

THE FAERIE QVEENE.

Disposed into twelue bookes,

Fashioning

XII. Morall vertues.



LONDON

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1596.



TO
 THE MOST HIGH,
 MIGHTIE
 And
 MAGNIFICENT
 EMPRESSE RENOVV-
 MED FOR PIETIE, VER-
 TVE, AND ALL GRATIOVS
 GOVERNMENT ELIZABETH BY
 THE GRACE OF GOD QVEENE
 OF ENGLAND FRAVNCE AND
 IRELAND AND OF VIRGI-
 NIA, DEFENDOVVR OF THE
 FAITH, &c . HER MOST
 HVMBLE SERVAVNT
 EDMVND SPENSER
 DOTH IN ALL HV-
 MILITIE DEDL-
 CATE, PRE-
 SENT
 AND CONSECRATE THESE
 HIS LABOVRS TO LIVE
 VVITH THE ETERNL-
 TIE OF HER
 FAME.



THE FIRST
 BOOKE OF THE
 FAERIE QVEENE.

Contayning

THE LEGENDE OF THE
 KNIGHT OF THE RED CROSSE,
 OR
 OF HOLINESSE.

HOI the man, whose Muse whilome did maske,
 As time hier taught in lowly Shepherds weeds,
 Am now enforst a far vnfitter taske,
 For trumpets sterne to change mine Oaten reeds,
 And sing of Knights and Ladies gentle deeds;
 Whose prayfes hauing slept in silence long,
 Me, all too meane, the sacred Muse areeds
 To blazon broad amongst her learned throng:
 Fierce warres and faithfull loues I shall moralize my fong.

Helpe then, ô holy Virgin chiefe of nine,
 Thy weaker Nouice to performe thy will,
 Lay forth out of thine euerlasting feryne
 The antique rolles, which there lye hidden still,

A 2

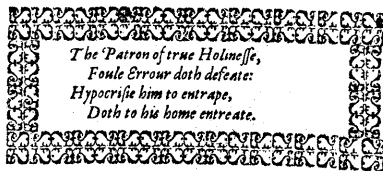
Of Faerie knights and fairest *Tanaquil*,
Whom that most noble Briton Prince so long
Sought through the world, and suffered so much ill,
That I must rue his vnderferued wrong:
O helpe thou my weake wit, and sharpen my dull tong.

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

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

CANT.

Canto I. a



A Gentle Knight was pricking on the plaine,
Y cladd in mightie armes and siluer shielde,
Wherein old dints of deepe wounds did remaine,
The cruell markes of many a bloody felde;
Yet armes till that time did he neuer wield:
His angry steede did chide his foming bitt,
As much disdainyng to the curbe to yield:
Full iolly knight he seemd, and faire did sitt,
As one for knightly giufts and fierce encounters fitt.

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

Vpon a great aduenture he was bond,
That greatest *Gloriana* to him gaue,
That greatest Glorious *Queene of Faerie* lond,
To winne him worship, and her grace to haue,

A 3

Which of all earthly things he most did craue;
 And euer as he rode, his hart did earne
 To proue his puiffance in battell braue
 Vpon his foe, and his new force to learne;
 Vpon his foe, a Dragon horrible and ftearne.

A louely Ladie rode him faire beside,
 Vpon a lowly Affe more white then fnow,
 Yet fhe much whiter, but the fame did hide
 Vnder a vele, that wimpled was full low,
 And ouer all a blacke stole fhe did throw,
 As one that inly mournd: fo was fhe fad,
 And heauie fat vpon her palfrey flow;
 Seemed in heart fome hidden care fhe had,
 And by her in a line a milke white lambe fhe lad.

So pure an innocent, as that famelambe,
 She was in life and euery vertuous lore,
 And by defcent from Royall lynage came
 Of ancient Kings and Queenes, that had of yore
 Their fcepters ftrecht from East to Wefterne fhore,
 And all the world in their fubicction held;
 Till that infernall feend with foule vpror
 Forwafted all their land, and them expeld:
 Whom to auenge, fhe had this Knight from far copeld.

Behind her farre away a Dwarfe did lag,
 That lafie feemd in being euer laft,
 Or wearied with bearing of her bag
 Of needments at his backe. Thus as they paff,
 The day with cloudes was fuddeine ouercaft,
 And angry *Loue* an hideous ftorme of raine
 Did poure into his Lemans lap fo faft,
 That euery wight to fhrowd it did conftrein,
 And this faire couple eke to fhroud thefelnes were fain.

Enforft

Enforft to feeke fome couert nigh at hand,
 A fhadie groue not far away they fpide,
 That promift ayde the tempeft to withftand:
 Whofe loftie trees yclad with fommers pride,
 Did fped fo broad, that heauens light did hide,
 Not perceable with power of any ftarre:
 And all within were pathes and alleies wide,
 With footing worne, and leading inward farre:
 Faire harbour that them feemes; fo in they entred arre.

And fourth they paffe, with pleasure forward led,
 Ioying to heare the birdes fweete harmony,
 Which therein fhrouded from the tempeft dreed,
 Seemd in their fong to fcorne the cruell sky.
 Much can they prayfe the trees fo ftraight and hy,
 The fayling Pine, the Cedar proud and tall,
 The vine-prop Elme, the Poplar neuer dry,
 The builder Oake, fole king of forrefts all,
 The Alpine good for ftuaes, the Cyprefse funerall.

The Laurell, meed of mightie Conquerours
 And Poets fage, the Firre that weepeth ftill,
 The Willow worne of forlorne Paramours,
 The Eugh obedient to the benders will,
 The Birch for shaftes, the Sallow for the mill,
 The Mirrhe fweete bleeding in the bitter wound,
 The warlike Beech, the Afh for nothing ill,
 The fruitfull Oliue, and the Platane round,
 The caruer Holme, the Maple feeldom inward found.

Led with delight, they thus beguile the way,
 Vntill the bluftring ftorme is ouerblowne;
 When weening to returne, whence they did ftray,
 The cannot finde that path, which firft was showne,

A 4

But wander too and fro in wayes vnknowne,
 Furthest from end then, when they neereft weene,
 That makes them doubt, their wits be not their owne:
 So many pathes, so many turnings seene,
 That which of them to take, in diuerse doubt they been.

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

Be well aware, quoth then that Ladie milde,
 Least suddaine mischiefe ye too rash prouoke:
 The danger hid, the place vnknowne and wilde,
 Breedes dreadfull doubts: Of fire is without smoke,
 And perill without show: therefore your hardy stroke
 Sir knight with-hold, till further triall made.
 Ah Ladie (said he) shame were to reuoke
 The forward footing for an hidden shade: (wade.
 Vertue giues her selfe light, through darkenesse for to

Yea but (quoth she) the perill of this place
 Is better wot then you, though now too late,
 To with you backe: returne with foule disgrace,
 Yet wisdomes warnes, whilest foot is in the gate,
 To stay the steppes, ere forced to retrate.
 This is the wandring wood, this *Errours den*,
 A monster vile, whom God and man does hate:
 Therefore I read beware. Fly fly (quoth then
 The fearefull Dwarf: :) this is no place for liuing men.

But

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

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

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

Which when the valiant Elfe perceiu'd, he lept
 As Lyon fierce vpon the flying pray,
 And with his trench and blade her boldly kept
 From turning backe, and forced her to stay:

Therewith enrag'd she loudly gan to bray,
 And turning fierce, her speckled taile aduauist,
 Threatning her angry sting, him to dismay:
 Who nought aghast, his mightie hand enhaunst:
 The stroke down fro her head vnto her shoulder glaunst.

Much daunted with that dint, her sence was dazd,
 Yet kindling rage, her selfe she gathered round,
 And all attonce her beastly body raizd
 With doubled forces high about the ground:
 Tho wrapping vp her wretched sterne arownd,
 Lept fierce vpon his shield, and her huge traine
 All suddenly about his body wound,
 That hand or foot to stirre he stroue in vaine:
 God helpe the man so wrapt in *Errors* endlesse traine.

His Lady sad to see his fore constraint,
 Cride out, Now now Sir knight, shew what ye bee,
 Add faith vnto your force, and be not faint:
 Strangle her, else she sure will strangle thee.
 That when he heard, in great perplexitie,
 His gall did grate for griefe and high disdain,
 And knitting all his force got one hand free,
 Wherewith he grypt her gorge with so great paine,
 That soone to loofe her wicked bands did her constrain.

Therewith she spewd out of her filthy maw
 A flood of poyson horrible and blacke,
 Full of great lumpes of flesh and gobbets raw,
 Which stunck so vildly, that it forst him slacke
 His grasping hold, and from her turne him backe:
 Her vomit full of bookes and papers was,
 With loathly frogs and toades, which eyes did lacke,
 And creeping foughtway in the weedy gras:
 Her filthy parbreake all the place defiled has.

As

As when old father *Nilus* gins to swell
 With timely pride about the *Aegyptian* vale,
 His fattie waues do fertile slime outwell,
 And ouerflow each plaine and lowly dale:
 But when his later ebbe gins to auale,
 Huge heapes of mudd he leaues, wherein there breed
 Ten thousand kindes of creatures, partly male
 And partly female of his fruitfull feed;
 Such vgly monstrous shapes elswhere may no man reed.

The same so fore annoyed has the knight,
 That welnigh choked with the deadly stinke,
 His forces faile, ne can no longer fight.
 Whose corage when the feend percei'd to shrinke,
 She poured forth out of her hellish sinke
 Her fruitfull curfed spawne of serpents small,
 Deformed monsters, fowle, and blacke as inke,
 Which swarming all about his legs did crall,
 And him encombred fore, but could not hurt at all.

As gentle Shepheard in sweete euen-tide,
 When ruddy *Phœbus* gins to welke in west,
 High on an hill, his flocke to wewen wide,
 Markes which do bite their hasty supper best;
 A cloud of combrous gnattes do him molest,
 All struiuing to infixe their feeble stings,
 That from their noyance he no where can rest,
 But with his clownish hands their tender wings
 He bruinheth oft, and oft doth mar their murmuring.

Thus ill bestedd, and fearefull more of shame,
 Then of the certaine perill he stood in,
 Halfe furious vnto his foe he came,
 Resoly'd in minde all suddenly to win.

Or soone to lose, before he once would lin;
 And strooke at her with more then manly force,
 That from her body full of filthie sin
 He raffer hatefull head without remorse;
 A streame of cole black blood forth gushed frō her corse.

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

That detestable fight him much amaze,
 To see th'vnkindly Impes of heauen accurst,
 Deuoure their dam; on whom while so he gazd,
 Hauing all satisfide their bloody thirst,
 Their bellies swolne he saw with fullnesse burst,
 And bowels gushing forth: well worthy end
 Off such as drunke her life, the which them nursd;
 Now needeth him no lenger labour spend, (contend.)
 His foes haue slaine themselues, with whom he should

His Ladie seeing all, that chaunst, from farre
 Approacht in hast to greet his victorie,
 And said, Faire knight, borne vnder happy starre,
 Who see your vanquishd foes before you lye:
 Well worthy be you of that Armorie,
 Wherein ye haue great glory wonne this day,
 And proou'd your strength on a strong enimie,
 Your first aduenture: many such I pray,
 And henceforth euer wish, that like succeed it may.

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

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

He faire the knight saluted, louting low,
 Vho faire him quited, as that courteous was:
 And after asked him, if he did know
 Of straunge aduentures, which abroad did pas.
 Ah my deare Sonne (quoth he) how should, alas,
 Silly old man, that liues in hidden cell,
 Bidding his beades all day for his trespas,
 Tydings of warre and worldly trouble tell?
 With holy father fits not with such things to mell.

But if of daunger which hereby doth dwell,
 And homebred euill euill ye desire to heare,
 Of a straunge man I can you tidings tell,
 That wasteth all this countrey farre and neare.

The

Of such (said he) I chiefly do inquire,
 And shall you well reward to shew the place,
 In which that wicked wight his dayes doth weare:
 For to all knighthood it is foule disgrace,
 That such a curled creature liues so long a space.

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

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

A little lowly Hermitage it was,
 Downe in a dale, hard by a forests side,
 Far from resort of people, that did pas
 In trauell to and froe: a little wyde
 There was an holy Chappell edifyde,
 Wherein the Hermite dewly wont to say
 His holy things each morne and euentide:
 Thereby a Christall streame did genly play,
 Which from a sacred fountaine welled forth alway.

Arriued

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

The drouping Night thus creepeth on them fast,
 And the sad humour loading their eye liddes,
 As messenger of *Morpheus* on them cast
 Sweet slobring dew, the which to sleepe them biddes.
 Vnto their lodgings then his guesstes he riddes:
 Where when all drownd in deadly sleepe he findes,
 He to his study goes, and there amidst
 His Magick bookes and artes of sundry kindes,
 He seekes out mighty charmes, to trouble sleepey mindes;

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

And forth he cald out of deepe darknesse dred
 Legions of Sprights, the which like little flyes
 Fluttering about his euer damned hed,
 A-waite whereto their seruice he applies,

To aide his friends, or fray his enemies:
Of those he choſe out two, the falſeſt two,
And fitteſt for to forge true-ſeeming lyes;
The one of them he gaue a meſſage too,
The other by him ſelſe ſtaide other worke to doo.

He making ſpeedy way through ſperſed ayre,
And through the world of waters wide and deepe,
To *Morpheus* houſe doth haſtily reſpaire.
Amid the bowels of the earth full ſteepe,
And low, where dawning day doth neuer peepe,
His dwelling is; there *Tethys* his wet bed
Doth euer waſh, and *Cynthia* ſtill doth ſteepe
In ſiluer dew his euer-drouping hed,
Whiles ſad Night ouer him her maſtle black doth ſpred.

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

And more, to lulle him in his ſlumber ſoft,
A trickling ſtream from high rocke tumbling downe
And euer-drizzling raine vpon the loſt,
Mixt with a murmuring winde, much like the ſowne
Offſwarming Bees, did caſt him in a ſwowne:
No other noyſe, nor peoples troublous cries,
As ſtill are wont t' annoy the walled towne,
Might there be heard: but careleſſe Quiet lyes,
Wrapt in eternall ſilence farre from enemies.

The

The meſſenger approaching to him ſpake,
But his waſt wordes returnd to him in vaine:
So ſound he ſlept, that nought mought him awake.
Then rudely he him truſt, and puſh with paine,
Wherewith he gan to ſtretch: but he againe
Shooke him ſo hard, that forced him to ſpeake.
As one then in a dreame, whoſe dryer braine
Is toſt with troubled ſights and fancies weake,
He mumbled ſoft, but would not all his ſilence breake.

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

The God obeyde, and calling forth ſtraight way
A diuerſe dreame out of his priſon darke,
Deliuered it to him, and downe did lay
His heauie head, deuoid of carefull carke,
Whoſe fences all were ſtraight benumbd and ſtarke.
He backe returning by the Yuorie dore,
Remounted vp as light as chearefull Larke,
And on his litle winges the dreame he bore
In haſt vnto his Lord, where he him left afore.

Who all this while with charmes and hidden artes,
Had made a Lady of that other Spright,
And fram'd of liquid ayre her tender partes
So liuely, and ſo like in all mens ſight,

B

That weaker fence it could haue rauisht knight:
 The maker selfe for all his wondrous witt,
 Was nigh beguiled with so goodly sight:
 Her all in white he clad, and ouer it
 Cast a blacke stole, most like to seeme for *Vna* fit.

Now when that ydle dreame was to him brought,
 Vnto that Elfin knight he bad him fly,
 Where he slept soundly void of euill thought,
 And with falshe shewes abuse his fantasy,
 In sort as he him schooled priuily:
 And that new creature borne without her dew,
 Full of the makers guile, with visage fly
 He taught to imitate that Lady trew,
 Whose semblance she did carrie vnder feigned hew.

Thus well instructed, to their worke they fast,
 And coming where the knight in slomber lay,
 The one vpon his hardy head him plast,
 And made him dreame of loues and lustfull play,
 That nigh his manly hart did melt away,
 Bathed in wanton blis and wicked toy:
 Then seemed him his Lady by him lay,
 And to him playnd, how that falshe winged boy; (toy.)
 Her chaste hart had subdewd, to learne Dame pleasures

And she her selfe of beautie soueraigne Queene,
 Faire *Venus* seemde vnto his bed to bring
 Her, whom he waking euermore did weene,
 To be the chasteest flowre, that ay did spring
 On earthly braunch, the daughter of a king,
 Now a loose Leman to vile seruice bound:
 And eke the *Graces* seemed all to sing,
Hymen is Hymen, dauncing all around,
 Whilst freshest *Flora* her Yuie gilond crownd.

In

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

All cleane disinayd to see so vncouth sight,
 And halfe enraged at her shamelesse guise,
 He thought haue slaine her in his fierce despight:
 But hasty heat tempring with sufferance wise,
 He stayde his hand, and gan himselfe aduise
 To proue his sense, and tempt her fained truth.
 Wringing her hands in womens pitteous wife,
 Tho can she weepe, to stirre vp gentle ruth,
 Both for her noble bloud, and for her tender youth.

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

Your owne deare fake forst me at first to leaue
 My Fathers kingdome, There the stoppt with teares;
 Her swollen hart her speach seemd to bereaue,
 And then againe begun, My weaker yeares

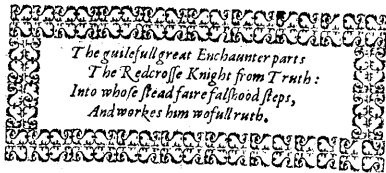
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Captiu'd to fortune and frayle worldly feares,
 Fly to your faith for succour and sure ayde:
 Let me not dye in languor and long teares.
 Why Dame (quoth he) what hath ye thus dismayd?
 What frayes ye, that were wont to comfort me affrayd?

Loue of your selfe, she said, and deare constraint
 Lets me not sleepe, but wast the wearie night
 In secreat anguish and vnpitied plaint,
 Whiles you in carelesse sleepe are drowned quight.
 Her doubtfull words made that redoubted knight
 Suspect her truth: yet since no vntruth he knew,
 Her fawning loue with foule disclaimefull spight
 He would not shend, but said, Deare dame I rew,
 That for my sake vnkowne such griefe vnto you grew.

Affure your selfe, it fell not all to ground;
 For all so deare as life is to my hart,
 I deeme your loue, and hold me to you bound;
 Ne let vaine feares procure your needlesse smart,
 Where cause is none, but to your rest depart.
 Not all content, yet seemd she to appeafe
 Her mournfull plaintes, beguiled of her art,
 And fed with words, that could not chuse but please,
 So slyding softly forth, she turnd as to her ease.

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

*CANT.**Cant. II.*

*The quilefull great Eucbaunter parts
 The Redcrosse Knight from Truth:
 Into whose stead faire falsehood steps,
 And workes him wofull truch.*

BY this the Northerne wagoner had set
 His seuenfold teme behind the stedfast starre,
 That was in Ocean waues yet neuer wet,
 But firme is fixt, and sendeth light from farre:
 To all, that in the wide deepe wandering arre:
 And chearefull Chaunticlere with his note shrill
 Had warned once, that *Phæbus* fiery carre
 In hast was climbing vp the Easterne hill,
 Full enuious that night so long his roome did fill.

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

Estsoones he tooke that miscreated faire,
 And that false other Spright, on whom he spred
 A seeming body of the subtile aire,
 Like a young Squire, in loues and lusty-hed.

B 3

His wanton dayes that euer loofely led,
Without regard of armes and deadly fight:
Those two he tooke, and in a secret bed,
Covered with darknesse and misdeeming night,
Them both together laid, to ioy in vaine delight.

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

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

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

Now

Now when the rosy-fingred Morning fair,
Weary of aged *Tribones* saffron bed,
Had spred her purple robe through dewy aire,
And the high hills *Titan* discouered,
The royall virgin shooke off drowly-hed,
And rising forth out of her baser bowre,
Lookt for her knight, who far away was fled,
And for her Dwarfie, that wont to wait each houre;
Then gan she waile & weepe, to see that woefull stowre.

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

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

He then deuise himselfe how to disguise;
For by his mightie science he could take
As many formes and shapes in seeming wise,
As euer *Proteus* to himselfe could make:

B 4

Sometime a fowle, sometime a fish in lake,
 Now like a foxe, now like a dragon fell,
 That of himselfe he oft for feare would quake,
 And oft would flie away. O who can tell
 The hidden power of herbes, and might of Magicke spell:

But now seemde best, the person to put on
 Of that good knight, his late beguiled guest:
 In mighty armes he was yclad anon:
 And siluer shield, vpon his coward brest
 A bloudy crosse, and on his crauen crest
 A bunch of haire discoloured diuerfly:
 Full iolly knight he seemde, and well adrest,
 And when he fate vpon his courser free,
Saint George himselfe he would haue deemed him to be.

But he the knight, whose semblaunt he did beare,
 The true *Saint George* was wandred far away,
 Still flying from his thoughts and gealous feare;
 Will was his guide, and griefe led him astray.
 At last him chaunst to meete vpon the way
 A faithlesse Sarazin all arm'd to point,
 In whose great shield was writ with letters gay
Sans foy: full large of limbe and euerie joint
 He was, and cared not for God or man a point.

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

With

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

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

As when two rams stird with ambitious pride,
 Fight for the rule of the rich fleeced flocke,
 Their horned fronts so fierce on either side
 Do meete, that with the terrour of the flocke
 Astonied both, stand fencelesse as a blocke,
 Forgetfull of the hanging victory:
 So stood these twaine, vnmooued as a rocke,
 Both staring fierce, and holding idely,
 The broken reliques of their former cruelty.

The *Sarazin* fore daunted with the buffe
 Snatcheth his sword, and fiercely to him flies;
 Who well it wards, and quyteth cuff with cuff:
 Each others equall puissance enuies,

And through their iron sides with cruelties
 Does seeke to perce: repining courage yields
 No foote to foe. The flashing fier flies
 As from a forge out of their burning shields,
 And streames of purple bloud new dies the verdāt fields.

Curse on that Crosse (quoth then the *Sarazin*)
 That keeps thy body from the bitter fit;
 Dead long ygoe I wote thou haddest bin,
 Had not that charme from thee forwarned it:
 But yet I warne thee now assured sitt,
 And hide thy head. Therewith vpon his crest
 With rigour so outrageous he smitt,
 That a large share it hewd out of the rest, (blest.
 And glauncing downe his shield, from blame him fairly

Who thereat wondrous wroth, the sleeping spark
 Of natiue vertue gan estfoones reuiue,
 And at his haughtie helmet making mark,
 So hugely stroke, that it the Steele did riuē,
 And cleft his head. He tumbling downe aliue,
 With bloody mouth his mother earth did kis,
 Greeting his graue: his grudging ghost did striue
 With the fraile flesh; at last it flitted is,
 Whither the soules do fly of men, that liue amis.

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

She

She turning backe with ruefull countenance,
 Cride, Mercy mercy Sir vouchsafe to show
 On silly Dame, subiect to hard mischaunce,
 And to your mighty will. Her humble selfe low
 In foritch weedes and seeming glorious show,
 Did much emmoue his stout heroicke heart,
 And said, Deare dame, your suddein ouerthrow
 Much rueth me; but now put feare apart,
 And tell, both who ye be, and who that tooke your part.

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

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

His blessed body spoild of liuely breath,
 Was afterward, I know not how, conuaid
 And fro me hid: of whose most innocent death
 When tidings came to me vnhappy maid,

O how great sorrow my sad soule affraid,
Then forth I went his woefull corse to find,
And many yeares throughout the world I straid,
A virgin widow, whose deepe wounded mind
With loue, long time did languish as the striken hind.

At last it chanced this proud *Sarazin*,
To meeete me wandering, who perforce me led
With him away, but yet could neuer win
The Fort, that Ladies hold in soueraigne dread.
There lies he now with soule dishonour dead,
Who whiles he liu'de, was called proud *Sans loy*,
The eldest of three brethren, all three bred
Of one bad fire, whose youngest is *Sans loy*,
And twixt them both was borne the bloody bold *Sans loy*.

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

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

Long

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

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

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

Therewith a piteous yelling voyce was heard,
Crying, O spare with guilty hands to reare
My tender sides in this rough rynd embard,
But fly, ah fly far hence away, for feare

Least to you hap, that happened to me heare,
 And to this wretched Lady, my deare loue,
 O too deare loue, loue bought with death too deare.
 Aftond he stood, and vp his haire did houe,
 And with that fudden horror could no member moue.

At last whenas the dreadfull passion
 Was ouerpast, and manhood well awake,
 Yet musing at the straunge occasion,
 And doubting much his fence, he thus bespake;
 What voyce of damned Ghost from *Limbo* lake,
 Or guilefull spright wandring in empty aire,
 Both which fraile men do oftentimes mistake,
 Sends to my doubtfull eares these speeches rare,
 And rusfull plaints, me bidding guilelesse bloud to spare?

Then groning deepe, Nor damned Ghost, (quoth he,)
 Nor guilefull sprite to thee these wordes doth speake,
 But once a man *Fradubio*, now a tree,
 Wretched man, wretched tree; whose nature weake,
 A cruell witch her cursed will to wreake,
 Hath thus transformd, and plait in open plaines,
 Where *Boreas* doth blow full bitter bleake,
 And scorching Sunne does dry my secret vaines:
 For though a tree I seeme, yet cold and heat me paines.

Say on *Fradubio* then, or man, or tree,
 Quoth then the knight, by whose mischieuous arts
 Art thou mishaped thus, as now I see?
 He oft finds medicine, who his grieue imparts;
 But double griefs afflict concealing harts,
 As raging flames who striueth to suppressse,
 The author then (said he) of all my smarts,
 Is one *Duessa* a false forcerelesse,
 That many errat knights hath brought to wretchednesse.

In

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

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

So doubly lou'd of Ladies vnlike faire,
 Th'one seeming such, the other such indeede,
 One day in doubt I cast for to compare,
 Whether in beauties glorie did exceede;
 A Rofy girlond was the victors meede:
 Both seemde to win, and both seemde won to bee,
 So hard the discord was to be agreede.
Freliffa was as faire, as fairemote bee,
 And euer false *Duessa* seemde as faire as shee.

The wicked witch now seeing all this while
 The doubtfull ballaunce equally to sway,
 What not by right, she cast to win by guile,
 And by her hellish science raifd streight way

A foggy mist, that ouercast the day,
 And a dull blast, that breathing on her face,
 Dimmed her former beauties shining ray,
 And with foule vgly forme did her disgrace:
 Then was the faire alone, when none was faire in place,

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

Then forth I tooke *Duesssa* for my Dame,
 And in the witch vnweening ioyd long time,
 Ne euer wist, but that she was the same,
 Till on a day (that day is euery Prime,
 When Witches wont do penance for their crime)
 I chaunst to see her in her proper hew,
 Bathing her selfe in origane and thyme:
 A filthy foule old woman I did vew,
 That euer to haue toucht her, I did deadly reu.

Her neather partes mishapen, monstrous,
 Were hidd in water, that I could not see,
 But they did seeme more foule and hideous,
 Then womans shape man would belecue to see.
 Then forth from her most beastly companie
 I gan refraine, in minde to slip away,
 Soone as appeared safe oportunitie:
 For danger great, if not assur'd decay
 I saw before mine eyes, if I were knownc to stray.

Th

The diuelish hag by chaunges of my cheare
 Perceiu'd my thought, and drown'd in sleepeie night,
 With wicked herbes and ointments did besmeare
 My bodie all, through charmes and magicke might,
 That all my senses were bereaued quight:
 Then brought she me into this desert waste,
 And by my wretched louers side me pight,
 Where now enclod in wooden wals full faste,
 Banisht from liuing wights, our wearie dayes we waste.

But how long time, said then the Elfin knight,
 Are you in this misformed house to dwell?
 We may not change (quoth he) this euil plight,
 Till we be bathed in a liuing well;
 That is the terme prescribed by the spell.
 O how, said he, mote I that well out find,
 That may restore you to your wonted well:
 Time and suffis'd fates to former kynd
 Shall vs restore, none else from hence may vs vnbynd.

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

Her seeming dead he found with feigned feare,
 As all vnweeting of that well she knew,
 And paynd himselfe with busie care to reare
 Her out of carelesse swowne. Her eyelids blew

C

And dimmed sight with pale and deadly hew
 At last the vp gan lift: with trembling cheare
 Her vp he tooke, too simple and too trew,
 And oft her kist. At length all passed feare,
 He set her on her steede, and forward forth did beare.

Cant. III.

*Forfaken Truth long seeks her lone,
 And makes the Lyon mylle,
 Althes blind Devotions mart, and fals
 In hand of leachour ryde.*

NOught is there vnder heau'ns wide hollownesse,
 That moues more deare compassion of mind,
 Then beautie brought tynworthy wretchednesse
 Through enuies snares or fortunes freakes vnkind:
 I, whether lately through her brightnesse blind,
 Or through alleageance and fast fealtie,
 Which I do owe vnto all woman kind,
 Feele my heart perit with so great agonie,
 When such I see, that all for pittie I could die.

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

Yet.

Yet the most faithfull Ladie all this while
 Forfaken, wofull, solitarie mayd
 Farre from all peoples preafe, as in exile,
 In wildernesse and wastfull deserts strayd,
 To seeke her knight; who subtilly betrayd (wrought,
 Through that late vision, which th'Enchaunter
 Had her abandond. She of nought affrayd,
 Through woods and wastnesse wide him daily fought;
 Yet wished tydings none of him vnto her brought.

One day nigh wearie of the ykefome way,
 From her vnhaestic beast she did alight,
 And on the graffe her daintie limbes did lay
 In secret shadow, farre from all mens sight:
 From her faire head her filler she vndight,
 And laid her stole aside. Her angels face
 As the great eye of heauen shyned bright,
 And made a sunshine in the thadie place;
 Did neuer mortall eye behold such heauenly grace.

It fortuned out of the thickest wood
 A ramping Lyon rushted suddainly,
 Hunting full greedie after saluage blood;
 Soone as the royall virgin he did spy,
 With gaping mouth at her ran greedily,
 To haue attonce deuour'd her tender corse:
 But to the pray when as he drew more ny,
 His bloudie rage affwaged with remorse,
 And with the sight amazd, forgat his furious forse.

In stead thereof he kist her wearie feet,
 And lickt her lilly hands with fawning tong,
 As he her wronged innocence did weete.
 O how can beautie maister the most strong,

C 2

And simple truth subdue auenging wrong?
Whose yeelded pride and proud submission,
Still dreading death, when she had marked long,
Her hart gan melt in great compassion,
And drizzling teares did shed for pure affection.

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

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

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

Long

Long she thus traueiled through deserts wyde,
By which she thought her wandring knight should pas,
Yet neuer shew of liuing wight epyde;
Till that at length she found the troden gras,
In which the tract of peoples footing was,
Vnder the steepe foot of a mountaine hore;
The same she followes, till at last she has
A damzell spyde slow footing her before,
That on her shoulders sad a pot of water bore.

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

Full fast she fled, ne euer lookt behynd,
As if her life vpon the wager lay,
And home she came, whereas her mother blynd
Sate in eternall night: nought could she say,
But suddaine catching hold, did her dismay
With quaking hands, and other signes of feare:
Who full of ghastly fright and cold affray,
Gan shut the dore. By this arriued there
Dame *Fna*, wearie Dame, and entrance did require.

Which when none yeelded, her vnruely Page
With his rude claws the wicket open rent,
And let her in; where of his cruell rage
Nigh dead with feare, and faint astonishment,

C 3

She found them both in darkefome corner pent;
 Where that old woman day and night did pray
 Vpon her beades deuoutly penitent;
 Nine hundred *Pater noster* euery day,
 And thrise nine hundred *Aues* she was wont to say.

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

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

Now when *Aldeboran* was mounted hie
 About the thynic *Cassiopeias* chaire,
 And all in deadly sleepe did drowned lie,
 One knocked at the dore, and in would fare;
 He knocked fast, and often curst, and sware,
 That radic entrance was not at his call:
 For on his backe a heauy load he bare
 Of nightly stelths and pillage feuerall,
 Which he had got abroad by purchase criminall.

He

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

And all that he by right or wrong could find,
 Vnto this houle he brought, and did bestow
 Vpon the daughter of this woman blind,
Abeffa daughter of *Coreeca* flow,
 With whom he whore dome vsd, that few did know,
 And fed her fat with feast of offerings,
 And plentie, which in all the land did grow;
 Ne spared he to giue her gold and rings:
 And now he to her brought part of his stolen things.

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

Him booteth not resist, nor succour call,
 His bleeding hart is in the vengers hand,
 Who streight him rent in thousand peeces smial,
 And quite dismembred hath: the thirftie land

C 4

Drunke vp his life; his corse left on the strand,
 His fearefull friends weare out the wofull night,
 Ne dare to weepe, nor seeme to vnderstand
 The heauie hap, which on them is alight,
 Affraid, least to themselues the like mishappen might.

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

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

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

But

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

Therewith she gan her passion to renew,
 And cry, and curse, and raile, and rend her heare,
 Saying, that harlot she too lately knew,
 That cauld her shed so many a bitter teare,
 And so forth told the story of her feare:
 Much seemed he to mone her haplesse chauce,
 And after for that Ladie did inquire;
 Which being taught, he forward gan aduaunce
 His faire enchanted steed, and eke his charmed launce.

Ere long he came, where *Vna* traueild slow,
 And that wilde Champion wayting her besyde:
 Whom seeing such, for dread he durst not show
 Himselfe too nigh at hand, but turned wyde
 Vnto an hill; from whence when she him spyde,
 By his like seeming shield, her knight by name
 She weend it was, and towards him gan ryde:
 Approching nigh, she wist it was the same, (came)
 And with faire fearefull humbleste towards him shee

And weeping said, Ah my long lacked Lord,
 Where haue ye bene thus long out of my sight?
 Much feared I to haue bene quite abhord,
 Or ought haue done, that ye displeasen might,

That should as death vnto my deare hart light:
 For since mine eye your ioyous sight did mis,
 My chearefull day is turnd to chearelesse night,
 And eke my night of death the shadow is;
 But welcome now my light, and shining lampe of blis.

He thereto meeting said, My dearest Dame,
 Farre be it from your thought, and from my will,
 To thinke that knighthood I so much should shame,
 As you to leaue, that haue me loued still,
 And chose in Faery court of meere goodwill,
 Where noblest knights were to be found on earth:
 The earth shall sooner leaue her kindly skill
 To bring forth fruit, and make eternall deth,
 Then I leaue you, my lief, yborne of heauenly berth.

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

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

Much like, as when the beaten marinere,
 That long hath wandred in the *Ocean* wide,
 Oft soult in swelling *Tethys* saltish teare,
 And long time hauing tand his tawney hide
 With blustering breath of heauen, that none can bide,
 And scorching flames of fierce *Orions* bound,
 Soone as the port from farre he has espide,
 His chearefull whistle merrily doth found, (round.
 And *Nereus* crownes with cups; his mates him pledg a-

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

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

When nigh he drew vnto this gentle payre
 And saw the Red-crosse, which the knight did beare,
 He burnt in fire, and gan estoones prepare
 Himselfe to battell with his couched speare.

Lo th was that other, and did faint through fea,
 To taste th'vntryed dint of deadly steele;
 But yet his Lady did so well him cheare,
 That hope of new goodhap he gan to feele;
 So bent his speare, and spurnd his horfe with yron heele.

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

Dismounting lightly from his lostie steed,
 He to him lept, in mind to reauie his life,
 And proudly said, Lo there the wortheie deed
 Of him, that slew *Sansfoy* with bloudie knife;
 Henceforth his ghost freed from repining strife,
 In peace may passen ouer *Lethe* lake,
 When morning altars purgd with enemies life,
 The blacke infernall *Furies* doen aslake:
 Life from *Sansfoy* thou tookest, *Sansfoy* shall frō thee take.

Therewith in haste his helmet gan vnlace,
 Till *Vna* cride, O hold that heauie hand,
 Deare Sir, what euer that thou be in place:
 Enough is, that thy foe doth vanquish stand
 Now at thy mercy: Mercie not withstand:
 For he is one the truest knight aliue,
 Though conquered now he lie on lowly land,
 And whilest him fortune fauour'd, faire did thriue
 In bloudie field: therefore of life him not depriuē.

Her

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

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

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

But her fierce seruant full of kingly awe
 And high disdain, whenas his foueraine Dame
 So rudely handled by her foe he sawe,
 With gaping iawes full greedy at him came,

And ramping on his shield, did weene the same
 Hauē rest away with his sharpe rending clawes:
 But he was stout, and lust did now inflame
 His corage more, that frō his griping pawes (drawes.
 He hath his shield redeēd, and foorth his sward he

O then too weake and feeble was the forke
 Of saluage beast, his puissance to withstand:
 For he was strong, and of so mightie corse,
 As euer wielded speare in warlike hand,
 And feates of armes did wisely vnderstand.
 Etsuones he perced through his chaufed chest
 With thrilling point of deadly yron brand,
 And launcht his Lordly hart: with death opprest
 He roar'd aloud, whiles life forsooke his stubborne brest.

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

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

CANT.

