady lying on the fentelefe ground;
On th'o ther fide, they law the warlike Mayd
All in her snow-white inock, with locks s vnbound,
Threatning the poynt of her awenge blade,
That with a troublous terror they were all difmayd.

About their Lady fift they flock around:
Whom having layd in comfortable couch,
Shortly they read out of her frozen foun:
And afterward they gin with foule prooffee
To ftrike vp finer, and troublous context broche:
But by enample of the laft dayes losse,
None of them rafhly durst to her approche,
Ne in to glorious ipoyle themfelves enboffe;
Her fuccour'd eke the Champaign of the bloody Croffe.

But one of thofe five Knignts, Gardent's height,
Drew out a deadly bowe and arrow keen,
Which forth he fent with felenous defight,
And fell intent againft the Virgyn fneece:
The mortal flefle ftaid not, till it was fene
To gore her fide; yet was the wound not deep,
But lightly rafeed her foft ilken skin,
That drops of purple blood there-out did weep.
Which did her lilly iomeck with flaines of vermeall fpeep.

Where-with enraged, fiee fereely at them flew,
And with her flaming word about her layd,
That none of them foule mitchief could dethrow,
But with her dreadful strokes were all difmayd:
Here, there, and euery where about her wayd
Her wrathfull fleete, that none mote it abide:
And eke the Rederofte knight gane her good payd,
Ay joying foot to foot, and fide to fide,
That in short space their foes they had quite terrifide.

Tho, when-as all were put to flamefull flight,
The noble Britomartis her arrayd,
And her bright armes about her body bright;
For nothing would the linger there be laid,
Where to loofe life, and to vengeful trade
Was y'r'd of Knights and Ladies femeing gent;
So carely,e're the groffe Earthes gryseft flade,
Was all difperit out of the ftermant,
They took their fleedes, & forth upon their journey went.
Canto II.

The Redcrosse knight to Britomart
describeth Artegaill:
The wondrous mirrour, by which she
in love with him did fall.

Thereat the seing so feareful, had no power
To speake aloude, no ready answere make,
But with hart-thrilling throbbs and bitter floure,
As if she had a fener fit, did quake.
And euer dainty limb with horror fluke;
And euer and anothe the rofy red
Flaught through her face, as it had beene a flake
Of lightning, through bright heauen fulmin'd;
At lift, the passion pain, his this hum anwored.

Faire Sir, le you weet, dust from the howre
I taken was from Nurtes under gap,
I hace beene traint vp in warlike floure,
To toflel speare and shield, and to afflap
The warlike riper to his most mishlap;
Sithence I loathd hae my life to lead,
As Ladies wont, in pleasures wanton lap,
To finger the fine needle and nyce thread;
Me leuer were with point of foe-maus speare be dead.

All my delight on deeds of armes is set,
To hunt out perils and adventures hard,
By fca, by land, whereof they may be met,
Onely for honour and for high regard,
Without respect of riches or reward.
For such intent into these parts I came,
Withouten compass, or withouten card,
Far from my native foyle, that is by name
The greater Britaine, here to tecke for praife and fame.

Fame blazed hath, that there in Faery lond
Doe many famous Knights and Ladies wonne,
And many strange adventures to be fond,
Of which great worth and worship may be wonne;
Which I to prove, this voyage have begunne.
But mote I weet of you, right curteous Knight,
Tydings of one, that hath into me donne
Luste fonde dishonour and reprochfull fruit,
The which I secke to wreake, and Artegaill he hight.
The word gone out, the backe agayne would call,
As her repeating so to have mislaid,
But that she vp-taking ere the fall,
Her feorthly anwered: Faire martall Maid
Cerits ye maffaught been, vpbruid
A gentle knight in his worthye blame:
For, weet ye well, of all that euer played
At tilt or tourney, or like walke game,
The noble Archegall hath euer borne the name.

For thy great wonder were it, if such flame
Should euer enter in his bountious thought,
Or euer do that mote delenre blame:
The noble courage newen weath ought:
That may unworthy of it felle be thought.
Therefore, faire Damzell, be ye well aware,
Left that too latte ye have your forrowe wrought:
You and your country beds I wish welfare,
And honour both for eche of other worthy are.

The royall Mayd wore inly wondrous glad,
To heare her loue so highly magnifie,
And loyed that euer she affixed had
Her heart on knight so goodly glorifie,
How euer fincly she Linde to finde:
The louing mother, that nine moneths did beare,
In the deare clother of her pained full side,
Her tender babie, isticling safe appeare.
Doth not so much retoice, if she retioiced there.

But to occasion him to further talke,
To feed her humour with his pleasing filke,
Her lift in finite-full tearme with him to balke,
And thereto replide: How euer, Sir, ye filke
Your courtesous tongue fis prafes to compile,
It ill becometh a knight of gentle fort,
Such as ye haue him boozed, to bogule
A simple maide, and worke so bawdrys sort,
In shame of knighthood, as I largelie can report.

Let be therefore my vengence to diffwade,
And read, where I that eytoure filke may finde.
Ah, but if reaunse faire might you perwade,
To flake your wrath, and molifie your mind,
Sayde he, perhaps ye shoulde it better finde:
For, hardy thing it is, to weece by mightes,
That man to hard condtiones to bind,
Or euer hope to match in equall fight:
Whose prowelle paragon saw never living wight.

Ne frondith is it eafe for to read,
Where none on earth, or how he may be found:
For, he ne wonneth in one certaine steed,
But revilles walketh all the world around,
Ay doing things, that to his fame redound,
Defending Ladys cause, and Orphans rightes,
Wherore he heares, that any doth confound
Them comfortlesse, through tyranny or mightes:
So is his fouraine honour rais'd to heastes hight.
Such was the glaaffie globe that Merlin made,
And gave unto King Rience for his guard,
That neuer foes his kingsdom might invade,
But he it knew at home before he had
Tidings thereof, and so them full debar'd.
It was a famous Preferit for a Prince,
And worthy work of infinite reward,
That treasurers could bewray, and foes commence:
Happy this Realme, had it remained ever since.

One day it fortunate, faire Britomart
Into her fathers clofe to repace;
For, nothing he from her learned spair,
Being his ownely daughter and his haye:
Where when she had espide that mirrour faire,
Her felfe while therein the view in vaine;
Tho, her avizng of the verites rare,
Which thereof spoken were, she gan againe
Her to bethinke of that more to her felfe pertaine.

But as it falideth in the gentllest hearts
Imperious Loue hath highest gift his throne,
And tyrannizeth in the bitter smarts
Of them, that to him buxome are and prone:
So thought this Maid (as maidens vie to do)
Whom fortune for her husband would allot,
Not that she lufted after any one:
For, she was pure from blame of fulfulblot,
Yet wist her life at last must linke in that same knot.

Efulloes there was presented to her eye,
A comely knight, all arm'd in compleat wise,
Through whole bright bentayle lipt up on his
His mainly face, that did his foes a spair,
And friends to terms of gentle truce entere
Lookt forth, as Phoebus face out of the eft
Betwixt two flaidy mountains doth arize;
Portly his person was, and much interall
Through his Heroike grace, and honorable geft.

His creft was couered with a couehant Hound,
And all his armour seem'd of antique mould,
But wondrous tattif, and affair'd found,
And round about yrfreted all with gold,
In which there written was with eyphers old,
Achilles armes which Artoygel did winne.
And on his shield eneqloped festenfold
He bore a crowned little Erraulia,
That deckt the azure field with her faire poulterd skyn.

The Damzel well did view his personage,
And liked well, ne further faimned nor,
But went her way: ne her unguilty age
Did weare, vnwares, that her voluntie lot
Lay hidden in the bottome of the pot:
Of hurt vnwise mort danger doth redound:
But the falsh Archer, which that arrow shot
So flyly, that file did not feele the wound,
Did smite full smoothely at her weetles wofull round.

Thenceforth the feather in her lofty creft,
Ruffed of lour, gan lowly to anale,
And her proud portancer, and her pricely geft,
With which she earl triumphed, now did quale:
Sad, solemne, fowre, and full of functes triale
She wose: yet wist the neither how, nor why,
She wist not, silly maid, what she did ake:
Yet wist, she was not well at eafe perdy,
Yet thought it was not loue, but some melancholy.

So foones as night had with her palid new
Defert the beauty of the shining sky,
And rest from men the worlds defired view,
She with her Nourte adowne to sleepe did lie;
But sleepe full farre away from her did she:
In fted thereof fad fighes and forrowes deepe
Kempt watch and ward about her warily.
That nought the did but waile, and ofte sleepe
Her dainty couch with tears, which closely the did weep.

And if that any drop of floombring rett
Did chance to fall into her weary spright,
When feeble nature felt her felfe opprett;
Stronger-wye with dreames, and with fanctifique fight
Of dreadfull things the fame was put to flights,
That out of her bed did she start,
As one with view of ghastly frooms affright:
Tho, gan fte to renew her verter fmart,
And thanke of that faire village written in her heart.

One night, when she was toft with fuch vreet,
Her aged Nurse, whose name was Glauce hight,
Feeling her leape out of her loathed neft,
Bentwixt her fefible armes her quickly height,
And downe againe in her warne bed her right:
Ah my dearer daughter, ah my dearest dreed.
What vnconth fitt, fayd fte, what eniill plight
Hath thee opprett, and with fad dreary head
Changd thy lusciously, and luing made thee dead?

For, not of nooth the fake fuddene ghastly feares
All night affhct thy naturall repote:
And all the day, when as thine equall Pears
Their fift diptports with faire delight doe chofe,
Thou in dull corners doft thy felfe inclafe,
Ne fallest Princes pleasures, ne doeft fpreed
Abroad thy freth youthes faireth flource, but lofe
Both leafe and fruit, both too vnimely fied,
As one in willful bale for euer buried.

The time, that mortall rien their weyry carees
Do lay away, and all wilde bees ther rett.
And euer riuers eke his cominc forbears,
Their fift diptports with faire delight doe chofe,
And riu with thofand throbs thy threlt fed;
Like ane huge Aetna of deep enraged griefes,
Sorrow is heaped in thy hollow cheas.
Whenceforth it breaks in fighes and anguith riffe,
As smoke and julfure mingled with confuded thir.

Aye
Aye me, how much I feare, least lose it bee; 
But if that lose it bee, as fare I read 
By knowne signes and passions, which I fee, 
Be it worthy of thy race and royall head, 
Then I know by this most facred head 
Of my deares child, to save thy grieues, 
And win thy will: Therefore away doe dread; 
For, death nor danger from thy dew relieue.

Shall me debare, tell me therefore my liefeliefe.

So having said, her twixt her armer twaine 
She straightly Braynd, and collde tenderly, 
And euer trembling joynt, and euer vaine 
She softly felt, and rubbed busily, 
To doe the frozen cold with to the fe; 
And herte deawe eyes with kiffes deare 
She oft did bathe, and oft agane did dry; 
And euer her importund, not to feare

To let the seer of her heart to her appeare.

The Damzell patt'd, and then thus searefully; 
Ah Nurfe! what needest thee to eke my paine? 
Is not enough, that I alone doe die, 
But it miust doubled be with death of twaine? 
For, nought for me but death there doth remaine. 
O daughter deare, lid thee, despire no whit; 
For, Nuer fore, but might a false obtaine: 
That blindeed god, which had ye blinde ly mit,

Another arrow hath your lower heart to hit.

But mine is not, quoth she, like othere wond; 
For which no reason can finde remedie. 
Was never such, but mote the like be found. 
Said she, and though no reason may apply 
Salute to your fore, yet lose can higher flight, 
Then reason reach, and oft hath wonders donne. 
But neither god of love, nor god of sky 
Can doe (said she) that, which cannot be donne. 

Things oit impossible (quoth she) terme ere begonne.

The idle words, sayd she, doe nought affwage 
My stubborn hart, but more annoyance breed, 
For, no, no visuil fire, no visuil rage 
Iritis, & Nurfe, which on my life doth feed, 
And lucrkes the blowd,which from my heart doth bleed. 
But since thy faithfull zeal let mee not hide 
My crime (if crime it be) I will it be. 
Not Prince, not pere it is. whode love hath gryde

My feeble bref of late, and launced this wound wyde;

Nor man it is, not other huing wight: 
For then some hope I sought into me drawe; 
But th'only fadde and fettblant of a knight, 
Whome shape or perfon yet I never see, 
Hath me subiectd to loues cruelaw: 
The fame one day, as me misfortune led, 
In my fathers wondrous immoral fawe, 
And pleade with that teeming goodly hed,

Yowarc the hidden booke with hate I swallowed.

Sitshens it hath infixed eafter hold 
Within my bleeding bowels, and to fore 
Now rankled in that time frailly mould, 
That all mine entrance swowe with poynous gore, 
And th'veter growth dryly more and more; 
Ne can my running lore find remedie, 
Other then my hard fortune to deplore, 
And languish as the leafe faire from the tree,

Till death make one end of my daies and militarie.

Daughter, sayde, what need ye be defmayd, 
Or why make ye such monster of your mind? 
Of much more vacouth thing I was affray'd: 
Of filthy lust, contrary unto kind: 
But this affection nothing strange I finde: 
For, who with reason can you eie reprooue, 
To loue the semblant pleasing most your minde, 
And yield your heart where ye cannot remoue; 

No guilt in you, but in the tyranny of loue.

Not so dr. Aristotle sayd, did he her minde; 
Not so did Bithia spend her pinning heart, 
But lovd their native flesh against all kind, 
And to their purpose vied wicked art: 
Yet playd Pasiagia more monstrous part, 
That lovd a Ball, and learnt a beast to bee: 
Such flametulius who loseth not, which depart 
From course of Nature and of modesty?

Sweet loue such Lewdes bands from his faire company.

But think: my Deare (welfare thy heart my Deare) 
Though strange be, ginning had, yet fixed is, 
On one, that worthy may perhaps appeare; 
And certes seems bestowed nor amis: 
Toy thereof have thou and eternall bliss. 
With that vpleasing on her elbowe weake, 
Her skalbafuer bref the soft did kifs, 
Which all that while she felt to pant and quake,

As at an Earth-quake were: at lat the thus delphake:

Beldame, your words do worke me little cates; 
For, though your loue be not so lewdly bent, 
At those ye blame, yet may it not appease 
My raging frant, ne ought my flame relent, 
But rather doth my helples grieue augment, 
For they, how euer shameful and vnkinde, 
Yet did poison their horible intent: 
Short end of sorrowes they thereby did finde: 
(Crinde)
So was their fortune good, though wicked were their

But wicked fortune mine, though mine be good, 
Can have no end, nor hope of my desire, 
But feed on fadness, whilst I die for foodes, 
And like a shadow were, whilsts with entire 
Affection I doe languish and expire.

I fonder, then Est indoors foolish child, 
Who hauing viewed in a fountain there 
His face, was with the loue thereof beguiled; 
I fonder loue a flade, the body farre esild.

Nought
Nought like, quoth she, for that same wretched boy
Was of her selfe the idle Paramour;
Both loue and lourer, without hope of joy,
For which he failed to a watry flour.
But better fortune thine, and better howre,
Which lovesth the shadow of a warlike knight:
No shadow, but a body hath in powre:
That bodie, whereoneter that it light,
May learned be by cyphers, or by Magick might.

But if thou may with reason yet repulse
The growing enmity, ere it strength haue got,
And thee abandon wholly do possesse,
Against it strongly strive, and yield thee not,
Till thou in open field adowne be fomt.
But if the passion maister thy fraile might,
So that needs loue or death must be thy lot,
Then I avow to thee by wrong or right
To compasse thy desire, and find that loued knight.

Her chearful words much shear’d the feeble spright
Of the fickle virgin, that her downe she layd
In her warme bed to sleepe, if that she might;
And the old-woman carefullly displayed
The clothes about her round with buffe ayl’d;
So that at last a little creepsing sleepe
Surpris’d her fene; She, therewith well apayd,
The drunken lampe downe in the oyle did sleepe,
And let her by to watch, and let her by to weep.

Early the morrow next, before that day
His joyous face did to the world reveale,
They both esprowe and tooke their resolute way
Vnto the Church their prayers to appeal,
With great devotion, and with little zeal:
For, the faire Damzelle from the holy herfe
Her loue-sicke heart to other thoughts did flecte;
And that old Dame sayd many an idle verfe,
Out of her daughters heart fond fancies to reuerfe.

Returned home, the royall Infant fell
Into her former fit for why, no powre
Nor guidance of her felike in her did dwell.
But th’aged Nurfe, her calling to her bowre,
Had gathered Rew, and Sainne, and the flourc
Of Campana, and Cummin, and Dill,
All which she in an carthen pot did poure,
And to the brim with Colt wood did it fill,
And many drops of milke and blood through it did spill.

Then taking thrice three hairs off her head,
Then trublyly braided in a threefold lace,
And round about the pots mouth, bround the thread,
And after hasting whpered a place
Certaine fad words, with hollow voice and bafe,
She to the virgin faid, thricce sayd she it;
Come daughter come, come; spit upon my face,
Spit thrice upon me, thrice upon me spit;
This vacent number for this bulnice is most fit.

That sayd, her round about the from her turn’d,
She turned her contrary to the Sunne,
Thrice the her turn’d contrary, and return’d,
All contrary; for the the right did fluene,
And ever what she did, was freight vndonne.
So thought she to vndoe her daughters loue:
But looue, that is in gentile breit begonne,
No idle charmes to lightly may remoue;
That well can witnesse, who by trull it does prove.

Yet sought it mote the noble Mayd auxiliary,
Neflake the furie of her cruel flame,
But that she still did waife, and still did wayle,
That through long langour, and heart-burning bame
She Shortly like a pyred ghost became,
Which long hath waitied by the Stygian fround.
That when old Glauce law, for feare least blame
Of her multirriage should in her befound
She wifit not how to amend, nor how it to withstand.
Hacered fire, that burnesst mightly
In hewing brehes, ykindled first abolue,
Emongeth everall spheres & lumping sky,
And those poud into men,which me called loue;
Not that loue, which doth base affections
In brutish mans, & filthy lust inflame;
But that sweet loue, that doth true beauty loue,
And chooseth vertue for his deare Dame,
Whence springing all noble deeds and never dying fame;

Well did Antiquitie a God thee deeme,
That ever mortall minds haue so great might,
To order them, as beft to thee doth seeme,
And all their actions to direct right;
The fallall purpose of divine forelight;
Thou doest effect in defined defcents,
Through deepe impression of thy secret might,
And shewest vp th'Heipes high intents,
Which the late world admires for wondrous monuments.

But thy drede chrest in none do triumph more,
Ne braver proofes in any, of thy powre
S Hewid thou, then in this royall Maid of yore,
Making her feene an uknowne Paramoure,
From the worlds end, through many a bitter Rowe:
From whole two loynes thou afterwards did rule
Most famous fruits of martrimoniall bowre,
Which through the eart have spred their huing prays,
That fame in trampe of gold eternally displays

Begin then, & my dearest fated Dame,
Daughter of Phebus and of Memorie,
Thar doest ennable with immortall name
The warrlike Worthes, from antiquitie,
In thy great volume of Eternity:
Begin, & Cite, and recount from hence
My glorious Soueraiges goodly auncestry,
Till that by dew degrees and long pretence,
Thou hauest lastly brought unto her Excellence.

Full many waies within her troubled minde,
Old Glauce caft, to cure this Ladies griefe:
Full many waies she fought, but none could finde,
Nor herbs, nor charmes, nor councell, that is chief;
And chooseth medline for ticky hearts reliefe:
For-thy great care she tooke, and greater care,
Leat that it shoule her name to foule repriuue,
And fore prechoo, when fo her father deare
Should of his dearest daughters hard misfortune heare.

At last shee her advis'd, that he, which made
That mirrour, wherein the sickie Damofell
So strangelie viewed her strange louteres shade,
To wect, the learned Merlin, well could tell,
Vnder what coaft of heaven the man did dwell,
And by what means he did this poiur might be wroght:
For, though beyond the Affrick's snaile,
Or th'Indies Piers he were, she thought
Him forth in infinite enceuoe to have fought.

Forwith themselues disguising both in strange
And base attyre, that none might them bewray,
To Maritunum, that is now by change
Of name Cary-Mermaid, they tooke their way:
There the wife Merlin whylesome were, they lay,
To make his wome, leve underneall the ground,
In a deep delue, farre from the view of day,
That of no living wight he more be found.
When so he countred with his frights encompasse round.

And if thou ever happen that fame way
To travell, goe to see that dreadfull place:
It is an hideous hollow cave, they say,
Vnder a rocke that lies a little space.
From the swift Cary, tombling downe space,
Emongeth the woody hilles of Dynowoure:
But dare thou not, I charge, in any case,
To enter into that fame basfull Bowre.
For feare the cruel Feends should thee enuares devoure.
8

But standing high aloft, lowly Lyw thine ear,
And there such glistly noile of yron chains,
And brazen Cauldrons thou shouldest rumbling heare,
Which thousand sights with long en luming paines
Doe tote, that it will stone thy feble brains,
And oftentimes great grones, and grievous sounds,
When too huge tolle and labour them containes:
And oftentimes loud strokes, and ringing founds.
From vnder that deeppe Rocke most horribly rebounds.

9

The cause some say is this: A little while
Before that Merlin dyde, he did intend,
A brazen wall in compass to compile
About Carmarthen, and did it commund
Vnto th' Sprights, to bring to perfect end.
During which worke, the Lady of the Lake,
Whom long he lovd, for him in haffe did send,
Who thereby for't his workemen to forfake,
Them bound till his returne, their labour not to flake.

10

In the meanet ime, through that fale Ladies traine,
He was surpris'd, and buried vnder heare,
Ne ever to his work returnde agane:
Nail tellse those feends may not their work forbear,
So greatly his commandment they care,
But there doe toyle and trauell day and night,
Vntil that brazen wall they vp do reare:
For, Merlin had in Magick more insight,
Then ceter him before or after huing wight.

11

For, he by words could call out of the skye
Both Sunne and Moone, and make them him obey:
Their lit to fea, and sea to maie-land dry,
And darksome nighte he eke could turne to day:
Huge hoffes of men he could alone dismay,
And hoftes of men of meaneall things could thrane,
Whe'nso him lift his enemies to fray:
That to this day, for terror of his fame,
The feends do quake, when any him to them doe name.

12

And, moote, men say that he was not the sonne
Of mortall Syre, or other huing wight,
But wondrously begotten, and begunne
By faile illusion of a guiffull Spright,
On a faire Lady Nome, that whiteonne hight
Matilda, daughter to Pendubie,
Who was the Lord of Arthresswell by right,
And coosen unto kee, Ambroisius:
Whence he indued was with skill so marvellous.

13

They here aruing, flayed awhile without,
Ne dar't adventure fafely to wend,
But of their first intent gan make new doubt
For dread of danger, which it might portend:
Vntil the hardy Mayd (with huse to friend)
First entering, the dreadful Mappe there found
Deep buulf'd bout worke of wondrouse end,
And writing frange char,aters in the ground,
With which the rubbon feends he to his feruite bound.

14

He nought was moued at their entrance bold:
For, of their comming well he wolt alore;
Ye lift them bid thir business unfold,
As it ought in this world to forst shoure.
Were from him hidden, or unkonown to yore.
Then Glauce thus, Let not thir offend,
That we thus rathelly through thy darksome dore,
Vnwares have prof: for, either fall end,
Or other mighty caufe, vs two did hither bend.

15

He bade tell on: And then fie thus began:
Now have three Moones with borrow'd brothers light.
Thrice shined faire, and thirteene'd dim and wan,
Sith a fore euill, which this vrgin bright
Tormenteth, and doth plonge in darkens plight,
First rooting tooks but what thing it most be,
Or whence it sprong, I cannot read aright;
But this I read, that but if remedee,
Thou her afford, full shortly I her dead shall see.

16

Therewith th' Enchaunter softly gan to snyle
At her smooth speeches, weeping inly well,
That she on hir dissembl'd woomanish guise,
And to her sayd, Belasme, by that ye tell,
More need of leach-craft hath your Durazzell,
Then of my skil: who help may have elsewhere,
In vaine seekes wonders out of Majick spelle.
Th' old woman wo'd half blank, those words to heare;
And yet was loth to her purpose plaine appearre.

17

And to hime sayd, If any leachers skil,
Or other learned meanes could hauce redrecf
This my dese daughters deepse engrafted ill,
Ceret I should be loth thee to molest;
But this fore euill, which doth her infect,
Doth court of natural cause faire exceed,
And haued is within her hollow brefet,
That either seemes some cursed witches deeed,
Or euill spright, that in her doth such torment breed.

18

The wizard could no longer beare her bord,
But buming forth in laugher, to her sayd:
Glauce, what needs this colourable word,
To cloke the cause, that hath it selfe bewray'd?
Ye ye faire Britomsais, thus arradd,
More hidden are, then Sunne in cloudy vle.
Whom thy good fortune, hauing fare obayed,
Hath hither brought, for succour to appeale:
The which the powres to thee are placfed to redevale.

19

The doubtfull Mayd, seeing her selfe defcry'd,
Was all abash'd, and her pure voyre
Into a clere Carmation laddeine dyde;
As faire Aurora, riling halilily,
Doth by her blushing tell, that she didly
All nighte in old Zithamow frozen bed,
Whereof the seemes shamed inwardly,
But her olde Nurce was nought disheartened,
But vantage made of that, which Merlin had aied.

And
And saith, Sith then thou knowest all our griefes, 
(For what dost thou know?) of grace I pray, 
Put out our plaints, and yeeld vs meet relefe. 
With that, the Prophet full awaile did stay, 
And then his spirit thus gan forth display: 
Most noble Virginia, that by fatall lore 
Hast learn'd to love, let no whith thee dismay 
The hard begin, that meets thee in the dore, 
And with sharpe fits thy tender heart opprest. 

For, so must all things excellent begin, 
And she embrued deep with that, Titre, 
Who's leg embraded branches shall not run. 
Till they to heaven's hight forth stretched bee. 
For, from thy wombes a famous Progenie 
Shall spring, out of the ancient Trojan blood, 
Which shall renewe the sleepeing memory Of those fame antique Peers, the heavens brood, 
Which Greece and Aftien rivers frayed with which their blood. 

Renowned kings, and sacred Emperours, 
Thy fruitful! Chirping, shall from thee descend; 
True Captaine, and most mighty Warrours, 
Which shall their conquests through all lands extend, 
And their deccayd kingdomes shall amend. 
The Feble Britons, broken with long waire. 
They shall vprore, and mightily defend 
Against their forren foe, that comes from faire, 
Till vnsterfall peace compound all citale. 

It was not, Britomer, thy wondering eye, 
Glancing onwaes in charned looking glass, 
But the bright course of heauenly deftiny, 
Laid with Eternal providence, that was 
Guided thy glance, to bring his will to pas: 
Nec in thy fate, nec in thy fortune, 
To loue the prouest knight, that euer was. 
Therefore submisst thy waies into his will. 
And do by all dew meanes thy deftiny fulfill. 

But read (said Glaucus) thou Magician 
What meanes shall the out-fleeke, or what waies take? 
How shall I knowe, how shall I find the man? 
Or what needs her to toyle, her fates can make. 
Way for the mildes, their purpose to partake: 
Theo Mercurius thus: Indeed the fates are firme, 
And may not thrall, though all the world doe shake: 
Yet ought mens good endeavours them confirm, 
And guide the heauenly caues to their constant terme. 

The man, whom heuenes have ordain'd to bee 
The spouse of Britomart, is Arthical: 
He wonne in the land of Payerne, 
Yet is no Fairy borne, no fiue at all 
To Elfe, but strong of feed terrestriall, 
Whose form by fallie Fates stolne away, 
Wills yet in infant cradle he did call; 
No other to himselfe is knowne this day, 
But that he by an Elfe was gotten of a Fay. 

But forth he is the sonne of Ceridw, 
And brother unto Cedar Cornith king, 
And for his warlike featrs renowne he is, 
From where the Day out of the da's doth spring, 
Vntill the cloourse of the Eucnung. 
From whence, him firmely bound with faithfull band, 
To this his native soyle thou backe shalt bring, 
Strongly to ayde his countrey, to withitand 
The powre of fairein Paynms, which inade thy land. 

Great ayd thereto his mightye puissance, 
And dreadful name, shall grace in that day: 
Where also proofes of thy pride vallance 
Thou then shalt make, increas thy lovers pray: 
Long time ye both in armes shall bear great way, 
Till thy wembes burden thee from them do call, 
And his last fate him from thee take away, 
Too rathe cut off by practice criminiall. 

Of secret foes, that him shall make in mischiefe fall. 

Where they yet shal he leave, for memorie 
Of his late puissance, his Image dead, 
That living here all eites, 
To thee shall represent. He from the head 
Of his coone Confanius without dead. 
Shall take the crowne, that was his fathers right, 
And therewith crowne him selfe, in th'others stead: 
Then shall he ince forth with dreadful right, 
Against his Saxon foes in bloudy field to fight. 

Like as a Lyon, that in drowne he cane 
Hath long time slept, himselfe to shal he shake: 
And comming forth, shall spred his banner brane 
Over the terraqueous South, to shal he make: 
The warlike Mercurius for courage to awake: 
Thrice shal he fight with them, and twice shal he win, 
But the third time shall faire accordance make: 
And if he then with victorie can win, 
He shall his days with peace bring to his earthly In. 

His sonne, hight Foripure, shall him succede. 
In kingdome, but not in felicite: 
Yet shal he long time ware with happy speed, 
And with great honer many battels try: 
But at the left to th' incomparring 
Of Froward fortune shall be forse to yeeld. 
But his sonne Madga, shall full mightily 
Avenge his fathers losse, with spere and shield, 
And his proud foes discomfit in victorious field. 

Behold the man, and tell me Britomer, 
If any more goodly creature thou didst see; 
How like a Giant in each manly part 
Bears he himselfe with portly maine, 
That one of th'old Heritages to bee: 
He is the 10th bound promumbelall. 
In ancient times unto great Britannie, 
Shall to the same reduce, and to him call 
Their fundry kings to do their homage severall. 

N
All which his sonne Caridtun\ 32
Shall well defend, and Saxons powre suppress,
Vnuit a stranger king from unknowne loyle
Arriving, him with multitudes oppress;
Great Gernond, having with huge mightinelle
Ireland subseed, and therein fitt his throne,
Like a swift Otter, fell through emptinesse,
Shall oweswine the Sea with many one
Of his Noweryes, to affift the Britons fone.

He in his fury all shall oueruntune,
And holy Church with faithfulls hands deface,
That thy god people vitterly fordone,
Shall to the virgoin mountains fly apace:
Was never to great waite in any place,
Nor to foul outrages done by liuing men;
For, all thy Citizens they shall facke and safe,
And the green graffe, that groweth, they shall bren
That even the wild beast shall die in starued dcn.

Whiles thus the Britons do in languour pine,
Proud Etheldred fhall from the North arife,
Serving th'ambitious will of Augynlone;
And pitting Dee with harly enterprise,
Shall backe repulfe the valiant Bredwell twife,
And Baver with mistraied Martyrs fll:
But the third time fhall rew his foothardie:
For, Cadman, pitying his peoples ill,
Shall stoutly him defeat, and thousand Saxons kill.

But after him, Cadwallader mightily
On his fonne Edwin all thofe wrongs shall wrecakes
Ne fhall awak the wicked fortece
Of falle Todiis, his purpofoes to breake,
But him fhall fly, and on a gallowes blace
Shall gue th'encanther his vnhappy hire:
Then fhall the Britons, late diuirtayd and weake,
From their longvaftage gine to repire,
And on their Paynium foch auenge their rankled ire.

Ne a fhall he yet his wrath to mitigate,
Till both the fonnies of Edwin he haue fhaine,
Offriche and Offriques, twinnies unfortunate,
Both fhaine in battell vp vn Layburne Plaine,
Together with the King of Lowthians,
Hight Adin, and the King of Orkneys,
Both ioynt partakers of the fatal paine:
But Penda, fcarefull of khe defaynt,
Shall yield himfelfe his liegenman, and sweare fealty.

Him fhall he make his feftall Instrument,
Thaffit the other Saxons vnbudwed;
He marching forth with fury inflent
Against the good king Oswald, who indewd
With heavenly powre, and by Angels reskewed,
All holding eftates in their hands on his
Shall him defake withouten blood immr wed:
Of which, that field for enliefe memory,
Shall Hevenfield be caled to all poteftary.

Wherfore Cadwallader, shall forth ifew,
And an huge hofte into Northumber lead,
With which he godly Oswald fhall libdew,
And crowne with Martyrdom his facred head.
Whole brother Oswin, dammed with like dread,
With price of fluer fhall his kingdom buy:
And Pendr, feekeing him adowne to tread,
Shall tread adowne, and do him fowly die,
But fhall with gifts his Lord Cadwallader pacifie.

Then fhall Cadwallader dye, and then the raigne
Of Britons cke with him attone fhall die;
Ne fhall the good Cadwallader with paine,
Or powre, be habile to remedy,
When the full time prefent by deftiny,
Shall be expir'd of Britons regnemnt.
For, heauen it falle fhall their fuccefs emuir,
And them with plagues and murrin ptifent
Confume, till all their warlike puifance be fpent.

Yet after all thefeenrowes, and huge hills
Of dying people, during eight yeares space,
Cadwallader not yeelching to hisills,
From Armeftok, where long in wretched cafe
He liv'd, returning to his native place,
Shall be by vision floyd from his intent:
For, th'heavens have decreed, to difplace
The Britons, for their finnes dew punishment,
And to the Saxons ouer-gieue their government.

Then wee, and woe, and eeurafting woe,
Be to the Briton babe that fhall be born,
To live in the domne of his fathers foe:
Late King, now captiue, late Lord, now forlorne,
The worlds reproche, the cruel vicouns borne,
Banifh from Princeuely bowre to waffull wood:
O who fhall help me to lament, and mourne
The royall fed, the antique Trojan blood!
Whole Empire longer heret then ever any flood.

The Dunzelle was full deep empaffioned,
Both for his griefe, and for her peoples fake,
Whose future woes to plaime he fentiion,
And sighing foare, at length him thus belpakes;
Al! but will heauenful fury never fake,
Nor vengeance huge relent it felle at left?
Will not long misty late mercy make,
But fhall their name for ever be deface,
And quite from th'earth their memory be raff't?

Nay but the tearme (sayd he) is limited,
That in this thraldom Britons fhall abide,
And the cuft reolution meafured,
That they as Strangers fhall be notifide.
For twize four hundred fhall be full suppitude,
Ere they to former rule refufe of fhall be,
And their importance fates all fatisfide:
Yet during this their moft obcuritee,
(They fee).
Their beames fhall off breake forth, that men them faire

For
For Rhotondice, whose fame most shalbe Great,
Shall of himselfe a brave example shew,
That Saxon kings; his friendship shall intreat;
And Hewel Dhs shall goodly well indew
The sullage minds with skill of soft and tow;
Then Griffyth Coman also shall vs reare
His dared head, and th'oldie sparkes renew
Of nature courage, that his foes shall fear,
Least backe against the kingdome he from thence Should.

Ne shall the Saxons felues all peaceably
Bene in his attes raked vp and bid,
Be hriefly kindled in the fruitfull ile
Of Moena, where it lurked in exile:
Which shall breake forth into bright burning flame,
And reach into the house that bears the stile
Of royall Maiesty and fourseignemere name;
So shall the Briton bloude their crowne againe reclame.

There, when the terme is full accomplisht,
There shall a spaire of fire, which hath long-while
Beneth in his attes raked vp and bid,
Be hriefly kindled in the fruitfull ile
Of Moena, where it lurked in exile:
Which shall breake forth into bright burning flame,
And reach into the house that bears the stile
Of royall Maiesty and fourseignemere name;
So shall the Briton bloude their crowne againe reclame.

Thereforth eternall vion shall be made
Between the Nations different alore,
And Creded Peace shall lastingly perdure
The warske mindes, to learne her goodly lore,
And civile armes to exercise no more:
Then shall a royall virgin ruigne, which shall
Stretch her white rod ouer the Belgick shore,
And the great Castle light and to fore withall,
That shall make him shake, and shortly learne to fall.

But yet the end is not. There Merlyn flayed,
As outersummon of the spirts powere,
Or other ghastly ffaczle dimmned,
That secretly her law, yet note differce:
Which suddain hit, and halfe exstacte flource
When the two fearfull womenlaw, they grew
Greate ly confused in behaoure;
At last the fury palt, to formerly she
She turnd againe, and chearfull looks as earst did shew.

Then, when themselues they well intrusted had
Of all, that needd them to be inquir'd,
They both conceaving hope of comfort glad,
With lighter hearts vsite into their home rest'd,
Where they in secret counsell close conspir'd
How to effect so hard an enterprise,
And to polleffe the purpose they devis'd:
Now this, now that, twixt them they did deuise,
And diuerse plots did frame, to make in strange devise.

At last the Nourife in her foolishly wyt
Comery'd a bold deuise, and thus bespake:
Daughter, I demne that counsell eye most fit,
That of the time doth dew advantage take;
Ye see that good king Piffer now doth make
Strong warre upon the Paynim bretheren, hight
Ofla and Oza, whom he lately brake
Beside Caye Vrallame, in victorious fight,
That now all Britanies dote burne in armes bright.

That therefore nought our passage may impeach,
Let vs in faire armes our felues disguis;
And our weake hands, whom need new strength shall
The deedfull speare and shield to exercise;
Ne certes daughter that time warke wife,
I wene, would you mistequce: for ye been tull,
And large of limbe, t'architue an hard empris,
Ne ought ye want, but skill, which practive small
Will bring, and shortly make you a mayd Martall.

And tooth, it ought your courage much inflame,
To hear to often, in that royall house,
From whence to none inferious ye came;
Bards tell of many women whom
Which have full many feats adventurous
Perform'd, in Paragone of proudet men:
The bold Bunduca, whose vsiorious
Exploites made Ryme to quake, ftwt Guendolen,
Renowned Merlyne, and redoubted Emino.

And that, which more then the rest may sway,
Late dayes enample, which thee eyes beheld,
In the left field before Menuita:
Which Piffer with thole forrein Pagans held,
I saw a Saxon virgin, the which hold,
Great Piffo thricke upon the bloudly Plaine,
And had not Carados her hand withheld
From rafe revenge, she had him fully flame,
Yet Carados himselfe from her espie with paine.

Ah read, quoth Britomart, how is the hight?
Faire Angele, quoth fine: men do her call,
Now why lefte faire, then terrible in fight:
She hath the leading of a Martall,
And mighty people, dreeded more then all
The other Saxons, which do for her sake
And love, themselfes of her name Angeles cull.
Therefore faire fufant her enample make
Vnto thylle, and equall courage to thace take.

Her
56
Her heartie words so deepe into the minde
Of the young Damzell sunk, that great desire
Of warlike armes in her forsworn they ty'd,
And generous stout courage did inspire,
That she resolv'd, unseeing to her Sire,
Advent'rous knightonhood on her felde to don,
And count'd with her Nurfe her mayds attire
To turne into a warlike habergeon,
And bade her all things put in readinesse anon.

57
Th'o'd woman sought, that needed, did omit;
But all things did contently pursuay;
It fortune'd (to time their turne did fit)
A band of Britons riding on foray.
Few days before, had gotten a great pray
Of Saxon goods, amongst which was feete
A goodly Armour, and full rich array,
Which long'd to Angellas, the Saxon Queene,
All fretted round with gold, and godfully well befeene.

58
The fame, with all the other ornamente,
King Ryence caus'd to be hang'd hie,
In his chiefe Church, for endlesse moniments
Of his successe and gladfull victoie;
Of which her selfe stufing readily,
In that evening late old Glauce tither led
Faire Britomart, and that fame Armory,
Downe taking, her therein apparel'd.
Well as she might, and with braue baudrick garnished.

59
Beseide those armes there stood a mighty speare,
Which Bladud made, by Magicks art of yore,
And vs'd the fame in battaile eye to bear;
Sith which it had been here preserve'd in store,
For his great vertues proud long afore:
For never wight to sust in fell could fit,
But he perforce unto the ground it bore:
Both speare & shiel'd of great powre, for her purpos fit.

60
Thus when she had the virgins all array'd,
Another harnes, which did hang thereby,
About her selfe the dight, that the young Mayd
She might in equal armes accompanie,
And as her Squire attend her carefully:
To, to their reade Steeds they clombe full light,
And through back wayes, that none might them elude,
Cover'd with secret cloud of silent night,
Themshews they forth comand, & sufferd forward right.

61
Next, refled they, all that to Fairy land
They came, as Merlin them directed late:
Where meeting with this Redcrosse knight, the fund
Of divers things discours'd to dilate,
But most of Arthurell, and his estate.
At last, their waies to fell, that they mout part
Then each to other well affectionate,
Frenship prof'led with vnshyned heart,
The Redcrosse knight ducett, but forth rode Britomart.

Canto IIII.

Bold Marinell, of Britomart,
Is thrown on the rich sword:
Faire Florimell of Arthur is
Long followed, but not fond.

Here is the antique story now become,
That whome some want in women to appeare?
Where be the brave achievementes don by thorn?
Where be the battell, where the shiel'd & speare,
And all the conquests, which them high did raise,
That matter made for famous Poets versifie,
And bountifull men so oft abash'd to heare?
Bene they all dead, and laid in dolefull her?e?
Or doeth they only sleepe, and shal againe resume?

If they be dead, then woe is me therefore:
But if they sleepe, let them sleepe awake:
For all too long I burne with enuy love,
To heare the warlike feares, which Homer's sake
Of bold Pantaloon, which made a lake
Of Grecians bold so oft in Trytan Plains,
But when I read, how stout Deborah strike
Proud Sirens, and how Camill hath blame
The huge Orfithom, I dwell with great disdain.

Ye.
Yet theft, and all that else had puissance,
Cannot with noble Britomart compare,
As well for glory of great valiancy,
As for pure chistle and vertue rare.
That all her goodly deeds do well declare.

Well worthy Rock, from which the branches sprong,
That in late years so faire a blowforme bare,
As thee, O Queene, the matter of my song,
Whose ignome from this Lady I derive along.

Who when through speeches with the Redcrosse knight,
She learned had that chattle of Arthursall,
And in each point her selfe informed aright,
A friendly league of love perpetuall.
She with him bound, and Cogre tooke withall.
Then he forth on his journey did proceede,
To fecke adventures, which mote him befall,
And win him worship through his warlike deed,
Which shewes of his pates he made the chiefest need.

But Britomart kept on her former course,
Ne euer dote her armes, but all the wai.
Grew penfivne through that amorous discoursse,
By which the Redcrosse knight did euer display
Her lovers trance, and chasteious array.
A thousand thoughts sate fadiously in her mind,
And in her burning fancy did purray
Him such, as sitteth she for love could finde,
Warlike, wife, penfivne, curteous, and kinde.

With such selfe-pleasing thoughts her wounde she fed,
And thought to be guide her grievous intrest;
But to her instant was much more grievous bred,
And the deep wounde more deep euer d her heart;
That thought but death her death to go more depart.
So forth she rode without repose or rest,
Searching all lands and ever remotest part,
Following the guid ance of her blinded guet,
Till that to the sea-coast at length she had addrest.

There she alight from her light-foot Beast,
And setting downe upon the rockie shore,
Bade her olde Squire vnlace her looty creaste.
Tho, having word whyle the furges hore,
That gaunt the craggie sfadas did loudly roar,
And in their raging lurdeyed did they do,
That the fast earth assisted them to sore,
And their desouring counteys restraynd,
Thereat the sighte grieved, and after thus complaund.

Huge sea of sorrowes, and tempeuous griefe,
Wherin my feeble barke is tossed long,
Far from the hoped Haven of relief.
Who do thy cruel billowes beat so stronge,
And thy cogre mountains rise each on others thread,
Threatning to swallow vp my fearfull life?
O do thy cruel wrath and frightfull wrong
At length alway, and flint thy storme byrse,
Which in these troubled bowles reignes, & rageteth ri.

For, else my feeble reft felde eard, and crackt
Through thy strong buffets and outrageous blows,
Cannot endure, but needs it must be crackt.
On the rough sea of rocks, or on the sandy shalower,
The whiles that lone it tretis, and fortune rowses;
Lone my lowd Pilot hath a reflifent mind.
And fortune Boat-swaine no assurance knowes,
But saile withoute flames, gainst tide and wind:
How can they other do, sith both are bold and blind?

Thou God of winds, that reignest in the seas,
That reignest also in the Continent.
Aslal blawe vp some gentle gale of easte,
The which may bring my Ship, crete be rent.
Vnto the gladdome part of her intent:
Then when I hall my selfe in safety fee,
A table for eternall mouiment
Of thy great grace, and my great experiments.
Great Neptune, I vow to hallow unto thee.

Then sighing softlye fore, and inlye deep,
She shitt vp all her plaint in prude griefe;
For, her great courage would not let her weep;
Till that old Glauce gun with flarpe repriue
Her to refraine, and give her good reliefe.
Through hope of thole, which Meriter had her tolde
Should of her name and nation be chiefe,
And fete their being from the sacred mould
Of her immortal wondre, to be in heauen enrolld.

Thus as she her recomferted, the spide
Where faire away one all in armour bright,
With hafty gallop towards her did ride;
Her doulor loone she creaste, and on her sight
Her behaver, to her Courser mounting light; 
Her former forrowe into lusden wrath,
Both coozen passions of distroubled spight.
Concerting. Forth she beats the dully path;
Lone and delight at once her courage kindled hath.

As when a foggy mist hath overcast
The face of heauen, and the claire are engross,
The world in darknesse dwells, till that at last
The watry South-wind fro the sea-bord coasts
Vpblowing, doth dierse the vapoure of it,
And poures it selfe forth in a stormye flowre;
So the faire Britomart having dignifd her
Her cloudy care into a vertuell flowre,
The mist of griefe dissolv'd, did into vengeance powre.

Elseoones her goodly shield addressing faire,
That mortall in care she in her hande did take,
And unto battell did her selfe prepare.
The knight, approaching sternely he bespake:
Sir knight, that dooth thy voyage really make
By this forbidden way in my delights.
Ne dooyst by others death ensample take,
I read thee more returne, whiles thou hast might,
Left afterwards it be too late to take thy flight.
THE THIRD BOOKE OF CANT. 111.

12 Ythrid with deep disdainse of his proud threat,
She shortly thus : Fly they, that need to fly:
Words fearen babes. I meane not thee entreat
To pall: but slue thee will pass on, or die.
Ne longer stayd for th' other to reply,
But with a rapier that he spake, that made dearly knowne.
Strongly the strange knight ran, and strong
Strooke her fall on the breach, that made her downe.
Decline her head, & touch her crouser with her crowne.

But the amaine in the shield did smite
With fo fierce fury and great puissance,
That through his three scourse (such as piercing quite,
And through his mayed hanburke, by malchance.
The wicked Steele through his left side did glances
Him so transfixed the before her bore
Beyond her crouse, the length of all her lance,
Till fully foucing on the faire flower,
He tumbled on an heape, and wallow'd in his gore.

Like as the sacred Oxe, that careles stands,
With gilden honnes, and bowly girlonde crown'd,
Proud of his dying honor and deare bands,
Whiles thaltor fume with frankincense around,
All suddeny with mortall stroke alltownd,
Doth grounding fall, and with his streaming gore
Diluines the pillows, and the holy ground,
And the faire flowers, that decked him afore,
So fell proud Marivel on the precious shore.

The Marivel Mayd staid not him to lament,
But forward roade, and kept her ready way
Along the strond: which as she over-went,
She Livde beftrowed all with rich array
Of pearls and precious flones of most affay,
And all the grauell mixt with golden owre;
Whereas the wonderd much, but would not fly
For gold, or pearls, or precious stones an hower,
But then despisst all for, all was in her powre.

Whiles thus he lay in deadly bloufhment,
Tyding hereof came to his mothers ear;
His mother was the black-browd Cymbent,
The daughter of great Tyree, which did beare
This warlike fonnes unto an earthly pearle,
The famous Domartin: who on a day
Finding the Nymphm above in secret ware,
As he by chancie did wanter that faire way,
Was taken with her love, and by her closely lay.

There he this knight of her beget: whom borne
She of his father Marivel did name,
And in a rocky cave as wightfororne,
Long time the fostred vp, till he became
A mighty man at ames, and mickle fame
Did get through great apperances by him done:
For, neuer man he suffred by that fame
Rich frowre to tranxell, whereas he did wonne,
But that he must do battell with the Sea-nymphes fonne.

An hundred knights of honorable name
He had subdew, and them his waifes made,
That through all Fary lond his noble fame
Now blasew, and fearde did all noade,
That none durft pallen through that perilous glade:
And to advance his name and glory more,
Her Sea-god fyre the dearely did appeare,
Towed her fonne, with threfhure and rich flore,
Boue all the founes, that were of earthly worth yborne.

The god did grant his daughters deare demand,
To doen his Nephew in all riches howe:
Effo none his heaped waues he did commaund,
Out of their hollowe bofome forth to throwe
All the huge threfhure, which the fee belowe
Had in his dreadly glasse daunted deep,
And him enriched through the outthrowe
And wreches of many wretches, which did wepe
And often waile their wealth, which he from them did keep.

Shortly uppon that thore there heaped was
Exceeding riches and all precious things,
The spoyle of all the world, that it did pafs
The wealth of th' East, and pomp of Periian kings:
Gold, amber, yuories, pearls, owches, rings,
And all that felle was precious and deare,
The fte he noth him voluntary brings,
That shortly he a great Lord did appeare,
As was in all the lond of Furey, or elsewhere.

Thereto he was a doughty drenched knight,
To dyde often to the fathie of many deare,
That none in equal artes him matchen might:
The which his mother feeing, gan to feare
Leath his too haggy hardauns might reare
Some hard mishap, in hazrd of her life:
For thy he aft him countelled forthare
The bloody batell, and to floure up strife,
But after all his warre, to rett his weary knawe.

And for his more affurance, the enquir'd
One day of Proteus by his mighty spell
(For Proteus was with propheticke inspir'd)
Her deare founes deftie to her to tell,
And the end fad of her sweet Marivel.
Who, through foresight of her eternall skil,
Bade her from woman-kind to keep him well:
For, of a woman he shoule hunte much ill,
A virgin franke and I oure he shoule dismay, or kill.

For-thy the gave him warning every day,
The loue of women not to entertaine;
A leson too too hard for living claire,
From loue in course of nature to refraine:
Yet he his mothers lore did well retaine,
Anduer from faire Ladies loue did flie;
Yet many Lutes faire did oft complaine,
That they for loue of him would algetes die:
Dry, whofe lift for him, he was louer eternye.
But ah, who can deceive his destiny,  
Or ween by warning to ayeoy his fate?  
That when he fleepes in mort secuntry,  
And left he seemes, him fonnct doth amaze,  
And findeth, new effect or loose or late.  
So freele is the power of fealtly arme.  
His mother bare him women's loue to hate,  
For, first of womans force did fear no harme;  
So weening to have arm'd him, she did quite difarm.

This was that woman, this that deadly wound,  
That Proteus prophesied should him dismay,  
The which his mother vainly did expound,  
To be heart-wounding, which should affay  
To bring her fomne into his left decay,  
So ticle le be the tears of mortal fate,  
And full of fable fophtiness, which doe play  
With double faenes, and with fable debate,  
T'approve the vnknowne purpose of eternal fate.

Too true the famous Marinell its found,  
Who through late trilb, on that wealthy Strond  
Inglorious now lies in fancefle fownd,  
Though he nuy stroke of Britomats his fond.  
Which when his mother dear did vnderfond,  
And heavy vuyngs heard, where as the play  
Amongst her warry fitters by a Pond,  
Gathering sweet Daffildillies, to have made  
Gay Garlandes, from the Sun their foreheads faire to thade:  

Eftfoones both flowers and Garlandes farre away  
She Song, and her faire deawie locks yrent,  
To forrow huge theter turned her fomner play,  
And gamefome mirth to grievous drectm:  
Shee threw her fett downe on the Comment,  
Ne word did spake, but lay as a favonie,  
Whiles all her fitters did for her lament,  
With yeling out-cries, and with shrieking fowne:  
And everie onde did teare her grilde from her crowne.

Soone as thee vp out of her deadly fit  
Arote, shee bare her charet to be brought,  
And all her fitters, that with her did fit,  
Bade eke atone their charrets to be fraught:  
Tho, full of bitter griefe and penitue thought,  
She to her wagon clombe: clombe all the reft,  
And forth toger thert went, with forrow fraught.  
The waves, obedient to their behalf,  
Them yielded ready paliffe, and their rage furcraeft.

Great Neptune flood amazed at their flight,  
Whiles on his brod round backeth they softly slid,  
And eke himselfe mourn'd at ther mournfull plught,  
Yet will not what ther wayling meant, yet did  
For great commotion of ther forrow, bid  
His mighty waters to them buxome bee;  
Eftfoones the roaring billowes fhill abid,  
And all the grieved Moonters of the Sea  
Stood gaping at ther gate, and wondered them to fee.

A rame of Dolphins ranged in array,  
Drew the smooth charret of lad Cymenetus;  
They were all taught by Triton, to obey  
To the long traines, at her commandement:  
As swift as Swallowes purpose, and deare wyne,  
That their broad flagggy finnes no fonce did reare,  
Ne bubbling round all they behind them fent:  
The reit, of other finnes drawn were,  
Which with their funny oars the swelling fea did thare.

Soone as they beene arm'd upon the brim  
Of the rich fround, their charrets they forloure,  
And let ther temed finnes foftly swim  
Along the margant of the fome foute,  
Left they thin finnes should bruze, and furbarke fote  
Their tender feet upon the ftone ground:  
And comming to the place, where all in gore  
And cruudly bloud envallowed they found  
The luckifelle Marinell, lying in deadly fownd:

His mother swonthe three, and the third time  
Could farte recovered be out of her paines;  
Had thre not beene destroyd of mortal fame,  
She should not then have been refted againe:  
But foonne as life recovered had the raine,  
She made fonftious fpecies to deare payment,  
That the hard rocks could farte from trees reftaine,  
And all her fitter Nymphes with one content  
Supplide her lobbing breeches with fad complement.

Dear image of my felle, therf, that is,  
The wretched fonne of wretched mother borne,  
Is this thame high advancement ? o ther is this  
Th immortall fame, with where ther yet unbome  
Thy Granire Nymph promis to adore?  
Now myelfe of life and honour reft;  
Now lefth then a lump of earth forterne,  
Ne of thy late life memory is lef,  
Ne can thy irrevoable deftiny be weft.

Fond Proteus, father of alle prophesics.  
And they more fond that credit to thee gis,  
Not this the worke of womans hand ywis,  
(driue.  
That to deepe wound through these dearde members  
I feard lone: burt hery that lone doe live:  
But they that die, doe neither lone nor hate.  
Nathelfe, to thee thy folly I forrgue,  
And to my felle, and to accurfed fare  
The guiltl I doe ascribe: deare wisedome bought too late.

O what ailes it of immortall feed  
To bee more ybred and never borne to die;  
Farre better it is doone to die with fpeed,  
Then waile in woe and wailefull miserie.  
Who dyes, the virdufl doth order abce  
But who this lines, is left to waile his lofe:  
So life is lofe, and death felitute.  
Sad life wore then glad death: and greater crole:  
To fee friends Graue, then dead the Graueltelle to engroff.
THE THIRD BOOKE OF

But if the heavens did his days enuie,
And my short blisse maligne, yet more they well
Thus much afford me, ere that he did die
That the dim eyes of my deare Martinell
I most have closed, and him bad farewell,
Sith other offices for mother meet
They would not grant.
Yet make ye them, farewell my sweetest sweet;
Farewell my sweetest sonne, fince we no more shall meet.

This when they all had forrowed their fell,
They fully gun to lerce his grievely wound;
And that they might him handle more at will,
They him disarray'd, and spreading on the ground
Then watchet mantics fringe'd with flatter round,
They fully wip't away the idly blood
From this offence: which hauing well vp-bound,
They pord-in louteraigne balmes, and Nectar good,
Good both for earthly med'cine, and for heavenly food.

Tho, when the lily-handed Liagore
(This Liagore whylome had learned skill
In leaches craft, by great Apollo's lore,
Sith her whylome upon high Pindus hill,
He loved, and at last her wamsbe did fill
With heavenly feed, whereof wise These (prong)
Did feele his pule, fteeke knew there flate fall
Some little life his feelele sprites among:
Which to his mother told, despair she from his long.

Tho, him vp-taking in their tender hands,
They eaily into her chariet beare:
Her come at her commanament quiet hands,
While they the corse into her wagon rearre,
And drow with flowers the Lamentable beare:
Then all the reft into their coches clin,
And through the brackish waves their paffage blear:
Vpon great Neptune's necke they felesely swim,
And to her watry chamber swiftly carry him.

Deepe in the bottome of the Sea, her bowre
It built, of hollow bilowe hesped he,
Like to thick clowdes, that threat a stormy flouere,
And vaulted allwithin, like to the sky,
In which the Gods do dwell eternally:
There they him layd in ease couch well light:
And drowt in haste for Tryphon to apply
Salues to his woundes, and medicines of might:
For, Tryphon of Sea-gods the fountaine keach is hight.

The Whiles, the Nymphes fit all about him round,
Lamenting his mishap and heauy plight:
And of his mother viewing his wiehe wound,
Curset the hand that did this deadly smit
Her dearest sonne, her dearest hart delight.
But none of all those curtes overtime
The waktke Myrd, the ensemble of that might,
But fairely well the thriu'd, and well did Brooke
Her noble deedes, ne her right course for ought for looke.

Yet did fallke Archimage her still purswe,
To bring to palle his mishitectuent.
Now that he had her thingled from the crew
Of cureous knights, the Prince, and Fairy gent,
Whom late in chase of beautie excellent
She left, perusing that same fofter strong:
Of whole foule outage they impiatant,
And full of fiery zeal, he followd long.
To reseek her from thame, and to renewe her wrong.

Through thicke and thin, through mountains & through
Those two great champions did artronc purswe (plaines)
The fearful Damozell, with incessant pains:
Who from them fled, as light-foot Hare from view
Of hunters swift, and fear of boundes new.
Atlast, they came into a double way,
Where, doubtfull which to take, her to reseek,
Themscules they did dispart, each to his silf,
Whether more happy were, to win so goodly pray.

But Timia, the Prince's gentle Squire,
That Ladies love unto his lord forlent,
And with proud envy and indignant ire,
After that wicked father fiercely went:
So beene they there three fentre at yst ybent.
But fairest fortune to the Prince befell,
Whose chaunce it was, that loone he did repeat,
To take that way, in which that Damozell
Was red alfo, afraid of him, as fend of hell.

At lafte, of her farre of her gained view:
Then gan he freely pricke his fomky feed,
And enter as he mightier to her draw,
So euermore he did increafe his speed,
And of each turning, full kept wary heed:
Aloud to her he oftentimes did call,
To doe away vaine doubt, and needless dred:
Full milde to her he spake, and oft let fall
Many meekie words, to lay and comfort her withall.

But nothing might relent her haffte flight:
So deepe the deadly feare of that foule swaine
Was earl impressed in her gentle sight:
Like a feartfull Dove, which through the raine;
Of the wide aire her way does cut amain,
Hauing faire off epyde a Tafsell gent,
Which after her her nimble wings doth straine,
Doubleth her haffe for feare to be fare-hent,
And with her pines cleues the liquid firmament.

With no leffe haffe, and eke with no leffe dred,
That feartful Lady red from him, that ment
To her no euill thought, nor euill deed,
Yet former deare of beinge foulty shent,
Carried her forward with her fift inox.
And though, oft looking backward, well the view'd,
Her felx freed from that softer infolent,
And that it was a knight, which now her fiewd,
Yet the no leffe the knight feared, then that villain rude.

His
His mouth held and orange armed her dimayed,
Whose like in Fairy land were seldom seen,
That sat she from him fled, no ledge affray'd:
Then of wild beasts if she had chas'd beone:
Yet her fellow'd full with courage keene,
So long, that now the golden "Hesperus"
Was mounted high in top of heaven seeone,
And warn'd his other brethren joyous,
To light their blessed lamps in "Lowes" eternal house.

All suddenly dim wore the lampynth streu,
And grievly shadowes covered heaven bright,
That now with thousand flares was decked faire;
Which when the Prince beheld (a lofty full sight)
And that perficre, for want of longer light,
He more surcease his foot, and laste the hope
Of his long labour, he gan fainfully wite
His wicked fortune, that had turn'd tolope,
And curled night, that rest from him to goodly scope.

Tho, when her wise he could no more defcry,
But to and fro at disadventure strayed:
Like as a fhip, whose Lord-thar fuddainly
Covered with clowdes, her Pilot hath dimayed;
His weariome perficre perficre he fray'd,
And from his lostie feed dismounting lowe,
Did let him forage. Downe himfelfe he layd
Upon the grattie ground, to sleepe a throw;
The cold earth was his couch, the hard ftele his pillow.

But gentle Sleepe encircled him at rem rest;
In stead there of sad sorrow, and disdaine
Of his hard harp did vcut his noble breeth,
And thousand foncres bet his idle braine
With their light winges, the fights of fmbllants vaine;
Or if he wish, that Lady faire mote bee
His Fairy Queene, for whom he did complaine;
Or that his Fairy Queene were such as ftee:
And ever haftie Night he blamed bitterly.

Night, thou foule Mother of annoyonce sad,
Sifter of heavy Death, and nurse of Woe,
Which waft begot in Heauen, but forthy bad
And brutifh shape, thrust downe to Hell belowe;
Where, by the grim fhow of "Corpus Dowe"
Thy dwelling is, in "Herbes" black houes
(Blaske "Herbes" thy husband is the foe
Of all the Gods) where thou vagraneous,
Hale of thy days doest not lead in horror hideous.

What had th' eternal Maker need of thee,
The world in his continual course to keepe,
That dooth all things dece, see lettef fe
The beautie of his worke? Indeed in sleepe,
The ftoffe full body, that doth love to sleepe
His lustifie limbs, and drown'd his bafe mind,
Doth praife thee oft, and oft from "Styrian" sleepe.
Calls thee, his goddeffe in his error blind,
And great Dame Natures hand-maid, cheering every kind.

But well I wote, that to an heavy hart
Thou art the root and nurfe of bitter cares,
Breedor of new, renewer of old finnats:
In stead of ret thou lendelt rayling teares,
In stead of sleepe thou fained, and beaures fears,
And dreck'd full viifions, in the which abufe
The drearie image of sad death appeares:
So from the wearie spirit thou dooth drue
Desired rest, and men of happiness deprue.

Vnder thy gentle blacke there hidden lyre,
Light-shunning thief, and trayterous intent,
Abhorred blouffhed, and vile felony,
Shamefull decept, and dinger imminent;
Foule horror, and the hellish derision:
All these (I wote) in thy protection bee,
And light doe thunne, for feare of beeing fient:
For, light yffeke is loud'le of them and thee,
And all that lewdnefe love, doe hate the light to see.

For, day discouers all dishonest ways,
And sheweth each thing is so it is indeed:
The prayses of high God he faire displays,
And his large bounty rightily doth aere.
Days deem'd children bee the bleffed feed,
Which darknefe fhal all fhandell and beaures feed;
Truth is his daughter: he her fteen did breed,
Most fared virgin, without foot of fin.
Our life is day: but death with darknefe doth begin.

O when will day then turne to mee againe,
And bring with him his long expected light?
O Titan, hale to reare thy joyous waine:
Speed thee to spread abroad thy beamsz bright,
And chafe away this too long lingering night;
Chafe her away, from whence she came, to hell.
She, ftee is, that hath mee done deflight:
There let her with the damnd spirits dwell,
And yeld her roomes to day, that can't gouerne well.

Thus did the Prince that weare night out-ware,
In refleffe anguish and vnquet paine:
And earle, ere the morrow did vpreare
His deasy head out of the "Ocean" maine,
Hep vp arose, as hale in great didaine,
And clombe into his feet.
So forth he went,
With heavy looke and turmipht pale, that plaue
In him bewayed great grudge and maltale:
His feat eke feem'd t'apply his steps to his intent.
Canto V.

Prince Arthur heares of Florimell:
three Forests Timia's wound:
Belphoebe finds him almost dead,
and reareth out of wound.

1. On for it is to see in divers minds,
How diversly Lowe doth his pageants play,
And themes his powre in variable kinds:
The better wit, whose idle thoughts alway
Are wont to cleave unto the lovelie clay,
It furnish vp to fentima defire,
And in lowe flesh to waife his carelesse day:
But in braue spirit it kindles goodly fire,
That to all high defert and honour doth aspire.

2. Neythereth it vncomely idlenesse,
In his free thought to build her flaggift nest:
Ne fuffereth it thought of vagenlemente,
Euer to crepe into his noble breft;
But to the higheft and the worthieft
Lifteth it vp, that eie would lowelie fall:
It lets not fall, it lets it not reft:
It lets not scare this Prince to brethe at all.
But to his first purfuit him forward still doth call:

Who long time wandred through the forest wide,
To finde some issue thence, till at the last
He met a Dwarfe, that seemed terribile
With some late perill, which he hardly paft,
Or other accident, which him agaft
Of whom he asked, whence he lately came,
And whither now he travell'd to suffe.
For, fore he swat, and running through that fame
Thicke forest, was becraught, and both his feet nigh lame.

3. Panting for breath, and almost out of hart,
The Dwarfe him answerd, Sir, ill more I lay
To tell the fame. I lately did depart
From Fairy-court, where I haue many a day
Served a gentle Lady of great fway,
And high account through-out all Elfin land,
Who lately left the fame, and tooke this way:
Her now I fecke, and if ye vnderstand
Which way shee fared hath, good Sir tell out of hand.

What mistre wight, said he, and how arrayd?
Royally clad, quoth he, in cloth of gold,
As inectel may becomme a noble myd;
Her fayre locks in rich circler be enrol,
And faire wight did never fame behold,
And on a Palfrey rules more white then snowe,
Yet she her felie is whiter manifold:
The fairest signe whereby ye may her knowe,
Is, that she is the fairest wight alue, I trowe.

Now certes swaine, said he, such one I weene,
Falt flying through this forest from her fo,
A fonie ill founred foter, I haue feene;
Her felie (well as I myght) I restowe d tho,
But could not stay to falte the dif fore-go,
Carried away with wings of speedie fteere.
Ah deareft God, quoth he, that is great wo,
And wondrous ruth to all that thinke her.
But can ye read, Sir, how I may her fnd, or where?

Perdy, me leafer were to weeter that
Said he, then runsome of the wealthiest knight,
Or all the good that curer yet I get:
But foward Fortune, and too foward Night
Such Happinefte did (managert) to me fgleth,
And fro me reft both life and light alone.
But Dwarfe ahere, what is that Lady bright,
That through this forest wandret thus alone?

For, of her curuer strange I have great ruth and mone.

8. That Lady is, quoth he, where fo the bee,
The bountiett virgin, and molt debonaire,
That curer lining eye I weene did fee;
Lites none this day, that may with her compare
In faileft chastitie and vertue rare,
The goodly ornaments of beauty bright;
And is yecheft Florimell the faire,
Faire Florimell, befor'd of many a knight;
Yet the loves none but one, that Martinel is high.
A Sea-nymphes songe, that Marinel is hight,
Of my deoe Dancys is loued dearly well;
In other verse, but him, the fets delight:
All her delight is set on Marinel:
But the fets fonght at all by Florimell:
For, Ladies love, his mother long ygoe
Died him (they say) for wame through sacred spell.
But fame now lies, that of a forsane foe
Hee is sublime, which is the ground of all our woe.

Flie days there be, since hee (they say) was vaine,
And soure since Florimell the Court for went;
And vowed neuer to returne againe,
Till him Alue or dead flee did invent.
Therefore, faire Sir, for love of knighthood gent,
And honour of true Ladies, if ye may
By your good counsell, or bold hardiment,
Or fuccourer, or me direct the way;
Doe one, or other good, I you most humbly pray.

So may you gaine to you full great renowne,
Of all good Liders through the world so wide,
And hapy in yher hart fowght righte roomes
Of whom ye fette to be most magnifie;
At least, eternall needle thall you abide.
To whom the Prince: Dwarfe, comfort to take,
For, till thou rydings learnest what her betide,
I there awe thou never to forlacke.
Ill wears he armes, that all then vie for Ladies sake.

So with the Dwarfe hee back returnd againe,
To fette his Lady, where hee mote her find;
But by the way, he greatly in complaine
The want of his good Squire late left behind,
For whom he wondrous penfue grew in mind,
For doubt of danger which mote him betude;
For, him he ether aboue all man-kind,
Hauing him true and faulfull euer tride,
And bold, as ever Squire that waitted by knights side.

Who, all this while, full hardily was affayd
Of deadly danger, which to him betude:
For, which is his Lord punifhed that noble Mayd,
After that Fofter boue he ferely rid
To beome aveenge of the fame he did
To that faire Damzll: Him he chaced long.
Through the thick woods, wherein he would have hid
His fime full head from his avengement strong:
And oit him threatened death for his outrageous wrong.

Nathfelie, the villaine foped himfelle fo well,
Whether through forintelle of his speedy beauf,
Or knowledge of thole woods, where he did dwell,
Th' thordly be from danger was releafed,
And out he tighe escaped at the leaf.
Yet not fcape, from the due reward
Of his wilful deeds, which daily he increafed,
Ne ceased not, till him opprefhed hard.
The heavy plague, that for fuch取暖ours is prepar'd.

For, foon as hee was vafnishd out of sight,
His coward tearce frowne emboldned bee,
And can't t' avenge him of that foule defpight,
Which he had borne of his bold enemie.
Tho to his brethren came: for they were three
Vngrazier children of one gracefull Sire,
And unto them complained, how that hee
Had vild beene of that foule-hardy Squire:
So them with bitter words he thred to bloodly ye.

Forthwith, with themselves with their fad instrumets
Of poeple and murder they gan arme by sute,
And with him forth to the forest went,
To ware the wrath, which he did earft revive
In their faire breaths, on him which late did drue
Their brother to reproche and famefull fight:
For, they had vow'd, that neuer he alue
Out of that forest should escape their might:
Vile rancour their rude harts had lild with fuch defpight.

Within that wood there was a covert glade,
Forby a narrow footpad (to them well knowne)
Through which it was strealed for wight to wade;
And now by fortune it was overflowne;
By that fame way, they knew that Squire vnknowne
More algates pale: for sly themselves they set
There in await, with thick woods over-growne,
And all the while their withe they did whet
With cruel threats, his paffage through the forde to let.

It fortunate, as they dexted hail,
The gentle Squire came riding that fame way,
Vveaving of their wife and tracion bad,
And through the forde to palien did alaye;
But that fierce Fofter which late fled away,
Stoutly forth flpping on the further shore,
Him boldly bade his paffage there to lay,
Till he had made amends, and full refrone
For all the damage which he had him doone afore.

With that, at him a quiring dart he threw,
With fo fell force and viliinous defpight,
That through his habereson the forkehead flew,
And through the linked myles empearced quire,
But had no power in his loft heft to bate:
That stroake the hardy Squire did sore diblacle.
But more, that him he coude not come to finte;
For, by no means the high bunte he could leave,
But labord long in that deep forde with vaine defiance.

And full the Fofter with his long bore-speare
Him kept from landing at his wifched wall;
Anone one fent out of the thicket more
A cruel thift, headed with deadly ill,
And feathered with an unlucky quill:
The wicked fleete flayd not, till it did light
In his left thigh, and deeply did it thrift:
Exceeding grieues that wound in him empight;
But more, that with his foes he coude not come to fight.

At
At last (through wrath and vengeance making way)
He on the banke arrí’d with middle paine,
Where the third brother him did sore affay,
And drone at him with all his might and maine
A forrest-bill, which both his hands did frame;
But warily he did avoyd the blowe,
And with his spaire required him againe,
That both his sides were troubled with the throwe,
And a large streame of bloud out of the wound did flowe.

Hee, trembling downe, with gnashing teeth did bite
The biter earth, and bade to let him in
Into the balefull house of endless night,
Where wicked ghosts do waile their former sin.
Tho, go the banell fiercely to begin;
For, neschmore for that pesable bad,
Did th’other two their cruell vengeence blin,
But both attone on both sides him beatad,
And load upon him layd, his life for to hance had.

Thou, when that villain he aviz’d, which late
Affrighted had the fairest Princesse,
Full of fierce fury, and indignant hate,
To him he turned; and with rigour fell
Smote him so rudely on the Painkell,
That to the chin he cleft his head in twaine.
Downe on the ground his carcasse groueling fell;
His finfull foule, with desperate dailaine,
Out of her sleathly ferme fled to the place of paine.

That seeing now the onely left of three,
Who with that wicked shaft him wounded had,
Trembling with horrour, as that did fore-tee
The fearfull end of his avengement did fail,
Through which he follow (tho’ his brethren bad,
His bootlesse bow in feeble hand vpcaught,
And there-with shot an arrow at the lad:
Which famly fluttering, scarce his helmet caught,
And glauinct, fell to ground, but him annoyed naught.

With that, he would have fled into the wood,
But Timias him lightly overthrew,
Right as he coming was into the flood,
And stroke at him with force so violent,
That headlees into the ford he fent:
The carcasse with the fireame was carried downe,
But th’Head fell backward on the Continent.
Sure mishiefe fell upon the meaners crowne; (nowne:
They three be dead with shame, the Squire liues with re-

Hee liues, but takes small joy of his renowne;
For, of that cruel wound he bled to sore,
That from his filled be fell in deadly owne:
Yet fill the bloud forth guilt in his great store,
That he lay wolow’d all in his owne gore.
Now God thee keep, thou gentill Squire alioe:
Eli shall thy loving Lord cheece no more;
But both of comfort him thou shalt depraine,
And eke thy selfe of honour, which thou didst achiene.

Prudence heavenly paffeth living thought,
And doth for wretched mens reliefe make way;
For, loe, great grace or fortune thinh brought
Comfort to him, that comfortlesse now lay.
In thole same woods, ye well remember may,
How that a noble huntcrife did winne,
Shee, that base Braggadesco did alioy,
And made him fall out of the forest tunne;
Belphoebe was her name, as faire as Phoebus sunne.

Shee, on a day, as shee pursue’ed the chase
Of some wild beast, which with her arrowes keen,
She wounded bad, the same along did trace
By tract of bloud, which she had treffly seen,
To have beprentiled all the gracie Greene;
By the great purfue which shee there perceau’d,
Well hoped she the beast engord’ed had beene,
And made more haste, the life to hae bereau’d:
But ah! her expectation greatly was deceau’d.

Shortly she came, whereas that wofull Squire
With bloud deformed lay in deadly owne:
In whole faire eyes, like lamps of quenched fire,
The crystal humour: a flood congealed round;
His locks, like faded leaves fallen to ground,
Knotted with bloud, in bunches rudeley ran,
And his sweet lips, on which before that found.
The bud of youth to bloisme faire began,
Sployld of their rosie red, were waxen pale and wan.

Saw never living eye more heavy fight,
That could haue made a rock of stone to rew,
Or rue in twaine: which when that Lady bright
(Besides all hope) with melting eyes did view,
All faddly vndertake, she change hew,
And with her honneour backward gan to start:
But, when the better him beheld, the grew
Full of soft passion and vnounted smar:
The poynct of pitie pearsed through her tender hart.

Meekcly the bowed downe, to weft if life
Yet in his frozen members did remaine;
And feeling by his pulles bearing rife,
That the weakle soule her heat did yet retaine,
She cift to comfort him with truecke paine;
His double-folded necke fear’d of vpright,
And rubd his temples, and each trembling vaine;
His maydcd habereon she did vindight,
And from his head his heavy burnaget did light.

Into the woods thence-forth in haste she went,
To Ocke for herbarie, that mote him remedy’d; For, shee of herbaries had great intendment,
Taught of the Nymph, which from her infancy
Her hurled had in true Nobility:
There, whether it divine Tobacco vste,
Or Panaceae, or Polygey,
Shee found, and brought it to her Patien deare,
Who all this while lay bleeding out his hart-bloud neare.

The
Into that forrest faire they thence him led,
Where was their dwelling, in a pleasant glade,
With mountaines round about environed,
And mightie woods, which did the valley flande,
And like a flately Theare it made,
Spreading itself into a spiantious Plaine.
And in the midst a little river plaid
Emergeth the pumy flones, which seemd to plaine
With gentle marmur, that his course they did refraine.

Before the same, a dainty place there lay,
Planted with myrtle trees and laurels greene,
In which the birds sung many a lively Lay
Of Gods high praise, and of their loues sweet teene,
As it an earthly Paradise had beene :
In whose enclosed shadow there was pight
A faire Pavilhon, scarcely to be teene,
The which was all within most richly light,
That greatest Princes husting it more well delight.

Thither they brought that wounded Squire, and layd
In eafe couched his feeble limbes to rest.
Hee rested him awhile, and then the Mayd
His ready wound with better fuses new dreft;
Daily she drefted him, and did the beft
His grievous hart to garth, that the might,
That shortly she his dolour hath reduc't,
And his foule for saving to faire plight:
It the reduced, but humfide destroyd quight.

Of foolish Physick, and vnfruitfull paine,
That heales vp one, and makes another wound:
She his hurt thigh to him record'g againe,
But hurt his hart, the which before was found,
Through an unwary dart, which did rebound
From her faire eyes and gracious countrinence.
What bootes it him from death to bevisbound,
To be eapped in endlesse durance
Of sorrow and despair, without allegiance?

Still as his wound did gather and growe whole,
So fell his hart woore fore, and health decayd:
Madnede to face a part, and loike the whole:
Still when as he beheld the heavenly Mayd,
Whiles daily plaister to his wound the layd,
So fell his malady the more increas,
The whiles her matchelde beauty him dismayd.
Ah God! what other could he doe at leaft,
But loue to faire a Lady, that his life receiv'd?

Long while he frowe in his courageous breft,
With reason dew the passion to subdue,
And loue for to disloge out of his neck:
Still when her excellencies he did view,
Her fouraigne bounty, and celefiall techew,
The fame to loue he strongly was constrain'd:
But when his meane estate he did recow,
He from such hardly boldenesse was refran'd,
And of his luckelifie lot and eunuchesse thus plain'd:

N 4.
Vthankfull wretch, saide he, is this the meed,
With which her fovereigne mercy thou dost quight?
Thy life she saved by her gracious deed,
But thou dost weene with villainous delspight
To blot her honour, and her heavenly light.
Dye rather, dye, then do disloyally
Denye of her high defence, or fume to light:
Faire death it is to flume more thame, to die:
Die rather, dye, then ever lowe disloyally.

But if to lowe diffloyalty it bee,
Shall I then hate her, that from deathes doe
Me brough? ah! faire be such reproche fro mee.
What can I leffe do, then her lone therefore
Sith she her due reward cannot restore:
Dye rather, dye, and dyeing doe her feate,
Dying her feate, and filing her sake;
Try life the gane, thy life the god deftue:
Dye rather, dye, then euer from her feme fivence.

But fouleth boy, what booteys thy fervice bafe
To her, to whom the heaven's doce feate and few?
Thou a meane Squire, of mecke and lowely place,
She hevenely borne, and of celeffiall hew.
How then? of all, lone tike ther equal view:
And doth not highe God vouchfafe to take
The love and fervice of the baftef crew?
If thee will not, dye meekly for her like;
Dye rather, dye, then over to faire lowe lifteke.

Thus waried he long time against his will,
Till that (through weakefellfe) he was forct at laft
To yield himfelfe into the mightie ill:
Which, as a Victor proud, gan ranfack faft
His inward parts, and all his enraife Wake,
That neither blood in face, nor life in hart
It left, but both did quite dry vp, and blaff:
As pearing leenv, which the inner part
Of everthing confume, and calcined by fart.

Which leeing, faire Belpheebe gan to fcare,
Leafe that his wound were milly well nor healed,
Or that the wicked fete empooryfned were:
Little leeewend, that loue he clofe concealed;
Yet full he wafted, as the fnowe congealed,
When the bright fimen his bennes thereon doth beat;
Yet neuer he his hart to her revealed,
But rather cloune to die for forrow great,
Then with difhonourable traitte her to intreat.

Shee (gracious Lady) yet no paines did spare
To doe him cafe, or doe him remedie:
Many Reftor.Stures of vertue rare,
And costly Cordialles fitt did apply,
To mitigate his stubborne malady:
But that sweet Cordiall, which can reflore
A loute-fick hart, thee did to him envy;
To him and all the wnnworthy world forlore
She did envy that fovereigne fauce, in secrect lore.

That dainty Rofe, the daughter of her Mome,
More deare then life fhe too tendered, whole flowe.
The girldon of her honour did adorne:
Ne suffred the the Middagay fcorching powre,
Ne the sharp Northerne wind thereon to fnowe
But lapped vp her fotlen leaves most claire,
As the froward sky begun to lowre:
But foon as calmed was the Cryftall ayre,
She did it faire dilpored, and let to florith fave.

Eternall God, in his almighty powre,
To make enample of his heavenly grace,
In Paradife whylome did plant this flowe,
Whence he it fetche out of her natirae place,
And did in stock of earthly fith enrare,
That mortall men her glory shoule admire:
In gentle Ladies breit, and bounteous race
Of woman-kind it faireft flource doth sipe,
And bearith fruite of honour and all chaife defrie.

Faire impes of beauty, whole bright shining beames
Adorne the world with like to heavenly light,
And to your willes both royalties and 
Subdue, through conqueft of your wondroum right,
With this faire flowe, your goodly girldons digh,
Of chaftifte and vertue virginall,
That thall embellish more your beautie bright,
And crowne your heads with heavenly coronall,
Such as the Angels wreare before Gods tribunall.

To your faire felues a faire enample frame,
Of this faire Virgin, thus Belpheebe faire;
To whom, in perfect love and poftelle fame
Of chaftifte, none huing may compare:
Ne poynous Envie uryff can empare
The praye of her frefh floweres Maidenhead;
For thy the flandreth on the higheft flaire
Of th honourable lage of woman-head,
That Ladies all may follow her enample dead.

In so great praye of this chaftifte,
Ndth lefte, she was so curteous and kind,
Tempered with grace, and goodly modesty,
That feeme there those two vertues frone to find
The higher place in her Heresick mind:
So froneuch each did other more augment,
And both encreafe the praye of woman-kind,
And both encreafe her beauty excellent:
So all did make in her a perfect complemet.
The birth of faire Belphabe, and of Amoret is told.
The Gardens of Adonis, fraught with pleasures manifold.

It were a goodly story, to declare,
By what strange accident faire Chryfogone Conceived thefe Infants, and how they came to be,
In this wise fores fat wandering all alone,
After she had nine moneths fulfilled and gone:
For, not as other women common brood,
They were enwombed in the facet throne
Of her chaste body; nor with common food,
As other womens babes, they stunked vital blood:

But wonderfully they were begot, and bred
Through influence of the heauen's fruitfull ray,
As it in antique books is mentioned.
It was apoon a Sommers fliny day
(When Titain faire his hot beames did display)
In a fresh fountain, faire from all mens view,
She bath’d her brest, the boiling heat t’allay;
She bath’d with rotes red, and violetts blew,
And all the sweetest flowers, that in the forest grew;

Till faire through irkeborn wearinless, adown
Upon the gr. fire, ground her face the layd
To sleep, the whiles a gentle flumining woun
Upon her fell all naked bare display’d
The sunne-beamts bright upon her body playd,
Becoming through former bathing molifie,
And pearect into her wombe, where they embayd
With fo sweet feme and secret power vnapide,
That in her pregnant feith they shortly fruifie.

Miraculous may seeme to him, that reads
So strange ende的表现 of concepcion:
But reason teacheth, that the fruitfull frade
Of all things living, through impression
Of the sun-beamts in movit complexion,
Doe life concurte, and quickenede are by kind:
So, after Niles foundation,
Infinite shapes of creatures men doe find,
Informed in the mud, on which the Sune hath shin’d.
Great father her of generation
Is rightly call'd, the anchor of life and light;
And his pure fitter for creation
Mistrusteth matter fit, which tempested right
With heat and humour, breedes the living night.
So sprong these twinnates in womb of Chronicle,
Yet with the nought thereof, but fore afflict
Wondred to fee her belly to yp-blone,
Which full increat, all the her terme had full out gone.

Whereof conceiving flame and foule disgrace,
Albe her guiltless confidence herclaird,
She fled into the wilderneffe a space,
Till that vioetly burden she had read,
And found dishonour, which at death the feard:
Where wezey of long trouall, downe to rest
Her felle the fet, and comfortably feard;
There a fad cloud of sleepe her overkelt,
And tered every fent with sorrow fore opprest.

It fortuned, faire Venus having loft
Her fente fonne, the winged god of love,
Who for some light displeasure, which him croft,
Was from her fled, as far as every Dows,
And left her his full bowre of joy above,
(So from her often he had fled away,
When she for ought him thrantly did reproue,
And wandred in the world in strange array,
(way.)

Disguiz'd in thousand faces, that none might him be

Him for to feeke, the left her heavenly hous
(The house of goodly forms and faire affects,
Whence all the world derives the glorious
Features of beauties, and all shapes feel'd,
With which high God his workmanship hath deckt)
And fearched every way, through which his wings
Had borne him, or his tracht the most detect:
She promis'd kisst sweet, and sweeter things
Unto the man, that of him tydings to her brings.

First, fhee him fough't in Court, where moft he fed
Whylome to hants, but there fhed found him not;
But many thare she found, which fore accoud
His falcholds, and with foule infamous plot
His cruel decoys and wicked wiles did pot:
Ladies and Lorde's fhee enery where mote heare
Compleyming, how with his empoyniled foar
Their woffull harts he wounded had wythlyare,
And fo he had left them langufhing twixt hope and feare.

She then the Cities fough't, from gate to gate,
And ebery one did askes, did he him fee;
And ebery one her anwert, that too late
Hee had him scene, and felt the cruelite
Of his sharp darts, and hot ammeterei:
And ebery one throu forth reproches rife
Of his mifchieuous deced, and faid, That hee
Was the disturber of all civill life,
The enemy of peace, and author of all strife.

Then, in the Countrey she abroad him fought,
And in the rural cottages enquire'd.
Where alio, many plants to her were brought,
How her thee heldeffhe hare with Ioue had fire,
And hir Eoff venim through their veins inspired;
And eke the gentle fhepheardaines, which far
Keeping their fweete flockes, as they were hired,
She sweetly heard complaints, both how and what
Her fonne had to them done; yet fhee did smile thereat.

But when in none of all thefe him got,
She gan waive where elfe he mote him hide:
At last, fhee her be-thought, that fhee had not
Yet fought the falvage woods and forests wide;
In which fell many lonely Nymphes abide,
Mongft whom might be, that he did closely lye,
Or that the lone of fome of them him tyde:
For-thy the thither caft her courfe apply,
To fearch the fecret haunts of Diana company.

Shortly, unto the waftfull woods fhee came,
Where-as fhee found the Goddelfe with her crew,
After late chase of their embrowed game,
Sitting before a fountaine in a rewe,
Some of them wafting with the liquid dewe
From off their daintie limbs the dafy sweat,
And fayle, which did deform their lively hewe
Other lay fashed from the fcorching heat;
The rest upon her perfon, gate attendance great.

Shee, hauing hong upon a bough on high
Her bowe and painted quiner, had vinac
Her fiter burnkens from her nimble thigh,
And her lanke loynes veirt, and breads vmbraet,
After her right the breathing cold to tale;
Her golden locks, that late in treffles bright
Embrowed were for hindring of her hafe,
Now loafe about her shoulders hong yndight,
And were with sweet Androfa all besprinkled light.

Soone as the Venus saw behind her back,
She was affham'd to be fo loofe surprifed;
And worse halfe worm against her damfels flack,
That had not her thereof before awi'd,
But suffred her fo carelessly defguifed.
Be overtaken. Soone her garments loose,
Vpgathring, in her boforme the comprizt,
Well as fhee might, and to the Goddelfe role,
Whilft all her Nymphes did like a guardion her enclofe.

Goodly fhee gan fayre Cythera greet,
And shortly asked her what caufe her brought
Into that wilderneffe (for her vantest)
From her sweet bowres, 8e beds with pleasurer fraught;
That fluidaine change the fpunge adventure thought.
To whom (half weeping) fhee thus anuer'd,
That fhee fhee dearest fonne Cupido longt,
Who in his forrownde from her was fled;
That fhee repented fore, to haue him angered.
21. Thereat Diana gan to smile, in borne
Of her vaine plaint, and to her loathing laid;
Great pity fure, that ye be so forlorn;
Of your gay lance, that gives ye so good ayd.
To your disport; ill mot ye been apayd.
But there was more in grace, and guilde;
Fairer fiter, ill befemes it to vpyrayd.
A dolefull hart with to disdainfull pride:
The like that mine, be your paine another side.

22. As you in woods and wonen wildernes.
Your glory set, to chase the salueage beastes;
So my delights be all in joyfulnesse,
In beds, in bowres, in basketts, and in feasts;
And ill becomes you with your lofie crefts.
To borne the toy that lores glad to seeke;
We both are bound to follow heauensleichests,
And tend our charges with obedience muche:
Spare (gentle fitter) with reproche my paine to ecce;

23. And tell me, if thys year my moone haue heard,
To lurke enmognst your Nymphes in secret wise;
Or keepe their calvs: much I am affared,
Leat he like one of them himefle aligurte,
And turne his arrows to ther exercize:
So may he long humble till sife hide:
For, he is faire and fresh in face and guilde,
As any Nymph (let not be envie.)
So saying, every Nymph full narrowly the eyde.

24. But Thibe there-with fore was angered,
And harply fayd; Goe Dame, goe fecke your boy,
Where you him lately left, in Mrys bed;
He comes not here, we forne his foolish toy,
Ne lend we lefure to his idle toy;
But if I catch him in this company,
By Spigian lake I vow, wholely to annoy
The Gods doe dread, he dearcely shall aby:
Ille elip his wonton wings, that heno more full fly.

25. Whom when as Penus law to fore displeased,
She inoly fory was, and gan relent
What they had fayd: lo her feste foon appeared,
With fugged words and gentle blandifhment,
Which is a fountaine from her sweet lips went,
And welled goodly forth, that in short space
She was well pleaide, and forth her dumfels fent,
Through all the woods, to fetch from place to place,
If any traxt of him or tydings they mot traxe.

26. To fetch the God of Loure, her Nymphes fefent
Throughout the wandring forest every where:
And after them her felle eke with her went
To fecke the fuprune, both farre and nere.
So long they fought, till they arrived were
In that fame flathe covert, where-as lay
Faire Clays, borne in flamby tr caveat where;
Who in her fleep (a wondrous thing to say)
Vnuares bad born two babes, as faire at springing day.

27. Vnuares the them conceit'd, Vnuares the bore:
She bore withouten paine, that thee conceited
Withouten pleasaie: in her need implore
Lucinata suyd: which when they both perceived,
They were through wonder might of lente bereaved,
And giving each other dought behapsed:
At last, they both agreed, her (weeving grieved)
Out of her heavy (woone not to awake,
But from her losing side the tender babes to take.

28. Vp they them toobe; each one a babe vp-tooke,
And with them carried, to be fostered.
Dame Thibe to a Nymph her babe betooke,
To be brought vp in perfet Maydenbed,
And of her elfe, her name Delphine red;
But Penus hers hence farre away conmyd,
To be vp-brought in goodlie womaned,
And in her little Louce flead, which was ftrait.
Her Amoretta cald, to comfort her dismaid.

29. Shee brought her to her joyous Paradise,
( dwell,
Where most the wonnes, when thee on earth does
So faire a place, as Nature can devise:
Whether in Paradisus, or Cytherian hill,
Or it in Geniuus be, I wote not well;
But well I wote by tryall, that this fame
All other pleasan places doth excell,
And calld is by her: least Louers names.

30. In that faire Garden, all the goodly flowers
Where-with dame Nature doth her beautifie,
And decks the girloues of her Paramours,
Are fetcht: there is the first feminarie
Of all things, that are borne to live and die,
According to their kinds. Long worket it were,
Here to account the endless progenie
Of all the weedes, that bud and blossome there;
But so much as doth need, must needs be counted here.

31. It fited was in fruitfull foyle of old,
And girt-in with two wylles on either side;
The one of iron, the other of bright gold,
That none might throughough breake, nor over-stride:
And double gates it had, which opened wide,
By which both in and out men movent pats:
Th'one faire and freifs, the other old and dride:
Old Genius the Porter of them was,
Old Genius, she which a double nature has.

32. He letteeth in, he letteeth out to wend,
All that to come into the world defire:
A thousand thousand naked babes attend
About him day and night, which doe require,
That hee with fheelelly weedes would them attire:
Such as him hit, such as eternall face
Ordained hath, he clothes with smallmin mine,
And fendereth forth to live in mortall flare,
Till they again returne backe by the hunder gate.

After
After that they againe returned beene,
They in that Garden planted be againe;
And growe all forth, as they had never beene
Flesly corruption, nor mortal paine.
Some thousand yeares to doon they there remaine;
And then of him are clad with other hew,
Or flent into the changeful world againe,
Till thither they returne, where first they grew:
So like a wheelie around they ranne from old to new.

Ne needs there Gardiner to cut, or fowe,
To plant, or prune; for, of their owne accord,
All things as they created were, doe growe,
And yet remember well the mighty word,
Which first was spoken by th'Almighty Lord,
That bade them to increafe and multiply;
Ne do they need with water of the ford,
Or of the closdes, to moisten their roots dry;
For, in themselves, evenly nourished they imply.

Infinite shapes of creatures there are bred,
And vacously forms, which none yet ever knew,
And every fort is in a sandy bed
Set by it feele, and rankt in comely rew:
Some fit for reasonable foules rindye,
Some made for beasts, some made for birds to weare,
And all the fruitfull pawne of fishes hew
In endleffe ranks alonge enraged were,
That seemd the Garden could not containe them there.

Dailie they growe, and dailie forth are fent
Into the world, it to replenish more;
Yet is the flocke not lefened, nor spent,
But still remains in everlafting flore,
As it at first creatd was of yore.
For, in the wide wombbe of the world, there lyes
In hatefull darkness, and in deepse horror,
An huge eternall Chaos, which supplies
The Substancies of Natures fruitfull progenies.

All things from thence doe their first beeing fetch,
And borrow matter, whereof they are made:
Which, when as forme and feature it does keepe,
Becomes a bodie, and doth then inuade
The fate of life, out of the grievely shade.
That Substancy is etern, and biodeth so;
Ne when the life decayes, and forme does fade,
Doth it confume, and into nothing go.
But changed is, and often altered to and fro.

The Substancy is not changd, nor altered,
But th'only forme and outward fation;
For, every Substancy is conditioned
To change her hew, and fundry forms to don,
Mect for her temper and complexion;
For, forms are variable, and decay
By course of houde, and by occasion;
And that faire fowe of beauty fades away,
As doth the lilly fleete before the sunny ray.

Great enemy to it, and to all the rest
That in the Garden of Adamis springs,
Is wicked Time, who, with his fiery addrest,
Does move the flowering herbes and goodly things,
And all their glory to the ground downe fings,
Where they doe wither, and are foully mard:
Hec flies about, and with his flappy wings,
Beates downe both leaves and buds without regard,
Neuer pitty may relent his malice hard.

Yet pitty often did the gods relent,
To see the faire things mard, and spoyle dight;
And their great mother Venus did lament.
The lollie of her deare brood, her deare delight;
Her hart was percett with pitty at the sight,
When walking through the Garden, them the spye,
Yet not the hid redresse for fuch desigle.
For, all that liues is subjet to that law:
All things decay in time, and to their end do draw.

But, were it not that Time their trouble is,
All that in this delightfull Garden growes,
Should happy be, and have immortal blit:
For, heere all plenty, and all pleasse flowers,
And sweet love gentle fits emongt them throws;
Without fell rancour, or fond jealousy;
Frankly each paramour his leman knows,
Each bird his mate, as any does erue.
Their goodly mement, and gay felicity.

There is continual spring, and harest there
Continually both meeting at one time:
For, both the boughes doe laughing blossoms beare,
And with frithe colours deck the wanton Prime,
And cle thence the heavy trees they clime,
Which seeme to labour under their fruittes load;
The whiles the innocuous birds make their pastime;
Enmogt the shady leaves, their sweet abode,
And their true leaves without suspicion tell abrode.

Right in the midst of that Paradise,
There flouris a fately Mount, on whose round top
A gloomy grove of myrtle-trees did rise,
Whose shade he boughes sharpe fleete did never lop,
Nor wicked beasts their tender boughs did droop,
But like a g隊ond compleade the highe,
And from their fruitfull sides sweet gum did drop,
That all the ground with precious dew bedight,
Threw forth most damny odours, & most sweet delight.

And, in the thickest corner of that shade,
There was a pleasant Arbour, not by art,
But of the trees owne inclination made,
Which knitting their ranke branches part to part,
With wanton Ivo-twine entryed awhart,
And Eg-lantine, and Caprifole emong,
Furnished above within their imooff part,
That neither Phoebus beames could through the throng,
Nor Aeneas sharp blast could work them any wrong.

And
Cant. VI.  

THE FAERIE QUEENE.

45
And all about grew every sort of flowre,  
To which fad lovers were transform’d of yore;  
Faire Pyrche with him plays,  
And his true loue faire Pyrche with him players,
Faire Pyrche with him lately reconcil’d,
After long troubles and vnmeet vprays,
With which his mother Venus her rejoyd;

And eke himselfe her cruelly exyl’d;
And eke himself her cruelly exyl’d;
But now in steald of sorrow and happy state
She with him liues, and hath him borne a child,

Pleasure, that doth both gods and men aggrego;
Pleasure, the daughter of Cupid and Pyrche late.

46
There went faire Venus often to enioy  
Her deare Adonis joyous companie;  
Hither great Venus brought this infant faire;  
The younger daughter of Chrysegonne,
And into Pyrche with great trust and care
Committed her, yfostered to bee,
And trained vp in true feminite;  
Who no leffe carefully her rendered,

Then her owne daughter Pleasure, to whom shee  
Made her companion, and her leffoned
In all the lore of loue, and goodly womanaed.

47
And sooth, it seemes, they saye: for, he may not
For euer die, and euer buried bee
In balefull night, where all things are forgot
In which the cruel turke him deadly cloyd;  
In which the cruel turke him deadly cloyd;
For, that wilde Bore, the which him once annoy’d,
For, that wilde Bore, the which him once annoy’d;
She firmely hath emprisoned for aye
She firmely hath emprisoned for aye;

(That her sweet love his malice most awoyd)
That her sweet love his malice most awoyd;
In a strong rocke Cave, which is they say,  
In a strong rocke Cave, which is they say, (may).
Hewen vnnderneath that Mount, that none him looken
Hewen vnnderneath that Mount, that none him looken.

48
There now he liues in everlastifg joy,  
Joying his goddeffe, and of her enioy’d:  
But the to none of them her loue did cauf,  
But the to none of them her loue did cauf;
Ne teareth he henceforth that foe of his,
Ne teareth he henceforth that foe of his,
Which with his cruel tuske him deadly cloyd;  
To whom her loving heart the linked fast
In faithfull loue, t’abide for euermore;
In faithfull loue, t’abide for euermore;
And for his deareste sake endured tor.
And for his deareste sake endured tor.
Sore trouble of an hainous enemy;
Sore trouble of an hainous enemy;
Who her would forced hate to hate forlore
Who her would forced hate to hate forlore
Her former loue and steadfast loyale.
Her former loue and steadfast loyale.
As ye may elsewye read that rueful history.
As ye may elsewye read that rueful history.

49
There now he liues in everlastifg joy,  
With many of the gods in company,
With many of the gods in company,
Which thither hunte, and with the winged Boy
Sporting himselfe in late felicite:  
That was to weet, the goodly Fierimell:
Who, when he hath with spoyles and crueltie
Ransackt the world, and in the wofull hearts
Of many wretches let his triumphes bee,
Thither returnes, and laying his sad darts
Aside, with faire Adonis playes his wanton parts.
And from Prince Arthur Red with wings of idlle feare.

50
And his true loue faire Pyrche with him players,
Faire Pyrche with him lately reconcil’d,
After long troubles and vnmeet vprays,
With which his mother Venus her rejoyd;
And eke himselfe her cruelly exyl’d;
But now in steald of sorrow and happy state
She with him liues, and hath him borne a child,
Pleasure, that doth both gods and men aggrego;
Pleasure, the daughter of Cupid and Pyrche late.
Canto VII.

The Witches some loves Florimell:
She flies, he faines to die.
Satyrane saves the Squire of Dames
From Giants tyrannay.

Like as an Hynde forth singled from the heard,
That hath escaped from a ravenous beast,
Yet flies away of her owne feet affraid,
And every leaf, that fincketh with the least
Murmure of wonds, her terror hath increas'd;
So fled she Perseverall from her vaine feare,
Long after the from peril was releas'd:
Each shake the fawne, and each noife the did hear,
Did seem to be the fame, which the fcape's whylere.

Al that fame evenynge the in flying spent,
And all that night her course continued:
Ne did ter the dull sleepe once to relent,
Nor wearinfe to fiacke her haffe, but fled
Euer like, as if her former dread
Were hard behind, her ready to strench:
And her white Palfrey having conquered
The maiftreing raine's out of her weary wrett,
Perforce her carried, where'er she thought best.