Cant. IIIII

To a faithfull house of Prude, *Duessa*
 guides the faithfull knight,
 Where brothers death to wreak *Sanchoy*
 doth challenge him to fight.

Y Oung knight, what euer that dost armes professe,
 And through long labours huntest after fame,
 Beware of fraud, beware of ficklenesse,
 In choice, and change of thy deare loued Dame,
 Least thou of her beleeue too lightly blame,
 And rash misweening doe thy hart remoue:
 For vnto knight there is no greater shame,
 Then lightnesse and inconstancie in loue;
 That doth this *Rederosse* knights ensample plainly proue.

Who after that he had faire *Vna* lorne,
 Through light misdeeming of her loialtie,
 And false *Duessa* in her sted had borne,
 Called *Fides*, and so supposd to bee;
 Long with her traueild, till at last they see
 A goodly building, brauely garnished,
 The house of mightie Prince it seemd to bee:
 And towards it a broad high way that led,
 All bare through peoples feet, which thither traueiled.

Great troupes of people traueild thitherward
 Both day and night, of each degree and place,
 But few returned, hauing scaped hard,
 With balefull beggerie, or foule disgrace,

Which euer after in most wretched case,
Like loathsome lazars, by the hedges lay.
Thither *Dueffa* bad him bend his pace:
For she is wearie of the toilesome way,
And also nigh consumed is the lingring day.

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

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

Arriued there they passed in forth right;
For still to all the gates stood open wide,
Yet charge of them was to a Porter hight
Cald *Maluenù*, who entrance none denide:
Thence to the hall, which was on eury side
With rich array and costly arras dight:
Infinite sorts of people did abide
There waiting long, to win the wished sight
Of her, that was the Lady of that Pallace bright.

By

Cant. I.III. FAERIE QVEENE. 47
By them they passe, all gazing on them round,
And to the Prefrence mount; whose glorious vew
Their frayle amazed senses did confound:
In liuing Princes court none euer knew
Such endlesse richesse, and so sumptuous shew;
Ne *Persia* selfe, the nurse of pompous pride
Like euer saw. And there a noble crew
Of Lordes and Ladies stood on eury side, (tife).
Which with their prefrence faire, the place much beau-

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

Exceeding shone, like *Phæbus* fairest childe,
That did presume his fathers fire wayne,
And flaming mouthes of steedes vnwonted wilde
Through highest heauen with weaker hand to rayne;
Proud of such glory and aduancement vaine,
While flashing beames do daze his feeble cyen,
He leaues the welkin way most beaten plaine,
And rapt with whirling wheeles, inflames the skyen,
With fire not made to burne, but fairely for to shyne.

So proud she shyned in her Princely state,
Looking to heauen; for earth she did disdayne,
And sitting high; for lowly she did hate:
Lo vnderneath her scornfull feete, was layne

D

A dreadfull Dragon with an hideous trayne,
 And in her hand she held a mirrhour bright,
 Wherein her face she often vewed fayne,
 And in her selfe-lou'd semblance tooke delight;
 For she was wondrous faire, as any liuing wight.

Of grieffly *Pluto* she the daughter was,
 And sad *Proserpina* the Queene of hell;
 Yet did she thinke her pearlelesse wroth to pas
 That parentage, with pride so did she swell,
 And thundring *Joue*, that high in heauen doth dwell,
 And wield the world, she claymed for her fyre,
 Or if that any else did *Joue* excell:
 For to the highest she did still aspyre,
 Or if ought higher were then that, did it desyre.

And proud *Lucifera* men did her call,
 That made her selfe Queene, and crownd to be,
 Yet rightfull kingdome she had none at all,
 Ne heritage of natiue soueraintie,
 But did vsurpe with wrong and tyrannie
 Vpon the scepter, which the now did hold:
 Ne ruld her Realmes with lawes, but pollicie,
 And strong aduizement of six wifards old,
 That with their counsels bad her kingdome did vphold.

Soone as the Elfing knight in presence came,
 And false *Duessa* seeming Lady faire,
 A gentle Hulher, *Vanitie* by name
 Made rowme, and passage for them did prepaire:
 So goodly brought them to the lowest staire
 Of her high throne, where they on humble knee
 Making obeyffance, did the cause declare,
 Why they were come, her royall state to see,
 To proue the wide report of her great Maiessec.

With

With lostie eyes, halfe loth to looke so low,
 She thanked them in her disdainefull wise,
 Ne other grace vouchsafed them to shew
 Of Princeesse worthy, scarce them bad arise.
 Her Lordes and Ladies all this while deuise
 Themselues to setten forth to straungers sight:
 Some frounce their curled haire in courtly guise,
 Some prancke their ruffes, and others trimly dight
 Their gay attire: each others greater pride does spight.

Goodly they all that knight do entertaine,
 Right glad with him to haue increast their crew:
 But to *Duessa* each one himselfe did paine
 All kindnesse and faire courtserie to shew;
 For in that court whylome her well they knew:
 Yet the stout Faerie mongst the middest crowd
 Thought all their glorie vaine in knightly vew,
 And that great Princeesse too exceeding prowde,
 That to strange knight no better countenance allowd.

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

So forth she comes, and to her coche does clyme,
 Adorned all with gold, and girlonds gay,
 That seemd as fresh as *Flora* in her prime,
 And stroue to match, in royall rich array,

D 2

Great *Iuno's* golden chaire, the which they fay
The Gods stand gazing on, when she does ride
To *Ioues* high house through heauens bras-paued way
Drawne of faire Pecoocks, that excell in pride,
And full of *Argus* eyes their tailes dispredden wide.

But this was drawne of six vnequall beasts,
On which her six sage Counsellours did ryde,
Taught to obay their bestiall behests,
With like conditions to their kinds applyde:
Of which the first, that all the rest did gujde,
Was sluggish *Ialeneffe* the nurse of sin;
Vpon a slouthfull Ass he chose to ryde,
Arayd in habit blacke, and amis thin,
Like to an holy Monck, the seruice to begin.

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

From worldly cares himselfe he did esloyne,
And greatly shunned manly exercise,
For euery worke he chalenged esloyne,
For contemplation sake: yet otherwise,
His life he led in lawlesse riotise;
By which he grew to grievous malady;
For in his lustlesse limbs through euill guise
A shaking feuer raignd continually:
Such one was *Ialeneffe*, first of this company.

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

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

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

And next to him rode lustfull *Lechery*,
Vpon a bearded Goat, whose rugged haire,
And whally eyes (the signe of gelosy)
Was like the person selfe, whom he did beare:

Who rough, and blacke, and filthy did appeare,
Vnseemely man to please faire Ladies eye;
Yet he of Ladies oft was loued deare,
When fairer faces were bid standen by:
O who does know the bent of womens fantasy?

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

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

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

His life was nigh vnto deaths doore yplast,
And thred-bare cote, and cobled shooes he ware,
Ne scarce good morfell all his life did tast,
But both from backe and belly still did spare,
To fill his bags, and richesse to compare;
Yet chyldre ne kinsman liuing had he none
To leaue them to; but thorough daily care
To get, and nightly feare to lose his owne,
He led a wretched life vnto him selfe vnknowne.

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

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

All in a kirtle of discolourd fay
He clothed was, ypainted full of eyes;
And in his bosome secretly there lay
An hatefull Snake, the which his taile vptyes

In many folds, and mortall sting implyes,
 Still as he rode, he gnast his teeth, to see
 Those heapes of gold with griple Couetyse,
 And grudged at the great felicitie
 Of proud *Lucifera*, and his owne companie.

He hated all good workes and vertuous deeds,
 And him no lesse, that any like did vse,
 And who with gracious bread the hungry feeds,
 His almes for want of faith he doth accuse;
 So euery good to bad he doth abuse:
 And eke the verse of famous Poets witt
 He does backebite, and spightfull poison spues.
 From leproous mouth on all, that euer writt:
 Such one vile *Ennie* was, that first in row did sitt.

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

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

Full

Full many mischieues follow cruell *VVrath*;
 Abhorred bloudshed, and tumultuous strife,
 Vnmanly murder, and vnthrifty scath,
 Bitter despight, with rancours rusty knife,
 And fretting grieue the enemy of life;
 All these, and many euils moe haunt ire,
 The swelling Splene, and Frenzy raging rise,
 The shaking Palsey, and Saint *Franuces* fire:
 Such one was *VVrath*, the last of this vngodly tire.

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

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

So hauing solaced themselues a space
 With pleasure of the breathing fields yfed,
 They backe returned to the Princely Place;
 Whereas an errant knight in armes yclod,

And heathnifh fhield, wherein with letters red
Was writ *Sans ioy*, they new arriued find:
Enflam'd with fury and fiers hardy-hed,
He feemd in hart to harbour thoughts vnkind,
And nourifh bloody vengeance in his bitter mind.

Who when the fhamed fhield of flaine *Sans foy*
He fpide with that fame Faery champions page,
Bewraying him, that did of late defroy
His eldeft brother, burning all with rage
He to him leapt, and that fame enuious gage
Of victors glory from him fhatcht away:
But th'Elfin knight, which ought that warlike wage,
Disdaind to loofe the meed he wonne in fray,
And him rencounting fierce, reſkewd the noble pray.

Therewith they gan to hurtlen greedily,
Redoubted battaile ready to darrayne,
And clafh their fhields, and ſhake their ſwords on hy,
That wich their flurre they troubled all the traine;
Till that great Queene vpon eternall paine
Of high difpleaſure, that enſewen might,
Commaunded them their fury to refraine,
And if that either to that fhield had right,
In equall liſts they ſhould the morrow next it fight.

Ah deareſt Dame, (quoth then the Paynim bold,)
Pardon the error of enraged wight,
Whom great grieſe made forget the raines to hold
Of reaſons rule, to ſee this recreant knight,
No knight, but treachour full of falſe deſpight
And ſhamefull treaſon, who through guile hath ſlayn
The prowefſt knight, that euer field did fight,
Euen ſtout *Sans foy* (O who can then refrayn?) (dayn.
Whoſe ſhield he beares renuerſt, the more to heape dif-
And

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

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

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

Whom broad awake ſhe finds, in troublous fit,
Forecaſting, how his foe he might annoy,
And him amoues with ſpeeches ſeeming fit:
Ah deare *Sans ioy*, next deareſt to *Sans foy*,

Cause of my new grieffe, cause of new ioy,
Ioyous, to see his ymage in mine eye,
And greeu'd, to thinke how foe did him destroy,
That was the flowre of grace and cheualrye;
Lo his *Fidessa* to thy secret faith I flye.

With gentle wordes he can her fairely greet,
And bad say on the secret of her hart.
Then fighting soft, I learne that litle sweet
Oft tremperd is (quoth she) with muchell smart:
For since my brest was launcht with louely dart
Of deare *Sansfoy*, I neuer ioyed howre,
But in eternall woes my weaker hart
Haue wasted, louing him with all my powre,
And for his sake haue felt full many an heauie stowre.

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

But since faire Sunne hath sperst that lowring clowd,
And to my loathed life now shewes some light,
Vnder your beames I will me safely throwd,
From dreaded storme of his disdainfull spight:
To you th inheritance belongs by right
Of brothers prayse, to you eke longs his loue.
Let not his loue, let not his restless spight
Be vnreueg'd, that calles to you aboute (moue.
From wandring *Stygian* shores, where it doth endlesse
Thereto

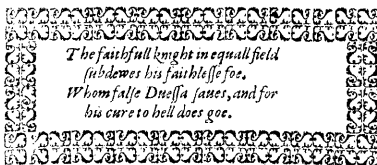
Thereto said he, faire Dame be nought disdaind
For sorrowes past; their grieffe is with them gone:
Ne yet of present perill be affraid,
For needlesse feare did neuer vantage none,
And helplesse hap it booteth not to mone.
Dead is *Sansfoy*, his vitall paines are past,
Though greued ghost for vengeance deepe do grone:
He liues, that shall him pay his dewties last,
And guiltie Elfin blood shall sacrifice in hast.

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

But faire *Fidessa*, sithens fortunes guile,
Or enimies powre hath now captiued you,
Returne from whence ye came, and rest a while
Till morrow next, that I the Elfe subdew,
And with *Sans-foyes* dead dowry you endew.
Ay me, that is a double death (he said)
With proud foes sight my sorrow to renew:
Where euer yet I be, my secret aid
Shall follow you. So passing forth she him obaid.

Cant.

Cant. V.



THe noble hart, that harbours vertuous thought,
And is with child of glorious great intent,
Can neuer rest, vntill it forth haue brought
The eternall brood of glorie excellent:
Such restlesse passion did all night torment
The flaming corage of that Faery knight,
Deuizing, how that doughtie tournament
With greatest honour he atchieuen might;
Still did wake, and still did watch for dawning light.

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

And forth he comes into the commune hall,
Where earely waite him many a gazing eye,
To weet what end to straunger knights may fall.
There many Minstrales maken melody,

To driue away the dull melancholy,
And many Bardes, that to the trembling chord
Can tune their timely voyces cunningly,
And many Chroniclers, that can record
Old loues, and warres for Ladies doen by many a Lord.

Soone after comes the cruell Sarazin,
In wouen maile all armed warily,
And sternly looks at him, who not a pin
Does care for looke of liuing creatures eye.
They bring them wines of *Greece* and *Araby*,
And dauntie spices fetcht from furthest *Ind*,
To kindle heat of corage priuily:
And in the wine a solemne oth they bynd
To obserue the sacred lawes of armes, that are assynd.

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

A shrilling trompet sowned from on hye,
And vnto battaill bad them selues addresse:
Their shining shieldes about their wrestes they tye,
And burning blades about their heads do blesse,
The instruments of wrath and heauinesse:
With greedy force each other doth assayle,
And strike so fiercely, that they do impresse
Deepe dinted furrowes in the battred mayle;
The yron walles to ward their blowes are weake & fraile.

The Sarazin was stout, and wondrous strong,
 And heaped blowes like yron hammers great:
 For after bloud and vengeance he did long.
 The knight was fiers, and full of youthly heat:
 And doubled strokes, like dreaded thunders threat:
 For all for praye and honour he did fight.
 Both stricken strike, and beaten both do bear,
 That from their shields forth flyeth fire light,
 And helmets hewen deepe, shew marks of eithers might:

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

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

At last the Paynim chaunst to cast his eye,
 His suddain eye, flaming with wrathfull fyre,
 Vpon his brothers shield, which hong thereby:
 Therewith redoubled was his raging yre,

And said, Ah wretched sonne of wofull fyre,
 Doe'tt thou sit wayling by black *Stygian* lake,
 While'tt here thy shield is hangd for victors hyre,
 And sluggish german doe'tt thy forces slake,
 To after-send his foe, that him may ouertake?

Goe caytiue Elfe, him quickly ouertake,
 And soone redeeme from his long wandring woe;
 Goe guiltie ghost, to him my message make,
 That I his shield haue quit from dying foe,
 Therewith vpon his crest he stroke him so,
 That twise he reeled, readie twise to fall;
 End of the doubtfull battell deemed tho
 The lookers on, and lowd to him gan call
 The false *Due'ssa*, Thine the shield, and I, and all.

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

And to him said, Goe now proud Miscreant,
 Thy selfe thy message doe to german deare,
 Alone he wandring thee too long doth want:
 Goe say, his foe thy shield with his doth beare.
 Therewith his heauie hand he high gan reare,
 Him to haue slaine; when loe a darke some clowd
 Vpon him fell: he no where doth appeare,
 But vanisht is. The Elfe him cald alowd,
 An' put answer none receiues: the darknes him does shrowd.

In haste *Dueffa* from her place arose,
 And to him running said, O prowest knight,
 That euer Ladie to her loue did chose,
 Let now abate the terror of your might,
 And quench the flame of furious despight,
 And blouddie vengeance; loth' infernall powres
 Couering your toe with cloud of deadly night,
 Haue borne him heince to *Plutoes* balefull bowres.
 The conquest yours, I yours, the shield, and glory yours.

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

Wherewith he goeth to that soueraine Queene,
 And falling her before on lowly knee,
 To her makes present of his seruice seene:
 Which she accepts, with thanks, and goodly gree,
 Greatly aduancing his gay cheualree.
 So marcheth home, and by her takes the knight,
 Whom all the people follow with great glee,
 Shouting, and clapping all their hands on highr,
 That all the aire it fil, and flies to heauen bright.

Home is he brought, and laid in sumptuous bed:
 Where many skillfull leaches him abide,
 To salue his hurts, that yet still freshly bled.
 In wine and oyle they wash his woundes wide,

And softly can embalme on euery side.
 And all the while, most heauenly melody
 About the bed sweet musicke did diuide,
 Him to beguile of grieffe and agony:
 And all the while *Dueffa* wept full bitterly.

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

So wept *Dueffa* vntill euentide,
 That shyning lampes in *Ioues* high house were light:
 Then forth she rose, ne lenger would abide,
 But comes vnto the place, where th' Hethen knight
 In slombring swownd nigh voyd of vitall spright,
 Lay couer'd with inchaunted cloud all day:
 Whom when she found, as she him left in plight,
 To wayle his woefull case she would not stay,
 But to the easterne coast of heauen makes speedy way.

Where grieffly *Night*, with visage deadly sad,
 That *Phabus* chearefull face durst neuer vew,
 And in a foule blacke pitchie mantle clad,
 She findes forth comming from her darkesome mew,
 Where she all day did hide her hated heu.
 Before the dore her yron charet stood,
 Alreadie harnessed for iourney new;
 And coleblacke steedes yborne of hellish brood,
 And That on their rustie bits did champ, as they were wood.

Who when she saw *Dueffa* sunny bright,
 Adorn'd with gold and jewels shining cleare,
 She greatly grew amazed at the sight,
 And th'vnacquainted light began to feare:
 For neuer did such brightnesse there appeare,
 And would haue backe retyred to her caue,
 Vntill the witches spech she gan to heare,
 Saying, yet ô thou dreaded Dame, I craue
 Abide, till I haue told the message, which I haue.

She stayd, and forth *Dueffa* gan proceede,
 O thou most auncient Grandmother of all,
 More old then *Ioue*, whom thou at first didst breede,
 Or that great house of Gods caelestiall,
 Which wast begot in *Damogorgons* hall,
 And sawst the secrets of the world vnmade,
 Why suffredst thou thy Nephewes deare to fall
 With Elfin sword, most shamefully betrade?
 Lo where the stout *Sansfoy* doth sleepe in deadly shade.

And him before, I saw with bitter eyes
 The bold *Sansfoy* shrinke vnderneath his speares;
 And now the pray of fowles in field he lies,
 Nor wayld of friends, nor laid on groning beare,
 That whylome was to me too dearely deare.
 O what of Gods then boots it to be borne,
 If old *Auecles* sonnes so euill heare?
 Or who shall not great *Nighres* children scorne,
 When two of three her Nephewes are so fowle forlorne?

Vp then, vp dreary Dame, of darknesse Queene,
 Go gather vp the reliques of thy race,
 Or else goe them auenge, and let be seene,
 That dreaded *Nights* in brightest day hath place,

And

And can the children of faire light deface.
 Her feeling speeches some compassion moued
 In hart, and change in that great mothers face:
 Yet pittie in her hart was neuer proued
 Till then: and euermore she hated, neuer loued.

And said, Deare daughter rightly may I rewe
 The fall of famous children borne of mee,
 And good successes, which their foes enfew:
 But who can turne the streame of destinee,
 Or breake the chayne of strong necessitye,
 Which fast is tyde to *Ioues* eternall feat?
 The sonnes of Day he fauoureth, I see,
 And by my ruines thinkes to make them great:
 To make one great by others losse, is bad excheat.

Yet shall they not escape so freely all;
 For some shall pay the price of others guilt:
 And he the man that made *Sansfoy* to fall,
 Shall with his owne bloud price that he hath spilt.
 But what art thou, that telst of Nephews kilt?
 I that do seeme not I, *Dueffa* am,
 (Quoth she) how euer now in garments gilt,
 And gorgeous gold arayd I to thee came;
Dueffa I, the daughter of Deceit and Shame.

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

Then to her yron wagon she betakes,
 And with her beares the fowle welſaournd witch:
 Through mirkeſome aire her readie way ſhe makes,
 Her twyfold Teme, of which two blacke as pitch,
 And two were browne, yet each to each vnicth,
 Did ſoftly ſwim away, ne euer flampe,
 Vnleſſe ſhe chaũſt their ſtubborne mouths to twitch;
 Then ſoming tarre, their bridles they would champe,
 And trampling the fine element, would fiercely rampe.

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

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

Thence turning backe in ſilence ſoft they ſtole,
 And brought the heauie corſe with eaſie pace
 To yawning gulfe of deepe *Auernus* hole.
 By that ſame hole an entrance darke and bace

With

With ſmoake and ſulphure hiding all the place,
 Deſcends to hell: there creature neuer paſt,
 That backe returned without heauenly grace;
 But dreadfull *Furies*, which their chaines haue braſt,
 And damned ſprights ſent forth to make ill men aghaſt.

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

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

Before the threhold dreadfull *Cerberus*
 His three deformed heads did lay along,
 Curled with thouſand adders venomous,
 And lilled forth his bloudie flaming tong:
 At them he gan to reare his bristles ſtrong,
 And ſelly gnarre, vntill dayes enemy
 Did him appeaſe; then downe his taile he hong
 And ſuffered them to paſſen quietly:

For ſhe in hell and heauen had power equally.

There was *Ixion* turned on a wheele,
 For daring tempt the *Queene* of heauen to sin;
 And *Sisyphus* an huge round stone did reele
 Against an hill, ne might from labour lin;
 There thirtie *Tantalus* hong by the chin;
 And *Tityus* fed a vulture on his may;
Typhæus ioyns were stretched on a gin,
Theſeus condemned to endlesse slouth by law,
 And fifty sisters water in leake vessels draw.

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

Hippolytus a iolly huntsman was,
 That wont in charre chace the foming *Bore*;
 He all his Peeres in beautie did surpas;
 But Ladies loue as losse of time forbore:
 His wanton stepdame loued him the more,
 But when she saw her offred sweets refused
 Her loue she turnd to hate, and him before
 His father fierce of treason false accused,
 And with her gealous termes his open eares abused.

Who all in rage his Sea-god fyre besought,
 Some curſed vengeance on his sonne to cast:
 Fro' surging gulf two monsters straight were brought,
 With dread whereof his chafing steeds aghaſt,

Both

Both charet swift and huntsman ouercast,
 His goodly corps on ragged cliffs yrent,
 Was quite diſmembred, and his members chaſt
 Scattered on euery mountaine, as he went,
 That of *Hippolytus* was left no monument.

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

Such wondrous ſcience in mans wit to raine
 When *Ioue* auizd, that could the dead reuiue,
 And fates expired could renew againe,
 Of endlesse life he might him not deſtrive,
 But vnto hell did thruſt him downe aliue,
 With flaſhing thunderbolt ywounded fore:
 Where long remaining, he did alwaies ſtrive
 Himſelfe with ſalues to health for to reſtore,
 And ſake the heauenly fire, that rag'd euermore.

There auncient Night arriuing, did alight
 From her high wearie waine, and in her armes
 To *Æſculapius* brought the wounded knight:
 Whom hauing ſoftly diſarayd of armes,
 Tho gan to him diſcouer all his harmes,
 Beſeeching him with prayer, and with praife,
 If either ſalues, or oyles, or herbes, or charmes
 A fordonne wight from dore of death mote raiſe,
 He would at her requeſt prolong her nephews daies.

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

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

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

The false *Duessâ* leauing noyous Night,
 Returnd to stately pallace of dame Pride;
 Where when she came, she found the Faery knight
 Departed thence, albe his woundes wide

Not throughly heald, vnreadie were to ride.
 Good cause he had to hasten thence away;
 For on a day his wary *Dwarf* had spide,
 Where in a dongeon deepe huge numbers lay
 Of caytiue wretched thrals, that wayled night and day.

A ruefull sight, as could be seene with eie;
 Of whom he learned had in secret wile
 The hidden cause of their captiuitie;
 How mortgaging their liues to *Comets*,
 Through wastfull *Pride*, and wanton *Riotise*,
 They were by law of that proud *Tyrannesse*
 Prouokt with *Wrath*, and *Ennies* false surmise,
 Condemned to that Dongeon mercilesse,
 Where they should liue in woe, & die in wretchednesse.

There was that great proud king of *Babylon*,
 That would compell all nations to adore,
 And him as onely God to call vpon,
 Till through celestiallyl doome throwne out of dore,
 Into an Ox he was transform'd of yore:
 There also was king *Cresus*, that enhaunst
 His heart too high through his great riches store;
 And proud *Antiochus*, the which aduauant
 His curfed hand gainst God, and on his altars daunst.

And them long time before, great *Nimrod* was,
 That first the world with sword and fire warrayd;
 And after him old *Nim* farre did pas
 In princely pompe, of all the world obayd;
 There also was that mightie Monarch layd
 Low vnder all, yet aboue all in pride,
 That name of natiue fyre did fowle vpbraid,
 And would as *Ammons* sonne be magnifide,
 Not Till scorn'd of God and man a shamefull death he dide.

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

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

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

Whoſe caſe when as the carefull Dwarfie had tould,
 And made enſample of their mournfull fight
 Vnto his maſter, he no lenger would
 There dwell in perill of like painefull plight,

But early roſe, and ere that dawning light
 Diſcovered had the world to heauen yde,
 He by a priuie Poſterne tooke his flight,
 That of no eniuous eyes he mote be ſpyde:
 For doubtleſſe death enſewd, if any him deſcryde.

Scarfe could he footing find in that fowle way,
 For many corſes, like a great Lay-ſtall
 Of mured men which therein ſtrowed lay,
 Without remorſe, or decent funerall:
 Which all through that great Princeſſe pride did fall
 And came to ſhamefull end. And them beſide
 Forth ryding vnderneath the caſtell wall,
 A donghill of dead carkafes he ſpyde,
 The dreadfull ſpectacle of that ſad houſe of *Fride*.

Cant. VI.

*From lawleſſe luſt by wondrous grace
 ſayre Una is releaſt:
 Whom ſaluage nation does adore,
 and learnes her wiſe bebeaſt.*

AS when a ſhip, that flies faire vnder ſaile,
 An hidden rocke eſcaped hath vnwares,
 That lay in waite her wrack for to bewaile,
 The Marriner yet halfe amazed ſtares
 At perill paſt, and yet it doubt ne dares
 To ioy at his foole-happie ouerfight:
 So doubly is diſtreſt twixt ioy and cares
 The dreadleſſe courage of this Elfin knight,
 But Hauing eſcapt ſo ſad enſamples in his fight.

Yet sad he was that his too haſtic ſpeed

The faire *Dueſs* had forſt him leaue behind;
 And yet more ſad, that *Vns* his deare dreed
 Her truth had ſtaind with treaſon ſo vnkind;
 Yet crime in her could neuer creature find,
 But for his loue, and for her owne ſelſe ſake,
 She wandred had from one to other *Tnd*,
 Him for to ſeeke, ne euer would forſake,
 Till her vnwares the fierce *Sanſloy* did ouertake.

Who after *Archimagoes* ſowle defeat,
 Led her away into a forreſt wilde,
 And turning wrathfull fire to luſtfull heat,
 With beaſtly ſin thought her to haue deſilde,
 And made the vaſſall of his pleaſures vilde.
 Yet firſt he caſt by treatie, and by traynes,
 Her to perſwade, that ſtubborne fort to yilde:
 For greater conqueſt of hard loue he gaynes,
 That workes it to his will, then he that it conſtraines.

With fawning wordes he courted her a while,
 And looking louely, and oft ſighing fore,
 Her conſtant hart did tempt with diuerſe guile:
 But wordes and lookes, and ſighes ſhe did abhorre,
 As rocke of Diamond ſtedfaſt euermore.
 Yet for to feed his ſyrie luſtfull eye,
 He ſnatcht the vele, that hong her face before;
 Then gan her beautie ſhine, as brighteſt ſkye,
 And burnt his beaſtly hart t'efforce her chaſtitye.

So when he ſaw his flatt'ring arts to fayle,
 And ſubtile engines bet from batteree,
 With greedy force he gan the fort aſſayle,
 Whereof he weend poſſeſſed ſoone to bee,

And with rich ſpoile of ranſackt chaſtete.
 Ah heauens, that do this hideous act behold,
 And heauenly virgin thus outraged ſee,
 How can ye vengeance juſt ſo long withhold,
 And hurle not flaſhing flames vpon that Paynim bold?

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

Eternall prouidence exceeding thought,
 Where none appears can make her ſelſe a way:
 A wondrous way it for this Lady wrought,
 From Lyons clawes to pluck the griped pray.
 Her ſhrill outcryes and ſhriekes to loud did bray,
 That all the woodes and foreſtes did reſound;
 A troupe of *Faumes* and *Satyres* far away
 Within the wood were dauncing in a rownd,
 Whiles old *Syluanus* ſlept in ſhady arber fownd.

Who when they heard that pitteous ſtrained voice,
 In haſt forooke their rurall meriment,
 And ran towards the far rebownded noyce,
 To weer, what wight ſo loudly did lament.
 Vnto the place they come incontinent:
 Whom when the raging Sarazin eſpide,
 A rude, miſhapen, montrous rablement,
 Whoſe like he neuer ſaw, he durſt not bide,
 And But got his ready ſteed, and faſt away gan ride.

The wyld woodgods arriued in the place,
 There find the virgin dolefull desolate,
 With ruffled rayments, and faire blubbred face,
 As her outrageous foe had left her late,
 And trembling yet through feare of former hate;
 All stand amazd at so vnouth sight,
 And gin to pittie her vnhappy fate,
 All stand astonied at her beautie bright,
 In their rude eyes vnworthie of so wofull plight.

She more amaz'd, in double dread doth dwell;
 And euery tender part for feare does shake:
 As when a greedie Wolfe through hunger fell
 A feely Lambe farre from the flocke does take,
 Of whom he meanes his bloudie feast to make,
 A Lyon spies fast running towards him,
 The innocent pray in hast he does forsake,
 Which quit from death yet quakes in euery lim
 With change of feare, to see the Lyon looke so grim.

Such fearefull fit assaid her trembling hart,
 No word to speake, no ioynt to moue she had:
 The saluage nation feele her secret smart,
 And read her sorrow in her count'nance sad;
 Their frowning forheads with rough hornes yclad,
 And rusticke horror all a side doe lay,
 And gently grenning, shew a semblance glad
 To comfort her, and feare to put away,
 Their backward bent knees teach her humbly to obay.

The doubtfull Damzell dare not yet commit
 Her single person to their barbarous trust,
 But still twist feare and hope amazd does sit,
 Late leard what harme to hastie trust ensueth,

They

They in compassion of her tender youth,
 And wonder of her beautie fouraine,
 Are wonne with pity and vnwonted ruth,
 And all prostrate vpon the lowly plaine,
 Do kisse her feete, and fawne on her with count'nance

(faire.

Their harts she ghesleth by their humble guise,
 And yields her to extremitie of time;
 So from the ground the fearelesse doth arise,
 And walketh forth without suspect of crime:
 They all as glad, as birdes of ioyous Prime,
 Thence lead her forth, about her dauncing round,
 Shouting, and singing all a shepheards ryme,
 And with greene braunches strowing all the ground,
 Do worship her, as Queene, with oliue girlond croud.

And all the way their merry pipes they sound,
 That all the woods with doubled Echo ring,
 And with their horned feet do weare the ground,
 Leaping like wanton kids in pleasant Spring.
 So towards old *Syluanns* they her bring;
 Who with the noyse awaked, commeth our,
 To weete the cause, his weake steps gouerning,
 And aged limbs on Cypresse stadle stout,
 And with an yuie twyne his waist is girt about.

Far off he wonders, what them makes so glad,
 Of *Bacchus* merry fruit they did inuent,
 Or *Cybeles* franticke rites haue made them mad;
 They drawing nigh, vnto their God present
 That floure of faith and beautie excellent.
 The God himselfe vewing that mirrhour rare,
 Stood long amazd, and burnt in his intent;
 His owne faire *Dryope* now he thinks not faire,
 And *Pholoe* fowle, when her to this he doth compare.

F

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

By vew of her he ginneth to reuiue
 His ancient loue, and dearest *Cyparisse*,
 And calles to mind his pourtraiture alieu,
 How faire he was, and yet not faire to this,
 And how he flew with glauncing dart amisse.
 A gentle Hynd, the which the louely boy
 Did loue as life, about all worldly blisse;
 For griefe whereof the lad n'ould after ioy,
 But pynd away in anguish and selfe-wild annoy.

The woody Nymphes, faire *Hama dryades*
 Her to behold do thither runne apace;
 And all the troupe of light-foot *Naiades*,
 Flocke all about to see her louely face:
 But when they vewed haue her heavenly grace,
 They ennie her in their malicious mind,
 And fly away for feare of fowle disgrace:
 But all the *Satyres* scorne their woody kind,
 And henceforth nothing faire, but her on earth they find.

Glad of such lucke, the luckelesse lucky maid,
 Did her content to please their feeble eyes,
 And long time with that saluage people staid,
 To gather breath in many miseries.

During which time her gentle wit she pyles,
 To teach them truth, which worshippt her in vaine,
 And made her th' Image of Idolatryes;
 But when their boorlesse zeale she did restraine
 Frō her own worship, they her Assē would worship fayn.

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

A *Satyres* sonne yborne in Forrest wyld,
 By strange aduenture as it did betyde,
 And there begotten of a Lady myld,
 Faire *Thyanis* the daughter of *Labryde*,
 That was in sacred bands of wedlocke tyde
 To *Therion*, a loose vnruely swayne;
 Who had more ioy to raunge the Forrest wyde,
 And chase the saluage beast with busie payne,
 Then serue his Ladies loue, and waite in pleasures vayne.

The forlorne mayd did with lous longing burne,
 And could not lacke her louers company,
 But to the wood she goes, to serue her turne,
 And seeke her spouse, that from her still does fly,
 And followes other game and venery:
 A *Satyre* chaunft her wandring for to find,
 And kindling coles of lust in brutish eye,
 The loyall links of wedlocke did vnbind,
 And made her person thrall vnto his beastly kind.

During

So long in secret cabin there he held
 Her captiue to his sensuall desire,
 Till that with timely fruit her belly sweld,
 And bore a boy vnto that saluage fire:
 Then home he suffred her for to retire,
 For ranfome leauing him the late borne childe;
 Whom till to ryper yeares he gan aspire,
 He nourshed vp in life and manners wilde,
 (exilde.)
 Amongst wild beafts and woods, from lawes of men

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

Thereby so fearelesse, and so fell he grew,
 That his owne fire and maister of his guife
 Did often tremble at his horrid vew,
 And oft for dread of hurt would him aduise,
 The angry beafts not rashly to despise,
 Nor too much to prouoke; for he would learne
 The Lyon stoup to him in lowly wise,
 (A lesson hard) and make the Libbard sterne
 Leauing roaring, when in rage he for reuenge did earne.

And for to make his powre approued more,
 Wyld beafts in yron yokes he would compell;
 The spotted Panther, and the tusked Bore,
 The Pardale swift, and the Tigre cruell;

The Antelope, and Wolfe both fierce and fell;
 And them constraime in equall teme to draw.
 Such ioy he had, their stubborne harts to quell,
 And sturdie courage tame with dreadful aw,
 That his beheaft they feared, as tyrans law.

His louing mother came vpon a day
 Vnto the woods, to see her little sonne;
 And chaunst vnwares to meet him in the way,
 After his sportes, and cruell pastime donne,
 When after him a Lyonesse did runne,
 That roaring all with rage, did lowd requere
 Her children deare, whom he away had wonne:
 The Lyon whelpes the saw how he did beare,
 And lull in rugged armes, withouten childish feare.

The fearefull Dame all quaked at the sight,
 And turning backe, gan fast to fly away,
 Vntill with loue reuokt from vaine affright,
 She hardly yet perswaded was to stay,
 And then to him these womanish words gan say;
 Ah *Satyran*, my dearling, and my ioy,
 For loue of me leaue off this dreadful play;
 To dally thus with death, is no fit toy,
 Go find some other play-fellowes, mine own sweet boy.

In these and like delights of bloody game
 He trayned was, till ryper yeares he raught,
 And there abode, whilst any beaft of name
 Walkt in that forest, whom he had not taught
 To feare his force: and then his courage haught
 Desird of foraine foemen to be knowne,
 And far abroad for straunge aduentures sought:
 In which his might was neuer ouerthrowne,
 The but through all Faery lond his famous worth was blown.

Yet euermore it was his manner faire,
 After long labours and aduentures spent,
 Vnto those natiue woods for to reparaire,
 To see his fire and offspring auncient.
 And now he thither came for like intent;
 Where he vnwares the fairest *Vna* found,
 Strange Lady, in so strange habilitment,
 Teaching the Satyres, which her fat around,
 Trew sacred lore, which from her sweet lips did redound.

He wondered at her wisdom heavenly rare,
 Whose like in womens wit he neuer knew;
 And when her courteous deeds he did compare,
 Gan her admire, and her sad sorrowes rewe,
 Blaming of Fortune, which such troubles threw,
 And ioyd to make proofe of her crueltie
 On gentle Dame, so hurtlesse, and so trew:
 Thenceforth he kept her goodly company,
 And leard her discipline of faith and veritie.