So long as breath, and habile puifance
Did native cou rage unto her supply,
His pafe he freffely forward did advance,
And carried her beyond all loppardly:
But noonght that was trendly, can long aby.
He, having through incleant trauell spent
His force, at laft perforce adowne did fy,
Ne foot could further move: The Lady greet
There was fuddain stroke with great astonishment;

And for'ce t' alight, on foot more algates fare,
A traueller unw ontioned to fuch ware:
Need teacheth her this leflion hard and rare,
That fortune all in equall launce doth away,
And mortall miseries death make her play.
So long the trauell, till at length the came
To an hillies side, which did to her bewray
A little valley, subjicet to the fame,
All couered with thick woods, that quite it overcame.

Through ch'tops of the high trees the did defcry
A little nooke, whose vapour thin and light,
Reckling alone, upricked to the skyes;
Which her refull figure did tend unto her fight,
That in th e time did wonne some haring wight.
Eftoonnes her steps the thereunto apposite,
And came at laft in weary wretched plight
Vanto the place, to which her hope did guide,
To finde some refuge there, and reft her weary fide.

There, in a gloomy hollowe glen the found
A little cottage, built of flickets and reedes
In homely wine, and wall'd with fods around,
In which a witch did dwell, in humbly worderes,
And willfull want, all cardeffe of her needes
So choosing folitary to abide,
Far from all neighbours, that her diuifeth deeds
And hellifh arts from people the might hide.
And hurt far off unknowne, whom-euer the enuiide.

The Damzell there arriuing entred in;
Where sitting on the floor the Hag the found,
Buife (as fem'd) about some wicked gin:
Who, loone as the beheld that fudden bound,
Lightly vpstart from the dutfy ground,
And with fell lookes and hollow deadly gaze
Stared on her awhile, as one affound,
Ne had one word to speake, for great amaze;
But she'd by outward rignes, that dread her sense did

At laft, turning her feare to foolish wrath,
She asks, what diuell had her thither brought,
And who the was, and what unwonted path
Had guided her, unwelcome, unthought.
To which the Damzell full of doubtfull thought,
Her mildly anwer'd: Beldame, be not wroth
With silly Virgins by adventure brought
Vno your dwelling, ignorant and loth,
That craze but roome to reft, while tempel outwardly.

With
8
With that, downe out of her Crystall eyene, 
Few trickling teares the softly forth fell, 
That like two w传动 pearlz, did purely thine 
Upon her snowy cheecks and therewithall 
She sighd oft, that none of behal, 
Nought uttering her heart, but ruth of her sad plight; 
Would make to melt, or pitifullly appall; 
And that vile Hag, all were her whole delight 
In milchife, was much mow'd at so pitifull light;

9
And gan recon for her in her rude wife, 
With womanish commisyon of her plaint, 
Wiping the teares from her fullfuled eyes, 
And bidding her fit downe, to reft her fant 
And wearie him to while. She nothing quaff. 
Nor shamed all of fo homely fashion, 
Sith she brought the was now to so hard constraint, 
Sate downe upon the daftly ground anon, 
As glad of that small ref, as Bird of tempeft gon.

10
Tho, gan she gather vp her garments rent, 
And her looke lockes to dight in other dew, 
With golden wreath, and gorgeous ornament; 
Whom iuch when as the wicked Hag did view, 
She was atontfhet at her heavenly hew, 
And doubted her to deeme an earthly wight, 
But a woman of godly wise, or of Dames crew; 
And thought her to adore with humble freight, 
T'adore thing fo diuine at beauty, were but right.

11
This wicked woman had a wicked fomce, 
The comfort of her age and weary dayes, 
A lascie loord, for nothing good to donne, 
But stretched forth in idlenesse alwaies, 
Nor euer caft his mind to conceit prcie, 
Or pray himfice to any hunte trade; 
But all the day before his homely fayes, 
He rod to flig, or fpeepe in fellow fhade; 
Such lascifnefe both lewd and poore atonce he made.

12
He, comming home at vnbrothe, there found 
The fairest creature that he euer law, 
Sitting befide his mother on the ground; 
The light whereof did greatly him adaw, 
And his bafethought with terror and with awe. 
So inflye, that as one which had gaze. 
On the bright Sunne vnwares, doth foone withdrauwe 
His feeble eye, with too much brightnesse dazed; 
So fared he on her, and ftood long while amazed.

13
Softly at fhe gan his mother fage, 
What mifer wight that was, and wherein derived, 
That to fo strange dignifement there did maftke, 
And by what accident the there arriued: 
But fhe, as one nigh of her wits deprifed, 
With nought but shoeftly lookez him anfwered, 
Like to a ghost, that lately is reuiued. 
From Styges shore, where late it wandred; 
So both at her, and each at other wonderd.
The Third Booke Of

All wayes she fought, to rehore to plight,
With herbs, with charms, with counsell, and with tears:
But tears, nor charms, nor herbs, nor counsell might
Allevage the fury, which his entrailes tears:
So strong is passion, that no reason h erstes.
Tho, when all other helpers the fawe to fale,
She turned her felfe backe to her wicked leaves,
And by her diuifh arts thought to preuail.
To bring her backe againe, or worke her final bale.

Esfoone out of her hidden cave the call
An hidious beast, of horrible aipe fit,
That could the fountleft courage hate appale
Monitous misfhap, and all his backe was fpread
With thousand fronts of coloursuent elect,
Therefe for swift, that it all beasts did paie:
Like neuer yet did living eye deteect;
But likeit to it an Hyana was,
That feedes on womens fleith, as others feed on grafs.

It forth the call, and gave it freight in charge,
Through thick and thin heretopurefpace,
Nor once to stay to ret, or breath at large,
Noie her he had arrane, and brought in place,
Or queuenoue her beautees scornful grace.
The Monfter, swift as word that from her wets,
Went forth in haufe, and did her footage trace,
So faire and swiftly, through his perfect lent,
And paffing speed, that shortly he her outer-hent.

Whom when the fearfull Damzel nighte her spide,
No need to bid her fast wynt to fide;
That vgly shape fo fore her terrifie,
That it the found no lefe, then dread to die:
And her fitt Palfrey did fo well apply
His nimble feet to her conceived feare,
That whilfe his breath did strength to him supply,
From perill feeke he her wynde depart;
But when his force gun fale, his pafe gun were areate.

Which when as she perceiued, she was dismay'd,
At that fame, late extremite full fere,
And of her lafte greatly grew strait:
And now she gan approache towards the fea shore,
As it befell, that she could fy no more,
But yield her felfe to fpoile of greedineffe.
Lightly flipt up, as a wyght doleore,
From her dulle horfe, in desperate diftrees,
And to her feete betooke her doubluff fickerneffe.

Not halfe fo falt the wicked Mytreda flied
From drede of her reuenging fathers hand:
Nor halfe fo falt to fide her maidehened,
Fled fairfull Delphine on that Aegean ftond,
As Florifell fled from the Monfter yond,
To reache the fea, ere fide of him were raught:
For, in the fea drownne her felfe he fond,
Rather then of the tyrant to be caught:
Therto fere fale gue her wynges, & need her courage taught.

If fortunate (high God did fo ordaine)
As the arraned on the roting fhorre,
In monfe to leape into the mighty fmaine,
A little boatle lay hauing her before,
In which there ftept a Father old and poore,
The whiles his nets were drying on the fide:
Into the fame he leapt, and with the ore,
Did thrull the follop from the folting frond:
So safely found at fea, which fhe found not atland.

The Monfter, redy on the prey to feale,
Was of his forward hope deteected quaff:
Ne durft alay to wade the perillous feas,
But greedly long gaping at the fight;
At lift in vaine was force to turne his flight,
And tell the idle rystsings to his Dame:
Yet to auenge his diuifh delight,
He fet upon her Palfrey tired lame,
And flow him cruelly ere any rescw came.

And after hauing him embowelled,
To fill his helthful gowe, he chau't a knight
To paffe that way, as fforth he trauelled;
In was a goeddy swaine, and of great might,
As euer man that bloudy field did fight:
But in vaine thewes, that wont young knights bewirth;
And courtefies took noe delight,
But rather joyd to be, then feamen fih:
For, both to be and feeme to him was labour fich.

It was to weet, the good Sir Satyrane,
That raung'd abroad, to feeke adventures wilde,
As he his work in forreft, and in Plaine;
He was all arm'd in rugged feele vifible,
As in the smoky forge it was compiled,
And in his fuchin bore a Satyres hed:
He comming prefente, where the monfter vilde
Upon that milke-white Palfreyes carkes fed,
Vnto his rescw ran, and greedily him fed.

There well perceiued he, that it was the horfe,
Whereon faire Florifell was wont to ride,
That of that fweat was rent without remorse:
Much feared he, leafe ought did ill bende
To that faire Mayd, the flower of womens pride;
For, her he dearely loued, and in all
His famous conquests highly magnifi'd:
Before, her golden girdle, which did fall
From her in fliet, he found, that did him bore appall.

Full of sad feare, and doubtfull agony,
Fierce he flew upon that wicked feed;
And with hard strokes, and cruel barbery
Him ftoke to leave his prey, for to attend
Himself frore deadly danger to defend:
Full many wounds in his corrupted ftehs
He did engrave, and muchell blood did fpend,
Yet might not doe him dies but ye more ftehs
And fierce he full appear'd, the more he did him thrift.
Like as a Gashauke, that in foot doth best
A trembling Calver, having spide on height
An Eagle, that with plumy wings doth shew
The tabule ary, fouping with all his might,
The squaere throwes to ground with full defiggs,
And to the hartell doth her felic prepare:
So ran the Giantesse into the flight:
Her fiery eyes with furious spakcs did stare.
And with blaphemous banners high God in peeces tare.

She caught in hand a huge great iron mace,
Wherewith the many had of life deprehend;
But ere the stroke could heizc his aymed place,
His spære amidst her fun-broad shield arrivd,
Yet nathemore the steale slaunderd
All were the beame in bignesse like a mast,
Ne her out of the fiedalt fadle driend,
But glancing on the tempered metal, draft
In thousand fflowers, and fo forth beside her palf.

Her Steed did fagger with that puiffant stroke:
But the no more was movd with that might,
Then it had lighted on an aged Oke;
Or on the marble Pellow, that is light
Vpon the top of Mount Olympus height,
For the brave youlthy Champions to ally,
With burning chaff wheeler it nigh to finite:
But who that finete it, marres his toyous play,
And is the spectacle of rainous decay.

Yet therewith fore enrag’d, with sterneregard
Her dreadfull weapon the to him addrct,
Which on his helmet marctelled to hard,
That made him lowe incline his lofty creft,
And bow’d his battard viour to his breft:
Wherewith he was to fhand, that he n’oteride,
But releed to and fro from East to Wett:
Which when his cruell enemy eyde,
She lightely unto him alwayeside to side;

And on his collar laying puiffant hand,
Out of his wauering feate him plucke perforcr,
Perforce him pluckt, vnable to withfand,
Or help humfle, and laying thwart her horfe,
In loslyly wife like to a carion corfe,
She bore him falt away. Which when the knight,
That her purfewed, faw, with great remorce
He neere was touched in his noble freight,
And gan increafe his speed, as the increaf her flight.

Whom when as nigh approaching the eyde,
She threw away her bur ten angrily;
For, she lift not the battell to abode,
But made her felic more light away to fly:
Yet her the hardy knight purfue’d fo nic,
That almoat in the backe he of her ftrake:
But flall when him arriued the daftery,
She turn’d, and femeblance of faireight did make;
But when he ftyed, to flight againe she did her take.

O
Me feely wretch she so at vantage caught,
After she long in waite for me did lie,
And meant into her prion to have brought,
Her lootable pleasure there to satisfy;
That thou and deaths me later were to die,
Then breake the vowes, that to faire Columbell
I plighted tune, and yet keep me falsely:
As for my name, it misfreh not to tell;
Call me the Squyre of Damas: that me becometh well.

But that bold knight, whom ye purfuing sawe
That Giantelle, is not tuch, as she seemed,
But a faire virgin, that in Mariall lawe,
And deeds of armes about all Dames is deemed,
And about many knights is eke esteemed,
For her great worthe: She Palladine is light:
She you from death, you met from death redeemed.
Ne any may that Monster match in fight,
But she, or such as she, that is to shiue a wight.

Her well becomes that Queft, quoth Satyrane:
But read, thou Squire of Dames, what vow is this,
Which thou upon thy self haft lately take'n?
That shall I you recount (quoth he) ywis,
So be ye pleis'd to pardon all amifs.
That gentle Lady, whom I love and ferue,
After long tume and weary feruices,
Did ask me, how I could her love ferue,
And how she might be sure, that I would never swerve.

I, glid by any means her grace to gains,
Bade her command my life to succe, or fail.
Eftfoones she bade me, with insolent paine
To wander through the world abroad at will,
And every where, where with my power or skill
I might do feruice unto gentle Dames,
That I the fame should faithfully fullifh,
(Names)
And at the twelve months end should bring their
And pledges; as the spoiles of my victorious games.

So well I to faire Ladies feruice did,
And found such favour in their loving hearts,
That ere the yeare his courie had compassed,
Three hundred pledges for my good desarts,
And three hundred thanks for my good parts.
I with me brought, and did to her present:
Which when she faw, more bent to eke my smarts,
Then to reward my truyfle true intent,
She gan for me decree a grievous punishment.

To weet, that I my trauell should resume,
And with like labour walke the world around,
Ne euer to her presence should preume,
Till I to many other Dames had found.
The which, for all the fuit I could propound,
Would me refuse their pledges to afford,
But did abide for euer claffe and found.
Ah gentle Squire, quoth he, tell at one word,
How many foundall thou fuch to put in thy record?

To be continued...
THE FAERIE QUEENE.

Canto VIII.

56 Indeed Sir knight, sayd he, one word may tell
All, that I ever found so wisely staid;
For, onely three they were dispos'd to do well:
And yet three yeeres I now abraid have staid,
To find them out. Note I (then laugh'd sayd)
The knight) inquire of thee, what were those three,
The which they refusat curtseie denyd? Or ill they mean'd the use and use be,
Or bluntly brought vp, that ever did fashions see.

57 The first which then reful me, sayd hee,
Certes was but a common Courteiane,
Yet it refused to have a do with mee,
Because I could not give her many a lane.
(Threatein full heartily laught Srypto)
The second was an holy Nunne to clothe,
Which would not let mee be her Chapellane,
Because she knew, she laied, I would despose
Her countenane, it she should her trust in mee repose.

58 The third a Damzell was of lowe degree,
Whom I of countrey cottage found by chance:
Full little weened I, that chatte,
Had lodging in to meane a maintenace:

Yet was she faire, and in her countenane
Dwelt simple truth in feemely fashion.
Long thus I wou'd her with due obedience,
In hope into my pleasure to have wonne;
But was as faire at last, as when I first begonne.

59 Sake her, I never any woman found,
That chaitty did for it selfe embrace,
But were for other caues firme and found;
Either for want of handsome time and place,
Or else for fear of blame and fowle disgrace.
Thus am I hopelesse euer to atone
My Ladies love in such a desperate case,
But all my dates am like to write in vain;
(Traine)
Seeking to match the chatte with this chaste Ladyes.

60 Perdy, bid Sytrayne, thou Squire of Dames,
Great labour fondly haft thou bent in hand,
To get small thankes, and therewith many blames,
That may among Alcides labours stand.
Then heke returning to the former land,
Where late he left the Beate he overcame,
He found him not for, he had broke his band,
And was return'd againe into his Dame,
To tell what tidings of faire Florimel became.
THE THIRD BOOKE OF

With thought whereof, exceeding mad he grew,
And in his rage his mother would have flame,
Hail she not fled into a secret mew,
Where she was wont her Sprights to entertaine
The matter of her art: there was she borne
To call them all in order to her ayre,
And them conjure upon eternall paine,
To counsell her so carefully dismayd,
How she might healc her sonne, whose fentes were de-

By their aduise, and her owne wicked wits,
She there devis'd a wondrous worke to frame,
Whose like on earth was never framed yet,
That even Natures felfe enuied the fame,
And grudged to fee the counterfeit should shame
That thing it felte. In hand the boldly tooke
To make another like the former Dame,
Another Florimel, in shape and looke
So finely and so like, that many it mistooke.

The substanse, whereof the body made,
Was purest snowe in masse mogneal'd,
Which she had gathered in a shadie glade
Of the Rhiomen hill, to her rentals
By errant Sprights, but from all men conceal'd:
The same she temper'd with fine Mercury,
And virgin wax, that never yet was seal'd,
And mingled them with perfect vermyly,
That like a finely fanguine it seem'd to the eye.

In stead of eyes, two burning lamps the fet
In flueri lockets, flining like the skyes,
And a quicke mooning Spirit did arrest
To fift and roll them, like a womans eyes:
In stead of yellow lockes the did dresse,
With golden wire to weave her curled head;
Yet golden wire was not fo yellow thriue
As Florimel's faire hair: and in the stead
Of fife, she put Spright to rule the carcasse dead.

A wicked Spright y'raft with luring guile,
And faire rethankence above all the rest,
Which with the Earce of darkenes fell sometime,
From heaven's blifs and everlathing rest:
Him needed not infruev, which way were bent
Himselfe to fashion like Florimel,
Ne how to speake, ne how to vioce his geft:
For, he in counterfeittce did excell;
And all the wyles of womens wits knew paffing well.

Him shaped thus the deckt in garments gay,
Which Florimel had left behind her Life,
That whoo then her face, would furely lay,
It was her felfe whom it did imitate,
Or fitter then her felfe, if oughte alarge
Might fitter be. And then she forth her brought
Vnto her fonne, that lay in fecile fute
: Who seeing her gun straights vpstart, and thought
She was the Lady felde, whom he fo long had fought.

Tho, fuit her clipping twixt his armes waine,
Extremely joy'd in fo happy light,
And foon forgot his former fickly paine
But fhe, the more to feme as fhe light,
Costly rebated his embracage light;
Yet still with gentle countenance retained,
Enough to hold nooke in vaine delight:
Him long fhe fof with shadowes entertained,
As her Creatrefle had in charge to her ordain'd;

Till on a day, as he diplofed was
To walke the woods with that his Idoles faire,
Her to difport, and idle time to put,
In child open freuliselfe of the gende aire,
A knight that way there chance to repair:
Yet knight he was not, but a boafort Swayne,
That deed of armes had ever in defpair,
Proud Braggadecchio, that in vantuine vaine
His glory did repose, and credit did maintain.

He seeing with that Chorle to faire a wight,
Deckd with many a costly ornament,
Much meruleild theret, as well he might,
And the knight that had a foule dispantagement:
His bloudly fpere cutoffe he boly bent
Against the silye downe, who dead through fear;
Fell right at ground in great astonishment.
Villein, Lid be, this Lady is my deare;
Dy, if thou it gaine ly: I will away her beare.

The fearfull Chorle durft not gaine ly, nor doo,
But trembling ftood, and yielded him the pray;
Who finding little leasure her to woe,
On Transports fled her mounted without fay,
And without reftow led her quite away;
Proud man himfelfe then Braggadecchis defended,
And next unto none, after that happy day,
Being pofficled of, that fpoole, which leemed
The fairest right on ground, and moft of men efteemed.

But when he faw himfelfe free from purfate,
He ran make gentle prouice to his Dame,
With tears of Jone and lendefticiflate;
For, he could well his glancing speches frame
To fuch vaine vies, that him belt became:
But the thereto would fend but light regard.
As seemeing fory, that she ever came
Into his pow're, that vied her fo hard,
To rauce her honoure, which the more then life prefard.

Thus as they two of kindnfde treated long,
There them by chance encountered on the way
And in a hude knight, upon a courser strong,
Whofe trumpling feete upon the hollow ley
Seemed to thunders, and did night affay
That Capecs courage; yet he lookt grim,
And fay'd to cheere his Lady in difmay:
Who feem'd for feare to quake in evry limb,
And her to falue from outrage, meekely praved him.

Fiercely
Fiercely that stranger forward came, and nigh
Approaching, with bold words, and bitter threat;
Rode that same boster, as he spoke, on high.
To leave to him that Lady for excett;
Or hide him battell without further treat.
That challenge did too peremptory seeme;
And fill his seams with asblumption great;
Yet seeing nigh him jeopardy extrem.
He it dissembled well, and light seem'd to effeteene;

Saying, Thou foolish knight, that ween'tt with words
To steele away that I with bowes haue woune,
And brought through points of many perilous swords;
But if thee leffe to thee Count at none,
Or proue thy selfe, this fell encounter shoune,
And feel euce without hazard of thy hed.
At those proud words that other knight begonne
To vex exceeding worce, and him arde
To turne his steed about, or for he should be dead.

Sith then, said Braggadocio, needs thou wilt
Thy dades abondge, through proofe of puissance,
Turne we our feeldes, that both in equal tilt
May meete againe, and each take happy chance.
This fayd, they both a furlongs mountanencese
Retyd't their feeldes, to roome in even race:
But Braggadocio with his bloudy lance
Once having turned, no more return'd his face,
But left him loose to lost, and fled his felic peace.

The knight, him seeing fly, had no regard
Him to purtue, but to the Lady rode;
And hauing her from Trompett lightly reard,
Upon his counter feft the loosely rode,
And when he fled away without abode.
Well weene he, that fairest Florimell
It was, with whom in company he yode,
And to her selfe did alwaies to him tell;
So made him think him selfe in heauen, that was in hell.

But Florimell her selfe was farre away,
Driven to great diftraffe by fortunate straunge,
And taught the carefull Mariner to play,
Sith late mischance had her compell to chauenge
The land for sea, at random there to range:
Yet there that enuell Queene avengelle,
Not fatisfide to faire her to eraffle
From courtely bluss and wanted happinesse,
Did heape on her new wates of weare wretchednesse.

For, being fled into the Fishters boate,
For refuge from the Monsters cruellty,
Long to fine on the mightie Mene did flote,
And with the tide drove forward cardely;
For, thine was milde, and cleared was the sky,
And all his winder Dan Arlow did lese.
From flurring vp their stormy emnity,
As pittyng to fee her waile and wepe:
But all the while the Fishter did feverely s cope.

At last, when drunk with drowndinesse, he woke,
And saw his thower druce alon the fireame,
He was dilatcd, and threc his breft he froke,
For maruell of that accident extrem;
But when he faw that bluzing bowter beame,
Which with rare light his boat did beuife,
He maruell'd more, and thought he yet did dreame
Not well awak', or that fome extaze
Affoected had his fentfe, or dazed was his eye.

But when her well auring, he perceiued
To be no vision, nor fantufeke fight,
Great comfort of her presence he conceived,
And felt in his old courage new delight.
To gain awke, and find his extase fright:
Tho, rudey, fift her, how the thunder came.
Ah, fyfth, father, I note read aright,
What hard misfortune brought me to the fame;
Yet am I glad that here I now in fafetie am.

But thou good man, fith firce in sea we be,
And the great waaters gin space to swell,
That now no more we can the mine-land fee,
And haue care to pray, to guide the cock-bootwell,
Lafe waute on fea then on land belffe.
Thereat th'oold man did nought but furcly grin,
And faid, his boat the way could widly tell:
But his deceffull eyes did never lin
To looke on her face fure, and mark her snowy skin.

The fight whereof, in his congealed ffeaf,
Infat firm secret fling of greedy luft,
That the dry wither'd stock it gan refresh,
And kindled heat, that foon in flame forth brught:
The fchief was fould, freme was burnt to fiift.
Rudely to her he lepte, and in her rugged hand
Where ill became him, raffhly would have thraught:
But he with angry force him did withftond,
And fhaufuflly reprooued for his rudenesse fond.

But, he that never good nor minnes knew,
Her sharpe rebuke full little did efceem:
Hard is to teach an old horse amble tw TWO;
The inward fremark, that did before but fteeme,
Beake into open fire and rage extreme,
And now he ftrengthe gan adde into his will,
Forcing to doe that did him fawle miscreame:
Beaftly he threw her downe, no car'd to pull
Her garments gay with fcales of fhi, that all did fill.

The filly virgin ftroue him to withftand,
All that the might, and him in vaine revell'd:
She struggeled strongly both with foot and hand,
To fave her honor from that vallaine wild,
And cruze to heaven, from humane help exil'd:
O ye brave knights, that boate this Faisles loue,
Where be ye now, when she is nigh defil'd
Of fihly wretch? well may thy reproue
Of fahhood, or of droue, when molt it may behoue.

But
But if that thou, Sir Satyran, didst weete, 
Or thou, Sir Periander, her forie state, 
How soone would ye assemble many a feste 
To fetch from sea, that ye at land lost late? 
Towres, Gires, Kingdomes ye would rumeate, 
In your aygement and despiseful rage, 
Ne ought your burning fury more abate; 
But if Sir Calidore could it preluge, 
No living creature could his cruellty affuage. 

But fish that none of all her knights is nie, 
Seek how the heauen of voluntary grace, 
And foueraigne favour towards chitchit, 
Do fucceord tend to her distreffe safe: 
So much high God doth innocence embrace. 
It forntuned, whilste thus the flye trouse, 
And the wide sea imprompted long space 
With thrilling shreikes, Protesa abroad did rose, 
Along the fomy wavy vancing his fomy droue. 

Protesa is Shepherd of the Seas of yore, 
And hath the charge of Neptunus mighty heard; 
An aged fire with head all fcorpy hore, 
And sprinkled roffe upon his dewy beard: 
Who when those pitiful oueries he heard 
Through all the seas fom reduly refound, 
His Charet swift in haffe he thicke fcarde 
The which, with a teeme of holy Pious bound, 
Was drawn upon the waves, that formed him around. 

And comming to that Fisher wandering bote, 
That went at will, with outen carde or fylie, 
Hath therein fawre that ykeseome fight, which fmate 
Deeppe indignation and compifion frate 
Into his heart atonce; for fentre did he haile 
The greely villein from his hopeful prey, 
Of which he now did very little fable, 
And with his ifte he drues his heard aftray, 
Him bet to fone, that life and fente did much dyspare.

The whiles the pitious Lady vp did rife, 
Rufled and lowly rayd with fiftie foile, 
And blubred face with teares of her faire eyes: 
Her heart nigh broken was with weary toyle 
To fave her felfe from that outrageous fpoele: 
But when the looke vp, to weet wh by it wight 
Had her from to infamous fadtold, 
For shame, but more for care of his grim fght, 
Downe in her lip the bid her face, and loudly fright. 

Her felle not faute yetfrom danger dred 
She thought, but charg'd from one to other fere; 
Like as a fearful Partridge, that is fled 
From the flarpe Hunke, which her attached neare, 
And fes to ground, to feeke for fucoure there, 
Whereas the hungry Spaniels she dooes fy, 
With greedy iawe; there realfe for to teares; 
In such diftruft and fal perplexity 
Was Flورinell, when Protesa she did fee thereby. 

But he endeauerd with speeches milde, 
Her to recomfort, and accouarge bold, 
Bidding her fcare no more her fomman vide, 
Nor doubt himfelf; and who he was, he told, 
Yet all that could not from affright her hold, 
Ne to recomfort her at all prouide; 
For her faint heart was with the frozen cold 
Benumbed to finly, that her wits nigh faile, 
And all her fentes with a fubftantifh quite were quailid. 

Her vp bewixt his rugged hands he reard, 
And with his fory lips full ftyfy lift, 
Whiles the cold ficles from his rough beard 
Dropped downe vpon her voyry brest; 
Yet he himfelfe ffo buflly adreft, 
That he her out of allprouifon he wrought, 
And out of that fame fafers filthy neft 
Remouing her, into his charet brought, 
And there with many gentle tearens her faine befought. 

But that old leachour, which with bold affault 
That beautie durft perfuade to violate, 
He cut to perfh for his hainous fault: 
Then took he him yet trembling fith of late, 
And tyde behind his charet, to aggirate 
The virgyn, whom he had abus'd fo lore: 
So draged him through the waves in fomefut full state, 
And afte ftall him vp vpon the thore: 
But Flорinell with himeto into his bowre he bore. 

His bowre is in the bosome of the Marine, 
Vnder a mighty rock, gainst which do race 
The roaring billowes in their proud difdaine; 
That with the angry working of the waue, 
Therein is eaten out an hollow case, 
That teemes rough Madons hand with engines keen; 
Had long while laboured it to engrave; 
There was his wome, no living wight was frene, 
Sawe one old de Nymph, height Pampes, to keepe it cleane. 

Thither he brought the fory Flорinell, 
And entertained her the beft he might; 
And Pampes her entertainted eke well, 
As an immortall mote a mortall wight, 
To winne her hking vnto his delight; 
With flattering words he tweety woode her, 
And offered faire giftes to allure her fight: 
But the both offere and the offerer 
Dipldide, and all the favning of the flatte rer. 

Duly he tempted her with this or that, 
And never fuffered her to be ater: 
But entemore the him refuted flat, 
And all his fainef kindnesse did detect; 
So firmely fhe had fealed vp her brete, 
Sometimes he boaffed, that a God he higte: 
But he a mortall creature loyed bet; 
Then he would make himfelfe a mortall wight; 
But then fhe faid the lovd none, but a Fuerie knight. 

Then
To errant knights be common: wondrous sore
That councils pleas'd well: so all y'ere
Forth march'd to a Castle there before,
Where foone arring, they restraine were:
Of ready entrance, which ought euermore

Canto IX.

Malbecco will no strange knights haft,
For preeuious ejealousie:
Paridell giufts with Britomart;
Both shew their auncestrie.

Whose beauty doth his bounty surpasse,
The which to him both far vnquail yeares,
And also far vnlike conditions has;
For, the does toy to play amongst her peares,
And to be free from hard restraine and jealous fears.

But he is old, and withered like hay,
Vnfit faire Ladyes seruice to supply;
The priuy guilt whereof makes him alway
Subject her truth, and keep continuall play.
Upon her with his other blinked eye;
Ne suffreth he retort of lying wight
Approcheth to her, ne keep her companie,
And in close bowre her mewses from all mens sight.

Depriv'd of kindly toy and naturall delight.

Malbecco he, and Hellenore the knight,
Vnfitly yokt' together in one teeme:
That is the cause, why never any knyght
It suffred here to enter, but he feeme
Such, as a doubt of him he neede misdeme.
TheretoSirSatyran gos smalle and say;
Extermately mad the man I surely deeme,
That weemes with watch and hard restraint to stay
A woman will which it disposes to get atraie.

In vaine he fears that which he cannot thonne:
For, who woltes not, that womans subtilitiees
Can guile Argus, when the lift misdone?
It is not in his bands, nor hundred eyes,
Nor brazen walls, nor many wakefull spyes,
That can withhold her wilfull wandring feet;
But full good will with gentle courtesie,
And timely seruice to her pleasures meet.
May her perhapes containe, that else would algests feet.

Then
Then, is he not more mad, said Paridel,  
Th'hat hath himselfe vou to such ferior fate,  
In dothfull throadome all his days to dwell?  
For, sure a fool he doth him firmly hold,  
That loues his fetters, though they were of gold.  
But why do ye deuide of others all,  
Whiles thus ye suffer thine doom'd old  
To keepe vs out, in foarcne of his owne will,  
And rather doe not ranck all, and himselfe kill?  

Nay, let vs first, said Satyrane, interest  
The man by gentle meanes, to let vs in,  
And afterwards affray with cruel threat,  
Ere that we to enforce it do begin:  
Then, if all faile, we will by force it win,  
And eke reward the wretch for his meere,  
As may be worthy of his hauyous fin.  
Then this counsel plaide: Then Paridel did rise,  
And to the Cattle gire approache in quiet wele.

Whereas ye kept knocking, entrance he desired.  
The good-man told (which then the Porter plaide)  
Him informed, that all were now rent:  
Into their reft: and all the keys convaid  
Into their Master, who in bed was laid,  
That none him durst awake out of his dreams;  
And therefore them of patience gentilly preyed.  
Then Paridel began to change his themes,  
And threatned him with force, and punishment extreme.

But all in vaine; for nought mote him relent.  
And now so long before the wicket faile  
They waited, that the night was forward spent,  
And the faire wellin (foolily over-cast)  
Gan blowen vp a blunter stormy blast,  
With snowe and hail so horrible and dread,  
That this faire many were compell'd at lift  
To flye for succour to a little shed,  
The which beside the gate for wise was order'd.

It fortune, soone after they were gone,  
Another knight, whom tempeltlethier brought,  
Came to that Cattle; and with earnest mone,  
Like as the reft, late entrance deare befought:  
But, like to as the reft, he prayd for nought;  
For, rashly he of entrance was refus'd,  
Sorely therafter he was displeas'd, and thought  
How to avenge himselfe to fore abus'd,  
And so much more the Carle of curtseis accus'd.

But, to avoyd th'imtolerable flower,  
Hec was compell'd to feek some refuge neare,  
And to that shed (to throw him from the flower)  
Hec came, which full of guests he found whylear,  
So as he was not let to enter there;  
Whereat he gaue to wex exceeding wroth,  
Aid swore that he would lodge with them yere;  
Or them did lodge, all were they liere or leath;  
And them defied each, and to defile them both.

Both were full loth to leave that needfull cast,  
And both full loth in darkneffe to debate;  
Yet both full hefe him lodging to haue lent,  
And both full liue his boating to abate;  
But chieffely Paridel his hart did graie,  
To heare him threaten to despightfully,  
As if he did a dogge to kenell rate,  
That which not barks: and rather had he dy,  
Theven when he was defide, in coward corner lay.

Tho, hastily remounting to his head,  
Hic forth hew'd: as like as a boistrous wind,  
Which in the earths hollow caues hath long bin hid,  
And fhut vp lift within her passions blind,  
Makes the huge element against her kind  
To more, and tremble as it were agait,  
Vntil that it as if one forth may find;  
Then forth it breaks, and with his furious blaff  
Confounds both land and fees, and styres doth over-cast.

Their feeke-head speares they strongly coucht, and met  
Together with impetuous rage and force;  
That with the terror of their fierce affay,  
They rudely drove to ground both man and horse,  
That each (awhile) lay like a fandleffe corfe:  
But Paridel, fore bruded with the blowe,  
Could not stiffe, the counterchange to force,  
Till that young Squire him reared from belowe:  
Then drew he his bright iwerd & gun about him thrwowe.

But Satyrane, forth steering, did them stay,  
And with faire treatise pacifie their ire:  
Then, when they were accorded from the fray,  
Against that Castles Lord they gan confpire,  
To heape on him duevengeance for his bire.  
They been agreed, and to the gates they goe  
To burne the fame with vnquenchable fire,  
And that vncurtose Carle (their common foe)  
To doe foule death to die, or wrap in grievous woe.

Malbecco, seeing them refolue'd indeed  
To flame the gates, and hearing them to call  
For fire in earnest, raine with fearefull speed;  
And to them calling from the Cattle wall,  
Befought them humbly, him to beare withall,  
As ignorant of errantains bad abuse,  
And hark attendance unto strangers call.  
The knights were willing all things to excute,  
Though nought belied, & entrance late did not refuse.

They been ybrough't into a cornely bowre,  
And feru'd all thinges that note necefull bee;  
Yet secretly their hoft did on them lowre,  
And welcomed more for feare than charitie;  
But they dissembled what they did not fee,  
And welcomed them selues. Each gan vnlight  
Their garments wet, and weare armour free,  
To dry themeselfes by Fauclante flaming light,  
And eke their lately bruized parts to bring in plight.

P. And
And eke that stranger knight, employst the rest,
Was for like creddent t's disarray:
Tho, when as vailed was her lofty crest,
Her golden locks, that were in tramel gay
Vp-bounden, did themselves adowne display,
And rought vnto her heele: like funny beames,
That in a cloud their light did long time stay,
Their vapour vaded, shed their golden gleames,
And through the perfent ayre flou'th forth their aure
(Threames.

She also doth her beauty habiterion,
V Which the faire feature of her limbes did hide;
And her well plighted frock, whiche she did won
To tuck about her shert when she did ride,
Shee lowelet fall, that flower'd from her lunk side
Downe to her foot, with careless modestye.
Then of them all shee plainly was espide
To be a woman-wight (vnwitt to bee)
The fairest woman-wight that euer eye did see.

Like as Minrue, beeing late returned
From slaughter of the Giants conquered;
Whose proud Enoclads, whose whole wide nestribed round
With breathed Bames, like to a furnace red,
Transified with the spreare, downe tumbled ded
From top of Hemus, by him heaped hee;
Hath loo'd his helmet from her lofty hed,
And her Gorgonian fluid guns to vnite
From her left arm, to rest in glorious vany.

Which when as they beheld, they fintten were
With great amazement of so wondrous fight,
And each on other, and they all on her
Stood gazing, as if souldaine great affright
Had them surpris'd. At last, wafting right,
Her goodly personage and glorious heue,
Which they loo much mislooked, they tooke delight
In their first errour, and yet till anew
With wonder of her beauty fed their hungry view.

Yet note their hungry vewbe satisfied
But feecing, full the more defir'd to see,
And euer firmly fixed did abide
In contemplation of diuinitie:
But moit they wereus'd at her cheshtree
And noble prowesse, which she had approved,
That much they faied to knowe who theer mote bee;
Yet none of all them theerof aamed,
Yet every one her li't, and every one her loued.

And Paridell, though partly discontent
Vith his late fall, and foule indignity,
Yet was soone wonne his malice to relent,
Through gracious regard of her faire eye,
And knightly worth, which her too late did try,
Yet tryed did adore. Supper was light:
Then they Malbreez pry'd of curtice,
That of his Lady they might have the fight,
And company at meate, to doe them more delight.

But he, to shift their curious request,
Can causen why thee could not come in place;
Her crafted health, her late recoorse to rest,
And humild evening, ill for sicke folkes cause:
But none of thofe excules could take place;
Newhold they eate, til firc in presence came.
Shee came in presence with right comely grace,
And fairely them fuldeated, as becam
And shew'd her felie in all a gentle curteous Dame.

They fete to meet, and Satyrane his chance
Was her before, and Paridell beside;
But he himselfe fate looking full afcaunee,
Gaint Britomart, and euer closely cyde
Sir Satyrane, that glaunces might not gyde:
But his blind eye, that fided Paridell,
All his demeanoure from his fight did hide:
On her faire face (to did hee fee'd his fill,
And sent close messagges of love to her at will.

And euer and anone, when none was ware,
With fpeaking lookeys, that close embaffage bore,
Hoe rov'd at her, and told his secret care:
For, all that ar he learn'd had of yore.
Ne was thee ignorant of that lewd lore,
But in his eye he meaning wifely red,
And with the like him anwerd euermore:
Shee sent at him one firte dart, whose head
Empoisned was with priuy lust, and teasous dread.

Hec, from that deadly throw made no defence,
But to the wound his weake hart opened wide;
The wicked engine through fals instancce
Past through his eyes, and secretly did gyde
Into his hart, which it did fearely gyde.
But nothing new to him was that tame paine,
Ne paine at all: for hee oft had tryste
The power thereof, and lovd to oft in vain,
That thing of course he countes, loose to entertaine.

Thence-forth to her hee sought to intimate
His inward grieve, by meanes to him well knowne:
Now Bacchus fruite out of the siluer plate
He on the table dafht, as overthrowne,
Or of the fruitfull liquor overlowne,
And by the dazning bubbles did divine,
Or therein writte to let his lour be thowne;
V Which well the red out of the learned line;
(A sacrament profane in mysterie of wine.)

And when-so of his hand the pledge he raught,
The guilty cup she fained to mistake,
And in her lip did drest her idle draught,
Shewing defire her inward flame to stole:
By such close signes they secret way did make
Vnto their wils, and one eyes watch elcape:
Two eyes him needeth, for to watch and wake,
Vho Louers wil deceive. Thus was the spe,
By their faire handling, put into Malbreez cape.

Now
Now when of meates and drinks they had their fill,
Purpoe was moued by that gentle Dame,
Vnto those Knights adventurous, to tell
Of deeds of armes, which vnto them became,
And every one his kindred, and his name.
Then zealoues, in whom a kindle pride
Of gracious speech, and I skill his words to frame
Abounded) becaming glad of sight.
Him to commend to her, thus spake, of all wey cyde:

Trey, that art now nought but an idle name,
And in thine aeries buried loye dooth lye,
Though whyleame far much greater then thy fame,
Before that angry Gods, and cruelly sky
Upon thei height a direfse define;
What boasts it boaste thy glorious descent,
And fetch from heaven thy great Genealogic,
Sith all thy worthy prattys beeing bent,
Their of-spring hath embarsed, and later glory shone?

Most famous V'lorly of the world, by whom
That warre was kindled, which did Trey inflame,
And latecly towres of Lyon wholone
Brought unto bulcfulle ruine, was by name
Sir Paris, far renowned through noble name;
Who, through great provode and bold hardnisse,
Casted the Troian and world in baffe,
That ever Greece did boaste, or knight poiffize,
Whom Venus to him gave for neede of worthinesse;

Faire Helle, flower of beauty excellent,
And girldon of the mighty Conquerours,
That madef many Ladies dearer lament
The heape loib of their brave Parimours,
Which they far off beheld from Troias towres,
And law the fields of faire Scamander throune;
With carcases of noble warneurs,
Whole fatly, and brave, were there remaine
And Xanthius tankly bankes with blood all overitoune.

From him, my image I denue right,
Who long before the ten yeares siege of Trey,
Whiles yet on Ida he a shepped hight,
On faire Oemeone got a louely boy:
Whom, for remembrance of her pased ioys,
She of his Father, Paris did name;
VWho, after Greece did Priams reigne destroy,
Gathered the Troianen cliques Iad from flame,
And with them faying thence, to the Ile of Paris came.

That was by him call Parus, which before
Hight Nausa: there he many years did reigne,
And built Nausdis by the Penetidg fiore;
The which he dyed, left neth in remaine
To Paridas his sonne.
From whom I Paridell in kin descend;
But for faire Ladies lourse, and gloryes gaine,
My naturall love hexe left, my dayes to spend
In fewing seeds of armes, my laces andlabours end.

When-as the noble Eristomart heard tell
Of Troiane warres, and Priams Cite iackt
(The ruefull story of Sir Paridell)
She was empastring at that pittious act,
V'Through scalour envy of Grecses cruel part,
Against that Mirth, from whom most race of old
She heard that shee was lineallly extrac:
For, noble Britons spring from Troias bold,
And Tremoniant was built of old Troyes alfoe cold.

Then sighing soft awhile, at last, the thus:
O lamentable fall of famous townes!
Which rais'd so many yeares victorius,
And of all Asia bore the louersigne crowne,
In one sad night confound'd, and thrown downe:
What Rony hart, that dares thy haplesse fate,
Is not emperced with deepse compalatowne,
And makes enample of mans wretched state,
That flowers so fresh at morrne, and fades at evening late?

Behold, Sir, how your pittfull complaint
Hath found another partner of your paine
For, nothing may imprefe fo deare constraint,
As Countries caiue, and common foes diddeine.
But, if it should not grisse you backe again
To turne your courie, I wold to hearde define
What to Aenon lecte, in that noble state
Hee was not in the Cities woefull fire
Confound'd, but did himselfe to safetie retire.

Achylles sonne, bogot of Penus faire,
Said hee, out of the flames for safegard feld,
And with a remnant did to fer repair:
Where hee through farre errour long was led
Full many yeares, and weettlelie wander.
From shore to shore, amongst the Lybbich lands,
Ere reft he found. Much ther more he sufferd,
And many prifon huts in manye lands.
To fue his people said from Victors vengefull hands.

At last, in Latin hee did arrive,
Where hee with cruel warre was entertaind
Of th' inland folk, which he foughed backe to drive:
Till hee with old Latinus was confoundt
To contract wedlock: (to the Fates ordaind.)
Vedlock contract in blood, and eke in blood
Accomplished, that many deare complaind:
The riuell flaine, the Victor (through the flood)
Escaped hardly) hardly praysd his wedlock good.

Yet after all, hee Victor did survive,
And with Latinus did the kingdome part.
But after, when both nations gat to fruite,
Into their names the title to convarjant,
His sonne Iulus did from thence depart,
With all the warlike youth of Troians blood,
And in long Ablaples his throne apart,
VWhere faire it flourished, and long time flourd,
Till Remus newe running it, to Rome remou'd.

P 2.
There, there, said Britomart, a fresh appear'd
The glory of the later world to spring,
And Troy again out of her dust was rear'd,
To fis in second face of fouraigne king
Of all the world under her government.
But of the kingdom yet is no life,
Out of the Trojan scattered off-spring,
That in all glory and great enterprize,
Both first and second Troy shall dare to equalize.

It Troyounant is hight, that with the waues
Of wealthy Thamus wafted is along,
Vpon whose stubborne neck (where- at he raves
With roring rage, and fore himelfe does throng,
That all men feare to tempt his billowes strong)
She fainted hath her foot, which stands so hie,
That it is wonder of the world is fong
In fortune Lunda; and all which paff by,
Befolding it from far, doe thinke it threateth the sky.

The Trojan Brute did firft that Cadie found,
And Hygeoue made the meare thereof by Welt,
And Ouer-gate by North: that is the bound
Toward the land: two rivers bound the rett.
So huge a scope at firft him learned beft,
'To be the confines of his kingdoms feat:
So huge a mind could not to letter rett,
Of inall meares containes his glory great,
That Ailten had conquered firft by waflke feast.

Ah! sayreft Lady-knight, said Paridell,
Pardon (I pray) my headflie over-fight,
Who had forger, that whylome I heard tell
From aged Memomon's far, my wits been light.
Indeed, he faid, if I remember right,
That of the antieque Trojan flock, there grew
Another plant, that rought to wondrous hight,
And far abroad his mighty branches throw,
Into the vmost Angle of the world he knew.

For, that fame Brute (whom much he did aduaunce
In all his speche) was Syllve his fonne,
Whom haung flaine, through luckles arrowsglauce,
Hee fled for feare of that he had midfonne,
Or else for fame, so foule reprochet to fonne
; And with his led to fee a youflyh traine,
Where wareie wandring they long time did wonne,
And many fortunes prou'd in th' Ocean maine,
And great adventures found, that now were long to faine.

At left, by fatall course they druen were
Into an Iland spacious and brode,
The furfeight North, that did to them appeare:
And after rett they seeking farre abroade.
Found it the firfte pyle for their abode;
Fruitfull of all things, fit for living foodes,
But wholly wafe, and voyd of peoples trade,
Save an huge nation of the Giants brood,
That fed on liuing beefs, & dranke mens vitall blood.

Whom he, through wareie warres and labours long,
Subdewd with loffe of many Britomart bold:
In which, the great Geanmgast of strong
Coriuans, and Cousin of Debon old
Were overthrowne, and layd on th' earth full cold,
VVhich quaked under their so hideous masts:
A famous historie to be enrode
In everlafting monuments of brafs,
That all the antique Worthises merits far did pas.

His worke, great Troyounant, his worke is eke
Faire Lincollin, both renowned far away,
That who from East to Welt will end-long fecke,
Cannot two feiter Cities find this day,
Except Cleopra: I thought I say
Old Memomon. Therefore Sir, I greeet you well
And greedily ears, her weake hart from her bone:
Of pardon for the frife, which late befell
Betwixt vs both unkowne. So ended Paridell.

But all the while that he thefe spechees spente,
Vpon his lips hong faire Dame Hellownere,
With vigilant regard, and due attent,
Fathaning worlds of fancies ecuermore
In her fralle wit, that now her quite forloere:
The whites, vnways away her wondring eye,
And greedy ears, her weake hart from her bone:
Which he perceiving, everpruil
In speakeing, many fitle belgarde at her leff fly.

So long thefe knights discoursed diversely,
Of strange affaires, and noble hardiment,
Which they had past with mickle jeopardy,
That now the humid night was farforth spent,
And heauton lamps were halfecond ybore:
Which th' old man seeing well (who too long thought
Every discouer, and euyer argument,
Which by the hours he measured) befooke
Them go to rest. So all into their bowres were brought.
Canto X.

Paridell raperth Hellenore:
Mabbecco her pursuveres:
Findes amongst Satyres, whence with him
turne he doth refuse.

So perfect in that art was Paridell,
That he Mabbeccus halfeen eye did wise,
His halfeen eye he wisde wondrous weyl.
And Hellenore both eyes did eke beguile.
Both eyes and hart attance, during the while
That he there foudurned his wounds to heale:
That Cupid felt it seeing, close did smite,
To wect how he her loue away didstele,
And bade, that none theire joyous treason should reale.

The learned Louer lost no time nor tide,
That left advance more to him afford;
Yet bore to faire a tale, that none egide
His secret drift, till he her layd abord.
When-so open place, and common bord,
He forint her to meet, with common speech
He courted her, yet basted every word,
That his vngene hofte note him appeach.
Of vile vngentience, or horpigtages breack.

But, when apart (if ever her apart)
He found, then his falle egines faf he plide,
And all the heights unboudned in his hart;
He sigh't, he sobbd, he swound, he perdy dide,
And caft himslef on ground her falt beside:
Tho, when againe he him bethought to liue,
He wept, and wailed, and falle laments belide,
Saying, but if thee Mercy would him gue,
That he more algates die, yet did his death forgive.

And other-whiles, with amorous delights,
And pleasing toys he would her entertaine,
Now finging sweetly, to surprize her sights,
Now making laying of loue and Louers paine;
Brandles, Ballads, virelayes, and verses vaine;
Oft purpose, oft middles he devis'd,
And thousands like, which flowed in his braise,
With which he fed her fancy, and entis'd
To tume to his new loue, and leaue her old despis'd,
And every where he might, and every while
He did her service dutifull, and fewed
At hand with humble pride, and pleasing guise,
So clostely yet, that none but hee it viewed,
Who well perceived all, and all indewed.
Thus finishly did he the lachnes dispred
With which he many weakhearts had subdued
Or yore, and many had ylike misled:
What wonder then, if they were likewise carried?

No fort so fensible, no walles so strong,
But that continual batterie will rise,
Or daily fiere through dispuruation long,
And lye of reekewes will to parley drive;
And Peece, that vomo purly care will gue,
Will shortly yield it selfe, and will be made
The vailall of the Vlctors will bythe:
That fratresame had oftimes affaid
This crafty Paramour, and now it plainly displaid.

For, through his trains he her intrapped hath,
That the her Loue and harth wholly fold
To him, without regard of gaine, or death,
Or care of credit, or of husband old,
Whom she hath vow’d to dub a faire Cuckold.
Nought wants but time and place, which shortly fhew
Desired hath, and to her Louer told.
It pleased well. So well they both agreed;
Sorely ripe to ill, all wemens counsell bee.

Darke was the Euening, fit for lovers stealth,
When chaunc’d Malbecco bufe be elle-where,
She to his clostet went, where all his wealth
Lay hid: thereof shee countielle flummes did reare,
The which she meant away with her to beare;
The reft, shee fir’d for sport, or for defpight;
As Helene, when the law alfo appeare
The Traytous flames, and reach to heavens height,
Did clap her hands, and joyed at that dolefull figh.

This second Helene, faire Dame Hellmore,
The whils her husband tannes with fory hate
To quench the flames which the had tyn’d before,
Laught at his foolih labour spent in waste;
And tamed into her Lovers armes right fat;
Where fraught embraced, fteue to him did cry,
And call aloud for helpe, er helpe were paft;
For lo, that Guest would bear her forebly,
And meant to rauffh her, that rather had to die.

The wretched man, hearing her call for syde,
And ready seeing him with her to fyve,
In his diiquiet mind was much disfmaid:
But, when again he backward caft his eye,
And low the wicked fire so fantously
Contume his hart, and forcer his louet face,
Hee was there with diftrefed diversly,
Ne will be how to turne, nor to what place;
Was neuer wretched man in fuch a woefull cafe.

Ay when to him the cryde, to her he turn’d,
And lef the fire; loote, money overcame:
But, when hee marked how his money burn’d,
He left his wife; money did loue dislame:
Both was he loth to looife his loved Diana,
And loth to leaue his lefteft pelle behind,
Yet fird he not the bothe, he cou’d that fame
Which was the deareft to his amouling mind,
The God of his deare, the joy of morters blind.

Thus, whilst all things in troublous prope were,
And all men bufe to fupprefe the flamne,
The louing couple need no reekew feare,
But leaure had, and libertie to frame
Their propurf flight, free from all mens reclaime;
And Night (the patronesse of loue-reafh faire)
Gauft them life condeant, till to end they came:
So beene they gone yfare (a wanton paire
Of Lovers loofely knit) where left them to repair.

Soone as the cruel flamne yflaked were,
Malbecco, seeing how his losle did lye,
Out of the flamne, which he had quench wherelye
Into large waies of griece and reafh outfie,
Full depe emplang was, and drowned nie,
Twist inward doole and felonous defpight;
Her ray’d, he wept, he wept, he fumne, he loud did cry,
And all the passions that in man may light,
Did him attance opprefse, and vex his cauynge fright.

Long thus he chawed the cud of inward griece,
And did confume his gall with anguifh fore;
Sniff when he mouted on his fate milchifte,
Then full the man thereoff increased more,
And feern’d more grieuous, then it was before:
At laft, when forrow he faw booted nought,
He grieve might not his loue to him restore,
He gan defcue, how her rekesw mought.
Ten thousand waies he caft in his confufed thought.

Atlaft, relating like a pilgrim pore
To fearch her forth, wherefo she might be fond;
And bearing with him threatre in close thore,
The ref of her leaves in ground: So takes in hand
To fecke her ending, both by sea and land.
Long he her fough, he fought her fare and here,
And every where that he mowe vnderfond,
Of Knights and Ladies any meetings were:
And of each one he met, they dyings did inquere.

But all in vaine, his woman was too wife,
Euer to come into his clouche againe,
And fic too fimple euer to fuprifie
The folly Paradife, for all his paine.
One day, as he fopreaffed by the Plaine
With weary pace, he fawre away efpide
A couple (fierneff well to be his twaine)
Which haued close under a forest side;
As if they lay in wait, or else themselves did hide.
Then fighting o'er, It is not long, but hee,
Since I enjoye the genteele Dame alioe;
Of whom a knight, no knight at all perdue,
But shame of all that doe for honour stiue,
By treacherous deceit did me deprive.
Through open out-rage he her bote away,
And with superflous force unto his will did stiue,
Which all good knightes, that armes do bear this day,
Are bound for to revenge, and punish if they may.

And you (most noblle Lord) that can and dare
Redresse the wrong of miserable wight,
Cannot employ your most victorious speare
In better quirell, then defence of right,
And for a Lady, gainst a faithfull knight;
So shall your glory be advanced much,
And all faire ladies magnifie your mights;
And eke my life (also I simple sue)
Your worthy paine shall well reward with guerdon rich.

With that, out of his bouget forth he draw
Great shore of thensfore, there-with him to tempes;
But he on it looked scornfully askew,
As much didseing to be so midsempes,
Or a war-monger to be bathe tempes;
And said, Thy offer safe I greatly loathe,
And elether words vueouces and seempes
I read in deed the and thy money both,
That, were it nor for shame, So untied from him wroth.

But Trompart, that his maisters humour knew,
In lofly lookes to hide an hundred mind,
VVs as inly tickled with that golden view,
And in his eare him rauend close behind;
Yet floue he not, but lay still in the wind,
Waiting advantage on the prey to seafe;
Till Trompart loyelie to the ground inclin'd,
He spake him his great courage to appeale,
And pards simple hark, that rash did him displea.

Bigge looking, like a doughtie Doueoure,
At lafte, he thus: Thou sted of vilecte clay,
I pardon yield, and with thy rudeness beare;
But weithenceorth, that all that golden pray,
And all that elle the same world vaunt may,
I loath at dung, ne deeme my dew reward:
Fame is my need, and glory vertue pay.
And minds of mortall men are muchell hard,
And moode'd affy the maffes muchs unnest regard.

And more, I granted to thy great miserie
Gratious respect, thy wife shall backe be sent
And that vile knight, who euer that he be,
Which hath thy Lady rett, and knighthood shent,
By Santamores my sword, whole deadly dent
The blood hath of so many thousands flid,
I sweare, ere long shall declare it repet;
Ne beest this heaven and earth shall hide his head,
But loone he shall be found, and throstic deane be dead.

P. 47. The
Thus, The fame Tho, forth the Boafter marching, brave beginne His ftolen feed to thunder furiously, As if he heauen and hell would over-tome, And all the world confound with cruelty, That much Maleboco joyed in his iollifie.

That, long they three together traualed, Through many a wood, and many an vncomft way, To feeke his wife, that was farre wander'd: But tho'two fought nought but the prefent pray, To meet, the thrauer, which he did bewray, On which their eyes and harts were whollylie, With purpose how they might it beft betray; For, fith the houre that firft he did them let (what. 
The fame behold, there-with their heene defires were

If fortuned as they together far'd, They fpied where Paridell came pricking falt Upon the Plaine, the which himfelfe prepar'd To giuft with that brave stranger knight a caft, As on adventure by the way he fapt: Alone he rode without his Paragone; For, hauing flicht her beis, her vp he caft To the wide world, and let her fly alone, He nould be ceged. So had he ftrued many one.

The gentle Lady, foofe at randon left, The greene-wood long did walke, and wander wide At wilde adventure, like a forlome weft, Till on a day the Satyrs her epide Straying alone withouten groome or guide; Her vp they tooke, and with them home her led, With them as houswife euer to abide, To miike their goates, and make them cheefe & bred, And every one as common good her handele; 

That shortly fiue Maleboco has forgot, And eke Sir Paridell, all were he deare; Who from her went to feeke another lot, And now (by fortune) was arraied heere, Where thofe two guifers with Maleboco were: Soone as the old man faw Sir Paridell, He fainted, and was almost dead with feara, Ne word he had to speake, his griefe to tell, But to him louet lowe, and greeted goodly well.

And after, asked him for Hellmore. I take no keepe of her, faid Paridell: She wonneth in the forest there before. So forth he rode, as his adventure fell; The whiles, the Boafter from his loftie fell Faynd to alight, fomething simile to mend; But the freth Swayne would not his leaflure dwell, But went his way, whom when he paffed kind, He vp remounted light, and after faind to wend.

Perdy fay, faid Maleboco, shall ye not: But let him paffe as lightly as he came: For, little good of him is to be got, And muckle penill to be put to shame. But, let vs go to feeke my deareft Dame, Whom he had left in your forrest wild: For, of her safety in great doubt I am, Least fawge befaits her perfon hauie defjoyld: Then all the world is loft, and we in vaine hauie toylld.

They all agree, and forward them addret: Ah! but faid crafty Trompart, weet ye well, That yonder in that waftfull wondcrnife 
Large Monsters haunt, and many dangers dwell; 
Dragons, and Minotaurs, and hends of hell, 
And many wide woode-men, which rob and rend, 
All trauellers; therefore avise ye well, Before yet enturfie that way to wend: One may his journey bring too foone to cuil end.

Maleboco loft in great afoniftment, 
And with pale eyes falt fixed on the reft, 
Their counfell trav'd, in danger imminente. 
Said Trompart, You that are the moft oppreff 
With burden of great thrauer, I thinkke best 
Here to for to stay in fafety behind; 
My Lord and I will fearch the wide forrest. 
That counfell pleaded not Malebocos mind: For, he was much affraid, himfelf alone to find.

Then is it bef, faid he, that yee doe leau 
Your treasure here in fome fecuritie, 
Either falt clofed in fome hollow greene, 
Or haurt in the ground from icoopardie, 
Till we returne againe in faeticie: As for vs two, leaft doubt of vs ye hau, Hence fare away we will blindfolded flee, Ne praine be into your thraueres Grate. It pleaded. So he did; Then they march forward brave.

Now, when about the thickets woods they were, 
They heard a noiyce of many bugbies thrill, 
And shrieking Hububs them approching near, Which all the forrest did with horror fyll: That dreadfull found the boafter hart did thrill, 
With fuch amazement, that in haffe he fled, Ne euer looked backe for goode or ill, And after him he fearedull Trompart sped: The old man could not flye, but fell to ground halfe dead.

Yet afterwards, clofe creaping as he might, 
Hee in a bufti did hade his fearfull hede: The tully Satyre, full of freh delight, Came dauncing forth, and with them nimbleled 
Faire Hellmore with glifonds all bepreed, Whom their May-lady they had newly made: She proud of that new honour, which they red, 
And of their lowly fellowship full glade, Dame Thylca, and her face did with a Laurell flade. 

The
45 The sily man that in the thicket lay,  
Saw all his goddy sport, and grieved sore,  
Yet durst he not ass't till it doc or lay,  
But did his hart with bitter thoughts engord.  
To feel his undande of his Hellenore.  
All day they launed with great lusthled,  
And with their hornes the greene grass wore,  
The whiles their Goates upon the bronzies fed,  
Till drooping Phoebus gan to hide his golden hed.

46 Tho, vp they gan their merry pipes to truise,  
And all their Goddy heards did gather round,  
But evert Satyre frist did give a buffe  
To Hellenore: for buffes did abound.  
Now gan the humid vapour fled the ground  
With pearly dew, and the farther gloomy shade  
Did dim the brightness of the wekfin round,  
That every bird and beast warned made  
To throwd the eloves, whiles their tentes did invade.

47 Which when Malbecco saw, out of the buffet  
Vpon his hands and feet he crept full light,  
And like a Goaste emongst the Goates did rush,  
That through the help of his faire horns on hight,  
And mutte dampe of mist enconuing night,  
And eke through likemic of his goatish beard,  
Hic did the better counterfeite aright:  
So home he marcht emongst the horned heard,  
That none of all the Satyres him elyde or heard.

48 At night, when all they went to sleepe, he viewed  
Where-as his louely wife emongst them lay,  
Embraced of a Satyre rough and rude,  
Who all the night did mind his ioys play:  
None times he heard him come aloft erc day,  
That all his hart with zealous did swell;  
But yet that nightes enample did bewray,  
That not for nought his wife them loned so well,  
When one fo ought a night did ring his mansells bell.

50 So clostely as he could, he to them crept,  
When wearie of their sport to sleepe they fell;  
And to his wife, that now full foundely slept,  
He whispered in her ear, and did her tell,  
That it was shee, which by her fide did dwell,  
And therefore prayd her wake, to heare him plaine.  
As one out of a dreme not waxed well,  
Sheit turn'd her, and returned back againe:  
Yet her for to awake he did the more constraine.

55 At last, with irkome trouble thee abraid:  
And then perceiving, that it was indede  
Her old Malbecco, which did her vpbraid,  
With loomnede of her loue, and loathly deed,  
She was alonished with exceeding dreed,  
And would have wak't the Satyre by her side;  
But hee her prayed, for mercy, or for meed,  
To laxe his hit, ne let him be defride,  
But harken to his lore, and all his counsell hide.

Tho, gan he her perwade, to leave that howd  
And louefome life, of God and man abhord,  
And home returne, where all should be renownd  
With perfect peace, and bands of freth accord,  
And freer receiued againe to bed and bord,  
As if no trepulfe ever had ben donee done:  
But tho is all returne at one word,  
And by no meanes would to his will be wonne,  
But chose emongst the silly Satyres full to wonne.

52 Hee wooded her, till day spring hee epide:  
But all in vaine: and then turn'd to the heard,  
Who butted him with horns on every side,  
And trode downe in the durt, where his hornes stood  
Foully dight, and he of death aheard.  
Early before the heauens fairest light  
Out of the ruddy East was fully reard,  
The heards out of their foldes were looced quight,  
And he emongst the rest crept forth in forie plight.

53 So soon as hee the Prifon doore did pa:  
Hee came as fast as both his feetes could bear,  
And never looked who behind him was,  
Nifearily who before: like as a Beare  
That creeping close, emongst the hizes to erre  
An hone-ycombe, the wakeful dogs epy,  
And him assaying, forc his carefre reare,  
That hardly he away with life doe flie,  
Nesly, till hee himselfe kee from trepydy.

54 Ne fled he, till he came into the place  
Where late his threatre he entomb'd had:  
Where when he found it not (for, Trompart base  
Had it purloyned for his master bad:)  
With extreme fury he became quite mad,  
And ran away, ran with himselfe away:  
That who so strangely had him seen hee beftad,  
With vsortal haires, and staring eyes dismayd,  
From Limes lake him late repasture would gy.

55 High over hilles and over dales he fled,  
As if the wind him on his wings had borne,  
Ne bank nor buff could stay him, when he spred  
His nimble feet, as treading full on thorne:  
Griefe, and despit, and zealoute, and scorne  
Did all the way him followe hard behind:  
And he himselfe, himselfe loath'd so forlorne,  
So shamefully forlorne of woman-kind:  
That, as a Snake, full lurked in his wounded mind.

Still fled he forward, looking backward still,  
Ne saide his flight, nor carefull agony,  
Till that he came into a rocky hill,  
Over the sea fulpend deadfully,  
That huing creature it would terrifie  
To looke abov, or upward to the hight:  
From thence he threw himselfe depeently,  
All desperate of his fore-damned spright,  
That from'd no help for him was left in huing flight.
But through long anguish, and self-murdering thought,  
He was to wilde and fore-pined quight,  
That all his substanse was consum'd to nought,  
And nothing left, but like an aerie Spright,  
That on the rocks he fell fo fit and light,  
That he thereby receiued no hurt at all,  
But chanuied on a craggly cliffe to light;  
Vhence he with crooked claves so long did crall,  
That at the lift he found a Cate with entrance small.

Into the same hee creeps, and thence-forth there  
Resolu'd to build his baiefull mansioin,  
In dreary darknesse, and continuall feare  
Of that rocks fall; which euer and anon  
Threats with huge ruine him to fall ypon,  
That he dare never sleepe, but that one eye  
Still ope he keepes for that occasion;  
Ne euer refkes he in tranquillity,  
The roaring billowes beate his bowre fo boisterous.

Ne euer is he went on ought to feed,  
But toades and frogs (his pasture poysonous)  
Vhich in his cold complexion do breed  
A filthy blood, or humour rancorous,  
Matter of doubt and dread fatucious,  
That doth with euellse care consume the hart,  
Corrupts the flomacke with gull visions,  
Crlos-cuts the lurer with internall smart,  
And doth tranfixte the soule with deathes eternall dart.

Yet can hee neuer die, but dying liues,  
And doth himselfe with forrow new sustaine,  
That death and life attone unto him giues,  
And painefull pleasure turns to pleasing paine.  
There doth he euer, miserable swaine,  
Hatefull both to himselfe, and euery wight;  
Where he through priue griefes; and honour vaine,  
It was xenon so deform'd that he has quight.

Forgot hee was a man, and Jealousie is high.

Canto XI.

Britomart chaseeth Olyphant,  
findes Scudamour distressed:  
Affayes the house of Busifane,  
where Loues spoyles are expresst.

Vho with Sir Satwnus (as earst ye red)  
Forth riding from Medecoses hostilele hostes,  
Far off espide a young man, the which fled  
From an huge Giant, that with hideous  
And hatefull out-rage long him chased thus;  
It was that Olyphant, the brother deare  
Of that Argante vile and vistious,  
From whom the Squire of Dames was reft whyle;  
This all as bad as fhe, and worse, if worth ought were.

For, as the fitter did in feminine  
And filthy luft exceed all woman-kind,  
So hee farupshed his fex simulacrine,  
In beaftly fhe that I did euer find;  
Whom when as Britomart beheld behinde  
The fiercefull boy fo greedily pursow,  
Shee was enmoued in her noble mind,  
Timploied her puissance to his reskew,  
And pricked fiercely forward, where the him did view.

Ne
Ne was Sir Saturane her far behind,
But with like fierce and sullen was the chase:
Whom, when the giant saw, he soon refrained
His former suit, and from them they fled.
They after both, and boldly aide him back,
And each did strive the other to out-goe:
But he them both out-ran a wondrous space,
For, he was long, and swift as any Roe;
And now made better speed, 'scape his feared foe.

It was not Saturane whom he did feare,
But Briar-mart, the flower of chastity:
For, he the power of chaste hands might not beare,
But always did their dread encounter fly:
And now so fast he his feare he did apply,
That he has gotten to a forest near,
Vhere he is throwned in securitie:
The wood they enter, and search every where,
They searched drearily; so both diuided were.

Faire Briar-mart so long him followed,
That at the last came to a fountain sweet,
By which there lay a knight all wallowed
Upon the grassly ground, and by him near:
His habitation, his helmet, and his speare;
A little off, his shield was rudely throwne,
On which the winged boy in colours clave
Depainted was, full eafe to be knownne,
And he thereby, where-euer it in field was throwne.

His Glee upon the ground did grousing lye,
As if he had been blessing in the shade,
That the brue Mad might not for courtesie:
Out of his quiet slumber he abrace,
Nor fearing too suddenly him to invade:
Still as a shee flood, she heard with grievous throb
Him groane, as if his heart were pceces made,
And with most paineful pangs to lighe and sob,
That pitty did the Virgins hart of patience rob.

At last, forth breaking into bitter plaints,
He said: O faire Sir, Lord this saile on kee,
And raein't in this embrasse thy blefled Saints,
How suffreth thou such shamefull cruellty,
So long unwearied of thine enemy?
Or hast thou, Lord, of good men caufe no heed?
Or dost thy soul fleepe, and silent lie?
What broncheth then the good and righteous deed.
If good nor neede find no grace, nor right out of need?

If good find grace, and right out of need repay,
Then these Amours in cygneous band,
Sith that more bounteous creature never fard
On foot, upon the face of telling land?
Or if that heavenely inlisc may withstand
The wrongfull out-rage of wrighteous men,
Why thin is Enbroare with wicked hand
Suffred, thete even months day, in secret den.

My Lady and my Loue, is cruelly pend
In dolefull darknesse from the view of day,
Whil's deadlly torments do her chaste breast tend,
And the sharp Iaste doth run her hart in tway,
All for the Studemore will not deny,
Yet thou, vileman, vile Studemore, art found,
Ne canst her ayde, ne canst her foe shanye:
Worthy wretch to tred upon the ground,
For whom to faire a Lady feels so fore a wound.

There an huge heape of singults did oppresse
His strugling loue, and swallows thongs empeche
His following tongue with pangs of dreincnelle,
Choking the remnant of his pleasant speach,
As if his dates were come to their last tech.
Which when hee heard, and saw the gaitly fit,
Threatening into his life to make a breach,
Both with great struth and terror she was smit,
Fearing least from her cage the weare fool would bit.

Tho, flopping downe, flee hee amoued light,
Who there with some what starting, vp gun looke,
And seeing him behind a stranger knight,
Where as no living creature he misclooke,
With great indignance he that sight forfooke,
And downe againe himself did diligently
Abiecting, the earth with his faire forched strocke:
Which the bold Virgin seeing, gun apply
Fit medicine to his griefe, and spake thus cutely:

Ah! gentle knight, whose deep conceiv'd griefe
Well seemer'd exceeed the powre of patience,
Yet if that heauenely grace some good reliefe
You send, submitt you to high prouidence;
And euer in your noble hart prenent,
That all the sorrow in the world, is lefe
Then vernes might, and values confidence:
For, who will bide the burden of disprese,
Must nor heere think to live, for, life is wretchednesse.

Therefore faire Sir doe comfort to you take,
And freely read, what wicked felon do
Hast out-rage'd you, and thrill your gentle make;
Perhaps this hand may help to eafe your woes,
And wreek your sorrows on your cruel foe:
At least, it faire endevoure will apply,
Those feeling words so here the quick did goe,
That by his head he reared easily:
And leaning on his elbow, these few words yet fly:

What boots it plaine, that cannot be redreft,
And lowe vaine forrow in a fruitlesse care,
Sith powre of hand, nor skill of learned breft,
Ne worldly price cannot redeeme my deare,
Out of her thralldom and continuall feare?
For, he (the Tyrant) which her hath in ward
By strong enchantments, and back Magicke leare,
Hath in a dungeon deep her close embard,
And many dreadfull threats hath pointed to her gard.

There
There he tormenteth her most terribly, 
And day and night afflicts with mortal paine, 
Because to yield him love the doth deny, 
Once to me yold, not to be yold againe: 
But yet by torture he would her contrainte 
Loose to conceive in her disdainfull brest; 
Till to the doe, thee must in doole remaine, 
Ne may by living meanes be thence releaft: 
What boots it then to plaine, that cannot be redresst? 

With this sad herfall of his heavy fire, 
The warlike Damzell was empifioned force, 
And said; Sir Knight, your cause is nothing lefe 
Then is your sorrow, certes it is not more; 
For nothing so much pity doth imploure, 
As gentle Ladies helpfull misery. 
But yet, if pleaseth you, by my leave, 
I will (with proofs of last extremity) 
Delih her fro thence, or with her for you die. 

Ah! gentle Knight alight, said Scudamore; 
What huge heroick magnanimitie 
Dwells in thy bountious brest? what could it thou 
If thee were thing, and thou as now art? (more, 
O spare thy goodly dayes, and them apply 
To better boot, but let me die that ought; 
More is more lesse: one is enough to die. 
Life is not lost, said the, far, for which it bought 
Endlesse renowne, that more then death is to be sought. 

Thus, first at length perfwaded him to rife, 
And with her wond, to see what new successe 
More he himselfe vpon new enterprise, 
His armes, which he had vow'd to disprofesse, 
She gathered vp, and did about him dreffe, 
And his onward frond into him got: 
So forth they both yere to make their progresse, 
And march not vff the mountaine shaft of a flute, 
Till they arriued where-as their purpose they did plot. 

There they dismantling, drew their weapon bold, 
And flontly came vnto the Caffe gate; 
Where, as no gate they founded them to with-hold, 
Nor wond to wait at morne and evening late; 
But in the Porth (which did them fore amate) 
A flaming fire, yongest with smowdry smoke, 
And franticke Sulphure, that with做法 hate 
And dreadful honour did all entrance choke, 
Enforced them their forward footing to rewoke. 

Greatly thewrest was Britomart disdain'd, 
Ne in that Swond did will, how her selfe to bear: 
For, danger vaine it were, to have affaid 
That cruel element, which all things fear; 
Ne none can suffer to approachen nere: 
And turning back to Scudamore, thus sayd; 
What monstrous enmye professe we here, 
Foolye-hardy, as th' Earthes children, the which made 
Battell against the Gods: so we a God invade, 

Danger without discretion to attempt, 
Inflamations and beast-like is: therefore, Sir knight, 
Aaed what course of you is faileft dempt, 
And how we with our toome may come to light. 
This is, quoth he, the dolorous delight, 
Which can't to you I plaid; for, neither may 
This fire be quench'd by any wit or might; 
Ne yet by any means remou'd away, 
So mightly be the enchauntments, which the same do stay. 

What is there elfe, but cease thee fruitlesse pains, 
And leave me to my former languishing? 
Faire Amoret must dwell in wicked chancies, 
And Scudamore here die with forrowinge. 
Perdy not so, said the; for, shameful thing 
It were a blazon noble cheualtie, 
For shew of peril, without venturing 
Rather let try extremities of chancie, 
Then enterprised praise for dread to diffauance. 

There-with, resolv'd to proce her utmost might, 
Her ample shield she threw before her face, 
And her swords point direcctly forward right. 
Affaid the flame, the which eftoones gane place, 
And did it selfe divide with equall space. 
That through the palled; as a thunder-bolt. 
Piercest the yielding ayre, and doth displase. 
The foroe clowds into sad flowres ymol; 
So to her yold the flames, and did their force revolte. 

Whom, when at Scudamore law past the fire, 
Safe and vntouched, he likewise gan asly; 
With greede will, and curious desire, 
And blinde the stubborne flames to yield him way: 
But cruel Malisebr would not obey 
His heartfull pride: but did the more augment 
His myrigy rage, and his impetuous sway 
Him forc't (maulgre) his fiercestefle to relent, 
And back retire, all fortch'd and pitifully bret. 

With huge impatience heinly sweeke, 
More for great sorrow that he could not pafs, 
Then for the burning torment which he felt, 
That with fell woodisie he effierced was, 
And willing him throwing on the grafs, 
Died best and bounte his head and breast full fere: 
The whiles, the Champaigne now enter'd has 
The vmost roome, and past the formost dore, 
The vmost room abounding with all precious flore. 

For, round about, the wals yclotherd were 
With goodly Arras of great majesty, 
Woven with gold and filke too cloze and rare, 
That the rich metal lurked prouitly, 
As faining to be hid from envious eye: 
Yet here, and there, and every where vnares 
It flour'd: it flie, and those unwillingly: 
Like a dicro colour'd Snake, whose hidden thores (clares. 
Throgh the greene gras, his long bright burnish back de-
And in thofe Tapets were pantathoned 29  
Many faire pompafrs, and many a faire feate;
And all of lone, and all of lufy-led,
As feemed by their elfemant, and their entert;  
And ofte all Capid wars they did repeate,
And curuell battels, which he whilome fough.
Gainst all the gods, to make his empire great;
Besides the huge muslades, which he wrought
On mighty Kings and Kefars, into thrdldome brought.

The rete was wrat, how ofthen fhrudging lone 30  
Had felt the point of his heart-peering dart,
And leaning heavens kingdom, here did roue
In ftringe difguifte, to flake his fcalding heart;
Whiles he a Ram, faire Heafe to peruaft,
Now like a Bull, Europa to withdraw.
Ah, how the fairefull Ladies tender heart
Did liuely teeme to tremble, when the sawe
The huge fea vnder her t'obay her fentiments lawe;

Soone after that into a golden flourre 31  
Him-felde he chang'd faire Danae to vew;
And through the roote of her ftrong braiden towre
Did raine into her lap an holy dew.
The white of her elfemant, but little knew
Of fuch deceipt, kept th & yron dore falt bard,
And watch, that none fhould enter orfwif;  
Vaine was the watch, and brefette all the ward,
When as the god to golden hew him felfe trauifard;

Then he turn'd into a floowy Swan 32  
To win faire Leto to his lonely trade:
Of woundrous skill, and sweet wit of the man,
That her in diffadieties flying maade,
From foothering heat her damny limbs to fliue;
Whiles the proud Bird ruffing her feathers wide,
And bruifing his faire brefte, did her inuade;
She flipt, yet twixe her eye-lids cloefly fipe;
How towards her hertt, and fimlyed at his pride;

Then fliow'd it, how the 33  
Thebames Semelte,
Deced of jealous lone did require
To fee him in his fourcaine marfed,
Arm'd with his thunder-bolts and lightning fire,
Whence efpecially she with death brought her defire.
But faire Alcmeone better match did make,
Joying his lone in helene's more enternt;
Three nights in one, they fay, that for her like
He then dit put, his pleafures longer to partake;

Twice was he freme in foaring Eagles flape, 34  
And with wide wings to beate the baying aire:
Once when he with Afterie did leape;
Again, when as the Trojan boy to fare
He inacht from Ida hill, and with him bare:
Wondrous delight it was, there to behold;
How the rude Shepheards after him did stare,
Trembling through faire leat down he fallen shoul,
And ofte to him calling, to take certe hold.

In Satureshipe, Antipo he inacht:
And like a fire, when he Aegir affayd:
A shepheard, when Mureydon he catcht;
And like a Serpent to the Cretains mayd.
Whiles thus on earth great lone the pugnants phyd,
The winged boy did thruft into his throne,
And fothing thus vnto his mother fayd,
Lo, now the heavens obeye to me alone,
And take me for their lone, wheres lone to card is gone.

And thou, faire Pluton, in thy colours bright
Wash there euown, and the fad dilrrefe
In which that boy thee plonged, for delight
That thou brewed all his fathers wanntonne:
When the with Mars was meet in joyfulle:
For-thy he thrid thee with a leaden dart.
To loue faire Dolynth, which thee loued lefte:
Lefte thee love'd, then was thy soft defart.
Yer was thy loue her death, & her death was thy fmart.

So louedft thou the lufy Hyacinth, 37
So louedft thou the faire Coronis heare:
Yet both are of thy haples band extint;
Yet both in flowers do live, and loue thee beare,
The one a Serpent to the meane towre,
And breathing that the meane withere breare;
For grief whereof, ye more have the faire lone
The god himfelf rendering his golden heart,
And breaking quic his glondon ever greene,
With other signes of sorrow and impatient reene.

Both for those two, and for his owne deare fonne, 38
The fonne of Clymend he did reprent,
Who bold to guide the charret of the Sunne,
Himfelfe in thofand pieces fondly rent,
And all the world with fhauing arie brent,
So like, that all the walls did in flame
Yet cruel Capid, not herewith content,
For'the him efthenes to follow other game,
And loue a Shepheardes daughter for his deare Dame.

Heloued iffe for his deare Dame, 39
And for herfake her catell fde ahile,
And for her like a cow-beard vlie became.
The fenaint of Alcmeone cow-beard vlie,
Whiles that from heauen he fuffered exile.
Long were to tell each other lonelie fite,
Now like a Lion, hunting after pole:
Now like a Hig, now like a Falcon fite:
All which in that faire atars was moft lufy writ.

Next vnto him was Neptune pictur'd, 40
In his divine refemblance woundrous like:
His face was rugged, and his hoary heid
Droppd with brackeath drow his three-forkt Pyke
He fcarly thooke, and therewith heare did bruke
The ruping billowes, that on every fide
They rumbling fwood, and made a long broad dyke,
That his swift charret might hune lifeage wyde,
Which fourt great Hippocrem did draw in terme-wife tide.

Q. VEN.

His
His feet horses did seeme to short amaine,
And from their noptaribles blew the briny streames,
That made the sparkling waves to smart againe,
And flame with gold: but the white foamy creames
Did shine with splendor, and shoot forth his beames.
The god himselfe did penitence feeme and face,
And fong downe his head, as he did darne:
For, priuie lone his breast empraced bad.
Ne ought, but desire Bisaeth, ay could make him glad.

He loved eie Ephimeida deare,
And Aelida faire daughter Arnis hight;
For whom he turnd himselfe into a steare,
And fed on folder, to beguile her right.
Also to win Declusia daughter bright,
Her turnd him selfe into a Dolphin faire,
And like a winged horse he tooke his flight,
To foaky-loc'd Medusa to repair,
On whom he got faire Peggias, that Bitteth in the syre.

Next Saturne was, (but whoe would euer weene,
That fulliein Saturne euer weend to loue?
Yet loue is fulliein, and Saturne-like syne,
As he did for Erinyes it prove.)
That to a Centaur did himselfe tranfigure.
So pouv'd it eteke that glorious god of wine,
When for to commul Philothis hard houte,
He turnd him selfe into a fruitfull vine,
And into her faire bofone made his grapes decline.

Long were to tell the amorous aylayes,
And gentle pangs, with which he makd meeke
The mightie Mars, to learn his wanote playes:
How oft for Vener, and how often eek
For many other Nymphes he fore did threc,
With somwhat tyme, and with ynvirlike smarts,
Prumly monstring his horrid cheek,
There was he painted full of burning darts,
And many wide wounds lanced through his inward parts.

Ne did he spare (to cruel was the Elfe)
His owne deare mother, (ah why should he do it)
Ne did he spare sometime to pricke himselfe,
That he might taste the sweete conumine woe,
Which he had wrought, to many others inc.
But, to declare the mountfull Tragedies,
And spoyles, wherewith he all the ground did rowe,
More eath to number, with how many eyes
High heauen beholds sad lourers nightly theactures.

Kings, Queenes, Lordes, Ladies, Knights & Damzieles gent,
Were heap't together with the vulgar fort,
And mingled with the readieablement,
Without respect of petition or of ports,
To show Dan Emphid powre and great effect:
And round about, a bord was enryaid
Of broken bowes and arrowes fluered short,
And a long bloody riuier through them riuaid,
So liuely and so like, that living (ene it flyaid.

And at the upper end of that faire rowme,
There was an Altar built of precious stone,
Of paffing valew, and of great renowne,
On which there stood an image all alone,
Of maffie gold, which with his owne lighte shone;
And wings it had with sundrie colours bright,
More sundrie colours, then the proud Jove
Beares in his boasted fan, or Jove bright,
When her discoloured bowe the spreds through heauen.

Blindfold he was, and in his cruel fitt
A mortall bowe and arrows keene did hold,
With which he shot at random, whene he lift,
Some headed with sad lead, some with pure gold,
(Al man beware, bow thou those darts behold.)
A wounded Dragon under him did lie,
Whose hideous talle his left foot did enfold,
And with a shaw was shot through eyther eie,
That no man forth might drave, ne no man remedy.

And underneath his feet was written thus,
Into the Pictor of the gods this bee:
And all the people in that ample house
Did to that image bow their humble knee,
And oft commenowd Iphise Idolateres.
That wondrous fighte faire Britomart amazed,
Ne seeing could her wonder satisfie,
But euer more and more upon it gaz'd,
The whites the passing brightnesse her faire faces daz'd.

Tho, as the backward call her bufec eye,
To search each secret of that godly ited,
Out the dore thus written she did ley:
Be bold: the off and off it ouer-read,
Yet could not finde what fente it figured:
But what-so were therein or write of ment,
She was no whit thereby discouraged
From proceeding of her self intent,
But forwark with bolde steps into the nexte room went.

Much fairest, then the former, was that rooma,
And richlyer by many parts array'd
For, not with arras made in painfull loome,
But with pure gold it was ouer-layd,
Wrought with wild Anticks, which their follies playd,
In the rich metal, as they lieting were:
A thousand monstroun sortes therin were made,
Such as Elfe lone doth off vpnon him weare.
For, lone in thousand monstroun sortes doth off appeare.

And all about, the glittiring wallaes were hong
With warlike spoyles, and with victorious prayes
Of mighty Conquerors and Captaines strong,
Which were whilome captained in their dayes
To cruel looke, and wrought thier owne decayes:
Their swords & figurers were bracke, & hartebere rent
And their proud gielonds of triumphant bayes
Troden in dust with fiery inflent,
To show the Victors might and mericellectent.

The
Canto XII.

The Mask of Cupid, and the enchanted Chamber are displaid; Whence Britomart redeemes faire Amoret, through charms decayed.

1. How, when as clear and pleasant Night ye couered had Faire heaven with an universal cloud, That every wight, dummyd with darknesse fad, In silence and in sleep themselves did shroud, She heard a thundersome Trumpet found aloud, Signes of nigh battell, or great victory; Nought therewith daunted was her courage proud, But rather flid to cruel enmity, Expecting ever, when some foe the might desyre, With that, an hideous storme of winde arose, With dreadful thunder and lightning awizt, And an earth-quake, as if it stright shoult lose The worlds foundations from his centre fixt; A direfull stench of smoke and sulphure mixt Enfowd, whose yeancey fild the fearfull fad, From the fourth houre of night vntill the fadst; Yet the bold Britomart was nought yeered, Though much ennemid, but spedid full perfuered. All suddenly a stormye whilwind blew Throughout the house, that clapped every dore: With which, that iron wicket open flew, As it with mightie lewrs had beene tore: By any riddling skil, or common wit, At last the spide, at that roome upper end, Another iron dore, on which was writ Be not too bold: wherefore though she did bend Her earnest mind, yet wil not what it might intend. Thus there she waited vntill courteous, Yet longing creature none the faire appeare: And now did shadowes gan the world to hide, From mortall view, and wrap in darknesse dreare; Yet n'ould she d'off her warie armes, for feare Of secret danger, ne lest sleepe oppreffe Her heauey eyes with Natures burden dreare, But drew her selfe aside in sickenesse, And her well-pointed weapons did about her dreffe.

And forth iffowd, as on the ready flore Of some Theatre, a grate perfonage, That in his hand a branch of laurel bore, With comely haueour and countenance fage, Ye clad in costly garments, fit for tragickie Stige. Proceeding to the midst, he full did stand, As if in mind he somewhat had to say; And to the vulgar beckning with his hand, In signe of silence, as to heare a Play, By lieuly actions he gan bewray Some argument of matter passioned; Which done, he backe retreyd sodaway: And pausing by, his name discovered, Eafe, on his robe in golden letters cypher'd. The noble may, still standiung, all this viewed, And merueilfull at his strange intendmene; With that, a joyous fellowship hopped Of Ministrals, making goodly meriment, With wanton Bardes, and Ryniers impudent; All which together sang full cheerfully A lay of loues delight, with sweet conceit: After whom, martyr sally company, In manner of a marke, enraged orderly.

Q. The
The white: a most delicious harmony,
In full strange notes was sweetly heard to sound,
That the rare sweetmeat of the melody:
The feeble fames wholly did confound,
And the fraine foun in deep delight nigh round:
And when it ceed fhell trompetts loud did braze,
That their report did ftar away reound,
And when they ceed, it gan again to play,
The white the maskers march'd forth in trim array.

The first was Fancy, like a lovely boy,
Of rare aspect, and beauty without pear;
Markable eycer to that imple of Tray,
Whom few, did lone, and chose his cup to beare;
Or that fame dainty lad, which was so dear
to great Atudes, that when as he dide,
He wail'd womanlike with many a teare,
And every wood and every valley wide
He fild with Hylas name; the Nymphes eke Hylas ride.

His garment neither was of silk nor fty,
But painted plumes, in goodly order sights,
Like as the fan-burnt Indians do array
Their twany bodies, in their prouedt plight;
As thofe fame plumes, fo feme'd he vaine and light,
That by his gate might eafily appear;
For fhill he fay'd as dancing in delight,
And in his hand a widfry fan did beare,
That in the idle aire he mov'd full here and there.

And him before marcht amorous Diſfe,
Who leem'd of riper yeares, then th'other Swaines;
Yet was that other Swaine this elders lyre,
And gave him being, common to them swaine;
His garment was diguited very raigne,
And his ebrared Bonet fir away;
Trowt betwixt his hands fewe fpiars he clofe did ftraine,
Which fhill he blew, and kindled busily,
That foone they fare conceiv'd, & forth in flames did fly.

Next after him went Doubt, who was y clad
In a fad colour'd eate, of strange diguife,
That at his bice a brode Capucio had,
And fleer's dependant Albus-e-we: he lookt aswew with his muffruftull eyes,
And nicely truel, as thorne lay in his way,
Or that the fphere to ftrike he did auye,
And on a broken reed he full did stay
His feble tents, which frunke, when hard thenceon he lay.

With him went Danger, cloth'd in ragged weed,
Made of Beares skin, that him more dreadfull made:
Yet his owne face was dreadfull, do not need
Strange horror, to deform his grievly flade;
A net in th' one hand, and a rufily blade
In th' other was thus Mifchief, that Mifhip;
With th' one his foes he threatned to invade,
With th' other he his friends mento enwrap;
But whom he could not kill, he prai'd to outraye:

Next him was Fear, all arm'd from top to toe,
Yet thought himfelf not safe enough thereby,
But fear'd each fidiow mowing to and fro.
And his owne armes when glittering he did fay,
Or clothing heard, he feld away did by,
As afhes pale of hew, and wingy-heled;
And euermore on danger fixt his eye,
Gainst whom he alwaies bcnt a brenen shield,
Which his right hand vniarmed fearfully did widd.

With him went Hope in ranke, a handsome Mayd,
Of chearfull booke and lovelly to behold;
In filken farnite she was light array'd,
And her faire lockes were wont up in gold;
She alway fnyly, & in her hand did hold
An holy water Sprinkle, dit in deawe,
With which he sprinkled favings manifald,
On whom he fixt, and did great liking fiewes
Great likinh yto more, but true lowe to fewe.

And after them Diſfeinance and Sprfell
Marcht in one ranke, yet an unequal pair:
For, fhe was gentile, and of milde aspect,
Courteous to all, and feemng debonaire,
Goodly adorn'd, and exceeding fair:
Yet was that all but painted, and purloud,
(Chaire
And her bright browes were deckt with borrowed
Her deckts were forgde, and her words falle coyd,
And alwaies in her hand two clewes of filk the twynd.

But he was foul, ill-favour, and grim,
Vnder his eye-brows looking full afciance;
And even as Diſfeinance taught on him,
He lowd on her with dangerous eye-glance;
Showing his nature in his countenance;
His rolling eyes did neuer rest in place,
But walke each where, for feare of hid mishapen,
Holding a lattice fyll before his face,
Through which he still did peep, as forward he did pace.

Next him went Griefe, and Fury matcht yeare;
Griefe, all infable frownowly clad,
Downe-hanging his dull head, with heavy there,
Yet infy being more, then feeming fad:
A pare of pincers in his hand he had,
With which he pinched people to the heart,
That from thenceforth a wretched life they lad,
In wilfull langouer and confuming fmar,
Dying each day with inward wounds of dolours dart.

But Fury was full ill appareld
In rage, that nacked nigh fc she did appear,
With ghiftful lookes and dreadfull drenched
For, from her backe her garmets she did tear,
And from her head oft ren her fainted heart:
In her right hand a fire-brand the did toll:
About her head, ftill roning here and there;
As a dinned Deuret in chace embroft,
Fogrfeulf of his safety, thab his right way left.
Ca. XII. THE FAERIE QUEENE

18 After them, went Displeasur and Pleasur; His looking lampish and full of passion, And hanging downe his heavy countenance; She chastely clothed and full of beauty, If not to sorrow the eye, ne deiight, That every matched pair they seem'd to bee: An angry Wolfe th'most of a staid had: Thy other in her an honest Lady Bee: Thus matched these five couples forth in faire degree.

19 After all sheepe, there march a maift Fair Dame, Led of two greatie villains, th'one Despair, The other clad Cruelty by name: She dolefull Lady, like a dreary Spright, Cold by strong' charmes out of eternal night, Had Deaths owne image figure'd in her face, Full of sad signes, fraw'd to hungry sight: Yet in that hee'or thew'd a feemly grace, And with her feeble feet did moove a comely pace.

20 Her breast all naked, as act ivory, Without adorn of gold or siluer bright, Wherewith the Craftel-man wore it beautifie, Of her dew honour was dispoyled quight, And a wide wound therein (O cruel sight 1) Entrenched deep: with inter mixt accursed leene, Yet sharply blesting forth her fainting spright (The works of cruel hand) was to beleece, Thy dyes in tangeuered her skin all snowy cleane.

21 At that wide orifice, her trembling heart: Was drawn forth, and in siluer batin layd, Quite through transluxed with a deadly dart, And in her blood yet freming freth embayd: And those two villains, which her steps oppayd, When her weake veete could scarcely her lastime, And fading wight every man to sake, Her forward full with torture did constraint, And evermore encreased her constringing paine.

22 Next after her, the winged God himselfe Came riding on a Lion ravenous, Taught to obey the message of that Elf, That man and beast with powre impetuous Subdelleth to his kingdome tyrannous: His blindfold eyes he bade a while vpbind, Thar his proud joye of that time dolorous Fair Dame he might behalfe in perfect kind; Which seene, he much retayned in his cruel mind.

23 Of which full proud, himselfe vp rearing hye, He looked round about with stern disdaine; And did strenue his goodly company: And marshalling the euer ordered traine, With that the dares which his right hand did straine, Full drearfully he fhowketh that all did quake, And clapt on his hie coloured wings twaine, That at his smy hee assaide did make: Tho', blinding him againe, his way he forth did take.

24 Behind him was Reproache, Repentance, Shame; Reproach the first, Shame next, Repent behind: Repentance feeble, sorrowfull and same: Reproache delighfulfull, carelesse, and vnkinde; Shame most ill flauourd, beastfull, and blind: Shame loud, Repentance light, Reproache did soule, Reproache sharpe, winges, Reproache wiches entwunid, Shame burning horned-greene in her hand did hold: All three to each unlike, yet all made in one mould.

25 And after them, a rude confused rout Of persons flockt, whose names is hard to read: Amongst them was th'one Sire, and Anger stout, Vnquiet Care, and fond Frensthis faced, Lewd Lust of Time, and Sorrows former dead, Inconstant Change, and vallie Displeasure, Confounding Right, and guilty Dread Of heauenly vengeance, Saint Inquisition, Vile Poverty, and lustily Death with infamie.

26 There were full many mowe like maladies, Whole names and natures I'note readed well; So many mowe, as there be phantazes In waueing women wit, that none can tell, Or paines in iour, or punishments in hell; And which disguis'd marcht in making wife, About the chamber with that Damozell, And then returned (having marcht three) Into the inner roomes, from whence they first did rise.

27 So foone as they were in, the dore slieght way, Fait locked, drunken with that stormy blast, Which first it opened; and borne alwaye, Then the brave Maid, which all this while was place, In secret shade, and fawe both both dis and left, Iffew'd forth, and went unto the dore, To enter in, but found it lockt lest: It vaine the thought with rigorous rave For to efforce, when charmes had closed it afore.

28 Where force might not aasse, thare presentes and art She caste to wie, both fit for hard emprize: For thry, from that same room to not depart Till morrow next, the did fhe her selfe suite, When that same Maske againe shoule forth arize, The morrow next appear'd with joyous cheare, Calling men to their daily exercise, Then she, as morowe frethy, her selfe diuere: Out of her secret land, that day for to out-weare.

29 All that day the out-wore in wandering, And gazing on that chambers ornament, Till that again the second evening Her covered with her table velliment, Wherewith the worlds faire beauty she hath blett: Then when the second watch was almost pai, That thryen darre fier open, and in went Bold Enriment, as she had late forecast, Neither of idle fiewes, nor of false charmes aghast.
Soone as she was entred, round about
She cut her eyes, to see what was become
Of all those persons, which the fawe without:
But lo, they fmarke were vanifi all and fome,
Ne luising with the fawe in all that room,
Save that fame woeful Lady: both whole hands
Were bounden fast, that did her ill become,
And her small waffe girt round with iron bands,
Vnto a brazen pillow, by the which the fands.

And here the vile Enchamte fave,
Figurings frange characters of his art:
With luued blond he thofe characters wrote,
Dreadfully dropping from her dying heart,
Seeming tranfmitted with a cruel dart,
And al perfoce to make her him to loate.
Ah! who can love the worker of her smart?
And thoufand charmes could not her felfeft heart remove.

Soone as that virgine knight he fawe in place,
His wicked books in haft he outtherow,
Not caring his long labours to deface;
And fecretly running to that Lady, who
A murdrous knife out of his pocket drew,
The which he thought, for vnvenefious defigns,
In her tormented body to embriev:
But the ftrait Damzell to him leaping light,
His curfed hand withheld, and muffiered his might.

From her, to whom his fury firft he ment,
The wicked weapon ratified he did wield,
And turning to her felfe his fell intent,
Wvares it tooke into her snowy cheef.
That leetie drops empurpled her faire back.
Exceding wroth therewith the virgine grew,
Albe the wound were nothing deep impref,
And fecretly foure her mortall blade fhe drew.
To give him the reward for fuch vile outrage done.

So mightily the innate him, that to ground
He fell halfe dead: next broke him fhoude have flaine,
Had not the Lady which by him foulc bound,
Derely vnto her called to fbrace,
From doing him to dy; For, elle her paine
Should be remediell, fith none but be,
Which brought it, could the fame secure againe.
Therewith the flaid her hand, loth that to bee:
For, life the fham evide, and longd retenue to fee:

And to him fayd, Thou wicked man, whose meed
For fo hone mischiefe, and vile villany,
Is death, or if that ought do death exceed,
Before, that ought may fhave thee from to dy,
But if that thou this Dame doe pefently
Reflower unto her health, and fomer flate:
This doe and live, else die undoubtall.
He glad of life, that lookt for death but late,
Did yield humule right willing to prolong his date.

And rifting vp, gan freeght to overlooke
Thisoe curved leaves, his charmes backe to returne;
Ful dreadfull things out of that baftfull booke
He read, and meaned many a fad verfe,
That horror gan the virgins heart to perfe,
And her faire lockes vp fliared fuffe on end,
Hearing him those fame bloody lines reheafe.
And all the while he read, fhe did extend
Her sword high ouer him, if ought he did offend.

Anon thegan perceiue the houfe to quake,
And all the dore to rattleround about;
Yet all that did not her difmifte make,
Nor fliacke her threatfull hand for dangers doute
But full with redfuit eye and courage flour,
Abode, to weet what end fould come of all.
At laft, that mighty chaine, which round about
Her tender waffe was wound, adowne gan fall,
And that great brazen pillow broke in peeces small.

The cruell ftele which thfeld her dying heart,
Fell foightly forth, as of his owne accord:
And the wide wound, which lately did difpart
Her bleeding breaft, and rauce bowells gor'd,
Was clofed vp, as it had not beene bورد,
And every part to fafety full bound,
As the were neuer hurt, was fonene reftor'd.
Tho, when fhe fel her felfe to be vnbound,
And perfect whole, prostrate fhe fell unto the ground:

Before faire Britomart, she fell prostrate,
Saying: Ah noble knight, what worthy meed
Can wratched Lady, quit from wofull slave,
Yield you in hew of this your gracious deed?
Your envisse felfe her owne reward shall breed,
Even immortal praise, and glory wide,
Which I your valiant, by your powells freeed,
Shall through the world make to be nonefide,
And goodly well advance, that goodly well was triade.

But Britomart, vpepearing from her ground,
Said, Gentle Dame, reward enough I wee:
For many labours more, then I have found,
This, that in safety now I have you fene,
And meane of your deliuerance have beene:
Henceforth faire Lady comfort to you take,
And put away rememberance of late fene:
In fad thref of knowe, that your lucing Muke
Hath no leffe griefe endured for your gentle fate.