But she all vowd vnto the *Redcrosse* knight,
 His wandring perill closely did lament,
 Ne in this new acquaintance could delight,
 But her deare heart with anguish did torment,
 And all her wit in secret counsels spent,
 How to escape. At last in priuie wife
 To *Satyran* she shewed her intent;
 Who glad to gain such fauour, gan deuise,
 How with that pensie Maid he best might thence arise.

So on a day when Satyres all were gone,
 To do their seruice to *Syluanus* old,
 The gentle virgin left behind alone
 He led away with courage stout and bold.

Too late it was, to Satyres to be told,
 Or euer hope recouer her againe:
 In vaine he seekes that hauing cannot hold.
 So fast he carried her with careful paine,
 That they the woods are past, & come now to the plaine.

The better part now of the lingring day,
 They traueild had, when as they farre espide
 A wearie wight forwandring by the way,
 And towards him they gan in hast to ride,
 To weet of newes, that did abroad beride,
 Or tydings of her knight of the *Redcrosse*.
 But he them spying, gan to turne aside,
 For feare as seemd, or for some feigned losse;
 More greedy they of newes, fast towards him do crosse.

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

The knight approching nigh, of him inquerd
 Tydings of warre, and of aduentures new;
 But warres, nor new aduentures none he herd,
 Then *Vna* gan to aske, if ought he knew,
 Or heard abroad of that her champion trew,
 That in his armour bare a croslet red.
 Aye me, Deare dame (quoth he) well may I rewe
 To tell the sad sight, which mine eyes haue red:
 These eyes did see that knight both liuing and eke ded.

That cruell word her tender hart so thirld,
 That suddain cold did runne through euery vaine,
 And stony horrour all her fences filld
 With dying fit, that downe she fell for paine.
 The knight her lightly reared vp againe,
 And comforted with curteous kind reliefe :
 Then wonne from death, she bad him tellen plaine
 The further proceffe of her hidden grieue ;
 The lesser pangs can beare, who hath endur'd the chiefe.

Then gan the Pilgrim thus, I chaunst this day,
 This fallall day, that shall I euer rew,
 To see two knights in trauell on my way
 (A foy fight) arraung'd in battell new,
 Both breathing vengeance, both of wrathfull hew:
 My fearefull fielh did tremble at their strife,
 To see their blades so greedily imbrew,
 That drunke with blood, yet thriftd after life: (knife
 What more: the *Redcroffe* knight was slaine with Paynim :

Ah dearest Lord (quoth she) how might that bee,
 And he the stoutest knight, that euer wonne?
 Ah dearest dame (quoth he) how might I see
 The thing, that might not be, and yet was donne?
 Where is (said *Satyranne*) that Paynims sonne,
 That him of life, and vs of ioy hath rest?
 Not far away (quoth he) he hence dorth wonne
 Foreby a fountaine, where I late him left (were cleft.
 Washing his bloody wounds, that through the steele

Therewith the knight thence marched forth in hast,
 Whiles *Vna* with huge heauinesse oppress,
 Could not for sorrow follow him so fast;
 And soone he came, as he the place had ghest,

Whereas Both hungred after death : both chose to win , or die.

Whereas that *Pagan* proud him selfe did rest,
 In secreet shadow by a fountaine side :
 Euen he it was, that earst would haue supprett
 Faire *Vna*: whom when *Satyranne* espide,
 With fowle reprochfull words he boldly him deside.

And said, Arise thou cursed Miscreaunt,
 That hast with knightlesse guile and trecherous train
 Faire knighthood fowly shamed, and doest vaunt
 That good knight of the *Redcroffe* to haue slain :
 Arise, and with like treason now maintain
 Thy guilty wrong, or else thee guilty yield.
 The Sarazin this hearing, rose againe,
 And catching vp in hast his three square shield,
 And shining helmet, soone him buckled to the field.

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

Therewith they gan, both furious and fell,
 To thunder blowes, and fierly to assaile
 Each other bent his enemy to quell,
 That with their force they perst both plate and maile,
 And made wide furrowes in their fleshes fraile,
 That it would pittie any liuing eie.
 Large floods of bloud adowne their sides did raile;
 But floods of bloud could not them satisfe :

So long they fight, and fell reuenge pursue,
That fainting each, themselues to breathe let,
And oft refreshed, battell oft renewe:
As when two Bores with ranciling malice met,
Their gory sides fresh bleeding fiercely fret,
Till breathlesse both them selues aside retire,
Where foming wrath, their cruell tuskes they whet,
And trample th' earth, the whiles they may respire;
Then backe to fight againe, new breathed and entire.

So fierly, when these knights had breathed once,
They gan to fight returne, increasing more
Their puissant force, and cruell rage attonce,
With heaped strokes more hugely, then before,
That with their drier wounds and bloody gore
They both deformed, scarcely could be knowne.
By this sad *Vna* fraught with anguish fore, (thrown:
Led with their noise, which through the aire was
Arriu'd, where they in earth their fruitles blood had sowne,

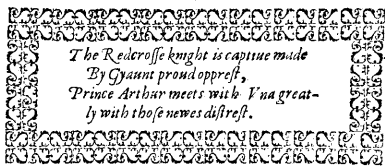
Whom all so soone as that proud Sarazin
Espide, he gan reuiue the memory
Of his lewd lusts, and late attempted sin,
And left the doubtfull battell hastily,
To catch her, newly offred to his eie:
But *Satyane* with strokes him turning, staid,
And sternely bad him other businesse plic,
Then hunt the steps of pure vnspotted Maid:
Wherewith he all enrag'd, these bitter speeches said,

O foolish faeries sonne, what furie mad
Hath thee incenst, to hast thy dolefull fete?
Were it not better, I that Lady had,
Then that thou hadst repented it too late?

Most sencelesse man he, that himselfe doth hate,
To loue another .Lo then for thine ayd
Here take thy louers token on thy pate.
So they two fight; the whiles the royall Mayd
Fled farre away, of that proud Paynim fore afraid.

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

Cant. VII.



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

Who when returning from the dreary *Night*,
 She fownd not in that perilous house of *Pryde*,
 Where she had left, the noble *Redcrosse* knight,
 Her hoped pray; she would no longer bide,
 But forth she went, to seeke him far and wide.
 Ere long she fownd, whereas he wearie fate,
 To rest him selfe, fore by a fountaine side,
 Disarmed all of yron-coted Plate,
 And by his side his steed the grassy forage ate.

He feedes vpon the cooling shade, and bayes
 His sweatic forehead in the breathing wind,
 Which through the trebling leaues full gently playes,
 Wherein the cherefull birds of sundry kind
 Do chaunt sweet musick, to delight his mind:
 The Witch approaching gan him fairely greet,
 And with reproch of carelesse vnkind
 Vpbraid, for leauing her in place vnmeet, (sweet
 With fowle words tempring faire, soure gall with hony

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

The cause was this: one day when *Phaëbe* fayre
 With all her band was following the chace,
 This Nymph, quite tyr'd with heat of scorching ayre
 Sat downe to rest in midst of the race:

The goddesse wroth gan fowly he disgrace,
 And bad the waters, which from her did flow,
 Be such as she her selfe was then in place.
 Thenceforth her waters waxed dull and slow,
 And all that drunke thereof, did faint and feeble grow.

Hereof this gentle knight vnweeting was,
 And lying downe vpon the sandie graile,
 Drunke of the streame, as cleare as cristall glas,
 Effsoones his manly forces gan to faile,
 And mightie strong was turnd to feeble fraile.
 His changed powres at first them selues not felt,
 Till cruded cold his corage gan assaile,
 And chearefull bloud in faintnesse chill did melt,
 Which like a feuer fit through all his body swelt.

Yet goodly court he made still to his Dame,
 Poured out in loofnesse on the grassy grownd,
 Both carelesse of his health, and of his fame:
 Till at the last he heard a dreadfull sownd, (bownd,
 Which through the wood loud bellowing, did re-
 That all the earth for terrour seemd to shake,
 And trees did tremble. Th'Else therewith astownd,
 Vpstarte lightly from his loofer make,
 And his vnready weapons gan in hand to take.

But ere he could his armour on him dight,
 Or get his shield, his monstrous enemy
 With sturdie steps came stalking in his sight,
 An hideous Giant horrible and hye,
 That with his talnesse seemd to threat the skye,
 The ground eke groned vnder him for dreed;
 His liuing like saw neuer liuing eye,
 Ne durst behold: his stature did exceed

The height of three the tallest sonnes of mortall seed.

The greatest Earth his vncouth mother was,
 And blustering *Aeolus* his boasted fire,
 Who with his breath, which through the world doth
 Her hollow womb did secretly inspire,
 And filld her hidden caues with stormic yre,
 That she concei'd; and trebling the dew time,
 In which the wombes of women do expire,
 Brought forth this monstrous masse of earthly slime
 Pufft vp with emptie wind, and filld with sinfull crime.

So growen great through arrogant delight
 Of th'high descent, whereof he was yborne,
 And through presumption of his matchlesse might,
 All other powres and knight hood he did scorne.
 Such now he marcheth to this man forlorne,
 And left to losse: his stalking steps are slayde
 Vpon a snaggy Oke, which he had torne
 Out of his mothers bowelles, and it made
 His mortall mace, wherewith his foemen he disinayde.

That when the knight he spide, he gan aduance
 With huge force and insupportable mayne,
 And towards him with dreadfull fury prauince;
 Who haplesse, and eke hopelesse; all in vaine
 Did to him pace, sad battaile to darrayne,
 Disarmd, disgrast, and inwardly dismayde,
 And eke so faint in euery ioynt and vaine,
 Through that fraile fountaine, which him feeble made
 That scarcely could he weeld his bootlesse single blade.

The Geaunt strooke so maynly mercilesse,
 That could haue ouerthrowne a stony towre,
 And were not heauenly grace, that him did blesse,
 He had beene pouldred all, as thin as flowre:

But he was wary of that deadly stowre,
 (p) And lightly lept from vnderneath the blow:
 Yet so exceeding was the velleins powre,
 That with the wind it did him ouerthrow,
 And all his fences stound, that still he lay full low.

As when that diuelish yron Engin wrought
 In deepest Hell, and framd by *Furies* skill,
 With windy Nitre and quick Sulphur fraught,
 And ramd with bullet round, ordaind to kill,
 Conceiued fire; the heauens it doth fill
 With thundring noyse, and all the ayre doth choke,
 That none can breath, nor see, nor heare at will,
 Through smouldry cloud of duskish stinking smoke,
 That th'onely breath him staunts, who hath escap't the
 (stroke)

So daunted when the Geaunt saw the knight
 His heauie hand he heaued vp on hye,
 And him to dust thought to haue battred quight,
 Vntill *Duessa* loud to him gan crye;
 O great *Orgoglio*, greatest vnder skye,
 O hold thy mortall hand for Ladies sake,
 Hold for my sake, and do him not to dye,
 But vanquish'th thine eternall bondslauie make,
 And me thy worthy meed vnto thy Lemman take.

He hearkned, and did stay from further harmes,
 To gayne so goodly guerdon, as the spake:
 So willingly she came into his armes,
 Who her as willingly to grace did take,
 And was possessed of his new found make.
 Then vp he took the slombred fencelesse corse,
 And ere he could out of his swowne awake,
 Him to his castle brought with haste forse,
 Et And in a Doungeon deepe him threw without remorse.

From that day forth *Dueſſa* was his deare,
 And highly honourd in his haughtie eye,
 He gaue her gold and purple pall to weare,
 And triple crowne ſet on her head full hie,
 And her endowd with royall maiclyte:
 Then for to make her dreaded more of men,
 And peoples harts with awfull terrour tye,
 A monſtrous beaſt ybred in filthy ſen
 He choſe, which he had kept long time in darkſome de

Such one it was, as that renowned Snake
 Which great *Aloides* in *Stremona* ſlew,
 Long ſoltred in the filth of *Lerna* lake,
 Whoſe many heads out budding euer new,
 Did breed him endleſſe labour to ſubdew:
 But this ſame Monſter much more vgly was;
 For ſeuē great heads out of his body grew,
 An yron breſt, and backe of ſcaly bras,
 And all embrewd in bloud, his eyes did ſhine as glas.

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

The woſull Dwarfie, which ſaw his maſters fall,
 Whiles he had keeping of his graſing ſleed,
 And valiant knight become a caytiue thrall,
 When all was paſt, tooke vp his ſorlorne weed,

His mightie armour, miſſing moſt at need;
 His ſiluer ſhield, now idle maſterleſſe;
 His poynant ſpeare, that many made to bleed,
 The ruefull monuments of beauineſſe,
 And with them all departes, to tell his great diſtreſſe.

He had not trauaild long, when on the way
 He woſull Ladie, woſull *Vna* met,
 Faſt flying from the Paynims greedy pray,
 Whileſt *Satyran* him from purſuit did let:
 Who when her eyes ſhe on the Dwarfie had ſet,
 And ſaw the ſignes, that deadly tydings ſpake,
 She fell to ground fororrowfull regret,
 And liuely breath her ſad breſt did forſake,
 Yet might her pitteous hart be ſeene to pant and quake.

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

Ye dreary instruments of dolefull ſight,
 That doe this deadly ſpectacle behold,
 Why do ye lenger ſeed on loathed light,
 Or liking ſind to gaze on earthly mould,
 Sith cruell fates the carefull threads vnſould,
 The which my life and loue together tyde?
 Now let the ſtony dart of ſenſeleſſe cold
 Perce to my hart, and paſ through euery ſide,
 And let eternall night ſo ſad ſight from me hide.

O lightſome day, the lampe of higheſt *loue*,
 Firſt made by him, mens wandring wayes to guyde,
 When darkeneſſe he in deepeſt dongeon droue,
 Henceforth thy hated face for euer hyde,
 And ſhut vp heauens windowes ſhyning wyde :
 For earthly ſight can nought but ſorrow breed,
 And late repentance, which ſhall long abyde.
 Mine eyes no more on vanitie ſhall feed,
 But ſeeld vp with death, ſhall haue their deadly meed.

Then downe againe ſhe fell vnto the ground;
 But he her quickly reared vp againe :
 Thrife did ſhe ſinke adowne in deadly ſwound,
 And thrife he her reui'd with buſie paine :
 At laſt when life recouer'd had the raine,
 And ouer-wreſtled his ſtrong enemy,
 With ſoltring tong, and trembling euery vaine,
 Tell on (quoth ſhe) the woſull Tragedie,
 The which theſe reliques ſad preſent vnto mine eie.

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

Then gan the Dwarfe the whole diſcourſe declare,
 The ſubtill traines of *Archimago* old ;
 The wanton loues of falſe *Fideſſa* faire,
 Bought with the bloud of vanquiſht Paynim bold:

The wretched payre transform'd to treen mould;
 The houſe of Pride, and perils round about;
 The combat, which he with *Sanſloy* did hold;
 The luckleſſe conſiſt with the Gyant ſtout,
 Wherein captiu'd, of life or death he ſtood in doubt.

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

At laſt when ſeruent ſorrow ſlaked was,
 She vp aroſe, reſolving him to find
 A liue or dead : and forward forth doth paſſe,
 All as the Dwarfe the way to her aſſynd :
 And euermore in conſtant carefull mind
 She ſed her wound with freſh renewed bale ;
 Long toſt with ſtormes, and bet with bitter wind,
 High ouer hills, and low adowne the dale,
 She wandred many a wood, and meaſurd many a vale.

At laſt ſhe chanced by good hap to meet
 A goodly knight, faire marching by the way
 Together with his Squire, arayed meet :
 His glitterand armour ſhined farre away,
 Like glauncing light of *Phabus* brighteſt ray ;
 From top to toe no place appeared bare,
 That deadly dint of ſteele endanger may :
 Athwart his breaſt a bauldrick braue he ware, (rare.
 That ſhynd, like twinkling ſtars, with ſtons moſt precious

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

His haughtie helmet, horrid all with gold,
 Both glorious brightnesse, and great terrour bred;
 For all the crest a Dragon did enfold
 With greedie pawes, and ouer all did spred
 His golden wings: his dreadfull hideous hed
 Close couched on the beuer, seem'd to throw
 From flaming mouth bright sparkles fierie red,
 That suddaine horror to faint harts did show;
 And fealy tayle was stretcht adowne his backe full low.

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

His warlike shield all closely couer'd was,
 Ne might of mortall eye be euer seene;
 Not made of steele, nor of enduring bras,
 Such earthly mettals soone consumed bene:

But all of Diamond perfect pure and cleene
 It framed was, one massie entire mould,
 Hewen out of Adamant rocke with engines keene,
 That point of speare it neuer percen could,
 Ne dint of direfull sword diuide the substance would.

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

No magicke arts hereof had any might,
 Nor bloudie wordes of bold Enchanters call,
 But all that was not such, as seemd in fight,
 Before that shield did fade, and suddaine fall:
 And when him list the raskall routes appall,
 Men into stones therewith he could transfew,
 And stones to dust, and dust to nought at all;
 And when him list the prouder lookes subdew,
 He would them gazing blind, or turne to other hew.

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

But

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

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

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

Ah Ladie deare, quoth then the gentle knight,
 Well may I weene, your griefe is wondrous great;
 For wondrous great griefe groneth in my sight,
 Whiles thus I heare you of your sorrowes treat.

But wofull Ladie let me you intrete,
 For to vnfold the anguish of your hart:
 Mithaps are maistred by aduice discrete,
 And counsell mittigates the greatest smart;
 Found neuer helpe, who neuer would his hurts impart.

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

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

The forlorne Maiden, whom your eyes haue scene
 The laughing stocke of fortunes mockeries,
 Am th'only daughter of a King and Queene,
 Whose parents deare, whilest equall destinies
 Did runne about, and their felicities
 The fauourable heauens did not enuy,
 Did spread their rule through all the territories,
 Which *Phison* and *Euphrates* floweth by,
 And *Gebons* golden waues doe wash continually.

At last by subtil sleights she him betrayd
 Vnto his foe, a Gyant huge and tall,
 Who him disarm'd, dissolute, dismaid,
 Vnwares surpris'd, and with mightie mall
 The monster mercilesse him made to fall,
 Whose fall did neuer foe before behold;
 And now in darke some dungeon, wretched thrall,
 Remediless, for aie he doth him hold;
 This is my cause of griefe, more great, then may be told;

Ere she had ended all, she gan to faint:
 But he her comforted and faire bespake,
 Certes, Madame, ye haue great cause of plaint,
 That stoutest heart, I weene, could cause to quake.
 But be of cheare, and comfort to you take:
 For till I haue acquit your captiue knight,
 Assure your selfe, I will you not forsake.
 His chearefull words reui'd her chearelesse spright
 So forth they went, the Dwarf e them guiding euer right

Cant. VIII.

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

A Y me, how many perils doe enfold
 The righteous man, to make him daily fall?
 Were not, that heauenly grace doth him vphold,
 And stedfast truth acquite him out of all.

Her loue is firme, her care continuall,
 So oft as he through his owne foolish pride,
 Or weaknesse is to sinfull bands made thrall:
 Else should this Redcrosse knight in bands haue dyde,
 For whose deliuerace she this Prince doth thither guide.

They sadly traueild thus, vntill they came
 Nigh to a castle builded strong and hie:
 Then cryde the Dwarf e, lo yonder is the same,
 In which my Lord my liege doth lucklesse lie,
 Thrall to that Gyants hatefull tyrannie:
 Therefore, deare Sir, your mightie powres assay.
 The noble knight alighted by and by
 From loslie steepe, and bad the Laide stay,
 To see what end of fight should him befall that day.

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

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

The same before the Geants gate he blew,
 That all the castle quaked from the ground,
 And euery dore of freewill open flew.
 The Gyant selfe dismaied with that fownd,
 Where he with his *Dueffa* dalliance fownd,
 In hast came rushing forth from inner bowre,
 With staring countenance sterne, as one astownd,
 And staggering steps, to weet, what fudden stowre,
 Had wrought that horror strange, and dar'd his dreade:

And after him the proud *Dueffa* came,
 High mounted on her manyheaded beast,
 And euery head with fyrie tongue did flame,
 And euery head was crowned on his creast,
 And bloudie mouthed with late cruell feast.
 That when the knight beheld, his mightie shield
 Vpon his manly arme he soone adrest,
 And at him fiercely flew, with courageild,
 And eger greedinesse through euery member thrild.

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

Ne shame he thought to shunne so hideous might:
 The idle stroke, enforcing furious way,
 Missing the marke of his misaymed sight
 Did fall to ground, and with his heauie sway

So deeply dinted in the driuen clay,
 That three yardes deepe a furrow vp did throw:
 The sad earth wounded with so fore assay,
 Did grone full grieuous vnderneath the blow, (show.
 And trembling with strange feare, did like an earthquake

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

His boystrous club, so buried in the ground,
 He could not rearen vp againe so light,
 But that the knight him at auantage found,
 And whiles he stroue his combred clubbe to quight
 Out of the earth, with blade all burning bright
 He smote off his left arme, which like a blocke
 Did fall to ground, depri'd of natie might;
 Large streames of blood out of the trunked stocke
 Forth gushed, like fresh water streame from riuen rocke.

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

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

The proud *Duessa* full of wrathfull spight,
 And fierce disdain, to be affronted so,
 Enforst her purple beast with all her might
 That stop out of the way to ouerthrowe,
 Scorning the let of so vnequall foe:
 But nathemore would that courageous swayne
 To her yeeld passage, gainst his Lord to goe,
 But with outrageous strokes did him restraine,
 And with his bodie bard the way atwixt them twaine.

Then tooke the angric witch her golden cup,
 Which still she bore, replete with magick artes;
 Death and despayre did many thereof slurp,
 And secreet poyson through their inner parts,
 Th'eternall bale of heauie wounded harts;
 Which after charmes and some enchauntments said,
 She lightly sprinkled on his weaker parts;
 Therewith his sturdie courage soone was quayd,
 And all his senses were with suddaine dread dismayd.

So downe he fell before the cruell beast,
 Who on his necke his bloudie clawes did seize,
 That life might cruelt out of his panting breast:
 No powre he had to stirre, nor will to rize.

That when the carefull knight gan well auise,
 He lightly left the foe, with whom he fought,
 And to the beast gan turne his enterprise;
 For wondrous anguish in his hart it wrought,
 To see his loued Squire into such thraldome brought.

And high aduancing his bloud-thirstie blade,
 Stroke one of those deformed heads so fore,
 That of his puiffance proud ensample made;
 His monstrous scalpe downe to his teeth it tore,
 And that misformed shape mis-shap'd more:
 A sea of bloud gush't from the gaping wound,
 That her gay garments staynd with filthy gore,
 And ouerflowed all the field around;
 That ouer shoes in bloud he waded on the ground.

Thereat he roared for exceeding paine,
 That to haue heard, great horror would haue bred,
 And scourging th'emptie ayre with his long traine,
 Through great impatience of his griued hed
 His gorgeous ryder from her lostie sted
 Would haue cast downe, and trod in durtic myre,
 Had not the Gyant soone her succoured;
 Who all enrag'd with finart and franticke yre,
 Came hurtling in full fierce, and forst the knight retyre.

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

And in his fall his shield, that couered was,
 Did loofe his vele by chaunce, and open flew:
 The light whereof, that heauens light did pas,
 Such blazing brightnesse through the aier threw,
 That eye mote not the same endure to vew.
 Which when the Gyaunt spyde with staring eye,
 He downe let fall his arme, and soft withdrew
 His weapon huge, that heaued was on hie
 For to haue slaine the man, that on the ground did lye.

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

At her so pitteous cry was much amou'd,
 Her champion stout, and for to ayde his friend,
 Againe his wonted angry weapon prou'd:
 But all in vaine: for he has read his end
 In that bright shield, and all their forces spend
 Themselues in vaine: for since that glauncing sight,
 He hath no powre to hurt, nor to defend;
 As where th'Almighties lightningbrond does ligh
 It dimmes the dazed eyes, and daunts the senses quigh

Whom when the Prince, to battell new address,
 And threatenng high his dreadfull stroke did see,
 His sparkling blade about his head heblest,
 And smote off quite his right leg by the knee,

That downe he tumbled; as an aged tree,
 High growing on the top of rocky cliff,
 Whose hartstrings with keene steele nigh hewen be,
 The mightie trunk halfe rent, with ragged rift
 Doth roll adowne the rocks, and fall with fearefull drift.

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

The knight then lightly leaping to the pray,
 With mortall steele him smot againe so sore,
 That headlesse his vnweldy bodie lay,
 All wallowd in his owne fowle bloody gore,
 Which flowd from his wounds in wondrous store,
 But soone as breath out of his breast did pas,
 That huge great body, which the Gyaunt bore,
 Was vanisht quite, and of that monstrous mas
 Was nothing left, but like an emptie bladder was.

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

H

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

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

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

Forthwith he gaue in charge vnto his Squire,
 That scarlot whore to keepeen carefully;
 Whiles he himselfe with greedie great desire
 Into the Castle entred forcibly.

Where liuing creature none he did espye;
 Then gan he lowdly through the house to call:
 But no man car'd to answer to his crye,
 There raignd a solemne silence ouer all, (hall.
 Nor voice was heard, nor wight was seene in bowre or

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

But very vnouth sight was to behold,
 How he did fashion his vntoward pace,
 For as he forward mou'd his footing old,
 So backward still was turnd his wrincled face,
 Vnlike to men, who euer as they trage,
 Both feet and face one way are wont to lead.
 This was the auncient keeper of that place,
 And foster father of the Gyant dead;
 His name *Ignaro* did his nature right ahead.

His reuerend haire and holy grauitie
 The knight much honor'd, as beseeemed well,
 And gently askt, where all the people bee,
 Which in that stately building wont to dwell.
 Who answerd him full soft, he could not tell.
 Againe he askt, where that same knight was layd,
 Whom great *Orgoglio* with his puissance fell
 Had made his caytiue thrall, againe he sayde,
 He could not tell: ne euer other answer made.

Then asked he, which way he in might pas:
 He could not tell, againe he answered,
 Thereat the courteous knight displeas'd was,
 And said, Old fire, it seemes thou hast not red
 How ill it fits with that same siluer hed
 In vaine to mocke, or mockt in vaine to bee:
 But if thou be, as thou art pourtrahed
 With natures pen, in ages graue degree,
 Aread in grauer wise, what I demaund of thee.

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

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

And there beside of marble stone was built
 An Altare, caru'd with cunning imagery,
 On which true Christians blood was often spilt,
 And holy Martyrs often doen to dye,

With cruell malice and strong tyranny:
 Whose blessed sprites from vnderneath the stone
 To God for vengeance cryde continually,
 And with great griefe were often heard to grone,
 That hardest heart would bleede, to heare their piteous
 (mone.
 Through euery rowme he sought, and euery bowr,
 But no where could he find that wofull thrall:
 At last he came vnto an yron doore,
 That fast was lockt, but key found not at all
 Emongst that bounch, to open it withall;
 But in the same a little grate was pight,
 Through which he sent his voyce, and lowd did call
 With all his powre, to weet, if liuing wight
 Were housed therewithin, whom he enlargen might.

Therewith an hollow dreary, murmuring voyce
 These piteous plaints and dolours did resound;
 O who is that, which brings me happy choyce
 Of death, that here lye dying euery stound,
 Yet liue perforce in balefull darkenesse bound?
 For now three Moones haue chaged thrice their hew,
 And haue bene thrice hid vnderneath the ground,
 Since I the heauens chearefull face did vew,
 Welcome thou, that doest of death bring tydings trow.

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

Wit

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

His sad dull eyes deepe sunck in hollow pits,
 Could not endure th'vnwonted sunne to view;
 His bare thin cheekes for want of better bits,
 And empty sides deceiued of their dew,
 Could make a stony hart his hap to rew;
 His rawbone armes, whose mighty brawned bowes
 Were wont to riue steele plates, helmets hew,
 Were cleane consum'd, and all his vitall powres
 Decayd, and all his flesh shronk vp like withered flowres

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

But welcome now my Lord, in wele or woe,
 Whose presence I kaue lackt too long a day;
 And sic on Fortune mine auowed foe,
 Whose wrathfull wreakes them selues do now alay

And for these wrongs shall treble penance pay
 Of treble good: good growes of euils prise.
 The chearelesse man, whom sorrow did disinay,
 Had no delight to treaten of his grieffe;
 His long endured famine needed more reliefe.

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

Therefore sir knight, take to you wonted strength,
 And maister these mishaps with patient might;
 Loe where your foe lyes stretcht in monstrous length,
 And loe that wicked woman in your sight,
 The roote of all your care, and wretched plight,
 Now in your powre, to let her liue, or dye.
 To do her dye (quoth *Vna*) were despight,
 And shame t'auenge so weake an enemy;
 But spoile her of her scarlot robe, and let her fly.

As she bad, that witch they disaraid,
 And robd of royall robes, and purple pall,
 And ornaments that richly were displaid;
 Ne spared they to strip her naked all.
 Then when they had despoild her tire and call,
 Such as she was, their eyes might her behold,
 That her mishaped parts did them appall,
 A loathly, wrinkled hag, ill faouered, old,
 Whose secret silt good manners biddeth not be told.

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

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

Which when the knights beheld, amazd they were,
 And wondred at so fowle deformed wight.
 Such then (said *Vna*) as she seemeth here,
 Such is the face of falshood, such the sight
 Offowle *Ducessa*, when her borrowed light
 Is laid away, and counterfeisance knowne.
 Thus when they had the witch difrobed quight,
 And all her filthy feature open showne,
 They let her goe at will, and wander wayes vnknowne.

She flying fast from heavens hated face,
 And from the world that her discovered wide,
 Fled to the wastfull wildernesse apace,
 From liuing eyes her open shame to hide,

And lurket in rocks and caues long vnespide.
 But that faire crew of knights, and *Vna* faire
 Did in that castle afterwards abide,
 To rest them selues, and weary powres repaire,
 Where store they found of all, that dainty was and rare.

Cant. IX.

*His loues and honage Arthur tells
 The knights kni friendly bands:
 Sir Treusant flies from Despaye,
 Whom Redcrosse knight withstands.*

Goodly golden chaine, wherewith yfere
 The vertues linked are in louely wize:
 And noble minds of yore allyed were,
 In braue pourfuit of cheualrous emprise,
 That none did others safety despize,
 Nor aid enuy to him, in need that stands,
 But friendly each did others prayle deuize,
 How to aduance with fauourable hands, (bands.)
 As this good Prince redeemed the *Redcrosse* knight from

Who when their powres empaird through labour long,
 With dew repast they had recured well,
 And that weake captiue wight now waxed strong,
 Them list no lenger there at leasure dwell,
 But forward fare, as their aduentures fell,
 But ere they parted, *Vna* faire befought
 That straunger knight his name and nation tell;
 Least so great good, as he for her had wrought,
 Should die vnknown, & buried be in thanklesse thought.

Faire virgin (said the Prince) ye me require
 A thing without the compas of my wit :
 For both the lignage and the certain Sire,
 From which I sprong, from me are hidden yit.
 For all so soone as life did me admit
 Into this world, and shewed heauens light,
 From mothers pap I taken was vnfit :
 And streight deliuered to a Faery knight,
 To be vprought in gentle thewes and martiall might.

Vnto old *Timon* he me brought byliue,
 Old *Timon*, who in youthly yeares hath beene
 In warlike feates th'expertest man aliue,
 And is the wisest now on earth I weene ;
 His dwelling is low in a valley greene,
 Vnder the foot of *Rauran* mossy hore,
 From whence the riuer *Dee* as siluer cleene
 His tomling billowes rolls with gentle rore :
 There all my dayes he traid me vp in vertuous lore.

Thither the great Magicien *Merlin* came,
 As was his vse, oft times to visit me :
 For he had charge my discipline to frame,
 And Tutours nouriture to ouersee.
 Him oft and oft I askt in priuie,
 Of what loines and what lignage I did spring :
 Whose answer bad me still assured bee,
 That I was sonne and heire vnto a king,
 As time in her iust terme the truth to light should bring.

Well worthy impe, said then the Lady gent,
 And Pupill it for such a Tutours hand.
 But what aduenture, or what high intent
 Hath brought you hither into Faery land,

Are ad

Are ad Prince *Arthur*, crowne of Martiall band?
 Full hard it is (quoth he) to read aright
 The course of heauenly cause, or vnderstand
 The secret meaning of th'eternall might, (wight.
 That rules mens wayes, and rules the thoughts of liuing

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

Deare Dame (quoth he) you sleeping sparkes awake,
 Which troubled oncc, into huge flames will grow,
 Ne euer will their feruent fury flake,
 Till liuing moysture into smoke do flow,
 And wasted life do lye in ashes low.
 Yet fithens silence lesseneth not my fire,
 But told it flames, and hidden it does glow,
 I will reuele, what ye so much desire :
 Ah Loue, lay downe thy bow, the whiles I may respire.

It was in freshest flowre of youthly yeares,
 When courage first does creepe in manly chest,
 Then first the coale of kindly heat appears
 To kindle loue in every liuing brest ;
 But me had ward old *Timons* wife behest,
 Those creeping flames by reason to subdew,
 Before their rage grew to so great vnrest,
 As miserable louers vse to rew,
 Which still wex old in woe, whiles woe still wexeth new.

That idle name of loue, and louers life,
 As losse of time, and vertues enemy
 I euer scord, and ioyd to stirre vp strife,
 In middest of their mournfull Tragedy,
 Ay wont to laugh, when them I heard to cry,
 And blow the fire, which them to ashes brent:
 Their God himselfe, griev'd at my libertie,
 Shot many a dart at me with fiers intent,
 But I them warded all with wary government,

But all in vaine: no fort can be so strong,
 Ne fleshly brest can armed be so sound,
 But will at last be wonne with battrie long,
 Or viuares at disauantage found;
 Nothing is sure, that growes on earthly ground:
 And who most trustes in arme of fleshly might,
 And boasts, in beauties chaine not to be bound,
 Doth soonest fall in disauentrous fight,
 And yeeldes his caytiue neck to victours most despight.

Ensample make of him your haplesse ioy,
 And of my selfe now mated, as ye see;
 Whose prouder vaunt that proudauenging boy
 Did soone pluck downe, and curbd my libertie.
 For on a day prickt forth with iollitie
 Of looser life, and heat of hardiment,
 Raunging the forest wide on courser free,
 The fields, the floods, the heauens with one consent
 Did seeme to laugh at me, and fauour mine intent.

For-wearied with my sports, I did alight
 From lositie steed, and downe to sleepe me layd;
 The verdant gras my couch did goodly dight,
 And pillow was my helmet faire displayd:

Whiles

Whiles euery fence the humour sweet embayd,
 And slombing soft my hart did steale away,
 Me seemed, by my side a royall Mayd
 Her daintie limbes full softly down did lay:
 So faire a creature yet saw neuer funny day.

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

When I awoke, and found her place deuoyd,
 And nought but pressed gras, where she had lyen,
 I sorrowed all so much, as earst I ioyd,
 And washed all her place with watry eyen.
 From that day forth I lou'd that face diuine;
 From that day forth I cast in careful mind,
 To seeke her out with labour, and long tyme,
 And neuer vow to rest, till her I find,
 Nine monethes I seeke in vaine yet nil that vow vnbind.

Thus as he spake, his visage wexed pale,
 And chaunge of hew great passion did bewray;
 Yet still he stroue to cloke his inward bale,
 And hide the smoke, that did his fire display,
 Till gentle *Vna* thus to him gan say;
 O happy Queene of Faeries, that hast found
 Mongst many, one that with his prowesse may
 Defend thine honour, and thy foes confound:
 True Loues are oft sown, but seldom grow on ground.

Thine, O then, said the gentle *Rederosse* knight,
 Next to that Ladies loue, shalbe the place,
 O fairest virgin, full of heavenly light,
 Whose wondrous faith, exceeding earthly race,
 Was firmeft fixt in mine extremest case.
 And you, my Lord, the Patrone of my life,
 Of that great Queene may well gaine worthy grace:
 For onely worthy you through prowes prife
 Yflitting man mote worthy be, to be her lief.

So diuerfly discoursing of their loues,
 The golden Sunne his gliftring head gan shew,
 And sad remembraunce now the Prince amoues,
 With fresh desire his voyage to pursue:
 Als *Vna* earnd her traucill to renew.
 Then those two knights, fast friendship for to bynd,
 And loue establish each to other trew,
 Gaue goodly gifts, the signes of gratefull mynd,
 And eke the pledges firme, right hands together ioynd.

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

Thus bene they parted, *Arthur* on his way
 To seeke his loue, and th'other for to fight
 With *Vnaes* foe, that all her realme did pray.
 But she now weighing the decayed plight,

And shrunkn synewes of her chosen knight,
 Would not a while her forward course pursue,
 Ne bring him forth in face of dreadfull fight,
 Till he recovered had his former hew:
 For him to be yet weake and wearie well she knew.