She much was chaerd to heare him mentioned,
Whom of all luining wights the loued beft,
Then lid the noble Championelle stonge bond
Vpon th'enchamter, which had her difficult
So fare, and with foule outrages oppriff;
With that great chaine, where-with not longe ygo
He bound that pitious Lady prifoner, now releafi,
Himselfe he bound, more worthy to be fo,
And capuie with her led to wretchedneffe and wo.
Returning backe, those goodly roomes, which erst
She saw so rich and royally arrayd,
Now vanished utterly, and cleanly subuerst
She found, and all their glory quite decayd,
That sight of such a change her much dismayd.
Therefor, forth descending to that perious Porch,
Those dreadfull flames she also found delayd,
And quenched quite, like a consumed torch,
That erst all entrers wont so cruelly to scorche.

More easie now, then entrance late
She found: for, now that fained dreadfull flame,
Which chok't the porch of that enchant'd gate,
And passage hard to all, that thither came,
Was vanished quite, as it were not the same,
And gave her leave at pleasure forth to pass.
Th' Enchunter felle, which all that fraud did frame,
To have effect't the lose of that faire lass,
Seeing his work now walled, deepe engriev'd was.

But when the Victoiessel arriv'd there,
Where late she left the pensive Scudamore
With her owne trusty Squire, both full of feare,
Neither of them she found where the them lore:
Thereat her noble heart was stonifh'd fore;
But most faire Amore, whose gentle spright
Now gone to feede on hope, which she before
Concei'd had to fee her owne desir'd knight,
Being thereof beguyl'd was fill'd with new affright.

More easie is now, then entrance late
She found: for, now that fained dreadfull flame,
Which chok't the porch of that enchanted gate,
And passage hard to all, that thither came,
Was vanished quite, as it were not the same,
And gave her leave at pleasure forth to pass.
Th' Enchunter felle, which all that fraud did frame,
To have effect't the lose of that faire lass,
Seeing his work now walled, deepe engriev'd was.

The end of the third Booke.
A Vision upon this concept of the Faerie Queen.

ME thought I saw the Graue, where Laura lay,
   Within that Temple, where the vestall flame
   Was wont to burne; and passing by that way,
   To see that buried dust of living fame,
   Whole tombe faire lone, and fairer vertue kept,
   All suddently I sawe the Faery Queene:
   At whose approache the soule of Petrark wept,
   And from thenceforth those Graves were not seene.

For, they this Queene attended, in whose head
   Oblusion laid him downe on Laura herse:
   Hereat the hardest stones were seene to bleed,
   And grones of buried ghosts the heauens did perish;
   Where Flowers bright did tremble all for grieue,
   And curt th'accele of that celestiall theie.

Another of the same.

The praise of meaner wits this worke like profite brings,
   As doth the Cuckoes song delight when Philomena singes.

If thou haft that right true vertue face herein:
   Virtue her selfe can best discern, to whom they written bin.

If thou haft Beauty pray'd, let her sole lookes divine,
   Judge if ought therein be amifs, and mend it by her eye,
   If Chastitie want ought, or Temperance her dew,

Behold her Princely minde aright, and wright thy Queene anew.

Meane while she shall perceiue, bow farre her vertues fore.

About the reach of all that liue, or such as wrote of yore:
   And thereby will excuse and fauour thy good will:

Whole vertue cannot be exprest, but by an Angels quill.
   Of me no lines are low'd, nor letters are of price,
   Of all which speake our English tongue, but shole of thy deuise,

W. R.

To the learned Shepheard.

Colin, I see by thy newe taken takke,
   Some sacred flour hath entic'd thy braines,
   That leads thy Muse in happy verse to make;
   And th'heza that longs to live for ever,
   That lifts thy notes from Shepheard's into Kings,
   So like the lively Lark that mountes in song.

Thy lowly Rosalinde seames now forsooke,
   And all thy gentle flockes forgotten quite.

Thy changed heart now holdes thy pens in sorne,
   Those pretty pens that did tryre maties delight,
   Those truely maties, that loved thee so well,
   Which thou sawest mirth, as they grace thee the bell.

Yet as thou see'st with thy sweet roundelay,
   Didst sire to glee our laddes in homely bowers:
   So most ador'd thou now in dolour refin'd lays,
   Delight the dainty ears of higher powers.
   And so mightest thou in their deeps scanning skill
   Allow and grace our Colin's flowing quill.

And faire befall that Faery Queene of thing,
   In whose faire eyes (true lights with vertue fixt)
   Enjoying, by those beauties fieri divine,
   Such high conceits into thyme humble was,
   As rais'd hath pues paffors out of reades,
   From rusticke tunes, to heaven heroicke deedes.

So south thy Redcroffe knight with happy hand
   Victorious be in that faire harts right,
   Which thou dost viole in type of Faery land
   Elyza's blessed field, that Albion light
   That shadles her friends, and wares her mighty feet,
   Yet fill with people, peace, and plenty bowmes.

But (title Shepheard) though with pleasing stile
   shou'd the humour of the courtly trainer
   Let not conceit thy sated sense beguile,
   nor daunted by through enuy or disdain.

Subject thy doome to her Emystys bright
   From whence thy Muses, and all the world take light.

Hobynoll.
THE SECOND PART OF THE FAERIE QUEENE:

Containing Fourth, The Fift, & Sixt Booke.

By Ed. Spenser.

Imprinted at London for Mathew Lowes. 1609.
THE
SECOND
PART
OF
THE
EGYPTIAN
ALMANAC
For
1799
John
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...
THE FOURTH BOOK
OF THE FAERIE
QUEENE:

CONTAINING
The Legend of CAMBEL & TELAMOND,

OR,
Of Friendship.

In love were either ended or begunne:
Wisseffe the Father of Philosophie,
Which to his Critico, flowed oft from Sunne,
Of love full many Lessons did apply,
The which the Stoick Cenours cannot well deny.

To such therefore I doe not sing at all:
But to that sacred Saint my soueraigne Queene,
In whose chaste breath all founy natural,
And treasures of true love unloked heene,
Boue all her face that ever was seene;
To her I sing of love, that louest but,
And best is lovd of all abuse I see;
To her, this song most fitted is addrest.
The Queene of loute, & Prince of peace from heaven blest.
Which that she may the better designe to heare,
Do thou dread infant, yean dearing done,
From her high spirit chaie imperious seare,
And we of aweful Maistrie remoue:
In heed whereof with drops of melting love,
Deuid with ambrosiall killes, by thee gotten
From thy sweet fancies mother from above,
Sprinkle her heart, and hauy courage stiuen,
That she may heark e to loute, and reade this lesson often.

Canto.
Canto I.

Faire Britomart saues Amoret:
Duessa discord breeds
Twixt Scudamour and Blandamour:
Their fight and warlike deeds.

Yet should it be a plesaunt tale, to tell
The divers vfeage and demeanoure daint,
That each to other made, as oft befell.
For, Amoret right fearefull was and faint,
Left she with blame her honour should attaint,
That every word did tremble as the fpake,
And every looke was coy, and wondrous quaint,
And every limbe that touched her did quake.
Yet could she not but courteous countenonce to her make.

For, well the wift, as true it was indeed,
That her lives Lord, and Patrone of her health,
Right well defended as his duefull meed,
Her love, her ferveice, and her vertue wealth.
All is his subtilly, that all freely death,
Nathelie her honour, dearer then her life,
She fough't to fave, as thing refer'd from death;
She did the leuer with Enchanters knit,
Then to be fale in love, profeft a virgine wife.

Troughto her fear was made fo much the greater,
Through fine abuſion of that Briton mayd:
Who, far to hide her fained sex the better,
And make her wounded minde, both did and fayd
Full many things fo doubfull to be wayd,
That well she will not what by them to gheffe:
For, other whiles to her the purpose made
Of love, and otherwhiles of luftfulnesse,
That much the fear'd his mind would growe to som excess.

His will the fear'd for him the surely thought
To be a man, fuch as indeed he seem'd;
And much the more, by that he lately wrought,
When her from deadly thrall dome he redeem'd,
For which no finne he too much ethem'd;
Yet dread of fame, and doubts of foule defhonor,
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 hono.
So befell one evening, that they came 
Vito a Cuffell, lodged there to bee, 
When many a Knight, and many a lower Dame 
Was then assembled, decrees of amours to see: 
Amongst all which was none more faire then she, 
That many of them mused to eye her face. 
The custom of that place was such, that hee 
Which had no Lour nor Leman there in store: 
Should either winne him one, or lye without the door. 

Amongst the rest there was a officer knight, 
Who being asked for his Lour, avow'd 
That fairest, Amoret was his by right, 
And offer'd that to instructe a lowd. 
The war-like Virgine, seeing his so proud 
And boastfull challenge, wept inly wroth, 
But for the present did her anger throw'd; 
And said, her Lour to lose the was full looth, 
But either he should neither of them have, or both. 

So forth they went, and both together gui'd: 
But that same yonner fowce was over throwne, 
And made repent, that he had rashly lufted 
For thing unlawfull, that was not his owne: 
Yet fish he seemed valiant, though vnknowne, 
She that no lelli was courteous and stout, 
Could her no place, that both the custom fhowne 
Were kept, and yet that knight not lock'd out. 
That seem'd full hard to accord two things so far in dunt. 

The Seneschall was call'd to deeme the right: 
Whom the requir'd, that first faire Amoret 
Might be to her allow'd, as to a knight, 
That did her win, and free from challenge set: 
Which straight to her was yield'd without let. 
Then fish that strange Knightes lose from him was 
She claim'd th[at a hertiše, as Ladies alit, (quitted, 
He as a Knight might justly be admitt'd: 
So none should be out-put, fish all of Loues were fitt'd. 

With that, her giltting helmet flied unlaced; 
Whicb doth, her golden locks, that were vp-bound 
Still in a knot, vnto her heades downe traced. 
And like a fitten veil in compas full round. 
About her back and all her body wound: 
Like as the flaming sky in fummers night, 
What time the dayes with forching heat abound, 
Is creat'd all with lines of fire light, 
That it prodigious feemes in common peoplees sight. 

Such when those Knightes and Ladies all about 
Beheld her, all were with amazement fill'd, 
And every one gan growe in secret dout 
Of this and that, according to each wit. 
Some thought, that some enchantament fain't it; 
Some, that Bellona in that war-like wife 
To them appeard, with thid and armour fit; 
Some, that it was a maske of strange disguife: 
So diversely each one did fundry doubts deuide.

But that young Knight, which through her gentle deed 
Was to that goodly fellowship retorc'd, 
Ten thousand thanks did yield her for her meed, 
And doubtly overcommen, her ador'd: 
So did they all their former strife accord, 
And eke faire Amoret, now freed from feare, 
More frantke affiction did to her accord, 
And to her bed, which she was wont forbear, 
Now frely drew, and found right safe assurance there. 

Where, all that night they of their Loues did treat, 
And hard adventures twist themselves alone, 
That each the other gan with passion great, 
And griefe-full pitty privately be-mone. 
The morrow next, lo borne as Titan sone, 
They both vp-rofe, and to their waies they did right; 
Long wandred they, yet neuer met with one 
That to their willes could them directe aright, 
Or to them tydings tell, that mote their harts delight. 

Lo, thus they rode, all at the last they spiede 
Two armed Knights, that toward them did pace, 
And each of them had riding by his face 
A lady, seeming in so faire a space: 
But Ladies none they were, alぶe in face 
And outward show fairesemblance they did bear; 
For, vnnder maske of beauty and good grace, 
Vile treason and foule falshood hidden were, 
That mote to none but to the wrye wife appeare.

The one of them, the falle Dafys height, 
That now had chang'd her former wonted hewh: 
For, she could do none so many shapes in sight, 
As ever could Chamelecon colours new. 
So could she forge all colours, fawe the trew. 
The other, no whit better was then fhee, 
But that such as she was, the plaine did fhow; 
Yet otherwife much wors, if worfe might bee, 
And daily more offensive unto each degree. 

Hermione was Actis, mother of debate, 
And all diffension, which doth daily growe 
Amongst the male, that many a publique state 
And many a priuate oft doth over-throwe. 
Hermione, Castis, who full well did knowe 
To be most fit to trouble noble knights 
Vich which hunt for honour, raised from belowe, 
Out of the dwellings of the damned frighes, 
Where she in darknes watters her cursed daies and nights.

Hard by the gates of Hell her dwelling is, 
There where-as all the plagues and harmes abound, 
With thornes and barren brakes environ round, 
That none the same may easilly out-win. 
Yet many wights to enter may be found, 
But none to ille forth when one is in: 
For, discord harder is to end then to begin.
21 And all within, the riven walls were hung, 
VWith ragged monuments of times fore-past; 
All which, the sad effects of discord hung: 
There were rent robes, and broken specters plac't, 
Altars defil'd, and holy things deface'd, 
Disdained spears, and fiendly stomme in twaine, 
Great rapids taffackets, and strange Calfes' tas't, 
Nations captiued, and huge armes flaine: 
Of all which ruines there some reliques did remaine.

22 There was the figne of antique Babylon, 
Of fayall These, of Rome that raignged long, 
Oferred Salem, and bed Hion, 
For memory of which, on high there hong 
The golden Apple (caufe of all their wrong) 
For which the three faire Goddesse did strive: 
There alfo was the name of Sigaroj strong, 
Of Alexander, and his Princes true, 
Which hur'd to them the propylest that he had aliate.

23 And there the reliques of the drunken fray, 
The which amongst the Lapithes betell, 
And of the bloudy fault, which fend away 
So many Centaurs drunken foules to hell, 
That under great discursose fure fell: 
And of the dreadful discorde, which did drinke 
The noble fymonants to out-rage fell, 
That each of life-fought others to depriue, 
All mindleffe of the Golden-fleece, which made the ftruite.

24 And eke of private persons many moe, 
That were too long a worke to count them all: 
Some of wirote frindes, that did their faith forgoe; 
Some of borne brethren, proved vnnaturall: 
Some of dear Lovers, foes perpetuall: 
Wittelle their broken bands there to be fenee, 
Their girlonds rent, their bowres defploy'd all: 
The monuments whereof there byding bee, 
As plaine as at the fift, when they were fresh and greene.

25 Such was her houfe within: but all without, 
The barren ground was full of wicked weedes, 
Which fhee her felle had fowen all about, 
Now grown great, at fift of little feedes, 
The feedes of miffle words, and fadious feedes; 
When which to ripefence due they grown arre, 
Bring forth an infinite increafe, that breedes 
Tumultuous trouble, and contentious iarre, 
The which most often end in blood-fhet and in warre.

26 And those fame cursed feedes doe also ferue 
To her for bread, and yield her living food: 
For, life is to her, when others fterue 
Through mifchievous debate, and deadly feeded, 
That fhee may fack their life, and drink their blood, 
With which fhe from her childhood had been fed. 
For, fhee at fift was borne of hellifh brood, 
And by infernal furies nourflied, 
That by her monftrous fhape might easly be red.

27 Her face moft foule and filthy was to see, 
With lunted eyes contrary wares intende, 
And loathly mouth, vmenet a mouth to bee, 
That nought but gall and venim comprehende, 
And wicked words, that God and man offend: 
Her lying tongue was in two partes divided, 
And both the parts did fpake, and both contende; 
And as her tongue, fo was her hart disciled, 
That nother thought on thinge, but doubly full was guided.

28 Als as fhee double fpake, fo heard the double, 
With matchlesse eares deformed and difftort, 
Fold with falle rumors and feditious trouble, 
Bred in als DAMNED of the vulgar fort, 
That full were led with every light report. 
And as her eares, fo eke her feet were odd, 
And much vnlike, th'o one long, the other short, 
And both mifplac't, that when th'o one forward yode, 
The other back retird, and contrary trode.

29 Likewife unequall were her hands twaine: 
That one did reach, the other push't away; 
That one did make, the other mard againe; 
And fought to bring all things vnto decay; 
Whereby great riches, gathered many a day, 
She in her favour did often bring to nought, 
And their polleflions often did defray. 
For, all her fuddy was, and all her thought, (wrought. 
How fhee might overthrow the things that Concord

30 So much her malice did her mighte fupratts, 
That eu'n th'Almighty felle the did maligne, 
Because to man no mercifull he was, 
And vnto all his creatures fo benigne, 
Sith fhee her felle was of his grace indigne: 
For, all this worlds faire workmanship the tride, 
Vnto his lift confusion to bring, 
And that great golden chaine quite to divide, 
With which it blessed Concord hath togethers tide.

31 Such was that hag, which with Dafila rode; 
And feruing her in her malicous vfe, 
To hurt good knights, was as it were her baude, 
To fell her borrowed beauty to abufe, 
For, though like with creed tree, that wauent iuyce, 
Sith and crooked were, yet now of late, 
As fresh and fragrant as the Fowerelle; 
Shee was become, by change of her estate, 
And made full godeely ioyance to her new found mate.

32 Her mate he was a jolly youthfull Knight, 
That bore great sway in armes and chialtrie, 
And was indeed a man of mickle might: 
His name was Blumunto, that did defeyr 
His fickle man full of conftance. 
And now herefelf he fett hath right well, 
With two companions of like qualite, 
Faithlesse Dafila, and falte Paride, 
That whether they were more falle, full hard it is to tell.
Now when this gallant, with his goodly crew,
From fair Surdamer, the famous Britomart,
Like knight adventurously in outward view,
With his fair Paragon (his conquistors part)
Approaching nigh, etioones his wonton heart
Was tickled with delight, and instilling guad;
Lo there, Sir Paridell, for your delight,
Good lucke pretends you with yond lovely mayd,
For buty that ye want a fellow for your ayd.

By that, the louely pair are set to hond:
Whom when at Paridell more plaine beheld,
Albe in hart he like affection fond,
Yet tenderlih how he late by one was feld,
That did those armes and that fame feethond wuld,
Hchad in small luft to buy his Loue to deare:
But anwered, Sir, him wife I never held,
That haung once escaped perill neare,
Vdould afterwards allay the sleeping eauell feare.

This knigte too late his murthered god and his might
Did dally, that me right dearly coft:
Ne left for revenge promoue now fight,
Ne for light Laddies love, that toone is lost.
The hot-sparre youth to learning to be crot,
Take then to you this Dame of mine, quoth he,
And I without your perill or your coft,
Will challenge yond name other for my fee:
So forth he fiercely prickt, that one him fairely could see.

The warlike Britomart, her loone addreft,
And with such viacob whome her did receave
Her famed Paragon, her forced suft,
That bcing forct his feeble foone to leave,
Hintelle he did of his new Loue deceave:
And made himselfe thcmame of his folly.
Vhich done, the puffed forth not taking leave,
And left him new as fid, as wholome sally,
Vell warned to beware with whom he dar to dally.

Vhich when his other company beheld,
They to his faviour ran with ready ayd:
And finding him unable once to weld,
They reared him on horse-back, and vp-flayed,
Till on his way they had him forth conuyd:
And all the way with wondrous grieve of mind
And blame, hee fliw himfelfe to be difmayd,
More for the Loue which he had left behind,
Then that whick he had to Sir Paridell resigne.

Nathelfe, he forth did march well as he might,
And made good renblance to his company,
Difembong his diface and wile plight;
Till that ree long they chanced to elpy
I wo other knights, that towards them did ply
With speedy course, as bente to charge them new.
Vhom, when as Blundamoures, approaching niee,
Pereceu’d to be futh as they feem’d in view,
Hce was full wo, and gan his former grieve renew.

For th’one of them he perfectly defende
To be Sir Scudamore, by that he bore
The God of Loue, with wings displayed wide;
Vhich mortally he hated euermore,
Both for his worth (that all men did adore)
And eke because his Loue he wonne by right;
Vhich when he thought, it grieved him full fore,
That through the brutes of his former fight,
He now vnable was to wreake his old delight.

For thy, he thus to Paridell spake,
Faire Sir, of friendhip let me now you pray,
That as I late adventured for your sake,
The harts whereof me now from barrell lay.
Ye will me now with like good turne repay,
And suffifie my caufe on yonder Knight.
Ah Sir! said Paridell, doe not dismay
Your felice for this; my telle will for you fight,
As yee haue done for mee: the left hand rules the right.

Vhich that, he put his spurre into his steed,
With (pature in refloth, and toward him did fare,
Like flight out of a bowe presenting speed.
But Scudamore was shortly well aware
Of his approche, and gan himfolfe prepare
Him to receive with entertainement meet.
So furiously they met, that either bare
The other downe vnder their horses feete,
That what of them became, themselves did fearely wepte.

As when two bllowes in the Irish foundes,
Forcibly driven with contrary tydes,
Doe meet together, each about the swallowes
Vhis roaring rages; and dashing on all sides,
That filleth all the sea with foam, daudes
The doublfull current into divers waies:
So felle those two in fight of both their prides;
But Scudamour himselfe did loone vp-raife,
And mounting light, his foe for lying long upbraies.

Who, rolled on an heape, lay full in swound,
All carelesse of his taunt and bitter raile:
Till that the reft him seeing live on ground,
Ran hastily, to weet what did him ayle.
Where, finding that the breath gan him to fail,
With bite care they froue him to awake,
And doth his helmet, and vnid his maille:
So much they did, that at the laft they brake
His plumbe, yet so mazed, that he nothing spake.

Which when-as Blundamour beheld, he said,
Paffe Eoutour Scudamour, that haft by flight
And foule advantage this good knight diu'maid,
A knight much better than thy felice behight.
Well Elles it thee that I am not in plight,
This day, to wreake the damage by thic donne:
Such is thy won, that ill when in any Knight
Is weake and then thou doost him over-ronne:
So haft thou to thy felice felce honour often wonne.

R. 2.

Hee
Hic little answer'd, but in manly harcc
His mighty indignation did forbear:
Which was not yet to secret, but some part
Thereof did in his frowning face appeare:
Like as a gloomy cloud, which doth bearre
An hideous storme, is by the Northerne blast
Quite over-blowne, yet doth not passe to clearre,
But that it all the sky doth over-calt
With darknes and threatnes all the world to waie.

Ali gentle knight, then sallc Dueffia Gu'd,
VWhy doe ye strive for Ladies love to bore,
Whole chiefe desire is love and friendly sayd
Mongst gentle Knights to nourish euermore?
Ne be ye vroth Sir Soudamore therefore,
That the your Loue lift love another knight,
Ne doe ye your felie dislike a whith the more;
For, loues is free, and led with felie delight,
Ne wil enterceet be with maitendome or ought.

So fallc Dueffia: but vile Arte thus:
Both sooth Knighres, I can but laugh at both,
That strive and storme me with strive out-rageous,
For her that each of you alike doth laie,
And loves another, with whom now she goth
In louely wife, and sleepe, and sports, and playes;
Whil that both you here with many a surfeoth oth,
Swearre the is yours, and strive vp bloudy frayes,
To win a Wlloow-bough, whil it oth wearres the Bayes.

Vile hag, Gyd Soudamore, why dooth thou lye?
And falsely feake't a vntoward wight to shame?
Fond Knight, saide thee, the thing that with this eye
I saw, why should I doubt to tell the fame?
Then tell, quoth Blandamor, and feare no blame,
Tell what thou saw'st, maugre who-so e'er heares.
I saw, quoth she, a straunger Knight, whole name
I wote not well, but in his shield he bearres
(That well I wote) the heads of many broken speares.

I saw him have your Amours at well,
I saw him Kisse, I saw him her embraces,
I saw him sleepe with her all night his fill,
All many nights, and many by in place,
That present were to teftifie the cafe.
Which when as Soudamore did heare, his hart
Was thrilid with inward griefe, as when in chace
The Parthian strikes a Stege with fluering dart,
The beafe-assaist flands in middeft of his heart.
Canto II.

Blandamour wins false Florimell,
Paridell for her strifes,
They are accorded: Agile
Doth lengthen her fomnes lives.
The Fourth Booke of Cant. II.

9  Their fiery steeds, with fo vast made force,
    Did bear them both to fell avenges end,
    That both their speares with pittifull remorse,
    Through thicke and maile, and habergeon did wend,
    And in their fores a greatly passinge rend,
    That with the fury of their owne affrest,
    Each other hose and man to ground I did send;
    V Where lying full awhile, both did forget

10 The perilous present found, in which their lives were lost:

11 As when two warlike Brigandines at fea,
    V With murderous weapons arm'd to cruell fight,
    Doe meet together, on the watry lee,
    They tempe each other with so fell despight,
    That with the shock of their owne headleffe might,
    Their woodden ribs are shaken nigh slander;
    They which from shore behold the dreadful sight
    Of flaming fire, and heare the ordinance thunder,
    Do greatly stand aston'd at such unwilling wonder.

12 At length, they both vphasted in amaze,
    As men awaked rashly out of dreme,
    And round about themselves awhile did gaze,
    Till seeing her, that Flamfell did perceive,
    In doubt to whom the victory should decease,
    There with their dullygryte they edg'd abowt,
    And drawing both their swords with rage extreme,
    Like two mad mattrvets, each on other flew, (new)
    And shields did flawre, and dames did rail, and helmes did

13 So furiously each other did affale,
    As if their soles they would at once haue rent
    Out of their breasts, that flames of blood did raile
    Adowne, as if their springs of life were spent;
    That all the ground with purple blood was spred,
    And all their armours rained with bloody gore.
    Yet scarcely once to breathe would they relent;
    So mortal was their malice and so furious,
    Become of frayned friendship which they vow'd afore.

14 And which is for Ladies most befisting,
    To stin all strife, and foster friendly peace,
    Was from those Dames so far and so vanishing,
    As that in stead of praying them furcase,
    They did much more their cruelty encrease;
    Bidding them fight for honour of their love,
    And rather die then Ladies cause releace,
    With which vaine terms so much they did them move,
    That both revolt'd the last extremites to proue.

15 There they (weene) would fight until this day,
    Had nor a Squire (even he the Squire of Dames)
    By great adventure traveiled that way;
    Who seeing both bent to bloody games,
    And both of old well knowing by their names,
    Drew nigh, to weate the cause of their debate;
    And first, layde on those Ladies thousand blames,
    That did not fecke t'appeale their deadly hate,
    But gaze'd on their harret, not purifying their effare.

And
21 And then, three Knights he humbly did beseech
To flay their hands, till he awhile had spoken:
Who looked a little at that his speech,
Yet would not let their battell so be broken,
Both greedyly on other to be wroten.
Yet he to them at earnest did call,
And them conur'd by faire well known token,
That they at last, their wrothfull hands let fall,
Content to hear him speake, and glad to ret withall.

22 First, he defir'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 how to face affray, as none can tell.
Fond Sirre Squire, full angry then said Paride,
Sweit not the lady there before thy face;
I see looked backe, and her auing well,
VVeend as he said by that her owforme grace.
That faire Florimell was present there in place.

23 Glad man was he to see that joyous sight
(For, none alone but joy in Florimell)
And loyally to her loutng, thus behight;
Fairest of faire, that fairestell doost excell,
This happy day I have to greet you well,
In which you safe I see, whom thousand late
Mildoubt lovd through mishiefbe that beffell;
Long may you live in health and happy flate.
Shee little answered him, but lightly did aggregate.

24 Then, turning to those Knights, he gan anew;
And you Sir Blandamour and Paride,
That for this Lady present to your view,
Hauet ray'd this cruel warre and out-ragezell,
Ceress, mee temes, been not advised well.
But rather ought in friendship for her sake
To joyne your force, their forces to repell
That fecke performe her from you both to take.
And of your gourten spoyll, their owne triumph to make.

25 Thereat, Sir Blandamour, with countenance serene,
All full of wroth, thus fiercely him he spake;
Arcad, thon Squire, that I the man may learne,
That care fro me thynke Florimell to take.
Not one, quoth he, but many doe partake
Herein, as thus: It lattily to beffell,
That Satyrene a girdle did vp-take,
VVeell knowne to appertaine to Florimell;
Which for her sake he wore, as him beconned well.

26 But, when as faire herself was lost and gone,
Full many Knights, that loved her hire desir,
Thereat did greatly grudge, that he alone
That lost faire Lady ornament should ware,
And g. thencefore close spight to him to beare:
Which he to thoun, and flipp wile enviues fling,
Hath lattily caus'd to be proclaimed eacch where
A solemn feast, with publique turneuyng,
To which all knights with them ther Ladyes are to bring.

27 And of them all, feste that is fairest found,
Shall have that golden girdle for reward
And of those Knights who sof't thout on ground,
Shall to that fairest Lady be preiared.
Sith therefore she herselfe is now your ward,
To you that ornament of hers pertayn,
Against all those that challenge it to gird,
And have her honour with your ventrous paines;
That shall you win more glory, then ye here find gains.

28 When they the reason of his words had hard,
They gan abate the no Office of their rage,
And with their honours and their loves regard,
The furious flames of malice to allwage:
Tho, each to other did his faith engage,
Like faithfull friends thence forth to joyne in one
With all their force, and battell strong to wage
Gainst all those knightes, as their professed none.
That challenge d ought in Florimell, love they alone.

29 So well accorded, forth they rode together
In friendly fort, that lafted but awhile;
And of all old dislikes they made faire weather:
Yet all was forgd, and spred with golden foyle,
That vnder it hid hate and hollow gui.
Nee certes can that friendship long endure,
How ever gay and goodly be the fulle;
That doth all caufe or enuy end enure:
For, vertue is the band, that bindeth hart most sure.

30 Thus, as they marched all in gotte disguife
Of faised love, they chanc't to over-take
Two knights, that linked rode in lovely wife,
As if they secret counsells did partake:
And each nat one behind had his Make,
To west, two Ladies of most goody hew,
That twixt themselfes did gentle purpos make,
VUnmindfull both of that dilordfull crew,
The which with speede pafe did after them pursewe.

31 Who, as they now approached night at hand,
Decomg them daugh't as they did appear,
They felt that Squire afore, to vnderstand
What more they be: who viewing them more neare
Return'd ready newses, that those fame were
Two of the prouest Knights in Faeiry lond;
And those two Ladies their two Louters deare,
Courtesous Candell, and floute Triamond,
With Canace and Caxborne, link't in lovely bond.

32 Whylome, as antique stories tellen vs,
Those two were los, the flammon on ground,
And battell made, the dead-lef dangerous
That ever thrilling trumpet did resound:
Though now their a lui be no where to be found,
As that renowned Poet them compiled,
VWith warlike numbers, and Heroick found,
Dan Chauuer (Well of English undeclared)
On Fames extremall head-roll worthy to be filed.
R 4.
But wicked Time, that all good thoughts doth waife, 33
And worikes of noblest wits to nought out-ware,
That famous moniment hath quite deft,' 34
And robd the world of creature endle deare,
The which mote have enriched all vs heare.
O cursed Eld! the canker-wormes of wits; 35
How may theft kinnes (to rude as doth appear)
Hope to endure, fith worikes of heavenly wits
Are quite damour'd, and brought to nought by little bits?

Thena pardon, 0 most fared happy spirit,
That I thy labours loft may thus rewie,
And it were from thee the meed of thy due merit,
That none durftuer whil' thout waie alue,
And beeing dead, in vane yet many ftrue:
Ne dare I like, but through infiuon sweet;
Of thine owne spirit (which doth in me furvice)
I follow heare the footing of thy feet,
That with thy meaning to I may the rather meet.

Camelleoes fitter was faire Canacees,
That was the learned Lady in her dayes,
Well fene in every Science that mote bee,
And every fecret worke of Natures wayes,
In witty riddles, and in wife loothwayes,
In power of herbes, and tunes of beafts and burds:
And (that augmented all her other praye)
Shoe moflel was in all her deeds and words,
And wondrous chief of life yet lovd of Knights & Lords:

Full many Lords, and many Knights her loued,
Yet the to none of them her liken lent,
Ne euer was with fond affection moued,
But rule'd her thoughts with goodly government,
For dread of blame, and honours blifhment.
And eke vnto her lookes a law she made,
That none of them once out of order went,
But like to warie Centomiles well flayed,
Still watcht on every side, of carels ites affaid.

So much the more as she refus'd to loue,
So much the more she loued was and fough't,
That oftentimes enuyous strife did moue
Amongst her Louers, and great quarrels wrou'th:
That off for her in bleuid armes they fought.
Which, when-as Cambeili (that was flout and wife)
Perceu'd would breed great mischiefe, he bethought
How to prevent the peril that mote rife,
And turne both him and her to honour in this wife.

One day, when all that troope of war-like wooers
Assemble were, to weet whole fhee shoulde bee:
All mightie men, and dreadfull erring doores
(The harder it to make them well agree)
Amongst them all this end he did decree:
That of them all which loue to her did make,
They by content shoulde chufe the foure left three,
That with himelie shoulde combat for her face,
And of them all, the Victor shoulde his fitter take.

Bold was the chalenge, as himelie was bold,
And courage full of haughty hardiment,
Approued oft in perils manifold,
Which let achieu'd to his great ornament:
But yet his fitters skill vnto him lent
Most confidence and hope of happy speed,
Conceiued by a ring, which flew him lent;
That mongethe the play verses (which we read)
Had power to drench all wounds that mortally did bleed.

Well was that rings great verue known to all;
That dread thereof, and his redoubld might;
Did all that youthly out so much appall,
That none of them durft undertake the fight:
More wise they weend to make of loue delight,
Then life to hazard for faire Ladies looke;
And yet unceraine by fuch outward fight
(Though for her fake they all that peril tooke)
Whether fie would them loue, or in hiher likking broue.

Amongst thofe Knights, there were three brethren bold
(Three bolder brethren never were yborne)
Borne of one mother in one happy mold,
Borne at one burden in one happy morns;
Three happy mother, and thrice happy morns,
That bare three fuch, three fuch not to be fond:
Her name was Apoie, wholle children were
All three as one; the first knight Triamond;
The second, Diamond, the yeungste Triamond.

Stout Triamond, but not fo strong to strike;
Strong Diamond, but not to fliou a knight;
But Triamond was fliowt and strong alike;
On horfe-backe vfed Triamond to fight,
And Triamond on foot had more delight,
But horfe and foote knew Diamond to wield:
With curux vfed Diamond to finne,
And Triamond to handle speare and shield,
But speare and curux both as Triamond in field.

These three did loue each other dearly well,
And with fo fome affecion were alilde,
As if but one foule in them all did dwell,
Which did her powre into three parts divide;
Like three faire branches budding far and wide,
That from one root deriu'd their vital sap:
And like that root that doth her life divide,
Their mother was, and had full bleeved hop,
Thefe three fo noble babs to bring forth at one clap.

Their mother was a Fay, and had the skill
Of secret things, and all the powres of Nature,
Which flee by arc could vie into her will,
And to her fentence bind each living creature,
Through secret understanding of their feature.
There-o were right faire, when-so her face
Shee lift discouer, and of goodly stature;
But fie (as Fayes are wont) in priue place
Did spend her dayes, and lovd in force withd to space.

There
THE FAERIE QUEENE.

There, on a day, a noble youthfully knight,
Seeking adventures in the savage wood,
Did by a great fortune get of her the sight,
As shee late carelessly by a crystal fall went,
Combining her golden locks, as seem'd her good:
And vain'd in upon her laying hold,
That stroue in vain him long to have with flood,
Opprest her, and there (as it is told) (bold).
Gott there three lovely babes, that prov'd three champions.

V Which flee, with her, long fastred in that wood.
Till that to ripeness in mans face they grew:
Then shewing forth signes of their fathers blood,
They love'd almes, and knightly hood did now,
Seeking adventures where they any knew.
Which when their mother saw, shee got to doubt.
Their fates; left by searching dangers new,
And run provoking pants all about,
Their ducts more be abridged through their courage stout.

Therefore, desirous th'end of all their days.
To know, and them enlarge with long extent,
By wondrous skill, and many hidden ways,
To the three fatal Sifters house the went,
Fare under ground from tract of living went,
Downe in the bottom of the deepe Abys,
Where Damoselges in dull darkneffe pent,
Fare from the view of Gods and heauens bliss,
The hideous Chaos keeps them, their dreadful dwelling is.

There flee them found, all sitting round about
The direfull distaff standing in the mid;
And with swarthy fingers strieing out
The lines of life, from living knowledge hid.
Sad Clasbe held the rocke, the whiles the third
By grievously Lachesis was spun with paine,
That cruel Aristoph cleft visions void,
With cursed kniffe cutting the twit in twaine:
Most wretched me, whole days depend on thirds to vaine!

Shee them saluting, there by them late still,
Beholding how th'ends of life they span:
And when at last shee had beheld her fill,
Troubling in hart, and looking pale and wan,
Her cateau of comming free to fell begin:
To whom, fierce Aristoph, Bold Fay, that durst,
Come se the secret of the life of Man,
VVe'll worth thy thou to be of lowe accurst,
And eke thy childrens thirds to be sunder burnst.
Canto III.

The battell twixt three brethren, with
Cambell for Canacee.
Cambia with true friendships bond
doth their long strife agree.

Then entred Cambell first into the lift,
With flately steps, and fearlesse countenance,
As if the conquest his hee surely with.
Soone after, did the brethren three advance,
In truce array, and goodly appearance,
With scatines gift, and barbarit broad dysplyd:
And marching trisse in warlike ordinance,
That to the noble Maid,
The whiles thrill trumpets & loud clarions sweetly playd.

Which done, the doughty Chalenger came forth,
All arm'd to poynt his challenge to abet:
Gamit whom, Sir Priamond with equal worth,
And equal armes himselfe the forward set.
A trumpet blew: they both together met,
With dreadfull force, and furious intent,
Careles of perill in their fierce as fier,
As is that life to losse they had forlent,
And cared not to spare, that should be shortly spent.

Right practive was Sir Priamond in fight,
And throughly skild in use of shield and speares.
Ne leffee aprooued as Cambeldeius might,
Ne leffee his skill in wepons did appeare,
That hard it was to weene which harder were.
Full many myghtie strokes on either side,
Were feut, that seemed death in them to beare:
But they were both so watchfull and well yeade,
That they avoyded were, and vaine by did flyde.

Yet one of many was so strongly bent
By Priamond, that with vallycke glaunce,
Through Cambel chould that unwares were went,
That forced him his shield to dislauence:
Much was hee grieved with that grackle saunce,
Yet from the wound no drop of bloud there fell,
But wondrouse paine, that did the more enhauce
His haughty courage to avengement fell: (swell.
Smart daines not mightie harts, but makes them more to
With
With that, they both together fiercely met,
As if that each meant other to devour;
And with their axes both so fiercely beat,
That neither plate nor maille, where-as their power
They felt, could once sustaine the hideous flower;
Nor with a wheel wood adher, while it through their raeds the ruddy blood did flowe,
And fire did fall, like lightning after thunder.
That did the lookers on aoute with ruth and wonder.

As when two Tigers prickst with hangers rage,
Hauce by good fortune found some beasts fresh spoyle,
On which they weepe their famine to affwage,
And gainst a feastfull gudeman of their toyle.

Both falling out, doe floure vnto full broyle,
And cruell battell twixt themselues does make,
Whiles neither let the other touch the toyle,
But either sideues with other to partake:
So cruelly these Knights fight for that Ladies sake.

Full many stroakes, that mortally were men,
The whales were entercharged with them two:
Yet they were all with fo good wariment
Or warded, or avoved and let goe,
That full the life stood fearselie of her foe:
Till Diamond, did delaigning long delay
Of doubftull fortune waetering to and fro,
Reolofd to end it one or other way:
And heautd his mardous axe at him with mighty wway.

The dreadful full stroake, in caue it had arriued,
Where it was meant (fo deadly was it meant)
The foule had faire out of his body ried,
And flinted all the frisie incontinent.
But CambeUo fate that fortune did preuent:
For, seeing it at hand, he wou'd aside,
And so gote away vnto his fell intent:
Who, missing of the markes which he had eyde,
Was with the force nigh felld, whilst his right foot did slide.

As when a Vulture greedy of his prey,
Through hunger long, that hart to him doth lend,
Strikes at an Heron with all his bodies way,
That from his force seeming nought may it defend:
The wary fowle, that spies him toward bend,
His dreadful full stroake avoydes, it flunning light,
And makerth him his wing in vaine to spend:
That with the weight of his owne weallie lefte,
He falleth night to ground, and leave recovereth flight.

Which faire adventure when CambeUo spide,
Full lightly, ere himselfe he could recover,
From danges dread to ward his naked side,
He can let draw at him with all his power,
And with his axe him finote in euill howrse,
That from his shoulders quite his head he refect:
The headleffe trunk, as headleffe of that flower,
Stood full while, and his faft footing kep,
Till feeling life to faile, it fel, and deadly fipt.

They
The Fourth Booke of Cant.III.

They, which that pitious spectacle beheld,
Vere much ashamed the head-lefe trunke to see
Stood vp so long, and weapon vaine to weld,
Vewneting of the Fates divine decree.
For lies succession in those brethren three.
For, notwithstanding that one foule was stress,
Yet had the body not dismembered bee,
It would have bled, and revived eft;
But, finding no fit feate, the life-lefe corfe it left.

It left: but that same soule which therein dwelt,
Straight entering into Triamond, him fild
With double life, and griefe; which when he felt,
As one whole inner parts had been thyrild
With poynt of steele, that close his hart-blood spild,
He lightly leapt out of his place of reft,
And rushing forth into the empty field,
Against Cambelos fiercely him addrest.
Who, him affronting, foone to fight was ready preft.

Well more 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 advancing seen,
Some new-borne wight ye would him surely weene:
So freth he seemed, and so fierce in fight;
Like as a Snake, whom weary Winters teene.
Hath wore to nought, now feeling Sommers might,
Casts off his ragged skin, and freely doth him dight.

All was through vertue of the ring he wore,
The which not only did not from him fet
One drop of blood to fall, but did reftore
His weaken powers, and dulled spirits when,
Through working of the stone therein yet.
Else how coued one of equall might with moft,
Against fo many no leffe mighty met,
Once thynke to match three luch on equall coft?
Three such as able were to match a puifant hoft.

Yet nought thereof was Triamond aced,
Ne delaete of glorious victory,
But frarly him affynd, and fore beseted,
Vith heipes of Insolace, which he at him let fly.
As thicke as hayle forth pour'd from the sky:
He frooke, he fount, he fownd, he hewed, he Lithed,
And did his iron braid to faty apply.
That from the fame the fiery spangles fliift,
As falt as water-tprinkles gainst a rock are dafhe.

Much was Cambelos daunted with his blowes:
So thicke they fell, and forcybly were fent,
That he was forc'd (from danger of the thrower)
Backe to retire, and fince-what to relent,
Till th'heat of his fierce fury he had spent:
Vvhich when for want of breath gan to abate,
He then stiffe, with now encouragement,
Did him affalle, and mightily amate,
As falt as forward earl, now backward to retraite.

Like as the tyme that comes fro th'Ocean maine,
Floues vp the Shenan with contrary force,
And over-tuling him in his owne raine,
Drives backe the current of his kindly course,
And makes it seeme to have some other source:
But when the flood is spent, then backe againe
His borrowed waters ftrete to redisburse,
He fends the sea his owne with double gaine,
And tribute eke withall, as to his Souveraigne.

Thus did the battell vary to and fro,
Vith diuerfe fortune doubtfull to be deemed:
Now this the better had, now had his foes:
Then he halfe vanquish'd, then the other seem'd.
Yet Vicours both themeludes always altemed.
And all the while, the diftroyed blood
Adowne their fider like little niter flremed;
That with the waffe of his vital flood,
Sir Triamond at left, full fiant and teele free

But Cambelos full more strongly and greater grew,
Ne felch his blood to waile, ne powres enemi:
Through that rings vertue, with that vigour new,
Still when as he enfeebled was, him chertif:
And all his wouns is, and all his brutes gnawed:
Like as a withered tree through husbands toyle
Is ofteene full frethly to have florifh'd,
And fruitfull appies to have borne awhile.
As freth as when it first was planted in the foyle.

Through which advantage, in his strength he rofe,
And imote the other with wondrous might,
That through the fame, which did his habebek close,
Into his throat and hie it pierced quight.
That downe he fell, as dead in all mens fight:
Yet dead he was not, yet heure did die,
As all men doe, that lose the living spright;
So did one floute out of his body ly.

Vnto his native home, from mortall misery.

But natheleffe, whilst all the lookers on
Him dead behight, as he to all appear'd,
All nauesares he flared vp anon,
As one that had out of a dreame beene taken,
And treahrfully his foe: who halfe affayed
Of th'vnconquift fight, as hee fome ghoft had feene,
Stood till amaz'd, holding his idle fward
Till having often by him likene beene,
He forced was to strike, and faue himfelfe from rece.

Yet, from thence-forth, more warily he fought,
As one in face the Sryan gods o'ftend,
Ne follow'd on fo falt, but rather fough:
Himfillke to faue, and danger to defend,
Then life and labour both in vaine to flpend.
Which Triamond perceuing, weened fur:
He gan to fain, towards the battell end,
And that he should not long on foote endure;
A figure which did to him the victorie affure.

Whereof
And drawne it was (that wonder is to tell)
Of two grim lions, taken from the wood,
In which their power all others did excelle;
Now made forget their former cruel mood,
To obey their riders heft, as seemed good.
And therefore the Lady paffing faire
And bright, that seemed born of Angels brood,
And with her beauty, bountie did compare,
Whether of them in her should have the greater flare.

Therto she learned was in Magickes leare,
And all the arts, that tubillwits discoure,
Having therein been trayned many a yeare,
And well instructed by the Fay her mother,
That in the fame the faire excelled all other.
Who understanding by her mighty art,
Of the cruel sight, in which her dearest brother
Now stood, came forth in haste to take his part,
And pacifie the strife, which could so deadly smart.

In her right hand a rod of peace she bore,
About the which two Serpents were bound,
Entrayled mutually in lovefull hose,
And by the tayles together firmly bound,
And both were with one olme garland crost,
Like to the rod which Muses stone doth wield,
Wherewith the helleth fiends he doth confound.
And in her other hand she did so hold,
The which was with Nepenthe to the brim vp-fild.

Nepenthe is a drink of fouragine grace,
Devised by the gods, for to allay rage
Hearts griefe, and bitter gall away to chase,
Which firs vp anguifh and concretion rage;
In stead thereof, sweet peace and quiet age
It doth etablifh in the troubled mind.
Fewe men, but fuch as sober are and fage,
Are by the gods to drink thereof salmx
But fuch at drink, eternall happiness do finde.

Such famous men, such Worthies of the earth,
As Ione will have advanced to the skie,
And there made gods, though born of mortall birth;
For their high merits and great dignity,
Are wont, before they may to heaven fly,
To drink thereof whereby, all cares forefeit
Are waft away quite from their memory.
So did those old Heresies heretofore.
Before that they in blis amongst the gods were place.
Much more of price and of more gracious powre
Is this, then that same water of Ardenne,
The which Rinaldo drunke in happy hour,
Described by that famous Tuscane penne:
For, that had might to change the hearts of men
Fro love to hate, a change of enim Choike:
But this doth hatred make in love to bremere,
And heayly heart with comfort doth rejoyce.
Who would not to this vertue rather yield his voice?

At last, arrivwe by the lifters side,
She with her rod did softly smite the saile;
Which they rightnewe ope, and gau her way to ride.
Eftfoones out of her Coach the gan availe,
And siting fairely forth did Bid All halle,
First to her brother, whom the loued deare,
That so to See him made her heart to quake:
And next to Cambell, whose lad the full dear
Made her to change her brow, and hidden loue t'appear.

They lightly her requirt (for small delight
They had as then her long to entertaine.)
And eft them turned both againe to fight.
Which when she sawe, downe on the bloody Plaine
Her felwe the weare, and tears gan fiew amaine;
Amongst her teares mingynes prayers meeke,
And (with her prayers, reasons to restraine
From bloody knifwe, and bleffed peace to feeke)
By all that unto them was deare, did them befeec.

But when at all mightnought with them preuaile,
She smote them lightly with her powrefull wand.
Then sudenly as if their hearts did faile,
Their wrathfull blades downe fell out of their hand,
And they like men affonift still did stand.
Thus whilst their minds were doublefully diltrauht,
And mightie spirits bound with mightier band,
Her golden cup to them for dronke the rauht,
Whereof full glad for thirst, each drunk an hearty draught.

Of which so foule as they once taffed had
(Wonder it is that sudden change to fee.)
In stead of brokes, each other killed glad,
And louely rattf from fears of treation 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 puffing joy, which fo great manuall brings,
They all gan hows aloud, that all the heauen rings.

All which, when gentle Canacee beheld,
In baft of the from her lofty chaire defended,
To weet what sudden tidings was befeld:
Where when the fawe that cruel war fo ended,
And deadly foes so faithfully affrended,
In lonely wife the gan that Lady greet,
Which had to great dismay to well amended;
And entertaining her with curtifites meet,
Profet to her true friendship and affection sweet.

Thus when they all accorded goodly were,
The trumpets lound, and they all arofe,
Thence to depart with glee and gladlome cheere.
Thoie warlike Champions both together chose,
Homeward to march, thenselves there to repel:
And wife Cambina, taking by her fide
Faire Canacee as freth as morning rofe,
Vnito her Coach remounting, home did ride,
Admirt of all the people, and much glorifie.

Where making joyous feafts their daies they spent
In perfeft lound, deuoyde of hatefull freffe,
Affide with bands of manuall couplement;
For, Triamond had Canacee to wife,
With whom he led a long and happy life;
And Cambel took Cambina to his here,
The which as life were each to other lere.
So all alike did love, and loud were,
That since their daies such lourtes were not found elsewhere.
Canto III.

Satyrane makes a Tournement
For love of Florimell:
Britomart wins the prize from all,
And Artegall doth quell.

1. T 5. But faire Cambion, with persuasions mild,
often fets (as here it canst befell)
That mortal foes, do turne to faithfull friends;
And friends profite, are chang'd to foe-men fell:
The care of both, of both their minds depêds;
And th'o' of both, like-wit of both their ends.
For, cunning, that of all ill proceed,
But of occasion, with th'o' occasion ends;
And friendship, which a faint affection breeds
Without regard of good, dies like all grounded seeds.

2. That well (me feme) appeares, by that of late
Twixt Cambell and Sir Trismong befell;
As als by this, that now a new deb are
Stir'd vp twixt Stundamour and Paridell,
The which by courte befalls me here to tell:
Who, having those two other knights eside
Marching afor, as ye remember well,
Sent forth their Squire to haue them both deferee;
And eke those music'd Ladies riding them beside.

Who, back returning, told as he had seene,
That they were doughty knights of dreadfull name:
And those two Ladies, their two loues ven'ene;
And therefore wifte them without blot or blame.
To let them pas at will, for dreed of flame.
But Blandamour full of vainglorious spight,
And rather thin by his dorcotfull Dame,
Upon them gladly would have prov'd his might,
But he yet was fere of his late lucklesse fight.

Yet high approching, he them fowle befuke,
Disgracing them, him felle thereby to grace,
As was his wont: fo weening way to make
To Ladies love, where-fo he came in place,
And with lewd armes their louers to deace.
Whofe sharpe prouokement them incenft fo spoire,
That both were bent to avenge his vage base,
And gan their friends addresse them felues foare:
For, eell deeds may better then bad words be borne.

6. To which folke-nte they all with one content,
Sith each of them his Lady had him by,
Whose beauty each of them thought excellent,
Agreed to trucefull, and their fortunes try,
So as they pul'd forth, they did epy
One in bright armes with ready spere in rest,
That toward them his courte seem'd to apply,
Gainst whom Sir Paridell him felle address'd.
Him weening, ere he high approacht, to have reprefnt.

7. Which th'o' other seeing, gan his course recter,
And vaunted fpere eloquens to diuadance,
As if he sought but peace and plesure ment,
Now fgate into their fellowship by chance,
Whereat they fliwed courteous contenance.
So as he rode with them accompany'd,
Him outring eye did on the Lady glance,
Which Blandamour had riding by his side:
Whom faire he vend'd, that he fonicherefore had eyde.

8. It was to weect, that fowwy Florimell,
Which charmed late from Braggadachio wonne:
Whom he now feeing, her remembred well,
How haung reft her from the witches wonne,
He foone her loft: wherefore he now begonne
To challenge her anew, as his owne prize,
Whom formerly he had in battell wonne,
And profite made by force her to reprise:
Which scornfull offer Blandamour gan foone despife.

\[\text{S}\] 2 And
And say, Sir Knight, this ye this Lady claim, 
Whom he that hath, were both to lose so light, 
(for, so to lose a Lady, were great shame.)
Ye shall her winne, as I have done in fight: 
And lo shee shall be placed here in sight, 
Together with this Hag beside her feet, 
That who so wins her, may her hue by right: 
But he shall have the Hag as ye yet, 
And with her alwayes ride, till he another get.

That offer pleased all the company, 
So Florimell with Ats forth was brought; 
At which they all gan laugh full merrily: 
But Braggadocio lyed, he never thought.
For such an Hag, that seemed wore then nought, 
His person to imperill so in fight, 
But it to match that Lady they had sought.
Another like, that were like faire and bright, 
His life he then would spend to suflise his right.

At which his wise excuse they all gan smile, 
As seeming his womanly cowardice: 
And Florimell him lowly gan reuile, 
That for her fake refus'd to enterprize 
The battell, offered in so knightly wife. 
And Ats eke protest's him priually, 
With love of her, and shame of such meprise. 
But nought he cure'd for friend or ennemy, 
For, in base mind not friendship dwells nor enmity.

But Cambell thus did thrust vp all in ste.
Bretz Knights and Ladies, certes ye doe wrong. 
To firre vp ste, when most vs needeth ste, 
That we may vs refere both stref and streng, 
Against the Tourament 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.

They all agreed: so turning all to game, 
And pleasant bord, they all forth on their way. 
And all that while, where-to so they rode or came, 
That musked Mock-knight was their sport and play. 
Till at length upon his appointed day, 
Vnto the place of turnament they came; 
Where they before them found in fresh array 
Many a brave knight, and many a dainty dame 
Assembled, for to get the honour of that game.

There this faire crew arriving, did divise: 
Then felues asunder: Blandamour with those. 
Of his, on those, the rest on th'other side. 
But boasterfull Braggaducia ather choyse, 
For glory vaine their fellowship to lofe, 
That men on him the more might gaze alone. 
The rest them selues in troupeis did elles dispoze, 
Like as it seemed best to every one; 
The knights in couples marcht, with Ladies linkt attone.

Then first of all forth came Sir Satyrane, 
Bearing that precious relique in an arke 
Of gold, that bad eyes might it not profane: 
Which drawing foly forth out of the darke, 
He open faw'd, that all men in note markes; 
A gorgeous girdle, curiously emboit 
With pearl & precious stone, worth many a markes; 
Yet did the workman ship faire passe the cost: 
It was the same, which lately Florinell had loft.

That fame aloft he hong in open view, 
To be the prize of beauty and of might; 
The which effoones, discovered, to it drew 
The eyes of all, allr'd with close delight, 
And hearts quite robbed with so glorious fight, 
That all men threw out vows and wishes vain. 
Thrice happy Lady, and thrice happy knight, 
That them feemed, that could so goodly riches gain 
So worthy of the perill, worthy of the paine.

Then tooke the bold Sir Satyrane in hand 
An huge great speare, such as he wont to wield, 
And vauing torch from all the other band 
Of knights, addrest his maiden-headed fielde, 
Shewing him selfe all ready for the field. 
Gainst whom, there flegled from the other side 
A Painim knight, that well in armes was skild, 
And had in many a battell oft been tride, 
Height Brondelaun the bold, who fiercely forth did ride.

So furious they both together met, 
That neither could the others force sustaine. 
As two fierce Bells, that sinthishe rule to get 
Of all the head, mete with so hideous maine, 
That both rebuffed, tumble on the Plaine: 
So the two Champions to the ground were fell, 
Where in a maze they both did long remaine, 
And in their hands their idle troncheons held, 
Which neitherable to was, or once to wield.

Which when the noble Ferramont espied, 
He pricketh forth in ydly of Satyrane; 
And him against, Sir Blandamour did ride 
With all the streng and stiffelest that he can. 
But the more strong and siffly that he ran, 
So much more sorely to the ground he fell, 
That on a heape were tumbled horse and man. 
Vnto whose eskefor forth rode Paridel: 
But him likewise with that time speare he eke did quell.

Which Braggadocia feeling, had no will 
To haffe greatly to his parties yd: 
Albe his turne were nexts: but fiede there still, 
As one that seemed doubtful or disymd. 
But Triamond halfe wroth to see him fluid, 
Sterlly hepte forth, and sought away his speare, 
With which so forke he Ferramont affaid, 
That orfe and man to ground he quite did beare,
That neither could in haffe themselves agin speare, 
Which
Which Cambell seeing, though he could not false,
Ne done yndoe, yet for to false his name,
And purchase honour in his friends behalfe,
This goodly counterfeit he did frame.
The shield and arms well knowne to be the fame,
Which Triamond had worn, unwares to wight,
And to his friend vaunt, for doubt of blame,
If he misdid: he on himselfe did sight,
That none could him discerne, and so went forth to fight.

There Satyrane Lord of the field he found,
Triumphing in great joy and solace;
Gainst whom none able was to stand on ground;
That much he gan his glory to enjoy,
And cast to unche his friends indignity.
A mighty figure eftoness at him he bent;
Who seeing him come on so furiously,
Met him mid-way with equall hardiment,
That forcibly to ground, they both togethers went.

They vp againe themselves can lightly reare,
And to their tryed swords themselves betake:
With which they wrought such wondrous marvels there
That all the rest it did amazed make,
Neany dar't their prill to partake;
Now culling close, now chafing to and fro,
Now hurling round, adventurage for to take:
As two wild Boarcs together grappling goe,
Chafing, and forning choler, each against his foe.

So as they court, and turneyd here and there,
It chaunte Sir Satyrane his feeted at last,
Whether through sounding or through soeine feare,
To rumble, that his rider nigh he cast;
Which vantage Cambell did purdue to fall,
That ere himselfe he had recovered well,
So for he fowght him on the compit creat,
That forced him to leave his lofty fell,
And rudely rumbling down under his horfe seate fell.

Lightly Cambello leapt downe from his seate,
For to haue rent his shield and armed away,
That whylosome woult to be the Victors meed:
When all vsurers he felt an hideous sway
Of many swords that load on him did lay.
An hundred knights had him enclofed round,
To refuce Satyrane out of his pray;
All which at once huge frokes on him did pound,
In hope to take him prifoner, where he flood on ground.

He with their multitude was nought dismayd,
But with fourte courage turn'd upon them all,
And with his brondiron round about him layd;
Of which he dealt large smes, as did befall:
Like a Lion that by chance doth fall,
Into the hunters toyle, both rage and roar,
In royall heart did alaming to be thrall,
But all in vaine: for what might one doe more?
They have him taken capuie, though it grieue him sore.
Whereof when newes to Triamond was brought,
There as he lay, his wound he soon forgott:
And starting vp, straight for his armour fought:
In vain he fought for, there he found it not:
Cambelitt away before had got:
Cambelitt armer therefore he on him threw,
And lightly lisse forth to take his lot.
There he in troupe found all that warlike crew,
Leading his friend away, full fory to his view.

Into the thickest of that knightly place
He thrust, and smote doone all that was betwene,
Carried with furious zeal; ne did he cease,
Till that he came where he had Cambelitt seene,
Like captive thrall two other: Knights aswene,
There he amongst them cruellye doone makes:
That they which lead him, soone enforced beene
To let him loose to safe their proper flates:
Who being freed, from one a weapon fiercely takes.

With that he drivens at them with dreadfull might,
Both in remembrance of his friends late harme,
And in remegement of his owne defpight;
So both together glowe a new allarme,
As if he now the barrett waxed warne.
As when two greedy Wolves do breake by force
Into an heard, tate from the husband harme,
They spoile and raine without all remorse:
So did these two through all the field, their foes enforce.

Fiercely they follow'd on their bolde emprise,
Till trumpets loud did warneth them all to rett:
Then all with one content did yield the prize
To Triamond and Cambell as the best.
But Triamond to Cambell it did telle:
And Cambell it to Triamond transferred:
Each labouring to shew his ownne the greatest,
And make his praise before his owne prefered:
So that the doome was to another day differ'd.

The last day came, when all those knights againe
Assembled were, their deeds of arms to shew.
Full many deeds that day were shewed plaine:
But Satyrane boute all the other crews,
His wondrous worth declar'd in all men view.
For, from the first he to the last endured:
And though some while Fortune from him withdrew,
Yet euermore his honour he recurred,
And with vnwearied powre his party full asser'd.

New was there Knight that euer thought of armes,
But that his vmiost prouess he there made knowne,
That by their many wounds, and carelesse harmes,
By flattered spear's, and swords all vnder sworn,
By fettered horses he was easie to be owerthrown.
There might ye see loose steeds at randome,
Whole lacke-lefe riders late were overthrown:
And Squiers make haste to helpe their Lords for-done.
But full the Knights of Maidenhed the better wonne;
Whither full my wroth was Triamond,
And call'd them the name done to his friend:
But by his friend, humblest eke (one he fond, In no less need of help, then him he weend. All which when Elandamour from end to end Beheld, he was therewith displeased fore, And thought in mind it shortly to amend: His spaire he feared, and at him it bore: But with no better fortune, then the rest fore.

Full many others at him likewise ran: But all of them likewise dismounted were; Ne certe wonder; for, no power of man Could hide the force of that enchanted spaire, The which this famous Briomart did bere;
With which the wondrous deeds of arms attended, And outthrew what ever came her near,
That all those stranger knights full sole servieted, And that late weake band of challengers releved.

Like as in former days when raging heat Dost burne the earth, and boiled rivers dry, That all brute beasts forc'd to refraine fro meat, Doe hunt for shade, where as flowed they may be, And missing it, came from themselves to the; All travellers tormented are with paine: A wary cloud doth overcast the she, And pourth forth a sudden fource of raine, That all the wretched world can comfort against.

So did the warlike Briomart restore
The prize, to knights of Maidenehead that day (Which elle was like to have been lost) and bore
The prase of provocese from them all way. Then thrilling trompets loudly gan to bray, And bade them leave their labours and long royle, To voyous feafe and other gentle play,
Where beauties prize should win that precious poyse:
Where I with found of trumpes will allo rest awhile.

Canto V.

The Ladies for the girdle true
Of famous Florimell, Scutamour, comming to Cares house,
Doth sleepe from him expell.

That girdle gave the venture of chaste loue,
And wretched true, to all that did it bare;
But whoe soother contrary doe proue,
Might not the fame about her middle ware,
But it would loose, or else stumbeere.
Whilome it was (as Faeries wont report)
Dame Venus girdle, by her fleemede deare,
What time, she'se to live in wondrous fort;
But lye aside, when to the ve'd her looker sport.

Her husband Vulcan whylome for her sake,
When first he louted her with heart entire,
This precious ornament they lay did make,
And wrought in Lemno with vencched fire:
And afterwards did for her loves first hire,
Gave it to her for ever to remaine,
Therewith to bind lasciuious desire,
And look afflictious freihgthy to refraine;
Which venture it for ever after did retaine.
The time one day, when the her selfe dispos'd
To visit her beloved Paramoure,
The god of warre, she from her middle loo'd, And left behind her in her secret bowre,
On Aridation mount, where many an howre She with the pleasant Graces went to play.
There Florimond in her first ages bowre
Was soild by those Graces, (as they say)
And brought with her thence that goodly belt away.

That goodly belt was Cefar hight by name, And as her life by her esteemed dese.
No wonder then, if that to winne the same So many Ladies fought, as shall appere;
For, percell she he was thought, that did it bear.
And now by this, their feast all being ended, The judges which thereto selected were, Into the Martian field adowne defended, To chance this donmall car, for which they all contended.

But first was question made, which of those Knights That lately turney'd, had the wager wonne;
There was it judged by those worthy wights, That Satystace the first day belt had donne: For, he left ended, having first begunne. The second was to Triamond belight, For that he faw'd the Victour from Iordonne: For, Cambell Vichource was in all mens sight, Till by multhip he in his foe's mens hand did light.

The third dayes prize vnto the stranger Knight, Whom all men termed Knight of the Heneb epure, To Britomart was giv'n by good right; For that with puissant stroke the downe did bear The Salvation Knight, that Vichour was whilste, And all the rest, which had the belt afoore, And to the last vnconquer'd did appere; For, liftes deceat belt. To her therefore The fayre Ale Lady was aduict'd for Paramoure.

But thereat greatly grudged Arthogall, And much reply'd, that both of Victors meede, And eke of honour she did men for tell. Yet mote he not withiand what was decreed; But only thought of that delightfull deed Fit time to awaie aueng'd far to bee, This being ended thus, and all agreed, The next enwarf'd the Paragon to fee.

Of beauties prufe, and yield the fayre Ale her due fece.

Then first Cambell brought vnto their view His Eire Cambina, coursed with a wale: Which being once withdrawe, most perfect hew And putting beauty did eftioones reveale, That able was weake hearts away to fcele. Next did Sir Triamond vnto their sight The face of his deare Camacce vnshale; Whose beauties became eftioones did shine so bright, That das'd the eyes of all, as with exceeding light.

And after her did Peridell produce His faltie Doffa, that she might be scene; Who with her forged beauty did fulcuse The hearts of some, that fairest she did weene; As diuine was affected diuers becne.

Then did Sir Ferramont unto them flew His Lindea, that was full faire and thenc; And after therc an hundred Ladies more Appears in place, the which each other did out-goe.

All which who-so dare thinkse for to enduice, Him needeth faire a golden pen I see, To tell the feature of each goodly face, For, since the day that they created becne, So many heavenly faces were not seene Assembl'd in one place: none that thought For Chaucer felle to pourtraict beauties Queene, By view of all the fairest to him brought, So many faire did see, as here he might have fought.

At last, the most redoubted Eriamonde, Her lovely Amoret did open fieve; Whose face discover'd, plainly did expresse The heauenly pourtraict of bright Anges heu, Well weened all, which her thart time did view, That she should freely bear the bell away; Till Blandamour, who thought he had the trew And very Florimond, did her display: The sight of whomone once see she did all the rest dismay.

For, all afore that seemd faire and bright, Now base and contemptible did appear, Compar'd to her, that thart once as Phoebes light, Amongst the lefser states in euening clare. All that her sawe, with wonder rauifht were, And weend no mortall creature shee should be, But some celestiall shape, that fleath did bear: Yet all were glad there Florimond to see; Yet thought that Florimond was not to faire as shee.

As guileful Goldsmith that by secret skill, With golden foyle doth finely once-ispred Some baret metall, which commend heuill Vnto the vulgar for good gold infid, He much more grudged his ordre thenon dethited, To hide his falshood, then if it were trew: So hard, his Idolate was to be arwed, That Florimond her selfe in all mens view She seemd to paffe: for fared things do fairest shew.

Then was the golden belt by doome of all Granted to her, as to the fairest Dame. Which being brought, about her middle small They thought to gird, as beth it her became; But by no meanes they could it thereto frame. For, curer as they lustred it, los'sd And fell away, as feeling secret blame. Full oft about her waffe she it enco'sd; And as it oft was from about her waffe disclo'sd.
THE FAERIE QUEENE.

Cant. V.

That all men wander'd at the yncouth fight,
And each one thought, as to their fancies came;
But she her selfe did think it done for thyght;
And toiled with secret wrath and flame.
Therewith, as thing ev'n'd her to defame.
Then many other Ladies like wise trid,
About their tender loyes to knit the fame;
But it would not on none of them abide,
But when they thought it fall, eftomnes it was unide.

Which when that focomnefull Squire of Dames did view,
He loudly gan to laugh and thus to loft;
Als for pite that to faire a crew,
As like not to leave none from East to West,
Cannot find one that gildes powre to.
Fic on the man, that did it first invent;
To flame vs all with this, Peace subiect.
Let never Lady to his love attell,
That hath this day so many yo vnnatrayd.

Thereat all Knights gan laugh, and Ladys lowre;
Till that at last the gentle Amoret.
Like us allay'd, to prove that gildes powre;
And hauing it about her middle fet,
Did find it fit, withouten breach or let.
Whereat the reft gan greatly to eny:
But Forensed exceedingly did fret,
And matching from her band halfe angrily.
The belt againe, another body gan it tie.

Yet whenmore would it her body fit;
Yet natethelfe to her, as her dow right,
It yeeded was by them, that judged it:
And her the felic adjudged to the Knight,
That bore the Hebene spere, as wone in fight.
But Britomart would not thereto affent.
Neer her owne Amoret for goe to light.
For that strange Dame, whose beauties wanderment
She lefse ethere'd, then th others veruous government.

Whom when the reft did see her to refue,
They were full glad, in hope themselfes to get her;
Yet at her choice they all did greatly mule.
But after that, the Judges did arreth
Ynto the second bell, that love'd her better;
That was the Salvage Knight: but he was gone
In great displeasure, that he could not get her.
Then was thejudged Triamond his one:
But Triamond low'd Canace, and other none.

Tho, into Satyrone she was adjudged,
Who was right glad to game to goodly need:
But Blundamour threaten full greatly grudged,
And little pray'd his labours compass'd,
That for to winne the faddle, left the dead.
Yet lefte them did Parvold complaine,
And thought rapseyde from that which was decreed,
To single combate with Sir Satyrone.

Thereto him Met third, new dirc'd to maintaine,
And eke with thefe, full many other Knights
She through her wicked working did incenfe,
Her to demand, and challenge as their rights,
Defy'd for their pens recompence.
Amongt the rest with beautiful vaine pretence
Set up Briamorous forth, and as his thrall
Her clayne'd, by him in barrell wonne long since:
Wherein her felde he did to witness call;
Who being askd accordingly confessed all.

Thereat exceeding wroth was Satyrone;
And wroth with Satyrone was Blundamour;
And wroth with Blundamour was Eriuan;
And at them both Sir Parvold did loure.
So all together thir ly strait full flour,
And ready were now barrel to darraine.
Each one profest to be her paramour,
And vow'd with spere and holded it to mainaine;
Neir judges powre, ne reasons rule more them restraine.

Which troublous thire when Satyrone swiz'd,
He gan to call how to appre the name:
And to accord them all, this means deviz'd:
First in the midst to lyt that fairest Dame,
To whom each one his challenge should disclaim,
And he the himself his right would eke release:
Then look to whom the voluntary came.
He should without disturbance her posses:
Sweet is the love that comes alone with willinglynese.

They all agreed: and then that flowy Mayd
Was in the middled plac't among them all;
All on her gazing wifht, and vow'd, and pray'd,
And to the Queene of beauty close did call,
That the into their portion might befall.
Then when the long had lookt upon each one,
As though the wil'd to have pleaf'd them all,
At last to Braggadochio felt: alone
She came of her accord, in spight of all his fone.

Which when they all beheld, they chafft and rag'd,
And woze nigh mad for very hearts defpight,
That from reverse their wifhes they feare attwaged:
Some thought from him her to hace ref by night;
Some prouer made with him for her to fight,
But he neught ear'd for all that they could say:
For, he their words as wind esteemed light,
Yet not fit place he thought it there to fly,
But secretly from thence that night her bore away.

They which remaynd, so foone as they percei'd,
That she was gone, departed thence with speed,
And follow'd them, in mind her to have read
From wight unworthy to noble mean.
So which purfuit how each one did fauceed,
Shall eie be told in order, as it fell.
But nowe of Briamorous it here doth neede
The hard adventures and strange hap's to tell;
Since with the left she went not after Eriuan.
For, soone as she the same faw to difcord set,
Her life no longer in that place abide;
But taking with her loyally Amoret,
Upon her first adventure forth did ride,
To seek her lovd, making blind Loue her guide.
Vnluckey Mayd to feck her enemy!
Vnluckey Mayd to feck him farre and wide,
Whom, when he was vnto her felle most neer,
She through his late difguisment could him not defeate.

So much the more her griefe, the more her toyte:
Yet neither toyte nor griefe the once did dispare,
In seeking him, that should her paine affoile;
Where so great comfort in her fad misfate
Was Amoret, companion of her cure:
Who likewise fought her louer long miwent,
The gentle Scudamour, whose heart whilere
That fthy full hug with tealous difcontent
Had filde, that he to fell ruines was fully bent.

Bent to revenge on blamelesse Breviarmort
The crime, which cursed Arte kindled oft,
The which like thomes did pricke her tealous heart,
And through his loue like poynesed arrow pearce,
That by no reafon it might be reuetfe,
For ought that Glauce coulde or dote or liy.
For, eie the more that the fame fame reheard,
The more it gauled, and grieft him night and day,
That nought but dire revenge his anger more defray.

So as they travelled, the drooping night
Covered with cloudy fwear and bitter fnowes,
That dreadfull fme do to every liuing wight,
Upon them fell, before her timely howe,
That forced them to fecke fome covert bowre,
Where they might hide their heads in quiet reft,
And throwd her perfons from that fnowy bowre.
Not Earre away, nor meete for any gufht
They fpied a little cottage, like some poore mans neut.

Vnder a fitpe hilles fide it placed was,
There where the mouldred earth had caved the banke;
And fift befide a litter brooke did pafs
Of muddie water, that like puddle flanke;
By which, fewe crooked fallowers grewe in ranke :
Where heapproaching night, they heard the sound
Of many iron hammers beating ranke,
And anownder thier weary turns around,
That feemed some black-smith dwelt in that defert ground.

There entring in, they found the goodman felte,
Full buily unto his worke ybent;
Who was to wect, a wretched wearefull elte,
With hollow eyes and raw-bone cheeks forspent,
As if he had in prifon long been pent:
Full blakke and grefly did his face appeare,
Befmeared with smoke that nigh his eye-fight blent;
With rugged beard, and hoary flagged hace,
The which he never want to combre, or comely theatre.

Rude was his garment, and to rags all rent,
Ne better had he, ne for better cared;
With bliifled hands amongst the cinders brent,
And fingers filthy, with long nails vaped;
Right fit to rend the food, on which he fared;
His name was caret, a black-smith by his trade,
That neither day nor night, from working spared,
But to small purpofe iron wedges made.

Tho he vorquet thoughts, that carefull minds invade.

In which his worke he had fixe ferauns preft,
About the Andvile standing evermore,
With huge great hammers, that did never reft
From heaping frokees, which thereon foufled fare:
All fte, strong groomes, but one then other more;
For, by degrees they all were defpaired;
So like life did the hammers which they bore,
Like belles to greatmelle orderly succede,
That he which was the laft, the first did fare exceed.

He like a monftrous Giant feem'd in fight,
Farre paffing Brontem, or Pyramon great,
The which in Laperi doe day and night
Fame thunder-bolts for Iouc uengeful threat.
So dreadyly he did the anduile beat,
That fceem'd to duft he floriald would it drive;
So huge his hammer and fo ftrong his heat,
That fceem'd a rock of Diamon in could rufe,
And rend afunder quite, if he thereto hit fire.

Sir Scudamour there entring, much admired
The manner of their worke and weary paine;
And hauing long beheld, at laft enquired
The caufe and end thereof: but all in paine;
For, they for nought would from their worke refraine.
Ne let his speche's come vnto their eare.
And eke the breathfull bellows blew amaine,
Like to the Northern wind, that none could heare:
Those Penfianes did moue: and Sigles the bellows were.

Which when that Wurriour fawe, he did no more,
But in his armour laid him downe to reft:
To reft, he layd him downe vpon the flore,
(Whilefome for ventrous knights the bedding bef)
And thought his weary limbs to hate redreft.
And that olde aged Dame, his faithfull Squire,
Her fchief joints layst eke adowne to reft;
That necked much her weake age to defire,
After fo long a trauell, which them both did tire.

There laiy Sir Scudamour long while excepting,
When gentle fleephe his heavy eyes would clofe;
Oft changing fides, and oft new place electing,
Where better feem'd he more himselfe repose;
And oft in wrath he thence againe vprofe;
And oft in wrath he layd him downe againe.
But wherefoure he did himselfe difpofe,
He by no meanes could withf Yad eat obeaine:
So every place feem'd painfull, and each changing vaine.

And
Cant. VI.

THE FAERIE QUEENE.

41 And every where, when he to sleepe did thinke,
The hammers found his bones did molest;
And euermore, when he began to winke,
The bellowes noyse did 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 housse, as fent of straungerguest:
And now the crowne, Cocke, and now the Owle
Lowde shrieking him affrighted to the very loue.

42 And if by fortune any little rap,
Vpon his heavy eye-lids chance't to fall,
Effzones one of those villains him did rap
Vpon his head-piece with his yron mall;
That he was foone awaked therewithall,
And lightly startet vp as one affray'd;
Or as it one him suddenly did call.
So oftentimes he out of sleepe abyred,
And then lay muttering long, on that ill apry'd.

43 So long be muzel, and loe long he lay,
That at the laite his weary sprite opprct
With fleshly weakness, which no creature may
Long time ret, gave place to kindly ret,
That all his bones did fully one arret:
Yet in his sound left sleepe, his dayly fear
His y'dle brame gan butly molest,
And made him dreame those two disjoyall were:
The things that day most minds, at night do most appeare.

With that, the wicked earle, the master Smith,
A pair of red-hot iron tongs did take
Out of the burning cinders, and therewith,
Vnder his ride him ript that for to wake,
He felt his heart for very paine to quake,
And startet vp anenteg for to be
On him, the which his quicke burner brake:
Yet looking round about him none could see;
Yet did the fmit remaine, though he himselfe did slee.

44 In such disquiet and heart-fretting paines,
He all that night, that too long night did passe.
And now the day out of the Ocean maine
Began to pepe above this earthly masse,
With pearly dew/ sprinkling the morning grasse;
Then vp he rose like heavy lump of lead;
That in his face, as in a looking glasse,
The signes of anguill a one more plainly read,
And ghesce the man to be dismayd with insaille dread.

45 Vno his lofty stead he clombe anone,
And forth vpon his former voyage fared,
And with him eke that aged Squire atone;
Who, whatsoever perill was prepared,
Both equal paines, and equal perill shared:
The end whereof and dangerous event
Shall for another cautece be spreed.
But here my weary teeme night overseent
Shall breath it selle a while, after so long a went.

Canto VI.

Both Scudamour and Arthegall
Doc fight with Britomart:
He sees her face; doth fall in love,
And soon from her depart.

Hat equal torment to the griefe of mind,
And pining anguill hid in gentle heart,
That only feeds itself with thoughts vnline,
And nourisheth his owne continuing heart:
What medicaments can any Leeches art
Yield such a sore, that doth her grientance hide,
And will to none her maladic impart?
Such was the wound that Scudamour did grieve:
For which, Dan Placitus felice cannot a salue pro vide.

Who, having left that reflection house of Care,
The next day, as he on his way did ride,
Full of melancholy and hid misfaye,
Through mi conicit all warres efpide
An armed knight vnder a forrest side,
Sitting in shade before his grazing seised;
Who, loone at them approaching he defende,
Gan towards them to pricke with eager speed,
That seemd he was full bent to some mischievous deed.

Which
Which, Scudamour perceiving, forth illewed
To have r'enconuou him in equal race;
But, loone as th'oher, nigh approaching, viewed
The armes he bore, his pære he gan abaye.
And void his course: at which to fudder he
He wondered much. But th'oher thus can try;
Ah gentle Scudamour, unto your grace
I me multifmit, and you of pardon pray;
That almost had against you trespasst this day.

Whereeto thus Scudamour, Small harme it were
For any knight, upon a venterous knight
Without displeasance for to prove his pære.
But reade you Sir, first ye my name have hight,
What is your owne t that I mote you require.
Certo, sayd he, ye mote as now exictu
Me from dissecting you my name right::
For, time yestert his I the fame refuse,
But call ye me the Salvage Knight, as others vfe.

Then this, Sir Salvage Knight, quoth he, arose;
Or, do you heere within this forrest wonne?
(That feemeth well to answere to your weed)
Or, hau ye it for some occasion done?
That rather feemes, fith known armes ye knowne.
This other day, sayd he, a stranguer knight
Shame and dishonour hath vnto me done;
On whom I wauet to wreak that foule defpight,
When euere he this way shall passe by day or night.

Shame be his meede, quoth he, that meaneth shame.
But what is he, by whom ye Shame were?
A stranguer knight, sayd he, unknowne by name,
But knowne by fame, and by an Heben pære,
With which, he all that met him, downe did beare.
He in an open Turney lately held,
Fro me the honoure of that game did rea;
And hauing me, all weary catt, downe felle,
The frayfet Lady reste, and euer since withheld.

When Scudamour heard mention of that pære,
He wift right well, that it was Brismart,
The which from him his fairest Lone did beare.
Tho, gan he dwell in euery inner part,
For fell defpight, and groweth his leuou heart,
That thus he sharly sayd; Now by my head,
Yet is not this the fifh vnkindly part,
Which that fame knight, whom by his launce I read,
Hath done to noble knights, that many makes him dread.

For, lately he my Lone hath fro me reft,
And eke defiled with foule villanie
The sended pledge, which in his faith was left,
In fame of knighthood and fidelity;
The which ere long full deare he shall aibe.
And if to that answer you decreed
This hand may help, or inceoue ought supply,
It shall not fail, when ye shall it need.
So bold to wreak their wrathes on Brismart agreed.

Whiles thus they communed, lo faire away
A knight i'th riding towards them they spide,
Arry'd in foraine armes and strange array;
Whom when they nigh approacht, they plainely descrie
To be the fame, for whom they did abide.
Sayd then Sir Scudamour, Sir Saluage knight
Let me this tourne, flialt flialt I was deide,
That first I may that wrong to him require:
And if I hap to faile, you shall recure my right.

Which being yeilded, he his three fulle pære
Gan fewter, and against her fiercely ran
Who, loone as she him lawe approaching neare
With fo fell rage, her felie the lightly gan
To digit, to welcome him, well as the can:
But entertaind him in fo rude a wife,
That to the ground the more both horfe and man;
Whereon neither greatly halfe to urce,
But on their common harnes together did devise.

But Artagell, beholding his mifchance,
New matter s listed to his former fire;
And eftaunting his felle-led head launce,
Against her rode, full of fplifteous ire:
That noth that burne and vengeance did require.
But to howfe his felonious intent
Reurning, disappoints his desire,
Whiles wawares his faddle he forwent,
And found himselfe on ground in great amazement.

Lightly he flared vp out of that flound;
And matching forth his direfull deadly blade,
Did leape to her, as doth an eger hound
Thwart to an hynd within forne costerd glade,
Whom without peril he could not make.
With fuch fell grendinelle he hurlyed,
That though he mounted were, yet he her made
To give him ground (so much his force prouayed)
And flue his mighty strokes, gainst which no arms assauled.

So as they couched here and there, it chann't
That in her wheeling round, behind her creft
So sorte he her strooke, that thence it glaunce't
Adowne her backe, the which it fairely blest
From foule unleundance; ne did it euer ref,
Till on her hores hinder parts it fell;
Where being deepely, so deadly it tempref
That quiter, chyn'd his backe behind the fell,
And to slight on foote her algates did compell;

Like as the lightning brand from rinen skie,
Throwne out by angry Ione in his vengeance,
With dreadfull force falles on some fleeple hie;
Which battring, downit on the Church doth glauance,
And teares it all with terrible mischance.
Yet she the no whit diuidd, her fted forsooke,
And casting from her that enchanted launce,
Vnto her sword and fiueld her foone betooke;
And therewithall at him right furiously the strooke.

So
So furiously shee stroke in her first heat,
Whiles with long fight on foot he breathless was,
That he the him backward to retreat,
And yielde unto her weapon way to pass:
Whole raging rigour neither Steele nor Brass
Could stay, but to the tender Ash it went,
And pour'd the purple blood forth on the grafs;
That all his male yerv'd, and plates yev't,
Shew'd all his body bare unto the cruell dent.

Thus by the fairest image of her face,
Yet sweated on her browes as if she were
With some fire so hot, as made her eyes
With cruel Vapours and her face so white,
That with time it wearied and made it more
Like to the face of some dead man, whose
Furie was so great, as made her appear
Of a so fair constitution.

And as his hand he vp against did are,
Thinking to work on her his venom wrack,
His pow'rless arms benumb'd with firrer fear,
From his reuengefull purpose thrumke back;
And cruell sword out of his fingers fell,
Downe to the ground, as if the steale had sense,
And felt some rath, or sense his hand did lacke:
Or both of them did think, obedience
To doe to divine a beauties excellence.

And he himselfe, long gazing there upon,
At last fell humble downe upon his knee,
And of his wonder made religion,
Wearing some heavenly goddeesse he did see,
Or else viewing what it elie might be:
And pardon her befought his error faile,
That had done out-rage in so high degree:
While it trembling horrore did her sense affante,
And made each member quake, & manly hart to quie.

Nathelcss, the full of wrath her that late stroke,
All that long while vp held her wrathfull hand,
With fell intent, on him to bene yealke,
And looking fierce, still over him did stand.
The threatening to strike, vnlike he would withstand:
And bade him rife, or surely he should die.
But die or live, for nought he would vp-stand,
But her of pardon prayd more earnestly,
Or wrakke on him her will for to great injury.

Which when as Sunndamus, who now abrayd,
Beheld, where-as he found not faire side,
He was there-with rigour wondrously dismayd:
And drawing nigh, when as he plante defride
That peerelise pattern of Dame Natures pride,
And he vney image of perfection,
He blest himselfe, as one fore terrorised;
And turning to the fairest of devotion,
Did worship her as some celestiall vision.

But Glane, seeing all that channised there,
Vell meeting how their errour to affoyle,
Full glad of to good end, to them drew here,
And her awaked with fierer eye to perce,
Loyous to see her safety after long toyle.
Then her befought, as she to her was desire,
To granvt into those warriours truce awhile:
Vvch which yedded, they whose beavers vp did are,
And she'd themselfes to her, such as indeed they were.

When Britonart with sharpe awizefull eye
Beheld the lovely face of Arbercaill,
Temmed with thernenet and Rout misiethe,
She gan effoones it to her mind to call,
To be the same which in her fathers ball
Long since in that enchanted glasse she saw.
There-with her wrathfull courage can appall,
And haughty spirits meekely to adaw,
That her enhanc'd hand she downe can soft & with-draw.

And her enhancement hand she downe can softly draw.
Yet she it forc't to have againe vp-held,  
As faming choler, which was turn'd to cold:  
But ever when his visage she beheld,  
Her heart fell downe, and would no longer hold  
The wrathfull weapon gradu his countenance bold:  
But when in vaine to fight she oft ayl'd,  
She arm'd her tongue, and thought at him to scold:  
Nath'leffe, her tongue not to her will obayd, (fai'd)  
But brought forth speeches milder, when she wold haue mi-  

But Scudamor, now woxen only glad,  
That all his jealous feare he falle had found,  
And how that Hag his love abased had  
With breaths of Elyth, and loyaltes unfound,  
The which long time his grievous hart did wound,  
He thus be-spake: Cerces, Sir Arthogell,  
I joy to fee you loute to lowe on ground,  
And now become to live a Ladies thrall,  
That whylome in your minde wont to delpife them all.  

Soone as shee heard the name of Arthogell,  
Her hart did leape, and all her hart-strongs tremble,  
For fuddeny joy, and secret feare withall,  
And all her virall powres with motion numble,  
To taccourst it, themselues gun there afensible;  
That by the swift recouerse of flashing blood  
Right plaine appeare'd, though fhe it would difemble,  
And fayed full her former angry mood,  
Thinking to hide the depth by troubling of the flood:  

When Glaud thus gan widly all vp-knit;  
Ye gentle Knights, whom fortune here hath brought,  
To be prefentors of this vn courth fit,  
Which fecre fate hath in this Lady wrought,  
Against the course of kind: ne miracule nought,  
Ne thencheforth feare the thing that hither too  
Hath troubled both your minds with idle thought,  
Fearing least the your Loues alight should woe;  
Feared in vaine, fith meane you fee there wants thereto.  

And you Sir Arthogell, the salvag knight,  
Hence-forth may not didaine, that womens hand  
Hath conquer'd you in this fuch vn courth:  
For, whyleome they have conquer'd fea and land,  
And heaven it feel'd, that nought may them withland.  
Ne henceforth be rebellious vnto loue,  
That is the crowne of knighthod, and the band  
Of noble minde derived from aboue:  
Which, being knott with veyre, never will remove.  

And you faire Lady knight, my dearest Dame,  
Relent the rigour of your wrathfull will,  
Whose fire were better turn'd to other flame:  
And wipping out remembrance of all ill,  
Grant him your grace but to that he fullfill  
The pynancies, which ye shalt to him empar:  
For, Loues heauen must paffie by forevses hell.  
There-at full inke bludhed Britomart:  
But Arthogell, clofe inlyng, joy'd in secret hart.  

Yet durst her not make loue so suddenly,  
Ne thynke the affection of her hart to draw  
From one to other fo quite contrary:  
Besides, her moodelt countenance he faw  
So goodly graue, and full of Principlye aw,  
That is his ranging fancie did refraine,  
And looser thoughts to lawfull bounds with-draw:  
Whereby the passion grew more fierce and faine,  
Like to a stubborne fleede whom strong hand would re-  

But Scudamor, whose hart twirt dothfull feare  
And freate hope hang all this while fulfence,  
Defring of his Amoret to heare  
Some gladfull newes and sure intelligence,  
Her thus befpake: But fit, without offence  
Mote I requite you tydings of my Loue,  
My Amoret, fith you her freed fro thence,  
Where she captuere long, great woes did prowe  
That where ye left, I may her lecke, as doth behove.  
To whom, thus Britomart; Cerces, Sir Knight,  
VWhat's of her become, or whither reft,  
I cannot vnto you avoid aright.  
For, from that time I from Enchanteurs theft  
Her freed, in which yee her all hopelesse left,  
I heer prefert'd from perill and from feare,  
And cuermore from villainie her kept:  
Ne eu'r was there wight to me more deare  
Then the, ne vnto whom I more true loue did beare,  
Till on a day, as through a defertwilde  
We travelled, both weary of the way,  
We did alight, and faire in shadow mald;  
Where fearelesse I to sleepe me downe did lay.  
But when as I did out of sleepe abray,  
I found her not, where I her left whylere,  
But thought the wandr'd was, or gone aftray.  
I call'd her loud, I fought her far and neare;  
But no where could her find, nor tydings of her heare.  

When Scudamor those heayne tydings heard,  
His hart was thred with poyn't of deadly feare;  
Ne in his face or blood or life appeare'd,  
But fencickelesse florid, like to a mazed Steare,  
That yet of mortall stroke the flound doth beare:  
Till Glaud thus fai'te: Faire Sir, be notched difmait  
With needlese dread, till certaine ye heare:  
For, yet the may be safe, though some-what fraid;  
It's belf to hope the belf, though of the worft affraid.  
Nath'leffe, he hardly of her chearefull speach  
Did comfort take, or in his troubled fpeech  
Show'd change of better cheare: to fore a breche  
That sudden newes had made into his spreit;  
Till Britomart him fairely thus behight  
Great caufe of sorrow, Cerces Sir ye haue:  
But comfort take: for, by this heauens light  
I vowe, you dead or living not to leave,  
Till her hand, and weake on him that her did reaue.  

There-
There-with he rested, and well pleased was.
So peace being confirm'd amongst them all,
They took their feades, and forward thence did pass,
Vnto some resting place which more befal,
All being guided by Sir Arthegall;
Where goodly solace was vnto them made,
And daily feasting both in bowre and hall,
Vntill that they their wounds well healed had,
And weary limbs recover'd, after late vige bad.

In all which time, Sir Arthegall made way
Vnto the lone of noble Britomart:
And with meek retirement and much suit did lay
Continuous vigo vnto her gentle hart;
Which, seeing whylome lianc't with lonely dart,
More eath was new impription to receive,
How-euer she her paine with womanish art
To hide her wound, that none might it perceive:
Vaine is the art that feakes it fife for to deceave.

So well hee woo'd her, and to well he wrought her,
VVith faire entreaty and sweete blandifment,
That at the length, vnto a bay he brought her,
So as flee to his speeches was content
To lend an eare, and lothly to relent.
At last, through many vvoeres which forth hee pour'd,
And many other, shee yielded her content
To be his Lone, and take him for her Lord,
Till they with mariage meet might finifh that accord.

Tho, when they had long time there taken reft,
Sir Arthegall (who all this while was bound
Vpon an hard adventure yet in queit)
Fit time for him thence to depart it found,
To follow that, which he doth long propound;
And vnto her his couerge came to take.
But her there-with fullере displea'd he found,
And loth to leave her late betroth'd Mike;
Her dearest Lone full loth to shortly to forfake.

Yet hee with strong perfuasions her affwaged,
And wonne her will to suffer him depart;
For which, his faith with her he full engage'd,
And thousand vowes from bottom of his hart,
That all so foone as he by wit or art
Could that affuch, where-to he did aspire,
He vsto her would speedily revert:
No longer space there-to hee did defire,
But till the horned Moore three courtes did expiré.

With which, shee for the present was appeale,
And yielded lease, how ever malcontent.
She truly were, and in her mind dispaide.
So, early on the morrow next he went
Forth on his way, to which he was ybende;
Now wight him to attend, or way to guide,
As whylome was the custome ancient
Mongst Knights, when on adventures they did ride,
Sauer that the algates him awhile accompanide.

And by the way, shee sundry purport found
Of this or that, the time for to delay.
And of the perils where-to he was bound,
The feare whereof oftentimes much her to affray:
But all the did was but to weare out day,
Full offten-times the lease of him did take,
And eft aigne devi'd some-what to fay,
Which shee forgot, whereby excufe to make:
So loth shee was his company for to forfake.

At last, when all her speeches she had spent,
And new occasion layd her more to find,
She left him to his fortunes government,
And back returned with right heauy mind,
To Scudamour, who the hid left behinde:
With whom shee went to fecke faire Amoret,
Her second care, though in another kind;
For vertues onely take (which doth beget
True love and faithful friendship) she by her did fet.

Backe to that defect foret they retir'd,
Where faire Britomart had lost her late;
There they her sought, and every where enquired,
Where they might tyding's ger of her effe:\nYet found they none, but by what haplyse fate,
Or hard misfortune she was thence coueyd,
And loyne away from her beloued Mute,
Were long to tel, therefore I heere will lay
Vntill another side, that I it finifh may.
Canto VII.

Amoret rapt by greedy lust
Belphoebe sones from dread:
The Squire her loness, seeing blam'd
His dayes in doole doth lead.

It was to weet, a wilde and fuisse man:
Yet was no man, but onley like in shape,
And eke in stature higher by a span,
All over-grown with hair, that could awaie shape
An hardy hart; and his wide mouth did gape
With huge great teeth, like to a tusked boar:
For, he lie'd all on raunin and rape
Of men and bastes; and fed on fleshely gore,
The finde whercof yet slain'd his bloodily lips afore.

His neather lip was not like man nor beast,
But like a wide deepse sheke, downe hanging lowe,
In which he wont the reliques of his feast
And cruell spoyll, which he had fprad'd, to hrowe:
And over it, his huge great nose did growe,
Full dreadfully empurpled all with blood
And downe both sides, two wide long ears did glowe,
And raught downe to his waffe, when vp he flode,
More great then theares of Elephants by Indus flode.

His waffe was with a wretch of Icie greene
Engirt about, ne other garment wore:
For, all his haire was like a garment scene;
And in his hand a tall young oake he bore,
Whose knotty frage were shapen al afore,
And beath'd in fire for steele to be in fted.
But whethe he was, or of what wombe ybore,
Of beastes, or of the eareth, I have not red:
But cteres was with milk of Wolves and Tigers fed.

This vgly creature, in his armes her snatcht,
And through the forest bore her quite away,
With briers and bushes all to rent and scratchs;
Ne care he had, ne purty of the pray,
Which many a knight had sought to many a day.
He stayd not, but in his armes her bearing,
Ran till he came to th'end of all his way.
Vnto his Case, faire from all peoples hearing,
(eng rang,
And there he threw her in, nought feeling, ne nought fea
For

The whiles faire Amoret (of nought asaerd)
Walk'd through the wood, for pleasure, or for need;
When suddenly behind her sticks she heard
One running forth out of the thickest weed:
That, ere the buck could turne to take heed,
Had vanarres her snatcht vp from the ground.
Feely she the shirkeets, but so feebly indeed,
That Britonart heard not the shirkeetsound,
There where through weaire trauell the lay sleeping found.
THE FAERIE QUEENE.

Chapter VII.

For, the (deare Lady) all the way was dead,
While it hec in armes her boc; but when she felt
Her field downe faunt, the waked out of dread
Straitly into griefe, as her deare hart high liueth, And crept into tender teares to melt.
Then, when she lookt about, and nothing found
But darknesse and dread houres where she dwelt,
She almost fell a-gaine into a wound;
Ne wot what a-bowe she were, or vnder ground.

With that, the heard some one clofe by her side
Sighing and labbing more, as if the pane
Her tender hart in peaces would divide:
Which the long liuing fondly askt againe
What milder wight it was that to did plane?
To whom, thus answere d was: Ah! wretched wight,
That feeces to knowe anothers griefe in vaine,
Vweeting of thine owne like haplesse plight;
Scele to forget to mind another, is ore-sight.

Ay me! said thee, where am I, or with whom?
Among the living, or among the dead?
What shal of such unhappy maid become?
Shall death be th'end, or ought else worre, aread,
Vhappy wight, it was that to did plane?
To whom, thus answere d was: Ah! wretched wight,
That feeces to knowe anothers griefe in vaine,
Vweeting of thine owne like haplesse plight;
Scele to forget to mind another, is ore-sight.

This dismal day hath thee a cartrie made
And vallis to the vilte wretch alue;
Whole curned visage and vngodly trade
The heauens abhorre, and into darknesse drive:
For on the poyse of wen we doth liue,
VV hole bodyes claft, when ever in his powre
Hec may them catch, vnable to game-frie;
He with his flamefull liue doth liue deflowe,
And afterwards thesmeflie doth thevleldeatour.

Now twenty days (by which the founes of men
Divide their works) have past through heauen freene,
Since I was brought into this doolefull den:
During which space, theire foye eyes have leene
Seuerall women by hym liuene, And eaten cleene.
And now no more for him but I alone,
And this old woman here remaining beene,
Till thou canst not hether to augment our mone;
And of vs three, to morrow he will faire eate one.

Ah! dreafful tydings whith thou doost declare,
Quoth fice, of all that euer hath been knowne:
Full many great calamities and rare
This feble breet endured hath, but none
Equall to this, where euer I hate gone.
But what are you, whom like unhappye lot
Hath linke with me in the same chaine atone?
To quoth, quoth fite, that which ye fece, needs not;
A wofull wretched maid, of God and man forger.
VWhich, when as fearfull Amoret perceive,
She said not withmost end there to try,
But like a gally Gelt, whole wits are seized,
An forth in hate with hideous out-cry,
For honour of his shamefull villany,
But after her full lightly he vp-rove,
And her pitced as Efe as need did ry:
Full fast she flies, and faire afore him goes,
Ne felles the thornes & thickett prick her tender toes.

Nor hedge, nor ditch, nor hill, nor dale she flies,
But over-leapes them all, like Roebuck light,
And through the thicket makes her nighest wayes ;
And ever more when with regard full flight
Shee looking back, elspes that ghastly wight
Approaching nigh, thief gins to mend her pace,
And makes her pace a spate to hale her flight:
More swift then Myrth of Daphne in her race,
Or any of the Thracian Nymphes in figure chase.

Long so she fled, and so he follow'd long;
Ne living aye for her on earth appears,
But if the heauens help to redrece her wrong,
Momet with pitty of her plentifuls teares.
It fortunate Bethsheba with her Peeres
The woody Nymphes, and with that lonely boy,
Vas hunting then the Libbardes and the Beares
In these wild woods, as was her wonted toy,
To banish cloth, that oft doth noble minds annoy.

It so befell (as oft it falls in chase)
That each of them from other hundred were,
And that some gentle Squire carrie'd in place,
Where this famie curtled catyeue did appeare,
Purposing that faire Lady full of care:
And now he herque over-taken had,
And now he her away with him did beare,
Vnder his arme, as seeming wondrous glad,
That by his grimming laugh later most faire of all bad.

Which drey fight the gentle Squire epoxyng,
Doth hate to croke him by the nearest way,
Led with that woufle Ladies pitious crying,
And him affayles with all the might he may:
Yet will he not the lonely spoyle down lay,
But with his craggie club in his right hand,
Defends him selfe, anddacys his gotten pray.
Yet had it been nigh best had him to withstand,
But that he was full light, and nimble on the land.

There to the villaine vied craft in fight;
For, euer when the Squire his Luachin shooke,
He held the Lady forth before him right,
And with her body, as a buckler, broke
The pinnace of his intended stroke.
And if it chance't (as needes it must in fight)
V'hat'll he on him was greedy to be wroke,
That any little blowe on her did light,
Then would he laugh aloud, and gather great delight.

Which subtle sleight did him encomber much,
And made him oft, when he would strike, forbear;
For, hardly could he come the cane to touch,
But that her must hurt, or hazard more:
Yet he his hand so carefully did bear,
That at the clasp he did yeild not strong,
And therein left the pike-head of his speare.
A freame of coke-blackke blood thereon gufft adaynne,
That all her silken garments did with bloud beftaine.

With that, he threw her rudely on the fore,
And lying both his hands upon his glace,
With dreadfull strokes let drive at him to fore,
That force't him flee aback, himselfe to save:
Yet there with his fellly still did stand,
That fearce the Squire his hand could once vp-reare,
But (for advantage) ground vnto him gauze,
Tracing and trauring, now here, now there;
For, boolefe thing it was to thanke such blows to beare.