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

Nigh as he drew, they might perceiue his head
 To be vnarmd, and curld vncombed heares
 Vpstartng stiffe, dismayd with vncouth dread;
 Nor drop of bloud in all his face appears
 Nor life in limbe: and to increase his feares,
 In fowle reproch of knighthoods faire degree,
 About his neck an hempen rope he weares,
 That with his gliftring armes does ill agree;
 But he of rope or armes has now no memoree.

The *Rederosse* knight toward him crossed fast,
 To weet, what mister wight was so dismayd:
 There him he finds all sencelesse and aghast,
 That of him selfe he seemd to be afraid;
 Whom hardly he from flying forward stayd,
 Till he these wordes to him deliuer might;
 Sir knight, aread who hath ye thus arayd,
 And eke from whom make ye this hasty flight:
 And for neuer knight I saw in such misceming plight.

He answerd nought at all, but adding new
 Feare to his first amazment, staring wide
 With stony eyes, and hartlesse hollow hew,
 Astonisht stood, as one that had aspidē
 Infernall furies, with their chaines vntide.
 Him yet againe, and yet againe bespake
 The gentle knight; who nought to him replide,
 But trembling euery ioynt did inly quake, (shakē)
 And soltring tongue at last these words seemd forth to

For Gods deare loue, Sir knight, do me not stay;
 For loe he comes, he comes fast after mee.
 Eft looking backe would faine haue runne away;
 But he him forst to stay, and tellen free
 The secreat cause of his perplexitie:
 Yet nathemore by his bold hartie speach,
 Could his bloud-frosen hart emboldned bee,
 But through his boldnesse rather feare did reach,
 Yet forst, at last he made through silence suddein breache

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

I lately chaunft (Would I had neuer chaunft)
 With a faire knight to keepe companee,
 Sir *Terwin* hight, that well himselfe aduauñt
 In all affaires, and was both bold and free,

But not so happie as mote happie bee:
 He lou'd, as was his lor, a Ladie gent,
 That him againe lou'd in the least degree:
 For she was proud, and of too high intent,
 And ioyd to see her louer languish and lament.

From whom returning sad and comfortlesse,
 As on the way together we did fare,
 We met that villen (God from him me bleffe)
 That cursed wight, from whom I scapt whyleare,
 A man of hell, that cald himselfe *Despaire*:
 Who first vs greets, and after faire areedes
 Of tydings strange, and of aduentures rare:
 So creeping close, as Snake in hidden weedes,
 Inquireth of our states, and of our knightly deedes.

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

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

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

Certes (said he) hence shall I neuer rest,
 Till I that treachours art haue heard and tride;
 And you Sir knight, whose name mote I request,
 Of grace do me vnto his cabin guide.
 I that hight *Treuisan* (quoth he) will ride
 Against my liking backe, to doe you grace:
 But nor for gold nor glee will I abide
 By you, when ye arrive in that same place;
 For leuer had I die, then see his deadly face.

Ere long they come, where that same wicked wight
 His dwelling has, low in an hollow caue,
 Farre vnderneath a craggie clift ypyght,
 Darke, dolefull, drearie, like a greedie graue,
 That still for carrion carcases doth craue:
 On top whereof aye dwelt the ghastly Owle,
 Shrieking his balefull note, which euer draue
 Farre from that haunt all other chearefull fowle;
 And all about it wandring ghoistes did waile and howle.

And all about old stockes and stubs of trees,
 Whereon nor fruit, nor leafe was euer seene,
 Did hang vpon the ragged rocky knees;
 On which had many wretches hanged beene,

Whom

Whose carcases were scattered on the greene,
 And throwne about the clifts. Arriued there,
 That bare-head knight for dread and dolefull teene,
 Would faine haue fled, ne durst approchen neare,
 But th'other forst him stay, and comforted in feare.

That darke some caue they enter, where they find
 That cursed man, low sitting on the ground,
 Musing full sadly in his fullein mind;
 His grieif lockes, long growen, and vnbound,
 Difordred hong about his shoulders round,
 And hid his face; through which his hollow eyne
 Lookt deadly dull, and stared as astound;
 His raw-bone cheekes through penurie and pine,
 Where shronke into his iawes, as he did neuer dine.

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

Which piteous spectacle, approuing trew
 The wofull tale that *Treuisan* had told,
 When as the gentle *Redcrosse* knight did vew,
 With fire zeale he burnt in courage bold,
 Him to auenge, before his bloud were cold,
 And to the villein said, Thou damned wight,
 The author of this fact, we here behold,
 What iustice can but iudge against thee right, (sight)
 With thine owne bloud to price his bloud, here shed in

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

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

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

The knight much wondred at his suddaine wit,
 And said, The terme of life is limited,
 Ne may a man prolong, nor shorten it;
 The souldier may not moue from watchfull sted,

Nor leaue his stand, vntill his Captaine bed,
 Who life did limit by almightie doome,
 (Quoth he) knowes best the termes established;
 And he, that points the Centonell his roome,
 Doth license him depart at sound of morning droome.

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

The longer life, I wote the greater sin,
 The greater sin, the greater punishment:
 All those great battels, which thou boasts to win,
 Through strife, and bloud-shed, and auengement,
 Now prayd, hereafter deare thou shalt repent:
 For life must life, and bloud must bloud repay.
 Is not enough thy euill life forepnt?
 For he, that once hath missed the right way,
 The further he doth goe, the further he doth stray.

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

Thou wretched man, of death hast greatest need,
 If in true ballance thou wilt weigh thy state:
 For neuer knight, that dared warlike deede,
 More lucklesse disauentures did amate:
 Witnesse the dongeon deepe, wherein of late
 Thy life shut vp, for death fo oft did call;
 And though good lucke prolonged hath thy date,
 Yet death then, would the like mi[haps] forefall,
 Into the which hereafter thou maicst happen fall.

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

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

The knight was much enmoued with his speach,
 That as a sword's point through his hart did perse,
 And in his conscience made a secret breach,
 Well knowing true all, that he did reherse,

And to his fresh remembrance did reuerse
 The vgly vew of his deformed crimes,
 That all his manly powres it did disperse,
 As he were charmed with inchaunted rimes,
 That oftentimes he quakt, and fainted oftentimes.

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

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

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

As he lifted vp his hand, that backe againe did start,

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

Come, come away, fraile, feely, fleshly wight,
 Ne let vaine words bewitch thy manly hart,
 Ne diuclish thoughts dismay thy constant spright.
 In heavenly mercies hast thou not a part?
 Why shouldst thou then despeire, that chosen art?
 Where iustice growes, there grows eke greater grace,
 The which doth quench the brood of hellish smart,
 And that accurst hand-writing doth deface,
 Arise, Sir knight arise, and leaue this cursed place.

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

CANT.

There was an auntient house not farre away,
 Renowmd throughout the world for sacred lore,
 And pure vnspotted life: so well they say
 It governd was, and guided euermore.

Cant. X.

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

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

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

Through wisdom of a matrone graue and hore;
Whose onely ioy was to relieue the needes
Of wretched soules, and helpe the helpelesse pore:
All night she spent in bidding of her bedes,
And all the day in doing good and godly deedes.

Dame *Calia* men did her call, as thought
From heauen to come, or thither to arise,
The mother of three daughters, well vnbrought
In goodly thewes, and godly exercise:
The eldest two most sober, chaste, and wise,
Fidelia and *Speranza* virgins were,
Though spould, yet wanting wedlocks solemnize;
But faire *Charissa* to a louely fere
Was lincked, and by him had many pledges dere.

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

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

Ther

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

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

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

Strange thing it is an errant knight to see
Here in this place, or any other wight,
That hither turnes his steps. So few there bee,
That chose the narrow path, or seeke the right:

All keepe the broad high way, and take delight
 With many rather for to go astray,
 And be partakers of their euill plight,
 Then with a few to walke the rightest way;
 O foolish men, why haste ye to your owne decay?

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

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

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

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

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

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

Then said the aged *Celia*, Deare dame,
 And you good Sir, I wote that of your toyle,
 And labours long, through which ye hither came,
 Ye both forweari'd be: therefore a while

Hel

I read you rest, and to your bowres recoyle,
Then called the a Groom, that forth him led
Into a goodly lodge, and gan despoile
Of puissant armes, and laid in easie bed;
His name was meeke *Obedience* rightfully ared.

Now when their wearie limbes with kindly rest,
And bodies were refresh't with due repast,
Faire *Vna* gan *Fidelia* faire request,
To haue her knight into her schoolehouse plaste,
That of her heavenly learning he might taste,
And heare the wisdom of her words diuine.
She graunted, and that knight so much agraste,
That she him taught celestiall discipline,
And opened his dull eyes, that light mote in them shine.

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

And when she list poure out her larger spright,
She would commaund the hastie Sinne to stay,
Or backward turne his course from heaüens hight,
Sometimes great hostes of men she could dismay,
And eke huge mountaines from their natiue fear
She would commaund, themselves to beare away,
And throw in raging sea with roaring threat. (great
Almightie God her gaue such powre; and puissance

The faithfull knight now grew in litle space,
By hearing her, and by her sisters lore,
To such perfection of all heavenly grace,
That wretched world he gan for to abhore,
And mortall life gan loath, as thing forlore,
Gree'd with remembrance of his wicked wayes,
And prickt with anguish of his finnes so fore,
That he desired, to end his wretched dayes:
So much the dart of sinfull guilt the soule dismayes.

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

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

Who comming to that soule-diseased knight,
Could hardly him intreat, to tell his grieffe:
Which knowne, and all that noyd his heauie spright,
Well searcht, estsoones he gan apply relieffe.

Of salues and medicines, which had passing priefe,
 And thereto added words of wondrous might:
 By which to ease he him recured briefe,
 And much affwag'd the passion of his plight,
 That he his paine endur'd, as seeming now more light.

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

But yet the cause and root of all his ill,
 Inward corruption, and infected sin,
 Nor purg'd nor heal'd, behind remained still,
 And festring fore did rankle yet within,
 Close creeping twixt the marrow and the skin.
 Which to extirpe, he laid him priuily
 Downe in a darke some lowly place farre in,
 Whereas he meant his corrosiues to apply,
 And with streight diet tame his stubborne malady.

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

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

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

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

A multitude of babes about her hong,
 Playing their sports, that ioyd her to behold,
 Whom still she fed, whiles they were weake & young,
 But thrust them forth still, as they waxed old:

K

And on her head she wore a tyre of gold,
Adorn'd with gemmes and owches wondrous faire.
Whose passing price vneath was to be told;
And by her side there fate a gentle paire
Of turtle doves, she sitting in an yuorie chaire.

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

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

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

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

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

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

The second was as Almner of the place,
His office was, the hungry for to feed,
And thrifty giue to drinke, a worke of grace:
He feard not once him selfe to be in need,

Ne car'd to hoord for those, whom he did breede:
 The grace of God he layd vp still in store,
 Which as a stocke he left vnto his seede;
 He had enough, what need him care for more?
 And had he lesse, yet some he would giue to the pore.

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

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

(bowe)

The fift had charge sicke 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 do most dismay
 The feeble soule departing hence away.
 All is but lost, that liuing we bestow,
 If not well ended at our dying day.
 O man haue mind of that last bitter throw;
 For as the tree does fall, so lyes it euer low.

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

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

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

There she awhile him staves, him selfe to rest,
 That to the rest more able he might bee:
 During which time, in euery good best
 And godly worke of Almes and charitee

K 3

She him instructed with great indistree;
 Shortly therein so perfect he became,
 That from the first vnto the last degree,
 His mortall life he learned had to frame
 In holy righteousnesse, without rebuke or blame.

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

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

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

Who

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

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

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

Yet since thou bidst, thy pleasure shalbe donne.
 Then come thou man of earth, and see the way,
 That neuer yet was seene of Faeries sonne,
 That neuer leads the trauciler astray,

K 4

But after labours long, and sad delay,
Bring them to ioyous rest and endlesse blis,
But first thou must a season fast and pray,
Till from her bands the spright affoiled is,
And haue her strength recur'd from fraile infirmitis.

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

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

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

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

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

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

Most trew, then said the holy aged man;
Yet is *Cleopolis* for earthly fame,
The fairest peece, that eye beholden can:
And well becemes all knights of noble name,

As

That couet in th'immortall booke offame
To be eternized, that fame to haunt,
And doen their seruice to that foueraigne Dame,
That glorie does to them for guerdon graunt:
For she is heauenly borne, and heauen may iustly vaunt,

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

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

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

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

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

For well I wote, thou springst from ancient race
Of *Saxon* kings, that haue with mightie hand
And many bloodie battailes fought in place
High reard their royall throne in *Britane* land,
And vanquish't them, vnable to withstand:
From thence a Faerie thee vnweeting rest,
There as thou slepst in tender swadling band,
And her base Elfin brood there for thee left. (theft.)
Such men do Chaungelings call, so chaungd by Faeries

Thence she thee brought into this Faerie lond,
And in an heaped furrow did thee hyde,
Where thee a Ploughman all vnweeting fond,
As he his toylefome teme that way did guyde,

And brought thee vp in ploughmans state to byde,
 Whereof *Georgos* he thee gaue to name;
 Till prick with courage, and thy forces pryde,
 To Faery court thou cam'st to seeke for fame, (cam
 And proue thy puiffant armes, as seemes thee best be.

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

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

CAN

Cant. XI.

The knight with that old Dragon fights
 two dayes incessantly:
 The third him ouerthrowes, and gayns
 most glorious victory.

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

Now are we come vnto my natiue foyle,
 And to the place, where all our perils dwell;
 Here haunts that feend, and does his dayly spoyle,
 Therefore henceforth be at your keeping well,
 And euer ready for your foeman fell.
 The sparke of noble courage now awake,
 And striue your excellent selfe to excell;
 That shall ye euermore renommed make,
 About all knights on earth, that batteill vndertake.

And pointing forth, lo yonder is (said she)
 The brazen towre in which my parents deare
 For dread of that huge feend emprisond be
 Whom I from far, see on the walles appeare

Whose fight my feeble soule doth greatly cheare:
 And on the top of all I do espye
 The watchman wayting tydings glad to heare,
 That ó my parents might I happily
 Vnto you bring, to ease you of your misery.

With that they heard a roaring hideous sound,
 That all the ayre with terrour filled wide,
 And seemd vneath to shake the stedfast ground.
 Estfoones that dreadfull Dragon they espide,
 Where stretch he lay vpon the sunny side,
 Of a great hill, him selfe like a great hill.
 But all so soone, as he from far descride
 Those glistering armes, that heauen with light did fill,
 He rousd him selfe full blith, and hastned them vntill.

Then bad the knight this Lady yede aloofe,
 And to an hill her selfe with draw aside,
 From whence she might behold that battailles proof
 And eke be safe from daunger far descryde:
 She him obeyd, and turnd a little wyde.
 Now O thou sacred Muse, most learned Dame,
 Faire ympe of *Phœbus*, and his aged bride,
 The Nurse of time, and euerlasting fame,
 That warlike hands ennoblest with immortall name;

O gently come into my feeble brest,
 Come gently, but not with that mighty rage,
 Wherewith the martiall troups thou doest infect,
 And harts of great Heroës doest enrage,
 That nought their kindled courage may aswage,
 Soone as thy dreadfull trompe begins to sound;
 The God of warre with his fiers equipage
 Thou doest awake, sleepe neuer he so sound,
 And feared nations doest with horrour sterne astound.

Faire

Faire Goddesse lay that furious fit aside,
 Till of warres and bloody *Mars* do fing,
 And Briton fields with Sarazin blood bedyde,
 Twixt that great faery Queene and Paynim king,
 That with their horrour heauen and earth did ring,
 A worke of labour long, and endlesse prayfe:
 But now a while let downe that haughtie string,
 And to my tunes thy second tenor rayfe,
 That I this man of God his godly armes may blaze.

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

And ouer, all with brazen scales was armd,
 Like plated coate of Steele, so couched neare, (harmd
 That nought more perce, ne might his corse be
 With dint of sword, nor push of pointed speare;
 Which as an Eagle, seeing pray appeare,
 His aery plumes doth rouze, full rudely dight,
 So shaked he, that horrour was to heare,
 For as the clashing of an Armour bright,
 Such noyse his rouzed scales did send vnto the knight.

His flaggy wings when forth he did display,
 Were like two fayles, in which the hollow wynd
 Is gathered full, and worketh speedy way:
 And eke the pennes, that did his pincons bynd

Were like mayne-yards, with flying canuas lynd,
With which whenas him list the ayre to beat,
And there by force vnwonted passage find,
The cloudes before him fled for terrour great,
And all the heauens stood still amazed with his threat.

His huge long tayle wound vp in hundred foldes,
Does ouerspred his long bras-scaly backe,
Whose wreathed boughts when euer he vnfoldes,
And thicke entangled knots adown does slacke.
Bespotted all with shields of red and blacke,
It sweepeth all the land behind him farre,
And of three furlongs does but litle lacke;
And at the point two flings in-fixed arre,
Both deadly sharpe, that sharpest steele exceeden farre.

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

And that more wondrous was, in either iaw
Three ranckes of yron teeth enraunged were,
In which yet trickling bloud and gobbets raw
Of late deuoured bodies did appeare,
That sight thereof bred cold congealed feare:
Which to increase, and all atonce to kill,
A cloud of smothering smoke and sulphur feare
Out of his stinking gorge forth steemed still,
That all the ayre about with smoke and stench did fill.

His blazing eyes, like two bright shining shields,
Did burne with wrath, and sparkled lining fyre;
As two broad Beacons, set in open fields,
Send forth their flames farre off to euery thyre,
And warning giue, that enemies conspyre,
With fire and sword the region to inuade;
So flam'd his eyne with rage and rancorous yre:
But farre within, as in a hollow glade,
Those glaring lampes were set, that made a dreadfull

So dreadfully he towards him did pas,
Forelusting vp aloft his speckled breft,
And often bounding on the brused gras,
As for great ioyance of his newcome guest.
Eftsoones he gan aduance his haughtie crest,
As chauffed bore his bristles doth vpeare,
And shoke his scales to battell readie drest;
That made the Redcrosse knight nigh quake for feare,
As bidding bold defiance to his foeman neare.

The knight gan fairely couch his steadie speare,
And fiercely ran at him with rigorous might:
The pointed steele arriuing rudely there,
His harder hide would neither perce, nor bight,
But glauncing by forth passed forward right;
Yet fore amoued with so puissant push,
The wrathfull beast about him turned light,
And him so rudely passing by, did brush (rust),
With his long tayle, that horse and man to ground did

Both horse and man vp lightly rose againe,
And fresh encounter towards him addrest:
But th'idle stroke yet backe recoyld in vaine,
And found no place his deadly point to rest.

L

His

Exceeding rage enflam'd the furious beast,
 To be augmented of so great despight;
 For neuer felt his imperceable breast
 So wondrous force, from hand of liuing wight;
 Yet had he prou'd the powre of many a puissant knight.

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

Long he them bore aboue the subiect plaine,
 So farre as Ewghen bow a shaft may send,
 Till struggling strong did him at last constraime,
 To let them downe before his flightes end:
 As hagar hauke presuming to contend
 With hardie fowle, aboue his hable might,
 His wearie pounces all in vaine doth spend,
 To trusse the pray too heauie for his flight; (flight)
 Which comming downe to ground, does free it selfe by

He so disseized of his gryping grosse,
 The knight his thrillant speare againe assayd
 In his bras-plated body to embosse,
 And three mens strength vnto the stroke he layd;
 Wherewith the stiffe beame quaked, as affrayd,
 And glauncing from his scaly necke, did glyde
 Close vnder his left wing, then broad displayd.
 The percing steele there wrought a wound full wyde,
 That with the vncouth smart the Monster lowdly cryde.

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

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

His hideous tayle then hurled he about,
 And therewith all enwrapt the nimble thyes
 Of his froth-fomy steed, whose courage itout
 Striuing to loose the knot, that fast him tyes,
 Himselfe in streighter bandes too rash implyes,
 That to the ground he is perforce constraünd
 To throw his rider: who can quickly ryse
 From off the earth, with durty blood distaynd,
 For that reprochfull fall right fowly he distaynd.

And fiercely tooke his trenchand blade in hand,
 With which he stroke so furious and so fell,
 That nothing seemd the puissance could withstand:
 Vpon his crest the hardned yron fell,

But his more hardned crest was armd so well,
That deeper dint therein it would not make;
Yet so extremely did the buffe him quell,
That from thenceforth he shund the like to take,
But when he saw them come, he did them still forsake.

The knight was wrath to see his stroke beguyl'd,
And smote againe with more outrageous might;
But backe againe the sparckling steele recoyld,
And left not any marke, where it did light;
As if in Adamant rocke it had bene pight.

The beast impatient of his smarting wound,
And of so fierce and forcible despight,
Thought with his wings to flye aboue the ground;
But his late wounded wing vnseruiceable found.

Then full of griefe and anguish vehement,
He lowdly brayd, that like was neuer heard,
And from his wide deuouring ouen sent
A flake of fire, that flashing in his beard,
Him all amazd, and almost made affeard:
The scorching flame fore swung all his face,
And through his armour all his bodie feard,
That he could not endure so cruell cace,
But thought his armes to leaue, and helmet to vnlace.

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

Faint,

Faint, wearie, fore, emboyled, griued, brent
With heat, toyle, wounds, armes, smart, & inward fire
That neuer man such mischiefes did torment;
Death better were, death did he oft desire,
But death will neuer come, when needes require.
Whom so dismayd when that his foe beheld,
He cast to suffer him no more respire,
But gan his sturdie sterne about to weld,
And him so strongly stroke, that to the ground him feld.

It fortun'd (as faire it then befell)
Behind his backe vnweeting, where he stood,
Of auncient time there was a springing well,
From which fast trickled forth a siluer flood,
Full of great vertues, and for med'cine good.
Whylome, before that cursed Dragon gor
That happie land, and all with innocent blood
Defyld those sacred waues, it rightly hot
The well of life, ne yet his vertues had forgot.

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

Now gan the golden *Phæbus* for to steepe
His fierie face in billowes of the well,
And his faint steedes wated in Ocean deepe,
Whiles from their iournall labours they did rest,

L 3

When that infernall Monster, hauing kept
 His wearie foe into that liuing well,
 Can high aduance his broad discoloured brest,
 About his wonted pitch, with countenance fell,
 And clapt his yron wings, as victor he did dwell.

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

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

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

Whom

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

Iwote not, whether the reuenging Steele
 Were hardned with that holy water dew,
 Wherein he fell, or sharper edge did feele,
 Or his baptize hands now greater grew;
 Or other secret vertue did ensue;
 Else neuer could the force of fleshy arme,
 Ne molten mettall in his bloud embrew:
 For till that stownd could neuer wight him harme,
 By subtilty, nor slight, nor might, nor mighty charme.

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

The same aduancing high about his head,
 With sharpe intended sting so rude him smot,
 That to the earth him droue, as stricken dead,
 Ne liuing wight would haue him life behot:

L 4

The mortall sting his angry needle shor
 Quite through his shield, and in his shoulder seafd,
 Where fast it stucke, ne would there out be got:
 The griefe thereof him wondrous fore diseafd,
 Ne might his ranccling paine with patience be appeafd.

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

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

Much was the man encombred with his hold,
 In feare to lose his weapon in his paw,
 Ne wist yet, how his talants to vnfold;
 For harder was from *Cerberus* greedie iaw
 To plucke a bone, then from his cruell claw
 To reauce by strength, the griped gage away:
 Thrife he assayd it from his foot to draw,
 And thrife in vaine to draw it did assay,
 It booted nought to thinke, to robbe him of his pray.

Tho

Tho when he saw no power might preuaile,
 His trustie sword he cald to his last aid,
 Wherewith he fiercely did his foe assaile,
 And double blowes about him stoutly laid,
 That glauncing fire out of the yron plaid;
 As sparckles from the Andule vie to fly,
 When heaueie hammers on the wedge are swaid;
 Therewith at last he forst him to vnty
 One of his grafping feete, him to defend thereby.

The other foot, fast fixed on his shield
 Whenas no strength, nor stroks mote him constraie
 To loose, ne yet the warlike pledge to yield,
 He smot therat with all his might and maine,
 That nought so wondrous puissance might sustaine;
 Vpon the ioynt the lucky steele did light,
 And made such way, that heuid it quite in twaine;
 The paw yet missed not his minisht might,
 But hong still on the shield, as it at first was pight.

For griefe thereof, and diuelish despight,
 From his infernall fournaice forth he threw
 Huge flames, that dimmed all the heauens light,
 Enrold in dusky smoke and brimstone blew;
 As burning *Aetna* from his boyling stew
 Doth belch out flames, and rockes in peeces broke,
 And ragged ribs of mountaines molten new,
 Enwrap in coleblacke clouds and filthy smoke,
 That all the land with stench, and heauen with horror
 (choke,

The heate whereof, and harmefull pestilence
 So sore him noyd, that forst him to retire
 A little backward for his best defence,
 To saue his bodie from the scorching fire,

Which he from hellish entrails did expire.
 It chaunft (eternall God that chaunce did guide)
 As he recoyled backward, in the mire
 His nigh forwearied feeble feet did slide,
 And downe he fell, with dread of shame fore terrifide.

There grew a goodly tree him faire beside,
 Loaden with fruit and apples rosie red,
 As they in pure vermilion had beene dide,
 Whereof great vertues ouer all were red:
 For happie life to all, which thereon fed,
 And life eke euerlasting did befall:
 Great God it planted in that blessed sted
 With his almightie 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 soile, where all good things did grow,
 And freely sprong out of the fruitfull ground,
 As incorrupted Nature did them sow,
 Till that dread Dragon all did ouerthrow.
 Another like faire tree eke grew thereby,
 Whereof who so did eat, eftsfoones did know
 Both good and ill: O mornefull memory:
 That tree through one mans fault hath doen vs all to dy.

From that first tree forth flowd, as from a well,
 A trickling streame of Balme, most foueraine
 And daintie deare, which on the ground still fell,
 And ouerflowed all the fertill plaine,
 As it had deawed bene with timely raine:
 Life and long health that gracious ointment gaue,
 And deadly woundes could heale and reare againe
 The senselesse corse appointed for the graue.
 Into that same he fell: which did from death him saue.

For

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

When gentle *Vna* saw the second fall
 Of her deare knight, who wearie of long fight,
 And faint through losse of blood, mou'd not at all,
 But lay as in a dreame of deepe delight, (might
 Besmeard with pretious Balme, whose vertuous
 Did heale his woundes, and scorching heat alay,
 Againe she stricken was with sore affright,
 And for his safetie gan deuoutly pray;
 And watch the noyous night, and wait for ioyous day.

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

Then freshly vp arose the doughtie knight,
 All healed of his hurts and woundes wide,
 And did himselfe to battell readie dight;
 Whose early foe awaiting him beside

To haue deuourd, so soone as day he spyde,
 When now he saw himselfe so freshly reare,
 As if late fight had nought him damnifyde,
 He woxe dismayd, and gan his fate to feare;
 Nathlesse with wonted rage he him aduanced neare.

And in his first encounter, gaping wide,
 He thought attonce him to haue swallowd quight,
 And rust: vpon him with outrageous pride;
 Who him rencountring fierce, as hauke in flight,
 Perforce rebutted backe. The weapon bright
 Taking advantage of his open iaw,
 Ran through his mouth with so importune might,
 That deepe emperst his darksome hollow maw,
 And back retrayd, his life bloud forth with all did draw.

So downe he fell, and forth his life did breath,
 That vanish into smoke and cloudes swift;
 So downe he fell, that th'earth him vnderneath
 Did grone, as feeble so great load to lift;
 So downe he fell, as an huge rockie clift,
 Whose false foundation waues haue wast away,
 With dreadfull poysse is from the mayneland rift,
 And rolling downe, great *Neptune* doth dismay;
 So downe he fell, and like an heaped mountaine lay.

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

CANT.

Cant. XII.

*Fair Una to the Redcrosse knight
 betrauhed is with ioy:
 Though false Duessa it to barre
 her false sleights doe employ.*

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

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

Vprose with hastie ioy, and feeble speed
 That aged Sire, the Lord of all tharland,
 And looked forth, to weet, if true indeede
 Those tydings were, as he did vnderstand,

Which whenas true by tryall he out found,
 He bad to open wyde his brazen gate,
 Which long time had bene shut, and out of hond
 Proclaymed ioy and peace through all his state;
 For dead now was their foe, which them forrayed late.

Then gan triumphant Trompets sound on hie,
 That sent to heaven the echoed report
 Of their new ioy, and happie victorie
 Gainst him, that had them long opprest with tort,
 And fast imprisoned in sieged fort.
 Then all the people, as in solemne feast,
 To him assembled with one full confort,
 Reioycing at the fall of that great beast,
 From whose eternall bondage now they were releast.

Forth came that auncient Lord and aged *Queene*,
 Arayd in antique robes downe to the ground,
 And sad habiliments right well besceind;
 A noble crew about them waited round
 Of sage and sober Peres, all grauely gownd;
 Whom farre before did march a goodly band
 Of tall young men, all hable armes to sownd,
 But now they laurell branches bore in hand;
 Glad signe of victorie and peace in all their land.

Vnto that doughtie Conquerour they came,
 And him before themselues prostrating low,
 Their Lord and Patrone loud did him proclame,
 And at his feet their laurell boughes did throw.
 Soone after them all dauncing on a row
 The comely virgins came, with girlands dight,
 As fresh as flowres in meadow greene do grow,
 When morning deaw vpon their leaues doth light:
 And in their hands sweet Timbrels all vpheld on hight.

And

And them before, the fry of children young
 Their wanton sports and childish mirth did play,
 And to the Maydens sounding tymbrels sung
 In well attuned notes, a ioyous lay,
 And made delightfull musicke all the way,
 Vntill they came, where that faire virgin stood;
 As faire *Diana* in fresh sommers day,
 Beholds her Nymphes, enraung'd in shady wood,
 Some wrestle, some do run, some bathe in christall flood.

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

And after, all the raskall many ran,
 Heaped together in rude rabblement,
 To see the face of that victorious man:
 Whom all admired, as from heauen sent,
 And gazd vpon with gaping wonderment.
 But when they came, where that dead *Dragon* lay,
 Stretch on the ground in monstros large extent,
 The sight with idle feare did them dismay,
 Ne durst approach him nigh, to touch, or once assay.

Some feard, and fled; some feard and well it faynd;
 One that would wiser seeme, then all the rest,
 Warn'd him not touch, for yet perhaps remaind
 Some lingring life within his hollow brest.

Or in his wombe might lurke some hidden nest
Of many Dragonets, his fruitfull seed;
Another said, that in his eyes did rest
Yet sparkling fire, and bad thereof take heed;
Another said, he saw him moue his eyes indeed.

One mother, when as her foolehardie chyld
Did come too neare, and with his talants play,
Halfe dead through feare, her litle babe reuyld,
And to her gossips gan in counsell say;
How can I tell, but that his talants may
Yet scratch my sonne, or rend his tender hand?
So diuerfly themselves in vaine they fray;
Whiles some more bold, to measure him nigh stand,
To proue how many acres he did spread of land,

Thus flocked all the folke him round about,
The whites that hoarie king, with all his traine,
Being arriued, where that champion stout
After his foes defeafance did remaine,
Him goodly greetes, and faire does entertaine,
With princely gifts of yuorie and gold,
And thousand thanks him yeelds for all his paine.
Then when his daughter deare he does behold,
Her dearly doth embrace, and kisseth manifold.

And after to his Pallace he them brings,
With shauces, & trompets, & with Clarions sweet;
And all the way the ioyous people sings,
And with their garments strowes the paved street:
Whence mounting vp, they find purueyance meet
Of all, that royall Princes court became,
And all the floore was vnderneath their feet
Bespred with costly scarlot of great name,
On which they lowly sit, and sitting purpose frame.

What

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

Then when with meates and drinckes of euery kinde
Their feruent appetites they quenched had,
That auncient Lord gan fit occasion finde,
Of straunge aduentures, and of perils sad,
Which in his trauell him befallen had,
For to demand of his renowned guest:
Who then with vt'rance graue, and count'nance sad,
From point to point, as is before exprest,
Discourst his voyage long, according his request.

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

Then said the royall Pere in sober wise;
Deare Sonne, great beenc the euils, which ye bore
From first to last in your late enterprise,
That I note, whether prayse, or pity more:

M

For neuer liuing man, I weene, fo fore
 In fea of deadly daungers was diftrest;
 But fince now fafe ye feifed haue the fhore,
 And well arriued are, (high God be blest)
 Let vs deuize of eafe and euerlafting reft.

Ah deareft Lord, faid then that doughty knight,
 Of eafe or reft I may not yet deuize;
 For by the faith, which I to armes haue plight,
 I bounden am freight after this emprise,
 As that your daughter can ye well aduize,
 Backe to returne to that great Faerie Queene,
 And her to ferue fix yeares in warlike wize,
 Gainft that proud Pynim king, that workes her teene:
 Therefore I ought craue pardon, till I there haue beene.

Vnhappie falles that hard necefsitie,
 (Quoth he) the troubler of my happie peace,
 And vowed foe of my felicitie;
 Ne I againft the fame can iuftly preace:
 But fince that band ye cannot now releafe,
 Nor doen vndo; (for voves may not be vaine)
 Soone as the terme of thofe fix yeares fhall ceafe,
 Ye then fhall hither backe returne againe,
 The marriage to accomplifh vovd betwixt you twain.

Which for my part I couet to performe,
 In fort as through the world I did proclame,
 That who fo kild that monfter moft deforme,
 And him in hardy battaile ouercame,
 Should haue mine onely daughter to his Dame,
 And of my kingdome heire apparaunt bee:
 Therefore fince now to thee pertaines the fame,
 By dew defert of noble cheualree,
 Both daughter and ~~cke~~ kingdome, lo I yield to thee.

Then

Then forth he called that his daughter faire,
 The faireft ~~was~~ his onely daughter deare,
 His onely daughter, and his onely heyre;
 Who forth proceeding with sad fober cheare,
 As bright as doth the morning ftarre appeare
 Out of the Eaft, with flaming lockes bedight,
 To tell the dawning day is dawning neare,
 And to the world does bring long wifhed light;
 So faire and frefh that Lady fhewd her felfe in light.

So faire and frefh, as frefheft flowre in May;
 For fhe had layd her mournefull ftole afide,
 And widow-like sad wimple throwne away,
 Wherewith her heaunly beautie fhe did hide,
 Whiles on her wearie journey fhe did ride;
 And on her now a garment fhe did weare,
 All lilly white, withoutten spot, or pride,
 That feemd like filke and filuer wouen neare,
 But neither filke nor filuer therein did appeare.

The blazing brightneffe other beauties beame,
 And glorious light of her funfhyny face
 To tell, were as to fturie againft the ftream.
 My ragged rimes are all too rude and bace,
 Her heauenly lineaments for to enchace.
 Ne wonder; for her owne deare loued knight,
 All were the dayly with himfelfe in place,
 Did wonder much at her celeftiall fight:
 Oit had he feene her faire, but neuer fo faire dight.

So fairely dight, when fhe in prefence came,
 She to her Sire made humble reuerence,
 And bowed low, that her right well became,
 And added grace vnto her excellence:

M 2

Who with great wisedome, and graue eloquence
Thus gan to say. But care he thus had said,
With flying speede, and seeming great pretence,
Came running in, much like a man dismaid,
A Messenger with letters, which his message said.

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

To thee, most mighty king of *Eden faire*,
Her greeting sends in these sad lines adrest,
The wofull daughter, and forsaken heire
Of that great Emperour of all the West;
And bids thee be aduized for the best,
Ere thou thy daughter linck in holy band
Of wedlocke to that new vnknown guest:
For he already plighted his right hand
Vnto another loue, and to another land.

To me sad mayd, or rather widow sad,
He was affianced long time before,
And sacred pledges he both gaue, and had,
Falshe erraunt knight, infamous, and forswore:
Witnesse the burning Altars, which he swore,
And guiltie heauens of his bold periury,
Which though he hath polluted oft and yore,
Yet I to them for iudgement iust do fly,
And them coniure t'auenge this shamefull injury.

There.

Therefore since minche is, or free or bond,
Or falshe or trew, or liuing or else dead,
Withhold, O soueraine Prince, your hasty hond
From knitting league with him, I you aread;
Ne weene my right with strength adowne to read,
Through weakenesse of my widowhed, or woe:
For truth is strong, his rightfull cause to plead,
And shall find friends, if need requireth foe,
So bids thee well to fare, Thy neither friend, nor foe,

Fideffa.

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

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

To whom the *Rederasse* knight this answere sent,
My Lord, my King, be nought hereat dismaid,
Till well ye wote by graue intendment,
What woman, and wherefore doth me vpbraid

M 3

With breach of loue, and loyalty betrayd.
 It was in my mishaps, as hitherward
 I lately traucild, that vnwares I strayd
 Out of my way, through perils straunge and hard;
 That day I should faile me, ere I had them all declar'd.

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

Then stepped forth the goodly royall Mayd,
 And on the ground her selfe prostrating low,
 With sober countenance thus to him sayd;
 O pardon me, my soveraigne Lord, to show
 The secret treasons, which of late I know
 To haue bene wrought by that false forcereffe.
 She onely she it is, that earst did throw
 This gentle knight into so great distresse,
 That death him did awaite in daily wretchednesse.