Whil'st thus in batebell they embusched were,
Bethsheb (rauing in that forset wide)
The heauons noyle of their huge strokes did hear,
And drew there-to, making her care her guide.
Whom, when that theede approching nigh tipide,
With bowe in hand, and arrowes ready bent,
That at his former combate would not abide,
But fled away with ghastly deteriment,
Well knowing her to be his deathes sole instrument.

Whom, seeing flie, flie speedily pursuind
With winged feet, as nimble as the wind;
And euer in her bowe flie ready fhewed
The arrow, to his deadly marke designd:
As when Latonaes daughter, cruel kind,
In vengement of her mothers great disgrace,
With fell designd her cruel arrowes indu,
Gait, most woufle Xabes whyskey race
That all the gods did move her miserable cafe.

So well she sped her, and so far the ventred,
That ere vnto his hellish den he caught,
Even as he ready was there to have entred,
Shee sent an arrow forth with mighty draught,
That in the very dore him over-cought,
And in his nape arraing, through it thold
His greedy throat, therewith in two disdraught,
That all his vitall spirits there-by spild,
And all his hairy breale with gory bloud was spild.

Whom, when on ground the grouning saw to roule,
She ran in haste his life to have bereft;
But ere the could him reach, the sinfull sole,
Hauing his carriion coife quite fensible left,
Was sped to hell, hurcchargd with spoile and theft.
Yet over him she there long gazind flood,
And oft admird his monstrous shape, and oft
His mighty limbs, whil'st all with filthy blood
The place there, over-flowne, seem'd like a suddaine flood.

Thence,
Thence, forth she past into his dreadfull den,
Where nothing but darksome drearness she found,
Ne creature saw, but hardened now and then
Some little whispering, and soft groaning found.
With that, she asked what ghosts there vnder ground
Lay hid in honour of all earthly night;
And bade them, if so be they were not bound,
To come and shew themselues before the light,
Now freed from feare and danger of that dismall wight.

Then forth the sad Amythia fled away,
Yet trembling every soyle through former feare;
And after her the Hug, there with her moved,
A fole and lothesome creature did appere;
A Loman fit for such a Louer deare.
That moode d Belphegor her no lefte to hate,
Then for to rue the others heavy chere;
Of whom she gan enquire of her efface.

VWho all to her at large, as hapned, did relate.

Thence she them brought toward the place where late
She left the gentle Square with Amarys.
There she him found by that new lonely Mute,
Who lay the whiles in house, full sadly set,
From her faire eyes wiping the dewy wet,
VWhich softly fall, and killing them sweete,
And handling soft the hurts, which she did get.
For, of that Calle the sorely burn'd had bene,
Als of his owne eath hand one wound was to be seen.

VWhich when she saw, with addaine glansing eye,
Her noble hart with fight thereof was hit
With deepse addaine, and great indignity,
That in her wrath the thought them both hate thrild,
VWhich fell, that arrow, which the Calle had bowd:
Yet held she wrathful hand from vengeance fore,
But drawing nigh, etc sheet well beheld
Is this the shaft, she said, and said no more;
But turn'd her face, and fled away for evermore.

Shee, seeing her depart, strove vp light,
Right here agrued at her shapet reproofo,
And follow'd fast; but when he came in sight,
He durft not nigh approche, but kept aloofe,
For dread of her displeaures virtuoit proofes.
And evermore, when he did grace entreat,
And framed speeches fit for his behoove,
Her mortall arrowes flie at him did threat,
And forc't him back with foule dishonour to retire.

At last, when long he follow'd had in vaine,
Yet found no cafe of griefe, nor hope of grace,
Vnto those woods he turned back againe,
Full of sad anguish, and in heavy cafe?
And finding there fit solitary place,
For wofull wight, chose out a gloomy glade,
VWhere hardly eye mote see bright heavens face
For molly trees, which covered all with flade
And sad melancholy; there he his cabin made.

His wonted war-like weapons all he broke,
And threw away, with vow to vie no more,
Ne thence-forth euer flinke in battle stroke,
Ne euer word to speake to woman more;
But in that wilderness (of men forlorn,
And of the wicked world forgotten quight)
His hard mishap in doleour to deplore,
And waffe his wretched dayes in wofull plight;
So on humfelfe to wreek his follies owne delight.

And eke his garment, to be there-to meet,
He wilfully did cut and flape anew;
And his faire locks, that wont with oynments sweet
To embalm'd, and sweat out dainty dew,
Hee let to growe, and grisly to concew,
Vncombd, vncur'd, and carelessly undesed
That in short time his face they over-grew,
And over all his shoulders did distulpt,
That who he by hys owne was, vneaseth was to be red.

There he continued in this carefull plight,
Wretchedly wearing out his youthful years,
Through willfull penitent confirmed quight,
That like a puny ghost he sometime appears;
For, of other food then that wilder forest bears,
No other drink there did he neuer taste
Then running water, tempered with his tears,
The more his weakened body to waffe;
That out of all mens knowledge he was wone at last.

For, on a day (by fortune as it fell)
His owne dere Lord Prince Arthur came that way,
Seeking adventures where he mote beare tell;
And as he through the wandering wood did stray,
Huing espide this cabin far away,
He to it drew, to vewt where there did wone?
Weering therein some holy Hermit Lye,
That did report of sinfull people flanne.
Or the some wood-man shrowded there from forching (Cant.)

Arriving there, he found this wretched man,
Spending his dayes in doleour and despair;
And through long falling vixon pale and wan,
All over-grown with rude and rugged hairs;
That all in his owne desire Square 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 pisty much his plight, that he'd like out-caft thrall.

But to his speech he answer'd no whis;
But stood still mute, as if he had beene dain;
Ne signe of eniue did shew, ne common wit,
As one with griefe and anguish over-um,
And vnto everty thing did inflame Murm;
And euer when the Prince vnto him sake,
He loued lowly, as did him becum,
And humble homage did vnto him make.
Midst sorrow fhewing joyous emblance for his sake.

T 4.
At which his vncoth guile and venge quaint,
The Prince did wonder much, yet could not ghesse
The came of that his forrowfull constraint;
Yet weend by secret signes of manlinefe,
Which clode appear'd in that rude brutalinfe,
That he whylome some gentle Swaine had bene,
Train'd vp in feats of armes and knighthood:
Which he obtu'd, by that he him had scene
To wield his naked sword, and try the edges keene.

And eke by that he faw on every tree,
How he the name of one engrav'd had,
Which, likely was his hieft Love to bee;
For whom he now so sorely was bafed;

Which was by him Belphebe rightly rad.
Yet who was that Belphebe, he ne wist;
Yet saw he often how he wept clad,
When he it heard, and how the ground he kift,
Wherein it written was, and how himselfe he blift.

Tho, when he long had mark'd his demeanor,
And saw that all he said and did, was vaine,
Ne ought metemjake him change his wonted tenor,
Ne ought more eafe to mitigate his paine,
He left him there in languor to remaine,
Till time for him should remedy provide,
And him restore to former grace agane,
Which, for it is too long here to abide,
I will defcrve the end vntill another tide.

Canto VIII.
The gentle Squire recovers grace:
Slaunber her guestis doth blaine:
Corflambo chafeth Placidas,
and is by Arthur blaine.

Ell said the Wite-man, now prou'd true by this,
Which to this gentle Squire did happen late;
That the diplacure of the mighty is
Then death it felle more dread and desperate:
For, nought the time may calmie, ne mitigate,
Till time the tempft doe thereof delay.
With sufferaunce loft, which rigour can abate,
And hate the flame remembrance wp't away.
Of bitter thoughts, which depe therein infink'd lay.

Like as it fell to this vnhappy boy,
Whoef tender hart the faine Belphebe had
With one ferne looke so daunted, that no joy
In all his life, which afterwards he had,
He cver tafted; but with peneunc fad,
And penfue forrow, pin'd and wore away.
Ne cver laught, ne once fhe bow'd counterfae glad:
But alwaies wept and walked night and day,
Ar blaffed fpofin through heft doth languifh & decay.

Till on a day (as in his wonted wife
His doofe he made) there chaunte a Tittle-Doue
To come, where he his dolors did define,
That likewise late he loft he deareft Love;

Which loffe, her made like paffion alfo prone.
Who feeing his fad plight, her tender hart
Vith dearer compaffion deeply did emmove.
That the gin mone his vnderluest smart,
And with her dolefull accent, bare with him a part.

Shee, fettling by him, as on ground he lay,
Her mouenfull notes full pittionously did flame,
And thereof made a lamentable lay,
So fentificantly devout, that in the fame
He fent thee off he heard his owne right name.
With that, he forth would popre fo plentifuls teares,
And beat his breast unworthy of fuch blame,
And knocke his head, and rend his rugged hearres,
That could have parea the heartes of Tigers & of Beares.

Thus long this gentle bird to him did vie,
Withouten dread of peril to repaire
Vnto his wome; and with her mouenfull Muwe
Him to recomfort in his greatest care,
That much did cafe his mourning and misfire:
And evey day, for guerdon of her fong.
He part of his fmall lift to her would fhare;
That at the laft, of all his woe and wrong,
Companion fhe became, and fo continued long.
Vpon a day, as sith he came beside,
By chance he certaine minwentts forth drew,
Which yet with him as reques did abide
Of all the bounty, which Belphabe threw
On him, whil he goodly grace the did him flee:
Amongst the rest, a jewell rich he found,
That was a Ruby of right perfect hew,
Shap't like a heart, yet blest of the wound,
And with a little golden chaine about it bound.

The fame he tooke, and with a riband new
(Where in his Ladies colours) did the bind
About the Turtles necke, that with the view
Did greatly solace his enguised mind,
All vnaware the bird, when she did find
Her felte to decket, her nimble wings displaid,
And flew away, as lightely as the wind:
Which diddaine accident him much dismistad,
And looking after long, did mark which way she strayd.

But, when as long he looked had in vaine,
Yet saw her forward still to make her flight,
His weyry eye retour'd to him againe,
Full of discomfort and diquies plight,
That both his jewell he had loft to 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,
Ynall the same where womend his Belphabe faire.

There found shee her (as then it did betide)
Sitting in courtz flade of arbors sweet,
After late weyry toyle, which she had trie
In saluage chair, to rest as seemde her meet.
There sile alightynge, fell before her feet,
And gan to her, her mountfull plaint to make,
As was her wonte thinking to fet her weet
The great tormenting griefe, that for her sake
Her gentle Squire through her displeasure did partake.

Shew, her beholding with attentive eye,
At length did minke about her purple breed
That precious jewell, which she formerly
Had knowne right well, with colourd ribb and dreft
There with the rose in hafte, and her addrest
With ready hand it to hauie rett away.
But the swift bird obayd not her befeet,
But warne'd aside, and there againe did flie
She follow'd her, and thought against it to affay.

And ever when the nigh approach't, the Sowe
Would fit a little forward, and then flay
Till she drew nere, and then againe remoue;
So temting her full to purse the pray,
And full from her escaping fole away:
Till that at length, into that forest wide
Shee drew her faire, and led with flower delay.
In this end, she his wanto that place did guide,
Where as that wofull man in languor did abide.

Eftfoones th'ew flew unto his tearleffe hand,
And there a pitituous ditty new dev'd,
As if she would have made him viue, and stand,
His fortowes caute to be of her delphs'i d.
Whom when the frost in wrechet weedes disqui'd,
With heavy gib deform'd, and meiger face,
Like ghost late riven from his Grace agry'zd,
She knew him not, but pitted much his cafe,
And within it were in her to doe him any grace.

He her beholding, at her feet downe fell,
And kite the ground on which her sole did tread,
And waft the fame with water, which did well
From his moist eyes, and like twostreames proceed:
Yet spake no word, whereby the might aread
What mishier wight he was, or what he ment:
But as one daintt with her presence dread
Onely few rarefull lookes unto her fent,
As mellers of his true meaning and intent.

Yet nathemore, his meaning the ared,
But wondred much at this his feelcouth cafe;
And by his perçons secret esteemed
Well wend, that he had beene some man of place,
Before misfortune did his new deface:
That beeing most with thurf thes thus belspake.
Ahl wofull man, what heauens hard disgrace,
Or wrath of cruel wight on thee ywrrake,
Or felle dislikd life, doth thee thus wretched make?

If heavne, then none may it redresse or blame,
Sith to his powre we all are subiect borne:
If wraffull wight, then foule rebuke and shame
Be theirs, that have to cruel thee forborne:
But if through inward griefe, or wilfull toorne
Of life or be, then better doe avise.
For, hew whole daies in wilfull woe are worne,
The grace of his Creator doth defipie,
That will not vie his gifts for handkisses nigardise.

When to he heard her say, estfoones he brake
His fuddaine silence, which he loog had pent,
And sigthing inly deepes, her thus belspake:
Then have they shen themselves against me bent:
For heavne (first author of my languishment)
Envyng my too great felicity,
Did slyly with a cruel l one content,
To cloud my daies in doouell misery,
And make me losse this life, still longing for to die.

Neay but your selke, 8 dearest dreed,
Hath done this wrong, to wreake on worthless wight
Your high displeasure, through misdeeming bred:
That when your pleasure is to deeme aright,
Ye may redresse, and me restore to light.
Which dory words, her mighty hart did mate
With mild regard, to see his truefull plight,
That her in-burning wrath the ganabate,
And him recent'd againe to former favours rate.
THE FOURTH BOOKE OF

Cant. VIII.

18
In which, he long time afterwards did lead
An happy life, with grace and good accord;
Pearealle of Fortunes change, or Envyes dread,
And eke all mindesse of his owne desart Lord.
The noble Prince, who never heard one word
Of dryings, what did unto him beside,
Or what good fortune did to him afford;
But through the endleffe world did wander wide,
Him fecking evermore, yet no where him delivres.

19
Till on a day, as through that wood he rode,
He chance't to come where twofe Ladies late,
Armigli and Armeniate, hubde,
Both in full fad and in full estate;
The one right feble, through the cuile rate
Of foode, which in her durell she had found:
The other, almost dead and deperate
Through her late hurts, & through that hapleffe wond,
With which the Squire in her defence her fore attound.

20
VHorn when the Prince beheld, he gan to rew
The cuile cafe in which those Ladies sayd;
But moft was mov'd at the pittious view
Of Ammet, so sore with death decay'd:
That her great danger did him much dismay.
Eftiognes of that precious liquor forth he drew,
Which he in store about him kept always,
And with few drops thereof did softly deaw
Her wounds, that unto strengthe restor'd her foone anew.

21
Tho, when they both recoverd were rightwell,
He gan of them inquire, what cuile guide
Them tinctbrought; and how their harnes befell.
To whom they told all that did them beside,
And how from sladomde vile they were vnside
Of that same wicked Carle, by Virgin's hond;
Whose bloody coste they thev'd shun there befide,
And eke his Cane, in which they both were bond:
At which he wondred much, when all those signes he fond.

22
And ever-more, he greatly did desire
To knowe, what Virgin did them thence vnbind;
And oft of them did earnestly inquire,
Where was her wound, and how he mote her find.
But, when as nought according to his mind
He could out-leine, he them from ground did fare
(No feuite lofthome to a gentle kind)
And on his war-like beast them both did bare.
Himselfe by them on foot, to succour them from fear.

23
So, when that forest they had pass'd well,
A little cottage farre away they spide,
T o which they drew, entight upon them fell;
And carrin in, found none therein abide,
But one old woman sittting there befide,
Vpon the ground in ragged rude attire,
With filthy locks about her scattered wide,
Gnawing her naules for felinefe and for iere,
And there-out fucking venime to her parts entire.

24
A foule and loathly creature in flight,
And in conditions to be tooth'd no leffe:
For, there was that with rauource and defight
Vp to the throns that oft with bitterness
It forth would breakte, and guth in great exccft,
Pouring out streams of poyson and of gall,
Gainst all that truth or vertue doe professe;
Whom she with theaings lowly did miscall,
And wickedly back-bite: Her name men Slaunber call.

25
Her natur is, in all goodnette to abufe,
And caufcelfe crimes continually to frame;
With which the guilelfe persons may accuse,
And broke away the crown of their good name:
No euer Knight to bold, no euer Dame
So chaste and low all liu'd, but thence would flriue
VWith forged cuile them falsly to defame:
No euer thing to well was done alue,
But the with blame would blot, & of due praife deprive.

26
Her words were not as common words are meant,
T'expelle the meaning of the inward mind:
But verysome breath, and poyntous spirit went
From inward hart, with carefull making inter'd,
And breathed forth with blift of bitter wind;
Which, prufing through the cares, would peare the hart,
And wound the foule itself with grieve yskind;
For, like the flings of Alpes, that kill with smart,
Her spightfull words did prick, & wound the inner part.

27
Such was that Hag, vnmect to hoft such guests,
Whom grnexte Princes Court would welcome saife;
But need (that answers not to all requests)
Bade them not looke for better entertain;
And eke that age deposed nicellese saine,
Enur'd to hardeffe and to hlonely fare,
Which them to warlike discipline did traine,
And many limbs endur'd with little care,
Against all hard mishaps, and fortuneless misfare.

28
Then all that running (welcom'd with cold
And chearellfe hunger) they togeather spent;
Yet found no fault, but that the Hag did feeld
And raile at them with grudgefull discontent,
For lodging there without her owne content:
Yet they endured all with patience milde,
And vinto rest themselues all onely lent,
Regardellefe of that queaine so base and wilde,
To be vnauntly blam'd, and bittrey reulted.

29
Heere well I weene, when as these times were bred
With mid-regard, that forme with wittted wight,
VVhofe leader thought will lightly be maile'd,
These gentle La-dies will mischome too light,
For thus conuening with this noble Knight;
Sith now of days such temperance is rare
And hard to find, that base of youthfullspight
For ought will from his greedy pleasure spare.
More hard for hungry fleed t'abstaine from pleasant hare.

But
But antique age, yet in the nation
Of time, did have then like an innocent,
In simple truth and harmless charity;
Ne then of guile had made experiment;
But voy'd of vile and treach'rous intent,
Held vertue for it selfe in loueraine awe;
Then loyall house had royall regiment,
And each unto his lust did make a lawe,
From all forbidden thangs his liking to withdrawe.

The Lion there did with the Lambe confort,
And eke the Doe late by the Faulcon's side;
Ne each of other feared haule or tort,
But did in safe security abide,
Withouten peril of the stronger pride;
But when the world waxe old, it waxe ware old
(Whereof it figh) and having hourly trie
The truines of wit, in wickednesse waxe bold,
And dared of all sinnes the ferues to unvold.

Then beauty, which was made to represent
The great Creators owne resemblance bright,
Vnto shute of lawlesse lust was lent,
And made the bate of beastfull delight;
Then faire grew foule, & foule grew faire in fight;
And that which wont to vanquish God and Man,
Was made the vallay of the Victors might:
Then did her glorious flower waxe dead and wan,
Defpis'd and troden downe of all that over-ran.

And now it is so utterly decayed,
That any thing thereof doth scarce remaine,
But few plants (prefer'd through heav'nly ayde)
In feech of Court for hope to sprout againe,
Doe'rd with her drops of bounty sourecraine,
Which from that goodly glorious flower proceed,
Sprung of the ancient flower of Princes pride,
Now th'only remnant of that royall breed,
Whole noble kind at first was sure of heauenly feed.

Tho, soone as day discouer'd heauens face
To fillfull men with darkkellie over-dight,
This gentle crew, gan from their eye-lids chace
The drowzie humour of the damnable night,
And did themselues into their journey sight,
So forth they yode, and forward softly paleed,
That them to view had been an uncooth sight,
How all the way the Prince on foot-pafe traced,
The Ladies both on horfe, together fast embraced.

Soone as they thence departed were afoare,
That flamefull Hag (the flander of her sex)
Them follow'd fast, and them redoubled fore,
Him calling therewith, them whores: that much did vex
His noble hart: there to the did annax
False crimes and facts, such as they neverment,
That those two Ladies much affaited did vex:
The more did the purse of her lawd intent,
And ray'd and rag'd, till she had all her paymon spent.

At last, when they were pull'd out of sight,
Yet fice did to her joyfull speech beare,
But after them did bakke, and flill back-bite,
Though there were none her hateful words to heare?
Like as a curre doth fillly bite and teare
The flone, which pulled stranger at him threw;
So the them seeing palle the reach of care,
Against the stones and trees did taile anew,
Till she had duld the thing which in her songes end grew.

They, passing forth, kept on their ready way,
With cafe steps so fole as foote could finde,
Both for great feald, which did oft affay
Faire Amore, that fearfully thee could ride,
And eke through heavenly armes, which fore annoy'd
The Prince on foot, not wonted fo to fare:
Whose steady hand was fain his feed to guide,
And all the way from trotting hard to fare,
So was his toyle the more, the more that was his care.

At length, they spide, where towards them with speed
A Squire came gallopping, as he would fhe:
Bearing a little Dwarke before his head,
That all the way full loud for ayde did cry,
That feme'd his fhirkes would rend the braven sky:
VVhom after did a mighty man purfue,
Riding upon a Dromedare on his,
Of stature huge, and horrible of hew,
That would have max'd a man his dreadfull face to view.

For, from his fearfull eyes two fierie beames
More fharpe then poynets of needles did proceed,
Shooting forth faire away two flaming fueames,
Full of fide powre, that pooyonous hale did breed
To all, that on him looks without good heed,
And secretly his enemies did flay,
Like as the Bafittle, offpents feed,
From powrefull eyes clofe ev'n him doth conuay
Into the lookers hurt, and killet faire away.

He all the way did rage at that faine Squire,
And after him full many threatenings throw,
With curfes vaine in his avengell full are:
But none of them (So fiet away he knew)
Him over-tooke: before he came in view,
Whore, when he faw the Prince in armoure bright,
He cal'd to him aloud, his cafe to row,
And reskew him through fuccour of his might,
From that his cruel foe, that him purfivd in fight.

Eftisones the Prince tooke downe those Ladies twaine,
From loftie heed, and mounting in their head
Came to that Squire, yet trembling everie vaine:
Of whom he gain enquire his caufe of dread,
Who, as he in the fame to him averead,
Lo, hard behind his backe his fioe was preft,
With dreadfull weapon aymed at his head:
That unto death had done him vncreef,
Had not the noble Prince his ready froke repreh.

Who,
Ne was he euer vanquish'd store,
But euer vanquish'd all with whom he fought;
Ne was there man fo strong but he downe bore,
Ne woman yet to faire, but he her brough.
Vnto his bay, and captiued her thought:
For, meft of strength and beautie his desire
Was fpoyle to make, and waftie them vnto nought,
By calting secret flakes of hulfull fire
From his falle eyes, into their harts and parts entire.

Therefore Cosflambo was he cold ariught,
Though nameffe there his body now doth lie,
Yet hath he left one daughter, that is hight
The faire Parama; who feemes outwards
So faire, as euer yet was living eye;
And, were her verme like her, beautie bright,
She were as faire as any vnder sky.
But (ah!) flee gienus is vaine delight,
And eke too loofe of life, and eke of loofe too light.

So as it fell, there was a gentle Squire
That lov'd a Lady of high prentage;
But for his meane degree might not aspire
To match fo high: his friends with counsell fage,
Difwaded her from such a disparage,
But flee, whose hart to love was wholly lent,
Out of his hands could not redeem her gage,
But firmeley following her firitent,
Refolu'd with him to wend, gainst all her friends content.

So twixt them elaves they pointed time and place:
To which, when he according did repare,
An hard mishap and davertexuous fate
Him chaunte; in head of his Ameliasafe.
This Giants fone, that yse there on the laire
An headleffe hope, him vanquished there caught;
And all dismaid through merciflesse disparage,
Him wretched thrall vnto his dargon brought,
Where he remaines, of all vntaecour'd and vnought.

This Giants daughter came vpon a day
Vnto the prison in her joyous glec,
To view the thral which there in bondage lay:
Amongst the refte she chaunted there to fee
This lovelie fware, the Squire of lowe degree;
To whom ftree did her liking lightly gaff,
And woode him her Paramour to bee:
From day to day the woode and pray'd him faft,
And for his love, him promif liberte at laft.

He, though affide vnto a former Love,
To whom his faith he firmeely meant to hold,
Yet feeing not how thence he more remoue,
But by that meanes, which fortune did unfold,
Her granted lone, but with affection cold,
To win her grace his libertie to get.
Yet the him fitl detaines in captiue hold;
Fearing lest if she should him freely fet,
He would her shortly leave, and former love forget.
Yet so much favour free to him hath hight
About the rest, that he sometime may space
And walk about her gardens of delight,
Having a Keeper full with him in plate;
Which Keeper is this Dwarf, her dearing bane,
To whom the keys of every prison done
By her committed be, of special grace,
And at his will whom he lift restore,
And whom he lift retire, to be afflicted more.

Whereof when thyings came into mine care
(Though I for the frequent zeal,
Which I to him as to my foule did beare)
I thither went; where I did long conceale
My felle, till that the Dwarf did reuale,
And told his Dame, her Squire of lowe degree
Did freely out of her prison stale;
For, me he did mislike that Squire to bee:
For, neuer two so fike did tending creature fee.

Then was I taken, and before her brought:
Who, through the likenes of my outward hew,
Beeing likewise beguiled in her thought,
Gan blame me much for beeing fo vitrew,
To tecke by flight her fellowship preferew,
That lov'd me more deare, as dearth thing aile.
Thence the commannded me to prison new;
Whereof I glad, did not gone day nor truue,
But suffered that fame Dwarf me to her dungeon drive.

Then I did find mine onely faithfull friend
In heavy plight and fad perplexitie.
Whereof I torie, yet my felle did bend,
Him to recomfort with my company.
But him the more agree'd I found thereby:
For, all his joy, he faid, in that diffrefle,
Was mine and his Aemylia libertie.
Aemylia well he lovd, as I more gheffe;
Yet greater loue to me then he he did proffe.

But I, with better reafon him aviz'd,
And fled him, how through errour & mistrabout
Of our like perfon each to be disquiz'd,
Or his exchange, or freedome might be wrought.
Where-to full both was he, ne would for ought
Content, that I, who ftood all feareffe free,
Should wilfully be into thraldom brought,
Till fortune did perforce it to decree.
Yet over-ru'd, at laft, he did to me agree.

The morrow next, about the wanted howre,
The Dwarf cald at the doore of Amytia,
To come forth-with vato his Ladies browe.
In stead of whom, forth came I Placidia,
And vndiffernd, forth with him did pas.
There, with great joyance and with gladiome gleec,
Of faire Placidia receiued was,
And offt imbrac't has if that I were her,
And with kind words accord, vowing great love to mee.

Which I, that was not bent to former Loue,
As was my friend, that had her long refait'd,
Did well accept, as well it did behove,
And to the present acit it wisely vs'd.
My former handfelle, first, I faine exus'd;
And after, promif large amends to make.
With fuch smooth tarmes, her error I abut'd,
To my friends good, more then for mine owne fake,
For whose foole libery, I loue and life did flake.

Thence-forth, I found more favour at her handi
That to her Dwarf, which had me in his charge,
She bade to lightgen my too heauey band,
And grant more scope to me walke at large.
So on a day, as by the oworie marge
Of a freth fream I with that Elfe did play,
Finding no means how I might vs enlarg'e,
But if that Dwarf I could with me conuay,
I likelyly snatcht him vp, and with me bore away.

There-at he flript aloud, that with his cry
The Tyrant felle came forth with yelling Bray,
And me purfew'd; but nathemore would I
Forgoe the purchafe of my gotten pray,
But hau'd perforce him better brought away.
Thus as they talked, loe, where nigh at hand
Those Ladies two (yet doubtfull through dysmey)
In prefence came, defcrus I vnderftand.

Tydings of all, which there had happned on the land.

Where, foone as faid Amytia did efp'y
Her captaine Louer-friend, young Placidia;
All mindfelle of her wonted modellie
She to him ran, and him with right embras
Enfolding faid, And Iues yet Amytia?
Hec loues, quoth he, and his Amytia loues.
Then lefse, faid the, by all the we com pafs,
With which my weaker patience fortun tryes.
But what mishap thus long him fro my sele remoueth.

Then gan he all this story to renew,
And tell the course of his captu'ry
That her deare hart full deeply made to rew,
And figh full fore, to heare the misery
In which fo long he merelle he did lie.
Then, after many teares and bowrows spent,
She deare befought the Prince of remedy:
Who there-to did with ready will consent,
And well perform'd, as shall appeare by his event.
Canto IX.

The Squire of lowe degree, releas'd,
Pavana takes to wife:
Britomart fights with many Knights,
Prince Arthur slits their sripe.

And is the doubt, and difficult to declare,
When all three kinds of love together meet,
And doe dispart the hart with powre extreme,
Whether still he weigh the balance downe: to
The deare affection its kindred twent,
(wee)
Or raging fire of love to woman-kind,
Or zeal of friends combin'd with vertues meet.
But of them all, the band of vertuous mind
Me seemes the gentle hart, should most allure bind.

For, natural affection soone doth cease,
And quench'd is with Cephas greater flame:
But faithfull friendship doth them both appease,
And them with watchful discipline doth tame,
Through thoughts alwayes weighing all the fame.
For, as the soules doth rule the earthly mats,
And all the lustre of the body frame;
So loure of soule doth loure of body patts,
No lese then perfect gold that mountes the meanest braze.

All which who list by trial to assay,
Shall in this story find approv'd example:
In which, this Squire's true friendship more did sware,
Then either care of Parents could restrain,
Or loute of fairest Lady could contrain.
For, though Pavana were as faire as morne,
Yet did this truthy Squire with proud disdain;
For his friends take her offer'd favours freome,
And the her felde her fire, of whom the way borne.

Now after that Prince Arthur granted had,
To yeeld strong succour to that gentle swaine.
Who now long time had lye in prison fad,
He can aduise how best he more dare take
That enterprise, for greatesst glories gain:
That heades fee Tyrants trunk he had in ground,
And hauing ymp the head to it againe,
Upon his visall beft it firmly bound,
And made it to rule, as it alue was found.

Then did he take that charek Squire, and layd
Before the rider, as he captiue were,
And made his Dwarfes (though with vnwilling yde)
To guide the beall, that did his mater bere,
Till to his Cattle they approched neere.
Whom, when the watch that kept continuall ward
Saw comming home, all voyd of doubfull feare,
He running downe, she gane to him vnder,
Whom straighthe the Prince enfuing, in together fad'd.

There he did find in her delicious bourse,
The faire Pavana playing on a Rote,
Complayning of her cruell Paramoure,
And lingeing all her sorrow to the note,
As she had learned readily by rote;
That with the sweetnesse of her rare delight,
The Prince halsed, began on her to dote:
Till better him behinking of the right,
He her vnwarres attach't, and capture held by might.

Whence beseing forth product, when she perceived
Her owne dear Sire, she call to him for ayde.
But when of him no aunt were she receiv'd,
But saw him sencible by the Squire vp-staid,
She weened well, that then she was betrayed:
Then gan she loudly cry, and wepe, and weile,
And that same Squire of treason to upbraid.
But all in vain, her plaints might not presulse,
Ne none there was to rescow her, ne none to baile.

Then tooke he that same Dwarfes, and him compeld
To open unto him the prison dore,
And forth to bring those thralles which there he hold.
Thence forth were brought to him above a score
Of Knights and Squires to him vnknowne afore:
All which he did from bitter bondage free,
And into former liberty restore.
Amongst therafter, that Squire of lowe degree
Came forth full weake and wan, not like himselfe to bee.

VThom
THE FAERIE QUEENE.

Cant. IX.

Whom soone as faire, Emilia beheld,
And Pleasias, they both voto him ran,
And him embracing fast betwixt them sel, I
Striving to comfort him all that they can,
And hilling off his vijage pale and wan;
That faire and me they behold with both,
Gun both euy, and bitterly to him;
Through solemn passion weeping only wroth,
To see the right performe, that both her eyes were loth.

But when awhile they had together been,
And dierily convened of their cafe;
She, though full oft the both of them had seen
Ander, yet not euer in one place,
Began to doubt, when she them saw embrace,
Which was the captaine Squire he lovd fo dear;
Deceiv'd through great like like of their face.
For, they so like in person did appeare,
That she neath discerned, whether whether were.

And eke the Prince, when as he them saw'd,
Their like resemblance much admired there,
And mad'd how Nature had so well disguis'd
Her worke, and counterfeft her felfe fo neare,
As if that by one pature fenee somewhere,
She had them made a Paragon to be:
One other through skill, or error were.
Thus grieving long, at them much wonderd he,
So did the other Knights and Squires, which him did fe.</p>
THE FORTH BOOKE OF

Drums delight was all in single life,
And vsne Ladies lowe would lend no leasure:
The more was Claribell eurged rife
With fervent flames, and loued out of measure:
So eke lovd Blandamour, but yet at pleasure
Would change his liking, and now Lemans proue
But Paridell of love did make no theatre,
But lufted after all that him did moue.
So dutiful these foure dispoed were to lowe.

But those two other, which bedefe them flood,
Wre Britomart, and gentle Soudamour
Who all the while beheld their warthfull mood,
And wondred at their impaciable flower;
VHose like they never law till that fame houre:
So dreadfull strokes each did at other drie,
And Lyd on load with all their might and powre,
As if they every dint the ghoft would trie.
Out of their wretched coffes, and their bluses deprize.

As when Dam Acclus in great displeasure,
For losse of his deare Lour by Keptune lent,
Sends forth the winds out of his hidden theraute,
Upon the sea to wrake his fell intent;
They breaking forth with rude enrulment,
From all four partes of heaven, doe rage full force,
And toffe the deapes, and teare the firmament,
And all the world confound with wide yvrone,
As if in head thereof, they there would restore.

Caufe of their dicord, and fol dille debate,
Was for the losse of that fame fnowy maide,
VHose they had loft in Turneament of late,
And feekings long, to weet which way the straide
Met here together: where, through hewd fpraid
Of Art and Duefl they fell out;
And each one taking part in others aid,
This cruell confid rised thereabout,
VHose dangerous successe depended yet in doute.

For, sometimes Paridell and Blandamour
The better had, and bette the others backe;
Efooues the others did the field recoure,
And on their foes did worke full cruell wrake:
Yet neither would their friend-like fucie flack,
But euermore their malice did augment;
Till that weare they forced were, for lack
Of breath, their raging rigour to relent,
And refte them felves, for to reouer spirits spent.

There gan they change their fides, and new partes take;
For, Paridell did take to Drums fide,
For old delight, which now forth newly brake
Giant Blandamour, whom alwaies he enuade:
And Blandamour to Claribell rehefe.
So all affets gan former fightwenew:
As when two Barkes, this carried with the tide,
That with the wind, contrary courfes few;
If wind and tide doe change, their courfes change anew.

Thence-forth, they much more furiously gan fare,
As if but then the battell had begonne;
Ne helmets bright, ne hawberks strong did fare,
That through the chitts the vermeil bloud out poune,
And all adowne their riven fides did ronone.
Such mortall malice, wonder was to fe
In friends profite, and so great out-rage donne:
But foolish is liad, and tride in each degree,
Faint friends when they fall out, most cruell foe-men bee.

Thus they long while continued in fight,
Till Soudamour, and that fame Briton maile,
By fortune in that place did chance to light:
W hom foones as they with warthfull eye bewaried,
They gan remember of the foule vp-brain,
The which that Britonnefl had to them donne,
In that late Turley for the fnowy maide;
Where he the had them both blamfully for done,
And eke the famous prize of beauty from them wonne.

Eft foones all burning with a reft deare
Of fell reuenge, in their malicious mood,
They from themselves gan turne their furious ire,
And cruell blades yet fereming with hot blood,
Against those two let drive, as they were wood:
Who wondering much at that fowle fine fit,
Yet nourished diſmaid, them founly well widefood;
Ne yielded foot, ne once aback did flie,
But being doubly limiſten, likewife doubly limite.

The war-like Dame was on her part afaid
Of Claribell and Blandamour attone;
And Paridell and Drun fiercely layd
At Soudamour, both his professed fone.
Fourse charged two, and two fuchcharge one:
Yet did thoſe two themselves fo brutely beare,
That thother little gained by the lone,
But with their owne repayed dueſly were,
And vury withall: fuch gaines was gotten deare.

Full ofte-times did Britomart affay
To speake to them, and fome emparlance moue:
But they for nought their cruel hands would stay,
Ne lend an ear to ought that might behoue.
As when an eager malife once doth proue
The taffe of blood of fame engored beat,
No words may rate, nor rigour him remove
From greedy hold of that his bloody feat:
So little did they harken to her softe behalf.

Whom when the Briton Prince a faire beheld
With odes of io vqueall match oppreft,
His mighty hart with indignation wold,
And inward grudge fild his heriocke breit:
Efooues himfelte he to their aye adret.
And thraffing force into the thickets preade,
Dunted them, how ever loth to ref,
And would them fame from battell to fireceafe,
With gentle words perfwading them to friendly peace.
And the loue of Ladies soule defame:
To whom the world this franchise ever yeilded,
That of their loues choice they might freedom clame,
And in that right, shold by all knights be shielded:
Gainst which me femees this war ye wrongfully have wield-

And yet, quoth she, a greater wrong remains:
For, I thereby my former Loue have lott;
Whom seeking euer since with endless paines,
Flath me much sorrow and much trauell cost:
Aye me! to see that gentle mayd so lost.

But now their forces greatly were decayd,
The Prince yet being freth vntoouch aforde:
Who them with spechees milde gan first difuade
From such soule out-rage, and them long forbore:
Till feeming them through suffrance hartned more,
Him felle he bent their furies to abate:
And layd at them fo sharply and so fore,
That shortly them compelled to retire,
And being brought in danger, to relent too late.

But now his courage being throughly fired,
He meant to make them knowe their follies pride,
Hath not chose two him instantly defire
T'allowe his wrath, and pardon their meffirife.
At whole requete he gan himfelle advise
To play their hand, and of a truce to treat
In milder termses, as if to them to doe:
Monght which, the caufe of their fo cruel heat
He did them ask: who all that paffed gan repeat?

And told at large, how that lame errant Knight,
To weet, faire Britomart, them late had foiloyed.
In open turney, and by wrongfull fight,
Both of their publicke praiue had them depoyled,
And also of their private Loues bequaled:
Of two, full hard to read the harder theft.
But fique, that wrongfull challenge foone alljoyed,
And thow'd that she had not that Lady reft
(As they fuppof'd) but her had to her being left.

To whom, the Prince thus goodly well replied:
Certes, Sir Knight, ye femeen much to blame,
To rip vp wrong, that buttell once hath tried;
Whereon the honoure both of Armes ye shame,

And cke the loue of Ladies soule defame:
To whom the world this franchise ever yeilded,
That of their loues choice they might freedom clame,
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Monght which, the caufe of their so cruel heat
He did them ask: who all that paffed gan repeat?

And told at large, how that lame errant Knight,
To weet, faire Britomart, them late had foiloyed.
In open turney, and by wrongfull sight,
Both of their publicke praiue had them depoyled,
And also of their private Loues bequaled:
Of two, full hard to read the harder theft.
But fique, that wrongfull challenge foone alljoyed,
And thow'd that she had not that Lady reft
(As they fuppof'd) but her had to her being left.

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To rip vp wrong, that buttell once hath tried;
Whereon the honoure both of Armes ye shame,
Canto X.

Scudamour doth his conquest tell,
of vertuous Amoret:
Great Venus temple is describ'd,
and Lovers life forth set.

So, on that hard adventure forth I went,
And to the place of peril shortly came:
That was a temple rare and ancient,
Which of great mother Venus bore the name,
And faire renowned through excelling fame;
Much more then that, which was in Paphos built,
Or that in Cyprus, both long since this Lame,
Though all the pillars of the one were gilt,
And all the others pavement were with Ivory spilte.

And it was fested in an Island strong,
Abounding all with delices most rare,
And wall'd by Nature gainst invaders wrong,
That none mote have access, nor inward fare,
But by one way, that passage did prepare.
It was a bridge ybuild in goodly wife,
With curious Corbes, and pendants graven faire,
And (arch'd all with porches) did arise
On lanyel pillars, fram'd after the Dorick guise.

And for defence thereof, on this other end
There reared was a Castle farre and strong,
That warded all which in or out did wend,
And flank'd both the bridges fides along,
Gainst all that would it faint 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 means to maintaine that Castles ancient rights.

Before that Castle was an open Plain,
And in the midst thereof a pillar placed;
On which this shield, of many fought in vaine,
The shield of Lous, whose guerdon mehath grace,
Was hang'd on high, with golden ribbons laced;
And in the Marble stone was written this,
With golden letters goodly well enchaced,
Blessed the man that will can vs his bliss:
Whose-ever be the shield, faire Amoret be his.

Which
Which when I read, my hart did inly yearne,  
And part with hope of that adventures hap:  
Ne stayede further newes thereof to learn,  
But with my speare upon the shield did rap,  
That all the Castle ringed with the clap.  
Straight forth fiew’d a Knight all arm’d to proof,  
And braces within to his most mishap:  
Who, slaying nought to question from alfooe,  
Ran fierce at me, that fire glaunt from his horses head,  

10  
Whom boldly I encountered (as I could)  
And by good fortune shortly him vanquished.  
Eftioone out spring two more of equall mould;  
But I them both with equall hap defeated:  
So all the twenty I likewise entreated,  
And left them groining there upon the Plaine.  
Then preaing to the pillar, I repeated  
The read the roof for gaurdion of my paine,  
And taking down the shield, with me did retirate.

11  
So forth without impediment I pass’d,  
Till to the Briuji ypper gate I came:  
The which I found fure lockt and chained fast.  
I knockt, but no man answer’d me by name;  
I cold, but no man answer’d to my crave.  
Yet I peruer’d till to knocke and call;  
Till at the lift I spied within the fame,  
Where one flood peeping through a creuis small;  
To whom I call cold, half angry there-withall.

12  
That was to weet, the Porter of the place,  
Vto whose truft the charge thereof was lent:  
His name was Dauce, that had a double face,  
Th’ one forward looking, the other backward bent,  
Therein remembring Iones sancient,  
Which hath in charge the ingate of the yeare:  
Anicterore his eyes about him went,  
As if some proud perill he did feare,  
Or did midsounds fomic ill, whose caufe did not appeare.

13  
On the one side he, on the other face Delay,  
Behind the gate, that none her might epy;  
While masse was all passengers to flay,  
And entertain’d with her occasions fly:  
Through which some loft great hope vnleading,  
Whose neuer they could recover might againe:  
And others quite excluded forth, did ley  
Long languishing there in vnpainted paine,  
And suffering oft encrease, afterwards in vaine.

14  
Meantime as he had prouinly epide,  
Bearing the shield which I had conquer’d late,  
He keete it right, and to me operetd wide.  
So in I rap, and straight he clos’d the gate.  
But being in, Delay in close awaite  
Caught hold upon, and thought my feetes to flay,  
Fenning full many a fond excite to prize,  
And time to fleale the threatre of mans day;  
Whose in selfe minde loft, no riches render may.

But by no means my way I would for loose,  
For sohe that ever fay he coule do no lay;  
But from my lousy fpeed dismounting lowe,  
Past forth on foot, beholding all the way  
The goodly warkes, and flamens of rich affay,  
Curt into sundry shapes by wondrous skill,  
(That like on earth where I reckone may)  
And vnderneath, the ricer rolling fill

With murmur soft, that seem’d to lure the workmen.

16  
There, forth I pass’d to the second gate,  
The Gate of good defert, where goodly pride  
And costly frame, were long here to relate.  
The fame to all flood alwaies open wide:  
But in the Porch did entermore abide  
Anidious Giant, dreadfull to behold,  
That foote the entrance with his spacious stride,  
And with the terror of his countenance bold  
Full many did affray, that elle faine enter would.

17  
His name was Dragon, darded over all,  
Vho day and night did watch and ducy ward,  
From fearfull cowards, entrance to forfall,  
And faint-hart-fooles, whom fhew of peril hard  
Could terrifie from Fortunes faire award:  
For, ofentimes, faint harts, at first epall  
Of his grim face, were from approaching far’d;  
Vnworthy they of grace, whom one denial  
Excludes from fairest hope, withouten further triall.

18  
Yet many掏出ly Warrours, often trie  
In greater peril to be stout and bold,  
Dirst not the fiercenesse of his looke abide;  
But foone as they his countenance did behold,  
Begun to faint, and feele their courage cold.  
Againe, fome other, that in hard affayes  
Were cowards knowne, and little count did hold,  
Either through gifts, or guile, or fuch like waiyes,  
Crept in by fooping lowe, or healing of the kaies.

19  
But I, though meaneft man of many moe,  
Yet much didzeigning vnto him to lour,  
Or crepe be between his legs, lo in to goe,  
Relo’d him to affault with manhood stout,  
And either beat him in, or drue him out.  
Effioone advancing that enchaunted shield,  
With all my might I gan to lay about:  
Which when he law, the glaise which he did wield  
Hegan forth-with t’avale, and way vanto me yield.

20  
So, as I entered, I did backward looke,  
For face of harne, that might lie hidden there;  
And lo, his hind-parts (whereof here I could)  
Much more deformd fearfully gyltes were,  
Then all his former parts did eart appearre.  
For, hatred, murther, treafon, and deflight,  
With many moe, lay in ambushment there,  
Awaiting to entrap the wareiffe might,  
Which did not them present with vigilant fore-fight.
Thus housing past all peril, I was come
Within the compass of that lands space;
The which did seeme unto my simple doome,
The only pleasant and delightfull place,
That ever troden was of footings trace.
For, all that Nature by her mother wis
Gould frame in earth, and forme of substance base,
Was sphere; and, all that Nature did omit,
Art (playing second Nature part) supplied it.

No tree, that is of count, in greene-wood growes,
From lowest Juniper to Cedar tall;
No flower in field, that dainty odour throwes,
And dekes his branch with blossomes over all,
But there was planted, or grew natural;
Nor fane of man so coy and curious nice,
But there more find to pleae it, false withall;
Nor hart could with for any quict deince,
But there it present was, and did fraile fene entice.

In such luxurious plenty of all pleasure,
It seem'd a second paradise to bee,
So luithily enricht with Nature threquare,
That the happy foules, which doe potiffe
Th' Elyssian fields, and liue in lathing bleepe,
Should happen thus with liuing eye to see,
They foonc would loathe the fether happenesse,
And withli to life return'd againe to gheepe.
That in this joyus place they mote haue toyance free.

Friehe shadowes, frit to shroude from sunny ray;
Faire lawnds, to take the flame in fesson dew;
Sweet springs, in which a thousand Nymphes did play;
Soft rambling brookes, that gentie slumber drew;
High scared mounts, the lands about to view;
Loue looking daies, distant from common gaze;
Delightful bowers, to looke Louers trew;
Fale Labyrinths, fond runners eyes to daze;
All which, by Nature made, did Nature felle amaze.

And all without were walkes and alleys sight,
With divers trees, endog'd in euery ranke;
And here and there were pleasan arbors light,
And laudie feste, and fundry flowing bankes,
To set and rest the walkers weary thanks:
And therein thousand payres of Louers walkes,
Praying their god, and yielding him great thanks,
Ne euer ought but of their true Loues talkt,
Nor euer for rebuke or blame of any valke.

All these together by themselves did sport
Their speckles pleasures, and sweet loues content.
But faire away from thefe, another fort
Of Louers linked in true harts content;
Which loued not as thefe, for like intent,
But on chaise vertue grounded their desire,
Faire from all blinde, or timed blindfument;
Which in their spirits kindling zealoue fire,
Brave thoughts and noble deeds did euer-more aspire.

Such were great Hercules, and Hyllus deare;
True Iohathan, and David trullie tryde;
Sount Tiphus, and Periboue his fear;
Pylaes, and Orestes by his side;
Milde Titus, and Gryphus without pride;
Damon and Pythias, whom death could not feuer;
All thefe, and all that euer had bene yeare,
In bands of friendship, there did liue for euer:
Whole lines, although decy'd, yet loues decayed never.

Which, when as I, that never tasset blis,
Nor happy howre, beheld with gazefull eye,
I thought there was none other heaven then this;
And gain their endlesse happeness ensy,
That being free from feare and jealousie,
Might frankly there their loues defire potiffe;
Wilt't I, through paines and perilous sporadicke,
Was forc'd to fcelke my life dwse Patronesse: (firese).
Much dearer be the things, which come through hard di-

Yet all those fights, and all that efe I law,
Might not my feps with-hold, but that forth-right
Vnto that purpos'd place I did me draw,
Where-samy Loue was lodg'd dayd and night:
The temple of great Vesta, that is hight
The Queene of beauty, and of Loue the mother,
There worthipeed of evert liuing weight;
Whole goodly workmanship faire past all other
That euer were on earth, all were they fet together.

Not that fame famous Temple of Diane,
Whole height all Ephesius did over-fece,
And which all Asia fought with vowes profane,
One of the worlds featen wonders faid to bee,
Might match with this by many a degree:
Nor that, which that wise King of Jarmes framed,
With endlesse cofe, to be th' Almighty fice:
Nor all that efe through all the world is named
To all the heathan Gods, might like to this be claimed.

I, much admiring that fo goodly frame,
Vnto the porch approch'd, which open flood;
But therein late an amiable Dame,
That seem'd to be of very sober mood,
And in her semblant she did great womanhood:
Strange was her tires: for on her head a Crowne
Shee wore, much like unto a Danick hood,
Poudred with pearly and fone; and all her gowne
Envowen was with gold, that rightfull lowe adowne.

On either side of her, two young men flood,
Both strongly arm'd, as fearing one another;
Yet were they brethren both of halfe the blood,
Regotten by two fathers of one mother,
Though of contrary natures each to other:
The one of them bright Loue, the other Hate:
Hate was the elder, Loue the younger brother;
Yet was the younger stronger in his state
Then the elder, and him maytster still in all debate.

Nath'leffe,
Nath'l, in that Dame so well them tempered both,
That the them forced hand to joynce in hand,
After that Hatred was thereto full both,
And turn'd his face away, as he did stand,
Unwilling to behold that lonely band.
Yet was of such grace and vertuous might,
That her commandment he could not withstand,
But hit his lips for felonious delight,
And gnast his iron tusks at that displeasing sight.

Conced thee slept as was in common ground,
Mother of blest Peace, and Friendly true:
They both her twins, both borne of heavenly feed,
And the herelfe likewise dininely grew:
The which right well her workes divine did flowed:
For, strength, and wealth, and happinesse she lends,
And frifie, and warre, and anger does subdue:
Of little much, of foes the maketh friends,
And to afflicted minds,weet rest and quiet lends.

By her the heauen is in his course contained,
And all the world in starre unmoved stands,
As their Almighty Maker first ordain'd,
And bound them with inviolable bands;
Elle would the waters o're-Bowes the lands,
And fire dous the ye & hell them quight,
But that the holds them with her blessed hands.
She is the nurse of pleasure and delight,
And vnto Venus grace the gate both open right.

By her I entering, halfe dische'ed was:
But free in gentle wise my entertainyed,
And twixt her selfes & Loue did me past
But Hatred would my entrance have restrained,
And with his club he threatened to have brayed,
Had not the Lady, with her powerfull speach,
Him from his wicked will vnaheth restrained;
And th'o ther eke his malice did empeach,
Till I was thourgly past the peril of his reach.

Into the impoft Temple thus I came,
Which flaming all with Frankentence I found,
And odours rising from the altar flame,
Upon an hundred Marble pilore round,
The roofo ye high was reared from the ground,
All deckt with crownes, and chainer, and girlonds gay,
And thoufand precious gifts worth many a pound,
The which had Louers for their voices did pay:
(Oct."
And all the ground was strow'd with flowres, as freth as

An hundred Altars round about were set,
All flaming with their fire of flares,
That with the thame thereof the Temple feet,
Which roul'd in clowdes, to heavne did aspire,
And in them bore true Louers versus entire:
And eke an hundred brazen cauldrons bright,
To bathe in joy and amorous desire,
Every of which was to a Damself hight;
For, all the Priests were Damnels, in soft linnen right.

Right in the midft the Goddesse (faddle did stand,
Upon an altar of some costly mable,
Whose subsance was vnche'd to understaine:
For, neither precious stone, nor durtfull brasse,
Nor shining gold, nor moulding clay it was:
But much more rare and precious to esteeme,
Pure in aspeck, and like to crystal glass,
Yet glasse was not, if one did rightly esteem:
But being faire and brisske, likeglasse did seeme.

But in shape and beauty did excell
All other Idalues which the heathen adore,
Farre passing that, which by surpassing skill
Pheidias did make in Tophos file of yore;
With which that wretched Greeket let his forloure,
Did fall in loue; yet this much fairer finad,
But covered with a slender veile afor:
And both her feet and legs together tourned
Were with a snake, whose head & tale were full combined.

The caufre why she was couer'd with a veile,
VVas hard to knowe, for that her Prefets the same
From peoples knowledge labour'd to conceale.
But thoug it was not sure for womanish shame,
Nor any blemish which shee workes mote blame;
But for (they say) the bath both kindes in one,
Both male and female, both vnder one name:
She fire and mother is her selle alone;
Begetts, and eke conceuues, ne needeth other none.

And all about her necke and shoulders flew
A flocke of little loues, and feets, and voyes,
VVich nimble wings of gold and purple hew;
Whose shapes seem'd not like to terrestiall boyes,
But like to Angells playing heavenly voyes:
The whilfe their elder brother was away,
Cupid, their eldfe brother, s enioyes
The wide kingdome of loue with lordly sway,
And to his law conqueps all creatures to obey.

And all about her altar, scattered lay
Great fortes of Louers pittoously complaining:
Some of their loffe, some of their louer delay.
Some of their pride, some paragoons disdainning,
Some fearing fraude, some fraudelys lying.
As every one had caufe of good or ill.
Amongst the rest, some one through loues contraraynig
Tormented fortes, could not contenue it still,
But thus brake forth, that all the Temple it did fill;

Great Proues, Queene of beauty and of grace,
The joy of Gods and men, that under skie
Doth iacet thine, and most adore thy place,
That with thy smiling looked dooth pacifie.
The raging leas, and mak't the storms to sic:
The goddesse, thee the winds, the clowdes do feare;
And when thou spreid thy mantle forth on he,
The waters play, and pleasan Lands appeare,
And heauen laugh, & all the world thewe joyous cheare.
Then doth the dazdale earth throw forth to thee
Out of her fruitfull lap abundant flowres:
And then all shining wights, fonne as they see
The Spring breaketh forth out of his lusty bowres,
They all do heare to play the Paramours;
First do the merry birds, their pretty pages,
Priuously pricked with thy lustfull powres,
Chirpe loud to thee out of their leaue cages,
And the their mother call to coole their kindly rages.

Then do the filage beafts begin to play
Their pleasant frakes, and feast their wonted food:
The Lions rore, the Tigris loudly roar,
The raping, Buls rebellio through the wood,
And breakin forth, dare tempt the deepest deep,
To come where thou dost draw them with desire:
So all things else, that nourish vital blood,
Soone as with fury thou dost inflame them,
in generation feke to quench their inward fire.

So all the world by thee at first was made,
And daily yet thou dost the fame repaire:
Ne ought on earth that merry is and glad,
Ne ought on earth that louely is and faire,
But then the fame for pleasure didst prepare.
Thou art the root of all that joyous is,
Great god of men and women, quene of thy ayre,
Mother of laughter, and well-spring of bliss,
O graunt that of my loue at left I may not misse.

So did he say: but I with murmure solle,
That none might heare the sorrowes of my heart,
Yet inly groasing deep and sighing oft,
Befought her to grante safe unto my hart,
And to my wound her gracious help impart.
Whilest thus I spake, beheld with happy eye
I spied, where at the Idols feet apart
A beute of faire Damzels close did lie,
Waiting when at the Antheme should be fang on hie.

The fift of them did feem of riper yeares,
And graunter countenance then all the rest;
Yet all the rest were eke her equal pears,
Yet unto her obayed all the best.
Her name was Ilumunied, that the expert
By her fad emblance and demoherence wilte:
For, ftedfast still her eyes did fixed reft,
Nor rou'd at randoon after gazers guile,
Whose lurin bayes oft-times doe needlesfe hearts entile.

And next to her face goodly Shamefamine:
Ne euer duff't her eyes from ground vp-reare,
Ne euer once did looke vp from her defte,
As thome beame of euill the did feare,
That in her cheefe the made roses ouer appeare:
And her against, sweet Cheerefulnesse was placed,
Whose eies like twinking stars in euening cleares,
Were deckt with flinyles, that all fad humors chaced,
And darte forth delights, the which her goodly grac'd.

And next to her face sober Medeslie,
Holding her hand upon her gentle heart:
And her against late comely Catties,
That with every peron knew her part;
And her before was feared ouerhurt
Soft, Silence, and fuli'mile obedience.
Both linkt together neuer to dispar.
Both gifts of God not gotch but from thence,
Both glorions of his Saints against their foes offence.

Thus late they all round in feemely rate:
And in the midst of them a goodly mayd,
Enset in the lap of Womanlyhood there liste,
The which was all in litle white arrayd,
With silver streames amongst the inner fray'd;
Like to the mons, when first fher finning face
Fust to the gloomy world it felfe beway'd:
That filme was Exreft Amore in place,
Shining with beauties light, and heavenly vertues grace.

Whom soone as I beheld, my heart gan throb,
And wade in doubt, what felte were to be donne:
For, fcalige me seem'd the Church to robi
And folly seem'd to leave the thing undone,
Which with fo strong attempt I had begunne.
Tho, shaking off all doubt and blamefull fear,
Which Ladies loue I heard had neuer wonne,
Mongst men of worth, to her stepped neare,
And by the byly hand her labour'd vp to reare.

Thereat that formost matrone me did blame,
And sharpe rebute, for being ouer-bold;
Saying it was to Knight untemper flame,
Upon a reclute Virgins to lay hold,
That into powre servises was fold.
To whom I thus say'd: Nay but it fitchet beft,
For Cupids man with Venus mayd to hold:
For, ill your goddesse servises are dreft
By Virgins, and her sacrifice let to reft.

With that my shield I fford to her did fhowe,
Which all that while I clofeely had conceald;
On which when Cupid with his killing bowe
And cruell shafts embazoned the beheld,
And fhot thereat he was with terror queld,
And fayed no more: but I which all that while
The pledge of faith, her hand engaged held,
Like waye Hynd within the weedy foyle,
For no intrieuty would forge to glorious fpoyle.

And euermore upon the goddesse face
More eye was fixt, for fear of her offence:
Whom when I love with amiable grace
To laugh on me, and favour my pretence,
I was embalned with more confidence:
And nought for nicelle nor for envy fparing,
In pretence of them all forth led her thence,
All looking on, and like a monarch faring.
Yet to lay hand on her, not one of all them daring.
Canto XI.

Marinellis former wound is heal'd, he comes to Proteus hall,
Where Thames doth the Medway wed, and sealeth the Sea-gods all.

And in the midst thereof did horror dwell,
And darkned the dead, that never viewed day;
Like to the bale full house of lowest hell,
In which old Styx her aged bones doth lay.
Old Styx, the Grandam of the Gods' doth lay.
There did this luckless maid three months abide,
Neuer seeing law, nor mornings say,
Neuer from the day the night defende,
But thought it all one night, that did no houres diuide.

And all this was for love of Marinell,
Who her defies d (ah! who would her deifie?)
And women losse did from her hart expell,
And all those joyes that weake mankind entic.
Nath leffe, his pride full dearly he did prize;
For, of a womans hand it was yvore,
That of the wound he yet in languor lies,
Ne can be cured of that cruel stroke.

Which Britomart him guae, when he did her provoke.

Yet fare and neere the Nymph his mother sought,
And many false did to his fore apply,
And many herbes did use. But when as nought
She saw could ease his rankling malady,
At first, to Tryphon fiale for helpe did he,
(This Tryphon is the Sea-gods dungeon hight)
Whom fiale befought to find some remedy:
And for his pains, wwhile he beheld,
That of a suffes fell the was wrought with rare delight.
So well that Leach did harke to her request, 
And did well employ his careful paine, 
That in short space his hurtes he had redreft, 
And him refour'd to healdfull flate againe: 
In which he long time after did remaine 
There with the Nymph his mother, like her thral; 
Who fore against his will did him retaine, 
For feare of peril, which to him more fell, 
Through his too ventroufe proweffe proved out all.

It fortun'd then, a folome ne feaft was there 
To all the Sea-gods and their fruittfull feed, 
In honour of the pouliffs, which then were 
Betwixt the Medway and the Thames agreed. 
Long had the Thames (as we in records reed) 
Before that day her woodo to his bed; 
But the proude Nymph, would for no worldly meed, 
Nor no entreatie to his loue be led; 
Till now at laft relenting, fire to him was wed.

So both agreed, that this their bridall feaft 
Should for the gods in Proteus house be made; 
To which they all repayed, both moif and leaft, 
As well which in the mighty Ocean trade, 
As that in riuer's swim, or brookes doe wade, 
All which, not if an hundred tongues to tell, 
And hundred mouths, as voice of brafs I had, 
And endleffe memory, that more excell. 
In order as they came, could I recount them well.

Helpe therefore, o thou fared imp of Ioue, 
The mourning of Dame Memoy his deare, 
To whom thofe royles, layd vp in heauen above, 
And ore of antiquitie, which then were 
To which no wit of man may come necne: 
Help me to tell the names of all those floods, 
And all thofe Nymphes, which then assembled were 
To that great banquet of the warie Gods, 
And all their gundry kinds, and all their hid abodes.

First, came great Neptune, with his three-fored Mace, 
That rules the Seas, and makes them rife or fall; 
His deawly locks did drop with brine apace, 
Vnder his Diademne imperiale: 
And by his feke, his Queenne with Coronall, 
Faire Amphitrite, most divinely faire, 
Whatemvore shoulders were covered all, 
As with a robe, with her owne fumer hair: 
And deckt with pearls, which th'Indian feas for her prepar'd.

These marched faire afore the other crew: 
And all the way before them as they went, 
Triton his trumpet thrill before them blew, 
For goodly triumph and great jollity, 
That made the rocke to roare, as they were rite. 
And after them the royall fince came, 
Which of them sprung by lineall defcent: 
First, the Sea-gods, which to themfelves doe clame. 
The power to rule the billowes, and the waves to tame.

Phoecs, the father of that fastall brood, 
By whom tho: old Hercules wonne that fame: 
And Glauce, that wife Loofteyes underfood; 
And tugick Iuno fome, the which became 
A God of fceas through his mad mothers blame, 
Now hight Talaman, and is Saylers friend; 
Great Bronces, and Afranus, that did fame 
Himfelfe with inceft of his kin vndertaken; 
And huge Orion, that doth tempelst fill portend.

The rich Ocean, and Euryas long; 
Zeus and Pallas, loyely brethen both; 
Mighty Cephyft, and Calexolphin, 
Eurybular, that calmes the waters rhow; 
And faire Emphantic, that vpon them goth 
As on the ground, without dismay or dread: 
Fierce Eris, and Alebius, that know the 
The waters depth, and doth their bottome tread; 
And id Atlaper, comely with his hoarte head.

There also, some moft famous founders were 
Of paiftant Nations, which the world poift: 
Yet comnes of Neptune, now assembled here: 
Auncient Ortyge, vpon th'ancient fite. 
And Inachus, renown'd aboue the reft; 
Pharos, and Aon, and Telephus old, 
Great Belus, Phoex, and Agemor, beft; 
And mighty Albion, father of the bold 
And war-like people, which the Britaine Islands hold.

For, Albion, the fome of Neptune was; 
Who for the prooffe of his great puiffance, 
Out of his Albus did on dry-foot paft: 
Mighty Chriftofer, and Carthage affombed, France, 
To fight with Hercules, that did advance. 
To vanquiffh all the world with matcheffe might: 
And there his mortall part by great mischance 
Was faine: but that which is th'immortall prefent 
Lives full: and to this feast with Neptunes feed was light.

But what doe thofe names feek to reherfe, 
Which all the world have with their ifucce fild? 
How can they all in this fo narrow vere 
Continued be, and in his compaffe hold? 
Let them record them, that are better skild, 
And knowe the monuments of pafted times: 
Onely what needeth, fhall be here fulfilld, 
'Texpress fome part of that great equipage, 
Which from great Neptune doe deriue their parentage.

Next, came the aged Ocean, and his Dame, 
Old Tethys, th'oldeft two of all the reft: 
For, all the reft, of thofe two Parents came, 
Which afterward both fea and land poift: 
Of all which, Nereus, th'oldeft and the beft, 
Did firft proceed, then which none more wight, 
Ne more fircene in word and deed profef: 
Moft void of guile, moft free from foule despight, 
Dooing himfelfe, and teaching others to doe right.
Therto he was expert in prophecies,
And could the leden of the Gods unfold,
Through which, when Paris brought his famous prize
The faire Tindarian lade, he him fortold,
That all Greece with many a champion bold
Should fetch againe, and finally destroy
Proud Priamus towe, So is her old, and
And so well skild; that lefle he takes great joy
Of-simes amongst the wanton Nymphes to spoit and toy.

And after him the famous riuers came,
Which doe the earth enrich and beautifie,
The fetiche Nile, which creatures new doth frame;
Long Rhodamus, whole four springs from the side;
Faier Iter, flowing from the Mountains he;
Divine Scamander, pulped yet with blood
Of Greckes and Trophans, which therein did die;
Pakolus, glittling with his golden flood,
And Tigris fierce, whose streams of none may be withfood.

Great Ganges, and immortal Euphrates,
Deepke Indus, and Mazarnder inwarke,
Slow Peneus, and tempeftuous Phaides,
Swift Rhone, and Alpheus fullromnulate;
Orites, fearing for great Cynus fate;
Tybris, renowned for the Romanes fame,
Rich Oranochy, though but known late;
And that huge Rower, which doth beare his name
Of warlike Amazons, which do poiffe the same.

Joy on chole warlike women, which do long
Can from all men so rich a kingdom hold;
And shame on you, & men, which boast your wrong,
And valiant hearts, in thoughts lefle hard and bold;
Yet qualke in confueft of that kind of gold.
But due to you, O Britons, most pertaines,
To whom the right herc of itelle hath fold;
The which, for sparing little cost or paines,
Loke so immortall glory, and so endlesse gains.

Then was there heard a most celestiall sound
Of dainty musick, which did next entew
Before the ipoune: that was Arion crown'd;
Who playing on his harpe, unto him drew
The cares and hearts of all that gudle crew;
That even yet the Dolphin, which him bore
Through the Agan easse from Pirates view,
Stood full by him aftenicht at his lere,
And all the raging lesse for joy forgot to rote.

So went he playing on the warly Playne.
Soone after whom the lovely Bridgroom came,
The noble Thamus, with all his goodyl traine;
But him before there went, as belt became,
His augument parents, namely the augument Thamus.
But much more aged was his wife then he,
The Oueze, whom men do his rightly name;
Full weake and crooked creature fecm'd he,
And almoft blind through old, that scarce her way could see.

Therefore on either side the was vastained
Of two small grooves, which by their names were bright
The Charme, and Charwel, two small streames, which
Them shuets her footing to direct sight.
(Gained Which shayled off through faint and feble-pligt:
But Thame was stronger, and of better play;
Yet seem'd full aged by his outward sicht,
With head all hoary, and his beard all gray,
Dewed with slifer drops, that trickled downe alway.

And ele he somewhate seem'd to floupe afore
With bowed backe, by reason of the lode,
And saucious heavie burden, which he bore
Of that faire Cure, wherein make-abode
So many learned impes, that shoot abroad,
And with their branches spred all Britany,
No lefle then do her elder sisters broode.
Joy to you both, ye double noursey
Of Arts: but Oxford thine doth Thame most glorie.

But he their fonne full frefh and jolly was,
All decked in a robe of watchet hew,
On which the warers, glittering like Cryftall glas,
So cunningly enwarpes were, that few
Could weende, whether they were faire or trew.
And on his head like to a Coronet
He wore, that seemed frangre to common view,
In which were many Towers and Caffles set,
That it encompass round as with a golden fret.

Like as the mother of the gods, they say,
In her great iron charret wonts to ride,
When to Ioves palace she doth take her way;
Old Cybelle, arrayd with pompose pride,
Wearing a Diadem of painted gold,
With hundred currett, like a Turnbant,
With such an one was Thamus beautifie;
That was to weet the famous Troy mount
In which her kingdoms throne is chiefely renat.

And round about them many a pretty Page
Attended dutly, ready to obey;
All little Riers, which owe vassallage
To him, as to their Lord, and tribute pay
The chanell Kayne, and the Thems gray,
The morith Cole, and the soft fiding Breane,
The wanton Lee, that ofs doth loose his way,
And the full Durent, in whole waters clean
Ten thousand fishes play, and decke his pleasant breame.

Then came his neighbour iouents, which nigh him dwell,
And water all the English foile throughout;
They all on him this day attended well;
And with meete fauerice waited him about;
Ne one did flaine love to him to lost;
No not the lastly Seueme grudge'd at all,
Ne forming Humber, though he looked trou;
But both him honored as their principall,
And let their dwelling waters lowe before him fall.

There
There was the speedy Tamar, which dividest
The Cornish, and the Devonish confines:
Through both whose borders swiftly down it glides,
And meeting Plim, to Plymouth thence declines:
And Dart, high choak't with sands of sunny mines.
But AvonMarch'd in more sately path,
Proud of his Adamants, with which he linges
And glitters wide, as al's of wondrous Bath,
And Bridgewater, which on his waies he builded hath.

And there came Stour with terrible aspect,
Bearing his fixe deformed heads on his,
That doth his course through Blandford Plains direct,
And wafteth Winborne meades in seafon drie.
Next him went Wylibourne with palliaige flye,
That of his wyndesse his name doth tille,
And of him fel'a doth name the faire thereby:
And Male, that like a noothing Male doth make
His way full underground, till Thamis he overtake.

Then came the Rother, decked all with woods
Like a wood god, and flowing falt to Rhy:
And Sure, that parteth with his pleasant floods
The Exeter Saxon's from the Southmore ny.
And Clare, and Harwich both doth beautifie,
Him follow'd Yar, lost wafting Norfolk wall,
And with him brought a present joyfully
Of his owne Fifth into their feaual,
( call)
Whose like none else could throve, the which they Ruffins

Next thefe, the plentiful Ouse came farr from land,
By many a City, and by many a Towne,
And many Rivers, taking under hand
Into his waters, as he paleth downe,
The Gle, the Were, the Guent, the Sture, the Rowne.
Then doth both by Huntngdon and Cambridge fit,
My mother Cambridge, whom as with a Crowne
He doth adorn, and is adorn'd of it.
With many a gentle Mufe, and many a learned wit.

And after him the fatal Welland went,
That if old lawes prove true,(which God forbid)
Shall draw nee all Holland with his excrement,
And shall fce Stamford, though now homely bred,
Then fume in learning, more then ever did
Cambridge or Oxford, Englands goodly beames.
And next to him the Yare doth everly fide;
And bountious Trent, that in him felle enefames
Both thirty forts of fih, and thirty fundry freames.

Next thefe came Tyne, along whose ftony banke
That Romane Monarch built a brazen wall,
Which most the feeled Britons strongly flanke
Against the Fiels, that wafted once all,
Which yet there of Gualeerne they do call:
And Twede the limit between Logins land
And Albion: and Eden though but small,
Yet often flaine with blend of many a band
Of Scots and English both, that tynde on his strand.

Then came those firc fad brethren, like forlorn,
That whylame were (as antique fathers tell)
Sixe valiant Knights, of one faire Nymph yborne,
Which did in noble deeds of armes excell,
And wonned there, where now Yorke people dwell;
Still Vre, fust Werfe, and Ose the molt of might,
High Swale, vnquert Nyde, and troublesome Skell;
All whom a Scythian king, that Humber hight,
Slew cruelly, and in the rier's drowned quight.

But paft not long, ere Brutus waftike fonne
Lav Contents them aueng'd, and the fame date,
Which the proud Humber unto them had done,
By equall doome repayed on his owne pate:
For, in the fel'e fame riuer, where he late
Had drench't them, he drowned him againe;
And nam'd the Ricer of his wretched fate;
Whole bad condition yet it doth retaine,
Or fointed with his ftormes, which therein full remaine.

These after, came the ftony shallow Lone,
That to old Loncater his name doth lend;
And following Dee, which Britons long agoe
Died call dune, that doth by Chefter tend;
And Cone way, which out of his fame dothe tend
Plenty of pearsel to decke his daunes withall,
And Lindus that his pikes doth most commend,
Of which the accumant Lincolne men do call,
All these together marched toward Proteus hill.

Nethence the Irish Riers abfent were,
Sith no lefl'famous then the reft they be,
And joyne in neibourhood of kings dome nere,
Why should they not like wife in love agree,
And joye likewise this fel'me day to see?
They lawe it all, and preffe were in place;
Though I them all according to their degree,
Cannot recount, nor tell their hidden pleaze.

Not read the falinge countries, thorough which they pace.

There was the Liffe, rolling downe the sea,
The Lindy Slane, the ftony Aubrian,
The fpacious Shetan spreading like a sea,
The pleafant Boyne, the filthy fruitfull Ran,
Swift Awniduf, which of the English man
Is call'd Blacke water, and the Liffa depe;
Sad Trowis, that once his people owenere,
Strong Alle tombling from Slewloger steep,
And Molls mine, whose waies one I whilom taught to weep.

And there the treenommed brethren were,
Which that great Giant Biamus begot
Of the faire Nymph Rheia wandring there.
One day, as she to flumne the feaion hot,
Ynder Slewlooome in thady groue was got,
This Gigant found her, and by force dehow'd:
Wherceto concerning, the in time forth brought
Thefe three faire Enys, which being thence forth pow'd
In three great rivers ran, and many countries governed.

The
The first, the gentle Shure, that making way
By sweet Clonmel, adorns rich Waterford;
The next, the Rubboone Newre, whose waters gray
By faire Kilkeny and Rosslirene board;
The third, the goodly Barrow, which doth hoord
Great heare of Salmons in his deeppe bosome:
All which long fanned, doe at last accord
To some in one, ere to the sea they come,
So flowing all from one, all at last become.

There also was the wide embay'd Mayre,
The pleasant Bancon crowd with many a wood,
The spreading Lee, that like an Illand faire
Enclofeth Coare with his duided flood;
And balefull Oure, late frayd with English bloud:
With many more, whose names no tongue can tell.
All which that day in order feem'd under
Did on the Thamus attend, and waited well
To doe their dueft fruite, as to them belong.

Then came the Bride, the louing Medusa came,
Clad in a vesture of unknowne gear,
And vencouth fashion, yet her well became;
This feem'd like fitter, sprinkled here and there
With glittering fpangles, that did like flares appeare;
And war'd upon, like water Chamelot,
To hide the metal, which yet crouer
Blew a yeftelle, to let men plainly woot,
It was no mortall worke, the fennent d and yet was not.

Her goodly lockes advante her backe did flowe
Vnto her waste, with flowers besprinkled;
The which ambrofiall odours forth did throwe
To all about, and all her shoulders spreid
As a newfpring; and likewise on her head
A Chaplet of tundry flowes the wore,
From vnder which the deowy humour, flied.
Did trickle downe her hair, like to the bore
Congelled little drops, which doe the morne adore.

Go her, two pretty handmaids did attend,
One call the Thife, the other call the Crane;
Which on her waited, things amifffe to mend,
And both behind vp-held her preaching traine;
Vnder the which, her feet appeard yaine,
Her flinterfeet, faire wafts against this day;
And her before vnder paied Pages twaine,
Both clad in colours like, and like array,
The Dame & the Frith, both which preard her way.

And after thefe the Sea Nymphs marchd all,
All goodly damzels, deckt with long greene haire,
Whom of their fire Nereides men call,
All which the Oceans daughter to him bare;

The firft, the goodly Barrow, which doth hoord
Great heare of Salmons in his deeppe bosome:
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All goodly damzels, deckt with long greene haire,
Whom of their fire Nereides men call,
All which the Oceans daughter to him bare;
Canto XII.

Marin, for love of Florimell,
In languor wastes his life:
The Nymph his mother geteth her,
And giveth him for wife.

What an endless worke have I in hand,
To count the seas abundant progress;
Whole fruitfull seas far passeth these in land,
And also those which worn in chasme close:
For, much more easie to tell the stars only,
Albe they endless seeme in estimation,
Then to recount the seas potterie:
So fertile be the soilds in generation,
So huge their numbers, and so numberlesse their nation.

Therefore the antique wizards well inuented,
That frome the foamy Seas was bred;
For that the seas by her are most augmented:
Witnesse the exceeding frity, which there are fed,
And wondrous shoales, which may of none be read.
Then blame me not, if I have erred in count
Of gods, of Nymphs, of Rivers yet unread:
For, though their numbers do much more surmount,
Yet all the same were there, which erst I did account.

All these were there, and many other more,
Who many names and nations were too long to tell,
That Praxite house they did erew to the dore,
Yet were they all in order, as belif,
According their degrees, disposed well.
Amongst the rest, was faire Cymnadoe,
The mother of vnstink Marined,
Who thither with her came, to learn and fee
The manner of the gods when they at banquet be.

But for he was haffe mortall, being bred
Of mortall fire, though of immortal wome;
He might not with immortall food be fed,
Ne with th' eternal gods to banquet come;
But walk abroad, and round about did roome,
To view the building of that vncomplace,
That seemd unlike into his earthly home;
Where, as he fad, and trode by chance did trace,
There vnto him betid a dilacuent cafe.

Under the hanging of an hideous cleefe,
He heard the lamentable voice of one,
That pitifully complaied her carefull griefe,
Which never she before did cleare to none,
But to her selfe her sorrowe did bemeone.
So feelingly her cafe she did complaint,
That truth it mov'd in the rocky stone,
And made it seeme to feel her grievous paine,
And oft to groane with bollowes beating from the Main.

Though vaine I fee my sorrowes to vnsound,
And count my cares, when none is nigh to heare:
Yet hoping, griefe may leffe being tolde,
I will them cell though vnto no man nere;
For, heuea that vnto all lands equal ear,
Is faire from hearing of my heavy plight;
And lowell hell, to which I lie most nere,
Cares not what enuis hap to wretched wight;
And greedy fees doe in the spoile of life delight.

Yet loe, the fees I see by often beare,
Do pears the Rockes, and hardnest marble wares:
But his hard rocky heart for no entreaty
Will yeeld; but when my pious plaints he heares,
Is hardened more with my abundant teares.
Yet though he never lift to me relent,
But let me waste in wo mourning yeares,
Yet will I never of my loue repent,
But joy that for his sake I suffer prifonment.

And when my weary ghost with griefe out-worne,
By timely death shall winne her widfhes rest,
Let then this plaint vnto his cares be borne,
That blame it is to him, that armes profette,
To let her die, whom he might have redreft.
There did the paucie, informed to glue place,
Vnto the passion, that her heart oppret.
And after she had wept and wayl'd a space,
She gien asreth that to renew her wretched cafe.
Ye gods of seas, if any gods at all
Have care of right, or ruth of wretch's wrong,
By one or other way we woefully thrall
Deliver hence out of this dungeon throng,
In which I daily dying am too long,
And if ye deeme me death, for loving one
That loves not me, then do it not prolong,
But let me dy and end my days attone,
And let him huse vnlov'd, caus he fell alone.

But if that life ye unto me decrease,
Then let me live, as louers ought to doe,
And of my life's deare Lonel forlorn be:
And if I should through pride your doom vade,
Do you by darest him compell thereto,
And in this prison put him here with me:
One prison heart is to hold vs two:
So had I rather to be thrall, then free;
Such thrallome or fight freedom let it faire be.

But vaine judgement, and conditions vaine,
The which the prisoner points unto the free!
The whiles I him condeme, and deeme his paine,
He where he lift goes looie, and laughs at me.
Souer looie, so euer happy be,
But where so looie or happy that thou art,
Know Marivel that all this is for thee.
With that the wept and wail'd, as her heart
Would quite have burst through great abundance of her

All which complaint when Marivel had heard,
And vnderstood the cause of all her care
To come of him, for vting her so hard,
His stubborne heart, that neuer felt misfare,
Was toucht with soft remorde and pitty rare:
That euer for grieue of minde he oft did groane,
And myly wth, that in his powder it were
Her to redresse: but since she meanes found none,
He could no more but her great misery bemoone.

Thus whilst his flonie heart was toucht with tender ruth,
And mighty courage something mollifie,
Dame Fenius goome that tward stubborne youth
With iron bit, and makest him abide,
Till like a Victor on his backe he ride,
Into his mouth his mynteyng bridle threw,
That made him toope, till he did him bezide:
Then gan he make him tread his stepps anew,
And learnto to love, by learning louers paines to rew.

Now gan he in his grieved minde deuise,
How from that dungeon he might her enlarge:
Some while he thought, by faire and humble wife
To Proteus felle to sue for her discharge:
But then he fear'd his mothers former charge
Gantit womans love, long given him in vaine.
Then gan he thynke, to perverse with sword and turge
Her forth to fetch, and Proteus to contraine:
But loone he gan such fully to forthynke again.

Then did he cast to fleaste her thence away,
And with him beare, where none of her might knawe.
But all in vaine: for why he found no way
To enter in, or siew forth belowe;
For all about that rocke the fay did flowe,
And though unto his will the gien were,
Yet without flup or bout her thence to rowe,
He wift not how, her thence away to bear:
And danger well he wift to long to continue there.

At last, when as no meane he could inuent,
Backe to him selfe, he gan returne the blame,
That was the author of her punishment:
And with vile curies, and reproachfull flame
To damn him selfe by every cull name,
And deeme vnworthy or of love or life,
That had desipt his chaft and faire a Dame,
Which him he had fought through trouble and long sirie;
Yet had refuse d g a that her had fought to wife.

In this sad plight he walked here and there,
And roamed round about the rocke in vaine,
As he had loit him selfe, he wift not where;
Oft listenyn he this his heart were grievde,
And still bennisong his vnworthy pane:
Like as an Hynde whole ealle is faile vnwares
Into some pit, where she her heartes complaine,
An hundred times about the pit side fares,
Right sorrowfully mourning her bereavd cares.

And now by this, the feast was thoroughly ended,
And every one gan homeward to retacke:
Which seeing, Marivel was sore offendred,
That his departure thence should be so short,
And leue his Loue in that feat-walled fort,
Yet durst he not his mother disobey,
But her attending in full seemly fort,
Did march amongst the many all the way:
And all the way did inly mourne, like one affray.

Being returned to his mothers bowre,
In solitary silence fare from wight,
He gan record the lamentable bowre,
In which his wretched Loue lay day and night,
For his deare take, that ill decre'd that plight:
That the thought whereof empurc'd his heart to depee,
That of so worldly thing he tooke delight:
Ne daily food did take, ne nightly sleep,
But pyed, & mourn'd, & longishist, and alone did wepe.

That in short space his wonted cheerfull how
Can fade, and lively spirits deedd quight:
His cheek-bones rare, and eye-pits hollow grew,
And brawny armes had lost their knownen might,
That nothing like himselfe he seem'd in fight,
Ere long, to weake of Lumbe, and fickle of Loue
He wose, that longer he noote tand uprigh,
But to his bed was brought, and layd abowe,
Like ruefull goft, viable once to flour or maste.

Which

X 3
Which when his mother saw, she in her mind
Was troubled sore, ne wist well what to weene.
Ne could by searc'h nor any scenes out-find
The secret cause and nature of his teene,
Whereby the might apply some medicine;
But, weeping day and night did him attend,
And mont'd to see her face before her syne:
Which grieued her more, that she it could not mend;
To see an helpeless euil, double grieve doth lend.

22
Nought could she read the root of his difease,
Ne weene what mister malady it is,
Whereby to secke some meanes to appease.
Moth did she thinke, but moost the thought amifs,
That that same former fatal wound of his
Whereby by Trypton was not throughly healed,
But closely rankled under the fpace:
Leat th' did the thinke, that which he moost concealed,
That lose it was, which in his heart lay unregale.

23
Therefore to Trypton the againe doth haste,
And him doth chide as sulie and fraudulent,
That sayd the truth, which sile in him had pla't
To cove her face, as he his faith had lent:
Who now was faine into new Lingualment
Of his old hurt, which was not thoroughly cured,
So backe he came unto her Patient;
Where fetching every part, she well allured,
That it was no old fere, which his new paine procured;

24
But that it was some other malady,
Or grieue unknowne, which he could not determe:
So left he her without remedy.
Then gan her heart to faine, and gauke and yerne,
And only troubled was, the truth to learne.
Not him like she came, and him befought,
Now with faire speche, now with threatnings stern:
If' ought lay hidden in his grieved thought,
It to reveale : who still her answered, there was nought.

25
Nath'less she refled not to disfassifie:
But leaving unto gods, as heaving nought,
Vnto the thinly heauen in hastes the hide,
And thence Apollo king of Leaches brought.
Apollo came: who soone as he had forght
Through his disfassifie, did by and by our-find,
That he did languish of some inward thought,
The which afficted his engrieved minde;
Which loue he read to be, that leads each living kind.

27
Now lease she feared that same falsall read,
That warned him of womens loue bewarre:
Which being meant of mortall creature's head,
For foure of 'Nymphes the thought she need not care,
But promit him what-euer wright she were
This sile her loue to him would shortly gaine.
So he her told: but foone as she did see,
That Florimell it was, which brought his paine,
She gan affrith to chafe, and grieve in euery vaine.

28
Yet since the care the springt extermite,
In which his life vnluckily was lạyd,
It was no time to fear the prophecie.
Whether old Proteus true or false had sayd,
That his decay shou'd happen by a mayd.
It's late in death of danger to duite,
Or loose forbid him, that is life deny'd:
But rather gan in troubled mind deceuz,
How life that Ladies libertie might entize.

29
To Proteus serf to sue for, the thought it vaine,
Who was the root and worker of her woe:
Nor unto any manner to complain,
But unto greaing Proteus serf did goe,
And on her knee before him falling lowe,
Made humble suit unto his mistress,
To grant to her, her sones life, which his foe
A cruel Tyrant had preumpiously
By wicked doom condemn'd, a wretched death to die:

30
To whom god Neptune softly sining, thus:
Daughter, me femee of double wrong ye plaine,
Gainst one that hath both wronged you, and ye:
Foe, death e'toward I ween'd did appeare.
To none, but to the seas sole Soveraigne,
Read therfore who it is, which this heath wrouthe,
And for what caute: the truth doth ouer pla'
For, neuer wight euil did or thought,
But would some rightfull caue pretend, though rightly
(nought.)

31
To whom the answer-send: Then it is by name,
Proteus, that hath ordain'd my sone to die:
For that a waifs, which by fortune came
Upon your feas, he claym'd is 'propriety:
And yet nor his, nor his in equitie,
But yours the waifs by high prerogative.
Therefore I humbly crave your Majestie,
It to replieace, and my sone reprieue:
So shal you by one gift fauce all vs three alue.

32
He graunted: and straight his warrant made,
Under the seas gods faile autenticall,
Commanding Proteus straightenlarge the myad,
Which wandering on his seas imperially.
He lately tooke, and sti'nce keep't as thrall.
Which he receiving with meete thankfulnesse,
Departed straight to Proteus therewithall:
Who, reading it with inward thankfulness,
Was grieved to restore the pledge, he did poifie.
Yet durft he not the warrant to withstand,
But unto her decleret Fioremell.
Whom she receyving by the lily hand,
Admir'd her beauty much, as the more well:
For, she all living creatures did excel;
And was right soious that she gotten had
So faire a wife for her sonne Marinel.
So home with her she freight the virgin lad,
And shewed her to him, then being before dealt.

Who soone as he behold that angels face,
Adorn'd with all divine perfection,
His chear'd heart soone away gan chase
Sad death, reuited with her sweet inspeccion,
And feble spiritinely felt refecton;
As withered weed through cruel winters tine,
That feelest the warmth of sunnies beames refecton,
Lifter vp his head, that did before decline,
And gins to spread his leafe before the faire sunstine.

Right so him selfe did Marinel vpreare,
When he in place his dearest Loue did spy;
And though his limbs could not his body beare,
No former strength returne so suddenly,
Yet chearfull signes he shewed outwardly.
Ne leffe was she in secrect heart affected,
But that she masked it with modesty,
For feare she should of lightnesse be detected:
Which to another place I leaue to be perfected.

The end of the fourth Booke.
THE FIFT BOOKE
OF THE FAERIE
QUEENE:
CONTAINING
The Legend of ARTHEGALL.
OR
Of Justice.

Oft as I, with state of present time,
The image of the antique world compare,
When as mans age was in his freshest prime,
And the first blossom of faire vertue bare,
Such oddes I finde twixt those, and thefe which are,
As that, through long continuance of his course,
Me seemes the world is runne quight out of square,
From the first point of his appointed poynt.

But to the antique vfe, which was of yore,
When good was onely for it selfe desired,
And all men fought their owne, and none no more;
When justice was not for most need out-byred,
But simple Truth did raigne, and was of all admired.

For, that which all men then did vertue call,
Is now cal'd vice; and that which vice was hight,
Is now hight vertue, and so vs'd of all:
Right now is wrong, and wrong that was is right,
As all things else in time are changed quight.

And being once amisse grows daily worfe.
And being once amisse grows daily worfe.

Let none then blame me, if in discipline
Of vertue and of civill vies bore,
I doe not forme them to the common line
Of present dayes, which are corrupted forre,
And eke the Bull hath with his bow-bent horne
So hardy putted tho’ two twinnnes of fowr,
That they have crufh the Crab, and quicke him borne
Into the great Xenaem lions groane.
So now all range, and do at random roue
Out of their proper places farre away,
And all this world with them amifs do move,
And all is creatures from their coutrie affray.
Till they arrive at their last ruinos decay.

Ne is that fame great glorious lamp of light,
That doth enume all these litter fyres,
In better cale, he keeps his course more right,
But is mifcarried with the other spheres.
For, since the term of fourreane hundred yere
That learned Proleme his height did take,
He is declined from that mark of theirs,
Nigh thirty minutes, to the Sonthene lake!
That makes me faire in time he will vs quite forake.

And if to those Egyptian wights old,
Which in Star-read were wont to have best fighth,
Faith may be gven, it is by them told,
That since the time they first tooke the Sunnes bight,
Four times his place he lifted hath in fighth,
And twice hath rifen, where he now doth Weft,
And withed twice, where he ought to eareight.
But moft is Mars amifs of all the refl,
And next to him old Saturne, that was wont be best.

For, during Saturnes ancient raigne, it’s laid,
That all the world with gooddeele did abound:
All lovd vertue, no man was affrayd
Of force, no fraud in might was to be found:
No warre was knowne, no dreadfull trumpets found,
Peace vnites all raignes mongst men and beafts,
And all things freely grew out of the ground:
Justice faire high ador’d with solemnne feasts,
And to all people did divide her dead beafts;

Mocht ered vertue fie of all the refl,
Refembling God in his imperiall mights,
Whole fowerague powre is hereon most expref,
That both to good and bad he dealeth right.
And all his worke with justice hath bedight.
That powre he also doth to Princes lend,
And makes them like him fief in glorious fight,
To fit in his owne fte, his coune to end,
And rule his people right, as he doth recommend.

Died foweragine goddesse, that doth higheft fitt
In fcore of judgemen, in th’Almighetys fead,
And with magnificke might and Wondroues wit
Doeft to thy people righteouſe doome aeraed.
That furfeft Nations filles with awfule dread,
Pardon the coldneffe of thy balfe thall,
That dare dacoure of fo divine a read,
As thy great justice prayled over all:
The instrument whereof loc here thy Artheagall.

**Canto I.**

*Artheagall trayd’ in Justice lore*
*irenaes quest purswed:*
*He doth avenge on Sangler*
*His Ladies blond embrewed.*

Such firt was Bacchan, that with furious might
All th’East, before vataun, did overconne,
And wrong reprefed, and eftablfh’d right,
Which lawlesse men had formerly fordonne.
There Iustice fitted princely rule begunne.
Next, Hercules his like enquifh’d newed,
Who all the Weft with equall conquest wonne,
And monifrous tyrants with his club subdued:
The club of Iustice dread, with kingly powre embrewed.

And
And such was he, of whom I have to tell,
The Champion of true Justice, Arthebad.
Whom (as ye lately more remember well)
An hard adventure, which did then befall,
Into his Famous Penitent did call;
That was, to succour a distressed Dame,
Whom a strong tyrant did unjustly thrall,
And from the heritage, which she did claim,
Did with strong hand withhold: Grauntore was his name.

Wherefore the Lady, which I now rehearse,
Did to the Faery Queen her way address;
To whom complaining her afflicted plight,
She her befought of gracious relief:
That louring Faery Queen, that mighty Empresse,
Whole glories is to yide all suppliants pore;
And of weake Princes to be PatronShe,
Chose Arthebad to right her to restore;
For that to her he seem'd best skilful in righteous lore.

Whiles through the world she walked in this feat,
Upon a day she found this gentle child,
Amongst his peers playing his chaste sport:
Whom seeing fit, and with no came decid;
She did allure with gifts and speeches mild,
To wend with her. So chance him faire she brought
Into a cave from any visible path;
In which she nourish'd, till yeares she taught,
And all the discipline of justice there she taught.

Thus she him taught to weigh both right and wrong
In equal balance with due compeence,
And equity to measure out among,
According to the line of conference,
When for it needs with rigour to dispence.
Of all the which, for want there of mankind,
She caus'd him to make experience
Upon wyld beasts, which in woods did find,
With wrongfull powre oppressing others of their kind.

Thus the him trauayd, and thus he him taught,
In all the skill of demeaning wrong and right,
Ynstill the ripenesse of many yeares he taught;
That cunn wyld beasts did feare his awfull sight,
And men admir'd his oure-ruling might;
Ne any hit'd on ground, that dart with bane,
His dreadfull hit, it much left him match in fight,
Or hide the horror of his weakfull hand,
When so he left in wrath his vp his freely brand.

Which freely brand, to make him dradded more,
She gauce vnto him, gotten by her flight
And earneft search, where it was kept in store
In Inoes eternal house, unwist of night.
Since he himselfe it v'd in that great fight
Against the Titans, that whylome rebelled
Giant hightehest heaven; Chryseis it was light;
Chryseis, that all other words excelled,
Well prov'd in that same day, when Iow the Gyanz quell'd.

For, of most perfect metall it was made,
Temped with Adamant amongst the same,
And garnished all with gold vpon the blade
In goodly wite, whereof it took his name,
And was of so les vertue, then of fame.
For, there no substance was so firm and hard,
But it would pierce or cleave, where-so it came;
Ne any armour could his dint outward,
But whereof eas it did light, it throughly blast'd.

Now, when the world with faire gan to abound,
Afreas loathing lenger here to pace
Mongst wicked men, in whom no truth the found,
Retur'd to heaven, whence the denin'd her race;
Where the hath now an easufulning place.
Mongst those twelve signes, which nightly we doe see
The heauen's brightvshining hand stroke to enbrace;
And is the Virgin, first in her degree:
And next her selfe, her rightous pallance hanging bee.

But when she parted hence, the left her groome
An yrone man, which did on her attend
Alwayes, to execute her stedfast doome,
And will'd him with Arthebad to wend,
And do what everthing he did intend.
His name was Tulus, made of yron mould,
Immoveable, resiftatible, without end;
Who, in his hand, an yrone faire did holde,
With which he therwith out falsitie, & did truth vnsfolde.

He now went with him in this new inquest,
Him for to aide, if aide he chaunt to need,
Against that cruel Tyrant, which opprest
The faire Irene with his foule mildest,
And kept the Crowne in which she should succeed.
And now together on their way they bin
When as they faue a Squire in squallid weed,
Lamenting for his forrowfull lad tine,
With many bitter teares the fhe from his blubbrd eye.

To whom as they approch'd, they eipide
A foire fight, as euer seen with eye;
An headlesse Ladie lying him beside,
In her owne blood all wallow'd wofully,
That her gry clothes did in discouer die.
Much was he moiester at the softfull fight;
And flamm'd with zede of vengeance unworthy:
He askt, who had that Dame so foyly die;
Or whether his owne hand, or whether other wight?

Ah!
15 Ahe! woe is me, and weal-away, quoth he, 
Bursting forth teares, like springes out of a banke, 
That euer this dishall day did fee: 
Full farre was I from thinking such a pranke; 
Yet little loffe it were, and mickle thanke, 
If I shold grant that I have doen the same, 
That I more drink the cup, whereof the dranke: 
But that I should dy guilty of the blame. 
The which another did, who now is freed with shame.

16 Who was it then, saide Arthegall, that wroght? 
And why doe it declare unto me trew.
A knight, sayd he, if knight he may be thought, 
That did his hand in Ladies bloud immere, 
And for no cause, but as I shall you shew. 
This day as I in solace fate hereby 
With a faire Loue, whose loffe I now do trew, 
There ene this knight, beinge in company.
This lucklesse Lady, which now here doth headlesse lie.

17 He, whether mine seem'd lyer in his eye, 
Or that he wexed weary of his owne, 
Would change with me; but I did it deny: 
So did the Ladies both as may be known, 
But he, whose spirit was with pride vp-blowne, 
Would not to reft contented with his right, 
But hauing from his courser her downe-thrown.
Fro me rele mine away by lawlesse might, 
And on his steed her yet, to bear her out of fight.

18 Which when his Lady fawe, the follow'd fast, 
And on him catching holde, gan loud to crie, 
Not to fo leace her, nor away to caft, 
But rather of his hand befought to die. 
With that, his sword he drew all wrathfully, 
And at one stroke cropt off her head with forme, 
In that same place, whereas it now doth lie, 
So he my love away with him hath borne, 
And left me here, both his & mine owne Loue to moune.

Arad, sayd he, which way then did he make? 
And by what markes may he be knowne agayne? 
To him, quoth he, he home to overtake, 
That hence fo long departed, it but vaine: 
But yet he pricket out yonder Plaine; 
And as I marked, borne vpou his shield, 
By which its eafe him to knowe agayne, 
A broken fword within a bloody field; 
Expressing well his nature which the fame did wield.

10 No sooner sayd, but straight he after sert 
His wonted, who him puruedd to fo light, 
As that it seem'd about the ground he went:
For, he was swift as swallow in her flight, 
And strong as Lion in his lordly might. 
It was not long, before he ouer-tooke 
Sir Sanglier; (fo cleped was that Knight) 
Whom at the first he ghesled by his looke, 
And by the other markes, which of his shield he took.

11 He bade him stay, and backe with him retire; 
Who full of forme to be commanded fo, 
The Lady to a right did eft require.
Whilfit he reformed that vnscull foe; 
And straight at him with all his force did goe. 
Who mow'd no more therewith, then when a rocke 
Is lightly thriken with some flower's throwe; 
But to him leaping, lent him such a knacke, 
That on the ground he laid him like a senseless blocke.

12 But ere he could him selfe secure againe, 
Him in his from pows he fercd had; 
That when he wak't out of his warelesse paine, 
He found him felle vnwit, to sll belted, 
That lim he could not wag. Thence he him lad, 
Round like a bear appointed to the fall a 
The fight whereof the Lady fore sard, 
And sayd'to fly for fear of being thrall; 
But he her quickly staid, and forc't to wend withall.

13 When to the place they came, where Arthegall 
By that fame carefull Squire did then abide, 
He gently gan him to demand of all, 
That did beawit him and that Squire beside. 
Who with fome countenance and indignant pride 
Did sunwere, that of all he guidelesse flood, 
And his accuer thereupon defide: 
For, neyther he did flee that Ladies bloud, 
Nor tooke away his Loue, but his owne proper good.

14 Well did the Squire perceiue him selfe too weake, 
To anfwer his defence in the field, 
And rather chose his challenge off to break. 
Then to approoue his right with pears and shield. 
And rather guily chose him selfe to yield; 
But Arthegall by fignes perceiuing plaine, 
That he it was not, which that Lady hail, 
But that strange Knight, the fairer Loue to guine, 
Did call about by flight the truth thereouer to straine:

15 And sayd, Now fure this doubtfull caufes right 
Can hardly but by Sarament be tride, 
Or els by oracle, or by bloody fight; 
That ill perhaps morefall to either fide. 
But if ye pleafe, that I your caufe decide, 
Perhaps I may all further quarell end, 
So ye will fwear my judgement to abide. 
Therto they both did frankly confedend, 
And to his doome with liflfull cares did both attend.

16 Sith then, sayd he, ye both the dead dery, 
And both the living Lady claime your right, 
Let both the dead and living equally 
Divided be betwixt you here in fight, 
And each of either take his fhare right. 
But lookke who does difsent from this my read, 
He for a twelve moneths day thall in delight 
Bearre for his penance that fame Ladies head; 
To witnesse to the world, that fit by him his dead.
Canto I.

THE FAERIE QVEENE.

27

W'll please that doome was Sangiere,
And offered straight the Lady to be flame.
But that Lane Squire, to whom she was more dore,
When as he sawe the should be cut in twaine,
Did yield, the rather should with him remaine.
Alas, then to herselfe be shared dead:
And rather then his Louis should suffer paine,
He chose with shame to bear what Ladies head.
True love defieth flame, when life is cold in dread.

28

Whom when, so willing Asthelall perceaued:
Not so thou Squire, he said, but thine I decerne.
The louing Lady, which from thee he reaued:
For, worthy thou of her doost rightly seeme.
And you, sir Knight, that loue to light seeme,
As that ye would for little leave the lame,
Take her, your owne, that doth you best becene,
And whith it bear: the burden of desane:
Your owne dead Ladies head, to tell abroad your shame.

29

But Sangiere disdained much his doome,
And heartly gan repine at his behalfe;
Ne would for ought obey, as did become,
To bear that Ladies head before his fread.

20

Vanite that Talus had his pride reprefet,
And forced him, maugre, it up to reare.
Who, when he saw it bootlefe to refite,
He took its vp, and thrice with him did bear,
Arrated Spaniell takes his burden vp for faire.

Much did that Squire Sir Asthelall adore,
For his great Juflice, held in high regard:
And (as his Squire) him offered euermore:
To bare, for want of other meet reward,
And went with him on his adventure hard.
But he thereto would by no means consent;
But leaving him, forth on his journey far'd:
Ne wight with him but onely Talus went;
They two enouf3' enuounter an whole Regiment.

Canto II.

Arthelall heare of Florimell,
does with the Pagan fight,
Him Jlaies, drownes Lady Momera,
does rafe her Castle quight.

For this was Doyg, Florimells owne Dwarfe:
Whom having loft (is ye hee heard whyeare)
And finding in the way the feared feare,
The fortune of her life long time did feare.
But, of her health when Arthelall did heare,
And safe returne, he was full lyne gladd.
And asked him where, and when her bridale cleare
Should be solemnis'd: for, if time he had,
He would be there, and honour to her truefull ad.

4

Within three dayes, quoth hee, as I do heare,
It will be at the Castle of the Strawd:
What time, if sought me let, I will be there
To doe her seruice, so as I am bond.
But in my way a little here beyond,
A cursed cruel Sarazin doth wonne,
That keeps a Bridges paffeage by strong bond,
And many errant Knights hith there for done.
That makes all men for fear that paffeage for to shanne.

Y. What
V What mister wight, quoth he, and how far hence
Is he, that doth to travellers such harms?
He is, said he, a man of great defence;
Expert in battell and in deeds of arms;
And more emboldned by the wicked charmes,
With which his daughter doth him still support;
Having great Lordships got and goodly names,
Through strong opprobrium of his powre extorts;
By which he still them holds, & keeps with strong effect.

And daily he his wrongs encreseth more:
For, never wight he lets to palle that way,
Outer his Bridge, albe he rich or poore,
But he him makes his passage-penny pay:
Elfe he doth hold him back, or beat away.
Thereto he hath a groome of cuil guize,
Whose face is bare, that bondage doth bewray,
Which poles and pils the poore in pitious wife;
But he himselfe upon the rich doth tyrannize.

His name is Night Patience, rightly so
For that he is so pusillant and strong,
That with his powre he all doth over-go,
And makes them subject to his mighty wrong;
And some by sleight he eke doth vertong:
For, on a bridge he cutteth men to fight,
Which is but narrow, but exceeding long;
And in the same are many trap-fals right;
Through which the rider downe doth fall through over.

And underneath the same a river flowers,
That is both swift and dangerous deep withall;
Into the which whom so he over-thowes,
All destitute of hope, doth headlong fall:
But he himselfe, through practicethoal,
Leapes forth into the flood, and there slayes
His foe, confustid through his fall
That hostile and man he equally diginates,
And other, both them drownes, or traitorously flies.

Then doth he take the spoyle of them at will,
And to his daughter bringes, that dwells thereby:
Who all that come doth take, and there-with fill
The coffers of her wicked thraiture;
Which flye with wrongs hath heaped vp so lyv,
That many Princes in their wealth exceed,
And purchas all the country lying ny
With the renown of her plentiful meedes;
Her name is Manora, agreeing with her deeds.

There-to flee is full faire, and rich attired,
With golden hands and filuer feet beside,
That many Lords have her to wife defyled:
But the them all delpitch for great pride.
Now by my life, said he, and God to guide,
None other way will I this day betake;
But by that Bridge, where-ase he doth abide:
Therefore me I ther Lead. No more he spake,
But ditchward forth-right his ready way did make.

Vnto the place he came within a while,
Whereon the Bridge he ready armed saw.
The Sarazin, awaing for some spoile,
Who as they to the passage gan to draw,
A villain to them came with full all raw,
That passage-money did of them require,
According to the curthome of their law.
To whom he auniewd wroth, lo, there thy hire;
And with that word him strooke, that fright he did expire.

Which, when the Pagan saw, he waxed wroth,
And straight himselfe vnto the fight addrest
Ne was Sir Arthureall behind : fo both
Together ran with ready speares in rest.
Right in the midst, where-as they breft to breft
Should meet, a trap was letten downe to fall
Into the flood : straight leapt the Castle vmbles,
Well weening that his foe was faile withall:
But he was well aware, and leapt before his fall.

Thus being both together in the flood,
They each at other tyrannously flew:
Ne ought the water coold their hot blood,
But rather in them kindled choler new.
But there the Paynem, who vth well knew
To fight in water, great advantage had,
That often-times him nigh he over-threw:
And eke the couner, where-vpon he rad,
Could swim like a fhy, whiles he his back befrad.

Which odde when as Sir Arthureall espide,
He saw no way, but close with him in hate;
And to him driuing strongly downe the tide,
Vpon his iron closer gripped fast,
But the with the ftrane, his wetand nigh he brast.
There they together mourn and struggled long,
Either the other from his heed to call,
Ne euer Arthureall his gripe strong
For any thing would fack, but still upon him hang.

As when a Dolphin and a Sele are met,
In the wide champain of the Ocean Plaine,
With cruel chaute their couragies they whet,
Them maister-dome of each by force to gaine,
And dredefull battaile twixt them do durance:
They fast, they flowt, they bounct, they rage, they roar,
That all the fea (disturbed with their traine)
Doth frite with some about the furges hore:
Such was betwixt these two the troublecom vprore.

So Arthureall at length, him foret foraake
His horses back, for drede of being drown,
And to his handy swimming him betake.
Eftoones himdricke he from his hold unbound,
And then no odds at all in him he found:
For, Arthureall in swimming skillfull was,
And durft the depth of any water found.
So ought each Knight, that vse of perill has,
In swimming be expert, through waters force to pass.

Then
Then very doubfull was the warres euent, 22
Vncertaine whether had the better side:
For, both were skild in that experiment,
And both in armes well trained and throughly tride.

But Arthegall was better breeth'd befide,
And towards th' end, grew greater in his might,
That his faint foe no longer could abide
His puissance, ne brete himself vp-right,
But from the water to the land betooke his flight.

But Arthegall purchas'd him still fo near,
With bright Chryfior in his cruel hand,
That as his head he gan a little reare
Aboute the brone, to tread upon the land,
He moved it off, that tumbling on the strand,
It hit the earth for very felldelpight,
And gnasiled with his teeth, as if he had
High God, whoe goodndeile he depaire d quight.
Or curst the hand, which did that vengeance on him right.

His corps was carried downe alonge the Lee,
Whole waters with his filthy blood deftained:
But his blaphemous head, that all might see,
He pitcht upon a pole on high ordained;
Vnfoe many yeeres it aftewards remained,
To be a moom to all mighty men,
In whose right hands great poerue is contained,
That none of them the feele ov'er, en
But always doe their powere within suft compafs pen.

That done, vnto the Castle he did wend,
In which the Paynims daughter did abide,
Guarded of many which did her defend:
Of whom he entrance sought, but was denide,
And with reprocheful blaphemy deide.
Bebaten with stonese downe from the battlement,
That he was forced to wish-draw slide;
And bade his fervoute Talon to intent
Which way he enter mightly, without endangermement.

Eftioones his Page drew vnto the Castle gate,
And with his irone staffe at it let fly,
That all the Warders it did forse amate,
The which ere-while spake so reprochefullly,
And made them stoupe, that looked earl fo hie.
Yet ftil he bet, and bounft upon the dore,
And thundred strokes thercon fo hidiously,
That all the peeces he flashed from the flord,
And filled all the house with feare and great vp-tore.

With noife whereof, the Lady forth appeared
Vpon the Castle wall; and when the law
The dangerous state in which the flood, the feared
The fad efct of her necre overthowse;
And gan intreat that iron man belowe,
To ceafe his out-rage, and him faire befoute,
Sith neither force of stonese which they did throwe,
Nor powere of charmes, which the againft him wrought,
Might otherwise proude, or make him ceafe for ought.

But, when as yet fiee law him to proceed,
Ynnoum'd with prayers, or with pitious thought,
She meant him to corrupt with goodly meed;
And eas'd great licks, with endless riches fraught,
Vnto the battlement to be vp-brought,
And powred forth over the Castle wall,
That the might of fee, if throughly bought
Whill he to gathering of the gold did fall.
But he was nothing moont'd, nor tempted there-withall;

But still contyn'd his assault the more,
And layd on load with his huge iron staile,
That at the length he has yreent the dore,
And made way for his maitor to affale.
That who being entred, noth and then auile
For might, against his powere themelues to reare:
Each one did flie; their harts began to tume,
And hid themselfes in corners here and there:
And eke their dame, halfe dead, did hide her selfe for feare.

Long they her fought, yet no where could they find her,
That fure they veyen'd she was escapt away;
But Talos, that could like a lume-hound wind her,
And all things secret wisely could bewray,
At length found out, where as fhee hidden lay
Vnder an heape of gold. Thence he her drew
By the faire locks, and fouldly did array,
Without pity of her good and bow
That Arthegall himfelfe her termeinelle plight did rew.

Yet for no pitty would he change the course
Of fultice, which in Talos hand did lye;
Who rudeely hal'd her forth without remore,
Still holding vp her fupplicant hands on hie,
And kneeling at his feet fubmittifly.
But he her fupplicant hands, thofe hands of gold,
And eke her feet, thofe feet of fixer try.
(Which sought wrongeheufe, and fufficte fold)
Chopt off; and sayd on high, that all might them behold.

Her felse then tooke he by the flender waife,
In vaines loud crying, and into the flood
Ouer the Caffe wall dowe her eft,
And there she drowned in the dutry mud:
But the streame waft away her guilty blood.
Thereafter, all that mucky pelfe he tooke,
The fpoyle of peoples euill gotten good,
The which her fire had craf by booke and crooke,
And burnung all to ashes, poud'd it downe the brooke.

And lastly, all that Castle quite he rafe,
Euen from the sole of his foundation,
And all the hewen stonese thereof defaced,
That there more be no hope of reparation,
Nor memory thereof to any nation.
All which when Talos throughly had performed,
Sir Arthegall vndid the euillfation,
And wicked customes of that Bridge reforme.
Which done, vnto his former journey he returned.

Y 2.
In which they measur'd mickle weary way,
Till that at length nigh to the sea they drew;
By which as they did truell on a day,
They saw before them, far as they could view,
Full many people gathered in a crew;
Whose great assemblie they did much admire,
For, neuer there the like resolt they knew.
So towards them they coasted, to enquire
What thing so many nations met, did there deere.

There they beheld a mighty Giant stand
Upon a rock, and holding forth on his
An huge great paire of ballance in his hand,
With which he boast'd in his surquedry,
That all the world he would weigh equally,
If ought he had the same to counterpoys.
For want whereof, he weighed vanity,
And flid his ballance full of idle toyes:
Yet was admired much of fools, women, and boyes.

He said, that he would all the earth vp-take,
And all the sea, divided each from other:
So would he of the fire one ballance make,
And one of th'ayre, without or wind, or weather:
Then would he ballance heaven and hell together,
And all that did within them all containe;
Of all whose weights, he would not misse a feather.
And looke what surpluss did of each remaine,
He would to his owne part restore the fame again.

For why, he said, they all reuell were,
And had encrocht upon others share:
Like as the sea (which plaine he drawer there)
Had worse the earth : lo did the fire the ayre,
So all the rest did others parts empaine,
And fo were Realmes and Nations run away.
All which he undertooke for to repair,
In forst as they were formed aunciently;
And all things would reduce unto equality.

Therefore the vulgar did about him flock,
And clouter thick into his leaflings raine:
Like foolisht flies about an hony crock,
In hope by him great benefits to gaine,
And uncorrected freedome to obtaine.
All which, when Arthegall did see, and heare,
How he misdeed the simple peoples traine,
In idellious wife he drew vnto him neare,
And thus vnto him spake, without regard or fear:

Thou that presunt't to weigh the world anew,
And all things to an equall to restore,
In stead of right, me seemes great wrong dooth shine,
And far about thy forces pitch to forre.
For, er thou limit what is lefse or more
In every thing, thou oughtest first to knowe,
What was the poype of every part of yore:
And looke then how much it doth over-flowe,
Or exile thereof, so much is more then lost to trowe.

For, at the first, they all created were
To goody measure, by their Makers might:
And weight out in ballances to mere,
That not a dram was mishing of their right.
The earth was in the middle centre pligte,
In which it doth immuueable abide,
Held in with waters, like a wall in fight;
And they with ayre, that not a drop can slide:
All which the heavens containe, & in their courses guide.

Such heauenly justice doth among them raine,
That every one doe knowe their certaine bound,
In which they doe these many yeres remaine;
And montg'd them all no change hath yet been found.
But if thou now shoul'dst weigh them new in pound,
We are not sure they would so long remaine:
All change is perilous, and all chancie unfound.
Therefore lease off to weigh them all againe,
Till we may be affured they shall their courie retaine.

Thou foolisht Effe, said then the Giant wroth,
Seekst not how badly all things pretent bee,
And each estate quite out of order goeth;
The sea if felle doth thou not plaineely see
Encroche upon the land there vnder thee,
And th'earth if sile doth how dailyt's increat;
By all that dying to it turned bee;
Were it not good that wrong were then surceast,
And from the moost, that some were given to the leaft.

Therefore, I will throw downe those Mountains hie,
And make them leuell with the lowely Plaine;
These towning rocks, which reach unto the skie,
I will shuut downe into the deepste Main,
And as they were, them equalize againe.
Tuants that make men subiect to their law,
I will suppreffe, that they no more may raigne;
And Lording's curbe, that commons over-saw:
And all the wealth of rich men, to the poore will draw.

Of things vnseason how earth thou denomere aight,
Then answered the righteous Arthegall,
Sith thou misdeem'd so much of things in fight
What though the sea with waues continual
Doe eate the earth, it is no more at all:
Ne is the earth the leffe, or loath ought;
For, whatsoever from one place doth fall,
Is with the tide vnto another brought:
For, there is nothing lost, that may be found, if wrought.

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-cuer gay their blossom or their blade
Doe flourish now, they into dust shall vade.
What wrong then is it, if that when they die,
They turne to that whereof they first were made?
All in the powre of their great Maker lie:
All creatures must obey the voyce of the most Hie.

They
They line, they die, like as the doth our saine,
Ne care any asketh reason why.
The hill doth not the lowly dales disdain
The dell doth not the lofty his envoy.
He maketh Kings to sit inouerainity
He maketh subjects to their powre obey
He pulleth downe, he letteth vp on his
He giveth this, from that he takes away.

For all we haue is this: what he lift do, he may.

What-euer thing is done, by him is donne,
Ne any may his mightly will with stand;
Ne any may his tourname power thame,
Ne do his hand bound with fiell a band.
In vaine therefore dooth thou now take in hand,
To call to count, or weigh his workes new.
Whose canndes depth thou canst not understand,
Sith of things subie to thy daily view.

Thou dost not know the depth, nor their courtes dow.

For, take thy ballance (if thou beo wise)
And weigh the weight that vnder heavon doth blowes;
Or weigh the light, that in the Earth doth rife;
Or weigh the thought, that frēmans mind doth blowe:
But, if the weight of these thou canst not knowe,
Weigh but one word which from thy lips doth fall.
For, how canst thou these greater secrets knowe.
That dost not know the deaf thing of them all?
I can he rule the great, that cannot reach the small.

There-with the Giant much abashed said,
That he of little things made reckoning light;
Yet the leaft word that euer could be luyd Within his ballance, he could weigh right.
Which is, he doth more heavy then in weight,
The right or wrong, the faire or else the se?
He answered, that he would try it straight.
So he the words into his ballance threw:
But straught the winged words out of his ballance flew.

Wroth went he then, and said, that words were light,
Ne would within his ballance well abide.
But he could sufliy weigh the wrong or right.
Well then, said Ariledge, let it be tride.
Put in one ballance let the true aside.
He did it first, and then the faire he laid
In th’other scale; but all it downe did glide,
And by no meanes could in the weight be flaid.
For, by no meanes the faire will with the truth be way’d.

Now take the right likewise, said Ariledge,
And counterpoise the same with so much wrong.
So first the right he put into one scale;
And then the Giant strove with paillance strong
To till the other scale with so much wrong.
But all the wrongs that he thercen could lay,
Might not it peize yet did he labour long,
And swat, and chaunt, and proued euerie way:
Yet all the wrongs could not a little right downe lay.

Which when he saw, he greatly grew in rage,
And almost would his ballances have broken:
But Ariledge all him fairely gatte away,
And fath, be not upon thy ballanceroken:
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 sure must be the ballance, to decrece
And judge, whether with truth or falsehood they agree.

But set the truth and set the right aside
(For, they with wrong or falsehood will not se)
And put too wrongs together to be tride,
Or else two faleas, of each qualit share.
And then together doth them both compare;
For, truth is one, and right is euer one.
So did he, and then plaine it did appearance,
Whether of them the greater were attone.

But right side in the middele of the beame alone.

But he right side from thence did thruff away,
For, it was not the right, which he did tecke;
But rather stroke extremities to wey,
Th’ one to diminish, th’ other for to ecke.
For, of the meanest, and neuer thing yeoke,
Whom when so lowly minded Tavis found,
Approaching nigh unto his cheeke by cheeke.
He shouldered him from off the higher ground,
And downe the rock him throwing, in the sea him ground.

Like as a ship, whom cruel tempest driues
Upon a rocke with horrible dumeay,
Her shattered ribs in thousand peeces riques,
And spoiling all her greeues and goody ray.
Does make her fall more one in territuous pray.
So downe the cliffe the wretched Giant rumble.
His battred ballancees in pecces lay,
His timbered bones all broken rudely rumble:
So was the high shipying with huge ruine humbled.

That when the people, which had there—about
Long waited, lis his fuddaine defolation,
They gan to gather in tumultuous rout,
And muting, to stirre vp ciuall faction.
For certaine lofte of so great expectation.
For, well they hoped to have got great good,
And wondrous riches by his innovation.
Therefore refoluing to reuenge his blood,
They rofe in armes, and all in battell—order flood.

Which lawlee multitude him comming to
In war—like wise, when Ariledge all did view,
He much was troubled, ne wilt what to do.
For, loth he was his noble hands t’embrew
In the saile blood of such a rashal crew:
And otherwise, if that he should retire,
He feard’l lest they with shame would him pursu.
Therefore he Tavis to them sent, t’inquirr
The cause of their array, and true for to desire.
Canto III.

The spousals of faire Florimell,
where turney many Knights:
There Braggadocchio is uncas't
in all the Ladies fights.

When all men had with full latery
Of meates and drinks their appetites suffiz'd,
To deciders of armes and proole of cheualrie
They gan themselues addresse, full rich a guise'd,
As each on had his furnitures desired.
And first of all shox Sir Marivell,
And with him sixe knights more, which enterpriz'd
To chalenge all in right of Florimell,
And to maintaine, that feth all others did excell.

The first of them was hight Sir Orimont,
A noble knight, and tride in hard affaires:
The second had to name Sir Bellifant,
But second was none in prouctive praiie; the third was Brundell, famous in his daies:
The fourth Ecoflor, of exceeding might;
The fift Armeddun, skilld in lowly layes:
The fext was Lanfackle, a redoubted Knight:
All fixe well fene in armes, and prov'd in many a figh.

And them againe came all that lifted to giuft,
From every coalt, and country under fonne:
None was dedicd, but all had leane that lift.
The trumpets found them all together runne.
Full many declcs of armes that day were donne,
And many knights vnhorft, and many wounded,
As fortune fell; yet little loft or wonne:
But all that day the greatest praiie rufounded.

To Marivell, whose fame the Heralds loud rufounded.

The
THE FAERIE QUEENE.

The second day, so soon as morrow light
Appear'd in heaven, into the field they came,
And there all day continuèd cruel fight,
With desperate fortune fit for such a game,
In which all swore with peril to win fame.
Yet whether fate was Victor, or be chief,
But at the last, the trumpets did proclaim
That Marinell that day defeated beat.
So they dispersed were, and all men went to rest.

The third day came, that should due trial lend
Of all the rest, and then this war-like crew
Together met, on all to make an end.
There, Marinell great deeds of arms did shew;
And through the thickest like a Lyon flew,
Rushing off helmets, and raising plates and sword,
That every one his danger did esteem.
So terribly his dreadful strokes did thonder,
That all men stood amazed, and at his might did wonder.

But what on earth can always happy stand?
The greatest provellie, greater perils find.
So faire he fell amongst his enemies band,
That they have him encloed to behold,
And now performe they have him prisoner taken;
And now they doe with capse binds him bind;
And now they lead him thence, of all forsaken.
Vainely some succour had in time him overtaken.

It fortun'd, whil'st they were thus ill bet
Sir Arthogello into the Trist-yard came,
With Braggadocchio, whom he lately met
Upon the way, with that his showy Dame.
Where, when he understood by common fame,
What truth had to Marinell befall;
Him much was moud'd to unworthy flame,
And straight that boaster prayed, with whom he rid,
To change his field with him, to be the better bid.

So forth he went, and done them over-hent,
V Whence they were leading Marinell away,
Whom he affild with dreadfull hardiment,
And forc't the burden of their prize to pay.
They were an hundred knights of that array;
O which the one half upon himselfe did fet,
Th the other fay'd behing to guard the pray.
But he ere long the former fette bet;
And from th'o'ther fette, done the prisoner fet.

So backe he brought Sir Marinell againe;
Whom having quickly arm'd againe anew,
They both together joyed might and maine,
To let afire on all the other crew.
Whom with free haucouk done they overthrew,
And chased quite out of the field, that none
Against them dared his head to call new.
So were they left Lords of the field alone:
So Marinell by him was rescu'd from his foe.

Which when he had perform'd, then backe againe
To Braggadocchio did his shield restore;
V Whose all this while behind him did remaine,
Keeping so close with him in precious store.
That his false Ladie, as yeartly, and true,
Then did the trumpets sound, and judges rove,
And all these knights, which that day armour bore,
Came to the open hall, to listen whole.
The honour of the prize should be adiug'd by those.

And thither also came in open sight
Faire Florimell, into the common hall,
To greet his guardon unto every knight,
And beft to him, whom the beft should fall.
Then for that stranger knight they loud did call,
To whom that day they should the gadow yield;
V Whoso came not forth: but for Sir Arthogello
Came Braggadocchio, and did shew his shield,
Which bore the Sunne, broad blazed in a golden field.

The sight whereof did all with gladness fell:
So vato him they did aldeeme the prize
Of all that Triumph. Then the trumpets thril
Don Braggadocchio name recounted thrice.
So courage lent a cloak to cowardice.
And then to him came, fairest and fairest:
And goodly gun to greet his base emprise,
And thousand thanks him yielded, that had so well
Approvd that day, that fite all others did excell.

To whom the boaster, that all knights did blot,
With proud disdaine did coronful sunwere make;
That what he did that day, he did it not
For her, but for his owne deare Ladies sake.
V Whom on his perill he did vnderlake,
Both her, and all the others to excel:
And further did vacously prate.
Much did his words the gentle Lady quell,
And turn'd aside for shame to heare what he did tell.

Then forth he brought his showy Florimell,
Whom Trompant had in keeping there beside,
Covered from peoples gazement with a veil.
Whom when discouered they had throughly eyde,
With great amazement they were stupified,
And said, that surely Florimell it was,
Or it were not Florimell to trie,
That Florimell her felle fete then did pas.
So feble skall of perfect things the vulgar has.

Which when as Marinell beheld likewised,
He was there-with exceedingly dismay'd;
Ne will he what to thinke, or to deute:
But like as one, whom friends had made affraid,
He long after the flood: ne ought he said,
Ne ought he did, but with false fized eyes
HaplyJack fell upon that showy maid:
Whom outer as he did the more arraye,
The more to be true Florimell he did surmise.

Y 4.
As when two funnes appeare in th'azure sky,
Mounted in their charioteerie bright:
Both darting forth faire beames to each mans eye,
And both adorn'd with lamps of flaming light,
All that behold fo strange prodigious sight,
Not knowing Natures worke, nor what to weene,
Arc rapt with wonder, and with rare affright:
So roode Sir Marinell, when he had seene
The semblant of this fille by his faire beauties Queen.

All which, when Arthogall (who all this while
Stood in the presfe close cuer'd) well adviewed,
And saw that boasters pride and graciefe guile,
He could no longer beare, but forth sliwled,
And vnto all himselfe there open fhwed:
And to the boaster faid: 'Thou lofell bafe,
That halfe with borrowed plumes thy felfe endeued,
And others worth with leadings dooift deface.'

When they are all retor'd, thou falt ret in disgrace.

That thiel which thou doofl beare, was it indeed
Which this dayes honour faw'd to Marinell;
But not that arm, nor thou the man I read,
Which didit that feruice vnto Florimell.
For proofe, flew forth thy fword, and let it tell,
What ftreakes, what dreadfull floure it fhwed this day:
Or fhwed the wounds, vnto thee befell,
Or flew the sweat, with which thou diidft not fly.
So sharp a battell, that fo many did dye.

But this the fword, which wrought those etell founds,
And this the arm, the which that thiel did beare,
And therfe the fignes (so fhwed forth his wounds)
By which that glory gotten doth appeare.
As for this Lady which he fhwedeth here,
Is not (I fage) Florimell at all;
But fome ftyre Francon, fit for fuch a ftre.
That by misfortune in his hand did fall.

For proofe whereof, he bade them Florimell forth call.

So forth the noble Lady was ybrought,
Adorn'd with honour and all comely grace:
Whereto her ballifull fhamefufnce ybrought
A great increafe in her faire blufhing face;
As Rolles did with Lillies interlace.
For, of thofe words, she which that boaster threw,
She inly yet conceived great difgrace.
Whom when as all the people falt did view,
They fhoued loud, and fignes of gladneffe all did fhew.

Then did he fet her by thofe flowy one,
Like the true Saint befofe the Image fet:
Of both their beauties to make paragone,
And triumphant, whether fhoud the honour get.
Straight way fo foon as both together met,
Th'ch. brounch Damazell vafhifieth into nought:
Her flowy fluftice melted as with heat,
Ne of thofe goodly hee remained ought,
But th'empty griddle, which about her waste was wrought.

As when the daughter of Thuonante faire,
Hath in a warry cold diplayed wide
Her goodly bowe, which paints the liquid ayre,
That all men wonder at her colours pride.
All suddeny, ere one can looke aside,
The glorious picture vanifheth away,
Ne any token doth thereof abide:
So did this Ladies goodly forme decay,
And in nothing goe, ere one could it bewray.

Which when as all, that prefent were, beheld,
They striken were with great astonishment:
And their faint hartes with feneleffe howre qual,
To fee the thing that feem'd fo excellent,
So ftole from their fancies wondremen,
That what of it became, none vnderflood.
And Braggadochio fellewith dretremen
So daunted was in his depaurying mood,
That like a lefleffe corfe inmoatable he flode.

But Arthogall that golden belt vp-tooke,
The which of all her foyle was onely left;
Which was not hers, as many it mis-tooke,
But Florimells owne griddle, from her rets,
While he was flying, like a wearey welt,
From that foule moniter, which did her compell
To perils great; which he vn buckling eit,
Prefented to the fairell Florimell.

Who roued about her tender waife it fitted well.

Full many Ladies often had affayd,
About their middles that faire belt to knis;
And many a fone feap'te'd to be a mayd:
Yet is it none of all their loynes would fit,
Till Florimell about her falted it.
Such power it had, that to no womenes waife
By any skill or labour it would fit,
Vafeffe that thay were comittent and chaife,
But it would loofe or breake, that many had disagract.

Whil't thus they butied were bout Florimells,
And boathfull Braggadochio to defame,
Sir Guyon (as by fortune then befell)
Forth from the thickeft prace of people came,
His owne good fleed, which he had flone, to clame;
And th'one hand feizing on his golden bit,
With th'other drew his sword for, with the fame
He meant the thiefe there deadly to hate fmit:
And had he not been held, he nought had fall of it.

Thereof great hurly burly mooved was
Throughout the halfe, for that fame war-like horfe.
For, Braggadochio would not let him pafs:
And Guyon would him Jalgtes have perfome,
Or it approue upon his canion corfe.
Which troublous fritte when Arthogall perceived,
He nigh them drew, to flay theengers force;
And gain inquire, how was that feed bereaued,
Whether by might excort, or eie by flipte deceaued.

Who
The Faerie Queene

Chapter II:

Who, all that pious story, which befell
About that wofull couple, which were slain,
And their young bloudy babe to him gan tell;
With whom whiles he did in the wood remaine,
His horse purpoyed was by fubtil trane:
For which he challenged the thief to fight,
But he for nought could him there-to constraine:
For, as the death he hated fuch despight,
And rather had to los, then try in armes his right.

Which, Arthegall well hearing, though no more
By law of armes there needs one to try,
As was the wont of war-like Knights of yore,
Then that his foe shoulde him the field deny:
Yet further right by tokens to defcry,
He askt, what priuie tokens he did beare.
If that, Sir Gagan, may your warlike
Within his mouth a blacke foot doth appeare,
Shop't like a horfes shooe, who fitt to fecke it there.

Whereof to make due triall, one did take
The horfe in hand, within his mouth to looke:
But with his heades fo foley he him frake,
That all his ribs he quite in pieces broke,
That never word from that day forth he spake.
Another that would fame to have more wit,
Him by the bright embroidered head-flall tooke:
But by the shouder him fo faire he hit,
That he him mamed quite, and all his shouder split.

Ne he his mouth would open vno wight,
Vntill that Gagan felde vnto him fpake,
And called brigadore (Lo was he high):
Whole voyce fo loone as he did vndertake,
Eft-foones he fwoon as fll as any flate,
And fufpired all his secret marke to fee:
And when-as he him nam'd, fo joy he brake.
His bands, and followd him with gladfull glece,
And frak't, and flong aloft, and loued lowe on knee.

Thereby Sir Arthegall did plaine arced,
That vnto him the horfe belonged, and faid;
Lo, there Sir Gagan, take to you the fceed,
As he with golden faddle is arraid
And let that foilef, plainly now dispaid,
Hence fare on ftoe, till he an horfe have gained.
But the proud broufier gan his doome vnbraid,
And him reu'd, and rated, and didstaine,
That judgement fa vnuit against him had ordaine.

Much was the Knight incensed with his lewd word,
To hate reuenged that his villeny:
And thrice did fry his hand vpon his sword,
To haue him slaine, or dearly doen aby.
But Gagan did his choler pacifie,
Saying, Sir Knight, it would dishonour bee
To you, that are our judge of the bie,
To wreake your wrath on such a Carle as he:
It's punishment enough, that all his shame doe fee.

So did he maritigate Sir Arthegall:
But Tana 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 flate, and feually flem:
Then from him left his shield, and it enwrapt,
And blotted out his name with fasthold blent,
And himselfe batfield, and his armes vuilfet,
And broke his sword in twaine, and all his armes fpreitt.

The whyle, his guelffull groome was fled away:
But vaine it was to thinke from him to fee.
Who over-taking him, did difarray,
And all his face deform'd with infamy,
And out of Court him fourged openly.
So ought all faytors, that true kingdome faime,
And armes dishonour with bafe vllanee,
From all braue knights be banifht with defame:
For, of their lewdnes blotteth good defectr with blame.

Now, when thente counterfeites were thus vncafed
Out of the fore-fide of their forgery,
And in the fight of all men cleane disgraced,
All gan to ielde and gibe full merley
At the remembrance of their knaurety.
Ladies can laugh at. Ladies, Knights at Knights,
To thinke with how great vaunt of bravery
He them diflaid, though his subtile flightes,
And what a glorious flow he made in all their fightes.

There leave we them in pleafure and repulf,
Spendings their ioysfull days and gladfull nights,
And taking vluy of time fore-paft,
With all dese deliccs and rare delights,
Fitt for such Ladies and such lovely knights:
And tune we heere to this faire furrowes end
Our weary yokes, to gather frefher frightes,
That when as time to Arthegall shall read,
We on his flat adventure may him forward fend.
Canto III.

Arthegall dealeth right betwixt
Two brethren that doe strive:
Sanes Terpine from the gallow tree,
And doth from death reprise.

Hoo-so upan himselfe will take the skill
True to becast into people to dispute,
In need haste mightie hands, for to fulfill
That, which he doth with righteous doome des-
And for to miuitter wrong and puifant pride.
For, vaine it is to decreme of things aright,
And makes wrong-doers justice to derive,
Vaine it be perform'd with dreadfull might.
For, poore is the right hand of justice truly hight.

Therefore whylome to knights of great emprize,
The charge of justice given was in trust,
That they might execute her judgement wise,
And with their might beate downe incensious luft,
Which proudly did impugne her sentence swift.
Whereof no braver precedent this day
Remaines on earth, prefer'd from iron rust
Of rude oblivion, and long times decay,
Then this of Arthegall, which here we have to lay.

Who, hauing lately left that lonely pire,
Enlinked fat in wealocks loyal bond,
Bold Marivel with Florimell the faire,
With whom great feast and goodly glee he fond,
Departed from the Castle of the Stroud,
To follow his adventures first intent,
Which long agoe he taken had in hond:
Ne wight with him for his affluence went,
But that great iron groome, his gird and government.

With whom, as he did passe by the sea shore,
He chaunte to come, where-as two comely Squires,
Both brethren, whom one wold together bore,
But flared vp with different defires,
Together froute, and kindled wrathfull fires:
And them beside, two seemly Damzels found,
By all means seeking to alluage theirires,
Now with fair words, but words did little good: (mood.
Now with sharp threats; but threats the more increast their

And there before them slood a Coffier strong,
Fast bound on every side with iron bands,
But seeming to have suffred middle wrong,
Either by being wreck'd upon the lands,
Or being carried farre from farrain lands.
Seem'd that for it thefe Squires at ods did fall,
And bent against themselves their cruel hands.
But encreased those Damzels did foretell
Their furious encounter, and their fiercenesse pall.

But firmly fast they were, with dint of sword,
And battles doubtfull prove'd their rights to try,
No other end their fury would afford,
But what to them Fortune would suflete.
So slood they both in readinesse there-by,
To toynethe Combe with cruel intent;
When Arthegall, arriving happily,
Did stay awhile their greedy bickerment,
Till he had question'd the cause of their different.

To whom the elder did this answer frame:
Then weet ye Sir, that we two brethren be,
To whom our fire, Altisfo by name,
Did equally benacht his lands in fee,
Two Islands, which ye there before you see
Not fare in fee; of which the one appears
But like a little Mount of small degree;
Yet was as great and wide as many years,
As that same other Isle, that greater breadth now beares.

But tract of time, that all things doth decay,
And this deouring Sea that ought doth fare,
The most part of my Land hath wafht away,
And throwne it vp unto my brothers there:
So his encreafe, but mine did empare.
Before which time I low'd, as was my lot,
That further maid, high? Thilfere the fare,
With whom a goodly dowre I should have got,
And should have joynd been to her in wealocks knot.

Then
3
Then did my younger brother Amidas,
Lone that fame other Damzell, Lucy bright,
To whom but little dowre allotted was:
Her virtue was the dowre, that did delight.
What better dowre can to Dame beighth?
But now when Philiaz law my lands decay,
And hammer loud falte, the left me quit,
And to my brother did elope straight way:
Who taking her from me, his owne Loue left alway.
3...4
Shee, seeing then her felke forlorn go,
Through dolorous despaire, which she conceived,
Into the Sea her selke did headlong throw,
Thinking to haue her grieue by death bereaued.
But see how much her purpose was deceaued.
Whilst thus, amidst the billowes beating of her,
Twixt life and death, long to and fro she was
She chance't twaare to light upon this coffer,
Which to her in that danger hope of life did effect.
4...16
The wretched maid, that euer deare to die,
When as the paine of death she taيلة had,
And but halfe scene his vlyng visomie,
Commeth to repente that shee had beene so mad.
For any death to change life though most bad:
And catching hold of this seas beaten shell,
The lucky Pylot of her passage did,
After long toil in the seas distreit,
Her weary Earke at last upon mine life did rest.
16...18
Where I by chance then wandering on the shore,
Did her espie, and through my good endeavour,
From dreamefull month of death, which threatened sore.
Her to have swallow'd vp, did help to save her,
She then in recompence of that great favour,
Which I on her behalfe, belowed on me
The portion of that good which Fortune gueh her,
Together with her selfe in dowry free:
Both goodly portions; but of both, the better tree.
18...20
Yet in this coffer, which shee with her brought,
Great therafore fishesse we did find contained;
Which as our owne we tooke, and loo't it thought.
But this same other Damzell since hath faine,
That to her selfe that therafore appertained;
And that shee did transport the fame by sea,
To bring it to her husband now ordain'd,
But suffered cruel shipwreck by the way.
Whether it be so or no, I cannot say.
20...21
But whether it indeed be so or no,
This doe I say, that what to good or ill
Or Good or Fortune vnto me did throwe
(Not wronging any other by my will)
I hold mine owne, and so will hold it still.
And though my Lord, he first did winne away,
And then my Loue (though now it little skill)
Yet my good lucke he shall not like wise pray:
But I will it defend, whilstuer that I may.
21...25
So hauing fayd, the younger did enew:
Full true it is, what so about our land:
My brother here declared hath to you:
But not for it this ods twist vs doth stand,
But for this therafore throwne uppon his strand;
Which well I proue, as shall appera by triall,
To be this Mudies, with whom I attainted hand,
Nowone by good markes, and perfect good cispall:
Therefore it ought be renderd her without denial.
25...31
When they that ended had, the Knight began;
Cortez, your strivinges were ease to accord,
Would ye remit it to some righteous man.
Vnto your selfe, said they, we give our word,
To bide what judgement ye shall vs afford.
Then for assurance to my doome to stand,
Vnder my foote let each lay downe his sword,
And then you shall my sentence vnderstand.
31...33
So each of them layd downe his sword out of his hand.
33...34
Then Arthegall, thus to the youngers fayd:
Now tell me Amudas, if that ye may,
Your brothers therafore, which from him is strayd,
Becinge the dowry of his wife well knowne,
By what good right doe you with-hold this day?
What other right, quoth he, should you efcemme,
But that the sea into my floure did lay?
Your right is good, saide he, and so I deceme,
That what the sea vnto you fent, your owne shoulde seeme.
34...41
Then turning to the elder, thus he fayd:
Now Brasidas, let this like wise be knowne.
Your brothers therafore, which from him is strayd,
Becing the dowry of his wife well knowne,
By what good right doe you to claim to be your owne?
What other right, quoth he, should you efcemme,
But that the sea hath it vnto me throwne?
You rght is good, said he, and so I deceme,
That what the sea vnto you fent, your owne shoulde seeme.
41...45
For, equall right in equall things doth stand;
For, what the mighty Sea hath once possis,
And pluckt quite from all possessor hand,
Whether by rage of waues, that oeuer reft,
Or else by waek, that wretches hath diuerte,
He may dispis'd by his imperall might,
As thing at random left, to whom he list.
So Amidas, the land was yours first hight,
And to the therafore yours is Brasidas by right.
45...50
When he his sentence thus pronounced had,
Both Amidas and Philia were displeas'd:
But Brasidas and Lucy were right glad,
And on the therafore by that judgement feast'd.
So was their duerd by this doome appeased,
And each one had his right.
Then Arthegall
When as their sharpe contention he had ceas'd,
Departed on his way, as did befall,
To follow his old quest, the which him forth did call.
So, as he travelled upon the way,  
He chanc't to come, where happily he spied 
A rout of many people farrc away;  
To whom his courte he hastily appilide,  
To weet the caufe of their assemble wide.  
To whom when he approached near in sight 
(An vacoush fight) he plainly then declare  
To be a troupe of women, war-like dight,  
With weapons in their hands, as ready for to fight.  

And in the midst of them he saw a Knight,  
With both his hands behind him pinneed hard,  
And round about his necke an halter tight,  
As ready for the gallow tree prepar'd:  
His face was couerd, and his head was bare,  
That who he was, yleath was to defcry;  
And with full heauy heart with them he far'd,  
Griev'd to the soule, and groining inwardly,  
That he of women hands to bafe a death shoul'd dy.  

But they like tyrants, mericless the more,  
Rejoyced at his miserable fate,  
And him reviled, and reproached sore  
With bitter taunts, and tearmes of vile disgrace.  
Now when as Arthurel, arriv'd in place,  
Did ask, what cause brought that man to decay,  
They round about him gan to swarme space,  
Meaning on him their cruel hands to lay,  
And to have wrought unwares some villanous affay.  

But he was foon aware of their ill mind,  
And drawing backe, deceiued their intent;  
Yet though him felde did flame on woman-kind  
His mighty hand to them, he Saul delent  
To wreck on them their follies hardiment;  
Who with few fowces of his yron flade,  
Difperfed all their troupe incontinent,  
And fent them home to tell a pittious tale  
Of their vaine brownefle, turned to their proper bale.  

But that fame wretched man, ordaysd to die,  
They left behind them, glad to be so quit:  
Him Saul delent took out of perplexiti,  
And horror of soule death for Knight vitfi,  
Who more then losse of lyfe ye deedd it;  
And him reftoring vnto living light,  
So brought vnto his Lord, where he did fit,  
Beholding all that womanish weaknes fight;  
Whom foon as he beheld, he knew, and thus behight:  

Sir Terpiny, haulefle man, what make you here?  
Or haue you left your felle, and your dierition,  
That euer in this wretched cafe ye were?  
Or haue ye yielded to proude oppreftion  
Of women's powre, that bosef of men subficiation?  
Or else, what other deadly dissmal day  
Is faine on you, by beauncs hard direcftion,  
That ye were runne to fondly far aftray,  
As for to lead your felle vnto your owne decay?  

Much was the man confoundid in his mind,  
Partly with shame, and partly with dismay,  
That all atoniffhel himelfe did find,  
And little had for his exulte to lay,  
But only thus: Moft haplifhel weally may  
Me iufly teatme, that to this flame am brought,  
And made the fcorne of Knighthood this fame day,  
But who can peape, what his owne fate wath wrought?  
The worke of beauncs will farfapelth humane thought.

Right true: but faultie men vie oftemtimes  
To attribute their folly vnto fate,  
And lay on heauen the guilt of their owne crimes.  
But tell, Sir Terpiny, ne let you amate  
Your mistery, how fell ye in this flate.  
Then if ye needs, quoth he, will know my shame,  
And all the ill which chanc't me of late,  
I shortly will to you reheare the fame,  
In hope ye will not turne misfortune to my blame.

Becing deforous (as all Knights are wont)  
Through hard adventures deedes of armes to try,  
And after fame and honour for to hunt,  
I heard report that faire abroad did flie,  
That a proud Amazon did late defe  
All the brave Knights that hold of Maidenhead,  
And vnto them wrought all the villany  
That she could forge in her malicious head,  
Which some hath put to shame, and many done be dead.  

The caufe, they say, of this her cruel hate,  
Is for the fake of Beloidant the bold,  
To whom he bare most fervent loue of late,  
And woode him by all the wares she could;  
But when she fawe at left, that he ne would  
For ought or nought be wonne vnto her will,  
She turnd her loue to hatred manifold,  
And for his fake, vow'd to doe all the ill  
Which she could do to Knights: which now she doth fulfill.

For, al all Knights, the which by force or guile  
She doth subdue, she fouly doth entreat,  
First, she doth them of war-like armes defpoule,  
And clothe in womenes weades: and then with threat  
Doth them compell to worke, to carne their meat,  
To fpin, to card, to few, to waft, to writing,  
Ne doth she give them other thing to eate  
But bread and water, or like feeble thing,  
Them to disable from euenge adventuring.

But, if through fount diifaine of many mind,  
Any her proud obfcrumnce with willfand,  
Vpon that gibbet, which is there behind,  
She eufth them be hanged vp out of hand;  
In which condition I right now did fland.  
For, beeing overcome by her in fight,  
And put to that base feruce of her band,  
I rather chofe to die in huyes delight,  
Then lead that flametfull life, unworthy of a Knight.
How bright that Amazon (say Arthegall)] 3
And, where, and how far hence does she abide?
Her name, quoth he, they Redjeund doe call,
A Princeesse of great powre, and greater pride,
And Queen of Amazons, in armes well trie,
And firmly batells, which she hath achieved
With great dexterity, that her heart glorifie,
And made her famous, more then is believed;
Ne would I it have weend, had I not late it prieued.

33 Now sure, say he, and by the faith that I
To Maydenhead and noble knighthoode owe,
I will not rest, till I her mighte do try,
And venge the flame, that thee to Knights doth owne.
Therefore let Terpsichore lightly throwe
This equall weede, the patterns of despair,
And went with me, that ye may see and knowe,
How Fortune will your runn'd name repair
(paire.

And Knights of Maydenhead, whose praise the en-
34 With that, like one that hoppleth was reprov'd
From deethers dore, at which he lately lay,
Thow yon letters, wherewith he was giv'n,
Of which the one he receiv'd a Knight all armed,
And th'o other were well likely to be haarme.
Eftones the people all to harneke ran,
And like a sort of bees in clusters swarmed:
Ere long, their Queeneth selfe, arm'd like a man,
Came forth into the rout, and th'arm'ty began.

35 Where they arriving, by the watchman were
Defened frighten who all the city warned,
How that three warlike persones did appeare,
Of which the one he receiv'd a Knight all armed,
And th'o other two, well likely to be haarme.
Eftones the people all to harneke ran,
And like a sort of bees in clusters swarmed:
Ere long, their Queeneth selfe, arm'd like a man,
Came forth into the rout, and th'arm'ty began.

And now the Knights, being arrived near,
Did beat upon the gates to enter in,
And at the porter forcing them to few,
They marred much in, if they the towne did win.

36 Which when as Redjeund th'arm'me comming heard,
Her heart for rage did grace, and teeth did grin:
She bad that firestreight the gates should be vaubard,
And to them way to make, with weapons well prepar'd.

37 Soon as the gates were open to them set,
They prefled forward, entrance to have made.
But in the middle way they were ymet
With a.tharpe flowre of arrows, which them staid,
And better had abused, ere they staid
Unknown peril of bold wamens pride.
Then all that rout upon them rude layd,
And hoped strokes to fast on every side,
And arrows hyd to thicke, that they could not abide.

But Redjeund her selfe, when she the epide
Sir Turpin, from her dierfull doome acquit.
So cruell daide amongst her maides didwne,
Taunget that flame, that did on him committ;
All foudainly enflam'd with furious fit
Like a fell Lionelle at him the flew,
And on his head pecece him to fiercely smit,
That to the ground him quite the ouerthroow,
Dismayd so with the stroke, that he no colours knew.

38 Soone as she saw him on the ground to grousell,
She lightely to him leapes, and in his necke
A proud foot setting, at his head did leuell,
Wresting at once her wrath on him to wreake,
And his contempt, that did her judgement break:
As when a Bear hath fared her cruel claws
Upon the carcase of some beast too weake,
Proudly stands over, and a while doth pause,
To heare the pitious beast pleading her plaintive caufe.

39 Whom when as Arthegall in that disstresse
By chance beheld, he left the bloody slaughter,
In which he swam, and ran to his reliefe.
There hee arriuing fiercely freth, he rought her
Such an huge stroke; that in one direc'tur she:
And had she not it warded waryly,
It had depriv'd her mother of a daughter.
Nathlesse for all the powre she did apply,
It made her flagger off, and fare with ghastly eye.

40 Like to an Eagle in his kingly pride,
Soring through his wide Empire of the aire,
To weather his broad fayles, by chance hath spide
A Gorthauke, which hath seiz'd for his fume
Upon some fowle, that should her Full prepare;
With dreadfull force he fies at her bylyne,
That with his fucose, which none endure dare,
Her from the quareyne he away doth drive,
And from her gripping pounce the greedy prey doth trie.

41 But sooner as she her selfe recover'd had,
She fiercely toward him her felse beg in sight,
Through vengeful wrath & dreadful full pride halfe mad:
For, never had the fufled such dispight,
But ere she could laye her hand with him to fight,
Her warlike mydes about her flocks do fall,
That they did part it them, maugre their might,
And with their frowmes did far atunder cast:
But monger the reft the fight did vnnill evening laft.

42 And early while, that mighty yron man,
With his strange weapon, neuer wont in warre,
Them loudly vext, and court, and outer-run,
And broke their bowes, and did their fhowling marre,
That none of all the manie once did darre
Him to affulte, nor once approach him mee;
But like a fort of sheepe dipperd farte
For dread of their deouering enemy.

43 Through all the fields and valles did before him fie,
A a

But
But when as daies faire fliny beame, yclowed
With bearefull shadoyws of deformed night,
Warn'd man and beast in quiet rest be shrouowed,
Bold Radigund (with found of trump on highe)
Caus'd all her people to forcauce from fight;
And gathering them unto her citie gate,
Made them all enter in before her sight,
And all the wounded, and the weak in state,
To be conveyed in, ere she would once retire.

When thus the field was voided all away,
And all things quieted, the Elfin Knight
(Weary of toyle and trauell of that day)
Caus'd his pavilion to be richly light
Before the Citie gate, in open sight;
Where he him selfe did rest in safety,
Together with his Terpin all that night:
But Talus vs'd in times of iocardie
To kepe a nightly watch, for dread of treachery.

But Radigund full of heart-gawing griefe,
For the rebuke, which the sustaine d that day,
Coul l take no rest, he would receive relief;
But tosfed in her troublous minde, what way
She mone reuenge that blot, which on her lay.
There she refould her selfe in single fight
To try her Fortune, and his force assay,
Rather then fee her people spoyled quight,
As she had feene that day a daungerous fight.

She called forth to her a trully mayd,
Whom the thought fitttse for that businesse,
Her name was Clarind', and thus to her sayd:
Goe damzel quickly, do thy selfe address
To do the meffage, which I shall express.
Goe thout unto that stranger Faery Knight,
Who yesterday droue vs to such diftresse:
Tell, that to morrow I with him will fight,
And try in equall field, whether they shal greater might.

But these conditions do to him propound,
That if I vanquish him, he shall obey
My lawe, and euer to my lore be bound;
And for willing I, if mehe vanquish may,
What-euer he shall like to doe or say:
Goe stright, and take with thee, to winne him it,
Sixe of thy fellows of the best array,
And beare with you both wine and uncesse fit,
And bid him ear, henceforth he oft shall hungry fit.

The Damzell freights obayd; and putting all
In readinesse, forth to the Towne-gate went:
Where founding loud a Trumpet from the wall,
Vnto those warlike Knights the warning sent.
Then Talus forth slaving from the tent,
Vnto the wall his way did iurellie take,
To weeten what that trumpets founding meant:
Where that same Damzelle loudly him bespake,
And shew'd,that with his Lord she would emperance make.

So he them freights conducted to his Lord:
Who, as he could, them goodly well did greete,
Till they had told their meffage word by word:
Which he accepting well, as he could weet,
Them fairely entertayn'd with curties meete,
And gave them gifts and things of desire delight.
So biacke againe they homeward turn'd their feete.
But Arthegall him selfe to rest did dight,
That he more frether be against the next daies fight,

Canto V.

Arthegall fights with Radigund,
And is soobled by guile;
He is by her emprisoned,
But wroght by Clarind's wife.

These noble warriors, mindfull to purswe
The last daies purpose of their wold fight,
They fulles therto prepar'd in order dew;
The Knight, as beft was seeming for a Knight;
And th' Amazon, as beft it lik'd her selfe to dight.

Oftone as day, forth dawning from the East,
Nights humaed curtains from the heauens with:
And early calling forth both m's & beast, (drew
Commanded them their dayly works renew,

All
All in a Canis light of purple silke
Wauen upon with filتر, tubely wrought,
And quited upon saltan white as snowe,
Trayled with ribbons diversly distaurt,
Like as the workman had their cooutes taught;
With Which he made his sword euer haue.
Vp to her harn ; but when the left it rauht
Downe to her lowet heele, and thereupon
She wore for her deface a maryed habergeon.

And on her legs the painted buskins wore,
Baffet with bands of gold on euer side,
And makes betweene, and lazed clofe afore ;
Upon her thigh her Cemaret was tied,
With an embroidered belt of mickell pride ;
And on her shoulder hung her shield, bedeckt
Upon the pheafe with flower, that flowed wide,
As the faire Moon in her most full aspect,
That to the Monre it moste be like in each respect.

So forth the came out of the City gate,
With liaste post and proue magnificence,
Garded with many danpers, that did waite
Upon her peron for her force defence,
Playing on ftrumes and trumpets, that from hence
Their sound did reach into the heauen hight.
So forth was shot tucked for light motion
As where a rich Pauilion really right,
Her to receive, till time they should begin the fight.

Then forth came Arthugas out of histent,
All arm'd to point, and first the lifts did enter : 
Soone after eke came the, with full intent,
And countenance fierce, as hauing fully bent her,
That batche vs morall trauaill to aduenture.
The Lifts were cloesd fast, to barre the route
From rudeely prufling to the middle center;
That with the grace heaped them that floured all about,
Waiting, how Fortune would resolve that dangourous doubt.

The Trumpetts 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 breath the very heart haue rended : 
But he that had like tempests often trie,
From that fielde, him fell right well defendd.
The more fierce, the more he did abide ;
She hew'd, the frey'd, the blast, the laid on every side.

Yet full her blowes he bore, and her forbore,
Weering at last to win advantage new ;
Yet full her cruelty increased more,
And though powre faylt, her courage did accrue ;
Which faying he gan fiercely her pursie,
Like as a Smith that to his cunning fast
The flubberd metal flected to subdue,
Soone as he stealle its mollifide with heat,
With his grate iron fledge doth strongly on it beat.

So did Sir Arthugas upon her lay,
As if she had an iron and stile bene,
That flakes of fire, bright as the sunny ray,
Out of her feely armes were flashing seen :
That all on fire ye would herふrely weene. 
But with her shield ther was a selfe euer warded,
From the dead danger of his weapon keene,
That all that while her live she fauily guarded ;
But he that helpes from her against her will discarded.

For, with his tranchant blade at the next blowe
Haffe of her shield he shored quite away,
That haffe her side it selfe did asked howe,
And thenceforth more danger opened way.
Much was she mouded with the mighty waye
Of that did brooke, that haffe our dem brooke,
And like a greedy Beare rote her prey.
With her sharpe Cemare at him she saw,
That glancing downe his thigh, the purple blood forth drew

Thereat she gan to triumph, with great beaft,
And did upbraid that chance which him misfell.
As if the prizethe gutter had almost,
With sightfull speaches, fitting with her well ;
That his great heart gan inwardly to swell
With indignation, at her vartuning vaine,
And shore to the field, that harp of her fall fell ;
Yet with her shield she warded it againe,
That shatterd all to peaces round about the Plaine.

Having her thus disarmed of her shield,
Upon her helmet he againe her brooke,
That downe the fell upon the grassic field,
In fenelesse swonce, as if her life forbrooke,
And pangs of death her spirit overtook.
Whom when he sawe before his foote prostrated,
He to her leapt, with deadly dreadful looke,
And her fynthly helmettoone enlaide,
Thinking at once both head and helmet to have rased.

But when as he discovered had her face,
He sawe his fentes strange astonishment,
A miracule of Natures goodly grace,
In her faire vifage vioce of ornament,
But beth'd in blood and sweat together ment ;
Which, in the radience of that euy light,
Bewrayd the signes of feature excellent ;
Like as the snowe in foggie winters night,
Doth seeme to be her felfe, though darkned be her light.

At sight thereof his cruelle minded heart
Empaised was with pitifull regard,
That his sharpe sword he threw from him apart,
Cursing his hand that had that vifage mard : 
No hand to cruel, nor no heart to hard,
But ruth of beauty will it mollifie.
By this, spurreting from her swonce, the star'd
A while about her with confused eye ;
Like one that from his dreame is wakend sudenny.

\[\text{Soone}\]
like as a Putrocket having spade in sight
A gentle Falcon sitting on an hill,
Whose other wing, now made unmeet 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 floures her troubling full:
Event so did Ragnuard with bootlike paine

Annoy this noblike Knight, and foreely harm it.

Nought could he do, but flame the dast delight
Of her fierce wrath, and backward full retire
And with his single shield, as well as he might,
Bear off the burden of her raging ire;
And euermore he gently did desire,
To stay her strokes, and he him selfe would yield:
Yet soe nould she heare, ne lethim once replye,
Till he to her debuered had his shield,
And to her mercy him submitte in plaine field.

So was he overcome, nor overcombe,
But to her yielded of his owne accord;
Yet was he slyly damne by the doome
Of his owne mouth, that take to warse alike word,
To be her thrall, and leurre her aude.
For, though that he first victory obtayned,
Yet after by abandonning his sword,
He willfull left, that he before attained.

No fayre conquest, then that with goodwell is gape.

Tho, with her sword on him he flattly stroke,
In signe of true submission to her powre,
And as a fayll him he thrall to thride tooke.
But Terpion borne to a more unhappy tooke,

As he, on whom the luckelesse flaries did lowre,
She causd to be attache, and forthwith led
Vsto the crooke to hide the backfull flower,
From which he latterly had through reweke fled:

Where he full shamefully was hanged by the head.

But when they thought, on Talar hands to lay,
He with his iron flace amongst them thronde,
That they were fame to let him scape away,
Crad from his company to be abandond;
Whole pretence all their truppen so much encombr,
That th'beapes of those, which he did wound and slay,
Besides the rest dismayd, might not be numbed:
Yet all that while he would not once alay
To reskew his owne Lord, but thought it suft t'obay.

Then tooke the Amazon this noble knight,
Let to her will by his owne willfull blame,
And caud him to be disarmed quite
Of all the ornaments of knighthly name,
With which whylome he gotten had great fame:
In stead whereof she made him be dight
In womans weeds, that is to Manhood blame,
And put before his lap an apron white,
In stead of Curites and bates fit for fight.

So being clad, she brought him from the field,
In which he had beene trauayd many a day,
Into a long large chamber, which was seeld
With monuments of many knigths decay,
By her subdewed in victourious fray:
Amongst the which she causd his warlike armes
Be hangd on high, that more his shame bewray;
And broke his sword, for fear of further harms,
With which he went to firre vp barratious armes.

There entered in, he round about him saw
Many braue Knightes, whose names right well he knew,
There bound obey that Amazons proude law,
Spinning and carding all in comely rew,
That his bigge heart bothd fo vacomely view.
But they were forte, through penitence and pine,
To do these worke, to them appointed dew:
For, nought was given them to lop or dyne,
But what their hands could earne by twifiting llenen twyne.

Amongst them all, she placed him most lowe,
And in his hand a ditsaffe to him gave,
That he thon should spin both flaxe & towre;
A lordly office for a man to brue.
So hard is it to be a womans flaye.
Yet he it took in his owne felte despight,
And thereto did himselfe right well behaue,
Her to obey, fife he his faith had plight,
Her vassall to become, if the him wonne in fight.

Whip had him seene, imagine more thereby,
That whylome hath of Hercules been told,
How for Talar sake he did apply
His mightie hands, the ditsaffe vile to holde,

For his huge club, which had subdewed olde
So many monsters, which the world annoyed;
His Lions skin chungd to a pall of golde,
In which forgeting warres he only toyed
In combats of sweet Loose, and with his mistrefle toyed.

Such is the cruellty of women-kynd,
When they have shaked off the shamefuft band,
With which wife Nature did them strongly bynd
T'obay the hearts of mans well ruling hand,

That then all rule and reason they withstand,
To purchase licentious liberty.
But verruous womeneswyfely understand,
That they were borne to bafe humility,

Unlesse he heauen them lift to lawfull jouinary.

Thus
Cant. V.  
THE FAERY QUEENE.  

266. Thus there long while continued Arthyll,  
Surling proud Rodrigue with true subjection;  
How-cuer it his noble heart did gall,  
'Tobaw a woman's tyrannous direction,  
That might have had of life or death election;  
But having chosien, now he might not change.  

During which time, the warlike Amazon,  
Whole wandring fancy after lust did range,  
Gan call a secret liking to this captive strange.  

Which long concealing in her covert brook,  
She chaw'd the cud of louers careful plight;  
Yet could it not so thoroughly digest,  
Being fast fix'd in her wounded sprite,  
But it torment'd her both day and night;  
Yet would she not thereto yield free accord,  
To issue the lowly valle of her might,  
And of herfernunt make her loue-signe Lord:  
So great her pride, that the flatr gloe'd multich ahbord.  

So much the greater fill her anguish grew,  
Through stubborne handling of her loue-licke heart;  
And fill the more she strove it to subdue,  
The more she full augmented her owne smart,  
Andwyder made the wound of th'hidden dart.  
At last, when long the struggled had in vaine,  
She gan to fliewpe, and her proud mind correet  
To inck obeysance of louers mighty raine,  
And him entertain grace, that had procur'd her paine.  

Vnto her felte in secret she did call  
Her nearest handmaid whom the most did trust,  
And to her sayde: Clarinda, whom of all  
I truth alioe, list I thee confessed first;  
Now is the time, that I faintly must  
Theor make tryall, in my greatesl need:  
It is so hapned, that the heauens vnue,  
Spightling my happy freedome, have agreed,  
To thrall my looser life, or my faith bale to breed.  

With that the turn'd her head, it haile abash'd,  
To hide the blust which in her visage rode,  
And through her eyes like sudden lightning flash't,  
Decking her cheeke with a vermination roe;  
But soone she did her countenance compose,  
And to her turning, thus began again:  
This grief deep wound I would to thee dispose,  
There'to compelled through heat-murding paine,  
But dread of shame my doublous lips doth full freitaine.  

Ah my deare deare (say'd then the faithful Mayd)  
Can dread of ought your dresable heart withhold?  
That many hath with dread of death dismay'd,  
And dare even Deaths most dreadfull face behold?  
Say on my louersigne Lady, and be bold.  
Dost not your hand-maidens life at your footie?  
The'with much comforted, the gan vnfold  
The cawle of her conceited lady,  
As one that would confesse, yet Eume would it deny.  

Clarinda, sayd she, thou feelest yond Fayry Knight,  
Whom not my valour, but his owne brave minde  
Subiectet hath to my vnqueall might;  
What right is it, that he should thrallome finde,  
For lending life to me a wretch vnkinde,  
That for such good him recompence with ill?  
Therefore I call, how I may him vnbind,  
And by his freedome get his free good-will;  
Yet to, as bound to me he may continue still.  

Bound unto me, but not with such hard bands  
Of strong compulsion, and stricte violence,  
As now in miserable state he stands;  
But with sweet loue and faire benevolence,  
Void of malitious minde, or foule offence.  
To which if thou canst win him any way,  
Without discouery of my thoughts pretence,  
Both goodly need of him it purchase may,  
And she with grateful seruice me right well apay.  

Which that thou maist the better bring to passe,  
Looe here this ring, which shall thy warrant be,  
And taken true to oldc Eumeneus.  
From time to time, when thou it beft thatt fe,  
That in and out thou maist have paffage free.  
Goe now, Clarinda, well thy wits adulte;  
And all thy forces gather unto thee  
Armies of louey lookes, and speaches wife,  
With which thou canst even lowe himelfe to loue este.  

The trusty maist, conceiving her intent,  
Did with sure promise of her good deuoure,  
Gine her great comfort, and some hearts content.  
So from her parted, the thenceforth did labour  
By all the means the might, to curry fauour  
With th'Elin Knight, her Ladies belt belonc;  
With daily shew of courteous kind behawre,  
Euen at the marke-white of his hart the round,  
And with wide glancing words, one day the thus him pro(  

Unhappy Knight, upon what hopeless date  
Fortune, enuying good, hath feliowned,  
And cruell heauens have heauin heauie fate:  
I rew that thus thy better dayes are drown'd  
In fad deparen, and all thy senes frown'd  
In flipt cloud, fith thay inner merit  
Might eliche have with felcy city been crowned:  
Looke vp at falt, and wake thy dulled spirit,  
To thinke how this long death thou mightest dierish.  

Much did he maruell at her vsowth speech,  
Whole hidden drift he could not well perceive;  
And gan to doubt, leaft the him taught c'approach  
Of treason or some guilefull treine did weaue,  
Through which she might his wretched life bereave.  
Both which to barre, he with this anfwere met her:  
Faire Damzell, that with ruth (as I perceiue)  
Of my mislapes, art mou't to wifli me better,  
For such your kind regard, I can but refit your better.  

Yet.
Yet we't ye well, that to a courage great
It is no lefe befoming, well to beare
The forme of Fortunes frowne, or heavens threat.
Then in the funthine of her countenance cleare
Timely to ioy, and carry comely cheare.
For, though this cloud have now me ouer-caft,
Yet doe I not of better times depeare;
And, though (valike) they should for euer lefe,
Yet in my truths assurance I felt fixt fait.

But what so ftony mine (de the then replide)
But if in his owne powre occa'sion lay,
Would to his hope a windowe open wide,
And to his fortunes helpe make ready way?
Vworthy fure, quoth he, of better day,
That will not take the offer of good hope,
And eke punefh, if he attain it may,
Which speeches the applying to the scope
Of her intent, this further prepose to him hope:

Then why doft not, thou ill advised man,
Make meanes to winne thy liberty fortoare,
And try if thou by faire entreatie can
Move Radigund? who though the fill hauhe wore
Her days in warre, yet (weat thou) was not borne
Of Beares and Tigyes, nor to flauage minded,
As that, albe alloute of men thencefore,
She yet forgets, that the of men was kynded:
And looth of leerte, that proudeft harts baseloe hath blin-
ded.

Certes Clarinda, not of canced will,
Sayed the, nor obfinate diddaine full mind,
I hunte forbore this duty to fulfill:
For, well I may this weene, by that I finde,
That the a Queene and some of Princely kinde.
Both worthy is for to be eued unto,
Chiefly by him, whose life her lawe doth bind,
And eke of powre her owne dowe to vnde,
And al of Princely grace to be endued thereto.

But want of meanes hath beene mine one ly let
From felling fauyre, where it doth abound;
Which if I might by your good office get,
I to your felle should teft for euer bound,
And ready to defere what grace I found.
She feeling him thus bite upon the baite,
Yet doubting leau his hold was but vnfound.
And not well fattened, would not strike him in truant,
But drew him on with hope, fit leaure to awaite.

But foolish Mayd, whiles headelle of the hook,
She thus oft-times was beating off and on,
Through slippery footing, fell into the brooke,
And there was caught to her confusion.
For, feking thus to falte the Amazon,
She would had with her decpits owne dart,
And gan thenceforth to caft affecion,
Conceived close in her beguiled heart,
To Arthegall, through pittie of his caufelle smart.

Yet durst he not difclocke her fancies wound,
Ne to him felle, for doubt of being flayned,
Ne ye to any other with on ground,
For feare her mistis should have knowledge gained,
But to her felle it secretely retayned,
Within the clofet of her couer rent:
The more thereby her tender heart was payned.
Yet to aitait fittime the weecull beft,
And fairely did dilemble her sad thoughts vreft.

One day her Lady, calling her spent,
Gan to demand of her (some) eydings good,
Touching her loues (fuccefe), her hinging smart.
Therewith the gun at fritt to change her mood,
As one adowd, and halfe confuted flood;
But quickly the it over-pal, fo foon
As the heere had wypp, to frefh her blood:
Tho, gan the tell her all, that she had done,
And all the ways fid fought his loute for to have wome:

But fayd, that he was obfinate and ferne,
Scorning her offers and conditions vaine:
Ne would be taught with any tearms, to leare
So fond a leflon, as to loue againe.
Die rather would in penoueus paine,
And his abridged days in dolorous waife,
Then his foes loue of liking entertaine:
His resolution was both frift and laft,
His body was her thrall, his heart was freely plect.

Which when the cruel Amazon perceived,
She gun to ferme, and rage, and rend her gall,
For very fell defight, which she conceived,
To be fo forne of a basse borne thrall,
Whose life did he in her left eye-lide fall;
Of which the vow'd with many a cursed threat,
That she therefore would him ere long forfall.
Nath'leffe when calmed was her furious heat,
She chang'd that threatfull mood, and mildly gun entreat.

What now is left Clarinda? what remaines,
That we may compasse this our enterprise?
Great shame to kife fo long engrovd paynes;
And greater shame is th'able to great misprize,
With which he dares our offers thus defpize.
Yet that his guilt the greater may appeare,
And more my gracious mercy by this wise,
I will awhile with his firit folly beare,
Till thou hate trie abandone, & tempred him more neare.

Say, and do all, that may thereto prenace;
Leane nought vaprofit, that may him perfvade;
Life, free-lome, grace, and gifts of great auante,
With which the gods them selves are milder made:
Thereto add none, eucli women's witty trate,
The art of mighty words, that men can charme:
With which in cafe thou canst him not imade;
Let him feel hardelle of thy heavy armes:

But who will not fume with good, shall be made fowpe with

Some
Some of his diet doe from him withdrew:
For, I him find to be too proudly fed,
Gave him more labour, and with freights more large,
That he with work may be forewarried.
Let him lodge hard, and lie in flaven bed,
That may pull downe the courage of his pride;
And lay upon him, for his greater dread,
Cold iron chains, with which let him be tide;
And let, what-euer he desires, he be denied.

When thou halt all this done, then bring me newes
Of his demeanour: henceforth not like a Louer,
But like a Rebell stout I will him vie.
For, I resolve this siege not to give over,
Till the conquest of my wall recover,
So she departed, full of griefe and disdain,
Which inly did to great impatience moue her.
But the sakes may den inorily turn'd againe
Vnto the prison, where her heart did thrall remaine.

There all her subtilly nests she did vsofold,
And all the engines of her wit display;
In which she meant him warelefe to ensold,
And of his innocence to make her pray.
So cunningly she wrought her crafts allay,
That both her Lady, and her selfe withall,
And eke the knight atone she did betray;
But meft the knight, whom the with guiltfull call
Did cast for to assure, into her trap to fall.

As a hard Nurse, which faying to receive
In her owne mouth the foole, meant for her child,
Withholds it to her felle and doth deceive
The infant, so for want of nouriture spoyld:
Even so Clarinda he owne Dame beguil'd,
And turned the truth, which was in her affide,
To feeding of her private fire, which boyld
Her inward bread, and in her entrayles fyde,
The more that she it sought to cover and to hide.

For coming to this knight, she purpofe layned,
How earnest suit she earl for him had made
Vnto her Queene, his freedome to have gunned:
But by no means could her thereto perfuade;
But that in feade thereof, she sternely bade
His misery to be augmented more,
And many iron bands on him to lade.
All which nath'elle she for his loue forborne:
So praying him t'accept her servitude euermore.

And more then that, she promis'd that she would,
In cafe she might finde favour in his eye,
Deuize how to inlarge him out of holde.
The Fairy glad to gaze his liberty,
Can yeeld great thanks for suth her curtesie;
And with faire words (fit for the time and place)
To feed the humour of her malady,
Promis'd, if she would free him from that cafe,
He would by all good means he might, deferue such grace.

So daily he faire semblant did her shew,
Yet never meant be in his noble mind,
To his owne absent Loue to be vtrwre:
Ne euer did deceitful Clarinda finde
In her fable heart, his bondage to vnbind;
But rather how the mote him fafter vte.
Therefore vnto her miftresse most vnkinde
She daily told, her loue he did defie.
And him she told, her Dame his freedome did deny.

Yet thus much friendship the to him did shewe,
That his scarfe diet some what was amended,
And his worke leffened, that his loue most growe:
Yet to her Dame him still he discommended,
That she with him mote be the more offended.
Thus he long while in thrallome there reuntaryed,
Of both beloued well, but little frended;
Vnult his owne true loue his freedome gauned,
Which in an other Canto will be bext contayned.
Canto VI.

Talu brings newes to Britomart,
Of Arthegals mishap:
She goes to seek him, Dolon meets,
Who seekes her to entrap.

One while the blam'd her sole; another while
She him condemn'd, as traitellle and tyrannous:
And then, her griefe with enuice to beguile
She say'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 tolde but moneths, to make them seeme more fewe:
Yet when she reckned them, still drawing nearer,
Each houre did seeme a moneth, euer moneth a year.

But when as yet she sawe him not returne,
She thought to send some one to seek him out;
But none she found so fit to ferre that tume,
As her owne selfe, to safe her selfe of doubts.

Now she deni'd amongst the woorthie round
Of errant Knights, to ferre her errant knight;
And then againe resolv'd to hunt him out
Amongst false Ladies, lapsed in delight:
And then both Knights unite, and Ladies did spight.

One day, when at the long had fought for ease
In euerie place, and euerie place thought beth,
Yet found no place, that could her liking pleaze,
She to a window came, that open'd Well,
Towards which coast her lone his way addrest.
There looking forth, she in her heart did find
Many vaine fancies, working her vnrest,
And sent her winged thoughts, more swiftly then winde,
To beire vnto her lone the meage of her minde.

There as she looked long, at left she spied
One comming towards her with hasty speede:
Well ween'd she then, ere him she the blam'd she crede,
That it was one tent from her lone indeed.
Who when he nigh approacht, the more as shee read
That it was Talus, Arthegals his soone:
Whereas her heart was fill'd with hope and drede;
Ne would she stay, till he in place could come,
But ran to meet him forth, to knowe his tydings borne.

Euen
Euen in the dore him meeting, the begun;
And where is he thy Lord, and how farre hence?
Declare attence: and hast he loft or wun?
The iron man, albe he wanted fene
And forious feeling, yet with confidence
Of his ill newes, did inely chill and quake,
And flood full mute, as one in great fulfence,
As if that by his fentence he would make
Her rather reade his meaning, then him felle it speake.
To the againe thus fayd: 
Talos be bold,
And tell what other be good or bad,
That from thy tongue thy hearts intent dute hold.
To whom he thus at length. The eydings fad,
That I would hide, will needs, I fee be rad.
My Lord (your Loue) by hard mishap doth lie
In wreathed bondage, weftfully befadt.
Ay me, quest the, what wicked deftiny?
And is he avanifyd by his tyrant enemy?

Not by that Tyrant, his intended foe:
But by a Tyrannefe, he then repilde,
That him captiued hath in haplesfe woe.
Cede thou bad newes-man: badly doet thou hide
Thy Matters shame, in harlots bondage tide.
The left my felle too readily can speil.
With that, in rage the urn'd from him afsite
(Forcing in vaine the refte to her to tell)
And to her chamber went like fortaly Cell.

There she beg in to make her monfeulf plaine
Against her Knight, for being to vrnrew;
And him to touch with falifowds foule attaint,
That all his other honor ouerthrew.
Oft did she blame her felle, and often rew,
For yelding to a flangers love to light,
Whofe life and manners Strange the newe knew:
And evermore she did him sharply wight
For breach of faith to her, which he had firmly plignt.

And then fhe in her wrathfull did did cait,
How to revenge that blot of honour blent;
To fight with him, and goodly die her laft:
And then againe fhe did her felle torment,
Insifting on her felle his punishment.
A while fhe walked, and chaut a while fhe threw
Her felle vpon her bed, and did lament:
Yet did she not lament with loud swew,
As women went, but with deep fighes, and angults few.

Like as a wayward child, whose founder decee
Is broken with fame fearefull dreams affright,
With froward will doth fet himfelle to wepe;
Ne can be fild for all his nurses might,
But kicke, and equal, and fhriekes for fell defpite:
Now ftraghis her, and her loofe locks multling;
Now feekeing darkefle, and now feekeing light;
Then crying femes, and then the feker refuling.
Such was this Ladys fit in her Loues fond accouling.

Bar when she had with fuch enquief fite
Her felle: this clofe affifted long in vaine,
Yer found no eafement in her troubled wite;
She went Talos forth return'd againe,
By chance of place feking to cafe her paine;
And gan enquire of him, with myder mood.
The certaine caufe of Artygallu detaine:
And what he did, and in whatflate he fllood,
And whether he did woo, or whether he were woo'd.

Ah weal-away I fayd then the iron man,
That he is not the while in flate to woo;
But lies in wreathed thraldome, weake and wan,
Nor by ftrong hand compell'd thereunto,
But his owne doome, that none can now vndo.
Sayd I notthen, quoth fhe, ere-while aright,
That this is things compafte betwixt you two,
Me to deceevene of faith vnto me plight,
Since that he was not force, nor overcom in fight?

With that, he gan atlarge to her dilate
The whole discourses of his captuance fad,
In fort as ye have heard the fame of late.
All which, when fhe with hard endur ance had
Heard to the end, she was rightere befad,
With fodyne founws of wrath and griefe atone:
Ne would abide, till the had fun were made;
But ftreight her felle did dign, and armor don;
And mounting to her reede, bad Talos guide her on.

So forth the rode vpoun her ready way,
To feele her Knight, as Talos her did guide:
Sadly the rode, and neuer word did fay,
Nor good nor bad, ne ever looke afsde,
But fell right downe, and in her thought did hide
The felenfe of her heart, rightfully bent
To fierce enuement of that womans pride,
Which had her Lord in her bafe prifon pent,
And to great honour with to bowel reproch had blent.

So as the fhe thus melacholyke did ride,
Chawing the end of griefe and inward paine,
She chancc't to meete, toward the even-tide
A Knight, that folitely pased on the Plaine,
As if born felle to folace he were faine.
Well shot in yeares he feem'd, and rather bent
To peace, then neellelfe troublous to contraine.
As well by view of that his vettiment,
As by his modell fembiant, that no cuull ment.

He comming nere, gan genely her falute
With courteous words, in the most comely wise;
Who though defirous rather to reft mure,
Then termes to entertaine of common guise,
Yer rather then the kindnesse would deprive,
She would her felle duplafe, to him requite.
Then gan the other further to deute
Of things abroad, as next to hand did light,
And many things demand, to which fhe wrountight.

For
For, little leaft had fie to tale of ought,
Or ought to heare, that more delightfull bee:
Her minde was whole possessed of one thought,
That gane none other place. When as hee
By outward signes (as well her might) did fee,
He lift no longer to vide loathfull speach,
But her beaufcught, to take it well in grace,
Sith sheky damp had dimd the heavens reach.

To lodge with hem that night, valids good caufe impeach.

The Championelle, now seeing night at dore,
Was glad to yeeld unto his good request:
And with him went without gainse-laying more.
Not farre away, but little wide by Weft,
His dwelling was, to which he him adrest;
Where onee enuieing they receiued were
In secrete wife, as them befemeved best.
For, be their hone they Gouldly well did cleare,
And tale of pleasant things, the night way to wear.

Thus paffing the euening well, till time of rest,
Then Britomart vnto a bowre was brought:
Where grooms awaied her to have vndrest.
But the he would vndressed be for ought,
Ne dofte her armes, though he her much befought.
For she had vow'd, she lyed, not to forget
These warlike weeds, till the revenge had wore
Of a late wrong upon a mortall foe:
Which she would sure perforne, betide her weale or woe.

Which when her Holf perceiued, right discontent
In minde he grew, for feare leaft by that art
He should his purpofe mife, which clofe he meant:
Yet taking leave of her, he did depart.
There all that night remained Britomart,
Reftlesse, recomfortlesse, with heart deeply grieved,
Not suffering the leaft twinkling flepe to flert
Into her eye, which th'heart more lust releived;
But if the leaft appear'd, her eyes the freight repriz'd.

Ye guilty eyes, sayd the, which with guile
My heart at first betrayd; will ye benny
My life now to, for which a little while
Ye will not watch? Fallie watches, wake away,
I wote when ye did watch both night and day
Vnto your lofe: and now needs will ye sleep?
Now ye haue made my heart to wake alway,
Now will ye sleepe? ah! wake, and rather weep.
To thinke of your nights want, that should ye wakke keep.

Thus did she watch, and weare the weary night
In wayfull plains, that none was to appeale;
Now waking fast, now waking full wihtly.
As sundry change her seeneed beaul to cale.
Ne lefte did Talus suffer sleepe to flease
His eye-LOTS sad, but watcht continually,
Lying without her dore in great disease;
Like to a spaniell wayting carefully
Least any should betray his Lady treacherously.

What time the native Bel-man of the night,
The bird that warned Peter of his fall,
Furt rings his filuer bell t'each sleepy wight,
That should their minds vp to devotion call,
She heard a wondrous noise belowe the hall.
All soundely the bed, where she should lie,
By a falsle trap was let adowne to fall
Into a lower roome, and by and by
The loft was ray'd againe, that no man could it spie.

With sight whereof she was dismay'd right fore,
Percieuing well the treafon, which was meant:
Yet tir'd not at all for doubt of more,
But kept her place with couraige confident,
Wayning what would enuie of that euent.
It was not long, before she heard the found
Of armed men, comming with deele intent
Towards her chamber, at which dreadfull sound
She quickly caught her sword, & shield about her bound.

With that, there came vnto her chamber dore
Two Knights, all armed ready for to fight;
And after them full many other more,
A ruffall rout, with weapons rude and light.
Whom foone as Talus pide by glimse of night,
He started vp, there where on ground he lay,
And in his hand his threfher ready kight.
They, feeing that, let drive at him freight way,
And round about him præce in riotous array.

But soone as he began to lay about
With his rude iron flale, they gan to fly,
Both armed Knights, and eke vnaarmed rout:
Yet Talus after them space did ply,
Where-er in the dark he could them spy;
That here and there like fatterted flep they lay,
Then backe returning, where his Dame did lie,
He to her told the fior of that fray,
And all that treafon there intended did bewary.

Wherewith though wondrouses wroth, and inflane burning
To be avenged for to fowle a deceite,
Yet being for'te' abide the dayes returning,
She there remai ned, but with night wary heed.
Least any more fuch practicke shoule proceed,
Now moe ye kowse (that which to Britomart
Unknown was) whence all this did proceed:
And for what caufe so great mischiewes smart
Was meant to her, that neuer cuil meant in heart.

The goodman of this house was Doneh knight,
A man of falttall wit and wicked minde,
That whilome in his yOUTH had been a knight,
And armes had borne, but little good could finde,
And much leffe honour by that wrike kinde
Of life: for, he was nothing valoureous,
But with fie fluite and wiles did vnderminde
All noble knights, which were aduenturous,
And many brought to flaine by treafon treacherous.
He had three wives, all three like fathers wives,  
Like treacherous, like full of fraud and guile,  
Of all that on this earthy compass wives:  
The eldest of the which was stlime erewhile  
By Artheall, through his owne guilty wife;  
His name was Guizer: whose untimely fate  
For to awake, full many treasons vile  
His father Dulan had deuiz'd of late  
With these his wicked fons, and shewed his cancer'd hate.  

For sure he wendi, that this his present guest  
Was Artheall, by many tokens plaine;  
But chiefly by that yron page he gheft,  
Which full was wont with Artheall remaine;  
And therefore meant him surely to have flaine.  
But by Gods grace, and her good hecinate,  
She was prefered from that trystrous traine.  
Thus she all night wore out in watchfulnefe,  
Ne suffred shindy shepe her eye-lids to opprefse.  

The morrow next, so one  
Discovered had the light in living eye,  
She forth slied out of her loathed bowre,  
With full intent t'awenge that villanie,  
On that vile man, and all his family,  
And comming downe to tecke them, where they wond,  
Nor fire, nor fones, nor any could the spie:  
Each rowne the foughes, but them all empty fond:  
They all were fled for fear; but whether, neither knd.  

She saw it vaine to make them linger stay,  
But took her feed: and thereon mounting light,  
Gan her addresse into her former way,  
She had not rd the mountanece of a flight,  
But that the fawe, there present in her fight,  
The hole two falle brethren, on that perilous Bridge,  
On which Pollente with Artheall did fight.  
Stright was the paffage like a ploughed ridge,  
That if two met, the one most needs fall out the lidge.  

There they did thinke them felues on her to wreake:  
Who as the night into them drewe, the one  
Thefe vile reproches gan into her speake:  
Thou recreant falle trauoy, that with lone  
Of armes haft knighthood flone, yet Knight art none,  
No more shall now the darkness of the night  
Defend thee from the vengeance of thy fore:  
But with thy blood thou shalt appeale the spright  
Of Guizer, by thee flaine, and murdred by thy flight.  

Strange were the words in Britomartia care:  
Yet stayd she not for them, but forward fared,  
Till to the perilous bridge the came: and there  
Tell me defir'd, that he might have prepared  
The way to her, and thole two lofcls feared.  
But the thereat was wroth, that for deplight  
The glamneng sparkles through her beuer glared,  
And from her eyes did flath out flery light,  
Like coales, that through a flitter Center sparkle bright.  

She layd not to aduize which way to take;  
But putting spurrets vnere her fiery beast,  
Thorough the midft of them the way did make.  
The one of them, which moft her wrath increas,  
Upon her speare the bote before her breath,  
Til to the Bridges further end the paft;  
Where falling downe, his challenge he releas'd:  
The other out side the Bridge flies out  
Into the River, where he drunk his deadly last.  

As when the fishing Leuin hapts to light  
Upon two stubborne oakes, which stand to neare,  
That way betwixt them none appeares in fight;  
The Engin, fiercely flying forth, doth teare  
The one out of the earth, and through the aire doth bear;  
The other it with force doth overthrowe,  
Upon one side, and from his roots doth rea:  
So did the Championesse those two there throwe,  
And to their fire their caraffes left to beftowe.
Canto VII.

Britomart come to Isis's Church,
Where her strange visions sees:
She fights with Radigund, her slyes, 
And Artheall thence frees.

The Championesse, them greeting, as she could,
Whose godly building when she first beheld,
Borne upon stately Pillars, all diff'red
With flowing gold, and arched outer-head,
She wondred at the workmen passing skil,
Whose like before she never saw nor met;
And thereupon long while stood gazing still,
But thought that she thereon could never gaze her fill.

Thence, forth unto the Idol they her brought,
The which was framed all of silver fine,
So well as could with cunning hand be wrought,
And did clothe it in garments made of line,
Herm all about with fringe of silver twine.
Upon her head she wore a crown of gold,
To show that she had power in things divine;
And at her feet a Crocodile was told,
That with her wretched tale her middle did enfold.

One foote was set upon the Crocodile,
And on the ground the other foot did stand,
So meaning to suppress both forged guile,
And open force: and in her other hand
She stretched forth a long white ladder wand.
Such was the goddefse: whom when Britomart
Himself beheld, her selfe upon the land
She did prostrate, and with right humble heart
Vnto her selfe her silent prayers did impart.

To which, the Idol as it were inclining,
Her wand did move, with amiable lookes,
By outward shew her inward sense defining.
Who, well perceiving, how her wand she shooke,
It as a token of good fortune tooke.
By this, the day with dampe was over-cast,
And soysins light the houle of Iose forooke:
Which when the fawy, her helme she vnder st,
And by the Altars side her selfe to flumber place.
For, other beds the Priests therewith none,
But on their mother Earths deere lap did lie,
And took their sides upon the cold hard stone,
To wvre themselves to sufferance thereby;
And proud rebellions flie to mortisfie.
For, by the vow of their religion,
They tied were to stedfast chaftity,
And contemlnce of life; that, all forsook,
They more the better tend to their devotion.
Therefore they more not saie of feftih food,
Ne feed on ought the which doth blood containe,
Ne drinke of wine: for, wine, they say, is blood;
Even the blood of Giants, which were flaine
By thundering Jove in the Phlegrean Plaine.
For which the earth (as they the flory tell) Wroth with the Gods, which to perpetuall paine
Had damnd her bonnes, which gainst them did rebell,
With inward griefe and malice did against them swell.
And of their vital bloud, the which was fied
Into her pregnant bosome, forth theained
The fruitfull Vinc periur bloud bloody red,
Havinc the minding of men with fury fraught,
Mote in them thire vp old rebellious thought,
To make new warre against the Gods againe: Such is the powre of that fame fruit, that nought
The tell contagion may thereof refrainne: Ne, within reasones rule, her madding mood containe.
There, did the war-like Maid her felfe repose,
Vnder the wings of Jap all that night:
And with sweet rest her heavy eyes did close,
After that long dates tole and weary plight.
Where, whil her earthly parts with lost delight
Of enemys feerce did deeply drowned lie,
There did appeare into her heauenly spight
A wondrous vision, which did closecly imply
The courte of all her fortune and pollicie.
Her fom'd, as fleep was doeing sacrifie
To Jap, deckt with Mите on her head,
And huer fiole, after thone Prietles guite,
All suitably the faw transfigured
Her huer fiole to rote of Scarlet red,
And Moone-like Mите to a Crowne of golde;
That euen the fher felle much wonder'd
At fuch a change, and joyed to behold
Her felle, adorn'd with gems and jewels manifold.
And in the mid of her felicity,
An hideous tempfe seem'd from belowe,
To rise through all the Temple fuddainly,
That from the Alter all about did blowe
The holy fire, and all the embers throue
Upon the ground: which, kindl'd priuely,
Into outrageous flames vnwares did grove,
That all the Temple put in jeopardy
Of burning, and her felle in great perplexity.
With that, the Crocodile, which sleeping lay
Vnder the Idols feet in fairelefe bowre,
Seem'd to awake in horrible dismay,
As being troubled with that flaery flower:
And gaping greedy wide, did fraught diversly
Both flames and tempfe: with which grown great,
And swolpe with pride of his owne pertelefe powre,
He gan to threaten her likewife to care:
But that the Goddefl with her rod him back did beat.
The, turning all his pride to humble meakes,
Himselfe before her feet he LOWely threw,
And gan for grace and loue of her to feeke:
Which the accepting, he so nere her drew,
That of his game fhee fooner cowmowed grew,
And forth did bring a Lion of great might,
That shortly did all other beats subdue,
With that, she waked, full of fearfullfright,
And doubtfully dismayd through that foon vntouch fight.
So, there-upon long while the muting lay,
With thoufand thoughts feeding her fantafie,
Vntill the fide the lampe of lighthouse day,
Yp-lifted in the porche of heaven he.
Then yp the rofe fraught with melancholy,
And forth into the lower parts did pafs:
Where-as the Prietles fhe found full bully
About their holy things for morrow Mais:
Whom the faluting faire, faire reflated was.
But by the change of her vnfeareful looke,
They might perceiue she was not well in plight:
Or that some penfuenelle to hart the tooke:
Therefore thus one of them (who seem'd in fight
To be the greatefe, and the greateft might)
To her befakes; Sir Knight, it fceemes to me,
That thorough eual refl of this last night,
Or'll paid, or much difmai'd ye bee,
That by your change of cheere is eafe for to fee.
Certies, fayd the, fith ye fo well have pride
The troublous pallion of my penfeul mind,
I will not leafe the fame from you to hide,
But will my cares vnfold, in hope to find
Your ayde, to guide me out of error blind.
Say on, quoth he, the secret of your hart:
For, by the holy vow which me doth bind,
I am adiou'd, belt counselle to impart.
To all, that flall require my comfort in their heart.
Then gun flete to declare the whole discouer
Of all that vision which to her appear'd,
As well as to her munde it had recoouer.
All which when he vnto the end had heard,
Like to a weake faint-hearted man he fared,
Through great aternishment of that strange fight:
And with long locks yp-standing, finely ffare,
Like one advis'd with some dreadfull sight:
So, fled with heavenly fury, thus he her behighe.
Magnificck Virgin, that in queint disguise
Of Britsh armes doo not make thy roayl blood,
So to pursue a perilous emipire,
How could it thou weene, through that disguised hood;
To hide thy flate from being vnderfoot?
Can from th immortal Gods ought hidden bee?
They doe thy linge, and thy Lordly brood;
They doe thy Sire, lamenting for thirth;
They doe thy Loue, forborne in womans thraldom see.

The end whereof, and all the long cuuent,
They doe to thee in this fame dreame discouer,
For, that fame Crocodile doth reprent
The righteous Knight, that is thy faithful Louer,
Like to Ophry in alluitka endeavor.
For, that fame Crocodile Ophry is,
That vnder fis feet doth sleepe for ever:
To shew that clemence oft, in things amis,
Restrains those fierce behets, & cruell doomes of his.

That Knight shall all the troublous storms afflige,
And raging flames, that many foes shall reare,
To hinder thee from the guilt heritage.
Of thy Sire Crowne, and from thy Country deare.
Then shal thou take him to thy loved fere,
And loyne in equall portion of thy Realm:
And afterwards, a foeone to him shalt beare,
That Lion-like shalflow his powre extreme.
So blesse thee God, and give thee joyance of thy dreame.

All which when fhe vnto the end had heard,
She much was easd in her troublous thought,
And on those Priests befellowd rechreward:
And royall gifts of gold and and filler wrought.
She for a present to their Goddeff brought,
Then taking leave of them, fhe forward went,
To feeke her Loue, where he was to be fought;
Ne refled till she came within re lent.
Vnto the land of Amazones, as fhe was bent.

Whereof when newes to Radigund was brought,
Not with amaze, as women wonted bee,
She noteth confid in her troublous thought,
But fild with courage and with joyous gle,
As glad to hear of armes, e. which now the
Had long lurkeft, the bade to open bold,
That the fhe of her new foe might fee.
But when they of that iron man had told,
Which late her folde had flaine, shee bade them forth to hold.

So there without the gate (seemed best)
She caufd her Patiution be pight;
In which, fount Erromart her elfe did refet,
Whiles Teleus watched at the dore all night.
All night likewise, they of the town in ftreight,
Vpon their wall good watch and ward did kepe.
The morow next, fo foon as wounded light
Bade do awy the dampe of drooue sleepe.
The war-like Amazon out of her bowre did pepe;

And caufd ftraight a Trumpet loud to shrill,
To warne her foe to battell foonne be preft: Who, long before awoke (for the full ill
Could fleepe alll night; that in vnetquet breft
Did clofe harboyr such a celaous guet)
Was to the battell whilome ready light.
Effonore that warrourrelle with a mighty creft
Did forth fliue, all ready for the fight.
Ou th'other fide he foe appeared foonne in fight.

But ere they reared hand, the Amazon
Began the straight conditions fo propound,
With which fhe vled full to eye her fone:
To ferue her foe, as fhe the rett had bound.
Which when the other heard, fhe fently frownd
For high dilaine of fuch iniurie,
And would no longer treat, but bade them found.
For, her no other tearmes shoule ever tie
Then what preteribed were by lawes of Cheualrie.

The Trumpets found, and they together run
With grede vragge, and with their faulchins fome;
Ne other fough the others froke to thun,
But through great furee both their skill fforog,
And prefickevec in armes; ne fpered nor
Their dauntie parts, which Nature had created
So faire and tender, without faifines or spot,
For other vnes then they tranflated;
Which they now hackt & hewd, as if fuch vre they hated.

As when a Tигre and a Lioncell
Are met at poying of some hungry pray,
Both challenge it with equall greedinece:
But firth the Tигre claves theron did lay;
And therefore loft to loofe her right away,
Doth in defence thereof full ftoyle ftoned;
To which the Lion strongly doth give fay,
The fhe that to the hunte the beaft firtt tooke in hond;
And therefore ought it hauen, where euer the it ftoned.

Full fiercely layd the Amazon about,
And dealt her blowes unmercifullie fore:
Which Erromart withhood with courage founft;
And them repaid againe with double more.
So long they fought, that all the graticc ftreke
Was fild with bloude, which from their fides did fhowe,
And guifled through their armes, that al in gote
They trode, and on the ground their blies did fhowe,
Like fruiteffe feed, of which vntinule death fhould grove.

At Eth, prond Radigund with full delight,
Having by chaunce of side advantage neare,
Let dride at her with all her dreadful might,
And d. us vpbraying, faid: This token brese
Vnto the man whom thou doost loue to deare;
And tell him for his fake thy lif: thou gauet.
Which fpightfull words fhe fore enguired to heare,
Thus anwer'd: Lewelly thou my Loue deprauet,
Who flourish must repent that now to vainly brauelt.

Nath leffe,
Nathelfe, that stroke so full passages found,
That glancing on her shoulder plate, it bite,
Vnto the bone, and made a grievely wound,
That she her shield through raging smart of it
Could scarce uphold: yet looone she it requit.
For, having force increas through furious paine,
She her fo reduly on the helmet misit,
That it emperisied to the very braine,
And her proud person love prostrated on the Plainte.

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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Where beeing Layd, the wrathfull Britonneffe</td>
<td>Stayd not till she came to her felle againe,</td>
<td>But yet, as fast they could not home retrate,</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Stay'd not till she came to her felle againe,</td>
<td>But in revenge both of her Loues dittrefse,</td>
<td>But that first Tiber did the torment win;</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>And her late vile reprocho, though vaunted vaine,</td>
<td>And her late vile reprocho, though vaunted vaine,</td>
<td>And preffing through the pratece into the gate,</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>And alfo of her wound, which force did paine,</td>
<td>And also of her wound, which force did paine,</td>
<td>Pelmell with them, intance did enter in.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>She with one stroke both head and helmet cleft.</td>
<td>She with one stroke both head and helmet cleft.</td>
<td>Which dreadful fight, when all her war-like traine</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Which dreadful fight, when all her war-like traine</td>
<td>Whereof she now, each one of (senfie bereft)</td>
<td>There present tw, each one (of senfie bereft)</td>
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<tr>
<td>Fled fast into the towne, and her iole Victor left.</td>
<td>Fled fast into the towne, and her iole Victor left.</td>
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<tr>
<td>But now by this, the noble Conqueresse</td>
<td>Thou, when she had his execution fluid,</td>
<td>At left, when as to her owne Loue she came,</td>
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<tr>
<td>Her felle came in, her glory to partake;</td>
<td>She for that iron prison did enquire,</td>
<td>Whom like disquiete no leffe deformed had,</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Yet when the saw the prates which he did make,</td>
<td>In which her wreche Loue was captiue layd:</td>
<td>At fight thereof, ashaft with secret flame,</td>
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<tr>
<td>Of slaughtred carcasses, her hart did quake.</td>
<td>Which breaking open with insigniantre,</td>
<td>She turned her head aside, as nothing glad,</td>
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<tr>
<td>For very ruth, which did it almost true,</td>
<td>She enrined in all the parts entire.</td>
<td>To have beheld a spectacle so fine:</td>
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<tr>
<td>That she his fury willed him to slake.</td>
<td>Where when the saw that loudly uncouth sight,</td>
<td>And then too well beheld, that which to fore</td>
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<tr>
<td>For elle he sure had left not one alue,</td>
<td>Of men disguiz'd in womanish attire,</td>
<td>Jealous suspect as true virtuously dread,</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>But all in his revenge of spirit would depirre.</td>
<td>Her hart gan grudge, for very deepes despight</td>
<td>Which vaine conceit now nourishing no more,</td>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Not for so great wonder and astonishment,</td>
<td>Ah! my dear Lord, what sight is this, quoth she,</td>
<td>For, all those Knights, which long in capture shone</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Did the most chaste Pemeloe paffe,</td>
<td>What May-game hath misfortune made of you?</td>
<td>Had throwed been, she did from thrallome fierce</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>To see her Lord, that was reported drest,</td>
<td>Where is that dreamesfull manly booke? where be</td>
<td>And Magistrates of all that Cittie made,</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>And long dead force in dolorous dittrefse,</td>
<td>Those mighty palmes, the which ye worst remembre</td>
<td>And gave to them great haring and large fee:</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Come home to her in pittious wretchednesse,</td>
<td>In bloud of Kings, and great hauiss to subdue?</td>
<td>And that they should for ever with full bee,</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>After long traveull of full twenty years,</td>
<td>Could ought on earth so wondrous change have</td>
<td>Made them (were it all to Atherall.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>That she knew not his faveur like none,</td>
<td>That she was of all that meanly how? (wrought,</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>For many teares, and many hony haire:</td>
<td>Could do great courage flopped have to oight?</td>
<td>What when-himselfe now well recol'd did see,</td>
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<tr>
<td>But stood long glaring on him, monstong uncertain teares.</td>
<td>Then farewell febily force; I see thy pride is nought.</td>
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<tr>
<td>Thence, forth she straight into a bowre he brought,</td>
<td>So, there awhile they afterwardes remained,</td>
<td>Full sad and sorrowfull was Britonneart</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>And caus'd him those unsomely weeds ands;</td>
<td>Him to refresh, and her late wounds to heale:</td>
<td>For his departure, her new caufe of griefs;</td>
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<tr>
<td>And in their feeke for other amours sought.</td>
<td>During which space the there as Princes raigne,</td>
<td>Yet widely moderated her owne swarth,</td>
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<tr>
<td>Whereof there was great store, and armours bright,</td>
<td>Though ever hath been from many a noble Knight</td>
<td>Seeng his honour, which the tredned chiefe,</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Which had been ref from many a noble Knight</td>
<td>Whom that proud Amazon subdewd had,</td>
<td>Confiicted much in that adventures pratie,</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Whom that proud Amazon subdewd had,</td>
<td>Whilt Fortune fauour'd her successe in fight:</td>
<td>The care whereof, and hope of his successe</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>In which when-as she him anew had claim,</td>
<td>In which when-as she him anew had claim,</td>
<td>Gave unto her great comfort and refiicce,</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>She was reviu'd, and soyd much in his semblance glad.</td>
<td>She was reviu'd, and soyd much in his semblance glad.</td>
<td>That womanish complaints she did reprofe,</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Her wifedom did admire, and harkned to her loving.</td>
<td>Her wifedom did admire, and harkned to her loving.</td>
<td>And tempred for the time her present beauteusse.</td>
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<thead>
<tr>
<th>45</th>
<th>46</th>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>For, all those Knights, which long in capture shone</td>
<td>Vpon his first adventure, which him forth did call.</td>
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<thead>
<tr>
<th>47</th>
<th>48</th>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Fulle sad and sorrowfull was Britonneart</td>
<td>For his departure, her new caufe of griefs;</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>For his departure, her new caufe of griefs;</td>
<td>Yet widely moderated her owne swarth,</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>And Magistrates of all that Cittie made,</td>
<td>Seeng his honour, which the tredned chiefe,</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>And gave to them great haring and large fee:</td>
<td>Confisted much in that adventures pratie,</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>And that they should for ever with full bee,</td>
<td>The care whereof, and hope of his successe</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Made them (were it all to Atherall.</td>
<td>Gave unto her great comfort and refiicce,</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>When himselfe now well recol'd did see,</td>
<td>That womanish complaints she did reprofe,</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>He purpos'd to procecd, what to befall,</td>
<td>And tempred for the time her present beauteusse.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Vpon his first adventure, which him forth did call.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
There she continu'd for a certaine space,
Till through his want her woe did more increase:
Then hoping that the change of ayre and place
Would change her paine, and sorrow some-what ease,
She parted thence, her anguish to appease.