And now it seemes, that she suborned hath
 This craftie messenger with letters vaine,
 To worke new woe and improuided feath,
 By breaking of the band betwixt vs twaine;
 Vt herein she vsed hath the practise paine
 Of this false footman, clokt with simplenesse,
 Vt horn if ye please for to discouer plaine,
 Ye shall him *Archimago* find, I ghesse,
 The falsest man aliu; wot ye shall find no lesse.

The

The king was greatly moued at her speech,
 And all with suddain indignation freight,
 Bad on that Messenger rude hands to reach,
 Eftsoones the Gard, which on his state did wait,
 Attacht that fator false, and bound him strait:
 Who seeming sorely chauffed at his band,
 As chained Beare, whom cruell dogs do bait,
 With idle force did faine them to withstand,
 And often semblaunce made to scape out of their hand.

But they him layd full low in dungeon deepe,
 And bound him hand and foote with yron chains,
 And with continuall watch did warely keepe;
 Who then would thinke, that by his subtile trains
 He could escape fowle death or deadly paines?
 Thus when that Princes wrath was pacifide,
 He gan renew the late forbidden banes,
 And to the knight his daughter deare he tyde,
 With sacred rites and vowes for euer to abyde.

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

Then gan they sprinkle all the posts with wine,
 And made great feast to solemnize that day;
 They all perfume with frankencense diuine,
 And precious odours fercht from far away,

M 4

That all the house did sweat with great aray :
 And all the while sweete Musicke did apply
 Her curious skill, the warbling notes to play,
 To driue away the dull Melancholy ;
 The whiles one sung a song of loue and iollity.

During the which there was an heavenly noife
 Heard sound through all the Pallace pleasantly,
 Like as it had bene many an Angels voice,
 Singing before th'eternall maiesty,
 In their trinall triplicities on hye ;
 Yet wist no creature, whence that heavenly sweet
 Proceeded, yet eachone felt secretly
 Himselfe thereby rest of his senses meet,
 And rauished with rare impression in his sprite.

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

Her ioyous presence and sweet company
 In full content he there did long enioy,
 Ne wicked enuie, ne vile gealofy
 His deare delights were able to annoy :
 Yet swimming in that sea of blisfull ioy,
 He nought forgot, how he whilome had sworne,
 In case he could that monitrous beast destroy,
 Vnto his Farie Queene backe to returne :
 The which he shortly did, and *Vna* left to mourne.

Now

Now strike your sailes ye iolly Mariners,
 For we be come vnto a quiet rode,
 Where we must land some of our passengers,
 And light this wearie vessell of her lode.
 Here she a while may make her safe abode,
 Till she repaired haue her tackles spent,
 And wants supplide. And then againe abroad
 On the long voyage whereto she is bent :
 Well may she speede and fairely finish her intent.

FINIS LIB. I.





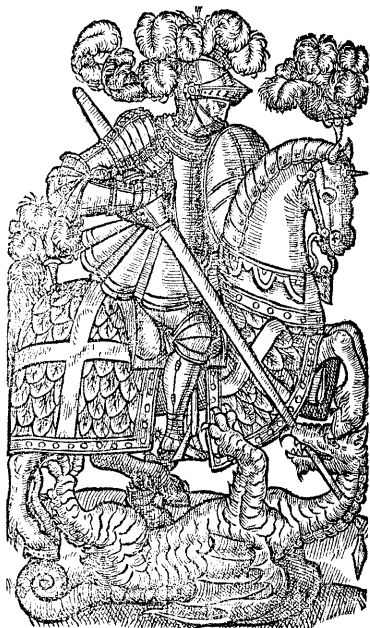
THE SECOND
BOOKE OF THE
FAERIE QVEENE.

Contayning,

THE LEGEND OF SIR GYON.

OR

Of Temperaunce.



Right well I wote most mighty Soueraine,
That all this famous antique history,
Of some th'abundance of an idle braine
Will iudged be, and painted forgery,
Rather then matter of iust memory,
Sith none, that breatheth liuing aire, does know,
Where is that happy land of Faery,
Which I so much do vaunt, yet no where show,
But vouch antiquities, which no body can know.

But let that man with better sence aduize,
That of the world leaft part to vs is red:
And dayly how through hardy enterprize,
Many great Regions are discovered,

Which to late age were neuer mentioned,
 Who euer heard of th Indian *Peru*?
 Or who in venturous vessell measured
 The *Amazons* huge riuer now found trew?
 Or fruitfullest *Virginia* who did euer see?

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

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

The which O pardon me thus to enfold
 In couert vele, and wrap in shadowes light,
 That feeble eyes your glory may behold,
 Which else could not endure those beames bright,
 But would be dazled with exceeding light.
 O pardon, and vouchsafe with patient care
 The braue aduentures of this Faery knight
 The good Sir *Guyon* gratefully to heare, (*peare.*)
 In whom great rule of Temp'raunce goodly doth ap-

*Cant.**Cant. I.*

*Guyon by Archimage abused,
 The Redcrosse knight awaytes,
 Finds Moriant and Amasia slaine
 With pleasures poisoned baytes.*

THat cunning Architect of cancred guile,
 Whom Princes late displeasure left in bands,
 For falsed letters and suborned wile,
 Soone as the *Redcrosse* knight he vnderstands,
 To beene departed out of *Eden* lands,
 To serue againe his foueraine Elfin Queene,
 His artes he moues, and out of caytiues hands
 Himselfe he frees by secret means vnseene;
 His shackles emptic left, him selfe escaped cleene.

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

Him therefore now the obiect of his spight
 And deadly food he makes: him to offend
 By forged treason, or by open fight
 He seekes, of all his drift the aynd end:

Thereto his subtil engins he does bend
 His practick wit, and his faire filed tong,
 With thousand other sleights: for well he kend,
 His credit now in doubtfull ballaunce hong;
 For hardly could be hurt, who was already strong.

Still as he went, he craftie stales did lay.
 With cunning traines him to entrap vnwares,
 And priuie spials plaist in all his way,
 To weete what course he takes, and how he fares;
 To ketch him at a vantage in his snares.
 By trial of his former harmes and cares,
 But now so wife and warie was the knight
 That he deseride, and shonned still his flight:
 The fish that once was caught, new bait will hardly bite.

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

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

Him

Him als accompanyd vpon the way
 A comely Palmer, clad in blacke attire,
 Of ripest yeares, and haire all hoarie gray,
 That with a staffe his feeble steps did stire,
 Least his long way his aged limbes should tire:
 And if by lookes one may the mind ahead,
 He seemd to be a sage and sober fire,
 And euer with slow pace the knight did lead, (tread.
 Who taught his trampling steed with equal steps to

Such whenas *Archimago* them did view,
 He weened well to worke some vncouth wile,
 Eftsoones vntwisting his deceptfull clew,
 He gan to weaue a web of wicked guile,
 And with a faire countenance and flattering stile,
 To them approching, thus the knight bespake:
 Faire sonne of *Mars*, that seeke with warlike spoile,
 And great atchieuements great your selfe to make,
 Vouchsafe to stay your steed for humble misers sake.

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

Or rather would, O would it so had chaunst,
 That you, most noble Sir, had present beene,
 When that lewd ribauld with vile lust aduauinst
 Laid first his filthy handson virgin cleene,

To spoile her daintie corse so faire and sheene,
 As on the earth, great mother of vs all,
 With liuing eye more faire was neuer seene,
 Of chastitie and honour virginnall:
 Witnesse ye heauēes, whom she in vaine to helpe did call,

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

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

He said not lenger talke, but with fierce ire
 And zealous hast away is quickly gone
 To seeke that knight, where him that craftie Squire
 Suppold to be. They do arriue anone,
 Where fate a gentle Lady all alone,
 With garments rent, and haire discheueled,
 Wringing her hands, and making piteous mone;
 Her swollen eyes were much disfigured,
 And her faire face with teares was fowly blubbered.

The

The knight approching nigh, thus to her said,
 Faire Ladie, through foule forrow ill bedight,
 Great pittie is to see you thus difmaid,
 And marre the blossome of your beautie bright:
 For thy appease your grieve and heauie plight,
 And tell the cause of your conceiued paine.
 For if he liuē, that hath you doen despight;
 He shall you doe due recompence againe,
 Or else his wrong with greater puissance maintaine.

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

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

Effsoone she said, Ah gentle trustie Squire,
 What comfort can I wofull wretch conceaue,
 Or why should euer I henceforth desire,
 To see faife heauens face, and life not leaue,

N

Sith that false Traytour did my honour reauē?
 False traytour certes (said the Faerie knight)
 I read the man, that euer would deceaue
 A gentle Ladie, or her wrong through might:
 Death were too little paine for such a foule despight.

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

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

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

Her

Her purpose was not such, as she did faine,
 Ne yet her person such, as it was feene,
 But vnder simple shew and semblant plaine
 Lurckt false *Duessa* secretly vnseene,
 As a chaste Virgin, that had wronged beene:
 So had false *Archimago* her disguised,
 To cloke her guile with sorrow and sad teene;
 And eke himselfe had craftily deuifd
 To be her Squire, and do her seruice well aguifd.

Her late forlorne and naked he had found,
 Where she did wander in waste wilder nesse,
 Lurking in rockes and caues farre vnder ground,
 And with greene mosse cou'ring her naked nesse,
 To hide her shame and loathly filthinesse;
 Sith her Prince *Arthur* of proud ornaments
 And borrow'd beautie spoyld, Her nathelesse
 Th'enchaunter finding fit for his intents,
 Did thus reuelt, and deckt with due habiliments.

For all he did, was to deceiue good knights,
 And draw them from pursuit of praise and fame,
 To slug in sloth and sensuall delights,
 And end their daies with irenowmed shame.
 And now exceeding grieffe him ouercame,
 To see the *Redcrosse* thus aduanced hie;
 Therefore this craftie engine he did frame,
 Against his praise to stirre vp enmitie
 Off such, as vertues like mote vnto him allye.

So now he *Guyon* guides an vncouth way
 Through woods & mountaines, till they came at last
 Into a pleasant dale, that lowly lay
 Betwixt two hills, whose high heads ouerplast,

N 2

The valley did with coole shade ouercast;
Through midst thereof a little riuer rold,
By which there fate a knight with helme valast,
Himselfe refreshing with the liquid cold,
After his trauell long, and labours manifold.

Loe yonder he, cryde *Archimage* aloud,
That wrought the shamefull fact, which I did shew;
And now he doth himselfe in secret throwd,
To stie the vengeance for his outrage dew;
But vaine: for ye shall dearely do him rew,
So God ye speed, and send you good successe;
Which we farre off will here abide to vew.
So they him left, inflam'd with wrathfulnesse,
That streight against that knight his speare he did ad-
(dresse.

Who seeing him from farre so fierce to pricke,
His warlike armes about him gan embrace,
And in the rest his readie speare did sticke;
Tho when as still he saw him towards pace,
He gan encounter him in equall race.
They bene ymet, both readie to asprap,
When suddenly that warrriour gan abace
His threatned speare, as if some new mishap
Had him betidde, or hidden daunger did entrap.

And cryde, Mercie Sir knight, and mercie Lord,
For mine offence and heedlesse hardiment,
That had almost committed crime abhord,
And with reprochfull shame mine honour shent,
Whiles cursed steale against that badge I bent,
The sacred badge of my Redeemers death,
Which on your shield is set for ornament:
But his fierce foe his steede could stayneath,
Who prickt with courage kene, did cruell battell breath.
But

But when he heard him speake, streight way he knew
His error, and himselfe inclining sayd;
Ah deare Sir *Guyon*, well becommeth you,
But me behoueth rather to vprayd,
Whose hastie hand so farre from reason strayd,
That almost it did haynous violence
On that faire image of that heauenly Mayd,
That decks and armes your shield with faire defence:
Your court sic takes on you anothers due offence.

So bene they both atone, and doen vpreare
Their beuers bright, each other for to greece;
Goodly comportance each to other beare,
And entertaine themselues with court'ies meet.
Then said the *Rederosse* knight, Now mote I weer,
Sir *Guyon*, why with so fierce saliaunce,
And fell intent ye did at earst me meet;
For sith I know your goodly gouernaunce,
Great cause, I weene, you guided, or some vncouth
(chance.

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

So can he turne his earnest vnto game,
Through goodly handing and wise temperance.
By this his aged guide in presence came;
Who soone as on that knight his eye did glance,

Eft foones of him had perfect cognizance,
 Sith him in Faerie court he late auizd;
 And said, faire sonne, God giue you happie chance,
 And that deare Crosse vpon your shield deuizd,
 Wherewith about all knights ye goodly seeme aguizd.

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

Palmer, (him answered the *Redersoffe* knight)
 His be the praise, that this atchieuement wrought,
 Who made my hand the organ of his might;
 More then goodwill to me attribute nought:
 For all I did, I did but as I ought.
 But you, faire Sir, whose pageant next enfewes,
 Well mote yee thee, as well can with your thought,
 That home ye may report these happie newes;
 For well ye worthie bene for worth and gentle thewes.

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

In

In this faire wize they traueild long yfere,
 Through many hard assayes, which did betide;
 Of which he honour still away did beare,
 And spred his glorie through all countries wide.
 At last as chaunft them by a forest side
 To passe, for succour from the scorching ray,
 They heard a ruefull voice, that dearly cride
 With percing shriekes, and many a dolefull lay;
 Which to attend, a while their forward steps they stay.

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

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

With that a deadly shriek she forth did throw,
 That through the wood reechoed againe,
 And after gaue a grone so deepe and low,
 That seemd her tender heart was rent in twaie,

N 4

Or thrild with point of thorough piercing paine;
 As gentle Hynd, whose sides with cruell Steele
 Through launched, forth her bleeding life does raine,
 Whiles the sad pang approaching she does feele,
 Brayes out her latest breath, and vp her eyes doth feele.

Which when that warriour heard, dismounting straict
 From his tall steed, he rusht into the thicke,
 And soone arriued, where that sad pourtraict
 Of death and labour lay, halfe dead, halfe quicke,
 In whose white alabaster breast did sticke
 A cruell knife, that made a grieously wound,
 From which forth gush't a streame of gorebloud thicke,
 That all her goodly garments stained around,
 And into a deepe guanine dide the grassie ground.

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

Besides them both, vpon the soiled gras
 The dead corse of an armed knight was spred,
 Whose armour all with blood besprinkled was;
 His ruddie lips did smile, and rosy red
 Did paint his chearefull cheekes, yet being ded,
 Seemd to haue bene a goodly personage,
 Now in his freshest floure of lustie hed,
 Fit to inflame faire Lady with loues rage,
 But that fiers fate did crop the blossome of his age.
 Whom

Whom when the good Sir *Guyon* did beheld,
 His hart gan wexe as starke, as marble stone,
 And his fresh bloud did frieze with fearefull cold,
 That all his senses seemd bereft at tone,
 At last his mightie ghost gan deepe to grone,
 As Lyon grudging in his great disdain,
 Mournes inwardly, and makes to himselfe mone;
 Till ruth and fraile affection did constraime,
 His stout courage to stoupe, and shew his inward paine.

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

Which he perceiuing greatly gan reioice,
 And goodly counsell, that for wounded hart
 Is meetest medicine, tempred with sweet voice;
 Ayme, deare Lady, which the image art
 Of ruefull pitie, and impatient smart,
 What direfull chance, armd with reuenging fate,
 Or cursed hand hath plaid this cruell part,
 Thus fowle to hasten your vntimely date;
 Speake, O deare Lady speake: help neuer comes too late.

Therewith her dim eie-lids she vp gan reare,
 On which the dreary death did sit, as sad
 As lump of lead, and made darke clouds appeare;
 But when as him all in bright armour clad

Before her standing she espied had,
 As one out of a deadly dreame affright,
 She weakly started, yet the nothing drad:
 Streight downe againe her selfe in great despight,
 She groueling threw to ground, as hating life and light.

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

Then casting vp a deadly looke, full low,
 Shee sight from bottoome of her wounded brest,
 And after, many bitter throbs did throw
 With lips full pale and foltring tongue opprest,
 These words she breathed forth from riuen chest;
 Leauē, ah leauē off, what euer wight thou bee,
 To let a wearie wretch from her dew rest,
 And trouble dying soules tranquilittee.
 Take not away now got, which none would giue to me.

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

With

With feeble hands then stretched forth on hye,
 As heauen accusing guiltie of her death,
 And with dry drops congealed in her eye,
 In these sad words she spent her vtmost breath:
 Heare then, o man, the sorrowes that vneath
 My tongue can tell, so farre all sense they pas:
 Loc this dead corpse, that lies here vnderneath,
 The gentlest knight, that euer on greene gras (was.
 Gaysteed with spurs did pricke, the good Sir Mortdant

Was, (ay the while, that he is not so now)
 My Lord my loue; my deare Lord, my deare loue,
 So long as heauens iust with equal beare,
 Vouchsafed to behold vs from aboue,
 One day when him high courage did emmoue,
 As wont ye knights to seeke aduētures wilde,
 He pricked forth, his puissant force to proue,
 Me then he left enwombēd of this child,
 This lucklesse child, whom thus ye see with bloud defild.

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

Her blisse is all in pleasure and delight,
 Wherewith she makes her louers drunken mad,
 And then with words & weedes of wondrous might,
 On them she workes her will to vses bad:

My lifeft Lord ſhe thus beguiled had;
 For he was fleſh: (all fleſh doth frailtie breed.)
 Whom when I heard to beene fo ill beftad,
 Weake wretch I wrapt my ſelfe in Palmers weed,
 And caſt to ſeeke him forth through daunger and great
 (dreed.

Now had faire *Cynthia* by euen tourmes
 Full meafured three quarters of her yeare,
 And thrife three times had fil'd her crooked hornes,
 Whenas my wombe her burdein would forbear,
 And bad me call *Lucina* to me neare.
Lucina came: a manchild forth I brought: (weare,
 The woods, the Nymphes, my bowes, my midwiues
 Hard helpe at need. So deare thee babe I bought,
 Yet nought too deare I deem'd, while fo my dear I fought.

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

Which when the vile Enchauntereſſe perceit'd,
 How that my Lord from her I would repruiſe,
 With cup thus charmd, him parting the deccit'd;
*Sad verſe, giue death to him that death does giue,
 And loſſe of loue, to her that loſes to liue,
 So ſoone as Bacchus with the Nympe does lincke,*
 So parted we and on our journey driue,
 Till comming to this well, he ſtout to drincke:
 The charme full'd, dead ſuddenly he downe did lincke.
 Which

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

Then turning to his Palmer ſaid, Old fyre
 Behold the image of mortalitie,
 And feeble nature cloth'd with fleſhly tyre,
 When raging paſſion with fierce tyrannic
 Robs reaſon of her due regalitie,
 And makes it ſeruant to her baſeſt part:
 The ſtrong it weakens with infirmities,
 And with bold furie armes the weakeſt hart;
 The ſtrong through pleaſure ſooner falles, the weake
 (through ſmart.

But temperance (ſaid he) with golden ſquire
 Betwixt them both can meaſure out a meane,
 Neither to melt in pleaſures whot deſire,
 Nor fry in hartleſſe grieſe and dolefull teene.
 Thrife happie man, who fares them both atweenc:
 But ſith this wretched woman ouercome
 Of anguiſh, rather then of crime hath benee,
 Referue her cauſe to her eternall doome,
 And in the meane vouchſafe her honorable toombe.

Palmer (quoth he) death is an euill doome
 To good and bad, the common Inne of reſt.
 But after death the tryall is to come,
 When beſt ſhall be to them, that liued beſt:

But both alike, when death hath both suppress,
 Religious reuerence doth buriall teene,
 Which who so wants, wants so much of his rest:
 For all so great shame after death I weene,
 As selfe to dyen bad, vnburied bad to beene.

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

The dead knights sword out of his sheath he drew,
 With which he cut a locke of all their heare,
 Which medling with their bloud and earth, he threw
 Into the graue, and gan deuoutly sweare;
 Such and such euill Godon *Guyon* reare,
 And worse and worse young Orphane be thy paine,
 If I or thou dew vengeance doe forbear,
 Till guiltie bloud her guerdon doe obtaine:
 So shedding many teares, they clodd the earth againe.

CANT.

Cant. II.

*Babes bloudie hands may not be cleansd,
 the face of golden Meane,
 Her sisters two Extremities:
 strine her to banish cleane.*

THUS when Sir *Guyon* with his faithfull guide
 Had with due rites and dolorous lament
 The end of their sad Tragedie vpytde,
 The litle babe vp in his armes he hent;
 Who with sweet pleafance and bold blandishment
 Gan smile on them, that rather ought to weepe,
 As carelesse of his woe, or innocent
 Of that was doen, that ruth emperced deepe (sleepe,
 In that knights heart, and wordes with bitter teares did

Ah luckleffe babe, borne vnder cruell starre,
 And in dead parents balefull ashes bred,
 Full litle weenest thou, what sorrowes are
 Left thee for portion of thy liuelihed,
 Poore Orphane in the wide world scattered,
 As budding braunch rent from the natie 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 miseree.

Then soft himselfe inclyning on his knee
 Downe to that well, did in the water weene
 (So loue does loath disdainfull nicitee)
 His guiltie hands from bloudie gore to cleene.

He washt them oft and off, yet nought they beene
 For all his washing cleaner. Still he stroue,
 Yet still the litle hands were bloudie seene;
 The which him into great amazement droue,
 And into diuerse doubt his wauering wonder cloue.

He wist not whether blot of foule offence
 Might not be purgd with water nor with bath;
 Or that high God, in lieu of innocence,
 Imprinted had that token of his wrath,
 To shew how fore bloudguiltinesse he hat'h;
 Or that the charme and venom, which they druncke;
 Their bloud with secret filth infected hath,
 Being diffused through the senselesse truncke,
 That through the great contagion direfull deadly stunck.

Whom thus at gaze, the Palmer gan to bord
 With goodly reason, and thus faire bespake;
 Ye bene right hard amated, gracious Lord,
 And of your ignorance great maruell make,
 Whiles cause not well conceiued ye mistake.
 But know, that secret vertues are infuld
 In euery fountaine, and in euery lake,
 Which who hath skill them rightly to haue chulfd,
 To prooue of passing wonders hath full often vsd.

Of those some were so from their soure indewd
 By great Dame Nature, from whose fruitfull pap
 Their welheads spring, and are with moisture deawd;
 Which feedes each liuing plant with liquid sap,
 And filles with flowres faire *Floraes* painted lap:
 But other some by gift of later grace,
 Or by good prayers, or by other hap,
 Had vertue pourd into their waters bace, (place.
 And thenceforth were renownd, & sought from place to
 Such

Such is this well, wrought by occasion strange,
 Which to her Nymph befell. Vpon a day,
 As she the woods with bow and shafts did range,
 The hartlesse Hind and Robucke to dismay,
Dan Faunus chaunst to meet her by the way,
 And kindling fire at her faire burning eye,
 Inflamed was to follow beauties chace,
 And chased her, that fast from him did fly;
 As Hind from her, so she fled from her enemy.

At last when sayling breath began to faint,
 And saw no meanes to scape, of shame affrayd,
 She set her downe to weepe for fore constraint,
 And to *Diana* calling lowd for ayde,
 Her deare besought, to let her dye a mayd.
 The goddesse heard, and suddene where she fate,
 Welling out streames of teares, and quite dismayd
 With stony feare of that rude rustick mate,
 Transformd her to a stone from stedfast virgins state.

Lo now she is that stone, from those two heads,
 As from two weeping eyes, fresh streames do flow,
 Yet cold through feare, and old conceiued dreads;
 And yet the stone her semblance seemes to show,
 Shapt like a maid, that such ye may her know;
 And yet her vertues in her water byde:
 For it is chafte and pure, as purest snow,
 Ne lets her waues with any filth be dyde,
 But euer like her selfe vnstained hath beene tryde.

From thence it comes, that this babes bloody hand
 May not be clenfd with water of this well:
 Ne certes Sir striue you it to withstand,
 But let them still be bloody, as befell,

O

That they his mothers innocence may tell,
As the bequeathd in her last testament;
That as a sacred Symbole it may dwell
In her sonnes flesh, to minde reuengement,
And be for all chaste Dames an endlesse monument.

He hearkned to his reason, and the childe
Vptaking, to the Palmer gaue to beare;
But his sad fathers armes with bloud defilde,
An heauie load himselve did lightly reare,
And turning to that place, in which whyleare
He left his lostie steed with golden fell,
And goodly gorgeous barbes, him found not there,
By other accident that earst befell,
He is conuaide, but how or where, here fits not tell.

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

Therein three sisters dwelt of sundry sort,
The children of one fire by mothers three;
Who dying whylome did diuide this fort
To them by equall shares in equall fee:
But strifull minde, and diuerse qualitee
Drew them in parts, and each made others foe:
Still did they striue, and dayly disagree;
The eldest did against the youngest goe,
And both against the middlest meant to worken woe.

Where

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

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

Whilest the her selfe thus busily did frame,
Seemely to entertaine her new-come guesst,
Newes hereof to her other sisters came,
Who all this while were at their wanton rest,
Accounting each her friend with lauish fest:
They were two knights of perelless puissance,
And famous far abroad for warlike gest,
Which to these Ladies loue did countenance,
And to his mistresse each himselve stroue to aduance.

He that made loue vnto the eldest Dame,
Was hight Sir *Huddibras*, an hardy man;
Yet not so good of deedes, as great of name,
Which he by many rash adventures wan,

O 2

Since errant armes to few he first began;
 More huge in strength, then wise in workes he was,
 And reason with foole-hardize ouer ran;
 Sterne melancholy did his courage pas,
 And was for terrour more, all armd in shynng bras.

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

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

But ere they could proceede vnto the place,
 Where he abode, themselves at discord fell,
 And cruell combat ioynd in middle space:
 With horrible assault, and furie fell,
 They heapt huge strokes, the scorned life to quell,
 That all on vprore from her settled seat,
 The house was rayfd, and all that in did dwell;
 Seemd that lowde thunder with amazement great
 Did send the ratling skyes with flames of fouldring heat.
 The

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

But they him spying, both with greedy forse
 Attonce vpon him ran, and him beset
 With strokes of mortall steele without remorse,
 And on his shield like yron sledges bet:
 As when a Beare and Tygre being met
 In cruell fight on lybicke Ocean wide,
 Espye a trauciler with feet furbet,
 Whom they in equall pray hope to deuide,
 They stint their strife, and him assaile on euery side.

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

As a tall ship tossed in troublous seas,
 Whom raging windes threatening to make the pray
 Of the rough rockes, do diuerly diseafe,
 Meetes two contrary billowes by the way,

That her on either side do fore assay,
 And boast to swallow her in greedy graue;
 She scorning both their spights, does make wide
 And with her brest breaking the fomy waue,
 Does ride on both their backs, & faire her selfe doth saue.

So boldly he him beares, and rusheth forth
 Betweene them both, by conduct of his blade:
 Wondrous great prowesse and heroick worth
 He shewd that day, and rare ensample made,
 When two so mighty warriors he dismade:
 Attonce he wards and strikes, he takes and payes,
 Now fort to yield, now forcing to inuade,
 Before, behind, and round about him layes:
 So double was his paines, so double be his prayse.

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

Whilst thus they mingled were in furious armes,
 The faire *Medina* with her tresses torne,
 And naked brest, in pity of their harmes,
 Emongst them ran, and falling them before,
 Besought them by the womb, which them had borne,
 And by the loues, which were to them most deare,
 And by the knighthood, which they sure had sworne,
 Their deadly cruell discord to forbear,
 And to her iust conditions of faire peace to heare.

But

But her two other sisters standing by,
 Her lowd gainesaid, and both their champion bad
 Pursue the end of their strong enmittee,
 As euer of their loues they would be glad.
 Yet she with pittie words and counsell sad,
 Still stroue their stubborne rages to reuoke,
 That at the last suppressing fury mad,
 They gan abstaine from dint of direfull stroke,
 And hearken to the sober speeches, which she spoke.

Ah puiffaunt Lords, what cursed euill Spright,
 Or fell *Erinyes* in your noble harts,
 Her hellish brood hath kindled with despight,
 And stird you vp to worke your wilfull smart?
 Is this the ioy of armes? be these the parts
 Of glorious knighthood, after blood to thrust,
 And not regard dew right and iust desarts?
 Vaine is the vaunt, and victory vniust,
 That more to mighty hãds, thẽ rightfull cause doth trust,

And were their rightfull cause of difference,
 Yet were not better, faire it to accord,
 Then with blood guiltnesse to heape offence,
 And mortall vengeaunce ioyne to crime abhord?
 O fly from wrath, fly, O my liefest Lord:
 Sad be the sights, and bitter fruits of warre,
 And thousand furies wait on wrathfull sword;
 Ne ought the prayse of prowesse more doth marre,
 Then fowle reuenging rage, and base contentious iarre.

But louely concord, and most sacred peace
 Doth nourish vertue, and fast friendship breeds;
 Weake she makes strög, & strög thing does increace,
 Till it the pitch of highest prayse exceeds:

O 4

Braue be her warres, and honorable deeds,
By which she triumphes ouer ire and pride,
And winnes an Oliue girlond for her meeds:
Be therefore, O my deare Lords, pacifide,
And this misseeming discord meekely lay aside.

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

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

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

Elissa

Elissa (so the eldest hight) did deeme
Such entertainment bafe, ne ought would ear,
Ne ought would speake, but euermore did seeme
As discontent for want of merth or meat;
No solace could her Paramour intreat
Her once to show, ne court, nor dalliance,
But with bent lowering browes, as she would threat,
She scould, and frownd with froward countenance,
Vnworthy of faire Ladies comely gouernaunce.

But young *Perissa* was of other mind,
Full of disport, still laughing, loosely light,
And quite contrary to her sisters kind;
No measure in her mood, no rule of right,
But poured out in pleasure and delight;
In wine and meats she flowd about the bancke,
And in excessse exceeded her owne might;
In sumptuous tire she ioyd her selfe to prancke,
But of her loue too lauish (litle haue she thancke.)

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

Betwix them both the faire *Medina* late
With sober grace, and goodly carriage:
With equall measure she did moderate
The strong extremities of their outrage;

That forward paire she euer would asfwage,
 When they would striue dew reason to exceed;
 But that same froward twaine would accourage,
 And of her plenty adde vnto their need;
 So kept she them in order, and her selfe in heed.

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

This thy demand, o Lady, doth reuiue
 Fresh memory in me of that great *Queene*,
 Great and most glorious virgin *Queene* aliue,
 That with her foueraigne powre, and scepter shene
 All Faery lond does peaceable sustene.
 In widest Ocean shee her throne does reare,
 That ouer all the earth it may be seene;
 As morning Sunne her beames dispredden cleare,
 And in her face faire peace, and mercy doth appeare.

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

To

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

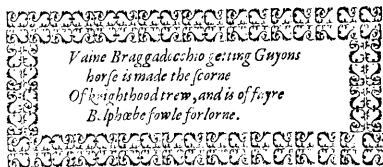
There this old Palmer shewed himselfe that day,
 And to that mighty Princeesse did complaine
 Of grieuous mischiefes, which a wicked Fay
 Had wrought, and many whelmd in deadly paine,
 Whereof he crau'd redresse. My Soueraigne,
 Whose glory is in gracious deeds, and ioyes
 Throughout the world her mercy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

Now hath faire *Phaëbe* with her siluer face
 Thrife seene the shadowes of the neather world,
 Sith last I left that honorable place,
 In which her royall presence is introd;
 Ne euer shall I rest in house nor hold,
 Till I that false *Acraffa* haue wonne;
 Of whose fowle deedes, too hideous to be told
 I witnesse am, and this the it wretched sonne,
 Whose wofull parents she hath wickedly fordonne.

Tell on, faire Sir, said she, that dolefull tale,
 From which sad ruth does seeme you to refraine,
 That we may pittie such vnhappy bale,
 And learne from pleasures poyson to abstaine:

Ill by ensample good doth often gayne,
Then forward he his purpose gan purfew,
And told the storie of the mortall payne,
Which *Mordant* and *Amauis* did rew;
As with lamenting eyes him selfe did lately vew.

Night was far spent, and now in *Ocean* deepe
Orion, flying fast from hissing snake,
His flaming head did hasten for to steepe,
When of his pitteous tale he end did make;
Whilist with delight of that he wifely spake,
Those guesstes beguiled, did beguile their eyes
Of kindly sleepe, that did them ouertake.
At last when they had markt the chaunged skyes,
They wist their houre was spent; the each to rest him hyes.

Cant. III.

Soone as the morrow faire with purple beames
Disperst the shadowes of the mistie night,
And *Titan* playing on the eastern streames,
Can cleare the dewy ayre with springing light,
Sir *Guyon* mindfull of his vow yplight,
Vprose from drowfie couch, and him adrest
Vnto the journey which he had beight:
His puiffaunt armes about his noble brest,
And many-folded shield he bound about his wrest.

Then

Then taking *Congé* of that virgin pure,
The bloody-handed babe vnto her truth
Did earnestly commit, and her coniure,
In vertuous lore to traine his tender youth,
And all that gentle noriture ensuith:
And that so soone as ryper yeares he raught,
He might for memorie of that dayes ruth,
Be called *Ruddymane*, and thereby taught,
T'auenge his *Paréts* death on them, that had it wrought.

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

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

Now gan his hart all swell in iollitie,
And of him selfe great hope and helpe concei'd,
That puffed vp with smoke of vanitie,
And with selfe-loued personage decei'd,

He gan to hope, of men to be receiue'd
 For such, as he him thought, or faine would bee:
 But for in court gay portance he perceiue'd,
 And gallant shew to be in greatest gree,
 Estfoones to court he cast t'auance his first degree.

And by the way he chanced to espy
 One sitting idle on a funny bancke,
 To whom auanting in great brauery,
 As Peacocke, that his painted plumes doth prancke,
 He smote his courser in the trembling flanke,
 And to him threatned his hart-thrilling speare:
 The feely man seeing him ryde fo rancke,
 And ayme at him, fell flat to ground for feare,
 And crying Mercy lowd, his pitious hands gan reare.

There at the Scarcrow wexed wondrous prowde,
 Through fortune of his first aduenture faire,
 And with big thundring voyce reuyld him lowd;
 Vile Caytiue, vassall of dread and despair,
 Vnworthis of the commune breathed aire,
 Why liuest thou, dead dog, a lenger day,
 And doest not vnto death thy selfe prepaire.
 Dye, or thy selfe my captiue yield for ay;
 Great fauour I thee graunt, for aunswere thus to stay.

Hold, ó deare Lord, hold your dead-doing hand,
 Then loud he cryde, I am your humble thrall.
 Ah wretch (quoth he) thy destinies withstand
 My wrathfull will, and do for mercy call.
 I giue thee life: therefore prostrated fall,
 And kisse my stirrup; that thy homage bee.
 The Miser threw him selfe, as an Offall,
 Streight at his foot in bafe humilitee,
 And cleeped him his liege, to hold of him in fee.

So

So happy peace they made and faire accord:
 Estfoones this liege-man gan to wexe more bold,
 And when he felt the folly of his Lord,
 In his owne kind he gan him selfe vnfold:
 For he was wylie witted, and growne old
 In cunning sleights and practick knauery.
 For that day forth he cast for to vphold
 His idle humour with fine flattery,
 And blow the bellwes to his swelling vanity.

Trompart fit man for *Braggadocio*,
 To serue at court in view of vaunting eye;
 Vaine-glorious man, when fluttring wind does blow
 In his light wings, is lifted vp to skye:
 The scorne of knighthood and trew cheualrye,
 To thinke without desert of gentle deed,
 And noble worth to be aduanced hye:
 Such prayse is shame; but honour vertues meed
 Doth beare the fairest flowre in honorable feed.

So forth they pas, a well conforred paire,
 Till that at length with *Archimage* they meet:
 Who seeing one that shone in armour faire,
 On goodly courser thundring with his feet,
 Estfoones supposed him a person meet,
 Of his reuenge to make the instrument:
 For since the *Redcrosse* knight he earst did weet,
 To beene with *Guyon* knit in one consent,
 The ill, which earst to him, he now to *Guyon* ment.

And comming close to *Trompart* gan inquere
 Of him, what mighty wariour that mote bee,
 That rode in golden sell with single speere,
 But wanted sword to wreack his enmittee.

He is a great aduenterer, (said he)
 That had his sword through hard assay forgone,
 And now hath vowd, till he auenged bee,
 Of that despight, neuer to wearen none;
 That speare is him enough to doen a thousand grone,

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

Therewith all suddlein he seemd enraged,
 And threatend death with dreadfull countenance,
 As if their liues had in his hand beene gaged;
 And with stiffe force shaking his mortall launce,
 To let him weet his doughtie valiaunce,
 Thus said; Old man, great sure shalbe thy meed,
 If where those knights for feare of dew vengeance
 Do lurke, thou certainly to me areed,
 That I may wreake on them their hainous hatefull deed.