Meantime, her noble Lord Sir Arthegall
Went on his way, ne euer bowre did ceale,
Till he reach'd and had that Lady thralle:
That for another Canto will more fully tell.

Canto VIII.

Prince Arthur, and Sir Arthegall,
Free Samient from feare:
They lay the Souldan, drive his wife
Adicia to despaire.

Ought under heaven so strongly doth allure
The lucre of man, & all his mind posseste,
As beauties lovely bait, that doth procure
Great warriours oft their rigour to represse.
And mighty hands forget their manlinesse;
Drawne with the powre of an hart-robbing
And wrapt in letters of a golden treffe, (eye,
That can with melting pleasance mollifie
Their hardned hearts, enr'd to blood and cruelly.

So why some learn'd that mighty Jewish swaine,
Each of whome locks did match a man in might,
To lay his fpoiles before his Lemurs traine;
So also did that great Oceane Knight
For his Liones like his Lions skin sight:
And so did war-like Antony negleef
The worlds whole rule, for Cleopatras fight;
Such wonderous powre hath womens faire aspect,
To captaine men, and make them all the world retech.

Yet could it not terme Arthegall retaine,
Not hold from suite of his awowed quest,
Which he had vnderstane to Gloriana;
But left his Loue (albe her strong request)
Faire Britomaris, in Languor and vertue,
And rode himselfe with his first intent:
Ne day nor night did euer idle rest;
Ne wight but onely Tales with him went,
The true guide of his way and vertuous government.

So travellinge, he chance't faire off to head
A Damzell, flying on a palfrey fast
Before two Knights, that after her did speed
With all their powre, and her full fiercely chace,
In hope to have her overthrow at last:
Yet fled she fast, and both them out-out-went,
Carried with wings of fear, like fowle agast,
With locks all loose, and rayment all to rent;
And ever as she rode, her eye was backward bent.

Soone after these, he saw another Knight,
That after those two former rode space,
With speare in rest, and prickt with all his might:
So ran they all, as they had been at bace,
They being chafed, that did others chafe.
At length, he saw the hindmost overtake
One of those two, and force him turne his face;
How ever loth he was his way to flake,
Yet more he algates now abide, and anfwer make.

But the other fell, pursu'd the fearefull Maid;
Who fell from him as fast away did fiue,
Ne once for ought her speedy passage flied,
Till that at length she did before her spy
Sir Arthegall, to whom the straight she did his
With gladfull haste; in hope of him to get,
Success against her greedy enemy:
Who, seeing her approche, go forward set
To saue her from her fear, and him from force to let.

But he, like hound full greedy of his pray,
Being impatient of impediment,
Continu'd full his course, and by the way
Thought with his fpeare him quare have over-went.
So, both together like bally bent,
Like fiercely met. But Arthegall was stronger,
And better skild in Tilt and Turnament,
And bore him quite out of his sadle, longer
The two spears length; so mischefe overmatch the wron-
And
And in his fall, misfortune him miftooke;  
So thee ye please, that both our bl ames shall die,  
And left the. Meane while, the other Knight  
Amends may for the triflesse foule be made,  
Defeated had the other faytor quight,  
Sith neither is endamaged much thereby.  
And all his bowels in his body:  
So can they both themselves full eath perfitade  
Whom leaving there in that depliteous plight,  
To faire accordance, and both faults to shade,  
Him, the other fellow Pagan, which before him past.  
Either embracing other lovingly,  
And swearing faith to either on his blade,  
But neither others cause to maintaine mutually.

In stead of whom, finding there ready preft  
There they that Danzell called to them nie,  
Sir Arthegald, without diffention  
And had receiued thei,follies worthy hire, (layd,  
He at him ran, with ready fpear in reft:  
And for what cause they chafed fo that Maid.  
Who, seeing him come still so fiercely on,  
Cerces, I wote not well, the Prince then faid;  
Against him made aigane. So both anon  
But by adventure found them faring fo,  
Together met, and strongly other fvooroe  
As by the way unweetingly I fay'd:  
And broke their fpeares: yet neither has forgon  
And lo, the Danzell felle, whence all did grove,  
His horses back, yet to & fro long fvooroe, (quoque.  
Of whom we may at waill the whole occasion knowe.

But when againe they had recovered fomce,  
Her name Meretilla most men ve to call;  
They drew their fwords, in mean to make amends  
That is a mayden Queene of high renowne,  
For what their fpeares had ftyld of their pretence.  
For her great bounty knowne over all,  
Which when the Danzell, who thefe deadly ends  
And foueraine grace, with which her roylall Crowne  
Of both her foes had feene, and now her friends  
She doth fupport, and strongly beareth downe  
For her beginning a more fearfull fray;  
The malice of her foes, which her enimy,  
She to them rannes in haste, and her hair rends,  
And at her happening doe fret and frowne;  
Crying to them their cruel hands to stay,  
Yet the her felte the more doth magnifie,  
Vnail they both doe heare, what thee to them will fay.

They fay'd their hands, when the thus gan to speake;  
And her good Knights (of which fo braue a band  
Ah gentle Knights, what meane ye thus vnwise  
Serues her, as any Princeffe vnder sky)  
Upon you felues anotheres wrong to wreake?  
He other spoiles, if they againe him stand,  
I am the wrongd, whom ye did enterprize  
To or to her part allure, and briue vnder hand.  
Both to redrefle, and both redrefle likewise;  
Or to her patience doe fret and frowne:  
Witness the Paynmsboth, whom ye may fee  
Yet the her felte the more doth magnifie,  
There Dead on ground. What doe ye then deuice  
And even to her foes her mercies multiply.

When they heared fo fay, they looke about,  
Mongst many which malignd her happy flate,  
To weert if it were true as she had told;  
There is a mighty man, which wones hereby,  
Where, when they faw their foes dead out of doubt,  
Seekes to subvert her Crowne and dignity;  
Eripiooes they gan their wearethfull hands to hold,  
And all his powre doth there vnto apply:  
And Ventaiil, care, and foul wondrous bold,  
And her good Knights (of which fo braue a band  
Tho, when as Arthegald did Arthur view,  
Serues her, as any Princeffe vnder sky)  
So faire a creature, and from wondrous bold,  
He other spoiles, if they againe him stand,  
And touched with intire affeflion, nigh him drew;  
Or to his part allure, and briue vnder hand.

Saying, Sir Knight, of pardon I you pray,  
Hereby. Which he unto her people doeth each day,  
That all vnweeting hate you wrongd thus fore;  
But that he seekes by treybourous traines to spill  
Suffering my hand against my hart to fray:  
Her person, and her fared felle to fay:  
Which if ye pleafe forgive, I will therefore  
That so ye heauenis defend, and turne away  
Yield for amends my lefie yours euermore,  
From her, vnto the misconrnt himselfe,  
Or what-fo pencefull by you be ed.  
That neither hath religion nor fay,  
To whom the Prince Cerces, me needeth more  
That oye heauenis defend, and turne away  
From her, vnto the misconrnt himselfe,  
To whom the Prince; Cerces, me needeth more  
That neither hath religion nor fay,  
To take the fame, whom error fo misted,  
But make his Gods of his ungody pelfe,  
As that I did misfitke the lusing for the ded.  
And Idols terme to let his Idols terme the Elfe.
To all which cruelty, tyranny, they say,
He is prone, and finds up day and night
By his bad wife, that sight—Adoia,
Who counsels him (through confidence of might)
To break all bonds of law, and rules of right.
For, the like with a mortal foe
To justice, and against her full doth fight,
Working to all that love her, deadly woe,
And making all her Knights and people to do so.

Which my liege Lady seeing, thought it best,
With that his wife in friendly wise to deal.
For hint of strife, and establishment of reft
Both to her selfe, and to her Common-wealth,
And all fore-part displeasures to recast.
So me in mefage wento her the sent,
To treat with her by way of entreate,
Of final peace and faire atonement,
Which might concluded be by mutual content.

All times have wont take passage to afford
To meffengers, that come for caufes suft:
But this proud Dame, dilifying all accord,
Not only into bitter termes forth bruth,
Reuling me, and rayling as the luft;
But lastly, to make proofe of vmeet flame,
Me like a dogge the out of fiores did thrust,
Mifcalling me by many a bitter name.
That never did her ill, no once deserved blame.

And lastly, that no shame might wanting be,
When I was gone, loone after me the lent.
The three vile Knights, whom there ye lying fee,
To be by them dishonoured and shent:
But shamelesse God, and your good hardiment,
They have the price of their owne folly payd.
So lid this Danzwell, that hight Samient;
And to thole knights, for their fo noble yd,
Her selfe most gratefull shew'd, & heaped thanks repaid.

But they, now hauing thoroughly heard and scene
All those great wrongs, the which that maid complained.
To have beene done against her Lady Queene,
By that proud Dame, which her so much disdained,
Were moved much thereat, andtwixt them laine,
With all their force to worke stentement stong
Up vpon the Souldan selfe, which it maintained;
And on his Lady, th'authour of that wrong,
And vpon all thole Knights that did to her belong.

But, thinking best by counterfeit disguise
To their designe to make the causer way,
They did this complot withouthemelves devise;
First, that Sir Arthogenic should appear,
Like one of those two Knights which dead there lay.
And then that Danzwell, the sdi Samient,
Should as his purcaft prize with him conuey
Vnto the Souldans Court, her to present
Vnto his scornfull Lady, that for her had fent.

So, as they had devised, Sir Artbegall
Him clad in th'armour of a Pagan Knight,
And taking with him, as his vainquisht thrall,
That Danzwell, led her to the Souldans right.
Where, loone as his proud wife of her had fight
(Forth of her window as the looking lay)
Shee weened fraught it was her Paynim Knight,
Which brought that Danzwell, as his purcaft pray;
And fent to him a Page, that note direct his way.

Who, bringing them to their appointed place,
Offered his feruice to difarme the Knight;
But he, refusing him to let vnlace,
For doubt to be discoftered by his fight,
Kept humbly full in his strange armouer dight.
Soone after whom, the Prince arrived there;
And fending to the Souldan in defight
A bold defiance, did of him require
That Danzwell, whom he held as wrongfull prifonneer.

Where-with, the Souldan all with furie fraught,
Sweareing, and banning moft blasphemonous,
Commanded straight his armoure to be brought;
And mounting fraught with a Charget he.
With iron whelles and hooke's arm'd dreadfully,
And drawne of cruel steedes, which he had fed
With full of men, whom through fell thranne
He flaughtered had, and ere they were halfe dead,
Their bodies to his behalfe for provender did spred.

So, forth hee came all in a caufe of plate,
Burnflih'ed with bloody guilt; whiles on the Greene
The Briton Prince him ready did await,
In glittering armoure right goodly well belone,
This fhone as bright, as doth the heavenly fleone;
And by his ftrump Talus did attend,
Playing his Pages part, as he had beene
Before directed by his Lord, to th'end
He fould his ftable to final execution bend.

Thus goe they both together to their geare,
With like fierce minds, but meanings different:
For the, the proud Souldan with prudentious cheare,
And cointraints fulblime and inoffent,
Sought onely flaughter and avengeitement.
But the brave Prince for honour and for right,
Gainft torious powere and lawlesse regiment,
In the behalfe of wronged weakes did fight:
More in his causer truth he trusted then in might.

Like to the Thracian Tyrant, who they say
Vnto his horces gave his guests for meat,
Till he himselfe was made their greedy pray,
And torne in pieces by Alcides great.
So thought the Souldan in his follies threat,
Either the Prince in pieces to have torne
With his ſharpe wheele, in his firſtes heat,
Or vnder his fierce horſes feet have borne (forborne.
And trampling downe in dash his thoughts diftained

But
But the bold child that peril well espying,
If he too rathly to his Charet drew
Gave way unto his horses speedily flying,
And their resolutive rigour did effect.
Yet, as he pasted by, the Pagan threw
A flaming dart with fo impetuous force,
That he not onl playd with headfiill view,
It had himselfe transfixed, or his horse,
Or made them both one maffe without more remorse.

Off drew the Prince unto his Charet nigh,
In hope some stroke to fallen on him neere;
But he was mounted in his fear so high,
And his wing-footed couriers bid beare
So fast away, that ere his ready speare
He could advance, he farre was gone and put.
Yet still he him did follow every where,
And followed was of him likewise full fast;
So long as in his ftedes the breathing flame did last.

Against, the Pagan threw another dart,
Of which he had with him abundant store,
On every side of his embrazed cart,
And of all other weapons leffe or more,
Which warlike vices had deuiz'd of yore.
The wicked that guided through th'atricke wide,
By some had inuin'd, that it to milchife bore,
Stayd not, till through his curat it did glide,
And made a gretely wound in his enuirion side.

Much was he grieved with that hapless three,
That opened had the well-spring of his blood;
But much the more that to his hatefull foe
He must not come, to weak his wrathfull mood.
That made him rau, like to a Lyon wood,
Which beeing wounded of the huntmans hand
Can not come neere him in the euerit wood,
Where he with boughs hath built his study laude,
And fenc't him selfe, hee about with many a flamning brand.

Still when he fought c'approach'd into him nie,
His Charet wheele about him whirlde round,
And made him batte againe as fast to flye:
And cke his ftedes, like to an hungry hound,
That hunting after game hath carrion found,
So cruelly did him pursue and chace,
That his good fted, all were he much renown
For noble courage, and for hardy race,
Durst not endure their fight, but fled from place to place.

Thus, longer they trac't, and traverst to and fro,
Seeking by every way to make some breach yet:
Yet could the Prince not righ unto him goe,
That one true stroke he might unto him reach,
Whereby his strengthes alyay he might him teach;
At last, from his victorious field he drew
The velle, which did his powerfull light empeach;
And comming full before his hoptes view
As they upon him press, it plaine to them did shew.

Like lightening fath, that hath the garter burned,
So did the sight thereof their face dismay,
That backe againe vpon them desire they turned,
And with their rider same perforder away:
Ne could the Souldier there from flying stay,
With raines, or wanted rule, as well he knew.
Nought heated they, what he could doe or say,
But th'onlye faire that was before their view;
From which, like mazed Dears, dismayfullly they flew.

Fell did they flye, as their steates could beare,
High over hilles, and lowely over dales,
As they were follow'd of their former beare.
In vaine the Pagan waite, and sweate, and railes,
And back with both his hands vnto himdailes
The rety raine, regarded now no more:
He to them callest and speakes, yet nought ausie;
They hearde him not, they have forgot his lore,
But go which way they lift, their guide they have forloire.

As when the fiery-mouthed steedes, which drew
The Sunnes bright waite to Phoebus decay,
Soone as they did the monstrous Scorpioun view,
With vygly crapsles crawling in their way,
The dreadfull fire did them to force affinity,
That their well knownen couriers they forwent;
And leading th'ever-burning lampes alyay,
This lower world nigh all to affes bret,
And left their search'd path yet in the firmament.

Such was the furie of these head-stronge steedes,
Soone as the Infants sun-like think they saw,
That all obedience both to words and deeds
They quite forgot, and scorned all former law;
Through woods, and rocks, and mountains they did
The iron Charet, and the wheeles did teare,
(see a) And toft the Pagan, without fear or awe;
From fide to fide they toft him here and there,
Crying to them in vaine, that could their crying hear.

Yet full the Prince pursu'd him clofe behind,
Ofte making offer him to smite, but found
No cattie nyances according to his mind.
At last, they have all over-thrown to ground
Quite topide turvey, and the Pagan found
Amongst the iron hookes and grapples keene,
Torne all to rags, and rent with many a wound;
That no whole peace of him was to be seene,
But feared all about, and rowd upon the Greene.

Like as the cursed Sonne of Typhon,
That following his chace in deawy morne,
To fite his Repinates lone out agace,
Of his owne steedes was all to pieces torn,
And his faire limbs left in the woods forlorn;
That for his fake Diana did lament,
And all the woody Nymphs did waille & mourn:
So was this Souldian rapit and all to rent,
That of his shape appear'd no little monument.

Onely
But Arthegall, being thereof aware,
Did stay her cruel hand, ere she her raught,
And as she did her to strike prepare,
Out of her fist the wicked weapon caught:
With that, like one enfelon'd or distraught,
She forth did move, whither her rage her borte,
With franticke passion, and with furie fraught;
And breaking forth out at a poisterne dore,
Vnto the wilde wood ran, her dolours to deplore:

As a bad bitch, when as the frantick fit
Her burning tongue with rage inflamed hath,
Doth runne at randoon, and with furious bat
Snatching at everything, doth wreake her wrath
On man and beast that commeth in her path.
There they doe say, that she transformed was
Into a Tigre, and that Tigres fath
In cruelie and outrageous she did pass,
To prove her fame and true, that she imposed has.

Then Arthegall, his felfe discoveringe plains,
Did issue forth gainst all that war-like rout
Of Knights and armed men, which did maintaine
That Ladiess part, and to the Soullau rout:
All which he did assaults with courage stout,
All were they righ an hundred Knights of name, and
Like wilde Goates them chased all about,
Flying from place to place with coward flame,
So that with small force them all he overcame.

Then caused he the gates be opened wide;
And there the Prince, as Victor of that day,
With triumph entertain'd and glorious,
Presuming him with all the rich array,
And royall pompe, which there long hidden lay,
Purchasit through law lefse powre and tortious wrong
Of that proud Soullau, whom he earst did fly.
So, both, for rest there hauing ftaid not long,
Marcht with that mayd, fit matter for another long.

Canto
Canto IX.

Arthur and Arthegall catch Guile, whom Talus doth dismay: They to Mercillaes palace come, and see her rich array.

Hat Tigre, or what other falusge wight Is so exceeding furious and fell, (might? As wrong, when it hath arm'd it selfe with Not fit mongst men, that do with reason well, But mongst wilde beasts and falusge woods to dwell; Where still the stronger doth the weake deuoure, And they that most in boldnesse doe excel, Are drudged most, and feared for their powre: [Fit for Advice, there to build her wicked bowre.

There let her wonne farre from refort of men, Where righteous Arthegall her late exiled; There let her ever keep her damned den, Where none may be with her wond parts defiled, Nor none but beasts may be of her despoyled: And turne we to the noble Prince, where late We did him leave, after that he had voyled The cruel Souldan, and with dreadful face Had vterly subverted his vnitagious rate.

Where, haueing with Sir Arthegall a space Well folowing in that Souldans late delight, They both resoluing now to leave the place, Both it and all the wealth therein behight Unto that Damzell in her Ladies right, And so would have departed on their way. But sere them wou'd by all the meanes the might, And earnestly besought, to wend that day With her, to see her Lady thence not farre away.

By whose entreatie both they, overcommen, Agree to goe with her, and by the way (As oftenvillaine) of sundrie things did commen. Mongst which, that Damzell did to them bewray A strange adventure, which not farre thence lay: To wect, a wicked villaine, bold and stout, Which wonned in a rokke not farre away, That robbed all the Country there about, And brought the pillage home, whence none could get it Thereto, both his owne witwit, she said, And ek the famoues of his dwelling place, Both vnsaileable, gave him great ayde: For he so crafty was to forage and face, So light of hand, and nimble of his pate, So smooth of tongue, and fubtile in his tale, That could deceive one looking in his face; Therefore by name Malengin they him call, Well known by his faces, and famous ovver all.

Through these his flightes he many doth confound, And eke the rocks, in which he wants to dwell, Is wondroues strong, and hewn farre under ground A dreadful depth, how deeppe no man can tell; But some doe try, it goeth downe to hell. And all within, it full of windings is, And hidden wayes, that scarce an hound by smelle, Can follow out those faire foot-steps of his, None can back returne, that once are gone amiss.

Which when those knights had heard, their hartes gan To understand that villaines dwelling place; yeare, And greatly it defir'd of her to learn, And by which way they towards it should trace. Were not, said she, that it should let your pate Towards my Ladies presence by you meant, I would you guide directlie to the place. Then let not that, said they, fray your intent. For, neither will one foot, till we that Castle haue hent.

So forth they paie, till they approached nie Vnto the rock whereat the villaines won. Which when the Damzell neere at hand did spy, She warn'd the Knights thereof: who there upon Gan to advise, what best were to be done. So both agreed to send that mayd afofe, Where she might fit theight to the den alone, Wayling, and crying pitifull vprore, As if she did some great calamity deplore.
With nope whereof, when at the cayncte Caile
Should shte forth, in hope to find some spoyle,
They in swast would closly him enarrile,
Ere to his den he backward could recyle,
And so would hope him easily to foil.
The Damzell straight went, as she was directed,
Into the rock ; and there upon the foile
Having her felie in wretched wise abiolet,
Gan wepe and wailie, as if great grieve had her affected.

The cry thereof, entering the hollow Cae," Efffokens brought forth the villaine, as they ment,
With hope of her sorne willfull boot to hate.
Full dreadfull wight he was, as ever went
Upon the earth, with hollow eyes deepl pent,
And long curlc locks, that downe his shoulders flung:
And on his backe an uncouth wertiment (ged),
Made of strange stuffle, but all to worne and ragged;
And underneath, his breech was all to torne and stuggled.

And in his hand an huge long staffe he held,
Whose top was arm'd with many an iron hooke,
Fit to catch hold of all that he could weld,
Or in the compasse of his clouches tooke;
And euer round about he cast his looke.
Als at his backe a great wisterne he bore,
With which he feldome filled at the brooke,
But yd'd to fill for cfooles on the dry shore,
Of which he in faire weather went to take great store.

When the Damzell saw her by her side,
So vgy creature, she was nigh disfrunt;
And now for helpes alound in carnell clride.
But when the villaine saw her so affraid,
He gan with guilefull words her to persuad,
To benefic tate ; and with Sardanion smile
Laughing on her, his false intent to shide,
Gan forth to lay his bytte her to beguile,
That from her selle vnwarres he might her steale the while.

Like as the Fowler on his guilefull pipe
Charms to the birds full many a pleasant lay,
That they the whiles may take left heedy kepe,
How he his nets doth for their ruine lay;
So did the villaine to her prate and play,
And many pleasant tricks before her showe,
To tune her eyes from his intent away:
For, he in sleights and juggling feates did flowe,
And of legier-de-maine the mysteries did knowe.

To which, whilst he lent her intenttive mind,
He suddeuly his net upon her threw,
That over-sprad her like a paffie of wind ;
And matching her foon vp, ere well she knew,
Ran with her Lift away into his maw,
Crying for helpe slout. But when as nic
He came into his Caue, and there did view
The armed knights, flapping his paffage by,
He threw his burden downe, and fast away did flie.

But Arthurell, him after did purswe,
The wailes the Prince therall kept the entrance still:
Vp to the rocke he ran, and thenceon flew
Like a wilde Gosst, leaping from hill to hill,
And dancing on the raggy diffes at will;
That deadly danger seem'd in all mens sight,
To tempt such stepe, wherefooting was to ill:
Ne ought asauld for the armed knight,
To think to follow him, that was so fworld and light.

Which when he saw his iron man he fent
To follow him; for, he was swift in chase.
He him pursewed where-euer that he went,
Both over rocks, and hills, and euerplace,
Where-so he flied, he follow'd him space:
So that he shortly forc't him to forlack
The height, and downe defend unto the base.
There he him court with flih, and soone did make
To leave his proper forme, and other shape to take.

Into Fox himselfe he first did tourne:
But he him hunted like a Fox full fast:
Then to a buff he himselfe he did transforme;
But he the buff did beat, till that at last
Into a bird it chang'd, and from him past,
Flying from tree to tree, from wand to wand:
But he then stomes at it so long did call,
That like a fiene itfell upon the land,
But he then tooke it vp, and held fast in his hand.

So he it brought with him unto the knights,
And to his lord Sir Arthurell it lent,
Warning him hold it fast, for fear of flights.
Who whil't it in hand it griping hard he hent,
Into a Hedgehogge all vnwarres it went,
And prictes him tothat he away it threw.
Then gan it runne away incontinent,
Reeing returned to his former hew:
But Tales loome him over-tooke, and backward drew.

But, when as he would to a Sheake againe
Hauie turn'd himselfe, he with his iron blade
Gun drute at him, with so huge might and maine,
That all his bones, as small as fancy grade
He broke, and did his bowels disentrile ;
Crying in vaine for help, when help was past.
So did deceit the felie decouer fallie,
There they him left a carrion out-caft,
For beasts and fowles to feed upon for their repast.

Thence, forth they pass'd with that gentle Maid,
To see her Lady, as they did agree.
To which when the approache, thus she said ;
Lo, now, right noble Knights, arri'd ye bee
Night to the place which ye desir'd to see ;
There shall ye see my forestaigne Lady Queene,
Most fared wight, most debonaire and free,
That euer yet upon this earth was seene,
Or that with Diadem hath euer crowned beene.

The
They, passing by, were guided by degree
Into the presence of that gracious Queen:
Who fared on high, that she might all men see,
And might of all men royally be seen,
Vpon a throne of goldmost bright and scene,
Adorned all with gems of endless price,
As either might for wealth have gotten beene,
Or could be fram'd by workman's rare decrees;
And all embold with Lions, and with Fleur-delice.

All over her a cloth of state was sowed,
Not of rich tifie, nor of cloth of gold,
Nor of ought elle, that may be richest red,
But like a cloud, as likest may be told,
That her broad spreading wings did wide unfold;
Whose skirts were bordered with bright fanous beames,
Glistening like gold, amongst the plights encol'd,
And here and there shooting forth silver fireaments,
Mongst which crept little Angels through the glistening (gleamen.

Seemed those little Angels did uphold
The cloth of State, and on their purpled wings
Did bear the pendants, through their nimble bold:—
Besides a thousand more of such, as Carloes
Hymnes to high God, and carols heavenly things,
Eccomposing of gold and silver soundes;
She Angel-like, the beare of ancient Kings
And mighty Conquerors, in royall state,
Whilest Kings and Kerlars at her feet did proftrate.

Thus she did sit in foouraigne Majestie,
Holding a Scepter in her royall hand,
The sacred pledge of peace and temercie,
With which high God had blesshed her happy land,
Murger so many foes, which did withstand.
But other foes her towne was likewise staid,
Whose long were barked with the bright fireaments,
Yet when as foes enforc'd, or friends sought aye,
She could it firmly draw, that all the world desin'd.

And round about, before her feet there fete
A beautie of faire Virgins clad in white,
That goodly seem'd it adorne her royall state,
All lowely daughters of high Jove, that high
Lite, by him begot in loyes delight,
Vpon the righteous Themis: thioke they say,
Vpon Joveus judgement seat wait day and night;
And when in wrath he threats the worlds decay,
They doe his anger calme, and cruel vengeance lay.

Thus they also doe by his divine permisson
Vpon the thrones of mortall Princes tend,
And often treat for pardon and remission
To suppliants, through subtle which offend.
Thioke did vpon Mercifull throne attend:
Iuft Dice, vnit Eumomie, mild Eumes;
And them amongst, her glory to commend,
State goodly Temperance in garments clene,
And fared Rerneuse, yborne of heavenly firene.
Thus did she sit in royall rich estate,
Admird of many, honoured of all:
Whil't it vnderneath her feet, there as the late,
An huge great Lion lay, that mote appall
An hardy courage, like captiured thrall,
With a strong iron chaine and coller bound,
That once he could not move, nor quich at all:
Yet did he murmur with rebellious sound,
And softly roynye, when fallage choler gan rebound.

So, sitting high in dradded louveraigntie, (brought:) Tho's two strange Knights were to her pretence
Who, bowing lowe before her Maiestie,
Did to her milde obedience, as they ought,
And meekley Boone, that they imagine mought.
To whom shee eke inclyning her withall,
As a faire fleue of her high fearing thought,
A chearfull countenance, on them let fall,
Yet tempered with some maiestie imperial.

As the bright Sunne, what time his fiery came
Towards the weathers brim begins to draw,
Gins to sbate the brightnesse of his beame,
And fervour of his flames some-what adaw:
So did this mighty Lady, when the saw
Tho's two strange knights such homage to her make,
Ratte some-what of that Maiestie and awe,
That whylome wont to doe so many quake,
And with more milde aspect those two to entertain.

Now, at that instant, as occasion fell,
When these two strange Knights arry'd in place,
Shee was about aires of Common-weale,
Dealing of Jusitice with indifferent grace,
And hearing pleas of people meane and base.
Mongst which as then, there was for to be heard
The tryall of a great and weighty case,
Which on both sides was then debating hard:
But at the sight of thefe, those were awhile debar'd.

But, after all her princey entertaine,
To the hearing of that former caute in hand,
Her tale esclones shee gaz conuerst again;
Which, that tho's knights like wise mote vnderstand,
And wittie forth aright in foraine land,
Taking them vp into her flately throns,
Where they mote here be the matter throughly found
On either part, she placed th' one on th' one,
The other on the other side, and secreth them none.

Then was there brought, as prisioner to the barre,
A Lady of great countenance and place,
But that shee with foule abuse did marre;
Yet did ye seme rare beauty in her face,
But blosted with condition vile and base,
That all her other honour did obscure,
And titles of nobilitie deface:
Yet, in that wretched lembent, shee did sure
The peoples great compassion vnto her allure.

Then vp arose a person of depe reach,
And rare in sight, hard matters to resolve:
That well coulde charme his tongue, and time his
To all affaires; his name was called Zeala;
He gan that Lady strongly to appeale
Of many hainous crimes, by her enured:
And with sharper reason rang her fuch a ple,le,
That thofe, wisome the to pitty had alllured;
He now abhorre and loath her person that procured.

First, gan he tell, how this that seem'd to faire
And royally array'd, Duffa bright,
That faire Duffa, which had wrought great care,
And mickle mishiefe vnto many a knight,
By her beguiled, and confounded quart;
But not for tho's the now in question came,
Though all tho's more question'd be aright,
But for vile treafons, and outrageous shame,
Which the against the dead Mercilla oft did frame.

For, the whyllome (as ye mote yet right well
Remember) had her counsels falsly contrived,
With faithfille Blindamon and Paridell
(Both two her paramours, both by her hired,
And both with hope of shadowes vaine inspired)
And with them prafr'd, how for to deprive
Mercilla of her Crowne, by her aspired,
That she might it vnto her felle derive,
And triumph in their blood, whom fete to death did drive.

But through high heavens grace (which favour not
The wicked drifts of tyrannous designed,
Gainst holy Princes) all this curled plots,
Ere prode it tooke, discovered was betimes,
And that th'ors won the mede meet for their crimes;
Such be the mede of all, that by fuch meane
Vnto the type of kingdomes title cliymes.
But falsy Duffa, now vntitled Queene,
Was brought to her sad doome, as here was to be fecene.

Strongly did Zeala her wainous fad enforce;
And many other crimes of foule defame
Against her brought, to banih all remors,
And aggravate the horror of her blames;
And with hym to make part against her, came
Many graxe perions, that against her pled;
First, was a fage old Sire, that had to name
The Kingdomes care, with a white siluer head,
That many high regards and reaons gainst her read.

Then, gan Authority her to oppose
With peremptory power, that made all mute;
And the law of Nature gainst her role,
And reasons brought, that no man coulde refute;
Next, gan Religion gainst her to impute
High Gods behalfe, and powre of holy lawes;
Then gan the Peoples cry, and Commons fute,
Importune care of their owne publique caufes;
And laftly, Sanclis charged her with breach of lawes.

But
But then for her, on the contrary part,
Role many advocates for her to plead:
First there came Pittie, with full tender heart,
And with her soyn'd Regard of woman-head;
And then came Danger threatening hidden dread,
And high alliance into forren Powre;
Then came Nobility of birth, that bred
Great ruth through her misfortunes tragicke flower;
And lastly Grieue did plead, and many tears forth powre.

With the necer touch whereof in tender heart;
The Briton Prince was fore empационate,
And wove inclined much into her part,
Through the sad terror of so dreadfull fate,
And wretched ruine of so high estate; Vnto her sight the Prince did pace,
Which when as Zelé perceived to abate,
He gan his earnest feriouer to augment,
And many fearfull objects to them to present.

He gan t'efforce the evidence anew,
And new accumentes to produce in place:
He broughtforth that old Hag of hellish hew,
The curled Aré, brought her to face,
Who prior was, and larry in the cafe:
She, glaid of spoile and rumour decay,
Did her approche, and to her more disgrace,
The plot of all her practice did display,
And all her traynes, and all her treasons forth did lay.

Then brought he forth, with grievly grim aspect,
Abhorred Murder, who with bloody knife
Yet dropping freth in hand did her detect.
And there with guilty blood-fled charged lyfe:
Then brought he forth Sedition, breaching frate
In troublous wits, and mutinous vp-rose:
Then brought he forth Incontinense of life,
Euen foule Adultery her face before,
And lound Impiety, that her accused fore.

All which when as the Prince had heard and seen,
His former fantasies he gan repent,
And from her partie effuiones was drawn clean.
But Arthogell, with constant firm intent,
For zeale of justice was agiust her bent.
So was she guilty deemed of them all,
Then Zelé began to urge her punishment,
And to their Queen for judgment loudly call,
Vnto Mercy they do for Justice gainst the thrall.

But she, whose Princely breath was touched near
With pitcous ruth of her low wretched plight,
Though plaine the fawe by all, that the did scarce,
That the of death was guilty found by right,
Yet would not let just vengence on her light,
But rather let in hell thereof to fall.
Few perling drops from her faire lampes of light:
The which she couering with her purple pall
Would have the passion hid, and vp arose withinall.

Canto X.
Prince Arthur takes the enterprize
For Belge for to fight:
Gerioene Seneschall
He slayes in Belges right.

Omne Clarke's doe doubt in their devisefull art,
Whether this heavenly thing, whereof I treat,
To wecon Mercy, be of justice part,
Or drawne forth from her by divine extreate.
This well I wote, that sure the is as great,
And merite the have as high a place,
Suth in th' Almighties everlastinge fait.
She first was bred, and borne of heavenly race;
From thence pound downe on men, by influence of grace.

For, if that Vertue be to do great might,
Which from just vertue will for nothing flart,
But to preferue nuilated right,
Oft spilles the principallo, to tate the part;
So much more then is that of powre and art,
That fectes to tate the subject of her skil,
Yet neuer doth from doome of right depar;
As it is greater praye to tare, then spill,
And better to reforme, then to cut-off the ill.

Who
Who then can thee, 
*Mercilla*, throughly praise,
That heaven's doth all earthly Princes pae?
What heavenly Mutl shall thy great honour raze?
Up to the skies, whence first dear'd it was,
And now on earth it felce enlarged has,
From th'vmoil brink of the Armerseque shore,
Vent the margin of the Moluca's?
Those Nations sawe thy Justice do adore:
But thine owne people do thry mercy praise much more.

Much more it prayed was of those two knights:
The noble Prince, and righteous *Arthogall,
When they had seen and heard her doom arights
Against Dusefa, damned by them all;
But by her tempest without grief or gall,
'Till strong contraint did her thereto enforce.
And yet even then ruing her willfull fall,
With more then needfull natural remorse.
And yielding the left honour to her wretched core.

During all which, those Knights continu'd there,
Both doing and receyving courtesies,
Of that great Lady, who with godly cheere
Them entertain'd, fit for their dignities,
Approving daily to their noble eyes
Royal examples of her mercies rare,
And worthy parents of her clemency;
Which till this day mought many living are,
Who them to their poecernies doe still declare.

Amongst the rest, which in that space befell,
There came two Springals of full tender yeares,
Furie thence from forren land, where they did dwell,
To seek for succour of her and her Peeres,
With humble prayers and intentfull tears;
Sent by their mother, who a widow was,
Wearing great doleours and in deadly fears,
By a strong Tyrant, who invaded has,
Her land, and slaine her children ruefully, alas!

Her name was *Belege*, who in former age
A Lady of great worth and wealth had been,
And mother of a fruitful heritage,
Even feventenee goodly fonnes which had seen
In their first bower, before this fatal teene
Them ovetrooke, and their faire blusses blasted,
More happy mother would hertuely weene,
Then famous *Nobie*, before the taffed

Latona's children wrath, that all her issue wasted.

But this fell Tyrant, through his tortious powre,
Had left her now but bare of all that brood:
For, twelve of them he did by tures decoure,
And to his Idols sacrifice their bownd,
Why'll he of none was stopp'd, nor withstood.
For, soothly he was one of marchelſſe might,
Of horrible aspect, and dreadful mood,
And had three bodies in one waffe empight,
And th'armes and legs of three, to succour him in fight.

And dooth they say, that he was borne and brad
Of Gyants race, the fonne of *Geryon*,
He that whylome in Spaine fo force was brad,
For his huge powre and great oppression,
Which brought that land to his subjection,
Through his three boders powre, in one conhyn'd;
And eke al strangers in that region
Anyuing, to his kyne for food affynd.
The flayef't lkyne shuwe, but of the fercf't kynd.

For, they were all, they saye, of purple hew,
Kept by a cow head dyght in *Evrytion*.
A cruelle carle, the which all strangers flew,
Ne day nor night did sleepe, t'attend them on,
But walkt about them euer and anone,
With his two headed dogge, that *Ortihus* hight;
Ortihus begotten by great Typhon,
And hauing *Echthnac*, in the house of night;
But Heroules them all did ouercome in fight.

His fonne was this, *Geryones* hight:
Who, after that his monftrous father fell
*Vnder Maides* club, freight took his flight
From that fad land, where he his fire did quell,
And came to this, where Belege then did dwell,
And forthe in all wealth and happiness,
Being then new made widowe (as beffell)
After her noble husbands late decease;
Which gave beginning to her woe and wretchednesse.

Then this bold tyrant, of her widow-heerd
Taking advantage, and her yet freshe woes,
Himselfe and fruicie to her offered,
Her to defend against all forren foes,
That shoulde their powre against her right oppose;
Wherefore the glad, now needing strong defence,
Him entertain'd, and did her champion chose:
Which long he vs'd with carefull diligence,
The better to confirme her fearelesse confidence.

By meancs whereof, she did at last commit
All to his hands, and gave him fouetaine powre
To do, what-oeuer he thought good or fit.
Which haung and he, he gan forth from that howre
To freire vp strife, and many a Tragičke flower,
Giving her deare children one by one
Vnto a dreadful Monfter to detruire,
And fetting vp an Idol of his owne,
The image of his monftrous parent *Geryone*.

So tyrannizing, and oppreſſing all,
The woeful widow had no meancs now left,
But vnto gracious great *Mercilla* call
For ayde, against that cruel Tyrants theft,
Ere all her children he from her had tafte.
Therefore shefe two, her eldet fonnes, the fear
To seek for succour of this Ladies grief:
To whom their fute they humbly did prefent,
In th'hearing of full many Knights and Ladies gent.

Amongst
Then turning vnto him: And sayst thou Sir knight,
Seyd she, that taken have this toyle to setinge
For wretched woman, miserable wight,
May you in heaven immortalis guardion guine
To fo great trauell, as you doe fulfique:
For, other need may hope for none of mee,
To whom nought eile, but bare life doth remaine,
And thato wretched one, as ye do see.
Is like lingering death, then loathed life to be.

Much was he mouted with her pitious plight;
And, lowe dismounting from his lofty steed,
Gan to recomfort her all that he might,
Seeking to drive away deep rooted drede,
With hope of helpe in that her greatest need.
So, thence he wifh'd her with him to wend,
Vnto some place, where they mote rest and feed,
And the take comfort, which God now did send:
Good heart in cuills doth the cuills much amende.

Ay me! sayst she, and whether shall I goe;
Are not all placeis full of fortune poweres?
My Palaces pollfich'd of my foe,
My Cities lackt, and their sky-threating towres
Raflet, and made smooth fields now full of flowers?
Oule these manisfis, and myry bogs,
In which the fearfull ewtives do build their bowres,
Yeeld me an holie monst the croking fogs,
And harboure herein safety from those tennentious dogges.

Nath'lefe, sayst she, desse Lady with me goe:
Some place shall vse receive, and harboure yeild;
If not, we will in force, maunge your foe.
And purchace it to vs with fame and shield
And if all fayle, yet farewell open field:
The earth to all her creatures lodging lends,
With fuch his chearefull speche she doth wield
Her mind so well, that to his will she bends;
And binding vp her lockes & weeds, forth with him wends.

They came vnto a Citie faire vp land,
The which whylome that Ladies owne had beene;
But now by force eftor out of her hand,
By her ftrong foe, who had faid clemne
Her ftately towres, and buildings funny sheene;
Shut vp her haven,骂d her merchants trade,
Robb'd her people, that fill rich had beene,
And in her necke a Caffe huge had made,
The which did her command, without needing perfwade.

That Caffe was the strength of all that State,
Vnstill that State by strength was pulled downe,
And that fame Citie, to bowe tumit,
I Had been the key of all that kingdome Crowne;
Both goodly Caffe, and both goodly Towne,
Till that old fenned heauen lift to lowre
Vpon their blisse, and bailefull Fortune rounde.
When those gaiint States and Kingdomes do conuare,
Who then can thinke their headlong tume to recure ?

Ce z

But
But he had brought it now in some holy bond, 27
And made it bear the yoke of inquisition,
Straining long time in vaine it to withstand;
Yet glad at last to make most base fabmulation,
And life enjoy for any composition.
So now he hath new laws and orders new
Impo'd on it, with many a hard condition,
And forced it, the honour that is dew
To God, to do unto his hole motte warre.

To him he hath, before this Castle Greene,
Built a faire Chappell, and an altar framed
Of costly lucry, full rich before
On which that curfed Idle-Farre proclaimed,
He hath fet vp, and him his god hath named;
Offering to him in finfull facrifice
The fill of men, to Gods owne like-necess framed,
And pow'ring forth their blood to brutish wise,
That any iron eect to face it would agree.

And for more horror and more cruelty,
Under that curfed Idols altar stone;
An hideous monster doth in darkness lie,
Whole dreadfull shape was neuer scene of none
That lives on earth; but unto those alone,
The which vnto him sacrific'd bee.
Those he devours, they fly, both fieth and boat:
What eell the yae, is all the Tyants mee.
So that no whit of them remaining one may see.

There eke he placed a strong garrionne,
And fit a Seneschall of drakned might,
That by his powre opprest etuer one,
And vanquished all venorous knights in fight.
To whom he wont slew all the shame he might,
After that in battell he had woone.
To which, when now they gun approach in fight,
The Lady counsdhmd him the place to shew,
Whereas so many knights had fouly been fordonne.

Her fearfull speeches nought he did regard;
But hiding fireght under the Castle wall,
Called aloud vnto the waterfull vard,
Which there did waste, willing them forth to call
Into the field their Tyants Seneschall.
To whom when thydngs thereof came, he fierte
Cats for his armes, and armyn withall,
Effoones forth pricked proudly in his might,
And gun with courage fiere aidresse him to the fight.

They both encounter in the middle Plaine,
And their shape speares doe both together fiite
Amdr their shield, with fo huge might and maine,
That seemt their foaies they would have much ngight!
Out of their breasts, with furious delight,
Yet could the Seneschals no entrance find
Into the Princes shield, where it empignt;
So pure the metall was and well reynd,
But shivered all about, and shattered in the wind.

Not do the Princes: but with refelue force,
Into his shield it ready passage found,
Both through his harberjon, and eke his corse:
Which tumbling dove vp in the fenteleffe ground,
Gave leave vnto his ghost from thraldome bound,
To wandr in the greily shades of night.
There did the Prince him leave in deadly wounds,
And thence vnto the Castle marched right,
To see if entrance there as yet obteine he might.

But as he linger drew, three knights he fyde,
All arm'd to point, riding forth spairce,
Which towards him with all their powre did ride;
And meeting him right in the middle sace,
Did all their speares atonce on him enchaunce.
As three great Calvenings for battery bent,
And heald all against one certaine place.
Doe all atonce their thunders set fore-rent,
That makes the walls to flagger with astonishment:

So all atonce they on the Prince did thonder:
Who from his fiddle swarmed nought aside,
Ne to their force gave way, thiat was great wonder.
But like a Balowane, firmly did abide;
Rebutting him, which in the midst did ride,
With so huge rigour, that his mortall speare
Patt through his shield, & pearse through other side,
That dowe he fell upon his mother deare,
And powdred forth his wretched life in deadly dreare.

Whom when his other felowes saw, they fled
As fast as eete could carry them away;
And after them the Prince as swiftly sped,
To be aueng'd of their vnknightly play.
They whilst they enting, th one did th other play,
The hindmost in the gate he over-bent,
And as he preffed in, him there did fly:
His carkasfe tumbling on the threshold, fent
His groming soule vnto her place of punishment.

The other which was entred, laboured fast
To spere the gate: but that same lumpe of clay,
Whole godling ghost was thereout red and past,
Right in the midle of the threshold lay.
That is the Polemere did from cloathing fly:
The whales the Prince had paccd in betwene,
And entrance woone. Streight th other red away,
And ran into the hall, where he did woone.
Himselfe to fcape: but he there flew him at the fence.

Then all the rest which in that Castle were,
Seeing that did entaunce them before,
Durst not abide, but fled away for fear,
And them conyed out at a Polemere door.
Long sought the Prince: but when he found no more
Toppofed against his powre, he forth issued
Vnto that Lady, where he her had fone,
And her gan cleere, with what the there had viewed,
And what she had not scen, with in to her shewed.

Who
Canto XI.

Prince Arthur overcomes the great
Gerionoe in fight:
Doth slay the Monfier, and restore
Belgë unto her right.

Who all that wrong into that wofull Dame
So long had done, and from her name land
Exiled her, that all the world spake shame.
He boldly unfered him, he there did stand
That would his doings suitife with his owne hand.

With that, to furiously at him he flew,
As if he would have owr-run him thright;
And with his huge great iron axe gan hew
So hideously upon his armour bright,
As he to pecees would have chop'd it quight:
That the bold Prince was forced to goe to glue
To his hift rage, and yeeld to his delight;
The whilst at him so dreadfully he drive,
That seem'd a marble rocke aunder could have riu.

Thereto a great advantage eke he has
Through his three double hands thrice multiplide,
Besides the double strength, which in them was:
For, still when fit occasion did betide,
He could his weapon flint from fide to fide,
From hand to hand, and with such nimblefily
Could wield about, that ere it were efpide,
The wicked stroke did wound his enemy,
Behinde, befide, before, as he it lift apply.

Which vouchs fve when as the Prince perceiv'd,
He gan to watch the wending of his hand,
Left by fuch flight he were vnwares deceiv'd;
And euer ere he faw the stroke to land,
He would it meane, and warily withfand.
One time, when he his weapon fyn'd to flift,
As he was wont, and chang'd from hand to hand,
He met him with a counter-stroke fo ftrift,
That quite finit off his arm, as he it vp did lift.

Cc 3
Cant. X.

Through all three bodieth e him strooke attome;
That all the three attome fell on the Plaine;
Elfe should he thrice have neede, for the nonce,
Thern to have fricken, and thirce to have flaine.
So nor all three one tenelleffe limpe remaineth,
Enowall'd in his owne black bloody gore,
And bying th earth for very deaths difdaine;
Who with a cloud of night him courting, bore
Downe to the house of doole, his days there to deploete.

Which when the Lady from the Castle saw,
Where she with her two women did looking stand,
She towards him in haste her selfe did draw,
To greet him the good fortune of his hand:
And all the people both of town and land,
Which there stood gazing from the Cities wall
Vpon these wonderous, greedy vnderstand,
To whether Should the victory befall,
Now when they fawe ifaine, they eke him greeted all.

But Beche, with her sonnes protracte love
Before his feet, in all that peoples sight,
Mongst loyces mixing form tears, mongst weale form wo,
Him thus blis:sakes; 
Most redoubted knight,
The which haft me, of all most wretched wight,
That carft was dead, reftord to life againe,
And these weake impes replanted by thy might;
What gardendon can I grace thee for thy paine,
But euer that which thou faultest, shine still to remayne?

He took her vp forby the lilly hand,
And her reconforted the belt he might,
Saying; Deare Ladie, deedes ought not be scand
By th authors manhood, nor dooers might,
But by their truth and by the cautes right;
That fame is it, which fought for you this day,
What other meed then need me to requight,
But that which yecledeth vertues meed away?
That is the vertue selfe, which her reward doth pay.

She humbly thankd him for that woordous grace,
And further fayd; Ah Sir, but mote ye pleafe,
Sith ye thus farre haue tendred my poore cafe,
As from my chiefet foe me to releafe,
That your vichorous armes will not yet ceale,
Ifly ye haue rooted all the reliques our
Of that violace, and fublised my peace.
What is there elfe, sayd he, left of their rout?
Declare it boldly Dame, and do not fland in dout.

Then wrote you, Sir, that in this Church hereby
There runs an Idol, of great note and name,
The which this Giant reared first on his,
And of his owne vaine fancies thought did frame:
To whom for endless horror of his shame,
He offerd vp for daily sacrifice
My children and my people burnt in flame;
With all the tortures that he could devise,
The more to aggrage his god with such his bloody guize.

Nought fear'd the child his looks, ne yet his threats,
But only wept now the more aware,
To saue him rite from thole his furious heats,
And watch advantage, how to work his care,
The which good Fortune to him efferedasure.
For, as he in his rage him out-stroke,
He ere he could his weapon backe repair
His side all bare and naked outstooke,
And with his mortalfeel quite through the body stroke.
And vnderneath this Idoll there doth lie
An hideous monster, that doth it defend,
And feeds on all the carcasses, that die
In concealance to that cursed head:
Who, with ugly shape none euer sawe, nor kend,
That euer cap't so for, of a man they lay
It has the voice, that speacheth for the dead,
Euen blaphemous words, which doth the dead
Out of her poysonous entrails, fraught with dire decay.

Which when the Prince heard tell, his heart gan yarne
For great desire that Monfier to asay,
And prayed the place of her abode to leave me.
Which being fwept, he gan himfeles straight way
Thereto addresse, and his bright shield display.
So to the Church he came, where it was tolde,
The Monftr vnderneath the Altar lay;
There he the Idoll sawe of musie golde
Most richly made, but there no Monfier did behold.

Vpon the Image with his naked blade
Three times, as in defiance, there he strooke:
And the third time, out of an hidden hole,
There forthissued, from under the Altars stroke,
A dreadful feend, with foule deformed lookes,
That ftrech't it felfe, as it had long liue full:
And her long tale and feathers strongly fwoone,
That all the Temple did with terror full;
Yet him nought terrifie, that feared nothing ill.

An huge great Beast it was, when it in length
Was ftrech't forth, that high filld al the place,
And seem'd to be of infinite great strength;
Horrible, hideous, and of hellifh race,
Borne of the brooding of Echidna, fafe,
Or other like infernal Furies kinde:
For, of a Mayde she had the outward face,
To hide the horror, which did lartke behind.
The better to beguile, whom he so fond did finde.

Thereto the body of a dog he had,
Full of fell fain and fierce greediness;
A Lions claws, with pou're and rigour clad,
To rend and tear what-so euer he can oppresse;
A Dragon tale, whose wing without redrefse
Full deadly wounds, where-lo is it empight;
An Eagles wings for scope and spedinct fite,
That nothing may escape her reaching might,
Whereunto the euer lift to make her hardy flight.

Much like in foulneffe and deformite
Vnto that Monfier, whom the Thueban Knight,
The father of that fallan progeny,
Mak'd kill her felfe for very hearts depight,
That he had read her riddle, which no wight
Could euer looke, but suffred deadly doole.
So alfo did this Monfier fe as like flight
To many a one, which came vnto her school,
Whom she did putto death, deciccted like a fool.

She comming forth, when al the fift beheld
The armed Prince, with shield fo blazing bright,
Her reade to affile, was greatly queld,
And much dismayd with that diuenfull light,
That back she would have nard for great affright.
But he gan her with courage fierce asfy,
That for't she turne againe in her delphig,
To fave her felfe, leafe that he did her fly:
And fure he had her fame, had the not turad her way.

Tho, when she fawe, that she was for't too fight,
She flew at him, like to an hellifh feend,
And on his shield took hold with all her might,
As if it thefe would in pecces rend,
Or reuse out of the hand, that did it head.
Strongly he frouche out of her greedy gripe
To loafe his shield, and long while did contend:
But when he could not quit it, with one fripe
Her Lions claws he from her feete away did wipe.

With that, aloud the gan to bray and yell,
And foule blaphemous speeches forth did caft,
And bitter curles, horrible to tell;
That euer the Temple wherein she was place,
Dad quake to hear, and nigh alfore brift.
Tho, with her huge long tylfe she at him fwoone.
That made him fagger, in fland halfe aghast
With trembling joynets, as he for terror fwoone;
Who nought was terrifie, but greater courage tooke.

As when the Maft of some well timbred haile
Is with the blait of some outrageous storme
Blowne downe, it flaketh the bottom of the bulk,
And makes her ribs to crack, as they were thorne,
Whilf'll fill the flands as bonfire and forborne:
So was he ftoond with froke of her huge tylfe.
But ere that is the backe againe had borne,
He with his fword it fwoone, that without fail
He ioynted it, and mard the fvinging of her haile.

Then gan the cry much louder then afor'e;
That all the people (there without) it heard,
And Befee was therewith floned fore,
As if the onely found therof the hear'd.
But then the fefend her felfe more fiercely round
Vpon her wide greastes, and ftrongely flew
With all her body at his head and beard;
That had he not forfeene with heedfull view,
And thrown his shield awaen, she had him done to rew.

But as the preft on him with beaue sowy
Vnder his wonde his fatal fword he thrust,
And for her entrails made an open way;
To iffure forth; the which, once being brunt,
Like to a great Mill dam'd forth fiercely gult,
And powred out of her infernal finte
Most uvly fith, and poyzon therewith rulf,
That him nigh chokeed with the deadly flinte:
Such loathly matter were small lift to fpeak or thinke.

Then
Then downe to ground fell that deformed Maffe,
Breathing out clouds of sulphur fowlie and blacke,
In which a paddle of contagion was,
More loath'd then Lena, or then Stygian Lake,
That any man would nigh awash'd make.
Whom when he sawe on ground, he was full glad,
And freight went forth his gladness to partake
With Belge, who watch'd all this while full sate,
Waying what end would be of that fame danger darde.

Whom when the saw so joyously come forth,
She gan reioyce, and swell'd triumphant cheare,
Lauding and praying his renowned worth,
By all the names that honorable were.
Then in he brought her, and she there flower
The present of his paines, that monsters foyle,
And eke that Idoll deem'd so costly deare;
Whom he did all to peeces brake and foyle
In filthy dust, and left so in the loathly saie.

Then all the people, which beheld that day,
Gan about aloft, that unto heaven it roge;
And all the damozds of that town in ray,
Came dancing forth, and joyous Carroles song:
So him they led through all their streets along,
Crowned with girldons of immortal bays, and
All the vulgar did about them throng,
To see the man, whole everlasting praye
They all were bound to all pomerinies to raffe.

There he with Belge did while wait remaine,
Making great feast and joyous merriment,
Vouill he had her fettled in her magazine,
With faire assurance and ealeishment.
Then to his first emprise his mind he lent,
Full loath to Belge, and to all the rest:
Of whom yettaking leave, therefor he went
And to his former journey him adde,
On which long way he roke, ne euer day did rest.

But tyme we now to noble Arthegall;
Who, having left Mercilla, freight way went
On his first quell, the which him forth did call,
To weet, to worke Irenas frachtishment,
And eke Gratortore worthy punishment.
So forth he fared as his manner was,
With only Talus waiting diligent,
Through many perils, and much way did pafs,
Till nigh unto the place at length approache he has.

There at he trauell by the way, he met
An aged wight, Wayfaring, all alone,
Who through his yeares long since aside had set
The vie of armes, and battell quite forgone:
To whom as he approache, he knew anon,
That it was he which whilesone did attend
On faire Ione in her affliction,
When first to Faire Court he saw her wand,
Vesto his foursquare Queene her suite to commend,
Whom by his name alighting, thus he gan;
Hule good Sir Sergius, truest Knight alive,
Well ride in all thy Ladies trouble than,
When her that Tyrant did of Crowne deprive;
What new occasion doth thee hither drive,
Whiles the alone is left, and thou here found?
Or is the thrall, or doth the not suruive?
To whom he thus; She lineth fare and found;
But by that Tyrant is in wretched thrall bound.

For, in the presuming on th' appointed tyde,
In which ye promist, as ye were a Knight,
To meete her at the falsing lands lyde
(And then and there for tryall of her right
With her victorious enemy to fight)
Did thither come, where she (afraid of nought)
By guilefull treaon, and by bastill flight
Surprised was, and to Gratorto brought,
Who her imprision'd hath, and her life often stole.

And now he hath to her pretext a day,
By which, if that no Champion doe appear,
Which will her cause in battailous array
Against him justifie, and prove her clear
Of all those crimes, that he gainst her doth reare,
She death shall by.
Thole tydings fad
Did much abash Sir Arthegall to heart,
And greeded more, that through his fault the she
Fallen into that Tyrants hande and vile bad.

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 troublous frie,
Through promptie to afford her timely tyde,
Which by default I have not yet defraide.
But wintrall into me, yec heauens, that knew
How clear I am from blame of this vblade.
For, ye into like thrallome me did throw,
And kept from compassing the sheit, which I did owe.

But now aere, Sir Sergius, how long space
Hath he her lent a Champion to prouide:
Ten daies, quoth he, he, granted hath of grace,
For that he weneth well, before that tide
None can have tydings to ashfift her rode.
For, all the shores, which to the sea acoste,
He day and night doth ward both Earre and wide,
That none can there arrive without an holt;
So her he deemes already but a damned ghost.

Now tune againe, Sir Arthegall then sayd:
For if I live till those ten daies have end,
Affur that felle, Sir Knight, the shall hane ayd,
Though I this deare life for her do spend,
So backward he attone with him did wend.
Tho', as they rode together on their way,
A route of people they before them knd,
Flocking together in confusde array,
As if that there were some tumuloton affray.
To which as they approach, the cause to knowes,  
They saw a Knight in dangerous distresse,  
Of a rude rout, him chasing to and fro,  
That fought with lawless power to oppresse,  
And bring in bondage of their brutal might:  
And farre away, amid their rake-hell bands,  
They spied a Lady left all succousette,  
Crying, and holding up her wretched hands  
To him for aide, who long in vaine their rage withstands.  

Yet still he strives, ne any peril spareas,  
To remove her from their rude violence,  
And like a Lion wood amongst them fare,  
Dealing his dreadful blows with large dispence,  
Gainst which, the paller death findes no detence.  
But all in vaine; their numbers are so great,  
That rought may boast to banish them from thence:  
For, soon as he their outrage backe doth beat,  
They turne affright, and off renew their former threat.  

And now they do so sharply him assay,  
That they his shield in pieces batters houe,  
And forced him to throwe it quite away,  
Fro dangers dread his doubtful life to save;  
Alas! that it most safety to him gue,  
And much did magnifie his noble name.  
For, from the day that he thus did it sake,  
Amongst all Knights he blotted was with blame,  
And counted but a recreant Knight, with enemie flame.  

Whom when they thus diftresse did behold,  
They drew into his side: but that rude rout  
Them also gan assaye with outrage bold,  
And forced them, how-cour strong and stout  
They were, as well approv'd in many a doubt,  
Backe to recule, vntill that your man  
With his huge blaste began to lay about:  
From whole frame prescience they diffused tan,  
Like scattered chaffe, the which the wind away doth fan.  

So when that knight from perill cleare was freed,  
He drawing neere, began to greet them faire,  
And yeeld great thanks for their so goodly deed,  
In saving him from dangerous despaire  
Of thofe, which sought his life for to empyre.  
Of whom Sir Arthegall Gan then enquire  
The whole occasion of his late misfresse,  
And who he was, and what those villaines were,  
The which with mortall malice him purf'd so neere.  

To whom he thus: My name is Burbou hight,  
Well knowne, and far renowned herefore,  
Vnneall midst of thee did vpon me light,  
That all my former praye hath blentishfore,  
And that late Lady, which is that youre  
Ye with theshe cattures awke, Fountelius hight,  
Is mine owne Louise, thoght me the hauicefore,  
Whether witheld from me by wrongfull might,  
Or with her owne good will, I cannot read aright.  

But sure to me her faith the first did plight,  
To be my Loue, and take me for her Lord;  
Till that a Tyrant, which Grantoros hight,  
With golden gifts, and many a guilefull word  
Entyced her, to him for to accord.  
(Or who may not with gifts and words be tempted?)  
Sith which, the hath me ever since abhoyd,  
And to my foe hath guilefully confuncted:  
Ay me! that ever ginle in woman was wanton.  

And now he hath his troop of villains sent,  
By open force to fetch her quite away:  
Gainst whom, my selfe I long in vaine have bent  
To rescwayne, and daily means alay,  
Yet reskew her thence by no means I may:  
For, they doe me with multitude oppresse,  
And with unequelle might do ouer-lay,  
That of I druen am to great distresse,  
And furced to forgoe that attempt remeicelie.  

But why haue ye, sayd Arthegall, forborne  
Your owne good shield in dangerous dismay?  
That is the greatest shame and loue till toorne,  
Which vnto any knight behappen may,  
To loose the badge, that shoulde his deeds display,  
To whom Sir Burbou, blushing h. life for shame,  
That inly I vnto you, quoth he, bearely:  
Leach ye therefore more happefully me blame,  
And deeme it done of wil, that through enforcement came.  

Trucie, that I at first was dubbed knight  
By a good knight the knight of the Redeass:  
Who, when he gave me armes, in field to fight,  
Gave me a shield, in which he did endelesse  
His deare Redemers badge upon theboffe:  
The same long while I bore, and therewithall  
Fought many batells without wound or loffe;  
The without Grantoros leide I did appall,  
And made him oftentimes in field before me fall.  

But, for that many did that shield enuie,  
And cruel enemies encrement more;  
To finte all strive and trouboulous enmity,  
That bloodly heart diu being battered sore,  
I laid aside, and hauie of late forborne,  
Hoping thereby to have my Loue obtained:  
Yet can I not my Loue have nathemore:  
For, the by force is still from me detauned,  
And with corruptfull bries is to vnrath mis-traine.  

To whom this Arthegall: Certes Sir knyght,  
Hard is the cafe, the which ye do complaine:  
Yet not so hard (for noght so hard may light,  
That it to such a straitone more you confaine)  
As to abandon that which doth containe  
Your honours title, that is your warlike shield.  
All perill ought be leste, and lest all paine  
The loffe of fame in dissenterous field;  
Dyerather, then doe ought, that more dishonour yeeld.  

Not e
Not so, quoth he; for, yet when time doth servce,
My former fluid I may resume again;
To temporize is not from truth to venture,
Ne for advantage terme to entertaine,
When as necessity doth it constraine.
Fie on such forgery, sayd Arthegall,
Vnder one hood to shadow false sweyne.
Knights ought be true, and truth is one in all:
Of all things so dispensable fowly may befall.

Yet let me you of courteous request,
Sayd Burleson, to affitme now at need
Against thefe pelants, which hauce me opprct,
And forced me to fo infamous deed,
That yet my Loue may from thoir hands be freed.
Sir Arthegall, albe he carth did wyte
His wauering mind, yet to his syde agreed,
And buckling him eftioones into the fight
Did set upon thoir troupes with all his powre and might.

Who flocking round about them, as a warme
Of flies upon a birchen bough doth clutter,
Did them alluit with terrible allarme;
And over all the fields themothies did mustet,
With bills and glaives making a dreadful ruffle,
That fcorfe at firft thoir knights back to retire:
As when the wrathfull Boreas doth blunter,
Nought may abide the tcmpote of his yre,
Both man & beast do fly, and fuccour doe inquire.

But when as overblown was that brunt,
The knights began aften them to affyle,
And all about the fields like Squirrels hunt;
But chiefly Talyon with his iron flape,
Gaining which no flight nor refuge mote aueale,
Made cruel hartocfe of the bufter crew,
And chaced them both ouer hill and dale:
The rascal many foone they overthrew;
But the two knights themfelves their captains did subdue.

Adrift, they came whereas that Lady bode,
Whom now her keepers haue fortaken quight,
To fetchem feiates, and featef there were abroad:
Her halfe diufayd they fouent in doubtfull plight,
As neither glad nor forty for their fight;
Yet wonderous faire she was, and richly clad
In royall robes, and many Jewels dight,
But that thole villens through their wage bad
Them fouly rent, and shamefully defaced had.

But Burleson, straighte dismounting from his steed,
Vnto her ran with greedy great defere,
And catching her faft by her ragged weede,
Would have embraced her with heart entire.
But fhe, back-starting with disdainfullire,
Bad him auaunt, ne would vnto his lore
Allured be, for prayer nor for meed:
Whom when thofe Knights fo froward and ftorfal
Beheld, thoy her rebuked and vpbrayed fore.

Sayd Arthegall; What foule digrace is this,
To fo faire Lady, as ye fcamne in fight,
To blot your beauty, that vnblemifht is,
With fo foule blame, as breach of faith once ploart,
Or change of Loue for any worlds delight?
Is ought on earth fo precious or deare,
As prye can honour Or is ought fo bright
And beautefull, as glories beames appeare?
Whole goodly light then Phbatus anpe doth shine more
(clear)

Why then will ye, fond Dame, attempted be
Vnto a strangers loue, fo lightly placed,
For gifts of gold, or any worldly glee,
To leave the Loue, that ye before embraced,
And let your fame with falhood be defaced?
Fie on the peale, for which good name is folde,
And honour with indignity debased:
Deare is loue then life, and fame then gold:
But dearer then them both, your faith once pilccted hold.

Much was the Ladie in her gentle mind
Abateth at his rebuke, that bit her neare,
Ne ought to aniere thecunto doth find:
But hauing drowne her head with heauy cferue,
Stood long amaz'd, as the amared weare,
Which Burleson feing, her againe affayd,
And claping twict his armes, her vpr did reare.
Vpon his fteece, whiles the no white gaine-fayd;
So bore her quite away, nor well nor ill apaid.

Nath'l effe the yron man did full purswe
That raccall many with unpittiing spoyle;
Ne ceaffed not, till all their crowded crew
Into the fea he drote quite from that foyle,
The which they troubled bad with great turmoyle.
But Arthegall, seeing his cruell deed,
Commaned him from flauhter to recoloe,
And to his voyage againe againe proceed,
For that the terme approaching fast, required speed.
Canto XII.

Arthegall doth Sir Burkoon aye,
And blames for changing field:
He with the great Grantorto fights,
And slayeth him in field.

Bored hunger of ambitious minds,
And impatient desire of men to raigne!
Whoe neither dread of God, that duels bindes,
Nor laves of men, that Cymon-weals contain,
Nor bands of Nature, that wilde beasts restraines,
Can keep from outrage, and from doing wrong,
Where they may hope a kingdom to obtaine.
No faith so firme, no trust can be so strong,
No love so lasting then, that may endure long.

Witness may Burkoon be, whom all the bands,
Which may a Knight averse, had firely bound,
Untill the loss of Lordship and of lands
Made him become most faithlesse and unfound:
And witness be Grantors found,
Who for like cause faire Brege did oppresse,
And right and wrong most cruelly confound:
And so be now Grantors, who no little
Then all the rest burst out to all outrageous noise.

Gainst whom Sir Arthegall, long hauing inne
Taken in hand th'exploit, being thereto
Appointed by that mighty Faery Prince,
Great Gloriane, that tyrant to fordoon,
Through other great adventures hitherto
Had it for fack. But now time drawing ny
To him affond, her high breaft to doo,
To the sea shore he gan his way apply,
To meet, if sluinge ready he mote there defeite.

Tho. when they came to the sea coast, they found
A ship all ready (as good fortune fell)
To put to sea, with whom they did compound,
To pafe them ouer, where they list to bee:
The winde and weather frustrate them so well,
That in one day they with the coast did fall;
Whereas they ready found them to repel,
Great haues of men in order Martials,
Which them forbade to land, and footing did forfall.

But nathemore would they from land refraine:
But when as night into the shore they drew,
That Foot of man might found the bottom plaine,
Tayna into the sea did forth illnew,
Though dartes from shore, & flones they at him threw;
And wading through the waters with redlaft away,
Maugre the might of all those troupes in view,
Did win the shore, whence he them shift away,
And made to fly, like Doves, whom the Eagle doth affray.

The whyles, Sit Arthegoll, with that old knight
Did forth deliend, there being none them near,
And forward marched to a towne in fight.
By this, came yeelding to the Tyrants care,
By tho:fe, which cauff did fly away for feare
Of their arrival: wherewith troubled fore.
He all his forces straight to him did reare,
And forth affaying with his feats afore,
Meant them to have encountered, ere they left the shore.

But ere he matched faire, he with them met,
And fiercely charged them with all his force;
But Tayna most deadly did upon them set,
And bruite, and battered them without remorse,
That on the ground he left full many a corse;
Nor any able was him to withstand,
But he them overthrew both man and horse,
That they lay scattered over all the land,
As thicke as doth the seed after the lowers hand.

Till Arthegoll him feening to too rage,
Wilt'd him to stay, and signe of truce did make:
To which all hearkning, did awhile affwage:
Their faces fury, and their terror slake.
Till he an Heralde calde, and to him spake,
Willing him went into the Tyrant's sight,
And tell him that for such sloutheres sake
He thither came, but for to try the right.
Of faire Irenes cause with him in single fight.

And
And willed him for to reclaime with speeche
His scattered people, ere they all were staine,
And time and place convenient to agree,
In which, they two the combat might dairaine.
Which meidele when Grandasso heard, full staine
And glad he was the slaughter so to stay,
And pointed for the combat twixt them twaine
The morrowe next, he gave him longer day;
So founded the retraite, and drew his folke away.

That night, Sir Arthegall did cause his tent
There to be pitched on the open Plaine;
For, he had gotten fictive commandement,
That none should dare him once to entertaine:
Which none durft break, though many would right staine
For faire Irene, whom they loved deare.
But yet did Sir Jery did for to win him paine,
That from close friends, that dar'd not to appeare,
He all things did purvey, which for them needfull were.

The morrow next, that was the dismall day,
Appointed for Irene's death before,
So faire as it did to the world displie
His cheerfull face, and light to men restore,
The heavy Mayd, to whom noughtly thing bore
Of Arthegall arruall, her to free,
Lookt vp with eyes full sad, and heart full sore;
Weening her lifes last bowre then neere to bee,
Sith no redemption nigh she did not hear nor fee.

Then vp on the rofe, and on her felfe did stant
Most liquid garments, fit for such a day;
And with dail countenance, and with dail full spright,
She for was brought in sorrowfull dismay,
To receie the doom of her decay,
But comming to the place, and finding there
Sir Arthegall, in battaillious array
Wayning his face, it did her dead heart cheare,
And new life to her lent, in midit of deadly feare.

Like as a tender Roee in open Plaine,
That with nimblely drought nigh withered was,
And hung the head, soone as fewe drops of rain
Thereon diffill and draw her dainty face,
Gins to looke vp, and with faire wonted grace
Disphres the glory of her leues gay;
Such was Irene countenance, soch her face,
When Arthegall the fawe in that array,
There waynting for the tyrant, sill it was faire day.

Who came at length, with proud presumptuous gate,
Into the field, as if he fairelefe were,
Allurned in a coat of iron plate,
Of great defence toward the deadly feare,
And on his head a fleete-cap he did weare,
Of colour raftly browne, but faire & strong;
And in his hand an huge Polaxe did beare,
Whole fleete was iron steding, but not long,
With which he wont to fighte, to subdfe his wrong.

Of stature huge, and hideous he was,
Like to a Giant for his monstruous hight,
And did in strength most forts of men surpass,
Ne euer any fond his match in might;
Thereeto he had great skill in fingle light;
His face was vpy, and his countenance strene,
That could hate frayd one with the very fight,
And gapped like a gulfye, when he did gere
That whether man or monifter one could fcarce discern.

Soone as he did within the lites appeare,
With dreadfull looke he Arthegall beheld,
As if he would have daunted him with feare,
And grimming grieftic, did against him wyld
His deadly weapon, which in hand he helde.
But th'Ellen twayne, that oft had fene like fight,
Was with his glaftly countenance nothing gield,
But gan him freight to buckele to the fight,
And call his shield about, to be in ready plight.

The Trumpeters found, and they together goe,
With dreadfull terror, and with tell intent;
And their huge strokes full dangerously fellowe,
To doe mof dammage, where as most they ment,
But with faire force and fury violente,
The tyrant thundred his thickke blowses so faft,
That through the iron walles their way they rent,
And eten to the vitall parts they puth,
Ne ought could them endure, but all they cleft or braft.

Whiche cruelle ouerage, when as Arthegall
Did well attize, thenceforth with wary heed
He found his strokes, where euer they did fall,
And way did glie unto their gracelesse speeche:
As when a skilfull Mariner doth reede
A storme approaching, that doth perill threat,
He will not bide the danger of flawse Reed,
But strikes his fayles, and vetcheth his main-shet,
And lends vnto it leave the emptie ayre to beate.

So did the Faery Knight himselfe abarde,
And flouped off, his head from shame to shield:
No shame to floope, ones head more high to recee,
And much to gaine, a little for to yield:
So stoutest knights doen oftentimes in field.
But stille the tyrant sternely at him Layd,
And did his iron axxo nimblly wield,
That many wounds into his fleete he made,
And with his burdenes blows him fore did over-lade.

Yet, when as fit advantage he did say,
The whiles the curst felon high did rare
His cruel hand, to finde him mortal,
Vnder his stroke hee him flapping nere,
Right in the flanke hee his stroke with deadly dreare,
That the gore-bloud, thence gushing grievously
Did vndercom him like a pond appeare,
And all his armoure did with purple die:
Thereat he brayed loud, and yeelded dreadfully.
Yet the huge stroke, which he before intended,
Kept in his course, as he did it direc't,
And with such monstrous poise it downe descended,
That seemed night could not then him from death protect:
But he it well did ward with wise respect,
And twist him and the blowe his shield did ca't,
Which thercon seizing, tooke no great effect;
But byeing depe therein, did ficke so fast,
That he no means it backe againe he forth could wraft.

Long while he tugged and strooke, to get it out,
And all his powre applied thereunto,
That there with the Knight drewe all about:
Nackt hee, for all that euer he could doe,
His axe he could not from his shield wendue.
Which Artagog persueing, strooke no more,
But looking to one his shield, did it forgoe,
And whiles he combred was there-with fo fore,
He gan at him let druce more fiercely then afore.

So well he him purfwe'd, that at the la't,
He strooke him with Orlyfion on the head,
That with the soufe thereof full for a ga'd,
He staggered to and fro in doublefull head.
A gait hee, whiles he him his shield did we're,
He did him smite with all his might and mende,
That falling on his mother earth he fed:
V Vborn when he saw prostrated on the Plaine,
He lightly ref't his head, to eale him of his paine.

Which when the people round about him saw,
They thouht all for joy of his successe,
Glad to be quitt from that proud Tyrantsawe,
Which with strong powre did them long time oppre'sse;
And running all with greedy joyfulnesse,
To eare Irene, at her freed fall,
And her adored with due humblenesse,
As their true Liege and Princece naturally:
And eke her champions glory founded over all.

Who, straung her leading with meet maicly
Vnto the Palace where their Kings did raigne,
Did therin establisht peaceably,
And to her kingsdomes fear reliefe againe;
And all such persons as did late maintaine
That Tyrants part, with close or open eyd,
He forely punished with heavie paine;
That in short space, whiles there with her he fluid,
Not one was left, that durft her once hau'd obdard.

During which time that he did there remaine,
His stude was true lufite how to deale,
And day and night employ'd his bujie paine
How to reforme that ragged Common-pace:
That fame from man which could reuse
All hidden enemys, through all that Realme he tant,
To seare out those that we'd to rob and stale,
Or did rebell gainst lawfull government:
On whom he did inflict most grievous punishment.

But ere he could reforme it thoroughly,
He through occasion called was away
To Faery-Court, that of necessity
His course of fugue he wa's forc'd to stay,
And Ydas to removce from thee his way,
In which he was that Realme for to redresse.
But envies cloud full dimmeth vertues ray.
So having freed Irene from distresse,
He tooke his leave of her, there left in Beaunessse.

Tho, as he backe returned from that land,
And there arrnde againe whencesoever he fet,
He had not pas'd farre upon the terrain,
When as two old ill favour'd Hags he met,
By the way side beinge together yet,
Two grievly creatures sand, so that their faces
Most soule and filthy were, their garments yet
Beeing all ragg'd and tatter'd, their disgraces
Did much the more augment, and made most vgly cases.

The one of them, that elder did appearse,
With her dull eyes did seeme to looke askew,
That her miu-shape much helpt, and her soule haire
Hung loose and loathly: there-to her hew
V Vwas wan and blan, that all her teeth arew,
And all her bones might through her cheeks be red:
Her lips were like raw lether, pale and blew:
And as she spake, there-with she fluxted:
Yet spake she feldome, but thought more, the leaffe fted fed.

Her hands were foule and durtie, never wust
In all her life, with long nailyes over raught,
Like Puttocks claws: with th'o one of which the scrathe
Her curr'd head, although it itch'd naught;
The other held a flake with venime fraught,
On which the frea', and gnawed hungrily,
As that long shee had not eaten ought;
That round about her jaws one might defley
The bloddy gore and poision dropping loathly:

Her name was Evry, known well therebey,
Whoole nature is to gruce, and grudge at all
That euer the fees do's in pracie worthwhile:
V Vbofe fight to her is greeteft crosse may fall,
And verity, that makes her eate her gall.
For, when she wanteth other thing to eate,
She feedes on her owne mawe unnaturall,
And of her owne foule entrailes makes her meat;
Meat fitt for such a monsters monstrours feast.

And if the hape of any good to heares,
That had to any happily bend,
Then would the inly fret, and gruce, and teare
Her flesh for lincelle, which the inward hid:
But if the heard of all that any did,
Or harme that any had, then would the make
Great cheere, like one vnto a banquet bid:
And in another loste great pleasure take,
As she had got thereby, and ganied a great stake.

D. d. the
The other, nothing better was then free;
Agreeing in bad will and cancer'd kind,
But in bad manner they did disagree:
For, what to Every good or bad did find,
She did conceale, and murder her owne mind;
But this, what-euer euill she conceu't,
Did spread abroad, and throwe in th' open wind.
Yet this in all her words might be perceived, (rebeat.)
That all shee sought, was nices good name to have be-

For, what fooner good by any said,
Or doone shee heard, she would straight-waites invent
How to deprav, or flanderously vp-brayd,
Or to misconu'ruce of a mans intent.
And tune to all the thing that well was ment.
Therefore shee wold ofte often to refert
To common haunts, and companies frequent,
To hartke what any one did good report,
To blot the same with blame, or wreft in wicked fort.

And if that any ill shee heard of any,
She would it ecke, and make much worse by telling,
And take great joy to publishe it to many.
That everie matter worke was for her melling,
Her name was hight Deception, and her dwelling
Was nere to Every, euery herneighbour accust.
A wicked bag, and Every felke ecelling
In mischiefes: for, her felke the onely ext.
But this same, both her felke, and others eke perplex.

Her face was ugly, and her mouth distort,
Fomning with poiyon round about her gils,
In which her curte tongue (full harpe and short)
Appear'd like Alpis fling, that cloesly falls,
Or cruelly does wound whom to fome wills:
A distacfe in her other hand the had,
Vpon the which the little pinnes, but fmall,
And faines to weaue fale tales and leaftings bad.
To throwe amongst the good, which others had dippard.

These two now had themselues combay'd in one,
And linked together gaine Sir Arbogast,
For whom they waie as his mortall fone,
How they might make him into mischiefe fall,
For freeing from their fairees Irene thrall:
Besides, vnto themselues they gotten had
A monster, which the Blatant Beafe men call;
A dreadful fiend, of Gods and men ydred,
Whom they by flights allur'd, and to their purpose ladi.

Such were thef Hags, and whorehandesome dreft:
Who when they high approaching had efpide
Sir Arbogast return'd from his late queft,
They both arofe, and at him loudly cryde,

As it had bene two shepheards cures, had feride
A ravenous Wolfe amongt the scattered flocks.
And Every fift, as the that fift him eyde,
Towards him runnes, and with rude flaring locks
About her eares, does beat her bref, & forehead knockes.

Then from her mouth the gobbet she doth take,
The which why her shee was to greddily
Demouring: euen that halfe-grown sake,
And at him throwes it moft defpightfully,
The cueld Serpent, though shee hungrily
Eas' fhaw'd therecon, yet was not all to dead,
But that some life remained secretly;
And, as he paff afore withoiten dread,
Bit him behind, that long the marke was to be read.

Then, th'o brother comming here, giv him resile,
And fouly raile, with all the coule invent;
Saying, that he had with vnnany guile,
And foule abuotion both his honour blent,
And that bright sword, the word of foultent,
Had flaine with reprochell crueltie,
In guiltyke blood of manie an innocent.
As fo Grandiure, him with treacherie
And traines having surpriz'd, he fouly did to die.

There-to the Blatant Beafe, by them set on,
At him began aloud to barke and bay,
With bitter rage and fell contention,
That all the woods and rocks, nigh to that way,
Began to quake and tremble with defamy;
And all the ayre rebellowed againe.
So dreadfully his hundred tongues did bray,
And euermore those hags themselues did paine,
To shurpen him, and their owne curte tongues did strives.

And fill amouog, most bitter words they spake,
Most shamstull, most vn righteous, most vntravell,
That they the midlef man alone would make
Forget his patience, and yeeld vengeance dew
To her, that fo falseflanders at him throw.
And more, to make the peace and wound more deepes,
She with the fling which in her vile tongue grew,
Did shurpen them, and in ftreng poiyon steepes;
Yet he paft on, and feem'd of them to take no kepe.

But Talsus, hearing her fo wrothly raile,
And speake fo ill of him, that well defuered,
Would shee have chaft'ed with his iron flake,
If her Sir Arbogast had not preferred,
And him forbdden, who his heau obferved.
So much the more at him fill did sifcold,
And stones did caft, yet he for noght would owrue.
From his right courte, but fill the way did hold.
To Faery Court, where what he fill full elfe be told.
THE SIXT BOOKE
OF THE FAERIE QUEENE:
CONTAINING
The Legend of Sir CALIDORE.
OR
Of Curtesie.

1

He waies, through which my weary steps I guide,
In this delightfull land of Faery,
Are so exceeding spacious and wide,
And sprinkled with such sweet variety
Of all that pleasant is to eye or ear,
That I sigh rauihit with rare thoughts delight,
My tedious traveill doe forget thereby;
And when I gin to feel decay of might,
It strength to me supplies, and cheares my dulled spight.

Sith it at first was by the Gods with paine
Planted in earth, being deriu'd at first
From heavenly feedes of bountie fouereaine,
And by them long with careful labour nurt,
Till it to ripenesse grew, and forth to honour burst.

Amongst them all growes not a fairer flowre,
Then is the bloosome of comely curtseie;
Which, though it on a lowly stalte doe bowre,
Yet brancheth forth in braue nobilitie,
And spreades itself through all ciuitie:
Of which, though pretie age doe plentious fomce,
Yet being matcht with plaine Antiquery,
Ye will them all but lined showers elctemye,
Which carry colours faire, that feeble eyes mifdeeme.

But in the triall of true curtseie,
Its now to spurre from thart when it was,
That it indeed is sought but forsergie,
Fashion'd to please the eyes of them, that paie,
Which lye not perfect things but in a glaue:
Yet is that glaue foggy, that it can blind
The wittie light, to thinke gold that is brass.
But vertues leat is deep within the mind,
And not in outward showes, but inward thoughts defin'd.

D d. 1.
But wherefull I^m in all Antiquitie
So faire a patterne finde, where may be scene
The goodly praise of Princesse courtezane,
As in your felte, & souveraine Lady Queene?
In whole pure mind, as in a mirror thence,
It shewes, and with her brightnesse doth inflame
The eyes of all, which thereon fixt bee;
But merite indeed an higher name:
Yet to from love to high vp-lifted is your name.

Then pardon me, most dreade soueraigne,
That from your felte I doe this vertue bring,
And to your felte doe it returne againe:
So from the Ocean all rivers spring,
And thunto backe repay, as to their King:
Right to from you all goodly vertues well
Into the ret, which round about you ring,
Faire Lords and Ladies, which about you dwell,
And doe adore your Court, where courtesies excell.

Canto 1.

Calidore saues from Maleforst
a Damzell vsed wilde;
Doth vanquish Crudor, & doth make
Briana wexe more milde.

1 F Court, it feemes, men Courtysie doe call,
   For that it there moost vieth to abound;
   And well becometh, that in Princes hall
   That vertue should be plentifully found,
   Which of all goodly manners is the ground,
   And rootes of ciuill conversation.
   Right to in Faery Court it did redound,
   Where courteous Knights & Ladies most did won
   Of all on earth, and made a matchlesse paragon.

2 But mongeth them all was none more courteous Knight,
   Then Calidore, belongeth over all;
   In whom, it feemes, that gentlesse of spirit
   And manners milde were planted naturally;
   To which he adding comely guise withall,
   And gracious speech, did fleitly mens hartes away.
   Nathlesse, thereto he was full stout and tall,
   And well approv'd in battalluous affray,
   That him did much renowne, and far his fame display.

3 Ne was there Knight, new was there Lady found
   In Faery Court, but him did deare embrace;
   For his faire visage, and conditions found,
   The which in all mens liking gained place.
   With the greatnes, purchas'd greatnes grace:
   Which he could wisely vs, and well apply,
   To please the befts, and'theuell to embabe.
   For, he loath'd leafling, and safe flattery,
   And leart simple truth, and itselfall honetly.

4 And now he was in trauell on his way,
   Upon an hard adventure for shehad,
   When-as by chance he met upon a day
   With Asthegall, returning yet halfe fail
   From his late conquest which he gotten had.
   Who, when-as each of other had a fight,
   They knew themselves, and both their perfon's rad:
   When Calidore thus first he Halle nobleff Knight
   Of all this day on ground that brethren living spright:

5 Now tell, if pleafe you, of the good succeffe
   Which ye have had in your late enterprize,
   To whom Sir Asthegell gan to espelre
   His whole exploit, and valorous emprise,
   In order as it did to him azize.
   Now happy man, sai'd then Sir Calidore,
   Which hane so goodly, as ye candeque,
   Archieu'd so hard a quest, as few before:
   That shall you moft renowned make for enemore.

6 But where ye ended hau'e, now I begin
   To tread an endlesse trage withouten guide,
   Or good direction, how to enter in,
   Or how to ifue forth in wistes vatrile,
   In perils strainge, in labours long and wide:
   In which, although good fortune me befall,
   Yet shall it not by none be telliside.
   What is that quest, quoth then Sir Asthegall,
   That you into such perils prently doth call? The
The Blantant Beast, quoth he, I do pursuie,
And through the world incessantly doe chase,
Till I him overtake, or else subdowne:
Yet knowe I not how, or in what place,
To find him out, yet still I forward trace.
That is that Blantant Beast, the perlèf wee?
It is a Monfier bred of helthief race,
Then answered he, which often hath annoyd
Good Knights and Ladies true, and many else destroyd.

Of Cerberus whylome he was begot,
And fell Chimera in her darkome den,
Through foule commixture of his filthy blott;
Where he was softred long in Stygian lot,
Till he to perfect crepuncle grew, and then
Into this wicked world he forthe was sent.
To be an ague and scourge of wrang'd men:
Who womb with vile tongue and venemose intent
He bore doth wound, and bite, and cruelly torment.

Then since the fulnage Island I did Leate,
Said Calidore, I such a Beast did fee,
The which did ferme a thousand tongues to houte,
That all in flight and malice did agree,
With which he bayd, and loudly barkt at mee,
As if that he attencte would me devour.
But I that knew my selfe, did straighte arise,
Dinough regard his malice nor his power;
But he the more his wicked poeyon forth did pour.

That falsely is that Beast, said Calidore,
Which I pursue, of whom I am right glad.
To heare the tidings, which of none afore
Through all my weary traulle I haue had:
Yet now I see hope your words unto me add.
Now God you speed, quoth then Sir Arthorgall,
And keepe your body from the danger draid:
For, ye haue much aede to deal withall:
So both tooke goodly leane, and parted feuerall.

Sir Calidore thereon trancled not long,
When as by chance a comely Squire he found,
That thorough some more mightye enemies wrongs,
Both hand and foot unto a tree was bound:
Who, seeing him from farre, with pitifull sound
Of his thrill erres him called to his aide.
To whom approaching, in that painfull sound
When he him faw, for no demands he flaid,
But first him loo'd on, and afterwaies thus to him faid.

Vnhappy Squire, what hard mishap thee brought
Into this bay of perill and disgrace?
What cruel hand and thay wretched stridome wrought,
And thee captivated in this flamefull place?
To whom he answered thus: My haplifule case
Is not occassion through my midderet,
But through misfortun, which did me abase
Vnto this shame, and my young hope savers,
Ere that I in her guilefull traines was well expert.

Not farre from hence, upon yond rocky hill,
Hard by a strighte there stands a Castle strong,
Which doth observe a custome lowd and sill,
And it hath long maintaine and mighty wrongs.
For, may no Knight nor Lady passe along
That way (and yet they need much passe that way)
By reason of the stright, and rocks amonst,
But they that Ladies locks dowe shawe away.
And that knights beard for toll, which they for passafe pay.

A shamefull woe as euer I did heare,
Said Calidore, and to be overthrownne.
But by what meanes did they at first it receare,
And for what cause I tell it thou haue it knowne.
Said then that Squire: The Lady which doth owne
This Castle, is by name Briana light,
Then which a proudr Lady fourth come:
She long time hath deare joy'd a doughty Knight,
And sought to win his loue by all the meanes she might.

His name is Crastor, who through high didtaine
And proud despfight of his selfe-pleasing mind,
Refued hath to yield her loue againe
Vvanl a Mantle the for him doe find,
With beards of Knights, and locks of Ladies lin'd,
Which to proude, the hath this Castle diight,
And whilome he by name Calidore was:
Cald Malefart, a man of mickle might,
Who execours her wicked will, with worse despfight.

He, this same day, as that way did come
With a faire Damzell, my beloved deare,
In execution of her lawleffe doome,
Did let upon vs flying both for feare:
For, little bootes against him hand to reare.
Me firt he tooke, vnable to withstand,
And whilst he her pursed every where,
Till his returne unto this tree he bond:
Ne wote I surely, whether her he yet hase fond.

Thus, whiles they vske, they heard a ruellfull shriete
Of one loud crying, which they strightway gheft,
That it was the, which for helpe did seeke.
Tho, looking vp vs crying to the left,
They saw that Calle from faire, with wand vnlbst
Haling that maidsen by the yellow hair,
That all her garments from her finowry breft,
And from her head her locks he nigh did teare,
Ne would he spare for pitty, not refraine for feare.

Which harnous fight when Calidore beheld,
Effoonce he los'd it that Squire, and fo him left,
With harts dismayd, and inward douloour queld,
For to pursue that villaine, which bid reft
That pitifull spoile by so injurious theft.
Whom overtaking, loud to him he cried:
Leave Faytor quickly that miogotten wifet,
To him that hath it better miufide.
And turne thee loone to him, of whom thou art deside.

D d 3.
Vho
Who harkning to that voice, himselfe vp-peed,
And seeing him so fiercely towards make,
Against him stoutly ran, as soughd ake,
But rather more enraged for themewords sake;
And with them countenance thus vnto him spake:
Art thou the caitiff that defieft mee,
And for this Maid, whose party thou dost take,
Wilt giue thy heard, though it but little bee?
Yet stillst not her looks for rame some fro me free.

VWith that, he fiercely at him fllew, and laid
On hideous strokes with most impomte might,
That oft he made him flapper as vsitlaid,
And often couet to slumme his sharpe despit.
But Calidore, that was well skild in fight,
His long foxtore, and still his spirits laid,
Lying in waio how he dammage might,
But when he felt him shrinke, and come to ward.
He greater grew, and gan to drive at him more hard.

Like as a water streame, whose swelling course
Shall drive a Mill, within strong banks is pent,
And long restrained of his ready course;
So foone as passage is vsed him lent,
Breakes forth, and makes his way more violent.
Such was the fury of Sir Calidore,
When once he felt his foe-man to relent;
He fiercely him purrie, and pretled sore,
Who as he full decayd, so be encresed more.

The heeue burden of whole dreadful might
When thee as the Care no longer could sustain,
His hart gan faint, and dright he toke his flight.
Toward the Castle, where he need constraine,
His hope of refuge vied to remaine.
Whom Calidore perceiving saft to flie,
He him purried, and chased through the Plaine,
That he for dread of death gan loud to cry.
Vnto the ward, to open to him hastily.

They, from the wall him seeing so saftly,
The gate foone opened to receive him in;
But Calidore did follow him saft,
That enu in the Porce he him did win,
And left his head slinder to his chin.
The carcalfe tumbling downe within the court,
Did chace the entrance with a lump of flne,
That it could not be shut, whild Calidore
Did enter in, and flew the Porter on the flone.
With that, the rest, the which the Castle kept,
About him flockt, and hard at him did lay;
But he them all from him full lightly swept,
As doth a Stere, in heat of sommers day.
With his long talie the bryzes brutfh away,
Thence puffing forth, into the hall he came,
Where, of the Lady felte in sad distay
He was ymet: who with vacomely flame
Gan him salute, and foule vpbrad, with lusty blane.

Fulle trauytor Knight, said she, no knight at all,
But cornes of armes, that haile with guilty hand.
Murdred my men, and shame my Seneschall,
Now commest thou to rob my hontie emand.
And poole my felte, that cannot thee withstand.
Yet doubt thou not, but that some better Knight
Then thou, that shall thy treaunfe vnderlend,
Will it auncinge, and pay thee with thy right.
And if none doe, yet flante shall thee with thame requit.

Much was the Knight abashed at that word:
Yet awright thou; Not enro me the thame,
But to the thamefull doubter afford.
Blood is no blernad: for, it is no blame
To punish those that doe defire the same;
But they that breake bands of ciuitie,
And wicked customes make, those doe defme.
Both noble armes and gentle eurtefe.
No greater thame to man, then inhumanitie.

Then doe your felle, for dread of thame, forgoe
This eill manner, which ye here maintaine,
And doe in stead thereof mild eurtefe showe
To all that paife, That shall you glory gaine.
More then his houte, which thus ye ecele to taine.
VWhere with, all full of wrath, she thus replide;
Vile recreant, knowe that I do much disdaine.
Thy courteous leire, that doet my love deicide,
Who feomes thy idle croffe, and bids thee be defide.

To take defance at a Ladies word
Quoth her, I hold it no indignity:
But were ye here, that would it with his sword.
Abett, perhaps he mote it deere aby.
Courdad, quoth flie, were not that thou wouldst flie,
Ere he doe come, he should be foone in place.
If I doe so, said he, then liberry.
I leave to you, for sye me to difgrace,
With all thos ethames that eait ye lpace meto deface.

VWith that, a Dwarf the cald to her in haile,
And taking from her hand a ring of gold.
(A priuie token which betweene them pass)
Bade him to flie with all the speed he could.
To Cruder, and define him that he would
Vouchsafe to reske her against a Knight,
Who through strong powre had now vertue in hold,
Having late shame her Seneschall in fight,
And all her people murdered with outragious might.

The Dwarf his way did haile, and went all night;
But Calidore did with her there abide.
The coming of that so much threatened Knight,
Where that discourteous Dame with cornfule pride,
And foule encreast him indignifide,
That iron hart it hardly could sustaine:
Yet he, that could his wrath full widely guide,
Did well endure her womanshif disdaine.
And did him selfe from her blame unpaitence refrain.

The
The morrow next, before the lampe of light
Above the earth vp-recte his flaming head,
The Dwarfes which bore that message to her knight,
Brought aunswer back, that ere he taunted bread,
He would her succour; and alue or dead
Her foe delier vp into her hand;
Therefore he wild her doe away all dread;
And that of him she more affured stand,
He sent to her his basnet, as a faithful band.

There of full bithis the Lady straight became,
And gan to augment her bitterorde much more:
Yet no what more appalled for the fame,
Ne ought dissatisfied was Sir Calidore,
But rather did more chearfull sempe therefore.
And having foone his armies about him diight,
Did ille forth, to meet his foe store;
Where long he played nor, when-as a Knight
He spide come prickings on with all his powre & might.

Well weend he flight, that should be the same
Which tooke in hand her quarrell to maintain;
Ne said to ask if it were he by name,
But cought his speare, and ran at him amaine.
They been ymman in middest of the Plaine,
With to full furie and defipitose force,
That neither could the others stroke suffaine,
Bud rudely tow'd to ground both man and horfe,
Neither of other taking pity nor remorse.

But Calidore vp-rode against full light,
Wile his foe lay fall in artificell stood;
Yet would he not him hurt, although he might:
For, shame he weend a sleeping wight to wound:
But when Bernia saw that shrewd bound,
There where she stood upon the Castle wall,
She deem'd him sure to have beene dead on ground:
And made such pitious mourning there-withal,
That from the battelments the ready leem'd to fall.

Nashelle at length him selfe did vp-rearte
In laffelle wise as if against his will,
Ere he had flept his fill, he wakened were,
And gan to freeth his timbret which feeling ill
Of his late fall, awhile he restfull fell;
But when he saw his foe before in view,
He strooke off lusknithum, and courage child
Kindling aferhe, gan battell to renew,
To prove if better foot then horsecback would enew.

There then began a ferefull cruel fray
Betwixt them two, for maisterie of might:
For, both were wondrouse practicke in that play,
And paffing well expert in simple finge,
And both inflam'd with furious delight:
Which as it full creaste, so full increafe
Their cruel strokes and terrible afhight
Ne once for rath their rigour they releafe,
Ne once to breathe awhile their angers tempest ceaft.

Thus, long they trau't and trau't to and fro,
And tryde all waies, how each more entrance make
Into the life of his malignant fute;
They hew'd their helmets, and places alould brake,
As they had pot-shares been; for nought more flake
Their greedy vengements, but goary blood;
That at the first, like to a purple like
Of blosdy gore congeal'd about them flood,
Which from their ruen sides forth gilidc like a flood.

At length, it chauce's, that each their hands on he
Attonce did have, with all their powre and might,
Thinking the trmst of their force to try,
And trye the finall fortune of the fight:
But Calidore, that was more quicke of fighg,
And nimbler hande then his enemy,
Prevented him before his stroke could light,
And on the helmet (more him formerly,
That made him stoope to ground with meeke humility.

And ere he could recover foot againe,
He following that false advantage fauce,
His stroke redoubled with such might and maine,
That him upon the ground he graweuling cast;
And leaping to him light, would haue vna'd
His Helme, to make into his vengence way.
Who feeing in what danger he was plac't,
Cryde out. Ah mercy Sir, doe me not flay,
But tace my life, which fate before your foot doth lay.

With that, his mortall hand awhile he flayd,
And having done, what calld'd his wrathfull heat
With goodly patience, this he to him said:
And is the boast of that proud Ladies threat,
That menaced me from the field to best,
Now brought to this! By this now may ye learne,
Strangers no more so rudely to intret,
But put away proud looks, and vige fiene,
The which shall may you to ye but foule dishonour came.

For, nothing is more blindful to a Knight,
That courtlesse doth as well as armes professe,
How-euer strong and fortunate in fight,
Then the reproche of pride and cruellife.
In vaine he feeketh others to suppreffe,
Who hath not learnt him selfe first to fabdev:
All fleth is fraile, and full of tickleusse,
Subiect to fortune chauce, still changing now;
What hap's to day to me, to morrow may to you.

Who will not mercy vnto others shew,
How can he mercy euer hope to have?
To pay each with his owne, is right and dew.
Yet is he mercy now dooened to cease,
I will it grant, your hopefull life to save,
With these conditions, which I will propound:
First, that ye better shall your selue behove
Vnto all erant knights, where do on ground:
Next, that ye Ladies aye in euery head and rounded.