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

Dorard

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

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

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

He stayd not for more bidding, but away
 Was suddlein vanished out of his sight:
 The Northerne wind his wings did broad display
 At his commaund, and reared him vp light

P

From off the earth to take his aerie flight,
 They lookt about, but no where could espie
 Tract of his foot: then dead through great affright
 They both nigh were, and each bad other flie:
 Both fled attonce, ne euer backe returned eie.

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

Est through the thicke they heard one rudely rush;
 With noyse whereof he from his lostie steed
 Downe fell to ground, and crept into a bush,
 To hide his coward head from dying deed.
 But *Trompart* stoutly flayd to taken heed,
 Of what might hap. Eftsoone there stepped forth
 A goodly Ladie clad in hunters weed,
 That seemd to be a woman of great worth,
 And by her stately portance, borne of heauenly birth.

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

In

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

Her iuorie forehead, full of bountie braue,
 Like a broad table did it selfe dispred,
 For Loue his lostie triumphes to engraue,
 And write the battels of his great godhed:
 All good and honour might therein be red:
 For there their dwelling was. And when the spake,
 Sweet words, like dropping honny she did shed,
 And twixt the perles and rubins softly brake
 A siluer sound, that heauenly musicke seemd to make.

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

So faire, and thousand thousand times more faire
 She seemd, when she presented was to sight,
 And was yclad, for heat of scorching aire,
 All in a silken Camus lylly whight,

P 2

Purled vpon with many a folded plight,
Which all about besprinkled was throughout,
With golden ayglets, that gliftered bright,
Like twinkling itarres, and all the skirt about
Was hemd with golden fringe

Below her ham her weed did somewhat traine,
And her streight legs most brauely were embayld
In gilden buskins of costly Cordwaine,
All bard with golden bendes, which were entayld
With curious antickes, and full faire aumayld:
Before they fastned were vnder her knee
In a rich Iewell, and therein entrayld
The ends of all their knots, that none might see,
How they within their fouldings close enwrapped bee.

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

And in her hand a sharpe bore-speare she held,
And at her backe a bow and quiner gay,
Stuft with steele-headed darts, wherewith she queld
The saluage beastes in her victorious play,
Knit with a golden bauldricke, which forelay
Athwart her snowy brest, and did diuide
Her daintie paps; which like young fruit in May
Now little gan to swell, and being tide,
Through her thin weed their places only signified.

Her

Her yellow lockes crisped, like golden wyre,
About her shoulders weren loofely shed,
And when the winde emongst them did inspyre,
They waued like a penon wide dispreed,
And low behinde her backe were scattered:
And whether art it were, or heedlesse hap,
As through the flouing Forrest rash she fled,
In her rude haire sweet flowres themfelues did lap,
And flourishing fresh leaues and blossomes did enwrap.

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

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

Wherewith reuiu'd, this answere forth he threw;
O Goddesse, (for such I thee take to bee)
For neither doth thy face terrestriall shew,
Nor voyce found mortall; I auow to thee,

Such wounded beast, as that, I did not see,
Sith earst into this Forrest wild I came,
But more thy goodlyhed forgieue it mee,
To weete, which of the Gods I shall thee name,
That vnto thee due worships I may rightly frame.

To whom she thus; but ere her words enfewed,
Vnto the bush her eye did suddain glaunce,
In which vaine *Braggadocchio* was mewed,
And saw it stirre: in the left her percing launce,
And towards gan a deadly shaft aduaunce,
In mind to marke the beast. At which sad fowre,
Trompage forth slept, to stay the mortall chaunce,
Out crying, δ what euer heauenly powre,
Or earthly wight thou be, withhold this deadly howre.

O stay thy hand for yonder is no game
For thy fierce arrowes, them to exercize,
But loe my Lord, my liege, whose warlike name,
Is farre renownd through many bold emprize;
And now in shade he shrowded yonder lies.
She said: with that he crawld out of his nest,
Forth creeping on his caitiue hands and thies,
And standing stoutly vp, his lostie crest
Did fiercely shake, and rowze, as comming late from rest.

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

So

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

To whom he thus; δ fairest vnder skie,
True be thy words, and worthy of thy praise,
That warlike feats doest highest glorifie,
Therein haue I spent all my youthly daies,
And many battailes fought, and many fraies
Throughout the world, wher so they might be found,
Endeuouring my dreadded name to raise
About the Moone, that fame may it refound
In her eternall trompe, with laurell girland cround.

But what art thou, δ Ladie, which doest rounge
In this wilde Forrest, wher no pleasure is,
And doest not it for ioyous court exchange,
Emongst thine equall peres, wher happie blis
And all delight does raigne, much more then this?
There thou maist loue, and dearly loued bee,
And swim in pleasure, which thou here doest mis;
There maist thou best be seene, and best maist see:
The wood is fit for beasts, the court is fit for thee.

Who so in pompe of proud estate (quoth she)
Does swim, and bathes himselfe in courtly blis,
Does waste his dayes in darke obscuritee,
And in obliuion euer buried is:

P 4

Where ease abounds, yet's eath to doe amis;
 But who his limbs with labours, and his mind
 Behaues with cares, cannot so easie mis.
 Abroad in armes, at home in studious kind
 Who seekes with painfull toile, shall honor soonest find.

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

In Princes court, The rest she would haue said,
 But that the foolish man, filld with delight
 Of her sweet words, that all his sence dismayd,
 And with her wondrous beautie rausht quight,
 Can burne in filthy lust, and leaping light,
 Thought in his bastard armes her to embrace.
 With that she swaruing backe, her lauelin bright
 Against him bent, and fiercely did menace:
 So turned her about, and fled away apace.

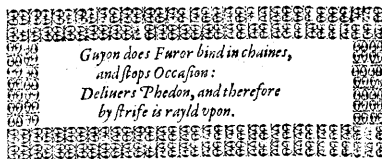
Which when the Peasant saw, amazd he stood,
 And greined at her sight; yet durst he not
 Pursue her steps, through wild vnknown woods;
 Besides he feard her wrath, and threatned shot
 Whiles in the bush he lay, not yet forgot:
 Ne car'd he greatly for her presence vaine,
 But turning said to *Trompart*, What soule blot
 Is this to knight, that Ladie should againe
 Depart to woods vntoucht, & leaue so proud disdaine?

Perdie

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

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

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

Cant. IIII.

*Guyon does Furor bind in chains,
and stops Ocean's
Deliners' Phedon, and therefore
by strife is rayld upon.*

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

But he the rightfull owner of that steed,
Who well could menage and subdew his pride,
The whites on foot was forced for to yeed,
With that blacke Palmer, his most trusty guide;
Who suffred not his wandring feet to slide.
But when strong passion, or weake fleshlinesse
Would from the right way seeke to draw him wide,
He would through temperance and stedfastnesse,
Teach him the weake to strengthen, & the strōg suppressse.

It fortun'd forth faring on his way,
He saw from farre, or seemed for to see
Some troublous vpror or contentious fray,
Whereto he drew in haste it to agree.

Amad

A mad man, or that feigned mad to bee,
Drew by the haire along vpon the ground,
A handfome stripling with great crueltee,
Whom fore he bett, and gor'd with many a wound,
That cheekes with teares, and fides with blood did all a-
(bound.)

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

And euer as she went, her tongue did walke
In foule reproch, and termes of vile despight,
Prouoking him by her outrageous talke,
To heape more vengeance on that wretched wight;
Sometimes she raught him stones, wherewith to smite,
Sometimes her staffe, though it her one leg were,
Withouten which she could not go vpright;
Ne any euill meanes she did forbear,
That might him moue to wrath, and indignation reare.

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

And sure he was a man of mickle might,
 Had he had gouernance, it well to guide:
 But when the franticke fit inflamd his spright,
 His force was vaine, and strooke more often wide,
 Then at the aymed marke, which he had eide:
 And of himselfe he chaunst to hurt vnwares,
 Whilst treason blent through passion, nought descride,
 But as a blindfold Bull at randon fares, (nought cares,
 And where he hits, nought knowes, & whom he hurts,

His rude assault and rugged handeling
 Strange seemed to the knight, that aye with foe
 In faire defence and goodly menaging
 Of armes was wont to fight, yet nathemoe
 Was he abashed now not fighting so,
 But more enterced through his currish play,
 Him sternely grype, and haling to and fro,
 To ouerthrow him strongly did assay,
 But ouerthrew himselfe vnwares, and lower lay.

And being downe the vellein fore did bear,
 And bruze with clownish fittes his manly face:
 And eke the Hag with many a bitter threat,
 Still cald vpon to kill him in the place.
 With whose reproch and odious menace
 The knight emboying in his haughtie hart,
 Knit all his forces, and gan soone vnbrace
 His grasping hold: so lightly did vpstart,
 And drew his deadly weapon, to maintaine his part.

Which when the Palmer saw, he loudly cryde,
 Nor so, o *Guyon*, neuer thinke that fo
 That Monster can be maistred or destroyed:
 He is no, ah, he is not such a foe,

As

As steele can wound, or strength can ouerthroe.
 That same is *Fewer*, cursed cruell wight,
 That vnto knighthood workes much shame and woe;
 And that same Hag, his aged mother, hight
Occasion, the root of all wrath and despight.

With her, who so will raging *Fewer* tame,
 Must first begin, and well her amenage:
 First her restraine from her reprochfull blame,
 And euill meanes, with which she doth enrage
 Her franticke sonne, and kindles his courage,
 Then when the is withdrawn, or strong withstood,
 It's eath his idle furie to asfwage,
 And calme the tempest of his passion wood;
 The bankes are ouerflown, when stopped is the flood.

Therewith Sir *Guyon* left his first emprise,
 And turning to that woman, fast her hent
 By the hoare lockes, that hong before her eyes,
 And to the ground her threw: yet nould she stent
 Her bitter rayling and foule reuilement,
 But still prouokt her sonne to wreake her wrong;
 But nathelesse he did her still torment,
 And catching hold of her vngracious tong,
 Thereon an yron lock, did fasten firme and strong.

Then when as vsf of speach was from her rest,
 With her two crooked handes she signes did make.
 And beckned him, the last helpe she had left:
 But he that last left helpe away did take,
 And both her hands fast bound vnto a stake,
 That she note stirre. Then gan her sonne to flie
 Full fast away, and did her quite forsake;
 But *Guyon* after him in haste did hie,
 And soone him ouertooke in sad perplexitie.

In his strong armes he stiffely him embrate,
 Who him gainstfriuing, nought at all preuaild:
 For all his power was vterly defaste,
 And furious fits at earst quite weren quaild:
 Oft he re'nsfort, and oft his forces sayld,
 Yet yield he would not, nor his rancour flacke.
 Then him to ground he cast, and rudely hayld,
 And both his hands fast bound behind his backe,
 And both his feet in fetters to an yron racke.

With hundred yron chaines he did him bind,
 And hundred knots that did him fore constrain:
 Yet his great yron teeth he still did grind,
 And grimly gnash, threatning reuenge in vaine:
 His burning eyes, whom bloudie strakes did staine,
 Stared full wide, and threw forth sparkes of fire,
 And more for ranck despight, then for great paine,
 Shakt his long lockes, colourd like copper-wire,
 And bit his tawny beard to shew his raging ire.

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

With hart then throbbing, and with watry eyes,
 Faire Sir (quoth he) what man can shun the hap,
 That hidden lyes vnwares him to surpryse
 Misfortune waites aduantage to entrap

The

The man most warie in herwhelming lap.
 So me weake wretch, of many weakeft one,
 Vnweeting, and vnware of such mishap,
 She brought to mischief through occasion,
 Where this fame wicked villain did me light vpon.

It was a faithlesse Squire, that was the fourfe
 Of all my sorrow, and of these sad teares,
 With whom from tender dug of commune nourfe,
 Attonce I was vpbrought, and est when yeares
 More ripe vs reason lent to chose our Peares,
 Our selues in league of vowed loue we knit:
 In which we long time without gealous feares,
 Or faultie thoughts continewd, as was fit;
 And for my part I vow, difsembled not a whit.

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

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

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

But ere that wished day his beame disclofd,
 He either enuying my toward good,
 Or of himselfe to treason ill disposd
 One day vnto me came in friendly mood,
 And told for secret how he vnderstood
 That Ladie whom I had to me assynd,
 Had both distaind her honorable blood,
 And eke the faith, which she to me did bynd;
 And therefore wist me stay, till I more truth should fynd.

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

Ere long with like againe he boorded mee,
 Saying, he now had boulted all the flour,
 And that it was a groome of base degree,
 Which of my loue was partner Paramoure:

Who

Who vsed in a darke some inner bowre
 Her oft to meet: which better to approue,
 He promised to bring me at that howre,
 When I should see, that would me nearer moue,
 And driue me to withdraw my blind abused loue.

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

But if she had her least helpe to thee lent,
 Tadore thy forme according thy desire,
 Their blazing pride thou wouldest soone haue blent,
 And staynd their prayes with thy least good part;
 Ne should faire *Claribell* with all her art,
 Though she thy Lady be, approach thee neare:
 For prooffe thereof, this euening, as thou art,
 Aray thy selfe in her most gorgeous geare,
 That I may more delight in thy embracement deare.

The Maidē proud through prayse, and mad through loue
 Him hearkned to, and soone her selfe arayd,
 The whiles to me the treachour did remoue
 His craftie engin, and as he had sayd,
 Me leading, in a secret corner layd,
 The sad spectatour of my Tragedie;
 Where left, he went, and his owne false part playd,
 Disguised like that groome of base degree,
 Whom he had feignd th'abuser of my loue to bee.

Q

Esfoones he came vnto th'appointed place,
 And with him brought *Priene*, rich arayd,
 In *Claribellæes* clothes. Her proper face
 I not discerned in that darke some shade,
 But weend it was my loue, with whom he playd.
 Ah God, what horror and tormenting grieffe
 My hart, my hands, mine eyes, and all assayd?
 Me liester were ten thousand deathes grieffe, (priefe.)
 Then wound of gealous worme, and shame of such re-

I home returning, fraught with fowle despight,
 And chawing vengeance all the way I went,
 Soone as my loathed loue appeared in sight,
 With wrathfull hand I slew her innocent;
 That after soone I dearly did lament:
 For when the cause of that outrageous deede
 Demanded, I made plaife and euident,
 Her faultie Handmayd; which that bale did breede,
 Confest, how *Philemon* her wrought to chaunge her
 (weede.)

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

Thus heaping crime on crime, and grieffe on grieffe,
 To losse of loue adioyning losse of friend,
 I meant to purge both with a third mischieffe,
 And in my woes beginner it to end:

That

That was *Pryene*; she did first offend,
 She last should smart: with which cruell intent,
 When I at her my murderous blade did bend,
 She fled away with ghastly dreriment,
 And I pursewing my fell purpose, after went.

Fear e gaue her wings, and rage enforst my flight;
 Through woods and plaines so long I did her chase,
 Till this mad man, whom your victorious might
 Hath now fast bound, me met in middle space,
 As I her, so he me pursewd apace,
 And shortly ouertooke: I breathing yre,
 Soore chauffed at my stay in such a cace,
 And with my heat kindled his cruell fyre;
 Which kindled once, his mother did more rage in fyre.

Betwixt them both, they haue me doen to dye,
 Through wounds, & strokes, & stubborne handling,
 That death were better, then such agony,
 As grieffe and furie vnto me did bring;
 Of which in me yet stickes the mortall sting,
 That during life will neuer be appeafd.
 When he thus ended had his sorrowing,
 Said *Guyon*, Squire, sore haue ye bene diseafd;
 But all your hurts may soone through tẽperance be easfd.

Then gan the Palmer thus, most wretched man,
 That to affections does the bridle lend;
 In their beginning they are weak and wan,
 But soone through suffrance grow to fearefull end;
 Whiles they are weak betimes with them contend:
 For when they once to perfect strength do grow,
 Strong warres they make, and cruell battry bend
 Gainst fort of Reason, it to ouerthrow: (low.)
 Wrath, gelosie, grieffe, loue this Squire haue layd thus

Q 2

Wrath, gealofie, griefe, loue do thus expell:
 Wrath is a fire, and gealofie a weede,
 Griefe is a flood, and loue a monfter fell;
 The fire of sparkes, the weede of little feede,
 The flood of drops, the Monfter filth did breede:
 But sparks, feed, drops, and filth do thus delay;
 The sparks soone quench, the springing feed outweede
 The drops dry vp, and filth wipe cleane away:
 So shall wrath, gealofie, griefe, loue dye and decay.

Vnlucky Squire (said *Guyon*) fith thou haft
 Falne vnto mischiefe through intemperance,
 Henceforth take heede of that thou now haft past,
 And guide thy wayes with warie gouernaunce,
 Least worfe betide thee by some later chaunce.
 But read how art thou nam'd, and of what kin,
Phedon I hight (quoth he) and do a duauance
 Mine auncestry from famous *Coradin*,
 Who first to rayse our house to honour did begin.

Thus as he spake, lo far away they spyde
 A varlet running towards hastily,
 Whose flying feet so fast their way applyde,
 That round about a cloud of dust did fly,
 Which mingled all with sweate, did dim his eye.
 He soone approached, panting, breathlesse, whot,
 And all so foyle, that none could him descry;
 His countenance was bold, and bashed not
 For *Guyons* lookes, but scornfull eyglaunce at him shot.

Behind his backe he bore a brafen shield,
 On which was drawn faire, in colours fit,
 A flaming fire in midft of bloudy field,
 And round about the wreath this word was writ,
 Burnt

Burnt I do burne. Right well befecemed it,
 To be the shield of some redoubted knight;
 And in his hand two darts exceeding flit,
 And deadly sharpe he held, whose heads were dight
 In payson and in bloud, of malice and despight.

When he in presence came, to *Guyon* first
 He boldly spake, Sir knight, if knight thou bee,
 Abandon this forestalled place at erst,
 For feare of further harme, I counsell thee,
 Or bide the chaunce at thine owne ieeperdie.
 The knight at his great boldnesse wondered,
 And though he scorn'd his idle vanitie,
 Yet mildly him to purpose answered;
 For not to grow of nought he it coniectured.

Varlet, this place most dew to me I deeme,
 Yielded by him, that held it forcibly. (seeme
 But whence should come that harme, which thou doest
 To threat to him, that minds his chaunce t'abye?
 Perdy (said he) here comes, and is hard by
 A knight of wondrous powre, and great assay,
 That neuer yet encountered enery,
 But did him deadly dannt, or fowle difmay;
 Ne thou for better hope, if thou his presence stay.

How hight he then (said *Guyon*) and from whence?
Pyrrhocles is his name, renowned farre
 For his bold feats and hardy confidence,
 Full oft approu'd in many a cruell warre,
 The brother of *Cymochles*, both which are
 The sonnes of old *Acrates* and *Despight*,
Acrates sonne of *Phlegeton* and *Iarre*;
 But *Phlegeton* is sonne of *Herebus* and *Night*;
 But *Herebus* sonne of *Aeternitie* is hight.

So from immortal race he does proceede,
 That mortall hands may not withstand his might,
 Dra'd for his derring do, and bloody deed;
 For all in bloud and spoile is his delight.
 His am I *Atin*, his in wrong and right,
 Him matter make for him to worke vpon,
 And stirre him vp to strife and cruell fight.
 Fly therefore, fly this fearefull fead anon,
 Least thy foolhardize worke thy sad confusion.

His be that care, whom most it doth concerne,
 (Said he) but whither with such hasty flight
 Art thou now bound? for well mote I discern
 Great cause, that carries thee so swift and light.
 My Lord (quoth he) me sent, and streight behight
 To seeke *Ocasion*; where so she bee:
 For he is all dispos'd to bloody fight,
 And breathes out wrath and hainous crueltie;
 Hard is his hap, that first fals in his ieopardie.

Ma'r man (said then the Palmer) that does seeke
Ocasion to wrath, and cause of strife;
 She comes vnfought, and shonned followes eke.
 Happy, who can abstaine, when Rancour rife
 Kindles Reuenge, and threats his rusty knife;
 Woe neuer wants, where euery cause is caught,
 And rash *Ocasion* makes vnquiet life.
 Then loe, where bound she sits, whō thou hast fought,
 (Said *Guyon*), let that message to thy Lord be brought.

That when the varlet heard and saw, streight way
 He wexed wondrous wroth, and said, Vile knight,
 That knights & knighthood doest with shame vp-
 And shewst th'ensaple of thy childish might, (bray,
 With

With filly weake old woman thus to fight.
 Great glory and gay spoile sure hast thou got,
 And stoutly prou'd thy puifsaunce here in fight;
 That shall *Pyrrhocles* well requite, I wot,
 And with thy bloud abolish so reprochfull blot.

With that one of his thrillant darts he threw,
 Headed with ire and vengeable despight;
 The quiuering steele his aymed end well knew,
 And to his brest it selfe intended right:
 But he was warie, and ere it empight
 In the meant marke, aduau't his shield atweene,
 On which it seizing, no way enter might,
 But backe rebounding, left the forehead keene;
 Estfoones he fled away, and might no where be seene.

Cant. V.

*Pyrrhocles does with Guyon fight,
 And Fawors chayne vnbinds
 Of whom fore hurt, for his reuenge
 Atin Gynochles finds.*

W^Ho euer doth to temperaunce apply
 His stedfast life, and all his actions frame,
 Trust me, shall find no greater enemy,
 Then stubborne perturbation, to the fame;
 To which right well the wife do giue that name,
 For it the goodly peace of stayed mindes.
 Does ouerthrow, and troublous warre proclame:
 His owne woes authour, who so bound it findes,
 As did *Pyrrhocles*, and it wilfully vnbindes.

After that varlets flight, it was not long,
 Ere on the plaine fast pricking *Guyon* spide
 One in bright armes embattailed full strong,
 That as the Sunny beames do glaunce and glide
 Vpon the trembling waue, so shined bright,
 And round about him threw forth sparkling fire,
 That seemd him to enflame on euery side:
 His steed was bloody red, and fomedire,
 When with the maistring spur he did him roughly fire.

Approching nigh, he neuer stayd to greete,
 Ne chaffar words, proude courage to prouoke,
 But prickt so fiers, that vnderneath his feete
 The smouldring dust did round about him smoke,
 Both horse and man nigh able for to choke;
 And fairly couching his steele-headed speare,
 Him first saluted with a sturdy stroke;
 It booted nought Sir *Guyon* comming neare
 To thinke, such hideous puissaunce on foot to beare.

But lightly shunned it, and passing by,
 With his bright blade did smite at him so fell,
 That the sharpe steele arriuing forcibly
 On his braod shield, bit not, but glauncing fell
 On his horse necke before the quilted fell
 And from the head the body fundred quight,
 So him dismounted low, he did compell
 On foot with him to matchen equall fight;
 The truncked beaſt fast bleeding, did him fowly dight.

Sore bruized with the fall, he slow vprofe,
 And all enraged, thus him loudly shent;
 Disleall knight, whose coward courage chose
 To wreake it selfe on beaſt all innocent,

And

And shund the marke, at which it should be ment,
 Thereby thine armes seeme ströög, but māhood fraile;
 So hast thou oft with guile thine honour blent;
 But litle may such guile thee now auaille,
 If wonted force and fortune do not much me faile.

With that he drew his flaming sword, and strooke
 At him so fiercely, that the vpper marge
 Of his feuenfolded shield away it tooke,
 And glauncing on his helmet, made a large
 And open gash therein: were not his targe,
 That broke the violence of his intent,
 The weary soule from thence it would discharge;
 Nathelesse so sore a buff to him it lent,
 That made him reele, and to his brest his beuer bent.

Exceeding wroth was *Guyon* at that blow,
 And much aſhamd, that stroke of liuing arme
 Should him difmay, and make him stoupe so low,
 Though otherwise it did him litle harme:
 Tho hurling high his yron braced arme,
 He smote so manly on his shoulder plate,
 That all his left side it did quite disarme;
 Yet there the steele stayd not, but inly bate
 Deepe in his flesh, and opened wide a red floodgate.

Deadly difmayd, with horrour of that dint
Pyrroboches was, and grieued eke entyre;
 Yet nathemore did it his fury stint,
 But added flame vnto his former fire,
 That welnigh molt his hart in raging yre,
 Ne thenceforth his approued skill, to ward,
 Or strike, or hurle, round in warelike gyre,
 Remembred he, ne car'd for his faultgard,
 But rudely rag'd, and like a cruell Tygre far'd.

He hewd, and lasht, and foyn'd, and thundred blowes;
 And euery way did seeke into his life,
 Ne plate, ne male could ward fo mighty throwes,
 But yielded passage to his cruell knife,
 But *Guyon*, in the heat of all his strife,
 Was warie wife, and closely did awayt
 Auauntage, whilst his foe did rage most rife;
 Sometimes a thwart, sometimes he strooke him straye,
 And falsed of his blowes, fillude him with such bayt.

Like as a Lyon, whose imperiall powre
 A prowde rebellious Vnicorne defies,
 T'auoide the rash assault and wrathfull stowre
 Of his fiers foe, him to a tree applies,
 And when him running in full course he spies,
 He slips aside; the whiles that furious beaft
 His precious horne, sought of his enimies
 Strikes in the stocke, ne thence can be relast,
 But to the mighty victour yields a bounteous feast.

With such faire slight him *Guyon* often faild,
 Till at the last all breathlesse, wearie, faint
 Him spying, with fresh onset he assaild,
 And kindling new his courage seeming queint,
 Strooke him so hugely, that through great constraint
 He made him stoup perforce vnto his knee,
 And do vnwilling worship to the Saint,
 That on his shie ld depainted he did see;
 Such homage till that instant neuer learned hee.

Whom *Guyon* seeing stoup, pursfewed fast
 The present offer of faire victory,
 And soone his dreadful blade about he cast,
 Wherewith he smote his haughty crest so hie,

That

That streight on ground made him full low to lye;
 Then on his brest his victour foote he thrust,
 With that he cryde, Mercy, do me not dye,
 Ne deeme thy force by fortunes doome vniust,
 That hath (maugre her spight) thus low me laid in dust.

Eitfoones his cruell hand Sir *Guyon* stayd,
 Tempring the passion with aduizement slow,
 And maistring might on enmy difinayd:
 For th'equall dye of warre he well did know;
 Then to him said, Live and alleaunce owe,
 To him that giues thee life and libertie,
 And henceforth by this dayes ensample trow,
 That hasty wroth, and heedlesse hazardrie
 Do breede repentance late, and lasting infamie.

So vp he let him rise, who with grim looke
 And count'naunce sterne vpstanding, gan to grind
 His grated teeth for great disdeigne, and shooke
 His sandy lockes, long hanging downe behind,
 Knotted in bloud and dust, for grieft of mind,
 That he in ods of armes was conquered;
 Yet in himselfe some comfort he did find,
 That him so noble knight had maistered,
 Whose bounty more then might, yet both he wondered.

Which *Guyon* marking said, Be nought agriue'd,
 Sir knight, that thus ye now subdew'd are:
 Was neuer man, who most conquestes atchieu'd
 But sometimes had the worse, and lost by warre,
 Yet shortly gaynd, that losse exceeded farre:
 Losse is no shame, nor to be lesse then foe,
 But to be lesse, then himselfe, doth marre
 Both loofers lot, and victours prayse alike.
 Vaine others ouerthrowes, who selfe doth ouerthrowe.

Fly, O *Pyrrhobles*, fly the dreadfull warre,
 That in thy selfe thy lesler parts do moue,
 Outrageous anger, and woe-working iarre,
 Direfull impatience, and hart murdring loue;
 Those, those thy foes, those warriors far remoue,
 Which thee to endlesse bale captiued lead.
 But sith in might thou didst my mercy proue,
 Of curtesie to me the cause a read,
 That thee against me drew with so impetuous dread.

Dreadlesse (said he) that shall I soone declare:
 It was complaind, that thou hadst done great tort
 Vnto an aged woman, poore and bare,
 And thralld her in chaines with strong effort,
 Voide of all fuccour and needfull comfort:
 That ill becomes thee, such as I thee see,
 To worke such shame. Therefore I thee exhort,
 To change thy will, and let Occasion free,
 And to her captiue some yield his first libertee.

Thereat Sir *Guyon* smilde, And is that all
 (Said he) that thee so fore displeas'd hath?
 Great mercy sure, for to enlarge a thrall,
 Whose freedom shall thee turne to greatest feath,
 Nath'lesse now quench thy whot emboyling wrath:
 Loe there they be; to thee I yield them free.
 Thereat he wondrous glad, out of the path
 Did lightly leape, where he them bound did see,
 And gan to breake the bands of their captiuitie.

Soone as *Occasion* felt her selfe vntye,
 Before her some could well affoyled bee,
 She to her vse returnd, and streight desyde
 Both *Guyon* and *Pyrrhobles*: th'one (said hee)
 Because

Because he wonne; the other because hee
 Was wonne: So matter did she make of nought,
 To stirre vp strife, and do them disagree:
 But soone as *Furor* was enlargd, she fought
 To kinde his quencht fire, and thousand causes wrought.

It was not long, ere she inflam'd him so,
 That he would algates with *Pyrrhobles* fight,
 And his redeemer chalengd for his foe,
 Because he had not well mainteind his right,
 But yielded had to that same stranger knight:
 Now gan *Pyrrhobles* wax as wood, as hee,
 And him affronted with impatience might:
 So both together fiers engrasped bee,
 Whiles *Guyon* standing by, their vncouth strife does see.

Him all that while *Occasion* did proucke
 Against *Pyrrhobles*, and new matter framed
 Vpon the old, him stirring to be wroke
 Of his late wrongs, in which the oft him blamed
 For suffering such abuse, as knighthood (hamed,
 And him disabled quite. But he was wise
 Ne would with vaine occasions be inflam'd;
 Yet others she more vrgent did deuise:
 Yet nothing could him to impatience entise.

Their fell contention still increased more,
 And more thereby increased *Furors* might,
 That he his foe has hurt, and wounded fore,
 And him in bloud and durt deformed quight.
 His mother eke, more to a ugment his spight,
 Now brought to him a flaming fire brond,
 Which she in *Stygian* lake, ay burning bright
 Had kindled: that the gaue into his hond,
 That armd with fire, more hardly he mote him withstod.

Tho gan that villein wex so fiers and strong,
 That nothing might sustaine his furious forse;
 He cast him downe to ground, and all along
 Drew him through dirt and myre without remorse,
 And fowly battered his comely corse,
 That *Guyon* much disdeigned so loathly sight.
 At last he was compeld to cry perforce,
 Helpe, ó Sir *Guyon*, helpe most noble knight,
 To rid a wretched man from hands of hellish wight.

The knight was greatly moued at his plaint,
 And gan him dight to succour his distresse,
 Till that the Palmer, by his graue restraint,
 Him stayd from yielding pitifull redresse;
 And said, Deare sonne, thy causelesse ruth repress,
 Ne let thy stout hart melt in pittie vayne:
 He that his sorrow sought through wilfulnesse,
 And his foe fettred would release agayne.
 Deferues to tast his follies fruit, repented payne.

Guyon obeyd; So him away he drew
 From needlesse trouble of renewing sight
 Already fought, his voyage to pursue.
 But rash *Pyrrhocles* varlet, *Atin* hight,
 When late he saw his Lord in heauy plight,
 Vnder Sir *Guyons* puiffaunt stroke to fall,
 Him deeming dead, as then he seemd in sight,
 Fled fast away, to tell his funerall
 Vnto his brother, whom *Cymochles* men did call.

He was a man of rare redoubted might,
 Famous throughout the world for warlike prayse,
 And glorious spoiles, purchast in perilous fight:
 Full many doughtie knights he in his dayes

Had

Had doen to death, subdewde in equall frayes,
 Whose carkases, for terrour of his name,
 Of fowles and beastes he made the piteous prayes,
 And hong their conquered armes for more defame
 On gallow trees, in honour of his dearest Dame.

His dearest Dame is that Enchaunteresse,
 The vile *Acrasia*, that with vaine delights,
 And idle pleasures in his *Bowre of Blisse*,
 Does charme her louers, and the feeble sprights
 Can call out of the bodies of fraile liuinges:
 Whom then she does transforme to monstrous hewes,
 And horribly misshapes with vgly sightes,
 Capti'd eternally in yron mewes,
 And darksom dens, where *Titan* his face neuer shewes.

There *Atin* found *Cymochles* sojourning,
 To serue his Lemans loue: for he by kind,
 Was giuen all to lust and loose liuing,
 When euer his fiers hands he free mote find:
 And now he has pourd out his idle mind
 In daintie delices, and lauish ioyes,
 Hauing his warlike weapons cast behind,
 And flowes in pleasures, and vaine pleasing toyes,
 Mingled emongst loose Ladies and lasciuious boyes.

And ouer him, art striuing to compaire
 With nature, did an Arber greene dispred,
 Framed of wanton Yuie, flourishing faire,
 Through which the fragrant Eglantine did spread
 His pricking armes, entrayld with roses red,
 Which daintie odours round about them threw,
 And all within with flowres was garnished,
 That when myld *Zephyrus* emongst them blew,
 Did breath out bounteous smells, & painted colors shew.

And fast beside, there trickled softly downe
 A gentle streame, whose murmuring waue did play
 Emon gft the pumy stones, and made a sowne,
 To lull him soft a sleepe, that by it lay;
 The wearie Trauciler, wandring that way,
 Therein did often quench his thrifty heat,
 And then by it his wearie limbes display,
 Whiles creeping slomber made him to forget
 His former paine, and wypt away his toylsom sweat.

And on the other side a pleaunt groue
 Was shot vp high, full of the stately tree,
 That dedicated is *Olympicke Ioue*,
 And to his sonne *Alcides*, whenas hee
 Caynd in *Nemea* goodly victoree;
 Therein the mery birds of euery sort
 Chaunted aloud their chearefull harmonie:
 And made emongst them selues a sweet confort,
 That quickned the dull spright with muscally comfort.

There he him found all carelessly displayd,
 In secret shadow from the sunny ray,
 On a sweet bed of lillies softly layd,
 Amidst a flocke of Damzels fresh and gay,
 That round about him dissolute did play
 Their wanton follies, and light meriment;
 Euery of which did loofely display
 Her vpper parts of meet habiliments,
 And shewd them naked, deckt with many ornaments.

And euery of them stroue, with most delights,
 Him to aggrate, and greatest pleasures shew;
 Some framd faire lookes, glancing like euening lights
 Others sweet words, dropping like honny dew;

Some

Some bathed kisses, and did soft embrew
 The sugred licour through his melting lips:
 One boastes her beautie, and does yeeld to view
 Her daintie limbes about her tender hips;
 Another her out boastes, and all for tryall strips.

He, like an *Adder*, lurking in the weeds,
 His wandring thought in deepe desire does sleepe,
 And his fraile eye with spoyle of beautie feedes;
 Sometimes he falsly faines himselfe to sleepe,
 Whiles through their lids his wanton eyes do peepe,
 To steale a snatch of amorous conceipt,
 Whereby close fire into his heart does creepe:
 So, he them deceiues, deceit'd in his deceipt,
 Made drunke with drugs of deare voluptuous receipt.

Atin arriuing there, when him he spide,
 Thus in still waues of deepe delight to wade,
 Fiercely approaching, to him lowdly cride,
Cymochles; oh no, but *Cymochles* shade,
 In which that manly person late did fade,
 What is become of great *Acrates* sonne?
 Or where hath he hong vp his mortall blade,
 That hath so many haughtie conquests wonne?
 Is all his force forlorne, and all his glory donne?

Then pricking him with his sharpe-pointed dart,
 He said; vp, vp, thou womanish weake knight,
 That here in Ladies lap entombd art,
 Vnmindfull of thy praise and prowest might,
 And we etlesse eke of lately wrought despight,
 Whiles sad *Pyrrhocles* lies on senselesse ground,
 And groneth out his vtmost grudging fright,
 Through many a stroke, & many a streaming wound,
 Calling thy helpe in vaine, that here in ioyes art drown'd.

R

Suddenly out of his delightfull dreame
 The man awoke, and would haue question more;
 But he would not endure that wofull theame
 For to dilate at large, but vrged fore
 With percing words, and pittifull implore,
 Him hastie to arise. As one affright
 With hellith feends, or *Furies* mad vprore,
 He then vprose, inflam'd with fell despight,
 And called for his armes; for he would algates fight.

They bene ybrought; he quickly does him dight,
 And lightly mounted, passeth on his way,
 Ne Ladies loues, ne sweete entreaties might
 Appeare his heat, or hastie passage stay;
 For he has vowd, to beene aueng'd that day,
 (That day it selfe him seemed all too long:)
 On him, that did *Pyrrhocles* deare dismay:
 So proudly pricketh on his courser strong,
 And *Atin* aie him pricks with spurs of shame & wrong.

Cant. VI.

*Guyon is of immodest Merth,
 led into loose desire,
 Fights with Cymochles, while his brother
 burnes in furious fire.*

A Harder lesson, to learne Continence
 In ioyous pleasure, then in grieuous paine:
 For sweetnesse doth allure the weaker fence
 So strongly, that vneathes it can refraine

From

From that, which feeble nature couets faire;
 But griefe and wrath, that be her enemies,
 And foes of life, the better can restraine;
 Yet vertue vautes in both the victories,
 And *Guyon* in them all shewes goodly maisteries.