D. 4.
Canto II.

Calidore sees young Tristan play a proud discourteous knight: He makes him Squire, & of him learns his estate and present plight.

1 Har vertue is so fitting for a Knight, Or for a Lady, whom a knight should love, As Courtesie, to bear themselves right, To all of each degree, as doth behove: For, whether they be placed high above, Or lowe beneath, yet ought they well to knowe, Their good, that none them rightly may reprowe Of rudenesse, for not yielding what they owe: Great skill it is such duties timely to bestowe.

2 There to great helpe Dame Nature felle doth lend: For some to goodly gracious are by kind, That every action doth them much command, And in the eyes of men great liking find; Which others, that have greater skill in mind, Though they enforce themselves, cannot attaine. For, every thing to which one is inclin’d, Doth bee become, and greatest grace doth gaine: Yet praise like wise defend good thewes, enforce’t with paine.

That well in courteous Calidore appeares: Whole euerie deed, and word that he did say, Was like enchantment, that through both the eyes, And both the ears did stale the hart away. He now againe is on his former way, To follow his first quest, when as he hyde A tall young man from thence not farre away, Fighting on foot, as well he him defende, Against an armed knight, that did on horse-back ride.

And
THE FAERIE QUEENE.

4
And them before, a Lady faire he saw,
Standing alone on foot, in courte array
To whom him selfe he hastily did draw,
To weare the cuze of vermontely fray,
And to depart them, if so be he may.
But ere he came in place, that youth had kild
That armed Knight, that lowe on ground he lay;
Which when he saw, his hart was inly child
With great amazement, & his thought with wonder fild.

5
Him stedfastly he markt, and saw to bee
A goodly youth of amiable grace,
Yet but a slender flip, that feirc did see
Yet inconstant yeeres, but tall and faire of face,
That faire he decre'd him borne of noble race.
All in a Woodmans jacket he was clad
Of Lincolne greene, bely awith fluer face;
And on his head an hood with agletts fprad.
And by his side his hunters horse he hanging had.

6
Buskins he wore of colliett esor swaine,
Pinkes upon gold, and paied part per part,
As then the guize was for each gentile swaine;
In his right hand he had a trembling dart,
Whose fellow he before had fent apart:
And in his left he held a sharpe bore-speare,
With which he wont to lansse the faltage hart,
Of many a Lion, and of many a Beare
That first vnto his hand in chafe did happen nearer.

7
Whom Calidore awake while having yewed,
At length bespake: What meanes this, gentle swaine?
Why hath thy hand too bold it selfe embrewed
In blood of knig Digitheke by thee is flaine?
By thee no knight; which armes impugneth plaun.
Certes, saide he, loth were I to have boken
The law of armes; yet breake it I shoud againe.
Rather then let my felle of wight be fraken.
So long as these two armes where able to be vroken.

8
For, nol I him, as this his Lady here
May wittesse well, did offer first to wrong,
Ne lurkly thus vnsnart'd I likely were;
But he me first, throughe pride & puissance strong
Affaid, not knowing what to armes death long.
Perdie, great blame, then saide Sir Calidore,
For armed knight a wight vnarm't to wrong,
But then aread, thou gentile child, wherefore
Betwixt you two began this strife and ftrike vp-vere.

9
That shall I soothe, said he, to you declare.
I whose spirite yerer are yet vnfit
For thing of weight, or worke of greater care,
Do speake my dayes, and bend my carelesse wit
To chasse chaces, where I theroon may hit
In all this forest, and wilde woody raise:
Where, as this day I was enraging it,
I chaunted to meet this knight, who there lies flaine.
Together with this Lady, pulling on the Plaine.

10
The knight, as ye did see, on horse-back was,
And this his Lady (that him ill became)
On her faire fecty by his horse side did put
Through thick and thin, wont for any Dame.
Yet not content, more to increace his flame,
When so he ligged, as he needs motele,
He with his fpeare (that was to him great blame)
Would thumpere her forward, and inrerc to goe,
Weeping to him in vaine, and making piuissous woc.

11
VWhich when I saw, as they me paffed by,
Much was I moved in indignant mind,
And gan to blame him for such cruellky
Towards a Lady, whom with filage kind
He rather should have taken vp behind.
Where-with he wroth, and full of proud disdain,
Tooke in foule fcorne that I such fault did find,
And me in liue thereof renid'd againe,
Threatening to charfize me, as doth a child permaine.

12
Which I no leffe dislayning, back returned
His fcornefull saunt into his teeth again.
That he straight way with haughtie choler burned,
And with his fpeare he smote one stroke or twaine.
Which Lenforc't to beare, though not my paine,
Caff to requite; and with a flender dart,
Fellow of this I beare, throwne not in vaine,
Stroooke him, as fcometh, vnderneath the hart.
That through the wound his spirit shortly did depart.

13
Much did Sir Calidore admire his speach
Tempered so well; but more admy'd the stroke
That through the mailes had made so ftrong a breach
Into his heart, and had so flemely broke
His wrath on him, that first occasion broke.
Yet refted not, but further gan inquire
Of that same Lady, whether what he spoke,
Were loothly so, and that th'mighteous ire
Of her owne knight, had given him his owne due hire.

14
Of all which, when as the could nought deny,
But cled that thriping of th'imputed blame,
Staid then Sir Calidore; neither will I
Him charge with guilt, but rather doe quie clame:
For, what he speake, for you he speake it, Dame;
And what he did, he did himselfe to fame:
(Thame)
Against both which, that knight wroghte knightlaflle
For, knights and all men this by nature have,
Towards all women-kind them kindly to behaue.

15
But, fith that he is gone irreceivale,
Pleace if it Lady, to vs to aread,
What cause could make him to dis honourable,
To drive you so on foot vnto to read
And lackey by him, gainst all womanhead?
Certes, sir knight, said he, full lath I were
To raise a lying blame against the dead:
But fith it me concerns my felle to here,
I will the truth discover, as it chaunte whytere.

This
This day, as he and I together reso
Up our way, to which we were bent,
We chance't to come for-e-by a courter glade
Within a wood, where-as a Lady gent
She with a Knight in jovous sentiment
Of their franke loves, free from all jealous spies:
Faire was the Lady fure, that more content
An hart not carri'd with too curious eyes,
And vnto him did shew all lovely curtesies.

Whom, when my Knight did fee so loyally faire,
He my gan her Lower to enve,
And with that he part of his ipoyle might share.
Where-to when as my presence he did spy
To be a let,he bade me by and by
For to alight: but when as I was loth,
My Lones owne part to leave fo suddenely,
He with strong hand downe fro his steed me throwth,
And with preumpitous powre against that knight fрайght

Vnarm'd all was the knight: as then more meete
For Ladies (eruice, and for loves delights,
Then fearing any foe-man there to meet:
Whereof he taking oddes, fрайght bids him dight
Himselfe to yield his Loute, or clee to fight.
Whereat, the other flaring vp disdain'd,
Yet boldly anwer'd, as herightly might;
To leave his Loute he should be fyll apayd,
In which he had good right gain'd all, that it gaine-fayd.

Yet, ith as he was not presently in plight
Her to defend, or his to mislive,
He him requested, as he was a Knight,
To lend him day his better right to try,
Or flay till he his armes (which were there by)
Might feathly fforc'd. But he was fierce and hot,
Ne terme would give, nor any terrasms aby,
But at him flew, and with his fpeepe him froke:
From which to thinke to face himfelfe, it booted not.

Meane-while, his Lady, which this outrageous awe,
VWhilft they together for the quareny frowne,
Into the courter did her felle withdraw,
And clofely hid her felle within the Groue.
My knight, hers fnone (as meemes) to danger drowne,
And left troe wounded: but, when he her mutf,
He worke halfe mau'd, and in that rage gan rowe
And range through all the wood, where fo he wifht
Shee hidden was, and fough her fo long as he lift.

But, when as he be by no meances could find,
After long fearch and chauffe, he turned back
Vnto the place where me he left behin'd:
There gan he me to curfe and ban, for lack
Of that faine boote, and with bitter wrack
To wreake on me the guilt of his owne wrong.
Of all which, I yet glad to bare the pack,
Stroue to appeale him, and persuad'd longing:
But till his pation grew more violent and strong.

Then, as it were t'avenge his wrath on me,
When forward we should fare, he flat refufed
To take me vp (as this young man did fee)
Vpon his feed, for no soft cafe accufed,
But fere to trown on ftoot, and foule misufed;
Punching me with the buttend of his fpeeare,
In vain complaining to be fo abused.
For, he regarded neither plaint nor teare,
But more enforc't my paine, the more my plaints to heart.

So puffed we, till this young man vs met;
And beeing moon'd with pity of my plight,
Spake, as was meet, for cafe of my regret;
Whereof befell, what now is in your plight.
Now fure, then faid Sir Calidore, and right
Me feemes, that him befell by his owne fault:
Who ouer thinks through confidence of might,
Or through fupport of countenance proud and haile.
To wrong the weaker, oft fallcs in his owne affault.

Then, turning backe into that gentle boy,
V Which had himfelfe fo flouty well acquit;
Seeing his face fo loueely ferece and coy,
And hearing th'answers of his pregnant wit,
He prfly'd it much, and much admired it;
That farce he weend him borne of noble blood,
With whom thole graces did fo goodly fit;
And when he long had him beholding ffood,
He burft into these words, as to him feemed good:

Faire gentle fwine, and yet as foute as faire,
That in these woods amongst the Nymphs doth fwoon,
Which daily may to thy fweet looks require,
As they are wont vnto Latonae fon.
After his chace on woody Cythius don:
Well may I, certe, fuch in one thee read,
As by thy worth thou worthyly half won,
Or furely borne of fome Heroicke head,
That in thy face appeares, and gracious goodly-head.

But shoul't it not displafe thee to it tell
(VNfelde thou in these woods thy felfe conceal,
For loue amongst the woody Gods to dwell)
I would thy felfe require thee to reuacle,
For dear affeflion and vnafainted zeal
Which to thy noble perfoneage I bear,
And with thee growe in worship and great weale.
For, since the day that armes I firft did reare,
I never faw in any, greater hope appeare.

To whom, then thus the noble youth: May be
Sir knight, that by difcouering my eftate,
Hurne may arife vnweeting vnto me;
Nuth'kefe, fish ye to courteous feeme late,
To you I will not fete ito relate.
Then were ye, that I am a Briton born,
Sonne of a King, how eruer thorough fate
Or fortune my country haue forlorn, (adorned.
And left the Crowne, which fhoule my head by right
And Tristram is my name, the only heir
Of good king Meliogers, which did reign
In Cornwall, till that he through hues despite
Vainly died, before I did attain
Ripe years of reason, my right to maintain.
After whose death, his brother seeing mee
An infant, weake a kingdom to suffy,
Upon whom take the royal high degree;
And sent me, where he list, instructed for to bee.

The widowe Queene, my mother, which then hight
Faire Emlynne, conceiving then great fear
Of my fraught safety, reposing in the might
Of him, that did the knyghtly Sceptre bear,
Whole curious dread induriong not a pear
It want to cut off all that doubt my breed,
Thought best away me to remove some-where
Into some faire Land, where as no need
Of dreaded danger might his doubtfull humor feed.

So, taking counsel of a wife more red,
She was by him adviz'd, to send me quight
Out of the Country wherein I was bred,
The which the sere Lineoffe is light
Into the Land of Farry, where no night
Should weft of reason, my right to my wrong,
To whose wife read the harkning, lent me straight
Into this Land, where I have wound thus long.
Since I was ten yeares old, now grown to stature strong.

All which, my days I have not leisurely spent,
Nor yet the blosom of my tender yeares
In idility; but as was consuement,
Haste trained been with many noble seres
In gentle thewes, and such like commely seres.
Mongst which, my most delight hath always been
To hunt the sladge chare amongt my pers,
Of all that rangeth in the forrest greene;
Of which, none is to me unknowne, but ye't was scene.

Ne is there hauke which mantleth her on perch,
Whether high towring, or accosting lowe,
But I the measure of her flight doe search,
And all her prey, and all her diet knowe.
Such be our voyes, which in these forrests growe;
Only the vie of armes, which most I soy,
And firtheth much for noble owne to knowe,
I have not tasted yet, yet past a boy,
And beeing now high time these frowne voyants to inploy.

Therefore, good sir, fish now occasion fit
Doth fall, who'le like hereafter fildome may;
Let me this cruse, vnworthy though of it,
That ye will make me Squire without delay,
That from henceforth in battallous array
I may bearmes, and learne to vie them right;
The rather, full that I have beene this day
Guent to me the spoile of this death knight,
These goodly gilden armes, which I have won in fight.

All which, when well Sir Calidore had hread,
Him much more now, then earlie he gan admire,
For the rare hope which in his yeares appear'd,
And thus replie, faire child, the high desire
To lose of Calidore, which in you doth aspire,
I may not cesse without thame desir;
But rather with, that same more noble hire
(Though none more noble then is churulic)
I had, you to reward with greater dignitu.

There, him he eas'td to kneele, and made to sweare
Faith to his kind, and truth to Ladies all;
And neuer to be recreant, for feare
Of peril, or of ought that might betfall
So let him dubbed, and his Squire did call.
Full glad and joyous then young Tristram grew,
Like as a frowne, whose flafen leaves small,
Long shote up in the bud from heaven's view,
At length breaks forth, and brode displays his smiling

Thus, when they long had treated to and iro,
And Calidore betook him to depart,
Child Tristram prayd, that he with him might goe
On his adventure; vowing not to start,
But wait on him in every place and part.
Whereas Sir Calidore, did much delight,
And greatly joy'd at his to noble harte.
In hope he sure would proue a dauncing knight
Yet for the time this anwer he to him beheld,

Glad would I furely be, thou courteous Squire,
To have thy presence in my preuent quell,
That more thy kindled courage set on fire,
And flame forth honoure in thy noble breit;
But I am bound by vow, which I profite
To my dead Soveraigne, when I trastad,
That in archeivement of her high behav,
I shoul no creature ioynes unto mine ayde,
For-thy, I may not grant that ye go greatly prayd.

But, since this Lady is all delocate,
And needeth faerge now upon her way,
Ye may doe well in this her needfull flate
To succour her, from danger of dismay:
That thankfull guardon may to thy repay.
The noble Impe, of such newe fruicte faine,
Is gladly did accept, as he did say,
So taking courteous lease, they parted swaine,
And Calidore forth palled to his former paine.

But Tristram, then despoyling that dead knight
Of all those goodly ornaments of prais,
Long fed his greedy eyes with the faire sight
Of the bright metal, fining like Sone faytes
Handling and running them a thousand ways.
And after, laving upon him sight,
He took that Lady, and her vp did raise
Upon the ileed of her owne late dead knight:
So with her marched forth, as she did him behight.

There
There, to their fortune, leave them while,
And turne we backe to good Sir Calidore:
Who ere they thence had trauell'd many a mile,
Came to the place, where-as ye heard afore,
This Knight, whom Trifram flew, had wounded sore
Another Knight in his delituous pride;
There he that knight found lying on the flore,
With many wounds full perilsous and wide,
That all his garments, and the griffie in vermeill side.

And there beside him, fate upon the ground
His wofull Lady, pitiously complaining
With loud lamentes that most unluckie found,
And her fad felfe with carefull hand constraining
To wipe his wounds, and eafe their bitter paining,
Which fory fight when Calidore did view
With heaucy eyne, from tearesneath refraying,
His mighty hart their mournefull eafe can now,
And for their better comfort to them nigher drew.

Then speaking to the Lady, thus he said:
Ye doeful Dame, let not your griefe empeach
To tell, what cruell hand hath thus arraid
This knight's armes, with fo vnkindly breach
Of armes, that if I yet him night may reach,
I may auence him of fo foule despfight.
The Lady, hearing his courteous speech,
Gan reare her eyes as to the cheerfull light,
And from her fory hart few heauy words forth figh't.

In which the flew'd, how that difcourteous knight
(Whom Trifram flew) them in that shadow found,
Joying together in vnblam'd delight,
And him vnarm'd, as now he lay on ground,
Charg'd with his spaire, and mortally did wound
Withouten caut, but onely her to reoeue
From him, to whom the was for euer bound:
Yet when the fled into that couer greace,
He her not finding, both them thus nigh dead did leave.

When Calidore this ruefull storie had
Well vnderfoold, he gan of her demand,
What manner he was, and how yclad,
Which had this out-rage wrouhte with wicked hand.

She then, like as the beit could vnderstand,
Him thus describ'd, to be of stature large,
Clad all in golden armes, with azure band
Quartred shawr, and bearing in his targe
A Lady out rough waues, row'd in a Sommer barge.

Then gan Sir Calidore to ghele straightway,
By many signes which the defcrib'd had,
That this was he, whom Trifram earst did flay,
And to her said; Dame be no longer sad:
For, he that hath your Knight to ill beftad,
Is now himfelfe in much more wretched plight;
Thefe eyes him faw upon the cold earth spir'd,
The meed of his defert for that despfight,
Which to your felfe he wrought, and to your loved knight.

Therefore, faire Lady, lay aside this griefe,
Which ye haue gathered to your gentle hart
For that displeasure: and thinke what relefe
Were best deuited for this your Lovers smart,
And how ye may him hence, and to what part
Conusy to be recur'd. She thankd him deare,
Both for that newes he did to her impart,
And for the courteous care which he did beare
Both to her Loe, and to her felfe in that fad drear.

Yet could the not devid by any wit,
How thence the might conuay him to some place.
For, him to trouble, the it thought vnfit,
That was a stranger to her wretched cafe:
And him to beare, the though it thing too base.
VVhich when he perceu'd, he thus belpake:
Faire Lady, let it not you leeme disgrace,
To beare this burden on your dainty backe;
My lefte will beare a part, coporation of your packe.

So, off he did his fhiel, and downeward layd
Vpon the ground, like to an hollow barre:
And pouring balme, which he had long pursuaid
Into his wounds, him vp therecon did rearre,
And twist them both with parted paines did beare,
Twixt life and death, not knowing what was done.
Thense they him carried to a Cattle nears,
In which a worthy anciend Knight did wonne:
Where what eni'd, shall in next Canto be begunne.
Canto III.

Calidore brings Prisella home,  
Pursues the Blatan Beast:  
Saves Serena, whilst Calepine  
By Turpine is oppress'd.

1 -  
Thus is that whilome that good Poet sayd,  
The gentle mind by gentle deeds is knowne.  
For, a man by nothing is so well bewrayd,  
As by his manners: in which prince is shone  
Of what degree and what race he is grown.  
For, feldome feene, a trotting Stalion get  
An ambling Colt, that is his proper owne:  
So feldome feene, that one in base or fee  
Dost noble courage shew, with courteous manners met.

2 -  
But evermore contrary hath been tryde,  
That gentle blood will gentle manners breed;  
As well may be in Calidore defende,  
By late enample of that courteous deed,  
Done to that wounded Knight in his great need,  
Whom on his backe he bare, till he was brought  
Into the Castle where they had decreed.  
Theire of the Knight, the which that Castle ought,  
To make abode that night he greatly was befought.

3 -  
He was to weet a man of full ripe yeares,  
That in his youth had been of mickle might,  
And borne great lay in armes amongst his peers:  
But nowe weake age had dim'd his candle light.  
Yet was he courteous full to every wight,  
And loued all that did to armes incline,  
And was the father of that wounded Knight,  
Whom Calidore thus caried on his chine,  
And Aldus was his name, and his fones Madine.

4 -  
Who when he saw his fones so ill bedight,  
With bleeding wounds, brough home upon a Beare,  
By a faire Lady, and a stranger Knight,  
Was only touched with compasion deare,  
And deare affection to doolefull deare,  
That he the woteth burth forthe: A fairy boy,  
Is this the hope that to my hearty beare.  
Though brigs & ames, is this the timely ioy,  
Which I expected long; now turn'd to gud annoy?

5 -  
Such is the weakenesse of all mortall hope;  
So tickle is the state of earthly things,  
That cro they come into their ayemed scope,  
They fall too short of our fruile reckonings,  
And bring vs bale and bitter forrowings,  
In heed of comfort, which we should embrace.  
This is the state of Keafars and of Kings;  
Lest none therefore, that is in meaner place,  
Too greatly griete at any his unlucky caste.

6 -  
So well and wisely did that good old Knight  
Temper his griefe, and turned it to chere,  
To chere his guestes, whom he had ioyd that night,  
And make their welcome to them well appeare:  
That to Sir Calidore was eafe geare;  
But that faire Lady would be chear'd for nought,  
But fight & forrow'd for her lover deare,  
And only did affir her penfus thought, (brought  
With thinking to what caste her name should now be.

7 -  
For, she was daughter to a noble Lord,  
Which dwelt thereby, who fought her to affie  
To a great Peere: but she did disreard,  
Ne could her liking to his loue apply,  
But lov'd his frend yonge knight, who dwelt her nie,  
The luyte Madine thoughe meaner borne,  
And of leffe huehood and hardyly;  
Yet full of voulour, the which did adorn  
His meanesse much, and make her th'othes richesScore.

8 -  
So having both found fit occasion,  
They met together in that bucklem glade;  
Where that proud knight in his presumptioun  
The gentle Madine did earn inade,  
Being vayn'd, and let in secret shade.  
Whereof she now bethinking, gan advise,  
How great a hazard the at earl had made  
Of her good fame: and furthering daunge,  
I low the the blame might falshe with coloured diguise.  

E e  

But
But Calidore with all good courtesie
Fain'd her to frolicke, and to put away
The penitue fit of her melancholy;
And that old Knight by all means did alway,
To make them both so merry as he may.
So they the evenin glad, till time of rest:
When Calidore in feemly good array
Into her bowre was brought, and there vncreas'd
Did sleepe all night through weary trauell of his queft.

But faire Preffilla (to that Lady light)
Would not to bed, nor take no kindlie sleepe,
But by her wounded Loue did watch all night,
And all the night for bitter anguile weep,
And with her teares his wonds did washe and sleepe.
So well she washt them, and so well she thet him,
That of the deadly withers, in which full deep
He drenched was, she at the length dispach't him,
And drowe away the found, which mortally attach't him.

The morrow next when day gun to vp-look,
He also gan vp-look with derry eye,
Like one that out of deadly dreame awoke:
Where when he faie his faire Preffilla by,
He deeply sigh's, and groaned inwardly,
To think of this ill fare, in which the trood,
To which she for his sake had weetingly
Now brought her selfe, and blasm'd her noble bloud:
For first, next after life, he tender'd her good.

Which she receiuing, did with plentious teares
His care more then her owne Compassionate,
Forgetful of her owne, to minde his cares:
So both conspiring, gun to inteminate
Each others grate with zeale affectionate,
And twixt them twaine with equal care to caft,
How to save whole her hazarded estate?
For which the oneely helpe now left them left
Seem't to be Calidore; all other helps were past.

Him they did deeme, as sure to them he feem'd,
A courteous knight, and full of Faithfull trueth:
Therefore to him their caufie they did esteemed
Whole to commit, and to chuse dealing suft.
Earely, to loone as Titas beams forth bruit
Through the thick clouds, in which they steeped by
All night in darknesse, duld with iron ruit,
Calidore riting vp as fresh as day,
Gan fresly him addresse to his former way.

But first him feem'd fit, that wounded Knight
To rife, after this nights perilous raffe,
And to faulte him, if he were in plight,
And eke that Lady that faire lonely Lasse.
There he him found much better then he was,
And mow'd speech to him of things of courfe,
The anguill of his paine to ouer-rasse:
Mongst which he namelie did to him dicouer,
Of former dayes mishap, his forrowes wicked foute.

Of which occasion, Aldeine taking hold,
Can breeke to him the fortunnes of his Loue,
And all his disaduentures to vnsold,
That Calidore it dearly deep did moue.
In th'end his kindlie courtesie to proue,
He him by all the bands of loue behought,
And as it mote a Faithfull friend behove,
To safe-conduct his Loue, and not for ought
To leaue, till to her fathers houfe he had her brought.

Sir Calidore his faith thereto did plight,
It to performe: to, after little stay,
That she her selfe had to the journey dieth,
He paied forth with her in faire array,
Fairer, she who ought dieth, or ought did say,
Whose sorry thought he knew most cleare from wise.
So as they paied together on their way,
He can desire his counter-cast of flight,
To grue faire colour to that Ladies caufe in sight.

Stright to the carcasse of that Knight he went,
The caufe of all this euill, who was thaine
The day before, by suit auengement
Of noble Typhon, where it did remaine:
There he the nocke thereof did cut in twaine,
And took with him the head, the signe of shame.
So forth he paied thorough that dayes paine,
Till to that Ladies fathers houfe he came,
Most penitent man, through fear, what of his child became.

There he arriving boldly, did present
The fearfull Lady to her father dear,
Most perfect pure, and guidelie innocent
Of blame, as he did on his Knighthood sweare,
Since first he sawe her, and did free from fear
Of a discourtesious Knight, who her had refr
And by outrageous force away did beare:
Witness thereof he shew'd his head there left,
And wretched life forborne for vengement of his theft.

Most joyfull man her sire was her to fec,
And heare the aduenture of her late mishance;
And thought and thanks to Calidore for sec
Of his large paines in her delierance
Did yeeld, Ne lefte the Lady did aduance.
Thus hauing her refored trulie,
As he had vow'd, some small continuance
He there did make, and then most carefully
Vnto his first exploit he did him felle apply.

So as he was pursuynge of his queft,
He chaunce's to come wyth a sally knight,
In courser, that was also in knight;
In court, his arme he did dolefully raffe,
To solace with his Lady in delight;
His warlike arme he had from him vnlighted:
For that he dieth he thought from danger free,
And far from envious eyes, that mote him plight,
And eke the Lady was full faire to fee,
And courtesies withall, becoming her degree.

To
To whom Sir Calidore approaching nio,
Ere they were well aware of living wight,
That so suddeily did vpon them light,
And troubled had their quiet loves delight.
Yet since it was his fortune, not his fault,
His felte therof he laboured to acquire,
And pardon craft'd for his to rash default,
That he gained courtefe so fowly did default.

With which his gentle words and goodly wit,
He soon allayd that Knights conceiv'd displeasure,
That he beloued him downe by him to sit,
And that they mote treat of things abroad at leisure;
And of adventures, which had in his measure
Of so long wais to him befallen late.
So downe he fare, with delightful pleasure
His long adventures gane to him relate,
Which he endured had through dangerous debate.

All fainely out of the forrest neere,
The Blastent Beast, forth rushing vnware,
Cought her thus looely waduring here and there,
And in his wide great mouth away her bare.
Crying aloud in waine, to shew her sad misfate
Vnto the Knights, and calling out for ayde;
Who with the honour of her kynge care
Hastily flurting vp, like men difmaide,
Ran after ait, to rescue the diftreffed mayde.

The Beast, with their pursuite incited more,
Into the wood was bearing her space
For to have spoyleyd her, when Calidore
Who was more light of foot and swift in chace,
As he over-tooke in middeft of his race:
And fiercely charging him with all his might;
Forc't to forgo his prey there in the place,
And to bestake him felte to fearfull flight;
For, he durft not abide with Calidore to fight.

Who natheliefe, when be the Lady fawe
There left on ground, though in full euill plight,
Yet knowing that her Knight now neere did draw,
Straid not to succour her in that affright,
But follow'd that Monfer in his flight:
Through woods and hils he follow'd him so fast,
That he could let him breath nor gather pight,
But forc'd him gane and gope, with dread aghast,
As if his lungs and lites were nigh slouder brat.

And now by this, Sir Calipine (so hight)
Came to the place, where his lady found
In dolorous difmay and deadly plight,
All in gare bloud there tumbled on the ground,
Hauing both fides through grip't with gristy wound:
His weapons to fone from and hardly wone,
And flouping downe to her in dreary wond,
Vpre'd her from the ground, whereon she lay,
And in his tender armes her forced vp to stay.

So well he did his buife paines apply,
That the faint sprite he did reuoke againe,
To her faire manifon of mortuallte.
Then vp he took her twizt his armes awake,
And lettting on his fted, her did fufaine
With carefull hands lifting foother beside,
Till to some place of rest they more araine,
Where the in late affurance more abide,
Till the reuored were of those her woundes wide.

Now when as Phoebus with his fiery waine
Vnto his Iume began to drawe space;
Thus woering weary of that toyefome paine,
In aadling on footo lo a long space,
Not wont on foot with heavy armes to trace,
Down a daile forby a rivers side,
He chauce to fpy a faire and faire Place,
To which he meant his weasy teeps to guide,
In hope there for his Loue fome fuccour to provide.

But comming to the rivers side, he found
That hardly paffable on footo it was:
Therefore there full he ftood as in a flound,
Ne wilt which way he through the foord mote pafs.
Thus why'l' he was in this dircetted cafe,
Denying what to do, he might espide
An armed Knight approaching to the place,
With a fucce Lady linked by his side,
The which theeftues prepar'd thorough the foord to ride.

Whom Calipine saluting (as became)
Befought of courteous in that his need
For life conductig of his tickly Dame,
Through that fame perilous foord with better heed.
To take him vp behinde upon his fteed:
To whom that other did this tente returnes
Perdy, thou peftant Knight might he righteously build
Me then to be full base and euill borne.
If I would beare behind a burden of such forme.

But as thou hast thy fide forborne with thime,
So faire on foode till thou another gave,
And let thy Lady likewe do the fame,
Or bear her on thy backe with pleasing paine,
And proue thy manhood on the bellowe waine.
With which rude fpeeche his Lady much displeased,
Did him reproce, yct could him not reftaine,
And would on her owne Palfrey him hate esed,
For pitty of his Dame, whom the fawe fo defeaced.

Ec 2
Sir Caliphine her thanks I yet, inly wroth  
Against her Knight, her gentleesse refused,  
And carelessly into the river goth,  
As in despite to be so foulle abused  
Of a rude charle, wherein often he accused  
Of foulle disconforte, vnfit for Knight  
And strongly wading through the waies vnued,  
With fierce in the one hand, staid him selfe vpright,  
With the other staid his lady vp with stiddy might.

And all the while, that fame disconforte Knight  
Stood on the further banke beholding him :  
At whose calamity, for more despite,  
He laught, and mocks to see him like to swim.  
But when as Caliphine came to the brim,  
And sawe his carriage past that perill well,  
Looking at that fame Carle with countenance grim,  
His heart with vengeance inwardly did dwell,  
And forth at last did brake in speeches sharp and fell.

Vnknighly Knight, the blernish of that name,  
And blot of all that armes upon them take,  
Which is the badge of honour and of fame,  
Loo if defe, and here challenge make,  
That thos for ever doth those armes forsake ;  
And be for euer held a renant knight,  
Vnlefe thou dire for thy deare Ladies like,  
And for thine owne defence on foot slight,  
To fulfill thy famil gaine in equal fight.

The disart, that did hear him selfe deside,  
Seem'd not to weigh his threatfull words at all,  
But laught them out, as if his greater pryde  
Did scoene the challenge of to baste a thrall :  
Or had no courage, or elie had no gall.  
So much the more was Caliphine offended,  
That to no resue he forth could call,  
But both his challenge and himselfe contempt,  
Ne cared as a coward fo to be condemn'd.

But he, nought weighing what he sayd or did,  
Turned his heed about another way,  
And with his Lady to the Caffle rid,  
Where was his won ; ne did the other fly,  
But after went directly as he may,  
For his fire charge some harboure there to seek ;  
Where he arrying with the fall of day,  
Drew to the gate, and there with prayers mecke,  
And milde entrance lodging did for her becke.

But the rude Porter, that no manners had,  
Did shut the gate against him in his face,  
And entrance boldly vnto him forbade.  
Nathelshe the Knight, now in neeky cafes,  
Gan him entreat even with submisson base,  
And humbly prayd to let them in that night ;  
Who to him answer'd, that there was no place  
Of lodging fit for any errant Knight,  
Vnlefe that with his Lord he formerly did fight.

Full loth am I, quoth he, as now at earl,  
When day is spent, and rest vs needeth most,  
And that this Lady, both wofe sides are peace'  
With wounds, is ready to forgoe the ghost :  
Ne would I gladly combate with mine host,  
That Should to me such courtesie afford,  
Vnlefe that I were thereunto enforce'.  
But yet aread to me, how hight thy Lord,  
That doth thus strongly ward the Castle of the ford.

His name, quoth he, if that thou lift to learne,  
Is hight Sir Turfane, one of mickle might,  
And manhood rare, but terrible and stern  
In all ayseyes to every errant Knight,  
Because of one, that wroughe him foulle despite.  
Ill teemes, sayd he, if he do valiant be,  
That he should befoe stern to stranger wight:  
For, and were ye ever did bearing creature fee,  
That curtesy and manhood ever disagree.'

But goe thy wayes to him, and fro me say,  
That here is at his gate an errant knight,  
That howse-roomes erases, yet was to both th'saffay  
The poore of bateall, now in doubtfull night,  
Or courseise with undenece to requie :  
Yet if he needs will fight, crave leave till morn,  
And tell (withall) the lamentable plight,  
In which this Lady languiseth forlorn,  
That pitty erases, as he of woman was yborne.

The groome went straightway in, and to his Lord  
Declare' d the mesage, which that Knight did moue;  
Who, sitting with his Lady then at bord,  
Not otenly did not his demand approue,  
But both himselfe reuel'd, and eke his Loue:  
Albe his Lady, that Blandina bight,  
Him of vngentle vnage did reproue  
And earnefly entreated that they might  
Finde favour to be lodged there for that fame night.

Yet would he not perfwade be for ought,  
Ne from his currish will awlithe reclame.  
Which aniver when the grome, returning, brought  
To Caliphine, his heart did only flame  
With wrathfull fury for to foule a shame,  
That he could not thereof avenged bee :  
But most for pitty of his dearefte Dame,  
Whom now in deadly danger he did feete  
Yet had no meanes to comfort, nor procure her glee.

But all in vaine ; for why, no remedy  
He sawe, the prent melt nothe to redresse,  
But thus moroft end enforce for to aby,  
Which that nightes fortune would for him address.  
So done he tooke his Lady in distress,  
And laid her underneath a bith to sleep,  
Couter'd with cold, and wapt in wrechednesse,  
While she himselfe all night did nought but weep,  
And wary watch about her for her safe and kepe.
Canto III.

Calepine by a salvage man
From Turpine reskewed is;
And whilst an infant from a Bear
He saves, his Love doth miss.

Of his fierce vengeance, or to make auxoure
Of the few words and deeds, which he had done:
With that ran at him, as he would devour
His life attone: who nought could do, but then
The peril of his pride, or else be ouer-run.

Yet he him full purswed from place to place,
With full intent him cruelly to kill.
And like a wilde goat round about did chafe,
Flying the fury of his bloody will.
But his blood incourage and refuge was still
Behind his Ladies backe: who to him ride,
And called oft with prayers loud and shrill,
As euer he to Lady was affire,
To spare his knight, and rest with reason pacifice.

But all the more thereby enraged was,
And with more eager fulflee him purswed:
So that at length, after long weary chase,
Having by chance a close advansage vewd,
He outer-touched him, having long elchev'd
His violence in vaine: and with his speare
Strooke through his shoulder, that the bloud entew'd
In great abundance, as a Wel it were,
That forth out of an hill froth gushing did appeare.

Yet easie he not for all that extrem wound,
But chace him still, for all his Ladies cri;
Not hate hissle till on the strall ground
He saw his life pour forth dispitiously.
The which was certes in great icopardie,
Had not a wondrous chance his renew wrought,
And fixed from his cruell villasie.
Such channes oft exceed all humane thought:
That in another Canto shall to end be brought.

Like as a ship with dreadful boulome long soft,
Hanging spernd all her masts and her ground-broad,
Now care from her haurbour likely to be lost,
At left some fisher barn dothe dower behold,
That giveth comfort to her courage cold:
Such was the stature of this most courteous knight,
Being apparelled by that by your bold,
That he remayned in most perilous plight,
And his sad Lady left at pitifull alight:
Till
Till that by fortune, passing all forfight,
A salveage man, which in those woods did wonne,
Drawne with that Ladies loud and pitious shrillght,
Toward the same inefتلantly did ronne,
To understand what there was to be done.
There he this most discourteous cause found,
As fiercely yet, as when he first begonne,
Chasing the gentle Calpeine round,
Ne sparing him the more for all his grievous wound.

The salveage man, that neuer till this houre
Did taie of pittie, neither gentlesse knew,
Seeing his sharpe affault and cruell houre
Was much emnounted at his peril view;
That even his ruder heart began to raw,
And feel compassion of his quill plight,
Against his foe, that did him to purse:
From whom he meant to free him, if he might,
And him avenge of that vilous delitp.

Yet armes or weapon had he none to fight,
Ne knew the kie of warlike instrumtes,
Sate such as sudden rage him lent to latire;
But asked without needfull vestiments,
To clad his corpse with meth habilitments,
He cared not for dint of sword nor speare,
No more then for the strokes of strawe or bents:
For, from his mothers wombe, which him did beare,
He was invulnerable made by Magike leare.

He fdyd not to aduaie, when way were bift,
His focc eallie, or how himselfe to garde,
But with fierce fury and with force incite
Vpon him ran; who, being well prepard,
His first affault full warily did wade,
And with the puth of his sharpe pointed speare
Fall on the breath him ftook, to strong and hard,
That forct him backe recoyle, and recle aare;
Yet in his body made no wound nor bious appear.

With that, the wilde man more enraged grew,
Like to a Tigre that hath mift his pray,
And with mid mood againe vpon him flew,
Regarding neither speare that mote him play,
Nor his fierce speed, that mote him much dilmay.
The salveage nation doth all dread depeare:
The, on his shield he griple bold did lay,
And held the fame to hard, that by no wyse
He could him force to loose, or leave his enterprise.

Long did he wret and wringe in and fro,
And enery way did try, but all in vain:
For he would not his greedy gripe for goc,
But hal'd and pul'd with all his might and maine,
That from his feed he nigh he drew againe.
Who hauing now no Boyle of his long speare,
So nigh at hand, nor force his shield to flaine,
Both speare and shield, as things that needlesse were,
He quite fortooke, and fled himselfe away for feare.

But after him the wild man ran apace,
And him pursuved with impoytune speed:
(For, he was swift as any Bucke in chace)
And had he not in his extreme need,
Been helped through the twiftetle of his fereed,
He had him ouer taken in his flight.
Who, ever as he saw he him nigh succeed,
Gan cry aloud with horrid affright,
And thricked out; a thing vacomely for a knight.

But when the Salveage saw his labour vaine,
In following of him, that fled so fast,
He weary wore, and back return'd againe:
With speare vnto the place, where as he left
Had left that couple, neere their vmoft eft.
There he that knight full forely bleeding found,
And eke the Lady ileafely aghast,
Both for the perill of the present found,
And also for the sharpefle of her rankling wound.

But the wild man, contrary to her feare,
Came to her, creeping like a tawing hound,
And by rude tokens made to her appear
His deep compassion of her dolerfull found,
Kissing his hands, and crouching to the ground;
For, other language had he none nor speach,
But a loft murmure, and confufed found
Of senfelesse words, which Nature did him teach,
T'express his passions, which his reason did empeach.

And comming likewise to the wounded knight,
When he beheld the breathes of purple blood
Yet flowing freth as moued with the fight,
He made great mome, after his salueage mood:
And running straight into the thicket wood,
A certaine herbe from thence vnto him brought,
Whose vertue he by vle well underfoode:
The stiece whereof into his wound he wrought,
And flippd the bleeding freaticke ere he it lanchted thought.

Then taking ye that Reclusains shield and speare,
Which erst he left, he signes vnto them made,
With him to vndoe his woning neare:
To which he eaily did them perwaide,
Farr in the forrest by a hollow glade,
Covered with mossie shrubs, which speredding broad
Did underthem make them a gloomy liade;
Wherefoot of living creature never trode. (ode)
Ne scared wild beasts durft come, there was this wights a-

Thither
Thither he brought these unacquainted guests:
To whom faire semblance, as he could, he shewed
By signes, by lookses and all his other Geoffis.
But the bare ground, with hoary moss beside grew,
Must be their bed, their pillow was unfowr,
And the frutes of the forrest was their feast.
For, their bad Sauard neither plough'd nor sowed,
Ne fed on felts, ne euer of wilde brest.

Dida taffe the bloud, obeying Natures first behealt.

Yet howsoever brave and meane it were,
They took it well, and thanked God for all;
Which had them free'd from that deadly feare,
And lay'd from being to that saufe thrill.
Hete they of force (as fortune now did fall),
Compeil'd were themselves awhile to rett,
Glad of that eament, though it were but small;
That havin there their wounds, while redreft,
They mose the aliter to pale into the cett.

During which time, that wyll man did apply
Him selfe cendous, and his daily paine,
In feeking all the woods both faire and yse
For heres to dresse there wounds; full feeming paine,
When ought he did, that did their liking guite;
So as ere long he had that knightes wound
Recouer well, and made him whole againe:
But that same Ladies hurts no herbe he found,
Which could redreffe, for it was invarded sawn.

Now when as Calepine was woxen strong,
Vpon a day he caft abroad to wend,
To take the syre, and heare the thrushes song,
Vnarm'd, as fearing neither foe nor friend,
And without foward his perfon to defend;
There him befall, unlooked for before,
An hard adventure with vnhappy end,
A cruel Beare, the which an infant bore,
Bestwist his bloody lawes, bebrinkled all with gore.

The little babe did loude stercke and squall,
And all the woods with pitious plants did fill,
As if his crye did make for help to call
To Calepine, whose ears the thrushes thrill
Percussing with his heart with pites point did thrill;
That after him, he ran with zealous baffe,
To refere th infant, etc he did him kill;
Whom though he sawe now somewhat ouer-paft,
Yet by the crye he follow'd, and parued all.

Well then him chaunte his heauie armes to want,
Whose burden more imprech he needfull speed,
And hinder him from libertie to pant:
For, haung long time, as his daily weed,
Them want to weare, and wend on foot far need,
Now wanting them he felt himselfe to light,
That like an Hanke, which feeling her felles freed
From beint and lelles, which did letcher flight,
Erm fenn'd his feet did fly, and in thir speed delight.

So well he fpeid him, that the wary Beare
Ere long he ouer-tooke, and forc't to fly;
And without weapon he affyling neare,
Compell'd him tooone the foyle adowne to lay.
Wherewith the beale entag'd to lose his prey,
Vpon him turnd, and with greedy force
And furry, to be crost in his way,
Gaping full wide, did thinke withoulte remorse
To be sueng'd on him, and to devoure his cote.

But the bold knight no whitt therest did fray'd:
But catching vp in hand a ragged stone,
Which lay thereby (to fortunate him did alaye),
Vpon him ran, and thirft it all atone
Into his gaping throne, that made him groce
And gape for breath, that he nigh choked was,
Being unable to digest that bone:
Ne could it upward come, nor downward pass:
Ne could he brooke the coldneffe of the flowy mafs.

Whom when as he thus cumbred did behold,
Struing in vaine that righ his bowels braft,
Wit he with clo'st: and layeing mighty hold
Vpon his throate, did gape his gorge to fall,
That wanting breath, him downe to ground he cast;
And then oppressing him with vrgent paine,
Ere long encoor't to breath his visous blatt,
Gapping his cruel teeth at him in vaine,
And thrashing his sharpes claws, now wanting poore to

Then tooke he vp betwixt his armes swaine
The little babe, sweet relaxts of his praye;
Whom pitting to heare to fore complaine,
From his foit eyes the tears he wyp't away,
And from his face the blith that did it ray;
And every little teare he searcht around,
And every part, that vnder swaree-ban lies lay,
Leath that the beaith sharpe teeth had any wound.
Made in his tender flesh: but whole them all he found.

So hauing all his bands against vp-tide,
He with him thought backe to r tarnge againe:
But when he lookt about on euery side,
To weecth which way were beft to entertaine,
To bring him to the place where he should praine,
He could no pust nor tracht of foot decrye,
Ne by inquiry learn, nor gheelle by aymo.
For, nought but woods and forrests faire and yse,
That all about did close the compasse of his eye.

Much was he then encompassed, ne could tell
Which way to take: now Well he went awhile,
Then North; then neither, but a fortune fell,
So vp and downe he wandred many a mile,
With weary truelle and uncertaine toyle.
Yet notht the nearer to his journeys end;
And caustmore his loue full little ipoyle.
Crying for food did greatly him offend.
So all that day in wandring vacuely he did spend.

E c 4
At last, about the setting of the Sunne,  
He felt out of the forest he did winde,  
And by good fortune the plaine Champion wonne;  
Where looking all about, where he more find  
Some place of succour to content his mind.  
At length he heard under the forest side.  
A voice, that seemed of some woman-kind,  
Which to her self lamenting loudly side,  
And oft complaunt of Fate, and Fortune oft deside.  

To whom approaching, when at fire percussed  
A stranger with a base, her plaint the fyrd,  
As if she doubted to have beene deceived,  
Or loth to let her sorrowes be bewrayed.  
Whom when as Calepsus law fo dismayed,  
He to her drew, and with faire blandishment  
Her careing vp, thus gently to her said;  
What be you wooll Dame, which thus lament?  
And for what cause declare, so mote ye not repent.  

To whom he thus, What neede me Sir to tell  
That which your selfe haue earld are fo right?  
A wooll Dame ye haue me teamed well;  
So much more wooll, as my wooll plight  
Cannot be releaved by willing wight.  
Not lefte, quoth he, it neede do not you bind.  
Doest disdole, to eate your grievous bright.  
Oft-times it haps, that sorrowes of the mind  
Find remedy hastily, which feeling cannot find.

Then thus began the lamentable Dame;  
Sith then ye needs will knowe the grief I heoord,  
I am th' unfortunate Mantle by name,  
The wife of bold Sir Brun, who is Lord.  
Of all this land, late conquer'd by his sword  
From a great Giant, call'd Cernonoant;  
Whom he did overthrowe by yonder foord,  
And in three battall done did deadly hurt,  
That he dare not returne for all his daily vantage.  

So is my Lord now seiz'd of all the land,  
As in his fee, with peaceable cite,  
And quietely did hold it in his hand,  
Ne any dares with him for debate.  
But to those happy fortunes, cited Fate  
Hath joynd one euell, which doth over-throwe  
All other our joyes, and all our blissfull estate;  
And like in time to further ill to grove,  
And all this land with endless loffe to over-flowe.

For, th' heauens, enuing our prosperity,  
Hate not vouchsafe to grant unto vs twaine  
The gladfull bleeding of potterie,  
Which we might see after our false remains  
In th' heritages of our whappy pais:  
So that for want of heires to defend,  
All in th' time like to returne againe  
To that foule feend, which daily doth attend  
To leap into the fame after our liues end.

But moost my Lord is grieved here withall,  
And makes exceeding moone, when he does thinke  
That all this land into his feo shall fall.  
For which he long in vaine did fast and winke,  
That now the same he greatly doth for-thinke.  
Yet was it fayd, there should to him a forrne  
Be gotten, not begotten, which should drinke  
And dry vp all the water, which doth runne  
In the next brooke, by whom that feend should be fordon.

Well hopt he then, when this was propheised,  
That from his side some noble child should rife,  
The which, through fame should farre be magnified:  
And this proud Giant should with brasse emprize  
Quite overthrowe, who now gunnes to deftine  
The good Sir Brun, growing farre in yeares;  
Who thinkes from me his forrow all doth rife.  
Lo, this my cause of griefe to you appears;  
For which I thus do mourn, &poure forth caeleffe tears.

Which when he heard, he inly touched was  
With tender rath for her vnworthy griefe:  
And when he had deuised of her cite,  
He gan in mind conccite a fit reliefe  
For all her gaine, if please her make the peigne.  
And haungheheared her, thus sayd; Fare Dame,  
In euils, counsell is the comfort chiefest;  
Which though I be not wife enough to frame,  
Yet as I well it meane, vouchsafe it without blame.

If that the cause of this thy languishment  
Be lacke of children, to supply your place;  
Lo, how good fortune doth to you present  
This little babe, of sweet and losely face,  
And oftest fpirit, in which ye may enchaunte  
What-cuer formes ye lift thereto apply.  
Being now lost and fit them to embrace;  
Whether ye lift him traine in chealluy,  
Or nouelle vp in lore of learn'd Philosophy.

And certes it hath often-times beene scene,  
That of the like whose fhit lineage was unknowne.  
More braue and noble knights haue rayfed bene  
(As their victorious deeds have often showen,  
Being with fame through many Nations blowen)  
Then bohe, which have beene damm'd in the lap.  
Theorefore some thought, that those brave imps were  
Here by the gods, and fed with heavenly lap,  
(To whom That made them growe so high tall honor able lap.

The Lady, hearkning to his sensefull speech,  
Found nothing that he said, ymage nor geason,  
Having off scene it tride, as he did teach.  
Therefore inclining to his goodly reason,  
Agreeing well both with the place & fashion,  
She gladly did of that fame babe accept,  
As of her owne by luery and feason;  
And hauneing oyer it a little wept.  
She bore it thrice, and euer as her owne it kept.
Canto V.

The Salavage surnes Matilda well,
  till he Prince Arthure find;
Who her together with his Squire
  with th'Hermit leaves behynd.

What an easie thing is to desiere,
The gentle bloud, how-euer it be wrapt
In fid misfortunes foule deformity,
And wretched sorrows, which haue ofte hapt?
For, how couer it may growe mis-flup't
(Like this wyld man, being vndisciplyn'd)
That to al vertue it may feeme vnpitt,
Yet wil he shew some fitures of gentle mind,
And at the last breake forth in his owne kinde.

That plainly may in this wyld man be red,
Who though he were still in this defert wood,
Mongst caltage beasts, both rudecly borne and bred,
Ne euer sawe euer guarme, ne learned good,
Yet shew'd some token of his gentle bloud,
By gentle visage of that wretched Dame.
For, certes he was borne of noble bloud,
How-euer by hard hap he bither came
As ye may know, when time shall be to tell the same.

Who when as now long time he lacked had
The good Sir Caltine, that euer was strayd,
Did were exceeding forrowfull and sad,
As he of some misfortune were strayd:

Albe that Dame(by all the meanes she might)
Him oft desir'd home with her to wand,
And offered him(by his courtesie to requite)
Both hoarse and armes, and what-so eile to lend
Yet he them all reiues'd, though shankt her as a friend.

And for exceeding griefe which inly grew,
That he his loute so luckless now had lost,
On the coldie ground, maugre himself he threw,
For fell delight, to be so sorely croft;
And there all night himselfe in anguish tost:
Vowing, that never he in bed againe
His limbes would rest, ne lig in safe embolt,
Till that his Ladye fight he more attaine,
Or vnderhand, that he in safety did remayne.
Whom when the Saluage sawe so faire diffiret,
He reared her vp from the bloody ground,
And sought by all the meanes that he could beft
Her to recuire out of that flamy wound,
And smutch the bleeding of her dreary wound.
Yet nought the be recomforted for nought,
No eafe her sorrow and impatients found,
But day and night did vexe her carefull thought,
And euer more and more her owne affliction wrought.

At length, when as no hope of his returne
She faw now left, the caft to leave the place,
And wend abroad, though feeble and forlorn,
To seek some comfort in that fory cafe.
His ftreng, now ftrong through reft to long a space,
Well as the coude, the go, and did bedight:
And being thereon mounted, forth did pafe,
Without guide, her to conduct at right,
Or guard her to defend from bold oppressors might.

Whom when her Hoft law ready to depart,
He would not suffer her alone to fare,
But gat him felle address to take her part,
Theile warlike armes, which Calipine whyche
Had left behind, he gat etfoones prepare,
And put them all about him felle vnfit,
His shield, his helmet, and his curats bare;
But without word upon his thigh to fit:
Sir Calipine himfelfe away had hidden it.

So forth they trusted an vnconce yarde,
That mote to all men feem an vnucht fight;
A faluage ma charch with a Lady Eyre,
That rather feem'd the conquest of his might,
Gotten by spoyle, then purchased aright.
But he did her attend moft carefully,
And Faithfullly did ferve both day and night,
Without thought of shame or villeny,
Ne euer thoughe figne of foule dioyalty.

Upon a day as they on their way they went,
It chaunc'd some furniture about her feced
To be disordered by some accident:
Which to redrefs, the did th'affiftance need
Of this her groome: which he by figgae did reced;
And freight his comrous armes sife did lay
Vpon the ground, withouten doubt or dread,
And in his homely wize began his fay.
'Twas mend what was amifle, and put in right array.

But which wha't he was bufied thus hard,
Lo, where a knight together with his Squire,
All arm'd to point, came riding thitherward,
Which seemed by their portance and atture,
To be two errant Knights, that did enquire
After adventures, where they motte them get.
Those were to weet (if that ye be require)
Prince Arthur and young Timias, which met
By strange occasion, that here needs forth be fet.

After that Timias had atayne secured
The fauour of Belphæbe, (as ye heard)
And of her grace did stand atayne adored,
To happy bliss he was full high vpreard,
Neither of enuy, nor of change afcared,
Though many foes did him maligne therefore,
And with vnuit destruction him did beare;
Yet he him felde so well and wisely bore,
That in her foueraine liking he dwelt evermore.

But of them all, which did his mine fecke,
Three mighty enimes did him molt delight;
Three mighty ones, and enuell minded ecke,
That him not onely fought by open might
To ouerthrowe, but to implant by flight.
The frit of them by name was call'd Difpetto,
Exceeding all the reft in powre and hight;
The fecond not fo strong, but wife, Decetto;
The third nor strong nor wife, but Spightfullefte Defetto.

Oft-times their fundry powers they did employ,
And fourer all deceipt, but all in vaine:
For, neither they by force could him deftruy,
Ne yet entrap in tricks full ill renown'd,
Therefore conspiring all together place,
They did their counsels now in one compound;
Where engineles forces faile, conioynd may gain.
The Blantant Beast the fittest means they found,
To worke his vster shame, and throughly him confound.

Upon a day as they the time did waite,
When he did range the wood for faluage game,
They faw that Blantant Beast to be a baite,
To drawe him from his deare beloved Dame,
Vnwares into the danger of defame.
For, well they wift, that Squire to be fo bold,
That no one beatin forret wilde or tame.
Met him in chafe, but he it challenge would,
And plucke the prey oft-times out of their greedy holde.

The harder boar, as they descried had,
Seeing the vyg Monfter paffing by,
Upon him fet, of perill nought adrar,
Ne skillfull of the vnouth reopardy;
And charged him to free and curiouly,
That (his great force vnable to endure)
He forced was to turne from him and fly:
Yet ere he fled, he with his tooth impure
Him howe drieffe bit, the whiles he was thereof secure.

Surely he did after him pursuaw,
Thinking by speed to ouertake his flight:
Who through thick woods & brakes & briers him drew,
To weary him the more, and waite his spight;
So that he now has almoft spent his spight,
Till that at length into a woody glade
He came, whole course flopt his further flight:
There his three foes, throwed in guilefull shade,
Out of their ambush broke, and gan him to invade.

Sharply
The Faery Queene

18 Sharply they all at once did him assaile,
   Burning with inward rancour and deflight,
   And heaped strokes did round about him bare
   With so huge force, that seemed nothing might
   Beare off their blowses from perceiving thorough quite.
   Yet them all so warrily did ward,
   'T had none of them in his softest did bite,
   And all the while his backe for best safeguard,
   He leant against a tree, that backeward outlet shot.

   Like a wilde Bull, that being at a bay,
   Is baited with a maffffe and a hound,
   And a curse-dog: that doe him shape sally
   On everie side, and beat about him round;
   But most that curse, barking with bitter found,
   And creeping full behind, doth him incomber,
   That in his chaunce he diggs the trampled ground,
   And threats his horns, and bellowes like the thunder;
   So did thate Squire his foes disperse, and drive aforonter.

20 Him well behoued for: for his three foes
   So plight to encompass him on everie side,
   And dangerously did round about enclose:
   But most of all Defette him annoyed,
   Creeping behind him full to hurt destryde:
   So did Defette eke him circumvent.
   But flout Defette, in his greater pride,
   Did from him face to face against him bent;
   Yet he them all withfoold, and oftern made relent.

21 Till that at length night tyde with former chase,
   And weary now with careful keeping ward,
   He gan to thinke, and somwhat to gaine place,
   Full like ere long to have escaped hard;
   When-as vnwares he in the forrest heard
   A trampling feeted, that with his neighing full
   Did warne his rider bevore upon his gard;
   With noise whereof the Squire, now nigh aghast,
   Receiued was, and sad despaire way did cast.

22 Eftoones he spied a Knight approaching nee,
   Who seeing one in so great daunger set
   Mongt many foes, himselfe did ratter he,
   To reskue him, and his weak part abate,
   For pitie so to see him onse-set,
   Whom soone as his three enemies did view,
   They red, and left into the wood did get;
   Him booted not to think them to pursue,
   The court was so thick, that did no paffeage hew.

23 Then turning to that swaine, him well he knew
   To be his Thomas his owne true Squire:
   Whereof exceeding glad he to him drew,
   And him embracing twist his armes entire,
   Him thus beseake: My lefe, my lyes desire,
   Why haue ye me alone thus long ylef?
   Tell me what worldes despight, or heavens yre
   Hath you thus long away from me bereft,
   Where haue ye all this while bin wandring, where bin weft.

24 With that, he sighed deep for inward yyne:
   To whom the Squire nought answered againe;
   But shedding few soft teares from tender yyne,
   His deare affeft with filence did refraine,
   And shut vp all his plant in priuy paine.
   There they awhile some gracious speches spent,
   As to them seemed fit, time to entertaine.
   After all which, to their needs they went,
   And forth together rode a comely complement.

25 So now they be arrived both in sight
   Of this wild man, whom they full busie found
   About the sad Serena things to dight,
   With those braue armours lying on the ground,
   That fenm'd the spoyle of some right well renown:
   Which when that Squire beheld, he to them fptept,
   Thinking to take them from that hilding hound:
   But he it feeing lightly to him kept,
   And renely with strong hauist from his handling kept.

26 Gnashing his grinded teeth with grimly looke,
   And sparkling fire out of his formt yneye,
   Him with his full vnwares on the head he strooke,
   That made him downe vnto the earth encline,
   Whence foone voluting much he gan repine.
   And laying hand upon his wrathfull blade,
   Theythwithall forthwith him to haue disposed,
   Who if perceiving, hand upon him layd,
   And greedily him gripping, his engagemt flaid.

27 With that, aloud the faire Serena cryde
   Vnto the Knight them to diuide in twaine:
   Who to them stopping did them soone dvide,
   And did from further violence refraine.
   Albe the wylde-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 falleage villains hand,
   And whethre free with him she now were, or in band.

28 To whom she thus: I am, as now ye see,
   The wretched Dama, that liues this day on ground;
   Who both in minde, the which most grieueth me,
   And body, haue receiv'd a mortall wound,
   That hath me driuen to this dreery found.
   I was eerewhile, the Loute of Calpine:
   Whoe whether he alise beto be found,
   Or by some deadly chance be done to pise,
   Sith I him lately loft, meath to define.

29 In faluage forest I him lot of late,
   Where I had feared long ere this been dead,
   Or else remained in most wretche storme,
   Had not this wilde man in that wofull fea
   Kept, and deluced me from dreadly dread.
   In such a faluage right, of brutish kynd,
   Amongst wilke beefs in defert forrests bred,
   It is most strange and wonderfull to find
   So mild humanity, and perfect gentle mind.

Lea
Let me therefore this favor for him finde,
That ye will not your wrath upon him wrecake,
Sith he cannot express his simple minde,
Ne yours conceuie, ne but by tokens speake:
Small praise to proye your powre on weight to weake.
With fuch faire words she did their heat allwage,
And the long course of their displeasure brake,
That they to pity turnd their former rage,
And each such to supply the office of her page.

So having all things well about her dight,
She on her way cast forward to proceed;
And they her forth conduced, where they might
Finde her hart fit to comfort her great need.
For, now her woundes corruption gun to breed;
And eke this Squire, who likewife wounded was
Of that same Monfter late, for lacke of heed,
Now gan to faint, and further could not passe.
Through feelelence, which all his limbes opprressd had.

So forth they rode together all in troupe,
To seeke some place, the which mote yeeld famne eale
To these fickle trauers, that now began to droupe.
And all the way the Prince fought to appease
The bister anguith of their sharpe diftale,
By all the courteous meanes he could inuent;
Sometimes with merry purpose fit to plesa,
And otherwile with good encouragement,
To make them to endure the pain did them torment.

Mongt which, Serena did to him relate
The foule difcourrse of the unequil parts,
Which Turpin had into her swowed lade,
Without composition of her cruell finarts.
Although Elandina did with all her arts
Him otherwile perfwade, all that she might;
Yet he of malice, without her delates,
Not onely her excluded late at night,
But also traiteroufly did wound her weare knight.

Wherewith the Prince fore ounce, there avoud,
That soone as he returned backe againe,
He would auenge thiss babe of that proud
And flamfull knight, of whom she did complaine.
This wise did they each other enteuinte,
To passe the tedious trauell of the way;
Till towards night they came into a Plaine,
By which a little hermitage there lay,
Far from all neighbourhould, the which annoy it may.

And nigh therto a little Chappell stood,
Which being all with Yowy over-spreed,
Decks all the roofes; and shadowing the rood,
Seem'd like a grosse faire branched ouer-head:
Therein the Hermite, which his life here led
In freight abasement of religious vow,
Was wont his howres and holy things to bed,
And therein he likewife was praying now.
When these knights arriv'd, they will not where nor how.

They stayd not there, but fright way in did pas.
Whom when the Hermite present faue in place,
From his devotion fright he troubled was,
Which breaking off, he toward them did pale,
With flayed steps, and grate becomming grace:
For, well it seem'd, that whyleme he had beene
Some goodly perfon and of gentle race:
That could his good to all, and well did weene,
How each to entertaine with curtife well before.

And soothly it was fayd by common fame,
So long as age enabled him thereto,
That he had been a man of mickle name,
Renowned much in armes and derring doe:
But being aged now and weary to
Of wittes delight, and worlds contentious toyle,
The name of Enghishhood he did disafow,
And hangings vp his armes and warlike spoyle.
From all this worlds incombrance did himselfe affoyle.

He thence them led into his Hermitage,
Letting their fide wes to graze upon the Green:
Small was his house, and like a little cage,
For his owne turne, yet only neat and clean,
Deckt with green boughes, and flowtes grace befone.
Therein he them full faire did entertaine
Not with such forfoghe flowtes, as fitter beene
For courting foules, that courtesyes would faine,
But with entire affection and appearance plaite.

Yet was their faire but hony, such as hee
Did vee, his feelebly body to fusaine.
The which full gladly they did take in gree,
Such as it was, he did of want complaine,
But being well suftiz'd, them refted faine.
But faire Serene all night could take no rett,
Yet yet that gentle Squire, for grievous paine
Of their late wounds, the which the Blantay Beaf
Had given then, the whole grief through luffancie forc inceast.

So all that night they pale in great difface,
Till the next morning, bringing early light
To guide mens labours, brought them also eafe,
And some allwagement of their painfull plegt.
Then vp they roke, and gun themselves to dight
Verto their journey; but that Squire and Dame
So faint and feeble were, that they ne might
Endure to trauell, nor one foot to frame:
Their harts were tike, their sides were fore, their feet were lame.

Therefore the Prince, whom great affaires in mind
Would not permit, to make there longer fly,
Was forced there to leave them both behind,
In that good Hermits charge, whom he did pray
To tend them well. So forth he went his way,
And with him eke the Saluage (that whylere
Seeing his royall vigne and array,
Was greatly growne in loue of that braye pere)
Would needs depart, as shall declarte be elsewhere.

Canto
Canto VI.

The Hermite heales both Squire & Dame
of their sore maladies:
He Turpine doth defeate, and shame
for his late villanies.

No wound, which was like hand of enemy
Infllicts with dint of sword, do force doth light,
As doth the poyntous sting, which Infamy
Inflxeth in the name of noble wight:
For, by no art, nor any Leaches might
It ever can recure be againe:
Ne all the skill, which that immortal slght
Of Puddleynge did in it retaine,
Can remedy such hurts; such hurts are hellish paine.

Such were the wounds, which the that Blant.Braft
Made in the bodies of that Squire and Dame:
And being such, were now much more increaft,
For want of taking heed into the fame,
That now corrupt and curelfe they became:
How-be that careful Hermite did his best,
With many kindes of medicines meet, to tame
The poyntous humour, which did most infect
Their rankling wounds, & every day them duly drest.

For, he right well in Leaches craft was fecce;
And through the long experience of his dites,
Which had in many forrines tofted beene,
And past through many perilous affaires,
He knew the diuerse went of mortall waies,
And in the mindes of men had great in-fight;
Which, with eftage cunning, when they went altray,
He could enforce, and them reduce aright,
And all the paffions heale, which wound the weakers right.

For, whylome, he had been a doughty Knight,
At any one that lived in his dites,
And proued oft in many perilous fght:
Of which he grace and glory wome alwaies,
And in all battels bore away the baires.
But beeing now attaucht with timely age,
And weary of this worlds vognet waies,
He rooke himselfe into this Hermiateage,
In which he layd alone, like carelesse bird in cage.

One day, as he was searching of their wounds,
He found that they had fiftred pruely,
And rankling inward with vnryly founds,
The inner parts now gan to putrifie,
That quize they seem'd paft helpe of surgery;
And rather needed to be disciplin'd
With wholesome remede of lud sobriety,
To rule the flubborn rage of paffion blind:
Givelues to every foure, but councell to the mind.

So, taking them apart into his Cell,
He to that point fit speeches gan to frame,
As he the art of words knew wondrous well,
And eke could doe, as well as fay the fame:
And thus he to them fald: Faire daughter Dame,
And you faire fonne, which heere thus long now lie
In pittious languor, fince ye hither came,
In vaine of me ye hope for remedie,
And I likewif in vaine doe false to you apply.

For, in youfelf ye onely helpe doth lie,
To heale her felues, and mift 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 fethce, obfere this one;
Furf, leaue your outward lenes to refraine
From things that thre of plaie affection;
Your eyes, your eares, your tongue, your talke refraine
From that they moft affect, and in due tournes containe.

For, from thofe outward lenes ill affected,
The fced of all this cuill firft doth fpring,
V Which at the firft before it had infected,
Mote cafe be suppreff with little thing;
But beeing growen strong, it ftoth doth bring
Sorrow, and anguish, and impotent paine
In th'inner parts, and fitfily affecting
Contagious poyfon clofe through every vaine,
It never refts, till it have wrought his finall bane.

FF.
For, that her teeth, which wounded you to the bone,
Are so exceeding venomous and keen,
Made all of rusty iron, rankling sore,
That where they bite, it boozeth not to weene
With false, or anidote, or other meanes
It euer to amend: ne manasse ought;
For, that same beast was breed of hellifh firene,
And long in darksome Stygian den vp-brought,
Begot of foule Echidna, as in books is taught.

Echidna is a Monster direfull dreed,
Whom Gods doe hate, and heaven abhor to see;
So hideous is her fiappe, to huge her head,
That even the hellish fiends affrighted bee
At flight thereof, and from her presence fle:
Yet did her face and former parts profelle
A faire young Maiden, full of comedy gle:
But all her hinder parts did plaine expresse
A monftrous Dragon, full of fearefull vgniffee.

To her the Gods, for her to dreadfull face
(In fearefull darkniff, furtheft from the skie,
And from the earth appointed have her place
Mongst Rocks and Caves, where the eudol doth lie
In hideson horror and obscenity,
Wufhing the strength of her immortal age.
There did Typhon with her company:
Cruell Typhion, whose tempestuous rage
Make th'heavens tremble oft, & him with vows affavage.

Of that commissioun they did then beget
This hellifh dog, that hight the Blatant Beaste
A wicked Monster, that his tongue doth whet
Curst all, both good and bad, both moit and leaff,
And poises his poytious gall forth; to infest
The noblebe with the notable defame:
Ne euer Knight, that bore fo losly creat,
Ne euer Lady of fo honett name,
But he them spotted with reprochfull, or secret flame.

In vaine therefore it were, with medicine
To goe about to fille such kind of fore,
That rather needs wele read and disciphine,
Then outward foules, that may augment it more:
Aye me! I say then Serene, fighting lore,
What hope of helpe doth then for vs remaine,
If that no Lues may vs to health refore?
But, fith we need good counsell, fayt the twaine,
Aread goe fire, some counsell, that may vs大纲.

The beft, fayd he, that I can you advise,
Is to avoide the occasion of the ill:
For, when the caufe whence cuill doth arife,
Remov'd is, th effect fureateth full.
Abstaine from pleasure, and refraine you will,
Subdue desire, and bridle loose delight,
We learned diet, and forbeare your fill,
Shun fercence, and talke in open fight:
So full you soon repaire your prefent cuill plight.

Thus having gaid, his sickly Patients
Did gladly harken to his grau. befeaf,
And kept to well his wife commandements,
That in short space their mauly was cefte;
And eke the bing of that harmesfull Beaste
Was throughly heal'd. Tho, when they did percease
Their wounds recurred, and forces reinaerst,
Of that good Hermitte both they tooke their leave,
And went both on their way, ne each would other leaute?

But each the other word'd accompanie
The Lady, for that she was much in dreed,
Now let alone in great extremity:
The Squire, for that he courteous was indeed,
Would not her leave alone in her great need.
So both together travel'd, till they met
With a faire Maiden clad in mourning weeds,
Upon a manye fale vnmettly set,
And a Iewd foolo her leading thorough dry and wet.

But by what meane that flame to her befeall,
And how thereof she felde the did acquite,
I muft awhile forbeare to you to tell:
Till that, as comes by course, I doe recite
What fortune to the Briton Prince did flue,
Purling that proud Knight, the which whileseare,
Wrought to Sir Calidene to foule delights:
And eke his Lady, though she fickerly were,
So lowly had about as ye did lately heare.

The Prince, according to the former token,
Which faire Serene to him deluered had,
Purs'd him straighth, in mind to been ywroken
Of all the vile demeane, and vslage bad,
With which he had thote two fo ill beftad:
Ne might he on that onadventure went,
But that wilde man, whom though he oft forbade,
Yet for no bidding, nor for being fent,
Would he reftrain'd be from his attemption.

Arriving there, as did by chancse befall,
He found the gate wide ope, and in he rode,
Ne flaid, till that he came into the hall:
Whereof dismounting like a weare lode,
Vpon the ground with feele fecte he trode,
As he vnable were for very need
To move one foot, but there muft make abode;
The whiles the faluage men did take his heed,
And in some flable neere did let him vp to feed.

Ere long, to him a homely groove there came,
That in rude wife him asked what he was,
That durst fo boldly, without let or flame,
Into his Lords forbidden hall to paffe.
To whom, the Prince (him failing to embaze)
Mild answered, that he was an errant Knight,
The which was fall'to into this feelbe cafe,
Through many wounds, which lately he in fight,
Receiv'd had, and prayd to pitty his ill plight.

But
But he, the more outrageous and bold,  
Sternely did him, quickly thence avaunt,  
Or deare aby: for why, his Lord of old  
Did late all earnt Knights which there did haunt,  
Ne lodging would to any of them grant:  
And therefore lightly he him packe away,  
Not fearing him with bitter words to taint;  
And there-withal, rude hand on him did lay,
To thrust him out of doors, doing his worlly slay.

Which, when the Salung comming now in place
Behold, he counted all enraged to rage,
And running straight upon that villain base,
Like a fell Lion, at him fiercely flew,
And with his teeth and nails, in present view,
Him rudely rent, and all to pieces tore:
So mirably him all helpefull flew,
That with the noise, while it he did loudly roar,
The people of the bonie rofe forth in great vp-rose.

Who, when on ground they saw their fellow slaine,
And that same Knight and Salung standing by,
Upon them tow they fell with might and maine,
And on them laid so huge and horribly,
as if they would have slaine them presently.

But the bold Prince defended him so well,
And their assault withbold so mightily,
That maugre all their might, he did repell
And beat them back, while it many underneath him fell.

Yet he them still so sharply did purswe,
That few of them he left alive, which fled,
Those euidiing to their Lord to shew.

Who, hearing how his people badly sped,
Came forth in haste, where, when-as with the dead
He saw the ground all strew'd, and that same Knight
And Salung with their blood fresh flaming red,
He wrose might mad with wrath and fell delight,
And with reprochefull words him thus bespake: on hight;

Arthoue he, traytor, that with treachon vile
Half slaine my men in this manfully manner,
And now triumphed in the pitious spoile
Of those poore folk, whose foulss with black disfavour
And foule deforme doge decks thy bloody banner?
The meed whereof shall shortely be thy shame,
And wretched end, which still attendeth on her.
With that, him selfe to battell he did frame;
So did his forty yeomen, which there with him came.

With dreadful force they all did him affaire,
And round about with boystulos strokes apparelle,
That on his head did rattle like to hale
In a great tempest: that in such diffecle,
He wist not to which side him to addresse.
And euermore that euerzeen coward Knight,
Was at his back with hartelle heedinfe,
Waiting if the vanwares him mother might:
For, cowardize doth full in villany delight.

Vhcreof when-as the Prince was well aware,
He to him turnd with furious intent,
And him against his powre gran to prepare;
Like a fierce Bull, that beeing bus pressured
To fight with many foes about him went,
Feeling some curse behind his heele to bite,
Turnes him about with full avenge ment:
So likewie turnd the Prince vpon the Knight,
And layd at him amaine with all his will and might.

Who, when he once his dreadfull strokes had tafted,
Durst not the furie of his force abide,
But turn'd about: and to retirr him hasted.
Through the thick peace, there thinking him to hide.
But when the Prince had once him plainly eyed,
He foot by foot him followed awaye,
Ne would he suffer once to shrinke aside;
But joyning clofe, huge load at him did lay:
Who flying full did ward, and wandring fly away.

But, when his stroke he full so eager saw,
Vnto his heele his selfe he did beat:
Hoping vnto some refuge to with-draw:
Ne would the Prince him euer foot forsake,
Where-so he went, but after him did make.
He fled from room to room, from place to place,
Whil's it euer joynts for dread of death did quake,
Still looking after him that did him chaffe:
That made him euer more increas his speedy pace.

At last, he vp into the chamber came,
Where-as his Lonne was sitting all alone,
Waxing what tydings of his strokes became.
There did the Prince him over-take anone,
Crying in vaine to her, him to becomone:
And with his sword him on the head did smite,
That to the ground he fell in fenteleff swone:
Yet whether wrath or flatly it did bite,
The tempred feele did not into his braine-pun bite.

Which when the Lady saw, with great affright
She staring vp, began to frreke aloud:
And with her garments covering him from sight,
Seem'd under her protection him to shroude;
And falling lowely at his feet, her bow'd
Vpon her knee, intreating him for grace,
And often him besought, and prayed, and vow'd
That with the ruth of her so wretched cafe,
He flaid his second stroke, and did his hand abase.

Her weed she then with drawing, did him discover:
Who now come to him selfe, yet would not rise,
But still did lie as dead, and quake and quater,
That run the Prince his bagellle did depist:
And eke his Dame him seeing in such guise,
Gan him reforme, and from ground to reare.
Who rising vp at last in ghastly wife,
Like troubled ghost did dreadfully appear,
As one that had no life him left through former feate.

F. 2.        

Whom
Whom when the Prince do falsely saw diffmaid,
He for such babetelle shamefully him shent,
And with sharp words did bitterly vpraint;
Vile coward dog, now doe I much repent,
That ever I this life unto thee lent,
Whereof thou callite to unworthy art;
That both thy Lawe, for lack of hardiment,
And eke thy selfe, for want of manly hart,
And eke all Knights haft shamed with this knightlesse

Yet further haft thou heapes shame to shame,
And crime to crime, by this thy coward feare.
For, first it was to thee reproachfull blame,
To oteft this wicked ewtome, which I heare,
Gainst errant Knights and Ladies thou dost rare:
Whom when thou maist, thou dost of armes depoile,
Or of their vpper garment which they weare:
Yet doost thou not with manhood, but with guile,
Maintaine this cuill vs, thy foes thereby to fode.

And latly, in approuance of thy wrong,
To shew such fainffleffe and foule cowardize,
Is greatest shame; for oft it falleth, that strong
And valiant knights do ratheely enterprise,
Either for fame, or else for exercise,
A wrongfull quarrell to maintaine by fight;
Yet haue, through prowess & their brave emprise,
Gotten great worchip in this worlde fight. (right.)
For, greater force there needs to maintaine wrong then

Yet fith this life unto this Lady fair,
I gien hauie, liuent in reproche and scornes;
Ne euer armes, ne euer knighthood dare
Hence to professe: for, shame is to adorn
With fo braue badges one to basely borne;
But onely breathe, fith that I did forgive.
So, housing from his cruen body torne
Those goodly armes, he them away did gine,
And onely suffered him this wretched life to live.

There, whilft he thus was lenting things about,
As women wont their guifefull wits to guide;
Or learn'd the art to pleafe, I do not find.
This well I wote, that shoo do well apply
Her pleafting tongue, that soone the pacifice
The wrathfull Prince, & wrought her hurbands peace;
Who nathelesse, not theer with latifide,
His rancorous delight did not releafe,
Necereft from thought of fell reuenge furceffe.

Canto VI.

Whom when the Prince so tally saw to rage,
Approaching to him neere, his hand he flaitd,
And sought, by making signes, him to allwage:
Who, them perceiving, vright to him obaid,
As to his Lord, and downe his weapons laid,
As if he long had to his heartes been trained.
Thence he him brought away, and vp conuaid
Into the chamber, where that Dame remained
With her unworthy knight, who ill him entertain'd.

Whom when, the Salus gefaw from dangerous free,
Sitting befoide his Lady there at eafe,
He well remembred, that the fame was bee,
Which lately fought his Lord for to dilefpect:
Tho, all in rage, he on him straightly did feaze,
As if he would in peeces him make rente:
And were not that the Prince did him appeaze,
He had not left one limbe of him vertente:
But straight he held his hand, at his commandeent.

Thus, hauing all things well in peace ordaine,
The Prince himfelfe there all that night did reft;
Where him Blandine fairly entertained,
With all the courteous glee and goody feast,
The which for him fhe could imagine best.
For, wel fhe knew the waies to win good will
Of every wight, that were not too intelt;
And how to pleafe the minds of good and ill, (skill.
Trough tempering of her words & lookes by wondrous

Yet were her words and lookes but falie and fained,
To some hid end to make more cafe way
Or to allure fuch fondlings, whom fhe trained
Into her trap unto their owne decay:
There-to when neede, she could wepe and pray,
And when her lifte, she could fwanne and flatter:
Now fminging smoothely, like to fommeres days,
Now glooming fadly, fo to cloke her matter;
Yet were her words but wind, & all her tears but water.

Whether fuch grace were givn her by kind,
As women wont their guifefull wits to guide;
Or learn'd the art to pleafe, I do not find.
This well I wote, that shoo do well apply
Her pleafting tongue, that soone the pacifice
The wrathfull Prince, & wrought her hurbands peace;
Who nathelesse, not theer with latifide,
His rancorous delight did not releafe,
Necereft from thought of fell reuenge furceffe.

For, al that night, the whiles the Prince did reft
In carelesse couch, not weeting what was meant,
He watch in clofe awite with weapons preft,
Willing to worke his villainous intent
On him that had fo shamefully him shent:
Yet darft he not for very cowardize
Effect the fame, whilft al the night was spent.
The morrow next, the Prince did earlie rife,
And paffed forth, to follow his first enterprise.
Canto VII.

Turpine is baffled, his two knights
doe gaine their treasons meed,
Faire Mirabelle's punishment
for loves disdaine decreed.

The knights beleau'd, that all he said, was trew;
And being fresh, and full of youthful sprite,
Were glad to hear of that adventure new,
In which they meste make tryall of their might,
Which neither yet they had approvd in fight:
And eke desirous of the offered meed,
Said then the one of them; Where is that might,
The which hath done to thee this wrongfull deed,
That we may it avenge, and punish him with speed?

Hee rides, said Turpine, there not farre afoore,
With a wilde man full footong by his side,
That if ye histe to haftle a little more,
Ye may him over-take in timely tide:
Estioones they pricked forth with forward pride;
And ere that little while they ridden had,
The gentle Prince not farre away they spide,
Riding a foftly pace with portance sad,
Deuizing of his Lour, more then of danger dread.

Then one of them aloud into him cride,
Bidding him turne againe, full of truasy knight,
Foule woman-wronger! for, he him defide.
Vvith that, they both attence with equal sight
Did bend their speares, and both with equal might
Against him range; but thone did muffle his minke;
And beeing carried with his force forth-right,
Glaintly twifily bys like to that heavenly sparke,
Which glyding through the aire, lights all the heavens

But th other, assying better, did him finite
Full in the shield, with so impetuous powre,
That all his lance in peeces fluided quite,
And (flattered al about) fell on the flourre.
But the stout Prince, with such more steddy flourre
Full on his beuer did him strike fo sore,
That his cold steel, through piercing deep, did denoure
His will breath, and to the ground him bore,
Where still he bathed lay in his owne bloody gore.

Fr. 3.
THE SIXT BOOKE OF Cant.VII.

9 As when a calt of Pauncions make their flight
At an Hennehaw, that lies aloft on winges,
The whiles they strike at him with headefull might,
The wytte folwe his bill doth backward wringing;
On which the first, whose force his first doth bring,
Her selfe quite through the body doth engore,
And fallet down to ground like fenelleffe thing;
But th'other, not to swift as the before,
Failes of her foule, and passing by, doth hurt no more.

10 By this, the other which was paffed by,
Himfelfe couening, was return'd to fight;
Where, when he faw his fellow wearie ftyly,
He much was daunted with fo littleall fight;
Yet thought abating of his former flipte,
Let drue at him with no malicious mind,
As if he would hafe paffed through him quight;
But the ftecke-head no ftecke-head hold could find,
But glamouring by, decei'd of that he defyr'd.

11 Noto the Prince: for, his well learned speare
Tooke furet hold, and from his fhorst backe
Aboute a lances length him forth did beare,
And gainft the cold hard earth foore him flike,
That all his bones in peeces nigh he brake.
Where feeming him fo lewe, he left his fed,
And to him leaping, vengeance thought to take
Of him, for all his former felles meed,
With flaming fword in hand his terror more to breed.

12 The fearfull fayne, beholding death fo nie,
Cried out aloud for mercy him to save:
In Ieue whereof, he would to him defcry
Great treasion to him meant, his life to reaue.
The Prince foone harkned, and his life forace,
Then thus, faid he: There is a stranger knight,
The which for promife of great meed, vs drate
To this attemp, to wreake his hid defpight,
For that himfelfe thereto did want sufficieint might.

13 The Prince much mufed at Such villainie,
And faid: Now sure ye well haue can'd your meed:
For, th'one is dead, and th'other done shall die,
Vnleffe to me thou fhalt be bring with speed
The wretch, that did you to this wicked deed.
He glad of life, and willing eke to wreake
The guilt on him, which did this many-hed breed,
Sware by his word, that neither day nor wecke
He would suecause, but him, where fo be he would feke.

14 So, vp he rofe, and forth straitly way he went
Backe to the place where Turpine late he loe;
There he him found in great affonimation,
To fee him to bedight with bloodie gore,
And grievly wounds that him appalid forc.
Yet thus at length he faid: How now, Sir knight?
What meane, or gien this which here I fee before?
How forruntid this foule uncomely plight,
So different from that, which eftaty seem'd in fight?

15 Perdy, faid he, in euill houre it fell,
That ouer I for meed did vnderake
So hard a take, as life for hire to fell;
The which I erit adventur'd for your fave.
Wintref the wounds, and this wide bloody lake,
Which ye may fce yet all about me feeme.
Therefore now yield, as ye did promife make,
My due rewarde; the which right well I deeme
I earned hate, that life fo dearly did redeem.

16 But where then is, quoth hee, halfe Wrightfully,
Where is the boote which therefore I bought;
That cursed caufe, my strong enemye,
That recreant knight, whose hated life I fough?
And where is eke your friend, which halfe it ought?
He lies, faid he, upon the cold bare ground,
Slaine of that errant knight, with whom he fought;
Whom afterwards, my life with many a wound
Did they agaue, as ye may fee there in the round.

17 Thereof, Efie Turpine was full glad and faine,
And needs with him fraught to the place would ride,
Where he himfelfe might fee his foe-man faine;
For, eft his faire could not be fatifide.
So, as they rode, he law the way all dife
With ftrames of blooud; which tracking by the traile,
Ere long they came, where-as in euill fride,
That other famine, life with deadly pale,
Lay in the lap of death, rew'ing his wretched bale.

18 Much did the Cruen feeme to mone his cafe,
That for his faire his deare life had forgone;
And him bewareing with affection faine,
Did counterfet kind pity, where was none:
For, where's no courage, there's no ruth nor mone.
Thence paffing forth, not farre away he found,
Where-as the Prince himfelfe lay all alone,
Loofely display'd upon the grifle ground,
Polfiled of sweet sleepes, that laid him loft in wond.

19 Wearie of truell in his former fight,
He there in shade himfelfe had layd to reft,
Huing his armes and warlike things vnnight,
Fearerleffe of foes that more his peace moleft;
The whites, his faluege Page, that wont be pref,
Was wandred in the wood another way,
To dote some thing that feemed to him beft,
The whites his Lord in fluer flumber lay,
Like to the Euening flarre, adorn'd with dewye ray.

20 Whom when-as Turpine law so loofely layd,
He weened well that he indeed was dead,
Like as that other knight to him had faid:
But when he nigh approch'd, he more aread
Plume fignes in him of life and luudevhead.
Where-at much grieved against that stranger knight,
That him too light of credence did mislead,
He would hate back retir'd from that fight,
That was to him on earth the deadleeff despit.

But
But that same knight would not once let him start,
But plainly ran to him declare the case
Of all his mischiefs, and late unluckiest smart;
How both he and his fellow there at place
Were vanquished, and at issue not disgrace;
And how he in the heat of life him lest,
Had would victor, him to trace
And follow through the world, where-so ever he went,
Till that he delivered to his punishment.

He, there-with much abashed and afraid,
Began to tremble every limbe and vaine;
And stilye whispering him, entirely prey,
T'advise him better, then by such a treachery
Him to betray unto a stranger plane:
Yet rather confound him contrariwise,
Sith he leastwise did wrong by him sustaine,
To soyne with him and vengeance to revenge.
Whil' time did offer means him sleeping to surprize.

Nathiffe, for all his speech, the gentle knight
Would not be tempted to such villany.
Regarding more his faith, which he did plight;
Alas were it to his mortal enemy,
That to entrap him by false treacherie:
Great shame in Lovers blame to be embro'd.
Thus, whil'st they were debating distrayly,
The Salueage forthe out of the wood slie'd
Back to the place, where-as his Lord besleeping view'd.

There, when he saw those two so near him stand,
He doubted much what more their meaning bee:
And throwing down his load out of his hand
(To weet, great store of forest fruite, which bee
Had for his fond late gathered from the tree)
Himselfe into his weapon he betook'd.
That was an oaken plane, which lately bee
Rent by the root which he so strenely flooke's,
Which in a hazel wand, it quiered and quooke.

Where-at, the Prince awakynge, when he spide
The traytor Turpine with that other knight,
He starred vp, and snatching neere his side
His trusty sword, the terrour of his might;
Like a fell Lion leaped to him light,
And his left hand upon his collar lay'd.
There with, the coward dared with affright,
Fell flat to ground, ne word unto him saide,
But hushing vp his hands, with silence mercy praied.

But he in full of indignation was,
That to his prayer nought he would incline,
But as they lay upon the humbled gras,
His foot he let on his vile necke, in signe
Of pitiful yoke, that nother harts repine.
Then, let him in sandle take aback his thrall,
Him gues to him owne his hauntsome armes,
And set full and rare, and retrench call.
And saddly, to desouple of knightly bountall.

And after all, for greater inmancy,
He by the heales him hung upon a tree,
And baffulfid do, that all which paffed by,
The picture of his punishment might see,
And by the like weight of woinfume wearne bee,
How ever they through his treachere doe trufcuse.
But t'wro we now back to that Lady free,
Whom Lucus left riding upon an Afe.
Led by a Carle and footle, which by her side did passe.

She was a Lady of great dignity,
And fitted up to honourable place,
Famous through all the land of Faerie,
Though of meane parentage and kindred base,
Yet deckt with wondrovs gifts of Nature grace,
That all men did her perfom much admire,
And praise the feature of her goodly face,
The beams whereof did neke lovely fire
In th' hearts of many a knight, and many a gende Squire.

But flee thereof grew proud and insolent,
That none she worthy thought to be her fire,
But forced them all that love into her ment,
Yet was the love of many a worthy perce.
Vnworthy she to be belied for she,
That could not nobless offer princely.
For, beaute is more glorious, bright and cleare,
The more it is admir'd of many a yight,
And noblest fire, that stevetd is of noblest knight.

But this coy Damzett thought contrariwise,
That such proud looks would make her praised more;
And that the more she did all love define,
The more would wretcheth Lovers her adore.
What care she, who seght for her fore,
Or who did wale, or watch the weary night?
Let them that lift, their lacke lefe of oreople:
Shee was borne free, not bound to any wight,
And so would cote luie, and love her owne delight.

Through fuch her stubbornflesse, and hard hart,
Many a wretch, for want of remedy,
Did languishe long in life-consumming smart,
And at the light, through daerly colour die:
Whil'st shee (the Lady of her libertie)
Did boast her beauty had such fourane mighth,
That with the onely twinkle of her eye,
She could or face, or spitt, whom she the wight.
What could the Gods doe more, but doe it more aught?

But loe, the Gods, that mortall follies view,
Did worthily reuenge this maydens pride:
And, nought regarding her so godely hew,
Did laugh therat. many did deride,
Whil'st she did wepe, of no man mercifull:
For, on a day, when Cupid kept his Court,
As heis wente at each Saint Valentins,
Vnto the which all Lovers doe resort,
That of thir loues succedt they there may make report.

FF. 4.
It fortun'd then, that when the rollers were read, 31
In which the names of all Loues folke were filed,
That many there were missing, which were dead,
Or kept in bands, or from their Loues exiled,
Or by some other violence defpoiled.
Which when as Cupid heard, he vexed wroth,
And doubting to be wronged, or beguiled,
He bade his eyes to be unblindfold both,
That he might see his men, and muster them by oth.

Then found he many missing of his crew, 34
Which went do suift and service to his might;
Of whom what was become, no man knew.
Therefore a Jurie was impanelled straight,
T'enquire of them, whether by force or flight,
Or their own guilt, they were away consuad,
To whom foulc Infamity and foul Defigit.
Gave evidence, that they were all betrayerd,
And murdered cruelly by a rebellious Maid.

Faire Mirabella was her name, whereby 35
Of all those crimes she there did intend was:
All which when Cupid heard, he by and by
In great displeasure, will'd a Cupid should issue forth, t'attack that scornfull Laffe.
The Warrant straight was made, and ther-withall
A Bailliff errant forth in poit did pursue,
Whom they by name their Parti-motes did call;
He which dorth summon Louers to Loues judgement hall.

The Damzell was attacht, and shortly brought 36
Vnto the Barre, where-as she was arraigned:
But the there-to nullit plead, nor answer were ought
Even for stubborn pride, which her restrained.
So judgement pass'd, as is by law ordained
In cases like; which when at last the law,
Her stubborn heart, which loute before distain'd,
Gan t'oupe, and falling down with humble awe,
Cryde mercy, to abate the extremity of law.

The sone of Pemis, who is milede by kind 37
But where he prouct't with pechifie,ne,
Vnto his hampers pitious, with pitty and paine,
And did the rigour of his doome represse;
Yet noto freily, but that nathellest.
He ento her a penance did impos'e;
Which was, that through this worlds wide wildernesses
She wander shoule in company of thefe,
Till th' shee had faid'd to many Loues as she did lofe.

So now she had been wandring two whole yeares 38
Through all the world, in this vncomely cafe,
Wafting her goodly bow in beautie tears,
And her good days in dolorous disgrace:
Yet had the not, in all these two yeeres space,
Saved but two; yet in two yeeres before,
Through her delitious pride, whilft loute lackt place,
She had deftroied two and twenty more.
Aye me! how could her loute make halfe amends therefor.

And now she was upon the weary way, 39
When as the gentle Squire, with faire Serene,
Met her in fuch misleeming foule array;
The whiles, that mighty man did her demean
With all the enm fell and cruel meane
That he could make; And eke that angry foule,
Which follow'd her, with cursed hands vnclene.
Whipping her horse, did with his faming toole
Of whip her dainty selfe, and much augment her doole.

Ne ought it more a vaiile her to entreat 40
The one or th'oother,better her to vie:
For, both his willfull were and obstinate,
That all her pittious plaint they did refuse,
And rather did the more her beat and brude.
But moft, the former villaine, which did lead
Her tyringide, was bent here to abuse.
Who through the were with wearineffe nigh dead,
Yet would not let her live, nor rest a little sted.

For, he was steme, and terrible by nature, 41
And ceke of perion huge and hideous,
Exceeding much the measure of mans stature,
And rather like a Giant monstruous.
For forth he was defcented of the house
Of those old Giants, which did warres darraine
Against the heauen in order battailous,
And fib to great Orgulios, which was flaine
By Arthur, when as Venus knight he did maintaine.

His lookes were dreadfull, and his fiery eyes 42
(Like two great Beacons) glared bright and wide,
Glancing as snow, as if his enemies
He scorned in his overweening pride;
And flarking flately, like a Crane, did stride
At euery flp upon the tip-toes his;
And all the way he went, on euery side
He gaz'd about, and flared horribly,
As if he with his lookes would all men terrifie.

He wore no armour, ne for none did care, 43
As no whit dreading any living wirght;
But in a tucker quitted richly rare,
Upon checklaston, he was straigntly dight,
And on his head a roll of linnen plight,
Like to the Moores of Malabre he wore;
With which, his locks, as black as pitchy night,
Were bound about, and voyded from before,
And in his hand a mighty iron club he bore.

This was Didaine, who late that Ladies horse 44
Through thick & thin, through mountains & through
Compelling her,where she would not by force (Plains,
Haling her Paltry by the hempen reins.
But that same foule, which most incrast her paines,
Was Serene, who having in his hand a whip,
Her there-with yirks, and full when she complaines,
The more he laughe, and does her closely quip,
To seec her fore lament, and bite her tender lip.

Whose
Canto VIII.

The Faerie Queene.

45 Whose cruel handling when that Squire beheld,
And saw those villains her so vilely see,
His gentle heart with indignation tweld,
And could no longer bear to great abuse,
As such a Lady to bestre and brute;
But, to him stepping, such a stroke him sent,
That for't him th'halter from his hand to lose,
And mauger all his might, backe to relent:
Else had he surely there beene flaine, or fouldly shent.

46 The villain, wrath for greeting him so sore,
Gathered himselfe together loose againe;
And with his iron batton which he bore,
Let drie at him so dreadfully amaine,
That for his safety he did him contraine
To give him ground, and shif to curty side,
Rather then once his burden to sustaine:
For, bootlesse thing he seemed to abide
So muchtly blyowes, or proue the puissance of his pride.

47 Like as a Mattoxe, hauncing at a bay
A Saluage Pull, whose cruel horses doe threat
Defpight danger, if he them alay,
Traceth his ground, and round about doth beat,
To spy where he may some advantage get;
The whiles the beast doth rage and loudly roar:
So did the Squire, the whiles the Carle did fret,
And fume in his disdainfull mind the more,
And oftentimes by Turnagant and Mahong shore.

Nathlesse, so sharply full he him pursu'd,
That at advantage him at lafit he tooke,
When his foot flipt: (that flipt he darrelly row'd)
And with his iron club to ground him strooke;
Where still he lay, ne out of Iwone swooke,
Till he was hand the Carle vp on him layd,
And bound him fast: Tho, when he vp did tooke,
And saw himselfe captu'd, he was dismayd,
Ne powre had to withstand, ne hope of any sty.

49 Then vp he made him rife, and forward fare,
Led in a rope, which both his hands did bind;
Ne ought that foole for pitty did him spare;
But with his whip him following behind,
Him often fourg'd, and forc't his feet to find:
And other-whiles, with bitter mocks and mowes
He would him forme, that to his gentle mind
Was much more grievous then the others blowes:
Words sharply wound, but greately griece of scorning
50 (growes

The pure Serena, when the saw him fall
Vuder that villains club, then surely thought
That slyne he was, or made a wretched thrall,
And fled away with all the speed he thought,
To ceke for safety, which long time he sought;
And past through many perils by the way,
Ere the agine to Calepine was brought;
The which discouer as now I must delay,
Till Mirabellest fortuntes I doe further say.

Canto VIII.

Prince Arthur overcomes Disdaigne,
quites Mirabell from dreed:
Serena, found of Saluages,
by Calepine is freed.

E gentle Ladies, in whose soueraine powre
Loue hath the glory of his kingdome left,
And th'arts of men, as your eschatall dower,
In iron chains, of libertie bereft,
Delivered hath into your hands by gift:
Be well aware, how ye the same doe vfe,
That pride doe not to tyranny you lift,
Leaf it if men you of crueltie accuse,
He from you take that chiefedom, which ye doe abuse.

And as ye soft and tender are by kind,
Adorn'd with godly gifts of beauties grace,
So be ye soft and tender eke in mind;
But cruelty and hardnesse from you chace,
That all your other praites will deface,
And from you turne the louse of men, to hate.
Ensample take of Mirabell's cafe,
Who from the high degree of happy fate,
Fell into wretched woes, which she repented late.
Who after thrall'dome of the gentle Squire,  
Which the beheld with lamentable eye,  
Was touched with compassion entire,  
And much lamented his calamity,  
That for her sake fell into misery:  
Which bountied nought for prayers, nor for threat,  
To hope for to release or mollifie;  
For, aye the more that she did them intreat,  
The more they him mis'd, and cruelly did beat.

So, as they forward on their way did pas,  
Him still renewing and afflicting sore,  
They met Prince Arthur with Sir Enias.  
(That was that courteous Knight, whom he before  
Having subdew'd, yet did to life restore)  
To whom as they approach'd, they gan augment  
Their cruelty, and him to punish more,  
Scooning and haling him more vehement;  
As it is them shoul'd grieve to see his punishment.

The Squire him selfe, when as he saw his Lord,  
The wondrie of his wretchedness, in place,  
Was much affam'd, that with an hempen cord  
He like a dog was led in captaine case;  
And did his head for withfullness abase,  
As losht to fee, or to be seen at all:  
Shame would be hid. But when as Enias  
Beheld two fuch, of two fuch villains thrall,  
His manly mind was much ennourde there-while,  
And to the Prince thus said; See you, Sir Knight,  
The greatest shame that euer eye yet saw?  
Young Lady and her Squire with foule delight  
Abus'd, against all reason and all law,  
Without regard of pity or of awe.  
See how they doe that Squire beat and reule;  
See how they doe the Lady hale and draw;  
But if ye pleate to lend me leave while,  
I will them loose acquire, and both of blame aloof.

The Prince ascended, and then he straight way  
Dismounting light, his shield about him throw,  
With which approaching, thus he gae to say;  
Abide ye cayntye treachtours vntrew,  
That haue with treafon thrall'd you two  
These two, vnworthy of your wretched bands;  
And now your crime with cruellty surfe.  
Abide, and from them lay your haftly hands;  
Or else abide the death, that hard before you stand.

The villain flaid not, answere to invent,  
But with his iron club preparing way,  
His minde fad me fage backe unto him fent:  
The which defended with fuch dreadfull fway,  
That feene d nought the courtre thereof could stay:  
No more then lightning from the lofty sky.  
Ne lift the knight the powre thereof alway,  
Whose doome was death; but lightly flippimg by,  
Vnwaues defrau'ded his intended deftiny.

And to requite him with the like againe,  
With his sharpe fword he fiercely at him drew,  
And stroke to strongely, that the Carle with paine  
Saucd himselfe, but that he there him draw;  
Yet faw'd not fo, but that the bloud it drew,  
And gae his for good hope of victory.  
Who there with flieht, upon him fet anew,  
And with the second stroke, thought certainly  
To haue suppleide the first, and paid the fury.

But Fortune answerd not unto his call;  
For, as his band was heade vp on hight,  
The villaines met him in the middle fell,  
And with his club bet bace his brandiron bright  
So forcibly, that with his owne hands might  
Rebeatn backe upon himfelfe againe,  
He drenned was to ground in felle despirit  
From whence ere he recovery could gaine,  
He in his necke had fet his foote with fell disdance.

With that, the foole, which did that end await,  
Came running vp; and whilft on ground he lay,  
Laid heavy hands on him, and held to frate,  
That downe he kept him with his strengthenfull sway,  
So as he could not wield him any way.  
The whites, that other villaines went about  
Him to have bound, and thrall'd without delay;  
The whites, the foole did him reule And flout,  
Threathing to yoke them two, & tame their courage foute.

As when a sturdy Plough-man with his binde  
By strenght hue overthrowne a stubborn fire,  
They downe him hold, and fast with cords do binde  
Till they him force the buxome yoke to bare;  
So did these two this Knight oft tug and teare.  
Which when the Prince beheld, there standing by,  
He left his lofty steed to aide him there;  
And buckling loose himselfe, gan fiercely fly  
Vpon that Carle, to faue his friend from deperdence.

The villain, leaving him into his mate  
To be captiue, and handled as he list,  
Himselfe addreft into this new debate,  
And with his club him all about fo blift,  
That he which way to turne him scarely wipt:  
Some-times sloth he layd; some-times alowe;  
Now hcre, now there, and oft him necre he fift;  
So doubtfull, that hardly one could knowe  
Whether more wary were to give or ward the blowe.

But yet the Prince so well enured was  
With fuch huge strokes, approach'd oft in fight,  
That way to them he gae forth-right to pas;  
Ne would endure the danger of their might;  
But wav advantage, when they downe did light.  
At laft, the cayntye after long difcourfe,  
When all his strokes he faw avoide quite,  
Refolv'd in one to infallible all his force,  
And make one end of him without ruth or remorse.

His
His dreadful hand he heaved vp aloft;  
And with his dreadful instrument of ire,  
Though sure he pawned him to powder soft,  
Or stipte embowled in the earth entire:  
But Fortune did not with his will conpire.  
For, ere his stroke attained his intent,  
The noble child preventing his defire,  
Vader his club with wary boldnesse went,  
And imote him on the knee, that neuer yet was bent.  

But let them loue that lift, or lye or die;  
Me lift not die for any Louers doole:  
Ne lift me leaue my loued libertie,  
To pitty that lift to play the fool:  
To lose my selfe I learned lfit in schoole.  
Thus I triumphed long in Louers paine,  
And sitting carelesse on the corners foole,  
Did laugh at those that did lament and plaine:  
But all is now repaid with interelle againe.
Then, turning backe vnto that captive thrall,
Who all this while stood there before them bound,
Vnwillingly to be knowne, or fene at all,
Hie from thofe bands weend him to have vnbound.
But when approaching neare, he plainly found,
It was his owne true groome, the gentle Squire,
He thareat were exceedingly afound,
And him did oft embrace, and oft admire ;
Ne could, with feeing, fatisfie his great desire.

Meanc-while, the Saluage man, when he beheld
That huge great foole oppreffing th'other Knight,
Whom with his weight vnwieldy dowe he held,
He flew vpon him, like a greedy Kight.
Vnto some carrion offered to his fight ;
And dowe him plucking, with his nailes and teeth
Gin him to fue and taste, and lefte, and bite ;
And from him taking his owne whip, there-with
So for him courgeth, that the blood dowe followeth.

And fure, I weene, had not the Ladies cry
Procur'd the Prince his cruell hand to fay,
He would with whipping, him haue done to die :-
But beeinge check'd, he did abatne fright way,
And let him rife. Then thus the Prince gan lay ;
Now Lady, fhir fortune thus dijpoite,
That if yfelfe have liberty, ye may,
Vnto your felfe I freely leave to chofe,
Whether I shall you leave, or from thefe villains lofe.

Al may, Sir Knight, faid firle, it may not be.
But that I needs mait by all meanes fulfill
This penance, which enjoynd is to me,
Left vnto me betile a greater ill ;
Yet no defire thanks to you for your good will.
So humbly taking leave, the turn'd aside ;
But Arthour, with the refl, went onward fill
On his firft queft : in which did him beile
A great adventure, which did him from them diuide.

But firft it felleth me by courfe to tell
Of faire Serenawho as earll you heard,
When firft the gentle Squire at variance fell
With thofe two Carles, red roll away, afcend
Of villany to be to her infard ;
So freth the image of her former dread,
Yet dwelling in her eye, to her appeared,
That every foot did tremble, which did tread,
And everie body two, and two the foure did read.

Through his & dales, through buffets, & through breces
Long thus the fecd, till that at last the thought
Her felfe now paff the perill of her fears,
Then looking round about, and feeing sought,
Which doubt of danger to her offer fought,
She from her palely lighted on the Plaine ;
And fittin downe, her felfe awhile betheought
Of her long trouell and tormenting paine ;
And often did of love, and oft of fueke complaines.

And euermore, the bllamed Calepine,
The good Sir Calepine, her owne true Knight,
As th'only author of her wofull time :-
For beeing of his love to her fo light,
As her to leave in such a pitifull plight.
Yet neuer Turtle treuer to his Make,
Then he was tride unto his Lady bright :-
Who all this while endured for her sake,
Great peril of his life, and refil fists pains did take.

Tho, when as all her plaints she had dilped
And well burdened her enriuened breaf,
Vpon the graffe her felfe adowne she lay'd ;
Where beeinge tyde with trauell, and oppref
With forrow, the betokeo her felfe to ref.
There, while it in Morphena bosome fhe the ly,
Fearflelie of ought that more her peace molest,
Ifife fortune did her fafety betray,
Vnto a ftrange mishance, that menac't her decay.

In thefe wilde deferts, where she now abode,
There dwelt a Saluage Nation, which did line
Of health and ipole, and making nightly rode
Into their neighbours borders ; ne did gue
Themefelves to any trade (as for to drive
The painfull plough, or cartelf for to breed,
Or by adventurous marchandize to thrive)
But on the labours of poore men to feed,
And ferue their owne necessitie with others need.

There-to they vs'd one moft accurfed order,
To eate the fleefh of men, whom they mote find,
And strangers to devour, which on their border
Were brought by error, or by wrecckful wind ;
A monstrous cruelty gainfl courte of kind.
They towards euening wandering euery way,
To fecke for booty, came (by Fortune blind)
Where-as this Lady, like a feepe altray,
Now drown'd in the depth of flepe all fearleffe lay.

Soone as they fipe her, Lord what gladfull plee
They made amongst them felues ! but when her face
Like the faire luoy funing they did fee,
Each gun his fellowfolace and embrace,
For tov of each good hope by heavenly grace.
Then gan they to defirr what courfe to take ;
Whether to flay her there vpon the place,
Or fuffer her out of her flepe to wake,
And then her cate atonce ; or many meales to make.

The beft adviement was of bad, to let her
Sleepe out her fill, without encombrment :
For, ifeepe (they fayd) would make her batill better.
Then, when the wak's, they all gave one content,
That fith by grace of God the there was fepar.
Vnto their God they would her Sacrifice ;
Whofe share, her guiltleffe blond they would prefent:
But, of her daintie flefth they did deuize
To make a common feast, & feed with garmantize.
So, round about her they themselves did place
Vpon the grasse, and daintly dispose,
As each thought best to expend the lingering space.
Some with their eyes the daintiest morals chose;
Some prait her pans, some prait her lips and nofe;
Some when their knives, and ftrip their elbowes bare:
The Preft himselfe a garland doth compose
Of faire flowers, and with full bufie care
His bloudly velfet wash, and holy fire prepare.

The Damzell wakes: then all at once vp-flart,
And round about her flocke, like many flies,
Whoooping, and hollowing on euery part,
As if they would have rent the brazen skies.
Which when the tees with phaffy grieffull eyes,
Her heart doth quake, and deadly pullit hew
Bemournes her checs: Then out aloud the cries,
Where none is nigh to heare, that will her vows,
And renders his golden locks, and snowy breifs embrow.

But all bootes not: they hands vpon her lay;
And first they spoile, her of her jewells deare,
And afterward of all her rich array:
The which amongst them they in pieces teare,
And of the prey each one a part doth bear.
Now being naked to their lordes eye
The goodly thraures of Nature appeare;
Which as they view with lustfull fantasie,
Each withith to himselfe, and to the rest enuies.

Her wyre necke, her alabaffer rest,
Her paps, which like white filken pillowes were,
For Loue in foute delight thereon to rest.
Her tender fides her belly white and cleare,
Which like an Altar did it felie vp-care,
To offer sacrifice divine thereon:
Her goodly thighes, whole glory did appeare
Like a triumphall Arch, and thereupon
The spoles of Princes hand, which were in battell won.

Thofe damfyl parts, the dearlings of delight,
Which moote not be profaned of common eyes,
Thofe wifdons viewd with loufe lasciuious sight,
And clofeely tempted with their crafty spies:
And fome of them gan mongft themselfes deifie,
Therefor by force to take their beauly pleasure.
But them the Preft rebuking did disgrace
To dare not to pollut fo rarefai the fairest
Vowd to the gods : religion held even the wares in meareasure.

So being flayd, they her from thence direcd
Vnto a little grove not farre fide,
In which an altar shortly they erected,
To flay her on. And now the Euentide
His broad black wings had through the heavens wide
By this difford, that was the time ordained
For such a diuall deed, their guilt to hide:
Of few green nifters an altar foone they layed,
And deckt it al with flowers, which they nigh hand obtained.

Tho, when as all things readie were right,
The Damzell was before the altar set,
Being already dead with fearefull ftrift.
To whom the Preift with naked armes full met
Approaching high, and murtherous knife well whe.
Gan murter close a certain secret charm:
With other diuellish ceremonies met:
Which done, he gan aloft his aduance his armes,
Whear they fhouted ah, and made aloud alarume.

Then gan the bag-pipes and the house to frill,
And frirrke aloud, that with the peoples voice
Confudef, did the ayre with terror fill,
And made the wood to tremble at the noyce:
The whiles the wayl, the more they did recoife.
Now motte ye vnderftond to that this graue
Sit Calypse by chance, more then by choice,
The leffe fame eacching fortune hither droue,
As her to feck Sereine through the woods did rouse.

Long had he sought her, and through many a foyle
Had travell full on foot in leamy armes,
Ne ought was tyred with his endlefe toyle,
Ne ought was feared of his certaine harmes:
And now all weftfale of the wretched Iromes,
In which his Loue was loft, he fteppd full faile,
Till being wafted with these loud alarume,
He lightly startled vp like one aghaff,
And catching vp his armes fpightly to the noife forth paft.

There by th'uncertaine ghoome of starrie night,
And by the twinkling of their fated fire,
He more perceiued a little dawnig figh
Of all, which there was doing in that quire:
Mongft whom a woman fpoyld of all attire
He fpied lamenting her unluckie ftate,
And groaning fore from grieved hart entire:
Efficenyes he gave one with a naked knife
Ready to launce her breath, and let out loved life.

With that he thrufs into the thickeft throng,
And as euens his right hand adowne defcends,
He him presenting, laying on earth along,
And facrifce to th'internal feed.
Then to the refte his wrathful hand he bendes:
Of whom he makes fuch bauncke and fuch hew,
That warmes of damned foules to hell he fends:
The refte, that fcape his sword and death elchew,
Fly like a flocke of doves before a Paulcines view.

From them returning to that Ladie backe,
Whom by the Alar he doth fitting finde,
Yet fearing death, and next to death the lacke
Of clothes to cover what thee ought by kinde,
He firl her hands begynne to vnbinde:
And then to queftion of her prefent woe,
And afterward to cheare with speecches kind.
But she, for nought that he could lay or doe,
One word durft not speake, or sufuered him wvhit thereto.
Canto IX.

Calidore hostes with Melibe, and loves faire Pafforell. Coridon enuies him, yet he for ill rewards him well.

I. Or turne againe my teneous sally swain,
Backe to the bowe which I late left:
I late left a bowe, one or twaine (cleft,
Upon the plow'd the which my coulter hath not
Yet seen'd) the soile both fair & fruitful eft,
As it past that were too great a flame,
That so rich fruit should be from vs bereft;
Besides the great dishonour and defame,
Which should befall to Calidore:immortall name.

2. Great travell hath the gentle Calidore
And toyle endured, as I left him left
Sewing the Blata of Beasts; which I forbore
To finish then, for other pretient service.
Pulling paths, and parts he had past, (Plains,
Through hills, through dales, through forrests & through
In that same quell, whiche Fortune on him cast:
Which he refound to his owne great gains,
Reaping eternall glory of his reflettle paines.

3. So sharply he the monster did pursu,
That day nor night he tishted him to rest:
Neither he himself (but Nature's dew)
For dread of danger, not to be redrest,
If he for th Sept of blackest to famous queft.
Him first from course to the cities coursed,
And from the Cities to the towns him prefet,
And from the towns into the country forced,
And from the country backe to pritate farms he forced.

4. From thence into the open fields he fled,
Whereas the Heardes were keeping of their neest,
And shephards singing to their flockes, that fed,
Layes of sweet lute and youthes delightfull heat:

5. Would not bewray the flate in which flie flood.
So, all that night to him unknouen the path.
But day that doth discouer bad and good,
Enueting, made her known to him at last:
The end whereof He keep vs till another caft.

6. There on a day as he pursu'd the chase,
He chance't to spy a sort of shephard greenes,
Playing on piper, and caroling space,
The whiles their beasts there in the budled broomes
Beside them fed, and mpt the tender bloomes:
For other worldly wealth they cared nought.
To whom Sir Calidore yet sweating cometh,
And them to tell him courteously befought,
If such a beast they saw, which he had thither brought.

7. They answered him, that no such beast they saw,
Nor any wicked feed, that more offended
Their happy flockes, nor danger to them drew:
But if that such there were (as none they kend)
They prayd high God him faire from them to send.
Then one of them him seeing go to sweat,
After his rufticke wife (that well he seeded)
Offer'd him drinke, to quench his thirsty heat,
And if he hungry were, him offred eke to eat.

The knight was nothing nice, where was no need,
And took their gentle offer: to adowne
They prayd him fit, and gane him for to feed
Such homely what, as ferries the simple clowne,
That doth depe the dainties of the towne.
Tho, hastned his fill, he there beside
Saw a faire damsell, which did ware a crowne
Of sundry flowers, with filken ribbands tyde.
Yclad in home-made greene that her owne hands had dyde.

Vpon
He was to meet by common voice esteemed
The father of the fairest Pafforell,  
And of her selfe in very deed do deemed:  
Yet was not to be, but as old fancies tell;  
Found her by fortune, which to him befell,  
In th' open fields an Infant left alone,  
And taking vp brought home, and nourish'd well  
As his owne child: for other he had none,  
That the in tract of time accomplisht was his owne.

She at his bidding meekly did anie,  
And brought into her little flocke did fare:  
Then all the rel about her rode rightwise,  
And each his fryder sheepe with welcom care  
Gathered together, and them home-ward bare:  
Whil's every one with helping hands did virtue  
Among themselves, and did their labours share,  
To hepe faire Pafforell, home to drive  
Her reeke flocke; but Coridon molt helpe did giue.

But Melibe (so hight that good old man)  
Now seing Calidore left all alone,  
And might armed hard at hand, began  
Him to mitte write to his simple home;  
Which though it were a cottage clad with lome,  
And all things therein mean: yet better to  
To lodge, then in the faltage fields to rombe.  
The Knight full gladly doe, and eretherto,  
Being his hearts owne with, and home with him did goe.

There he was weleorn'd of that honeft Syre,  
And of his aged Bel dame homely well;  
Who him behoughe him of to distyre,  
And reft himselfe, till supper time befell;  
By which, home came the eyreft Pafforell,  
After her flocke the in their fold hal tye:  
And, supper ready right, they to it fell  
With small ado: and nature satisfi'd,  
The which both little erue, contented to abide.

Tho, when they had their hunger fluxed well,  
And the fryre mayd the table to ne away;  
The gentle knight, as he that did excel  
In countefie, and well could doe and say,  
For to great kindnesse as he found that day,  
Gan greatly thank his host, and his good wife:  
And drawing thence his speeche another way,  
Gan highly to commend the happy life,  
Which Shepheards lead, without debate or bitter strife.

How much, sayd he, more happy is the flute,  
In which ye father here do dwell at cafe,  
Leading a life so free and fortunate,  
From all the tempefts of their worldly seas,  
Which to the reft in dangerous life safe:  
Where wars, and wretches, and wicked contrie  
Dothem affliet, which no man can appeas:  
That certes I your hapinness enuie,  
And with my lot were ple't in such felicitie.
THE SIXT BOOKE OF

Surely my fonne (then anfwer'd he againe)
If happy, then is it in this intent,
That having read, yet do I not complaine
Of want, or with for more itro augment,
But do my felfe, with that I have, content:
So taught of Nature, which doth little need
Of forreine helps to life, but nourishment.
The beds my food, my flock my payment breed;
No better doe I weare, no better doe I feed.

Therefore I do not any one enue,
Nor am enmide of any one therefore;
They that have much, fear much to lose thereby,
And more of care does follow riches store.
The little that I have grows daily more
Without my care, but only to attend it.
My limbs do every year incresce their store,
And my pockets daily doth amend it.
What have I, but to praise th'Almighty, that doth feed it.

To them, that lift, the worlds gay fhoues I leave,
And to great ones such folcics doe forgive,
Which oft through pride do their owne perill weare,
And through ambition downe themselves do drue
To fall decay, that might contented live.
Me no fitch cares nor comibrous thoughts offend,
No once my minds vanouued quiet grieue;
But all the night in filler sleep I spend,
And all the day, to what lift, I do attend.

Sometimes I hunt the Fox, the vowed foe
Vnto my Lambs, and him diſhonge away;
Sometimes the fawne I practice, from the Doe,
Or from the Goat her fiddle bow to conuey; Another while I baite and nets deale,
The birds to catch or fhillers to beguife:
And when I weary am, I doone do lay,
My limbs in euerie fhaue, to reft from toyle,
And drinks of euery brooke, when throst my throfe doth (boile.

The time was once, in my first prime of yeeres,
When pride of youth forth prickt my desire,
That I did entrench my minde with fmall desires
To follow thepe and thepe heartes free
To further fortune then I would inquire.
And leaving home, to royall court I forth;
Where I did fell my felfe for yearly hire,
And in the Princes garden daily sought.
There I beheld fuch vauncicelle, as I never thought.

With flight wherefoe foone clayed, and long declad
With fife hope, which them do enteraine,
After I had ten yeares my felfe excluded From native home, and spent my youth in vaine,
I gane my follies to my felfe to plaine;
And this sweet peace, whose lacke did then appear.
Tho, backe returning to my sheepe againe, I from thenceforth hime learned to lose more deare
This lovely quietlife, which I hither brought.

Whil'st thus he talkt, the Knight with greedy care
Horn full upon his melting mouth attent;
Whole fentencfull words emperne't his heart to care,
That he was warmt with double rauntment,
Both of his fpeech that wore him great content,
And alfo of the obiect of his view,
On which his hungry eye was alwayes bent;
That twixt his pleasant tongue, and her faire hew,
He left himfelf, and like one halfe entranced grew.

Yet to occasion meanes, to warke his minde,
And to infinate his hearts defire,
He thus replide; Now surely fyre I finde,
That all this worldes gay fhoues, which we admire,
Be but vain shadovies to this faire retire
Of life, which here in lowneltie ye land.
Fearcelfe of foes, or Fortunes wrothfull fyre,
Which toofteth fates, and vnder foot doth tread
The mighty ones, affrayd of euerie changes dread.

That een I which dayly doe behold
The glory of the great, mongift whom I won;
And how have prov'd, what happiest ye hold,
In this small pleat of your dominion,
Now loath great Lordship and ambition;
And with this heavens so much had grace me,
As grant me line in like condition
Or that my fortunes might tranfpaft be
From pitch of higher place, vnto this lowe degree.

In vaine, faid then old Meldor, docce men
The heerets of their fortunes fucttacefe;
Sith they know best, what is the best for them:
For they to eache fick fortune doe diffufe,
As they do knowe each can moft applye fie.
For, not that, which men count moft, is beft,
Nor that thing worft, which men do moft refufe;
But fitteth he, that all contented fett
With that they hold; eache hath his fortune in his bref.

It is the mind, that makes good or ill,
That makes wretche or happy, rich or poore:
For fome, that hath abundance at his will,
I hath not enough, but wants in greate flore;
And other, that hath little, askes no more,
But in that little is both rich and wise.
For, with hacks is moft riches; booles therefor
They are, which fortunes do by vowes devote,
Sith each into himfelf his life may Fortune.

Since then in each mans felf, fayd Calidore,
It is, to fatisfie his owne life ofte.
Give leafe whilfe, good father, in this fhore
To refp my barke, which hath beene beaten late
With ftorimes of Fortune and tempeftuous fate,
In fea of troubles and of toyfelle faine;
That whether quye from them for to recrute
I fhall refolute, or backe to turne againe,
I may here with your felke fome small repofe obtaine.
Not that the burden of so bold a guest
Shall charg'full be, or change to you at all;
For, our mean food shall be my daily feast,
And this your cabin both my bowre and hall.
Besides, for recompence hereof, I shall
So forth he drew much gold, and toward him it drive.

But the good man, nought tempted with the offer
Of his rich mould, did thrust it farre away,
And thus bespoke; Sir knight, your bountious proffer
Be farre from me, to whom ye'll display
That muchy maffe, the cane of mens decay,
That most empresse my peace with dangers dread.
But if ye gates courte to say,
This simple sort of life, that Shepheard lead,
Be it your owne: our radenelle to your life aead.

So there that night Sir Calidore did dwell,
And long whilst he after, whil'st him hit remaine,
Daly beholding the faire Pafforell,
And feeding on the bays of his owne bane.
During whilst time, he did her entertaine
With all kinds courtesies, he could invent;
And every day, her excellency to gain,
When to the field she went, he with her went:
So for to quench his fire, he did it more augment.

But the that never had acquainted becne
With such quaint vigne, fit for Queenes and Kings,
Ne euer had such knightly servise scene
(But being bred under base Shepheard wings,
Had euer learnt to love the lovely things)
Did little wherby his courteous guise;
But cared more for Colin carolings
Then all that he could doe, or ever devise;
His layes, his loues, his lookes the did them all despize.

Which Calidore perceuing, thought it best
To change the manner of his lofty looke;
And doing his bright armes, himselfe addreft
In Shepheardes weede, and in his hand he took,
In steed of steels-head pipe, a Shepheardes hook;
That who had seene him then, would have conceiv'd
On Phelegian Paris by Phlegmas brook,
When he the loue of Eire Estonie sought,
What time the golden apple was unto him brought.

So being clad into the fields he went
With the Eire Pafforella every day,
And kept her high with diligent attent,
Watching to drine the ravenous Wolfe away,
The whyll it at pleasure the most sport and play;
And every evening helping them to fold:
And otherwys for need, he did assay
In his strong hand then rugged teats to hold,
And out of them to preffe the milk: 'oone to much could.

Which seeing Coridon, who her like wife
Long time had low'd, and hop't her loue to gain,
He much was troubled at that strangers guise,
And many jealous thoughts conceiv'd in vaine,
That this of all his labour and long pame
Should repit the harreft, ere it ripen'd were:
That made him scoule, and pout, and oft complaine
Of Pafforell to all the Shepheardes there,
That she did lose a straunger wayne them him more dere.

And ever when he came in companie,
Where Calidore was present, he would loure,
And bite his lip, and ostent for icolousie:
Was ready off his owne heart to desouere,
Impatient of any Paramoure:
Who on the other side did seem so farre
From malcing, or grudging his good house,
That all he could, he grace him with her,
Ne euer through signe of rancour or of iarre.

And ofte, when Coridon vnto her brought
Or little swarowes, stolen from their neft,
Or wanton squirels, in the woods Eire sought,
Or other dainty thing for her addreft;
He would commend his gift, and make the best;
Yet the no what his pretens did regard,
Ne him could finde to fancy in her breast;
This now came shepheard had his market mard.
Old loue it little words, when new is more prefard.

One day when as the shepheardes waynes together
Were met, to make their sports and merry glee,
As they are wont in faire fun-fliny weather,
The whiles their flockes in shadows shroude be,
They fell to dance: then did they all agree,
That Colin Clout, should pipe, as one most fit;
And Calidore should lead the ring, as he
That most in Pafforellas grace did live.
There at broun d Coridon, and his lip closely bit.

But Calidore, of courteous inclination,
Took Coridon, and let him in his place,
That he should lead the dance, as was his fashon;
For, Coridon could dance, and trimly trace.
And when as Pafforell, him to grace,
Her flowry gardon took from her owne head,
And plact on his, he did it loome displeace,
And did it put on Coridon in stead:
Then Coridon was frowlickish, that earst seemed dead.

Another time, when as they did dispose
To practice games, and maisteries to trie,
They for their fudge did Pafforella chose:
A garland was the need of victory.
There Coridon, forth stepping openly,
Did challenge Calidore to wrestling game:
For, he through long and perfect industry,
Therein well practis'd was, and in the fame
(foame)
Thought furie against his grudge, & worke his foe great.

But
Canto X.

Calidore sees the Graces dance,
To Colins melody:
The whilst his Pastorell is led,
Into captivitie.

Ho now does follow the faire Blattant Beast,
While Calidore does follow that faire Mayd,
Vnmindfull of his vowe and high behalfe,
Which by the Faery Queene was on him layd,
That he should neuer leaue, nor be delayed
From chasing him, till he had it achieved;
But now, entrap of loue, which him betrayd,
He mindeth more, how he may be reliev’d (grieved;
With grace from her, whose loue his heart hath fore-en-
2
That from henceforth he meanes no more to few
His former quest, so full of toyde and pains;
Another quest, another game in view
He hath, the guerdon of his loue to gaine:
With whom he mindes for ever to remaine,
And set his rest amonst the ruffitcke fort,
Rusher then hunt full after shadowes vaine
Of courte favour, fed with light report
Of every blate, and laying always in the port.

3
Ne certes more he greatly blamed be,
From so high step to floupe vnto so lowe.
For, who had tailest once (as off did he)
The happy peace, which there doth utter-flowe,

For, courteous amongst the rudest breeds
Good will and fauour. So it surely wrought
With this faire Mayd, and in her mind the seeds
Of perfect love did growe, that last forth brought
The fruits of joy & bliss, though long time dearly bought.

4
Thus Calidore continu’d there long time,
To win the loue of the faire Pastorell;
Which having got, he vied without crime
Or blamefull spot; but menag’d so well,
That he of all the rest, which there did well,
Was fauoured, and to her grace commend’d.
But what strange fortunes vnto him befell,
Ere he straung’d the point by him intended,
Shall more conveniently in other place be ended.

5
One day as he did range the fields abroad,
While his faire Pastorella was elsewhere,
He chance’t to come, far from all peoples road,
Vnto a place, whose pleasures did appeare
To paiue all others, on the earth which were:
For, all that euer was by natures skil
Den’t to work delight, was gather’d there,
And there by her were pour’d forth at fill,
As if this to adore, the all the rest did pill.

It

THE SIXT BOOKE OF

But Calidore he greatly did mistake;
For, he was strong and mightily thiefe sight,
That with one fall his necke he almost brake:
And had he not upon him fallen light,
His dearest joye he there had broken away.
Then was the oaken crowne by Pastorell
Given to Calidore, as his due right;
But he, that did in courteous excell,
Gave it to Ceylon, and sayd he wonne it well.

Thus did the gentle knight himselfe abare
Amongst that ruffitcke rout in all his deeds,
That euery thing which his rivals were,
Could not maligne him, but commend him needs:
All they without were range in a ring,
And danced round; but in the midst of them
Three other Ladies did both dance and sing,
The while the rest them round about did cemme,
And like a girlond did in conspisses cemme:
And in the midst of those fame three was placed
Another Daintzell, as a precious gemme
Amidst a ring most richly well ensched.
That with her goodly prudence all the rest much graced.

Looke how the Crowne, which Ariadne wore
Upon her yeuory forhead that same day
That Thyfysis her vnto his bridale bore
(When the bold Coutures made that bloody fray
With the fierce Lapithes which did them diame)
Being now placed in the firmament,
Through the bright heauen doth her beams display,
And is vnto the flares an ornament,
Which round about her motion in order excellent:
Such was the beauty of this goodly band,
Whose sunry parts were here too long to tell:
But the that in the midst of them did stand,
Seem'd all the rest in beauty to excell,
Crownd with a roffe girlond, that right well
Did her bceeme. And ever, as the crew
About her daunc't, sweet flowers, that far did fintel,
And fragrant odours they upon her throw:
But most of all, those three did her with garis ende.

Those were the Graces, daughters of delight,
Handmaids of Penus, which are wont to haunt
Upon this hill, and dance there day and night
Those three to men all gifts of grace do grant,
And all, that Penus in her selfe doth vaunt,
Is borrowed of them. But that faire one,
That in the midst was placed pursuant,
Was like to whom that shephard pyp's alone,
That made him pipe so merrily, as neuer none.

She was to see that tollie shephard lisse,
Which piped there vnto that merry rout:
That tollie shephard, which there piped, was
Poore Colin Clout (who knowes not Colin Clout?)
He pyp's apace, whil'st they hum daunte about,
Pype tollie shephard, pype thou now apace
Vnto thy Loue, that made thee lowe to leute;
Thy Loue is present there with thee in place,
Thy Loue is there aduanc't to be another Grace.

Much wondred Calibor at this strange fight,
Whose like before his eye had neuer seen:
And standing long aloftish in spight,
And rapt with pleasance, with what to weene;
Whether it were the traine of beauties Queene,
Or Nymphes, or Faeries, or enchantes floue,
With which his eyes more huie defoule bene,
Thereforere soluing, what it was, to knowe,
Out of the wood hereof, and toward them did go.

But
But soone as he appeared to their view,
They vanished all away out of his sight,
And cleane were gone, which way he never knew;
All faw the Shepheard, who for fell deight
Of that displeasure, broke his bag-pipe queight,
And made great mone for that unhappy turne.
But Calidore, though no leffe fowy wight,
For that mis-hap yet seeing him to mourne,
Drew neere, that he the truth of all by him mote learne.

And first he greeting, thus unto him spake;
Haile sally Shepheard, which thy joyous days;
Here leadet in this goodly merry-make,
Frequented of these gentle Nymphes always,
Which to thee flocke, to hear thy lonely Layes;
Tell me, what more thes dainty Damzels be,
Which here with thee do make their pleafant Layes?
Right happy thou, that mayit them freely see;
But why, when I them sawe, fled they away from me?

Yet as to my heart thy words did seeme to paine,
As thou unwilling, which then thes thence did chace,
Whom by no means thou canst recall again.
For, being gone, none can them bring in place,
But whom they of themselues lift to go to grace.
Right fory I, sayd then Sir Calidore,
That my ill fortune did them hence displace.
But since things paffed none may now retnore,
Tell me, what were they all, whose lack thee gracie so forre.

Tho, gan that Shepheard thus far to dilate;
Then wote they that Shepheard, whatsoever thou be,
That all thofe 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 be
Her to adorn, when to the forth doth wend:
But those three in the midst do chiefc on her attend.

They are the daughters of sky-ruling loye,
By him begot of faire Evereye,
The Oceans daughter, in this pleasaunt groue,
As he this way comming from feallful glee
Of Their wedding with Accide,
In pommers made himselfe here refted weary.
The firt of them hight mytle Euphrosyne,
Next faire Aglala, laft Thalia merry,
Sweet goddeffes all three which me in mirth do feory.

These three on men all gracious gifts bestowe,
Which decke the body or adorn the minde,
To make them loyely or well faurnour flowet;
As, comely carriage, entertainment kind,
Sweet embelishment friendly offices that bind,
And all the complements of cortefey:
They teach vs, how to each degree and kinde.
We should our felues demeane, to love, to lave;
To friends, to face: which skill men call Cuality.

Therefore they alwaies smoothely seem to smile,
That we likewise should make and gentle be;
And also naked are, that without guile
Or falf pretencion all them place may see;
Simple and true from countrec malice free:
And eke themselues so in their dance they bore,
That two of them full forward seemd to be,
But one full towards they did her selfe feare.

That good should from vs go, then come in greater store;

Such were those goddeffes, which ye did see:
But that fourth Mayd, which there amongst them traced,
Who can array, what creature mote the be,
Whether a creature or a goddeff eazed.
With heavenly gifts from heavens first eraced;
But what-so faire she was, the worthy was
To be the fourth, with those three other placed:
Yet was the certes but a country lase,
Yet the other country lasses faire did paffe.

So faire as doth the daughter of the day,
All other lesser lights in light excell,
So faire doth she in beautiful array,
Above all other lasses bear the bell:
No litle in vesture that becometh her well,
Doth she exceede the rest of all her race:
For which, the Graces that here wont to dwell,
Haus for more honour brought her to this place,
And graced her so much to be another Grace.

Another Grace she well deserues to be,
In whom so many Graces gathered are,
Excelling much the meanes of her degrees,
Diane relenchantment, beauty fouraine rare,
Firme Chaffitie, that spight it blemish deaf:
All which she with such cortefye doth grace,
That all her Peers cannot with her compare,
But quite are dimmend, when she is in place.
She made me often pipe and now to pipe space.

Sunne of the world, great glory of the skie,
That all the earth doth light with thy rayes,
Great Gloria, greatest Majesty,
Pardon thy Shepheard mongt of many layers,
As he hath fang of thee in all his dayes,
To make one minime of thy poore handymayd,
And vnderneath thy feete to place her prys:
That when thy glory thall be faire displayd
To future ages, of her this mention may be made.

When thus that Shepheard ended his speech,
Sayd Calidore: Now sure it yrketh mee,
That to thy blifs I made this lucklesse breach,
As now the Author of thy bale to be,
Thus to bereave thy Loues deare fight from thee:
But gentle Shepheard pardon thou my blame,
Who rafully sought that, which I mote not fee.
Thus did the courteous Knight excuse his blame,
And to recomfort him, all comely meanes did frame.
THE FAERY QVEENE.

35

In such discourses they together spent Long time, as fit occasion forth them led: With which, the knight himselfe did much content, And with delight his greedy fancy fed, Both of his words, which he with reason red; And also of the place, whose pleasures rare With such regard his fancies rambled, That thence, he had no will away to fire, But will'd, with that with that the shepheard he more dwelling share.

37

But that enemid thing, whose which of yore, His pyrious point deep fix'd in his heart Had left, now gone afreight to rankle sore, To renew th'errour of his heart: Which to renew, no skill of Leachers are Mote him availe, but to returne againe To his wounded worker, that with lowly dart Dinting his breast, had bred his refuell's paine; Like as the wounded Whale to thore their from the mayne.

39

So, taking leave of that fame gentlewoman, He bucke returned to his rihacke woman, Where his faire Pafforella did remaine: To whom in fort, as he at first besonge, He daily did apply himselfe to donne All dewfull seruice, voice of thoughts impure: Ne any paines ne perill did he thonne, By which he might her to his loure allure, And liking in her yet untamed heart procure.

41

And eternmore the Shepheard Coridon, What-euer thing he did her to aggrate, Did frieue to match, with strong contention, And all his paines did clofeely emulate; Whether it were to caroll, as they late Keeping their sheepe, or games to exercize, Or to present her with their labours late: Through which if any grace chaine't to ariue To him, the Shepheard freight with iclousie did frize.

43

One day, as they all three together went To the greene wood, to gather strawtheriers, There chann't to them a dangerous accident: A Tigre forth out of the wood did rife, That with fell claws full of fierce gourmandize, And greedy mouth, wide gaping like bell gate, Did runne at Pafforella, her to surprize: Whom she beholding, now all desolate Gun ery to them aloud, to helpe her all too late.

45

Which Coridon first hearing, ran in haste To refuse her: but when he saw the friend, Through coward fear he fled away as fast Ne durst abide the danger of the end: His life he esteemed dearer then his friend. But Calidore loose comming to her aye, When he the beaffe sawe ready now to rend His Louer dereposite, in which his heart was praise, He ran at him enraged, in stead of being fraide.

He had no weapon, but his shepheards booke, To fuee the vengeance of his wrathfull wil; With which so sternely he the monfter strooke, That to the ground alomished he fell; Whence ere he could recov'r, he did him quell, And hewing off his head, it presented Before the leete of the faire Pafforella; Who, scarcely yet from former scare exempted, A thousand times him thanked, that had her death prevented.

47

From that day forth the gain him to affect, And daily more her labour to augment; But Coridon for cowardize receiue, Fit to keepe sheele, vsnit for loues content: The gentle hearte for ones sake dispersament. Yet Calidore did not despize him quight, But vsuit him friendly for further intent, That by his fellowship, his colour might Both his citate, and love, from skill of any wight.

49

So well he woode her, and as well he wroght her, With humble seruice, and with daily parte, That at the last unto his will he brought her; Which he so wisely well did proouice, That of his love he reapt the timely fruit, And joyed long in close Felicity; Till Fortune fraughted with malice, blind, and brute, That cruier louers long prosperity, Blew vp a bitter storm of soule aduerity.

51

If ofortune one day, when Calidore Was hunting in the woods (as was his trade) A lawleffe people, Brigans righte of yore, That never vde to bui but by plough nor spade, But fed on spoile and booty, which they made Vpon their neighbours, which did nigh them border, The dwelling of these shepheards did invade, And spoil'd their houses, and themselves did murder; And drove away their flocks, with other much disorder.

53

Amongst the rest, the which then she did play, They spoild old Medove of all he had, And all his people captive led away. Mongst which this lucklesse mayd away was l'd, Fair Pafforeella, sorrowfull and sad, Most sorrowfull, most sad, that earer figh't, Now made the spoile of theuer and Brigans bad, Which was the conquist of the gentliff Knight, That euer liv'd, and th'only glory of his might.

55

With them alfo was taken Coridon, And carrie captiue by those theene away: Who in the court of the night, that none Mote them deerey nor refuse from their pray, Vnto their dwelling did them close connay. Their dwelling in a little Land was, Covered with shrubbey woods, in which no way Appeard for people in nor out to paffe, Nor any footing find for ouer-growen graffe.
Canto XI.

The theeces fall out for Pastorell,
Whilest Melibee is slaine:
Her, Calidore from them redeemes,
And bringeth backe againe.

He joyes of love, if they should ever lift,
Without affliction or disquietness,
That worldly chances doe amongst them caft,
Would be on earth too great a blesse: this, too
Like to the heaven then mortal wretchedness.
Therefore the winged god, to let men weet,
That here on earth is no true happiness,
A thousand lowes hath tempred with one sweet,
To make it seem more dearer and daintier, as is stouter.

Like as is now befallen to this faire myde,
Faire Pastorell, of whom is now my song:
Who being now in dreadfull darkness layd,
Amongst thes theeces, which her in bondage strong
Dethay'd; yet Fortune, not with all this wrong
Contented, greater mischief on her threw,
And forrowes heart on her in greater throug;
That who-so heaters her bane and woe,
And pitie her sad plight, her glade from pleasant hew.

Whilst thus she in these hellish dens remained,
Wrapped in wretched cares and hearts vnrest,
It to befell (as Fortune had ordain'd)
That she, which was their Capitaine prostat,
To merchants, which them kept in bondage hard,
Or lold againe. Now when faire Pastorell
Into this place was brought, and kept with guard
Of grievely theeces, she thought her selfe in hell,
Where with such damned fiends she should in darkness dwell.

But for to tell the dolefull dement,
And pitifull complaints, which there she made
(Where day and night she nourish'd but lament
Her wretched life, that vp in deadly shade,
And waft her goodly beauty, which did fade
Like to a flowers, that feele not heare of sunne,
Which may her feeble leaves with comfort glade
And what befell in that theecis woe,
Will in another Canto better be begonne.
At last, when he the so importune sawe,
Fearing least he at length the rains would lend
Vnto his lafi, and make his will his lawe,
Sith in his powre the was to foe or friend;
She thought it best, for shadow to pretend
Some fiew of favour, by him gracing small,
That fie thereby more either freely wend,
Or at more ease continue there his thrall;
A little well is fent, that ganeath more withall.

So from thenceforth, when loue he to her made,
With better teemes she did him entertaine:
Which gave him hope, and did him halfe perwade,
That he in tune her joyance should obtaine.
But when the fawe, through that small favours gained,
That further, then fiew willing was, he prefet;
She found no meanes to barre him, but to faine
A foldain fickle, which her foe opprefst,
And made vntit to ferue her lawlesse minde In ceft.

By meanes whereof, she would not him permit
Once to approach to her in pruny,
But onely moight the refte by her to fit,
 Mourning the newe fortune of the madly
And defcending all things meet for remedy,
But therefore did no remedy to finde,
Nor better cheere to flew in miery,
Till Fortune would her captive bonds vnbinde.
Her fickle was not of the body, but the minde.

During which space that the thus fickle did ly,
It chanu'd a fort of merchante which were wont
To skim them coates, for bondmen there to buy,
And by fuch traffique after gaines to hunt,
Arrived in this to, though bare and blunt
T'irque for flaues; where being ready met
By some of these fame theuenes at th'infant brunt,
Were brought vnto their Captaine, who was fet
By his faire Patience fide with sorrowfull regret.

To whom they shewed, how thofe merchante were
Arru'd in place, their bondflaues for to buy;
And therefore prayd, that thofe fame captuure there
Mote to them for their moft commodiety
Be fold, and onely them fhared equably,
This thier requet the Captaine much appalled;
Yet could he not his iuit demand deny,
And willed freight the flaues should forth he called,
And fold for moft aduantage not to be forfalled.

Then forth the good old Melibe was brought,
And Coridon, with many other moe,
Whom they before in diserte poylies had caught:
All which he to the merchante lafe did fhowe;
Tell them, which did the funday prisoners knowe,
Can to inquire for the faire flepherdess,
Which with the refte they took not longe agoe,
And gan her form and feature to exprefst,
The more taugnet her price, through praise of combaines.

To whom the Captaine in full angry wise
Made anfwere, that the Mayd of whom they spoke,
Was his owne purchate and his onely prize:
With which none had to do, he ought parteake,
But he hintellie which did that conquest make;
Little for him to have one filly life:
Besides, through fickneffe now to wan and weake,
That nothing meet in marchandise to paift.
So fhou'd them her, to proue how pale & weake she was.

The fight of whom, though now decayd and mard,
And eke but hardly feene by candle-lighe:
Yet like a Diamond of rich regard;
In dondefull shawes of the darkome night,
With fpiry beames about her fhining bright,
Thefe merchante fixed eyes did to amaze,
That what through wonder, & what through delight,
Awhile on her they greedily did gaze,
And did her greatly like, and did her greatly praize.

At last, when all the refte them offered were,
And prices to them placed at their pleafure,
They all refused in regard of her,
Nought would they buie, how-ever pris'd with measure,
Without her, whose worth was well enuironed,
The feve did effect, and offred firoe of gold.
But then the Captaine fraught with more diplauure
Bad them be fill, his Loue should not be fold:
The refte take if they would, he to her to demand.

Therewith, some other of the chiefeft theuenes
Boldly him bade fuch injury forgeare;
For, that fame maid, how-eyer it him grieves,
Should with the refte be fold before him there,
To make the prices of the refte more deare;
That with great rage he fowly doth denay;
And fiercely drawing forth his blade, doth reare,
That who fo hardy hand on her doth lay,
It dearly flall aby, and death for handfell pay.

Thus as they words amongst them multiply,
They full to strokes, the fruit of too minch talke:
And the mad ftrike about doth fiercely fie,
Noftparg with it, ne leaving any balke,
But making way for death at large to waile;
Who, in the horror of the grisly night,
In thousand dreadfull shapes doth moong them flake,
And makes huge haufecke, whiles the candle light
Out-queench'd, leaves no skill nor difference of wight.

Like as a fort of hungry dogs ynet
About some carcal by the common way,
Doe all together, firiting each to get
The greatest portion of the greedy prey;
All on confufed heaps them like Akyes;
And fucht, and bite, and rend, and tug, and tear;
That who them fees, would wonder at their fay;
And who fees not, would be affayd to heare:
Such was the conftiu of thofe cruel brigants there.
But first of all, their capturing they do kill,
Lost they should joyne against the weaker side,
Or rise against the remnant at their will:
Old Melanor is flaine, and him before
His aged wife, with many others waked:
But Cardinal escaping craftily,
Creeps forth of dorcas, whistif darkness him doth hide,
And flies away as fast as he can hie,
Ne layeth leave to take, before his friends doe dye.

But Papirelli, woful wretched Elie,
Was by the Captaine all this while defended:
Who mindings more his safety then himselfe,
His target alwaies over her pretended:
By means whereof, that mote not be amended,
He at the length was flaine, and layd on ground;
Yet holding oft twist both his arms extended,
Fayre Papirelli, who with the fell fame wound
Lanceth through the arm, fell down with him in dreary woold.

There lay the covered with confused prolife
Of carcasses, which dying on her fell.
Tho, when as he was dead, the fray gan caffe,
And each to other calling, did compell
To fly their cruel hands from stocking fell,
Sith they that were the cause of all, were gone.
Thereto they all at once agreed well,
And lighting candles new, gan search anon;
How many of their friends were flaine, how many done.

Their Captaine there they cruelly found kild,
And in his armes the dreary dying mayd,
Like a sweet Angell twist two clouds vp-hild:
Her lovely light was dimmed and decayd,
With cloud of death upon her eyes displayd:
Yet did the cloud make even that dimmed light
Seeme much more loue in that darkness mayd,
And twiced the twinkling of her eye-lids bright,
To sparkles out little beams, like flashes in foggy night.

But when they mow'd the carcasses aside,
They found that life did yet in her remaine:
Then all their helpe they hurried apie,
To call the soule backe to her home againe:
And wroght to well with labour and long paine,
That they to life recovered her at last.
Who fighting fore, as if her heart in twaine
Had ritten been, and all her hart-stringes brakst,
With dreary drouping synce looke vp like one agast.

There she beheld, that for her grief'd to see,
Her Father and her friends about her lying,
Herselfe fole left, a second spoule to be
Of thofe, that having fault her from dying,
Renewed her death by timely death denying:
What now is left her, but to wale and wepe,
Wringing her hands, and rentfully loud crying?
Ne cared the her wound in teares to sleepe
Albem with all their might those Brigantes her did keepe.

But when they saw her now ev'n d'again,
They left her to, in charge of one the beft
Of many worthy, who with vnome doth flaine
And cruel rigour her did much molest;
Scarce yeelding her due food, or timely rest,
And fearefully suffing her inflfet wound,
That fore her payn'd, by any to be dret.
So leave we her in wretched thralome bound,
And tune we backe to Cadore, where we him found.

Who when he backe returned from the wood,
And saw his shepheards cottage spoylet quight,
And his Loure reft away, he wept wood,
And halfe enraged at that reufulght:
That even his heart for very dwell delight,
And his owne fleg he ready was to teare:
He coaff, he grieve'd, he frettet, and he fighs,
And fired life a furious wilde Beare,
Whole whelps are holne away, the being other-where.

Ne wight he found, to whom he might complaine,
Newight he found of whom he might inquire;
That more increat the anguish of his paine.
He fought the woods but no man could lee there:
He fought the Plains but could no rydings heare;
The woods did nought but echues vaine rebound;
The Plains all waffe and empty did appeare;
Where went the shepheards oft their pipes reftound,
And feed an hundred flocks, there now not one he found.

At left, as there he romed vp and downe,
He chanceth one comming towards him to spy,
That seem'd to be some fordy simple clowne,
With ragged weeds, and lackes vp-freeing his:
As he did from some late danger flye,
And yet his fear did follow him behind;
Who as he unto him approched nie,
He more perceive by signes, which he did finde;
That Corinna was, the sly shepheards hynd.

Tho, to him running fast, he did not flye
To greet him first, but seek where were the rest;
Where Papirelli who full of freth dismay,
And gulping forth in teares, was to opprest,
That he no word could speake, but finst his breate,
And vp to he roe his eyes fast streaming threw.
Whereas the Knight amaz'd, yet did not reft,
But askt againe, what meant that rufflow how:
Where was his Papirelli where all the other crew?

Ah well away, ly'd he then fighting fore,
That euer I did line, this day to see,
This dimall day, and was not dead before,
Before I saw faire Papirelin dye.
Die I too alas then Cadore did cry:
How could the death dare ever herto quell?
But read thou theheare, read what deftiny,
Or other dire full hap from heauen or hell
Hath wrought this wicked deeds: doe fear stay away, and tell,

Tho
Tho, when the shepheard breathed had a while,
He thus began: Where shall I then commence
This wofull tale? or how tho' Brigtants ville,
V Venus cruel rage, and dreadful full violence
Spewd all our costs, and carried vs from hence?
Or how faire Pafforell should have been told
To Marchants, but was fast'd with strong defence?
Or how the sheepe, while it one fough her to hold,
Fell all at odds, and fought through fury fierce and bold.

In that fame conflict (worse is me) befell
This fatal chumme, this dolefull accident,
V Venus heartly ydngs now I have to tell.
First, all the captwre which they here had theat,
Were by them flaine by generall confent;
Old Melibe, and his good wife withall
These feyes faw die, and dretly did lament:
But when the bof Pafforell did fall,
Their Captaine long withifood, & did her death forfalt.

But what could he gain of all them doe alone?
It could not boote; needes more the die at last:
I onely feap't through great confusion
Of cries and clamours, which amongst them past,
In dreadful darkneffe, dreadful agahaft;
That better were with them to haue beene dead,
Then here to fee all defolate and waife,
Depoifi of thofe toyes and folly head.
Which with thofe gentle sheepe who here I wont to lead.

When Calidore these ruefull newes had raught,
His hart quite deade was with anguish great,
And all his wits with doole were nought deliaught;
That he his face, his head, his breath did beate,
And death it fell to unto himsefle did threat;
Oft curfing th'heauen, that so cruelly were
To her, whose name he often did repeat;
And willing oft, that he were prefent there,
When the waftline, or had been to her faceoure went to lead.

But after griefe, while had his courfe,
And spent it fepe in mourning, he at last
Began to mitegate his fellwing courte;
And in his mind with better reason caft,
How he might sate her life, if life did lat;
Or if at that dead, how he his death might wrecce,
Sith otherwife he could not mend thing paff;
Or if it to reconu he were too weake,
Then for to die with her, and his lites thread to breake.

Tho, Cordone he prayd, if he well knew
The ready way into that heauen wone,
To wend with him, and be his conductrew
Vnto the place, to fee what shoule be donne.
But he, whose hart through feare was late fordonne,
Would not for ought be drawne to former deeds;
But by all means the danger knowne did thonne:
Yet Calidore, fo well him wroght with meed,
And faire bespake with words, that he at last agreed.

So, forth they goe together (God before)
Both clad in shepheardes weeds agreeably,
And both with shepheardes bookeis: But Calidore
Had vnderneath, him armed pruely.
Tho, to the place when he approched nie,
They chaune't upon an hill, nor faire away,
Some fleeces of sheepe and shepheardes to epy:
To whom they both agreed to take their way;
In hope there newes to learn, how they more best slay.

There did they find, that which they did not see,
The felfe same flocks, the which those thienes haue rett
From Melibe and from themselves whereabout,
And certaine of the thienes there by them left,
The which for want of heards themfelues there kept.
Right well knew Cordone his owne late flepe,
And seeing them, for tender pity wept:
But when he saw the thienes which did them keepe,
His hart gan faile, albe he faw them all alike.

But Calidore, recomforting his griefe,
Though not his feare: for, nought may faire did waste;
Him hardly forward drew, where-as the chief;
Lay sleeping soundly in the bushe fade,
Whom Cordone him counfel to inuade
Now all vnwares, and take the foole away;
But he, that in his mind had cloely made
A further purpose, would not to them fay,
But gently wakeman them, gave them the time of day.

Tho, fittin downe by them vpon the Greene,
Of sundry things he purpose gan to faine;
That he by them might certaine tydings wene
Of Pafforell, were the alue or slaine.
Mongst which, the thienes them questioned againe,
What mister men, and eke from whence they were.
To whom they answere d, as did appertaine,
(Here
That they were poore heard-gromeis, the which why-
Had from their maisters fled, & now foughed hire elchere.

Whereof right glad they fcam'd, & offer made
To hire them well, if they their flocks would kepe:
For, they themselues, were euel gromeis, they faid,
Vnwont with heards to watch, or paffure flepe,
But to foray the Land, & fcoore the deepe.
There-to they foonne agreed, and earctis tooke,
To keppe their flocks for little hire and chepe:
For, they for better hire did shortly looke:
So there all day they bode, till light the sky forsooke.

Tho, when-as towards darkorne night it drew,
Vnto their hellishDenes those thienes them brought;
Where shortely they in great acquaintance grew,
And all the secrets of their entraile were caught:
There did they find (contrary to their thought)
That Pafforell yet liv'd: but all the reft
Were dead, right as Cordone had taught:
Whereof they both full glad and blithie did reft,
But chiefly Calidore, whom griefe had most poufle.

At
At length, when they occasion fitthest found,  
In dead of night, when all the theues did rest  
After a late foray, and slept full sound,  
Sir Calidore him arme'd, as he thought bet,  
Having of late(by diligent inquiet)  
Prouided him a sword of meanest fort:  
With which he straight went to the Captaines neft.  
But Cordon durst not with him comfort,  
Ne durst abide behind, for dread of worfe effort.  

When to the Caue they came, they found it fall:  
But Calidore, with huge refilitefe might,  
The dore assaile, and the locks vp-brafl.  
With noyle whereof the theefe awaking light,  
Into the entrance ran; where the bold Knight  
Encounterng him with small resistance flew;  
The whiles faire Pafforell through great affright  
Was almoft dead, midlebounding leaf of new  
Some vp-rove were like that, which lately the did view.  

But when as Calidore was comen in,  
And gan alond for Pafforell to call;  
Knowing his voice (although not heard long fa)  
She fuddain was revived there-withall,  
And wondrous joy felt in her spirits thrall:  
Like him that beeing long in tempfelt,  
Looking each hovre into deaths mouth to fall,  
At length, espies at hand the happy coaat,  
On which he fafty hopes, that earl feared to be loft.  

Her gentle hart, that now long feason past  
Had never joyance felt, nor chearful thought,  
Began some fraek of comfort new to take:  
Like lifefull heat to numbed feries brought,  
And life to feele, that long for death had lost:  
Ne left in hart rejoyced Calidore  
When he her found; but like to one distraught  
And rob'd of reafon, towards her him bore,  
A thousand times embrac's, and kift a thousand more.  

But now by this, with noise of late vp-rove,  
The lane and ery was rafed all about;  
and all the Brigants, flocking in great flore,  
Vnto the Cane gan prace, nought having doubt  
Of that was done, and entered in a rout.  
But Calidore, in th'entry clofe did stand,  
And entertaining them with courage float,  
Still flew the formoft that came first to hand;  
So long, till all the entry was with bodies mand.  
Theo, when no more could nigh to him approche,  
He breath d his fword, and refet him till day:  
Which when he fide upon the earth t'encroche,  
Through the dead caufacces he made his way;  
Mongt which he found a fword of better fay,  
With which he forth went into th'open light;  
Where all the reft for him did ready flay,  
And fierce affailing him, with all their might  
Gan all upon him lay: there gan a dreadfull fght.  

How many flies in hotfeft Sommers day  
Doe ftere upon some beaft, whose fteath is bare,  
That all the place with fwarms doe ouer-lay,  
And with their little flings right fely fare;  
So many thites about him swarming are,  
All which doe him affail with entry fide,  
And foopreffes, ne any him doth spare:  
But he death with his raging brond diuide  
Their thickeft troupes, & round about him featreth wide.  

Like as a Lion mongt an heard of Dere,  
Diferfeeth them to catch his choicest pray;  
So did he fir amongst them here and there,  
And all that neeres him can, did heve & fly;  
Till he had this'd with bodies all the way;  
That none his danger daring to abide,  
Fled from his wrath, and did themfelues confay  
Into their Caues, their heads from death to hide,  
Neany left, that victory to him environ.  

Then backe returning to his deareft Deare,  
He her gan to recomfort all he might,  
With gladfull fpeeches, and with lovely cheare;  
And forth her bringing to the joyous light,  
Whereof the long had lacked the withfull light,  
Deuz'z all godly meanes, from her to diuife  
The fad remembrance of her wretched plight,  
So, her vneath at laft he did reviue,  
That long had lien dead, and made againe allue.  

This done, into thofe ethieuth dennes he went,  
And thence did all the spoiles and thiffures take,  
Which they from many long had rob'd and rent,  
But fortune now the Vietors meed did make;  
Of which the beft he did his Loue betake:  
And alfo all thofe flocks, which they before  
Had ref from Metibar, and from his Make,  
He did them all to Cordino reftore.  
So, droue them all away, and his Loue with him bore.
Canto XII.

Faire Pastorella, by great hap,
Her parents understand:
Calidore doth the Blatant Beast
Subdue, and bind in bands.

And Bellamoreagine so well her pleasing,
With daily seruice and attendance due,
That of her love he was entirely seiz'd,
And closely did her wed, but known to few.

Which when her father understood, he grew
So great rage, that them in dungeon deepe
Without compassion cruelly he threw;
Yet did so straitly them alander kepe,
That neither could to company of th'o ther creepe.

Now thefe, Sir Bellamore, whether through grace
Or secret gifts, so with his Keepers wroght,
That to his Love sometimes he came in place;
Whereof, her wombe withal to wight was fraught,
And in due time a maiden child forth brought.

Which she straight way (for dread lest if her Sire
Should know thereof, so they he would have fought)
Deliver'd to her handmaid that (for hire)
She should it cause be foster'd under strainge attire.

The trustie Damell, bearing it abroad
Into the emptie fields, where liuing wight
Mote not bewray the secret of her lode,
She forth gun lay'd unto the open light
The little babe, to take thereof a light.

Whom, while't the did with warty eyne behold,
Upon the little breast (like crystal bright)
She more perceiue a little purple mould,
That like a Rose, her sicken leaves did faire vnfold.

W3ll she it mark't, and pittied the more,
Yet could not remedi her wretched cafe:
But closing it againe like as before,
Bedew'd with teares there left it in the place:
Yet left not quire, but drew a little space
Behind the bushes, where shee her did hide,
To weat what mortall hand, or heavens grace
Would for the wretched infants helpes provide,
For which it loue full cold, and pitifully crie.

H. 2.
At length, a Shephard, which there-by did keepe
His fleecie flocke vpon the Plaines around,
Led with the infants cry, that loud did wepe;
Came to the place; where when he wrapped found
That abandoned spouse, he hastyly unbound:
And seeing there that did him pitty fore,
He took it vp, and in his mandle wound;
So home into his honest wife it bore,
Who as her owne it suffit, and named euemore.

Thus long continu'd Claribell a thrall,
And Bellamore in bonds, till that her sire
Departed life, and left vnto them all.
Then all the storie of Fortunes former ire
Were turned, and they to freedome did retire.
Thence-forth, they joy'd in happyneffe togethers
And lived long in peace and loue entire.
V.Vi without disquiet, or dislike of either,
Till time that Calidore brought Pastorella thither.

Both whom they goodly well did entertaine;
For, Bellamore knew Calidore right well.
And loved for his prowesse, fith they swaine
Long since had fought in field. As Claribell
No lefe did tender the faire Pastorella,
Seeing her weake and wan, through duracion long.
There they awhile together thus did dwell
In much delight, and many joyes among,
Vntill the damzell gan to vxe more famed and strong.

Tho, gan Sir Calidore him to advise
Of his first quest, which he had long forlorn;
Aftain'd to thinkse, how he at enterprise,
The which the Faery Queen had long afore
Bequeathed to him, forlackt he had fo sure;
That much he feared, left reproach full blame,
With foule dishonour him kyle mote blot therefore;
Befides the loffe of so much praise and fame,
As through the world there-by should glorifie his name.

Therefore refoluing to returne in haste
Vnto so great atchievement, he bethouthe
To leave his Love, now perlill being past,
V.Vi with Claribell, whil't he that moniter fought
Throughout the world, and to destruction brought.
So, taking leave of his faire Pastorella
(Whom to recomfort, all the meanes he wrought)
V.Vi thanks to Bellamore and Claribell,
He went forlorn on his quest, and did that him befell.

But first, ere I doe his adventures tell,
In this exploit, me needeth to declare
What did beide to the faire Pastorella,
During his abstinence left in heavy care,
Through daily mourning, and nightly misfare;
Yet did that auncient Matrone all the might,
To chooche her with all things choice and rare;
And her owne hand-maid, that Matrona high,
Appointed to attend her dewly dry and night.
Who'er is the mother of one child,
Which hauing of thought long dead, she finder alive,
Let her by proofe of that which she hath idle
In her owne breath, this mothers joy defiruee:
For, other none fiction suffision can continue
In perfect frame, as this good lady felt,
When she to faire a designe, and hence
As Dafford was, that night the swift
For puffing joy, which did all into pitty melt.

There running forth unto her loued Lord,
She unto him recounted all that fell:
Who, ioynynjoy with her in one accord
Acknowledged for his owne faire Dafford.
There leave we them in joy, and let vs tell
Of Calidore who seeking all this while,
That monstous Beast by small force to quell,
Through every place, with reticell paine and soile,
Him follow'd, by the track of his outrageous spoile.

Through all efates he found that he had paue,
In which he many misaftes had left,
And to the Clergy now was come at last:
In which such spoil, such hauooc, and such theft
He wrought; that thence all goodmelle he bereft,
That endlefe were to tell. The Elfin Knight,
Who now no place besides enough had left,
At length into a bloudy, daunted light,
Where he himound despoiling all with maine & might.

Into their Cloysters now he broken had,
Through which the Monkes he chased here & there,
And them purfued into their dortours sad,
And searched all their Cel's and secretes nere;
In which, what filth and ordure did appear,
Were irreforme to report: Yet that foule Beast,
Nought isparing them, the more did toffe and tare,
And ramack all their denter from most to lefe,
Regarding nought religioun, nor their holy beale.

From thence, into the sacrifice Church he brooke,
And rob'd the Chancell, and the deskedes downe threw,
And Altars foueld, and blasphemy spoold;
And the Images, for all their goody hew,
Did call to ground, whil'st none was more to res;
So all confoundeth and disordereth there.
But seeing Calidore, away he flew,
Knowing his fallall hand by former seare;
But he him self purfuing, to one approached nere.

Him in a narrow place he overtooke,
And fierce affalling, force'he turne againe:
Stemely he turnd againe, when he him strooke
With his shapeste feele, and ran at him amaine
With open mouth, that fremed to containe
A full good peck within the vertmost brim,
All fet with iron teeth in ranged traine,
That terrifide his foes, and armed him,
Appearing like the mouth of Owne, grizly grim.

And therein were a thousand tongues empight,
Of sundry kindes, and sundry quality:
Some were of dogs, that barked day and night,
And some of cats, that wawling full did cry;
And some of Beares, that grownd continually;
And some of Tigres, that did seem to shew,
And four at all, that euer paffed by:
But most of them were tongues of mortall men,
Which spake reprochefully, not caring were nor when.

And them amongst, were mingled here and there,
The tongues of Serpents, with three forcd things,
That spat out poifon and gore bloody gete
At all that came within his rauncings,
And spake ceceous words, and hateful things
Of good and bad aike, of lowe and hie;
Ne Keifers spared he a white, nor Kings,
But either blotted them with infamy,
Or bit them with his baneful teeth of misery.

But Calidore, thereof no whit afraid,
Re'ncountred him with fo impetuous might,
That th'o'ontrage of his violence he flaid,
And bet abacke, the stinging in vaine to bite,
And petting forth the poifon of hisfught,
That formed all about his bloudy lawes.
Tho, rearing vp his former feet on high,
He ramped pon him with his tawcous pawes,
As if he would have rent him with his cruel clawes.

But he, right well aware his rage to ward,
Did caft his shiled aventure; and there-withall,
Putting his puifance forth, purfud'd fo hard,
That backward he enforced him to fall:
And beeing downe, ere he new helpe could call,
His shield he on him threw, and fawd downe held;
Like as a bullocke, that in bloudy full
Of butcheres barkfull hand to ground is feld,
Is forcibly kept downe, till he be throughly quelled.

Full cruelly the Beast did rage and rore,
To be downe held, and murkifyd fo with might,
That he gan fret and fome out bloudy gore;
Straying in vaine to reace himselfe vp-right.
For, full the more he throuse, the more the Knight
Did him fuppresse, and forcibly subdue;
That made him almost mad for fell defipte.
He grind, he bit, he ferach, he venim throw,
And fared like a fentl, right horrible in hew.

Or like the hell-born Hydra, which they faine
That great Alseus whylome over-threw,
After that he had laboured long in vaine,
To crop his thoufand heads, the which full new
Forth bulled, and in greater number grew.
Such was the fury of this hellish Beast,
Wlih't Calidore him under him downe throw;
Who rathe more his heaWy load releale.
But by the more he rag'd, the more his powrre increafe.

Hie: 3.
To see him lead that Beast in bondage strong;
And seeing it, much wonder at the sight;
And all such persons, as he writ did wrong,
Retrieved much to see his captive plight; (Knight)
And much admir'd the Beast, but more admir'd the

Thus was this Monster, by the mastring might
Of doothing Calidore, supprest and turned,
That neuer more he mote endamage wight
With his vile tongue, which many had defamed,
And many caulestes caufed to be blamed:
So did he eke long after this remaine,
Vntill that (whether wicked fate for framed,
Or fault of men) he broke his iron chain,
And got into the world at liberty againe.

Thence-forth, more mischief & more feate he wrought
To mortall men, then he had done before;
Ne euer could by any more be brought
Into like bands, ne mastring any more:
Albe that long time after Calidore,
The good Sir Petrus him tooke in hand;
And after him, Sir Lembrakke of yore,
And all his brethren borne in Britaine land;
Yet none of them could euer bring him into hand.

So now he raungeth through the world againe,
And rigeth for in each degree and state;
Ne any, that may him now restrayne,
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 pareth he most gentle wits to rare,
Ne pareth he the gate Poets rime,
But rendreth without regard of person or of time.

Ne may this homely verfe, of many meanes,
Hope to escape his vencuous delire,
More then my former writs, all wereth they clearest
From blamefull blot, and free from all that wite,
With which some wicked tongues did it backbite,
And bring into a mightie Peeres displeasure,
That neuer so desir'd to endure.
Therefore do you my times keepe better measure, (true
And seek to pleafe, that now is counted wise mens threat-

The end of the sixt Booke.
TWO CANTOS OF MUTABILITIE:
Which, both for Forme and Matter, appeare
to be parcell of some following Booke of the
FAERIE QUEENE,
VNDER THE LEGEND OF Constancie.
Neuer before imprinted.

Canto VI.

Proud Change (not pleased, in mortall
beneath the Moone, to raigne) (things,
Pretends, as well of Gods, as Men,
to be the Soueraigne.

But first, here falleth fittest to vns fold
Her antique race and lineage ancient,
As I have found it registred of old,
In Fairy Land amongst records permanent:
She was, to wect, a daughter by descent
Of those old Titans, that did whylome thrive
With Saturnes sonne for heavens regiment:
Whom, though high love of kingdome did deprive,
Yet many of their stemme long after did survive.

Hh. 4.

Hat man that sees the ever-whirling wheel
Of Change, the which all mortall things doth
But that therby doth find, & plainly scarce, (sway,
How MUTABILITIE in them doth play
Her cruel 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 life began to reare, (bear.
Gainst all the Gods, and th'empire sought from them to
The Seventh Booke of

Cant. VI.

2 And many of them, afterwards obteyn'd
Great power of land, and high authority;
As Hecate, in whose almighty hand,
He plac'd all rule and principality,
To be by her disposed forever,
To Gods, and men, as thet they list divide;
And did Beltona, that doth stand on his
Warres and altarns vnot Nations wide.
That makes both heauen & earth to tremble at her pride.

4 So likewise did this Titanaese aspire,
Rule and dominion to her selfe to gain;
That as a Goddesse, men might her adore,
And heavenly honours yield, as to them twise.
And first, on earth she fough't it to obtaine;
Where the fuch profe and lad examples shewed
Of howe great power, to many ones great paine,
That not men only (wherein the soone subdowed)
But eke all other creatures, her bad doings rewound.

5 For, the face of earthly things so chang'd,
That all which Nature had e'lish'd first
In good estate, and in meet order ranged,
She did pervert, and all their figures Hurst:
And all the worlds faire frame (which none yet durt)
Of Gods or men to alter or mitguide;
She alter'd quite, and made them all ascruft
That God had blest; and did at first proude
In that still happy state for ever to abide.

6 Ne fere the lawes of Nature enely brake,
But eke of fluifie, and of Policie;
And wrong of right, and bad of good did make,
And death for life exchanged soulefulhke:
Since which, all living wights have learn'd to die,
And all this world is woven daly worke.
O pitious workes of MUTABILITIE!
By which, we all are subiect to this curse,
And death in stead of life hancucked from our Nurce.

7 And now, when all the earth thethus had brought
To her behoef, and thanked to her might,
She gan to call in her ambitious thoughts,
To attempt the empire of the heauenly night,
And love himfelfe to shoulder from his right.
And first, the pat the region of the ayre,
And of the fire, whose substance thin and light,
Made no refistance, he could her contrarie,
But ready paffage to her pleasurable did prepare.

8 Thence, to the Circle of the Moone she claime
Where Cynthia reignes in everfailling glory,
To whose bright shining palace straight she came,
All fairely deckt with heauen's goodly story:
Who is fierer gates (by which there fane an horie
Old aged Sire, with howe-glasse in hand,
Hight Tyde) she entred, were the ftre of fory:
Ne faiide till she the heighest flag had fain;
VWhere Cynthia did fitt, that never till did ftand.

9 Her fittting on an Iovian throne fcee found,
Drawne of two fleedes, th'one black, the other white,
Environ'd with tenne thouand fars at round,
That dely her attened day and night;
And by her fide, there ran her Page, that right
Fifer, whom we the Euening-flare intende:
That with his Torche, full twirlling like twlight,
Her lightened all the way where she should fend,
And joy to weary wandering trauellers did lend:

10 That when the hardy Titanaese beheld
The goodly building of her Palace bright,
Made of the heauen's tablantine, and vp-held,
With thouand Cymall pilors of huge hight,
She gan to burne in her ambitious fpirit,
And fende her that in fuch glorious augned.
Effordnes the cauf by force and tomes might,
Her to defplace, and to her felfe to have gained
The kingsome of the Night, and waters by her wainted.

11 Boldly fhe bid the Goddesse downe defend,
And let her felle into that Iovdy throne;
For, fhe her felle more worthy thereof wend,
And better able to guide alone:
Whether to men, whose full fside did bremone,
Or vnto Gods, whose fide did maligne,
Or to the infernall Powers, her need gue none
Other faire light, and bounty molt benigne,
Her felle of all that rule fce his deemed most condigne.

12 But fide that had to her that loueraigne feat
By highteft Iove allign'd, therein to beare
Nights burning lamp, regard'd not her threat,
Ne yielded ought for favour or for feare;
But with ferne clothenaunce and distainfull cheare,
Bending her horned browes, did put her back:
And boldly bluming her for conning there,
Bade her attance from heauen's coft to pack,
Or at her peril hide the wrathfull Thunders wrack.

13 Yet nathmore the Gianaese for bare:
But boldly pracing-on, raught forth her hand
To take her downe perforce from off her chaire;
And there-with lifting vp her golden wand,
Threatened to strike her if she did with stand.
Where-at the ftrees, which round about her hord,
And eke the Moones bright wagon, still did ftand,
All beeing with to bold attempt amazed,
And on her vacous hand and ftem looke still gazed.

14 Meanes-while, the lower World, which nothing knew
Of all that chaunge here, was daintily cleare;
And eke the heauen, and all the heavenly crew
Of happy nights, now usurp'd of light,
Were much afraid, and woundred at that light
Fearing least Chaos broken had his chaine,
And brought againe on them eternall night:
But chirckly Mercury, that next doth raigne,
Ran forth in happe, into the king of Gods to plaine.
The Faerie Queene

Cant. VI.

All ran together with a great out-cry,
To Iows faire Palace, fixt in heavens hight;
And beating at his gates full earnestly,
Can call to him aloud with all their might;
To know what meant that fuddaine lack of light.
The father of the Gods when this he heard,
Was troubled much at their so strange affright;
Doubling leaf Taythen were again spread;
Or other his old foes, that once him sore feared.

16

Ettuone the sonne of Meta forth he sent
Downe to the Circle of the Moone, to knowe
The cause of this so strange astonishment,
And why shee did her wonted course forsooke;
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 presene preft.

The wingd-foot God, to lift his plumes did beat,
That soone he came where-as the Titaneffe
Was fprings with faire Cynthia for her seat:
At whose strange fitght, and haughty hardinesse,
He wondered much, and feared her no lesse.
Yet laying fearde side to doe his charge,
At last, he bade her (with bold frehaffinnesse)
Ceaffe to molest the Moone to waile at large,
Or come before high Iows, her doings to discharge.

And there-with-all, he on her shoulde laid
His snaky-wreathed Maze, whose awful power
Dost make both Gods and hellish fiends affrayd:
VWhere-at the Titaneffe did sternely lower,
And rouely anwer'd, that in euill power
He from his Iows lych meffage to her brought,
To bid her leave faire Cynthia his bower bower;
Sith thee his Iows and him esteemed nought,
No more then Cynthia's felde: but all their kingdoms
gought.

The Heuens Herald fliad not to reply,
But paft away, his doings to relate
Vnto his Lord; who now in th'highest sky,
Vvas placed in his principall Eftate,
VWith all the Gods about him congregate;
To whom when Hermes had his meffage told,
It did them all exceedingly amaze,
Saue Iows who, changing nought his countenance bold,
Did vnto them at length thefe speeches wifdome fold.

10

Harken to mee awhile ye heavenly Powers:
Ye may remember since the Earths curfed seed
Sought to affilte the heuens sternall towers,
And to vs all exceeding fear did breed:
But how we then defeated all their weed,
Yee all doe knowe, and them destroyd quite:
Yet not so quire, but that there did succeed
An off-shoot of their blood, which did alite
Upon the fruitfull earth, which doth vs yet depite.

15

Of that bad feed is this bold woman bred,
That now with bold pretension doth aspire
To thrust faire Throse from her fuber bed,
And eke our felues from heuens high Empire,
If that her might were match to her desire:
VWherefore, it now beothes vs to advise
What way is best to drive her to retire;
Whether by open forces, or counfell wife,
Achiene ye sonnes of God, as well ye can devise.

20

So having gied, he ceasd; and with his brow
(His black eye-brow, whose doomefull dreaded beek
Is wont to wield the world into his vow,
And euen the highest Powers of heaven to check)
Made signe to them in their degrees to speake:
Who straightly gan caft their counfell grace and wife.
Meane-while, th'Eart's daughter, though she nought did
Of Hermes meffage, yet gan now advisse,
(seeck
What course were best to take in this hot bold empire.

Ettuones the fels refolvd, that whilome the Gods
(After returne of Hermes Emblicke)
Were troubled, and amongst themselves at odds,
Before they could new counsell re-alle,
To fet upon them in that extatic:
And take what fortune time and place would lend?
So, forth the rofe, and through the purest sky
To Iows high Palace straight forth to ascend,
To prosecute her plot: Good on-fet boards good end.

Shee there arriuing boldly in did pasts
Where all the Gods she found in counsell clofe,
All quite vnarm'd, as then their manner was.
At fight of her they did all arise,
In great amaze, ne witt what way to choce.
But Iows, all fearelesse, fore'them to aby;
And in his loureaine throne, gan straight delighte
Himselfe more full of grace and Marielle,
That more encheare his friends, &购房者 more terrifie.

25

That, when the haughty Titaneffe beheld,
All were shee fraught with pride and impudence,
Yet with the sight thereof was almost quitled:
And infly queaking, feem'd as aef of fente,
And voy'd of speech in that dread audience:
Vntill that Iows himselfe, her felke bespake:
Spake then faire worke, speake with confidence,
Whence art thow, and what dost thou here now make?
What idle errand hast thou, earths manion to forfake?

Shee, halfe confulted with his grean command
Yet gathering spirit of her natures pride,
His boldly anwser'd thus to his demand:
I am a daughter, by the mothers side,
Of her that is Grand-mother magnificall
Of all the Gods, great Earths, great Chast child:
But by the fathers (he it not envide)
I greater am in bloud (whereon I build)
Then all the Gods, though wrongfully from heauens exil'd,
For,
For, 

**The Seventh Book of**

**Cant. VI.**

For, **Titan** (as ye all acknowledge must)**

Was **Saturn**es elder brother by birth-right;
Both, sonsnes of **Venus**; but by ynaught
And guilt full meenes, through Corybanter flight,
The youngers thuft the elder from his right;
Since which, thou **Iowe**, iniustiously hath held
The Heauens rule from **Titan**s sonsne by might;
And them to hellish dungeons downe haue led:
Witnesse ye Heauens the truth of all that I haue teld.

Whilst the thus spake, the Gods that gau good earre
To her bold words, and marked well her grace,
Beinge of nature tall as any there
Of all the Gods, and beautifull of face,
As any of the Goddesles in place.
Stood all aloft, like a fort of Steres:
Mongst whom, some beaut of flattne & forraigne race,
Vnwarcs is chaunte, far straying from his peers:
So did their ghastly gaze bewray their hidden feares.

Till haung pauts awhile, **Iowe** thus bespake;
VII will never mortall thoughts ceasle to alpere,
In this bold fort, to Heauen claime to make,
And touch celestiall fates with earthly flame:
I would haue thought, this bold **Promethe** hire,
Or Typhon fall, or proud **Iovis** paire,
Or great **Prometheus**, talking of our ire,
Woule haue suffixd, the telt for to restraine:
And warnd all men by their example to refraine.

But now, this off-scour of that enfired fry,
Dare to renew the like bold enterprise,
And challenge the heritace of this our skie:
Whom what should hinder, but that we likewise
Should handle as the rest of her allies,
And thunder-drewe to hell! With that, he thooke
His NeCiar-deaweled locks, with which the skyes
And all the world beneath for terror quokke,
And ceas his butting levyn-brond in hand he tooke.

But, when he looked on her lovely face,
In which, faire beames of beauty did appeare,
That could the greatest weath loane turne to grace
(Such way doth beauty even in Heauen bear,) 
He flade his hand: and haung changd ths cheare,
He thus agasine in milder wife began;
But al! if Gods should fruite with feth yfere,
Then shortly shoule the progeny of Man
Be rooteed out, if **Iowe** should doe still what he can:

But thee faire **Titan**s child, rather weene,
Through some vaine error or inducement light,
To fect that morrall eyes haue neuer scene;
Or through emylple of thys fithers might,
**Bellovs**; whose great glory thou dost so lift,
Since thou hast hauee her dreadfull power belowe,
Mongt wretched men (dismised with her affright)
To bandie Crownes, and Kingdomes to belowe:
And faire thy worth, no leffe then heres doth feeme to flowe.

But wote thou this, thou hardy **Titan**s child,
That not the worth of any liuing wight
May challenge ought in Heauens interede;
Much leefe the Title of old **Titan** Right:
For, we by Conquest of our foaperne might,
And by eternall doomes of Fates decree,
Haue wonne the Empire of the Heauens bright;
Which to our felves we hold, and to whom we
Shall worthy deeme partakers of our blisske to bee.

Then caealy thy idie claime thou foolish grele,
And seeke by grace and goodneffe to obtaine,
That place from which by folly **Titan** fell;
There-to thou maist perhaps, if to thou faine
Haue **Iowe** thy gratious Lord and Sounterigne.
So, haung failed, the thus to him replide:
Caealy **Saturnes** sonne, to seeke by profeth vaine
Of idle hopes t'allure mee to thy fide,
For to betray my Right, before I haue it tride.

But thee, & **Iowe**, no equall judge I deeme
Of my defert, or of my devill Right;
That in thine owne behalfe maist partiall feeme;
But to the higheft him, that it behyght
Father of Gods and men by equalle mights,
To weet, the God of Nature, I appeale.
There-at **Iowe** wexed wroth, and in his spight
Did inly grudge, yet did it well conceale;
And bade **Dan**s **Phoebus** Scribe her Appellation scale.

Erfoonnes the time and place appointed were,
Where all, both heavennly Flowers, & earthly wights,
Before great Natures presence should appeare,
For trall of their Tiferes and beft Rights:
That was, to weet, upon the higheft hights
Of **Aris-hill** (Who knowes nor **Aris-hill**?)
That is the higheft head (in all men fights)
Of my old Father **Iul**e, whom Shephards quill
Renowned hath with hymnes fit for a rurall skill.

And, were it not, ill fitting for this file,
To song of hilles & woods, monyght vaters & Knights,
I would abate the fennicall of my file,
Mongt these fterne founts to mingle soft delights:
And tell how **Aris** through **Dianas** sights
(Being of old the belt and fairest Hill)
That was in all this holy-lands hights
Was made the most unpleasent, and most ill.
Meane while, & **Cios**, lend Caliope thy quill.

Wylome, when 1 R E L. of 2 D flourished in fame
Of weaths and goodmeffe, far abowe the rest
Of all that beare the Britifh Islands name,
The Gods then vs'd (for pleasure and for rest)
Oft to refore them to, when feem'd them beft:
But none of all there-in more pleasure found,
Then **Cynthis**; that is foueraine Queene profett
Of woods and forrests, which therein abound,
Sprinkled with whatlom waters, morse the most on ground.

But
But mongt them all, as frient for her game,
Either for chace of beast with hound or boawe,
Or for to shrude in shade from Phoebus's flame,
Or bathe in fountainst that doe freely flowe,
Or from high hilles, or from the dales belowe,
She chose this Arlo; where thee did refert
With all her Nympes encharged on a rowe,
With whom the woody Gods did oft comfort;
For, with the Nymphe, the Satyres love to play & sport.

Amongst the which, there was a Nymphe that hight
Molanna, daughter of old Father Male,
And sifter unto Male, faire and bright:
Vno whole bed fallie Bregg whylome stole,
That Shepheard Colin dearly did concorde,
And made her luckleste loves well knowne to be.
But this Molanna, were she not so shole,
Were no less faire and beautifull then shee:
Yet as she is, a faire flood may no man fe.

For, first, the springs out of two marble Rocks,
On which, a groue of Oaks high mounted growes,
That as a girt and feemes to decke the locks.
Of com faire Brize, brought forth with pomposse flowes
Out of her bowre, that many flowers growes:
So, through the flowry Dales the tumbling downe,
Through many woods, and flowry coverts flowes
(That on each side her flitter chennell crowne)
Till to the Plaine the comne, whose Valleys flowe doth
(drownes).

In her sweet streames, Diana vied oft
(After her sweete chace and toilesome play)
To bathe her selfe; and after, on the soke,
And downe gracie, her dainty lumes to lay
In covert shade, where none behold her may:
For, much she hated sight of lying eye.
Foolifh God Fausta, though full many a day
He saw her clad, yet longed so foolishly
To see her naked mongt her Nymphe in priuity.

Noway he found to compulse his desire,
But to corrupt Molanna, this her maid,
Her to discouer for some secret hire:
So, her with flattering words he first appeale,
And after, pleasing gifts for her pursuad,
Queene-apples, and red Cherries from the tree,
V Vith which he her allured and betraid,
To tell what time he might her Lady see
When she her selfe did bathe, that he might greate bee.

There-to her promis, 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 Fandin, who by nought did fether,
That he would vndertake, for this to get her
To be his Loan, and of him liked well:
Besides all which, he vow'd to be her debtor
For many noe good turnses then he would tell;
The leaft of which, this little pleasure should excell.

The simple maid did yield to him alone;
And eft him placed where he best might view
That neuer any law, fane only one:
V Who, for his hire to fo foolke-hardy dew,
Was of his hounds devour'd in Hunters heu.
Tho, as her manner was on sunny day,
Diana, with her Nymphe about her, drew
To this sweet springe where, deifying her array,
She bath'd her lovely limbes, for Iowes likely pray.

There Fauna law that pleased much his eye,
And made his hart to tickle in his breat
That for great joye of some-what he did fy,
He could him not containe in silent reft:
But breaking forth in laughte, loud proclaff
His foolifh thought. A foolifh Fauna indeed,
That could not hold thy felde to hidden lefte,
But wouldlef needs thine owne conceit areed.
Babblers ynowthen been of fo diuine a meed.

The Goddesse, all absatle with that noife,
In hart forth started from the guilty brooke;
And running fraight where-as he heard his voice,
Enclo'd the buttell about, and there him tooke,
Like darre Darke; not daring up to looke
On her whoele sight before so much he wrought.
Thence, forth they drew him by the horns, & hooke
Nigh all to peeces, that they left him nought;
And then into the open light they forth him brought.

Like as an hiswife, that with bifie care
Thinks of her Daire to make wondrous gaine,
Finding where-as some wicked beast wasare
That breaks into her Dayr house, three doth drain.
Her creamey pannes, and frustrate all her paine.
Hath in some inare or gin fet clofe behind,
Entraped him, and caught into her traine,
Then thinkes what punishment were most affign'd,
And thonshed deaths deuasth in her vengefull mind.

So did Diana and her maydens all
Vie silly Fauna, now within their bale:
They mocke and fentence him, and him soule miscall
Some by the noffe him pluckt, some by the tale,
And by his gotha heard some did him laile.
Yet he (poore soule) with patience all did bear;
For, nought against their wils might countervaile;
Ne ought he said what euer he did hear;
But hangeing downe his head, did like a Morne appeare.

At length, when they had flouted him their fill,
They gan to call what penance him to gue.
Some would have gelt him, but that same would spill
The Wood-gods breed, which must for ever live:
Others would through the ruine him haue drive,
And decked deepet but that feem'd penance light:
But most acrost and did this sentence gue,
Him in Deares skin to clad; & in that plight, (might.
To hunt him with their hounds, him selve fate how hee

Bar
But Cynthia's selfe, more angry then the rest,
Thought not enough, to punishe him in sport,
And of her flame to make a game some lift;
But gan examine him in straitest fort,
Which of her Nymphes, or other close comfort,
Him thither brought, and her to him betray'd?
He, much afeard, to her confessed short,
That 'twas Molanna which her to bewray'd.
Then all attone their hands upon Molanna laid.

But him (according as they had decreed)
With a Deeres-skin they covered, and then chaft
With all their hounds that after him did speed;
But he more speedly, from them fled more fast.
Then any Deere: to tore him dread agaft.

They after follow'd all with shrill out-cry,
Shouting as they the heauens would have craft:
That all the woods and dales where he did flye,
Did ring againe, and loud reecho to the skie.
So they him follow'd till they weary were;
When, back returning to Molanna againe,
They, by commandment of Diana there,
Her whels'd with fionces. Yet Faunus (for her paine)
Of her beloved Faunus did obtaine,
That her he would receive unto his bed.
So now her waves paffe through a pleasant Plaine,
Till with the Faunus she her selfe doe wed,
And (both combini) themselves in one faire river sped.

Nath'stole; Diana, full of indignation,
Thense-forth abandond her delicous brooke;
In whole sweet streame, before that sad occasion,
So much delight to bathe her limbs she take:'
No onely her, but also quire forlook'e
All thofe faire forretts about Ariad,
And all that Mountaine, which doth o'er-looke
The richift champian that may else be rind,
And the faire Slaves, in which are thousand Salmons bred.

Them all, and all that the fote did way,
Thence-forth she left; and parting from the place,
There-on an heave hapliff curfe did lay,
To weet, that Wolves, where she was wont to space;
Should harbour'd be, and all thofe Woods deface,
And Thieves should rob and ipoile that Coast around.
Since which, thofe Woods, and all that goodly Chase,
Doth to this day with Wolves and Thieves abound:
Which too-too true that lands in-dwellers since haue fou'd.

Canto VII.

Paeling, from loue, to Natur's Bar,
bold Alteration pleades
Large Evidence: but Nature soone
her righteous Doome areads.

Which learned minds infameth with desire
Of heauenly things: for, who but thou alone,
That art yborne of heauen and heavenly Sire,
Can tell things done in heauen to long yeone;
So faire palt memory of man that may be knowne.

Now, at the time that was before agreed,
The Gods affembled all on Ais hile;
As well those that are frung of heavenly feed,
As thofe that all the other world doe fill,
And rule both sea and land unto their will:
Onely thinfenral Powers might not appear;
Aswell for horror of their countenaunce ill,
As forth vntruly friends which they did feare;
Ye't Pluto and Proserpina were prefent there.

And
And thither also came all other creatures,  
What-e'er life or motion do retain,  
According to their funder kinds of features;  
Yet, as they could or might contain;  
So full they filled every hill and plain:  
And had not Nature Sergeant (that is Order)  
Them well disposed by his bufie pains,  
And ranged faire abroad in every border,  
They would have caused much confusion and disorder.

Then forth aswepted (great god desse) great dame Nature,  
With goodly port and graceous Mannerly,  
Being fit greater and more tall of stature  
Then any of the gods or Powers on high:  
Yet certain by her face and physionomy  
Whether she man or woman inly were,  
That could not any creature well defer:  
For, with a velle that wimpled every where,  
Her head and face was hid, that mote to none appear.

That some do say was fo by skill desuized,  
To hide the terror of her vcncht hew,  
From mortall eyes that should be surprized;  
For that her face did like a Lion shew,  
That eye of wight could not indure to view:  
But others tell that it so beantuous was,  
And round about such beseams of splendor throw,  
That it the Sunne a thousand times did pass;  
Ne could be scene, but like an image in a glas.

That well may feernet true: for, well I weene,  
That this same day, when she on Ario fast,  
Her garment was to bright and wondrous shine,  
That my fraile wit cannot devise to what.  
It to compare, nor finde like fluffe to that,  
As those three feared Sibyl, though shee most wise,  
Yet commount Thabor quite their wits forget,  
When they their glorious Lord in strange disguise

Transfigur'd Saws: his garments to did dazz their eyes.

In a faire Plaine upon an equal Hill,  
She placed was in a pavilion;  
Not fuch as Crafted-men by their idle skill  
Are wont for Princes rates to fashion:  
But the earth her self of her owne motion,  
Out of her fruitfull bosome made to growe  
Moff dainty trees, that, floating vp anon,  
Did seeme to bowe their blooming heads full lowe,  
For homage vnto her, and like a thron did shew.

So hearth it is for any living wight,  
All her array and verments to tell,  
That old Dan Geoffry (in whole gentle pright  
The pure well head of Poetic did dwell)  
In his Feates parley durt not with it mel,  
But it transferred to Alane, who he thought  
Had in his Plaine of wondes describ'd it well:  
Which who will read let forth fo as it ought,  
Go seek he out that Alane where he may be fought.

And all the earth far vnderneath her feete  
Was dight with flower, that voluntary grew  
One of the ground, and sent forth odours sweet;  
Tenne the more and more of funder fent and hew,  
That might delight the smell, or please the view:  
The which, the Nymphs, from all the brooks thereby  
Had gathered, which they at her footes foole threw;  
That richer seem'd then any tapisery,  
That Princes bowes adorn with painted imagery.

Was never so great joyince since the day,  
- That all the gods whylome assembled were,  
On Henna hill in their divine array,  
To celebrate the solene brindall cheare,  
Twas Pelene, and dame 7th it to pointed there;  
Where Phobus left, that god of Poets right,  
They say did fing the spouflain hymne full elecre,  
That all the gods were swaft with delight  
Of his celestiall long, & Musicks wondrouse might.

This great Grandmother of all creatures bred  
Great Nature, ever young yet full of old,  
Still mooing, yet vnmoued from her ftd;  
Vndeesne of any yet of all beheld;  
Thus sitting in her throne as I have teld,  
Before her came fame, Most adornde;  
And being lowe before her presence ftd,  
With meek obseriance and humilitie,  
Thus gan her plaintif Pica, with words to amplifie

To thee & greatest goddesse, only great,  
An humble suppliant loe, I lowly fly  
Seeking for Right, which I of thee entreat;  
Who Right to all doth deal indifferent,  
Dumming all Wrong and tortuous Injurie,  
Which any of thy creatures doe to other  
(Oppressing them with power, inequally)  
Sith of them all thou art the equal mother,  
And knotteth each to each, as brother into brother.

To thee therefore of this fame Ioene I plane,  
And of his fellow gods that faine to be,  
That challenge to themselves the whole worlds reign;  
Of which, the greatest part is due to me,  
And heaven it felte by hentage in Pec:  
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 me to gods do feme.

Then
Then weigh your argumens right
Thee's gods do claim the world's sole sovereignty,
And that is only due unto thy might
Argue to them in the most triumphant way.
For, of all men's it is the middle mean.

Next is the Ayre: which who officers not by fentences,
(For, of all men's it is the middle mean.)
To fit the hill, and with subtil influence
Of his thin spirit, all creatures to maintaining,
In state of life, O wise life! that does lean and
On things so tickle as th' vainfieady ayre;
Which every hour is chang'd, and altered clean
With every blast that blowes fowle or faire:
The faire doth it prolong; the fowle doth it impair.

Therein the changes infinite beholde,
Which to her creatures every minute chance;
Now, byling hot: freight, frizing deadly cold;
Now, faire fun-shine, that makes all skip and dance;

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Now, byling hot: freight, frizing deadly cold;
Now, faire fun-shine, that makes all skip and dance;
Then came fair May, the fairest mayd on ground,
Dels all with dainties of her feaus prince,
And throwing flowers out of her lap around,
Upon two brethren shoulders did ride,
The tinnes of Leux, which on eather side
Supported her like to their foure cane Queene.
Lord! how all creatures laught, when her they spide,
And leapt and daunc't as they had rauish bene!
And Cupid telleth about her flutter'd all in green.

And after her, came jolly June, attayd
All in greeene leaves, as she a Player were;
Yet in his time, he wrought as also played,
That by his plough-yrns mote right well appeare:
Upon a Crab her rode, that him did attay
With crooked clawing feetes an uncouth pale,
And backward yode, as Bargemen wont to faire
Bending their force contrary to their face,
Like that ye nrecognuous crew which faines demure grace.

Then came hot July, belike to fire,
That all his garments he had cast away:
Upon a Lyon raiing yet with ire
He boldly rode and made him to obey:
It was the beast that whylome did attay.
The Neme in Forrest, till th'Amphitrite
Him blew, and with his hide did him attay;
Behind his back a lithe, and by his tide
Vader his belt he borne a fickle circling wide.

The first was August, being rich attayd
In garment all of gold down to the ground:
Yet rode he not, but led a lovely Mayd
Forth by the lilly hand, the which was crownd,
With cares of corn, and full her hand was found;
That was the rightcous Virgin, which of old
Lived here on earth, and plenty made abound;
But, after Wroong was lovd and justice fold,
She left th'unaghteous worldly and was to heaven extold.

Next him, September marched eche on footse;
Yet was he heavy laden with the foyle;
Of harcufes riches, which he made his boot,
And him enticed with bountie of the foyle;
In his one hand, as fit for harcufes foyle,
He held a knife-hook; and in th'other hand
A pare of waigths, with which he did afoyle
Both more and leffe, where in doubt did hand,
And equal gave to each as justice duly was/d for un's maad.

Then came October full of merry glee:
For, yet his soule was stotty of the must,
Which he was treading in the wine-fats fee,
And of the joyous oyle, whose gentle gulf
Made him to frolick and to full of luf:
Upon a dreadfull Scorpion he did ride,
The same which by Dianas doom was cut
Slew great Orion: and ecke by his side
He had his ploughing flame, and couler ready ryde.

Next
Next was November, he full full grose and fat,
As fed with lard, and that right well might seeme;
For, he had been a fasting hoggs of late,
That yet his browes with sweat, did reek and stem,
And yet the feaon was full sharpe and breem;
In planting ecke he took no small delight:
Whereon he rode, not eafe to be deemed;
For in a dreadfull Centaur was in sight,
The feed of Saturnus, and faire Nept, Ciron hight.

And after him, came next the chill December
Yet he through myri is fasting which he made,
And great bonfires, did not the cold remember;
His Saviours birth his mind so much did glad:
Vpon a flanty-bearded Goat he rode,
The fame wherewith Don Iose in tender yeares,
They lay, was noughtly by the sword,
And in his hand a broad deepsheaow he beares;
Of which, he freely drinks an health to all his peces.

Then came old January, wrapped well
In many weeds to keep the cold away
Yet did he quake and quiver little as to quell
And blowe his nayles to warme them if he might:
For, they were embd with holding all the day
An hazhel keenxe, with which he fedd wood,
And from the trees did dop the needlel grey:
Vpon an huge great Earth-pot Seme he flood;
From whence wide mouth, there flowed forth the Romane
(Roud.

And lastly, came cold February, setting
In an old wagon, for he could not ride:
Drawne of two filtes for the feaon setting,
Which through the flood before did softly flyde
And swim away yet had he by his side
His plough and haruille fit to till the ground,
And tooles to prune the trees, before the pride
Of halving Prime did make them burgeon round;
So pait the twelve Months forthr, & their dew places found.

And after these, there came the Day, and Night,
Riding together both with equall pace,
Th'one on a Palfrey blakke, the other white
But Night had covered her comely face
With a blakke veile, and held in hand a mace,
On top whereof the moon and stars were plight,
And steep and darkener round about did trace:
But Day did beare, upon his keepers hight,
The goodly Sun, encompast all with beames bright.

Then came the Horses, faire daughters of high Iose,
And timely Ages, the which were all endowed
With wondrous beauty fit to Kindle Iose:
But they were Virgins all, and loute escheved,
That might fostlsee the charge to them fore-seved
By mighty Iose i who did them Porters make
Of heauen gate (whence all the gods issued)
Which they did dally watch, and nightly wake
By euene turns, neuer did their charge forsake.

And after all came Life, and lastly Death:
Death with moli grim and grisly village scene,
Yet is he bought but pating of the breath
Ne ought to fee, but like a shade to weene,
Vbodied, vnoud, vnheard, vnseeene.
But Life was like a faire young lusty boy,
Such as they Esten Don Cupid to hate become,
Full of delightfull health and lusty toy:
Deckt all with flowers, and wings of gold fit to employ.

When thefe were past, thus gan the Titanesse,
Lo, mighty mother, now be judge and say,
Whether in all thy creatures more or little
CHANGE doth not reign & beareth the greatest sway:
For, whos fes not, that Time on all doth pray?
But Time do change and moue continually.
So nothing here long standeth in one day:
Wherefore, this lower world who can deny
But to be subject full to Mutability?

Then thus gan Iose Right true it is, that these
And all things else that vnder heauen dwell
Are chaung'd of Time, who doth them all dispose.
Of being: Who, is it (to me tell)
That Time himselfe doth moue and full compell
To keepe his course? Is not that namely wee
Which poure that vertue out from our heavenly cell,
That moue them all, and makes them change be?
So them we gods doe rule, and in them also thee.

To whom, thus Mutability: The things
Which we feen not how they are mou'd and swayd,
Ye may attribute to your fletes as Kings,
And fay they by your secret powre are made:
But what we (ce not, who full so perswade)
But were they fo; as ye them faire to be,
Mov'd by your might, and orde red by your yde;
Yet what If I can prove, that even yee
Your fletes are likewise chang'd, and subject unto meet.

And first, concerning her that is the first,
Even you faire Cynthia, whom so much ye make
Iose dearest darlings, she was bred and nurtur
On Cynthia hill, whereas her name did take:
Then is the mostall borne, how-so ye crake;
Besides, her face and countenance every day
We changed fee, and fundry forms partake,
Now born, now void, now bright, now brown & gray;
So that as chang'sall as the Moone men vfe to say.

Next, Mercury, who thought he leafe appear
To change his hew, and always seemes as one;
Yet, he had course doth alter evert yeares,
And is of late for out of order gone:
So Venus eckle, that goodly Paragone,
Though fright all night, yet is the darke all day
And Phobus self, who lightesome is alone,
Yet is he oft eclipsed by the way,
And fills the darknes world with terror and dismay.
THE FAERY QVEENE

Then since within this wide great \\
Nothing doth firm and permanent apper, \\
But all things soft and turned by transeste: \\
What then should I let, but I aloft should reare \\
My Trophen, and from all, the triumph beare? \\
Now judge then (5 thou greatest goddefe trewe)! \\
According as thy telle doest thee and heare, \\
And vnto me adjoin that is my dew; \\
That is th'rule of all, all being rul'd by you.

I well consider all that ye haue sayd, \\
And find that all things selfdolives doth hate \\
And changed be: yet being rightely wayd \\
They are not changed from their first efdates \\
But by the change their being doe dilate: \\
And turning to themfelves at length againe, \\
Doe worke their own perfection to by face: \\
Then over them Change doth not rule and raignes; \\
But they raigne over change, and doe their states maintaine.

Ceste therefore daughter further to aspire, \\
And thoo content thus to be rul'd by me: \\
For thy decay thou feelest by thy desire; \\
But time fhall come that all fhall changed be, \\
And from thenceforth, none no more change fhall fee. \\
So was the Titanes put downe and whift, \\
And Ioue confirm'd in his imperiall fee. \\
Then was that whole assembly quite difmift, \\
And Nature's felle did vaniſh, whether no man wit.

The Vll. Canto, unperfite.

When I bethinke me on that speech whylcreate, \\
Of Mutability, and well it way: \\
Me femeas, that though the all unworthy were \\
Of the Heav'n Rule; yet very foth to fay, \\
In all things eile she beares the greatest fway. \\
Which makes me loath this state of life fo tickle, \\
And love of things to vaine to call away: \\
Whose flowering pride, so fading and fo tickle, \\
Short Time shall soon cut down with his confuming tickle.

Then gin I thinke on that which Nature fayd, \\
Of that fame time when no more change fhall be, \\
But fedfaft rett of all things firmly fayd \\
 Upon the pillores of Eternity, \\
That is contrary to Mutabillities: \\
For, all that moneth, doth in change delight: \\
But threefe-forth all fhall rett eternallly \\
With Him that is the God of Sabbath hight; \\
O! that great Sabbath God, grant me that Sabbath light.
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