Whom bold *Cymochles* traouelling to find,
 With cruell purpose bent to wreake on him
 The wrath, which *Atin* kindled in his mind,
 Came to a riuer, by whose vtmost brim
 Wayting to passe, he saw whereas did swim
 A long the shore, as swift as glauce of eye,
 A litle Gondelay, bedecked trim
 With boughes and arbours wouen cunningly,
 That like a litle Forrest seemed outwardly.

And therein fate a Ladie fresh and faire,
 Making sweet solace to hiet selfe alone;
 Sometimes the sung, as loud as lark in aire,
 Sometimes the laugh, that nigh her breth was gone,
 Yet was there not with her else any one,
 That might to her moue cause of meriment:
 Matter of merth enough, though there were none
 She could deuise, and thousand waies inuent,
 To feede her foolish humour, and vaine iolliment.

Which when farre off *Cymochles* heard, and saw,
 He loudly cald to such, as were a bord,
 The little barke vnto the shore to draw,
 And him to ferrie ouer that deepe ford:
 The merry marriner vnto his word
 Soone hearkned, and her painted bote streightway
 Turnd to the shore, where that same warlike Lord
 She in receit'd; but *Atin* by no way
 She would admit, albe the knight her much did pray.

R 2

Estfoones her shallow ship away did slide,
 More swift, then swallow theres the liquid skie,
 Withouten oare or Pilot it to guide,
 Or winged canuas with the wind to fie,
 Only the turn'd a pin, and by and by
 It cut away vpon the yielding waue,
 Ne cared she her course for to apply:
 For it was taught the way, which she would haue,
 And both from rocks and flats it selfe could wisely saue.

And all the way, the wanton Damzell found
 New merth, her passenger to entertaine:
 For she in pleafant purpose did abound,
 And greatly ioyed merry tales to faine,
 Of which a store-houfe did with her remaine,
 Yet seemed, nothing well they her became;
 For all her words she drowned with laughter vaine,
 And wanted grace in vtring of the same,
 That turned all her pleafance to a scoffing game.

And other whiles vaine toys she would deuize,
 As her fantastick wit did most delight,
 Sometimes her head she fondly would aguize
 With gaudie girlonds, or fresh flowrets dight
 About her necke, or rings of rushes plight;
 Sometimes to doe him laugh, she would assay
 To laugh at shaking of the leaues light,
 Or to behold the water worke, and play
 About her litle frigit, therein making way.

Her light behaiour, and loose dalliance
 Gave wondrous great contentment to the knight,
 That of his way he had no souenaunce,
 Nor care of vow'd reuenge, and cruell fight,

But

But to weake wench did yeeld his martiall might.
 So easie was to quench his flamed mind
 With one sweet drop of offensuall delight,
 So easie is, t'appease the stormie wind
 Of malice in the calme of pleafant womankind.

Diuerse discourses in their way they spent,
 Mongst which *Cymochles* of her questioned,
 Both what she was, and what that visage ment,
 Which in her cot she daily practised.
 Vaine man (said she) that woulddest be reckoned
 A stranger in thy home, and ignoraunt
 Of *Phadria* (for so my name is red)
 Of *Phadria*, thine owne fellow seruauant;
 For thou to serue *Acrafsia* thy selfe doest vaunt.

In this wide Inland sea, that hight by name
 The *Idle lake*, my wandring ship I row,
 That knowes her port, and thither sailes by ayme,
 Ne care, ne feare I, how the wind do blow,
 Or whether swift I wend, or whether slow:
 Both slow and swift a like do serue my tourne,
 Ne swelling *Neptune*, ne loud thundring *tone*
 Can change my cheare, or make me euer mourne;
 My litle boat can safely passe this perilous bourne.

Whiles thus she talked, and whiles thus she toyd,
 They were farre past the passage, which he spake,
 And come vnto an Island, waste and voyd,
 That stoted in the midst of that great lake,
 There her small Gondelay her port did make,
 And that gay paire isfluing on the shore
 Disburdened her. Their way they forward take
 Into the land, that lay them faire before, (store.
 Whose pleafance she him shew'd, and plentifull great

R 3

It was a chofen plot of fertile land,
 Emonght wide waues fet, like a litle neft,
 As if it had by Natures cunning hand,
 Bene choifely picked out from all the reft,
 And laid forth for enfample of the beft:
 No daintie flowre or herbe, that growes on ground,
 No arboret with painted bloffomes drest,
 And finelling sweet, but there it might be found
 To bud out faire, and her sweet fmells throw all around.

No tree, whose braunches did not brauely fpring;
 No braunch, whereon a fine bird did not fit:
 No bird, but did her shrill notes sweetly fing;
 No fong but did containe a louely dit:
 Trees, braunches, birds, and fongs were framed fit,
 For to allure fraile mind to careleffe eafe.
 Careleffe the man foone woxe, and his weake wit
 Was ouercome of thing, that did him please;
 So pleased, did his wrathfull purpose faire appeafe.

Thus when she had his eyes and senses fed
 With false delights, and filld with pleasures vaine,
 Into a shadie dale she soft him led,
 And laid him downe vpon a grasse plaine;
 And her sweet selfe without dread, or disdain,
 She set beside, laying his head disarm'd
 In her loose lap, it softly to sustaine,
 Where soone he slumbred, fearing not be harm'd,
 The whiles with a loud lay she thus him sweetly charm'd.

Behold, o man, that toilesome paines doest take
 The flowres, the fields, and all that pleasant growes,
 How they themselues doe thine enfample make,
 Whiles nothing enuious nature them forth throwes
 But

Out of her fruitfull lap; how, no man knowes,
 They spring, they bud, they bloffome fresh and faire,
 And deck the world with their rich pompous showes;
 Yet no man for them taketh paines or care,
 Yet no man to them can his carefull paines compare.

The lilly, Ladie of the flowing field,
 The Flowre-deluce, her louely Paramoure,
 Bid thee to them thy fruitlesse labours yield,
 And soone leaue off this toylefome wearie stoure;
 Loe loe how braue she decks her bounteous boure,
 With silken curtens and gold couerlets,
 Therein to shrowd her sumptuous Belamour,
 Yet neither spinnes nor cardes, ne cares nor frets,
 But to her mother Nature all her care she lets,

Why then dost thou, o man, that of them all
 Art Lord, and eke of nature Soueraine,
 Wilfully make thy selfe a wretched thrall,
 And wast thy ioyous houres in needlesse paine,
 Seeking for daunger and adventures vaine?
 What bootes it all to haue, and nothing vse?
 Who shall him rew, that swimming in the maine,
 Will die for thirst, and water doth refuse?
 Refuse such fruitlesse toile, and present pleasures chuse.

By this she had him lulled fast a sleepe,
 That of no worldly thing he care did take;
 Then she with liquors strong his eyes did steepe,
 That nothing should him hastily awake:
 So she him left, and did her selfe betake
 Vnto her boat againe, with which she cleft
 The slouthfull waue of that great grieffly lake;
 Soone she that Island fare behind her left,
 And now is come to that same place, where first she
 (west.

By this time was the worthy *Guyon* brought
 Vnto the other side of that wide strond,
 Where she was rowing, and for passage fought:
 Him needed not long call, she soone to hond
 Her ferry brought, where him she byding fond,
 With his sad guide; him selfe she tooke a boord,
 But the *Blacke Palmer* suffred still to stond,
 Ne would for price, or prayers once afford,
 To ferry that old man ouer the perlous foord.

Guyon was loath to leaue his guide behind,
 Yet being entred, might not backe retyre;
 For the flit barke, obeying to her mind,
 Forth launched quickly, as she did desire,
 Ne gaue him leaue to bid that aged fire
 Adieu, but nimbly ran her wonted course
 Through the dull billowes thicke as troubled mire,
 Whom neither wind out of their seat could forke,
 Nor timely tides did driue out of their sluggish fource.

And by the way, as was her wonted guise,
 Her merry fit she freshly gan to reare,
 And did of ioy and iollitic deuize,
 Her selfe to cherish, and her guest to cheare:
 The knight was courteous, and did not forbear
 Her honest merth and pleaunsance to partake;
 But when he saw her toy, and gibe, and geare,
 And passe the bonds of modest merimake,
 Her dalliance he despisd, and follies did forsake.

Yet she still followed her former stile,
 And said, and did all that mote him delight,
 Till they arriued in that pleasant Ile,
 Where sleeping late she left her other knight.

But

But when as *Guyon* of that land had sight,
 He wist him selfe amisse, and angry said,
 Ah Dame, perdie ye haue not doen me right,
 Thus to mislead me, whiles I you obaid:
 Me litle needed from my right way to haue straid.

Faire Sir (quoth she) be not displeas'd at all;
 Who fares on sea, may not commaund his way,
 Ne wind and weather at his pleasure call:
 The sea is wide, and easie for to stray;
 The wind vnstable, and doth neuer stay.
 But here a while ye may in safety rest,
 Till season serue new passage to assay;
 Better safe port, then be in seas distrest.
 Therewith she laugh't, and did her earnest end in iest.

But he halfe discontent, mote nathelesse
 Him selfe appease, and issewd forth on shore:
 The ioyes whereof, and happie fruitfulnessse,
 Such as he saw she gan him lay before,
 And all though pleasant, yet she made much more:
 The fields did laugh, the flowres did freshly spring,
 The trees did bud, and earely blossomes bore,
 And all the quire of birds did sweetly sing,
 And told that gardins pleasures in their caroling.

And she more sweet, then any bird on bough,
 Would oftentimes emongst them beare a part,
 And striue to passe (as she could well enough)
 Their natieue musicke by her skillfull art:
 So did the all, that might his constant hart
 Withdraw from thought of warlike enterprize,
 And drowne in dissolute delights apart,
 Where noyse of armes, or vew of martiall guise
 Might not reuiue desire of knightly exercize.

But he was wise, and warie of her will,
 And euer held his hand vpon his hart:
 Yet would not seeme so rude, and thewed ill,
 As to despise so courteous seeming part,
 Thar gentle Ladie did to him impart,
 But fairely tempring fond desire subdewd,
 And euer her desired to depart.
 She list not heare, but her disports poursewd,
 And euer bad him stay, till time the tide renewd.

And now by this, *Cymochles* howre was spent,
 That he awoke out of his idle dreme,
 And shaking off his drowzie dreriment,
 Gan him auize, how ill did him besecme,
 In slouthfull sleepe his molten hart to steme,
 And quench the brond of his conceiued ire.
 Tho vp he started, stird with shame extreme,
 Ne staied for his Damzell to inquire,
 But marched to the strond, their passage to require.

And in the way he with Sir *Guyon* met,
 Accompanyde with *Phadria* the faire,
 Etsfoones he gan to rage, and inly fret,
 Crying, Let be that Ladie debonaire,
 Thou recreant knight, and soone thy selfe prepare
 To battell, if thou meane her loue to gaine:
 Loe, loe alreadie, how the fowles in aire
 Doe flocke, awaiting shortly to obtaine
 Thy carcasle for their pray, the guerdon of thy paine.

And therewithall he fiercely at him flew,
 And with importance outrage him assayld;
 Who soone preparad to field, his sword forth drew,
 And him with equal value counteruayld:

Their

Their mightie strokes their haberieons difmayld;
 And naked made each others manly spalles;
 The mortall steele despitously entayld
 Deepe in their flesh, quite through the yron walles,
 That a large purple streame adown their giambeux falles.

Cymochles, that had neuer met before,
 So puffed foe, with eniuous despight
 His proud presumed force increased more,
 Disdeigning to be held so long in fight;
 Sir *Guyon* grudging not so much his might,
 As those vnknightly raylings, which he spoke,
 With wrathfull fire his courage kindled bright;
 Thereof deuising shortly to be wroke,
 And doubling all his powres, redoubled euery stroke.

Both of them high at once their hands enhaunst,
 And both at once their huge blowes downe did sway;
Cymochles sword on *Guyons* shield yglauust,
 And thereof nigh one quarter sheard away;
 But *Guyons* angry blade so fierce did play
 On th'others helmet, which as *Titan* thone,
 That quite it cloue his plumed crest in tway,
 And bared all his head vnto the bone;
 Wherewith astonisht, still he stood, as senselesse stone.

Still as he stood, faire *Phadria*, that beheld
 That deadly danger, soone atwene them ran;
 And at their feet her selfe most humbly feld,
 Crying with pitteous voice, and count nance wan;
 Ah well away, most noble Lords; how can
 Your cruell eyes endure so pitteous sight,
 To shed your liues on ground? wo worth the man,
 That first did teach the cursed steele to bight
 In his owne flesh, and make way to the liuing spight.

If euer loue of Ladie did emperice

Your yron brestes, or pittie could find place,
 Withhold your bloudie hands from battell fierce,
 And fith for me ye fight, to me this grace
 Both yeeld, to stay your deadly strife a space.
 They stayd a while: and forth the gan proceed:
 Most wretched woman, and of wicked race,
 That am the author of this hainous deed, (breed.
 And cause of death betweene two doughtie knights doe

But if for me ye fight, or me will serue,
 Not this rude kind of battell, nor these armes
 Ate meet, the which doe men in bale to sterue,
 And dolefull sorrow heape with deadly harmes:
 Such cruell game my scarmoges disarme:
 Another warre, and other weapons I
 Doe loue, where loue does giue his sweet alarmes,
 Without bloodshed, and where the enemy
 Does yeeld vnto his foe a pleasant victory.

Debatefull strife, and cruell enunitie
 The famous name of knight hood fowly shent,
 But louely peace, and gentle amitie,
 And in Amours the passing houres to spend,
 The mightie martiall hands doe most commend;
 Of loue they euer greater glory bore,
 Then of their armes: *Mars* is *Cupidoes* friend,
 And is for *Venus* loues renowned more,
 Then all his wars and spoiles, the which he did of yore.

Therewith the sweetly smyld. They though full bent,
 To proue extremities of bloudie fight,
 Yet at her speach their rages gan relent,
 And calme the sea of their tempestuous spight,
 Such

Such powre haue pleasing words: such is the might
 Of courteous clemencie in gentle hart.
 Now after all was ceast, the Faery knight
 Befought that Damzell suffer him depart,
 And yield him readie passage to that other part.

She no lesse glad, then he desirous was
 Of his departure thence; for of her ioi
 And vaine delight she saw he light did pas,
 A foe of folly and immodest toy,
 Still solemne sad, or still disdainfull coy,
 Delighting all in armes and cruell warre,
 That her sweet peace and pleasures did annoy,
 Troubled with terrour and vnquiet iarre,
 That she well pleased was thence to amoue him farre.

Tho him she brought aboard, and her swift bote
 Forthwith directed to that further strand;
 The which on the dull waues did lightly flote
 And soone arriued on the shallow sand,
 Where gladfome *Guyon* salied forth to land,
 And to that Damzell thankes gaue for reward.
 Vpon that shore he spied *Aiin* stand,
 Thereby his maister left, when late he far'd
 In *Phaedrias* flit barke ouer that perulous shard.

Well could he him remember, sith of late
 He with *Pyrrhocles* sharp debatement made;
 Streight gan he him reuile, and bitter rate,
 As shepheards curre, that in darke euenings shade
 Hith tracted forth some saluage beastes trade;
 Vile Miscreant (said he) whither doest thou flie
 The shame and death, which will thee soone inuade?
 What coward hand shall doe thee next to die,
 That art thus foully fled from famous enemie?

With that he stiffely shooke his steelehead dart:
 But sober *Guyon*, hearing him so raile,
 Though somewhat moued in his mightie hart,
 Yet with strong reason maistr'd passion fraile,
 And pass'd fairely forth. He turning taile,
 Backe to the stromd retyrd, and there still stayd,
 Awaiting passage, which him late did faile;
 The whiles *Cymbobles* with that wanton mayd
 The hastie heat of his auowd reuenge delayd.

Whylest there the varlet stood, he saw from farte
 An armed knight, that towards him fast ran;
 He ran on foot, as if in lucklesse warre
 His forlorne speed from him the victour wan;
 He seem'd breathlesse, hartlesse, faint, and war;
 And all his armour sprinkled was with blood,
 And soyld with durtie gore, that no man can
 Discerne the hew thereof. He neuer stood,
 But bent his hastie course towards the idle flood.

The varlet saw, when to the flood he came,
 How without stop or stay he fiercely lept,
 And deepe him selfe beduked in the same,
 That in the lake his lostie crest was steept,
 Ne of his safetie seem'd care he kept,
 But with his raging armes he rudely flast,
 The waues about, and all his armour swept,
 That all the blood and filth away was washt,
 Yet still he bet the water, and the billowes dash't.

Atin drew nigh, to weet what it mote bee;
 For much he wondred at that vnicouth sight;
 Whom should he, but his owne deare Lord, there see,
 His owne deare Lord *Pyrrhocles*, in sad plight,
 Readie

Readie to drowne himselfe for fell despight.
 Harrow now out, and well away, he cryde,
 What dismall day hath lent this cursed light,
 To see my Lord so deadly damnifyde
Pyrrhocles, & *Pyrrhocles*, what is thee betyde?

I burne, I burne, I burne, then loud he cryde,
 O how I burne with implacable fire,
 Yet nought can quench mine inly flaming syde,
 Nor sea of licour cold, nor lake of mire,
 Nothing but death can doe me to respire.
 Ah be it (said he) from *Pyrrhocles* farre
 After pursewing death once to require,
 Or think, that ought those puissant hands may matre:
 Death is for wretches borne vnder vnhappy starre.

Perdie, then is it fit for me (said he)
 That am, I weene, most wretched man aliue,
 But in flames, yet no flames can I see,
 And dying daily, daily yet reuiue:
 O *Atin*, helpe to me last death to giue.
 The varlet at his plaint was grieued so fore,
 That his deepe wounded hart in two did riuie,
 And his owne health remembering now no more,
 Did follow that ensamble, which he blam'd afore.

Into the lake he leapt, his Lord to ayd,
 (So Loue the dread of daunger doth despise)
 And of him catching hold him strongly stayd
 From drowning. But more happie he, then wise
 Of that seas nature did him not auise.
 The waues thereof so slow and sluggish were,
 Engross't with mud, which did them soule agrife,
 That enery weightie thing they did vpbear,
 Ne ought mote euer sinke downe to the bottome there.

Whiles thus they strugled in that idle waue,
 And stroue in vaine, the one himselſe to drowne,
 The other both from drowning for to ſaue,
 Lo, to that ſhore one in an auncient gowne,
 Whoſe hoarie locks great grauitie did crowne,
 Holding in hand a goodly arming ſword,
 By fortune came, led with the troublous ſowne:
 Where drenched deepe he found in that dull ford
 The carefull ſeruant, ſtriuing with his raging Lord.

Him *Atin* ſpying, knew right well of yore,
 And loudly cald, Helpe helpe, ô *Archimago*;
 To ſaue my Lord, in wretched plight forſore;
 Helpe with thy hand, or with thy counſell ſage:
 Weake hands, but counſell is moſt ſtrong in age.
 Him when the old man ſaw, he wondred ſore,
 To ſee *Pyrrhocles* there ſo rudely rage:
 Yet ſithens helpe, he ſaw, he needed more.
 Then pittie, he in haſt approached to the ſhore.

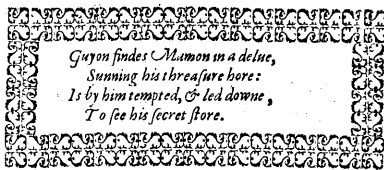
And cald, *Pyrrhocles*, what is this, I ſee?
 What helliſh furie hath at eaſt thee hent?
 Furious euer I thee knew to bee,
 Yet neuer in this ſtraunge aſtoniſhment.
 Theſe flames, theſe flames (he cryde) do me torment.
 What flames (quoth he) when I thee preſent ſee,
 In daunger rather to be drent, then brent?
 Harrow, the flames, which me conſume (ſaid hee)
 Ne can be quencht, within my ſecret bowels bee.

That curſed man, that cruell feend of hell,
Furor, oh *Furor* hath me thus bedight:
 His deadly wounds within my liuers ſwell,
 And his whoe fire burnes in mine entrails bright,
 Kindled

Kindled through his infernall brood of ſpight,
 Sith late with him I battell vaine would boſte;
 That now I weene *Ioues* dreaded thunder light
 Does ſcorch nor halfe ſo fore, nor damned ghoſte
 In flaming *Phlegeton* does not ſo ſelly roſte.

Which when as *Archimago* heard, his grieſe
 He knew right well, and him at once diſarmd:
 Then ſearcht his ſecret wounds, and made a priefe
 Of euery place, that was with bruſing harmd,
 Or with the hidden fire too inly harmd.
 Which done, he balmes and herbes thereto applyde,
 And euemore with mighty ſpels them charmd,
 That in ſhort ſpace he has them qualifide,
 And him reſtor'd to health, that would haue algates dyde.

Cant. VII.



AS Pilot well expert in perilous waue,
 That to a ſtedfaſt ſtarte his courſe hath bent,
 When foggy miſtes, or cloudy tempeſts haue
 The faithfull light of that faire lampe ybent,
 And couer'd heauen with hideous dremert,
 Vpon his card and compas firmes his eye,
 The mailters of his long experiment,
 And to them does the ſteddy helme apply,
 Bidding his winged veſſell fairely forward fly.

S

So *Guyon* hauing lost his trusty guide,
 Late left beyond that *Rale lake*, proceeds
 Yet on his way, of none accompanie;
 And euermore himselfe with comfort feedes,
 Of his owne vertues, and prayse-worthy deedes,
 So long he yode, yet no aduenture found,
 Which fame of her shrill trompett worthy reedes:
 For still he traueild through wide wastfull ground,
 That nought but desert wildeernesse shew'd all around.

At last he came vnto a gloomy glade,
 Couer'd with boughes & thrubs from heauens light,
 Whereas he sitting found in secret shade
 An vncoth, saluage, and vnciuille wight,
 Of grieufully hew, and fowle ill fauour'd sight;
 His face with smoke was tand, and eyes were beard,
 His head and beard with soot were ill bedight,
 His cole-black hands did seeme to haue beene feard
 In smithes fire-spitting forge, and nayles like clawes ap-
 (peard,

His yron coate all ouergrowne with rust,
 Was vnderneath enuveloped with gold,
 Whose glistering glosse darkned with filthy dust,
 Well it appeared, to haue beene of old
 A worke of rich entayle, and curious mould,
 Wouen with antiques and wild Imagery:
 And in his lap a masse of coyne he told,
 And turned vpsidowne, to feede his eye
 A couetous desire with his huge theasury.

And round about him lay on euery side
 Great heapes of gold, that neuer could be spent:
 Of which some were rude owre, not pur:side
 Of *Mulcibers* deuouring element;

Some

Some others were new driuen, and distent
 Into great Ingoes, and to wedges square;
 Some in round plates withouten moniment;
 But most were stamp, and in their metall bare
 The antique shapes of kings and kafars straunge & rare.

Soone as he *Guyon* saw, in great affright
 And hast he rose, for to remoue aside
 Those pretious hills from straungers enuious sight,
 And downe them poured through an hole full wide,
 Into the hollow earth, them there to hide.
 But *Guyon* lightly to him leaping, stayd
 His hand, that trembled, as one terrifyde;
 And though him selfe were at the sight dismayd,
 Yet him perforce restraynd, and to him doubtfull sayd.

What art thou man, (if man at all thou art)
 That here in desert hast thine habitance,
 And these rich heapes of wealth dostt hide apart
 From the worldes eye, and from her sight vnaunce?
 Thereat with staring eyes fixed askaunce,
 In great disdain, he answerd; *Hardy Elfe*,
 That darest view my direfull countenance,
 I read thee rash, and heedlesse of thy selfe,
 To trouble my still seate, and heapes of pretious pelfe.

God of the world, and worldlings I me call,
 Great *Mammon*, greatest god below the skye,
 That of my plenty poure out vnto all,
 And vnto none my graces do enuye:
 Riches, renoume, and principality,
 Honour, estate, and all this worldes good,
 For which men swinck and sweare incessantly,
 Fro me do flow into an ample flood,
 And in the hollow earth haue their eternall brood.

S 2

Wherefore if me thou deigne to serue and few,
 At thy commaund to all these mountaines bee;
 Or if to thy great mind, or greedy view
 All these may not suffice, there shall to thee
 Ten times so much be numbred francke and free.
Mammon (said he) thy godheads vaunt is vaine,
 And idle offers of thy golden fee;
 To them, that couet such eye-glutting gaine,
 Proffer thy giftes, and fitter seruants entertaine.

Me ill befits, that in der-doing armes,
 And honours suit my vowed dayes do spend,
 Vnto thy bounteous baytes and pleasing charmes,
 With which weake men thou witchest, to attend:
 Regard of worldly mucke doth fowly blend,
 And low abase the high heroicke spright,
 That ioyes for crownes and kingdomes to contend;
 Faire shields, gay steedes, bright armes be my delight:
 Those be riches fit for an aduent'rous knight.

Vaine glorious *Life* (said he) doest not thou weete,
 That money can thy wants at will supply?
 Shields, steedes, and armes, & all things for thee meet
 It can puruay in twinkling of an eye;
 And crownes and kingdomes to thee multiply.
 Do not I kings create, throw the crowne
 Sometimes to him, that low in dust doth ly?
 And him that raignd, in his rowine thrust downe,
 And whom I lust, do heape with glory and renoune?

All otherwise (said he) I riches read,
 And deeme them roote of all disquietnesse;
 First got with guile, and then prefer'd with dread,
 And after spent with pride and lauishnesse,

Leauing

2

Leauing behind them grieft and heauinesse,
 Infinite mischiefes of them do arise,
 Strife; and debate, bloudshed, and bitternesse,
 Outrageous wrong, and hellish couetize,
 That noble heart as great dishonour doth despize.

Ne thine be kingdomes, ne the scepters thine;
 But realmes and rulers thou doest both confound,
 And loyall truth to treason doest incline;
 Witnesse the guiltlesse bloud pourt oft on ground,
 The crowned often slaine, the slayer cround,
 The sacred Diademe in peeces rent,
 And purple robe gored with many a wound;
 Cattles surprizd, great cities sackt and brent:
 So mak'ft thou kings, & gaynest wrongfull gouernment.

Long were to tell the troublous stormes, that tosse
 The priuate state, and make the life vnswete:
 Who swelling sayles in Caspian sea doth crosse,
 And in frayle wood on *Adrian* gulfe doth fleet,
 Doth not, I weene, so many euils meet.
 Then *Mammon* waxing wroth, And why then, said,
 Are mortall men so fond and vndiscreet,
 So euill thing to seeke vnto their ayd,
 And hauing not complaine, and hauing it vpbraid?

Indeede (quoth he) through fowle intemperance,
 Frayle men are oft captiu'd to couetise:
 But would they thinke, with how small allowaunce
 Vntroubled Nature doth her selfe suffice,
 Such superfluities they would despise,
 Which with sad cares empeach our natie ioyes:
 At the well head the purest streames arise:
 But mucky filth his braunching armes annoyes,
 And with vncomely weedes the gentle waue accloyes.

S 3

The antique world, in his first flowering youth,
 Found no defect in his Creatours grace,
 But with gladthanks, and vnreproved truch,
 The gifts of foueraigne bountie did embrace:
 Like Angels life was then mens happy cace;
 But later ages pride, like corn-fed steed,
 Abuse her plenty, and fat swolne increace
 To all licentious lust, and gan exceed
 The measure of her meane, and naturall first need.

Then gan a cursed hand the quiet wombe
 Of his great Gandmother with fleete to wound,
 And the hid treasures in her sacred tombe,
 With Sacriledge to dig. Therein he found
 Fountaines of gold and siluer to abound,
 Of which the matter of his huge desire
 And pompous pride estfoones he did compound;
 Then auarice gan through his veines inspire
 His greedy flames, and kindled life-deuouring fire.

Sonne (said he then) let be thy bitter scorne,
 And leaue the rudeness of antique age
 To them, that liud therein in state forlorne;
 Thou that doest liue in later times, must wage
 Thy workes for wealth, and life for gold engage.
 If then thee list my offred grace to vie,
 Take what thou please of all this surplusage;
 If thee list not, leaue haue thou to refuse:
 But thing refused, do not afterward accuse.

Me list not (said the Elfin knight) receaue
 Thing offred, till I know it well be got,
 Ne wote I, but thou didst these goods bereaue
 From rightfull owner by vnrighteous lot,

Or

Or that bloud guiltlesse or guile them blot.
 Perdy (quoth he) yet neuer eye did vew,
 Ne young did tell, ne hand these handled nor,
 But safe I haue them kept in secret mew,
 From heauens sight, and powre of all which the purfew,

What secret place (quoth he) can safely hold
 So huge a masse, and hide from heauens eye?
 Or where hast thou thy wonne, that so much gold
 Thou canst preferue from wrong and robbery?
 Come thou (quoth he) and see. So by and by
 Through that thicke couert he him led, and found
 A darke some way, which no man could descry,
 That deepe descended through the hollow ground,
 And was with dread and horroure compassed around.

At length they came into a larger space,
 That stretcht it selfe into an ample plaine,
 Through which a beaten broad high way did trace,
 That straight did lead to *Plusoes* grievly raine:
 By that wayes side, there fate infernall Payne,
 And fast beside him sat tumultuous Strife:
 The one in hand an yron whip did straine,
 The other brandished a bloody knife,
 And both did gnash their teeth, & both did threaten life.

On thother side in one consort there fate,
 Cruell Reuenge, and rancorous Despight,
 Disloyall Treason, and hart-burning Hate,
 But gnawing Gealosie out of their sight
 Sitting alone, his bitter lips did bight,
 And trembling Feare still to and fro did fly,
 And found no place, where safe he shroud him might,
 Lamenting Sorrow did in darknesse lye.
 And Shame his vgly face did hide from liuing eye.

S 4

And ouer them sad horrou with grim hew,
 Did alwayes fore, beating his yron wings;
 And after him Owles and Night-rauens flew,
 The hatefull messengers of heauy things,
 Of death and dolour telling sad tidings;
 Whiles sad *Celena*, sitting on a cliff,
 A song of bale and bitter sorrow sings,
 That hart of flint a sunder could haue rift:
 Which hauing ended, after him the flyeth swift.

All these before the gates of *Pluto* lay,
 By whom they passing, spake vnto them thought.
 But th' *Elfin* knight with wonder all the way
 Did feed his eyes, and filld his inner thought.
 At last him to a litle dore he brought,
 That to the gate of Hell, which gaped wide,
 Was next adioyning, ne them parted ought:
 Betwixt them both was but a litle stride,
 That did the house of Richeffe from hell-mouth diuide.

Before the dore sat selfe-consuming *Care*,
 Day and night keeping wary watch and ward,
 For feare least Force or Fraud should vniaware
 Breake in, and spoile the treasure there in gard:
 Ne would he suffer Sleepe once thither-ward
 Approach, albe his drowse den were next;
 For next to death is Sleepe to be compar'd:
 Therefore his house is vnto his annex;
 Here Sleep, there Richeffe, & Hel-gate the both betwext.

So soone as *Alammon* there arriu'd, the dore
 To him did open, and afforded way;
 Him followed eke Sir *Gayon* euermore,
 Ne darkenesse him, ne daunger might dismay.

Soone

Soone as he entred was, the dore streight way
 Did shut, and from behind it forth there lept
 An vgly feend, more fowle then dismall day,
 The which with monstrous stalke behind him stept,
 And euer as he went, flew watch vpon him kept.

Well hoped he, ere long that hardy guest,
 If euer couetous hand, or lustfull eye,
 Or lips he layd on thing, that likt him best,
 Or euer sleepe his eye-strings did vntye,
 Should be his pray. And therefore still on hye
 He ouer him did hold his cruell clawes,
 Threatning with greedy gripe to do him dye
 And rend in peeces with his rauenous pawes,
 If euer he transgrest the fatal *Stygian* lawes.

That houfes forme within was rude and strong,
 Like an huge caue, hewne out of rocky cliff,
 From whose rough vault the ragged breaches hong,
 Embost with massy gold of glorious gift,
 And with rich metall loaded euery rift,
 That heauy ruine they did seeme to threat;
 And ouer them *Arachne* high did lift
 Her cunning web, and spread her subtiler net, (Iet.
 Enwrapped in fowle smoke and clouds more blacke then

Both rooffe, and floore, and wals were all of gold,
 But ouergrowne with dust and old decay,
 And hid in darkenesse, that none could behold
 The hew thereof: for vew of chearefull day
 Did neuer in that house it selfe display,
 But a faint shadow of vncertain light;
 Such as a lamp, whose life does fade away:
 Or as the Moone clothed with cloudy night,
 Does shew to him, that walkes in feare and sad affright.

In all that rowme was nothing to be feene,
But huge great yron chests and coffers strong,
All barr'd with double bends, that none could weene
Them to enforce by violence or wrong;
On euery side they placed were along.
But all the ground with sculs was scattered,
And dead mens bones, which round about were stong,
Whose liues, it seemed, whilome there were shed,
And their vile carcases now left vnburied.

They forward passe, ne *Guyon* yet spoke word,
Till that they came vnto an yron dore,
Which to them opened of his owne accord,
And shewd of richesse such exceeding store,
As eye of man did neuer see before;
Ne cuer 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 Spright
Commaunded was, who thereby did attend,
And warily awaited day and night,
From other couetous feends it to defend,
Who it to rob and ranfacke did intend.
Then *Mammon* turning to that warrior, said;
Loe here the worldes blis, loe here the end,
To which all men do ayme, rich to be made:
Such grace now to be happy, is before thee laid.

Certes (said he) I nill thine offred grace,
Ne to be made so happy do intend:
Another blis before mine eyes I place,
Another happinesse, another end.

To

To them, that list, these base regardes I lend:
But I in armes, and in atchievements braue,
Do rather choose my sitting houres to spend,
And to be Lord of those, that riches haue,
Then them to haue my selfe, and be their seruite sclaue.

Thereat the feend his gnashing teeth did grate,
And grieu'd, so long to lacke his greedy pray;
For well he weened, that so glorious bayte
Would tempt his guest, to take thereof assay:
Had he so doen, he had him snatcht away,
More light then Culuer in the Faulcons fist,
Eternall God thee saue from such decay.
But whenas *Mammon* saw his purpose mist,
Him to entrap vnwares another way he wist.

Thence forward he him led, and shortly brought
Vnto another rowme, whose dore forthright,
To him did open, as it had bene taught:
Therein an hundred rauages weren pight,
And hundred fornaces all burning bright;
By euery fornace many feends did bide,
Deformed creatures, horrible in sight,
And euery feend his busie paines applide,
To melt the golden metall, ready to be tride.

One with great bellowes gathered filling aire,
And with forst wind the fewell did inflame;
Another did the dying bronds repaire
With yron tongs, and sprinkled oft the same
With liquid waues, siers *Fulcans* rage to tame,
Who maistring them, renewd his former heat;
Some scum'd the drosse, that from the metall came;
Some stir'd the molten owre with ladles great;
And euery one did swincke, and euery one did sweate.

But when as earthly wight they present saw,
 Gliftring in armes and battailous aray,
 From their whot worke they did themfelues withdraw
 To wonder at the fight: for till that day,
 They neuer creature saw, that came that way.
 Their staring eyes sparkling with feruent fire,
 And vgly shapes did nigh the man difmay,
 That were it not for shame, he would retire,
 Till that him thus bespake their foueraigne Lord & fire.

Behold, thou Faeries sonne, with mortall eye,
 That liuing eye before did neuer see:
 The thing, that thou didst craue so earnestly,
 To weet, whence all the wealth late shewd by mee,
 Proceeded, lo now is reueald to thee.
 Here is the fountaine of the worldes good:
 Now therefore, if thou wilt enriched bee,
 Auife thee well, and change thy wilfull mood,
 Least thou perhaps hereafter wish, and be withstood.

Suffice it then, thou Money God (quoth hee)
 That all thine idle offers I refuse.
 All that I need I haue; what needeth mee
 To couet more, then I haue cause to vse?
 With such vaine shewes thy worldlings vile abuse:
 But giue me leaue to follow mine emprise.
Mammon was much displeas'd, yet not he chuse,
 But beare the rigour of his bold mespise,
 And thence him forward led, him further to entise.

He brought him through a darksome narrow strait,
 To a broad gate, all built of beaten gold:
 The gate was open, but therein did wait
 A sturdy villain, striding stiffe and bold,

As

As the highest God desie he would;
 In his right hand an yron club he held,
 But he himselve was all of golden mould,
 Yet had both life and fence, and well could weld
 That cursed weapon, when his cruell foes he queld.

Disdayne he called was, and did disdain
 To be so cald, and who so did him call:
 Sterne was to looke, and full of stomacke vaine,
 His portance terrible, and stature tall,
 Far passing th' height of men terrestriall;
 Like an huge Gyant of the *Titans* race,
 That made him scorne all creatures great and small,
 And with his pride all others powre deface: (place,
 More fit amongst blacke fiendes, then men to haue his

Soone as those glitter and armes he did espie,
 That with their brightnesse made that darknesse light,
 His harmefull club he gan to hurtle hie,
 And threaten batteill to the Faery knight;
 Who likewise gan himselve to batteill night,
 Till *Mammon* did his hasty hand withhold,
 And counsell'd him abstaine from perillous fight:
 For nothing might abash the villain bold,
 Ne mortall steele emperce his miscreated mould.

So hauing him with reason pacifide,
 And the fiers Carle commanding to forbear,
 He brought him in. The rowme was large and wide,
 As it some Gyeld or solemne Temple ware:
 Many great golden pillours did vpeare
 The massy rooffe, and riches huge sustayne,
 And euery pillour decked was full deare
 With crownes and Diademes, & titles vaine, (rayne,
 Which mortall Princes wore, whiles they on earth did

A route of people there assembled were,
 Of euery fort and nation vnder skye,
 Which with great vprore preaced to draw nere
 To th' vpper part, where was aduanced hie
 A stately siege of foueraigne maiestie;
 And thereon sat a woman gorgeous gay,
 And richly clad in robes of royaltie,
 That neuer earthly Prince in such a ray
 His glory did enhance, and pompous pride display.

Her face right wondrous faire did seeme to bee,
 That her broad beauties beam great brightnes threw
 Through the dim shade, that all men might it see:
 Yet was not that same her owne natiue hew,
 But wrought by art and counterfetted shew,
 Thereby more louers vnto her to call;
 Nath'lesse most heauenly faire in deed and vew
 She by creation was, till she did fall; (all.
 Thenceforth she sought for helps, to cloke her crime with-

There, as in glistering glory she did sit,
 She held a great gold chaine ylincked well,
 Whose vpper end to highest heauen was knit,
 And lower part did reach to lowest Hell;
 And all that preace did round about her swell,
 To catchen hold of that long chaine, thereby
 To clime aloft, and others to excell:
 That was *Ambition*, rash desire to sty,
 And euery lincke thereof a step of dignitie.

Some thought to raise themselues to high degree,
 By riches and vnrighteous reward,
 Some by close shouldring, some by flatteree;
 Others through friends, others for base regard;

And

And all by wrong wayes for themselues prepard.
 Those that were vp themselues, kept others low,
 Those that were low themselues, held others hard,
 Ne suffred them to rise or greater grow,
 But euery one did striue his fellow downe to throw.

Which whenas *Guyon* saw, he gan inquire,
 What meant that preace about that Ladies throne,
 And what she was that did so high aspire.
 Him *Mammon* answered; That goodly one,
 Whom all that folke with such contention,
 Do stocke about, my deare my, daughter is;
 Honour and dignitie from her alone,
 Deriued are, and all this wordes blis
 For which ye men do striue: few get, but many mis.

And faire *Philotime* she rightly hight,
 The fairest wight that wonneth vnder skye,
 But that this darkness neather world her light
 Doth dim with horreur and deformitie,
 Worthy of heauen and hye felicitie,
 From whence the gods haue her for enuy thrust:
 But sith thou hast found fauour in mine eye,
 Thy spouse I will her make, if that thou lust,
 That she may thee aduance for workes and merites iust.

Gramercy *Mammon* (said the gentle knight)
 For so great grace and offred high estate;
 But I, that am fraile flesh and earthly wight,
 Vnworthy match for such immortal mate
 My selfe well wore, and mine vnequall fate;
 And were I not, yet is my trouth yplight,
 And loue auowd to other Lady late,
 That to remoue the same I haue no might:
 To change loue causelesse is reproch to warlike knight,

Mammon emmoued was with inward wrath;
 Yet forcing it to faine, him forth thence led
 Through grierly shadoves by a beaten path,
 Into a gardin goodly garnished
 With beards and fruits, whose kinds mote not be red:
 Not such, as earth out of her fruitfull wombe
 Throwes forth to men, sweet and well fauoured,
 But direfull deadly blacke both leafe and bloom,
 Fit to adorne the dead, and decke the drey toombe.

There mournfull *Cypresse* grew in greatest store,
 And trees of bitter *Gall*, and *Heben* sad,
 Dead sleeping *Poppy*, and blacke *Hellebore*,
 Cold *Coloquintida*, and *Tetra* mad,
 Mortall *Samnitis*, and *Cicuta* bad,
 Which with th'vniust *Atheniens* made to dy
 Wife *Socrates*, who thereof quaffing glad
 Poured out his life, and last *Philosophy*
 To the faire *Critias* his dearest Belamy.

The *Gardin* of *Proserpina* this hight;
 And in the midst thereof a siluer feat,
 With a thicke *Arber* goodly ouer dight,
 In which the often vsd from open heat
 Her selfe to shroud, and pleasures to entreat.
 Next thereunto did grow a goodly tree,
 With branches broad dispred and body great,
 Clothed with leaues, that none the wood mote see
 And loaden all with fruit as thicke as it might bee.

Their fruit were golden apples glistring bright,
 That goodly was their glory to behold,
 On earth like neuer grew, ne liuing wight
 Like euer saw, but they from hence were sold;

For

For those, which *Hercules* with conquest bold
 Got from great *Atlas* daughters, hence began,
 And planted there, did bring forth fruit of gold:
 And those with which th' *Eubean* young man wan
 Swift *Atalanta*, when through craft he her out ran.

Here also sprong that goodly golden fruit,
 With which *Aconitus* got his louer trew,
 Whom he had long time fought with fruitlesse suit:
 Here eke that famous golden Apple grew,
 The which emongst the gods false *Ate* threw;
 For which th' *Idaan* Ladies disagreed,
 Till partiall *Paris* dempt it *Venus* dew,
 And had of her, faire *Helen* for his meed,
 That many noble *Greekes* and *Trojians* made to bleed.

The warlike *Elfe*, much wondred at this tree,
 So faire and great, that shadowed all the ground,
 And his broad branches, laden with rich fee,
 Did stretch themselues without the vtmost bound
 Of this great gardin, compact with a mound,
 Which ouer-hanging, they themselues did steepe,
 In a blacke flood which flow'd about it round;
 That is the riuier of *Cocytus* deepe,
 In which full many soules do endlesse waile and weepe.

Which to behold, he clomb vp to the banke,
 And looking downe, saw many damned wights,
 In those sad waues, which direfull deadly stanke,
 Plonged continually of cruell Sprights,
 That with their pitteous cryes, and yelling shrighs,
 They made the further shore resounden wide:
 Emongst the rest of those fame ruefull sights,
 One cursed creature, he by chance espide,
 That drenched lay full deepe, vnder the Garden side.

T

Deepe was he drenched to the vpmost chin,
 Yet gaped still, as coueting to drinke
 Of the cold liquor, which he waded in,
 And stretching forth his hand, did often thinke
 To reach the fruit, which grew vpon the brincke:
 But both the fruit from hand, and floud from mouth
 Did flie abacke, and made him vainly swinke:
 The whiles he steru'd with hunger and with drouth
 He daily dyde, yet neuer throughly dycn couch.

The knight him seeing labour fo in vaine,
 Askt who he was, and what he ment thereby:
 Who groning deepe, thus answerd him againe;
 Most cursed of all creatures vnder skye,
 Lo *Tantalus*, I here tormented lye:
 Of whom high *Ioue* wout whylome feasted bee,
 Lo here Inow for want of food doe dye:
 But if that thou be such, as I thee see,
 Of grace I pray thee, giue to eat and drinke to mee.

Nay, nay, thou greedie *Tantalus* (quoth he)
 Abide the fortune of thy present fate,
 And vnto all that liue in high degre,
 Ensample be of mind intemperate,
 To teach them how to vse their present state.
 Then gan the cursed wretch aloud to cry,
 Accusing highest *Ioue* and gods ingrate,
 And eke blaspheming heauen bitterly,
 As author of vniustice, there to let him dye.

He lookt a litle further, and espyde
 Another wretch, whose carkasse deepe was drent
 Within the riuer, which the fame did hyde:
 But both his hands most filthy feculent.

About

About the water were on high extent,
 And saynd to wash themselues incessantly;
 Yet nothing cleaner were for such intent,
 But rather fowler seemed to the eye;
 So lost his labour vaine and idle industry.

The knight him calling, asked who he was,
 Who lifting vp his head, him answerd thus:
Pilate am the falsest Iudge, alas,
 And most vniust, that by vnrighteous
 And wicked doome, to Iewes despitious
 Deliuered vp the Lord of life to die,
 And did acquite a murderer felonous;
 The whiles my hands I washt in puritie,
 The whiles my soule was soyld with foule iniquitie.

Infinite moe, tormented in like paine
 He there beheld, too long here to be told:
 Ne *Mammon* would there let him long remaine,
 For terrour of the tortures manifold,
 In which the damned foules he did behold,
 But roughly him bespake. Thou fearefull foole,
 Why takest not of that same fruit of gold,
 Ne sittest downe on that same siluer stoole,
 To rest thy wearie person, in the shadow coole.

All which he did, to doe him deadly fall
 In frayle intemperance through sinfull bayt;
 To which if he inclined had at all,
 That dreadfull seend, which did behind him wayt,
 Would him haue rent in thousand peeces strait:
 But he was warie wise in all his way,
 And well perceiued his deceitfull sleight,
 Ne suffred lust his safetie to betray;
 So goodly did beguile the Gnyler of the pray.

T 2

And now he has so long remained there,
 That vitall powres gan waxe both weake and wan,
 For want of food, and sleepe, which two vpbear,
 Like mightie pillours, this fraile life of man,
 That none without the same endure can.
 For now three dayes of men were full outwrought,
 Since he this hardie enterprize began:
 For thy great *Mammon* fairely he befought,
 Into the world to guide him backe, as he him brought.

The God, though loth, yet was constrained t'obay,
 For lenger time, then that, no liuing wight
 Below the earth, might suffred be to stay:
 So backe againe, him brought to liuing light.
 But all so soone as his enfeebled spright
 Gan sucke this vitall aire into his breast,
 As ouercome with too exceeding might,
 The life did flit away out of her nest,
 And all his senses were with deadly fit opprest.

Cant. VIII.

*Sir Guyon laid in swonne is by
 Acrates somes despoild,
 Whom Arthur soone hath reskewed
 And Paynim brethren foild.*

And is there care in heauen? and is there loue
 In heavenly spirits to these creatures bace,
 That may compassion of their euils moue?
 There is: else much more wretched were the cace

Of

Of men, then beasts. But o th'exceeding grace
 Of highest God, that loues his creatures so,
 And all his workes with mercy doth embrace,
 That blessed Angels, he sends to and fro,
 To serue to wicked man, to serue his wicked foe.

How oft do they, their siluer bowers leaue,
 To come to succour vs, that succour want?
 How oft do they with golden pineons, cleaue
 The fitting skyes, like flying Pursuiuant,
 Against foule feends to aide vs militant?
 They for vs fight, they watch and dewly ward,
 And their bright Squadrons round about vs plant,
 And all for loue, and nothing for reward:
 O why should heavenly God to men haue such regard?

During the while, that *Guyon* did abide
 In *Mamons* house, the Palmer, whom whyleare
 That wanton Mayd of passage had denide,
 By further search had passage found elswhere,
 And being on his way, approched neare,
 Where *Guyon* lay in trauunce, when suddenly
 He heard a voice, that called loud and cleare,
 Come hither, come hither, o come hastily;
 That all the fields resounded with the ruefull cry.

The Palmer lent his care vnto the noyce,
 To weet, who called so importunly:
 Againe he heard a more efforcet voyce,
 That bad him come in haste. He by and by
 His feeble feet directed to the cry;
 Which to that shadie delue him brought at last,
 Where *Mammon* carst did sunne his theaury:
 There the good *Guyon* he found slumbering fast
 In senselesse dreame; which fight at first him fore aghast,

Befide his head there fate a faire young man,
 Of wondrous beautie, and of freshest yeares,
 Whose tender bud to blossome new began,
 And flourish faire about his equall peares;
 His snowy front curled with golden heares,
 Like *Pharbus* face adorned with sunny rayes,
 Diuinely shone, and two sharpe winged heares,
 Decked with diuerse plumes, like painted Iayes,
 Were fixed at his backe, to cut his ayerie wayes.

Like as *Cupido* on *Idean* hill,
 When hauing laid his cruell bow away,
 And mortall arrowes, wherewith he doth fill
 The world with murderous spoiles and bloudie pray,
 With his faire mother he him dights to play,
 And with his goodly sisters, *Graces* three;
 The Goddesse pleased with his wanton play,
 Suffers her selfe through sleepe beguiled to bee,
 The whiles the other Ladies mind their merry glee.

Whom when the Palmer saw, abasht he was
 Through feare and wonder, that he nought could say,
 Till him the child bespoke, Long lackt, alas,
 Hath bene thy faithfull aide in hard assay,
 Whiles deadly fit thy pupill doth dismay;
 Behold this heauie sight, thou reuerend Sire,
 But dread of death and dolour doe away;
 For life ere long shall to her home retire,
 And he that breathlesse seemes, shall corage bold respire.

The charge, which God doth vnto me arret,
 Of his deare safetie, I to thee commend;
 Yet will I not forgoe, ne yet forget
 The care thereof my selfe vnto the end,

But

But euermore him succour, and defend
 Against his foe and mine: watch thou I pray;
 For euill is at hand him to offend,
 So hauing said, eftsoones he gan display
 His painted nimble wings, and vanisht quite away.

The Palmer seeing his left empty place,
 And his slow eyes beguiled of their sight,
 Voxe fore affraid, and standing still a space,
 Gaz'd after him, as fowle escapt by flight;
 At last him turning to his charge behight,
 With trembling hand his troubled pulse gan try;
 Where finding life not yet dislodged quite,
 He much reioyst, and courd it tenderly,
 As chicken newly hatcht, from dreaded destiny.

At last he spide, where towards him did pace
 Two Paynim knights, all armed as bright as skie,
 And them beside an aged Sire did trace,
 And farre before a light-foot Page did flie,
 That breathed strife and troublous enmitie;
 Those were the two sonnes of *Acrates* old,
 Who meeting east with *Archimago* flie,
 Foreby that idle strond, of him were told,
 That he, which east them combatted, was *Guyon* bold.

Which to auenge on him they dearely vowd,
 Where euer that on ground they mote him fynd;
 Falsse *Archimago* prouokt their courage prouwd,
 And stryfull *Atin* in their stubborne mynd
 Coles of contention and whot vengeance tynd.
 Now bene they come, whereas the Palmer fate,
 Keeping that slobred corse to him assynd;
 Well knew they both his person, sith of late
 With him in bloudie armes they rashly did debate.

T 4

Whom when *Pyrrhocles* saw, inflam'd with rage,
 That fire he foule bespake, Thou dotard vile,
 That with thy brutenesse shendst thy comely age,
 Abandone soone, I read, the cautiue spoile
 Of that fame outcast carkasse, that erwhile
 Made it selfe famous through false trechery,
 And crownd his coward crest with knightly stile;
 Loe where he now inglorious doth lye,
 To proue he liued ill, that did thus foully dye.

To whom the Palmer searelesse answered;
 Certes, Sir knight, ye bene too much to blame,
 Thus for to blot the honour of the dead,
 And with foule cowardize his carkasse shame,
 Whose liuing hands immortalizd his name.
 Vile is the vengeance on the ashes cold,
 And enuie base, to barke at sleeping fame:
 Was neuer wight, that treason of him told;
 Your selfe his prowesse prou'd & found him fiers & bold.

Then said *Cymochles*; Palmer, thou dost dote,
 Ne canst of prowesse, ne of knighthood deeme,
 Saue as thou seeest or hearst. But well I wote,
 That of his puissance tryall made extreme;
 Yet gold all is not, that doth golden seeme,
 Ne all good knights, that shake well speare and shield:
 The worth of all men by their end esteeme,
 And then due praise, or due reproch them yield;
 Bad therefore I him deeme, that thus lies dead on field.

Good or bad (gan his brother fierce reply).
 What doe I recke, sith that he dyde entire?
 Or what doth his bad death now satisfy
 The greedy hunger of reuenging ire,

Sith

Sith wrathfull hand wrought not her owne desire?
 Yet since no way is left to wreake my spight,
 I will him reauce of armes, the victors hire,
 And of that shield, more worthy of good knight;
 For why should a dead dog be deckt in armour bright?

Faire Sir, said then the Palmer suppliant,
 For knighthoods loue, do not so foule a deed,
 Ne blame your honour with so shamefull vaunt
 Of vile reuenge. To spoile the dead of weed
 Is sacrilege, and doth all finnes exceed;
 But leaue these relicks of his liuing might,
 To decke his herce, and trap his tomb-blacke steed.
 What herce or steede (said he) should he haue dight,
 But be entombd in the rauon or the night?

With that, rude hand vpon his shield he laid,
 And th'other brother gan his helme vnlace,
 Both fiercely bent to haue him disaraid;
 Till that they spide, where towards them did pace
 An armed knight, of bold and bounteous did pace
 Whose squire bore after him an heben launce,
 And couerd shield. Well kend him so farr space
 Th'enchaunter by his armes and amenaunce,
 When vnder him he saw his Lybian steed to prauunce.

And to those brethren said, Rise rise by liue,
 And vnto battell doe your selues address;
 For yonder comes the prouest knight aliuie,
 Prince *Arthur*, flowre of grace and nobleesse,
 That hath to Paynin knights wrought great distresse,
 And thousand Sarzins foully donne to dye.
 That word so deepe did in their harts impreesse,
 That both estfoones vpstartd furiously,
 And gan themselues prepare to battell greedily.

But fierce *Pyrhobles*, lacking his owne sword,
 The want thereof now greatly gan to plaine,
 And *Archimage* befought, him that afford,
 Which he had brought for *Braggadocchio* vaine.
 So would I (said th' enchaunter) glad and faine
 Beteeme to you this sword, you to defend,
 Or ought that else your honour might maintaine,
 But that this weapons powre I well haue kend,
 To be contrarie to the worke, which ye intend.

For that same knights owne sword this is of yore,
 Which *Merlin* made by his almightie art
 For that his nourling, when he knight hoodswore,
 Therewith to doen his foes eternall smart.
 The metall first he mixt with *Medewart*,
 That no enchauntment from his dint might saue;
 Then it in flames of *Aetna* wrought apart,
 And seuen times dipped in the bitter waue
 Of hellish *Stryx*, which hidden vertue to it gaue.

The vertue is, that neither steele, nor stone
 The stroke thereof from entrance may defend;
 Ne euer may be vsed by his fone,
 Ne forst his rightfull owner to offend,
 Ne euer will it breake, ne euer bend.
 Wherefore *Mordure* it rightfully is hight,
 In vaine therefore, *Pyrhobles*, should I lend
 The same to thee, against his lord to fight,
 For sure it would deceiue thy labour, and thy might.

Foolish old man, said then the Pagan wroth,
 That weenest words or charmes may force withstond:
 Soone shalt thou see, and then beleue for troth,
 That I can carue with this inchaunted brond

His

His Lords owne flesh. Therewith out of his hond
 That vertuous steele he rudely snatcht away,
 And *Guyons* shield about his wrest he bond;
 So readie dight, fierce battaile to aslay,
 And match his brother proud in battailous array.

By this that stranger knight in presence came,
 And goodly salued them; who nought againe
 Him answered, as courtesie became,
 But with sterne lookes, and stomachous disdain,
 Gaue signes of grudge and discontentment vaine:
 Then turning to the Palmer, he gan spy
 Where at his feete, with forrowfull demaine
 And deadly hew, an armed corse did lye,
 In whose dead face he red great magnanimity.

Said he then to the Palmer, Reuerend fyre,
 What great misfortune hath betidd this knight?
 Or did his life her fatal date expyre,
 Or did he fall by treason, or by fight?
 How euer, sire I rew his piteous plight.
 Not one, nor other, (said the Palmer graue)
 Hath him befallne, but cloudes of deadly night
 A while his heauie eylids couer'd haue,
 And all his senses drowned in deepe senselesse waue.

Which, those same foes, that stand hereby,
 Making aduantage, to reuenge their spight,
 Would him disarme, and treaten shamefully,
 Vnworthy vsage of redoubted knight.
 But you, faire Sir, whose honorable fight
 Doth promise hope of helpe, and timely grace,
 Mote I beseech to succour his sad plight,
 And by your powre protect his feeble cace.
 First praise of knight hood is, foule outrage to deface.

Palmer, (said he) no knight so riddle, I weene,
 As to doen outrage to a sleeping ghost:
 Ne was there euer noble courage seene,
 That in aduantage would his puiffance boft:
 Honour is leaft, where oddes appeareth moft.
 May be, that better reafon will affwage,
 The rash reuengers heat. Words well difpofit
 Hauē fecret powre, t'appeafe inflamed rage:
 If not, leaue vnto me thy knights laft patonage.

Tho turning to thofe brethren, thus befpoke,
 Ye warlike payre, whose valorous great might
 It feemes, iuft wrongs to vengeance doe prouoke,
 To wreake your wrath on this dead seeming knight,
 Mote ought allay the ftorme of your defpight,
 And fettle pacience in fo furious heat?
 Not to debate the challenge of your right,
 But for this carkaffe pardon I entreat,
 Whom fortune hath already laid in loweft feat.

To whom *Cymochles* faid; For what art thou,
 That mak'ft thy felfe his dayes-man, to prolong
 The vengeance preft? Or who fhall let me now,
 On this vile bodie from to wreake my wrong,
 And make his carkaffe as the outcaft dong?
 Why fhould not that dead carrion fatisfie
 The guilt, which if he liued had thus long,
 His life for due reuenge ſhould deare abie?
 The trespaffe ftill doth liue, albe the perfon die.

Indeed (then faid the Prince) the euill donne
 Dyes not, when breath the bodie firft doth leaue,
 But from the grandfyre to the Nephewes fonne,
 And all his feed the curfe doth often cleaue,

Till

Till vengeance vtterly the guilt bereaue:
 So ftreightly God doth iudge. But gentle knight,
 That doth againft the dead his hand vpreare,
 His honour itaines with rancour and defpight,
 And great difparagment makes to his former might.

Pyrrhocles gan reply the fecond time,
 And to him faid, Now felon fure I read,
 How that thou art partaker of his crime:
 Therefore by *Termagant* thou fhalt be dead.
 With that his hand, more dead then lompe of lead,
 Vplifting high, he weened with *Morddure*,
 His owne good fword *Morddure*, to cleaue his head.
 The faithfull Steele fuch treason no'uld endure,
 But fwaruing from the marke, his Lords life did affiure.

Yet was the force fo furious and fo fell,
 That horfe and man it made to reele afide;
 Nath'leffe the Prince would not forfake his fell:
 For well of yore he learned had to ride,
 But full of anger fiercely to him cride;
 Falfe traitour mifcreant, thou broken haft
 The law of armes, to ſtrike foe vndefide.
 But thou thy treafons fruit, I hope, fhalt taſte
 Right fowre, & feele the law, the which thou haft default.

With that his balefull ſpeare, he fiercely bent
 Againſt the Pagans brest, and therewith thought
 His curfed life out of her lodge haue rent:
 But ere the point arriued, where it ought,
 That feuen-fold ſhield, which he from *Guyon* brought
 He caſt betwene to ward the bitter ſtound: (wrought
 Through all thoſe foldes the ſteelhead paſſage
 And through his ſhoulder pierct; wherewith to ground
 He groueling fell, all gored in his guſhing wound.

Which when his brother saw, fraught with great griefe
 And wrath, he to him leaped furiously,
 And fowly said, By *Maboune*, cursed thee,
 That direfull stroke thou dearely shalt aby.
 Then hurling vp his harmefull blade on hys,
 Smote him so hugely on his haughtie crest,
 That from his faddel forced him to fly:
 Else mote it needes downe to his manly brest
 Haue cleft his head in twaine, and life thence disposselt.

Now was the Prince in daungerous distresse,
 Wanting his sword, when he on foot should fight:
 His single speare could doe him small redresse,
 Against two foes of so exceeding might,
 The least of which was match for any knight.
 And now the other, whom he earst did daunt,
 Had reard himselfe againe to cruell fight,
 Three times more furious, and more puiffaunt,
 Vamindfull of his wound, of his fate ignorant.

So both atonce him charge on either side,
 With hideous strokes, and importable powre,
 That forced him his ground to traueserf wide,
 And wisely watch to ward that deadly stowre:
 For in his shield, as thicke as stormie showre,
 Their strokes did raine, yet did he neuer quaille,
 Ne backward shrinke, but as a stedfast towre,
 Whom foe with double battry doth assaile, (uaile.
 Them on her bulwarke beares, and bids them nought a-

So stoutly he withstood their strong assay,
 Till that at last, when he aduantage spyde,
 His poinant speare he thrust with puiffant sway
 At proud *Cymochles*, whiles his shield was wyde,
 That

That through his thigh the mortall steele did gryde:
 He swaruing with the force, within his flesh
 Did breake the lance, and let the head abyde:
 Out of the wound the red bloud flowed fresh,
 That vnderneath his feet soone made a purple plesh.

Horribly then he gan to rage, and rayle,
 Curfing his Gods, and himselfe damning deepe:
 Als when his brother saw the red blood rayle
 Adowne so fast, and all his armour steepe,
 For very felnesse lowd he gan to weepe,
 And said, Caytiue, curf on thy cruell hond,
 That twise hath sped; yet shall it not thee keepe
 From the third brunt of this my fatall brond: (stond.
 Loe where the dreadfull Death behind thy backe doth

With that he strooke, and th'other strooke withall,
 That nothing seem'd mote beare so monstrous might:
 The one vpon his couered shield did fall,
 And glauncing downe would not his owner byte:
 But th'other did vpon his troncheon smyte,
 Which hewing quite a sunder, further way
 It made, and on his hacqueton did lyte,
 The which diuiding with importune sway,
 It feizd in his right side, and there the dint did stay.

Wyde was the wound, and a large lukewarme flood,
 Red as the Rose, thence gushed grieuoufly;
 That when the Paynim spyde the streaming blood,
 Gae him great hart, and hope of victory.
 On th'other side, in huge perplexity,
 The Prince now stood, hauing his weapon broke;
 Nought could he hurt, but still at ward did ly:
 Yet with his troncheon he so rudely stroke
Cymochles twise, that twise him forst his foot reuoke.

Whom when the Palmer saw in such distresse,
 Sir *Guyons* sword he lightly to him raught,
 And said; faire Son, great God thy right hand bleffe,
 To vse that sword so wisely as it ought.
 Glad was the knight, & with fresh courage fraught,
 When as againe he armed felt his hond;
 Then like a Lion, which hath long time faught
 His robbed whelpes, and at the last them fond
 Emongst the shepheard swaynes, then wexeth wood &
 (yond.

So fierce he laid about him, and dealt blowes
 On either side, that neither mayle could hold,
 Ne shield defend the thunder of his throwes:
 Now to *Pyrrhocles* many strokes he told;
 Eft to *Cymochles* twise so many fold:
 Then backe againe turning his busie hond,
 Them both atonce compeld with courage bold,
 To yield wide way to his hart-thrilling brond;
 And though they both stood stiffe, yet could not both
 (withstond.

As saluage Bull, whom two fierce mastiues bayt,
 When rancour doth with rage him once engore,
 Forgets with warie ward them to awayt,
 But with his dreadfull hornes them driues afore,
 Or flings aloft, or treads downe in the flore,
 Breathing out wrath, and bellowing distdaine,
 That all the forrest quakes to heare him rore:
 So rag'd Prince *Arthur* twixt his foemen twaine,
 That neither could his mightie puissance sustaine.

But euer at *Pyrrhocles* when he finit,
 Who *Guyons* shield cast euer him before,
 Whereon the Faery Queenes pourtract was writ,
 His hand relented, and the stroke forbore,

And

And his deare hart the picture gan adore,
 Which oft the Paynim sau'd from deadly stowre.
 But him henceforth the same can saue no more;
 For now arriued is his fatall howre,
 That no'te awoyde d be by earthly skill or powre.

For when *Cymochles* saw the fowle reproch,
 Which them appeached, prickt with guilty shame,
 And inward grieffe, he fiercely gan approch,
 Resolu'd to put away that loathly blame,
 Or dye with honour and desert of fame;
 And on the hauberck stroke the Prince so fore,
 That quite disparted all the linked frame,
 And pierced to the skin, but bit no more,
 Yet made him twise to reele, that neuer moou'd afore.

Whereat renfierst with wrath and sharpe regret,
 He stroke so hugely with his borrowd blade,
 That it empierst the Pagans burganet,
 And cleaving the hard steele, did deepe inuade
 Into his head, and cruell passage made (ground,
 Quite through his braine. He tomling downe on
 Breathed out his ghost, which to th' infernall shade
 Fast flying, there eternall torment found,
 For all the finnes, wherewith his lewd life did abound,

Which when his german saw, the stony seare,
 Ran to his hart, and all his fence disinayd,
 Ne thenceforth life ne courage did appeare,
 But as a man, whom hellish feends haue frayd,
 Long trembling still he stood: at last thus sayd,
 Traytour what hast thou doest? how euer may
 Thy cursed hand so cruelly haue swayd
 Against that knight: Horrow and well away,
 After so wicked deed why liu'st thou lenger day?

V

With that all desperate as loathing light,
 And with reuenge desiring soone to dye,
 Assembling all his force and vtmost might,
 With his owne sword he fierce at him did flye,
 And strooke, and foyn'd, and lastt outrageously,
 Withouten reason or regard. Well knew
 The Prince, with patience and sufferance fly
 So hasty heat soone cooled to subdew:
 Tho when this breathlesse woxe, that battell gan renew.

As when a windy tempest bloweth hie,
 That nothing may withstand his stormy stowre,
 The cloudes, as things affrayd, before him flye;
 But all so soone as his outrageous powre
 Is layd, they fiercely then begin to shoure,
 And as in scorne of his spent stormy spight,
 Now all attonce their malice forth do poure;
 So did Sir *Guyon* beare himselfe in fight,
 And suffred rath *Pyrrhocles* waist his idle might.

At last when as the Sarazin perceiu'd,
 How that strange sword refus'd, to serue his need,
 But when he stroke most strong, the dint deceiu'd,
 He slong it from him, and deuoyd of dreed,
 Vpon him lightly leaping without heed,
 Twixt his two mighty armes engrasped fast,
 Thinking to ouerthrow and downe him tred:
 But him in strength and skill the Prince surpast,
 And through his nimble sleight did vnder him down cast.

Nought booted it the Paynim then to strue;
 For as a Bittur in the Eagles claw,
 That may not hope by flight to scape aliuie,
 Still waites for death with dread and trembling aw;
 So

So he now subiect to the victours law,
 Did not once moue, nor vpward cast his eye,
 Forvile disdain and rancour, which did gnaw
 His hart in twaine with sad melancholy,
 As one that loathed life, and yet despisd to dye.

But full of Princely bounty and great mind,
 The Conquerour nought cared him to slay,
 But casting wrongs and all reuenge behind,
 More glory thought to giue life, then decay,
 And said, Paynim, this is thy dis: all day;
 Yet if thou wilt renounce thy miscreance,
 And my trew liegeman yield thy selfe for ay,
 Life will I graunt thee for thy valiaunce,
 And all thy wrongs will wipe out of my fouenaunce.

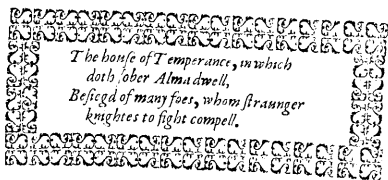
Foole (said the Pagan) I thy gift desye,
 But vse thy fortune, as it doth besall,
 And say, that I not ouercome do dye,
 But in despite of life, for death do call.
 Wroth was the Prince, and sory yet withall,
 That he so willfully refused grace;
 Yet fith his fate so cruelly did fall,
 His shining Helmet he gan soone vnlace,
 And left his headlesse body bleeding all the place.

By this Sir *Guyon* from his traunce awakt,
 Life hauing maistered her sencelesse foe;
 And looking vp, when as his shield he lakt,
 And sword saw not, he wexed wondrous woe:
 But when the Palmer, whom he long ygoe
 Haft lost, he by him spide, right glad he grew,
 And said, Deare sir, whom wandring to and fro
 I long haue lakt, I ioy thy face to vew;
 Firme is thy faith, whom daunger neuer from me drew.

But read what wicked hand hath robbed mee
 Of my good sword and shield? The Palmer glad,
 With so fresh hew vprising him to see,
 Him answered; faire femme, be no whit fad
 For want of weapons, they shall soone be had,
 So gan he to discourse the whole debate,
 Which that straunge knight for him sustained had,
 And those two Sarazins confounded late,
 Whose carcafes on ground were horribly prostrate.

Which when he heard, and saw the tokens trew,
 His hart with great affection was embayd,
 And to the Prince with bowing reuerence dew,
 As to the Patrone of his life, thus sayd;
 My Lord, my liege, by whose most gracious ayd
 I liue this day, and see my foes sub dewd,
 What may suffice, to be for meede repayd
 Off so great graces, as ye haue me shewd,
 But to be euer bound

To whom the Infant thus, Faire Sir, what need
 Good turnes be counted, as a feruile bond,
 To bind their doers, to receiue their meede?
 Are not all knights by oath bound, to withstand
 Oppressours powre by armes and puissant hond?
 Suffise, that I haue done my dew in place,
 So goodly purpose they together fond,
 Of kindnesse and of curteous agrace;
 The whiles false *Archimage* and *Astin* fled apace.

*Cant.**Cant. IX.*

○ All Gods workes, which do this world adorne,
 There is no one more faire and excellent,
 Then is mans body both for powre and forme,
 Whiles it is kept in sober government;
 But none then it, more fowle and indecent,
 Distempred through misrule and passions bace:
 It growes a Monster, and incontinent
 Doth loose his dignitie and naturie grace.
 Behold, who list, both one and other in this place.

After the Paynim brethren conquer'd were,
 The *Briton* Prince recouring his stolne sword,
 And *Guyon* his lost shield, they both yfere
 Forth passed on their way in faire accord,
 Till him the Prince with gentle court did bord;
 Sirknight, mote I of you this cur'fie read,
 To weet why on your shield so goodly scord
 Beare ye the picture of that Ladies head?
 Full liuely is the semblaunt, though the substance dead.

Faire Sir (said he) if in that picture dead
 Such life ye read, and vertue in vaine shew,
 What mote ye weene, if the trew liuely-head
 Of that most glorious visage ye did vew?

V 3

But if the beautie of her mind ye knew,
That is her bountie, and imperiall powre,
Thouland times fairer then her mortall hew,
O how great wonder would your thoughts deuoure,
And infinite desire into your spirite poure!

She is the mighty Queene of *Faerie*,
Whose faire retrait I in my shield do beare;
She is the flowre of grace and chastitie,
Throughout the world renowned far and neare,
My life, my liege, my Soueraigne, my deare,
Whose glory shineth as the morning starre,
And with her light the earth enlumines cleare;
Far reach her mercies, and her prayes farre,
As well in state of peace, as puiffaunce in warre.

Thrice happy man, (said then the *Briton* knight)
Whom gracious lot, and thy great valiaunce
Haue made thee fouldier of that Princeffe bright,
Which with her bounty and glad countenance
Doth blesse her seruants, and them high aduaunce.
How may straunge knight hope euer to aspire,
By faithfull seruice, and meet amenance,
Vnto such blisse? sufficient were that hire
For losse of thousand liues; to dye at her desire.

Said *Guyon*, Noble Lord, what meed so great,
Or grace of earthly Prince so foueraine,
But by your wondrous worth and warlike feat
Ye well may hope, and easely attaine?
But were your will, her sold to entertaine,
And numbered be mongst knights of *Maidenhed*,
Great guerdon, well I wote, should you remaine,
And in her fauour high be reckoned,
As *Arthegall*, and *Sophy* now beene honored.

Certes

Certes (then said the Prince) I God auow,
That sith I armes and knighthood first did plight,
My whole desire hath beene, and yet is now,
To serue that Queene with all my powre and might,
Now hath the Sunne with his lamp-burning light,
Walkt round about the world, and I no lesse,
Sith of that Goddesse I haue sought the fight,
Yet no where can her find: such happinesse
Heauen doth to me enuy, and fortune fauourlesse.

Fortune, the foe of famous cheuifaunce
Seldome (said *Guyon*) yields to vertue aide,
But in her way throwes mischiefe and mischaunce,
Whereby her course is stopp, and passage staid.
But you faire Sir, be not herewith dismaid,
But constant keepe the way, in which ye stand;
Which were it not, that I am else delaid
With hard aduenture, which I haue in hand,
I labour would to guide you through all Faery land.

Gramercy Sir (said he) but mote I wote,
What straunge aduenture do ye now purfue?
Perhaps my succour, or aduizement meete
Mote stead you much your purpose to subdeu.
Then gan Sir *Guyon* all the story shew
Of false *Acrasia*, and her wicked wiles,
Which to auenge, the Palmer him forth drew
From Faery court. So talked they, the whiles
They wasted had much way, and meafurd many miles.

And now faire *Phobus* gan decline in hast
His weary wagon to the Westerne vale,
Whenas they spide a goodly castle, plaft
Foreby a riuer in a pleasaunt dale,

V 4

Which choosing for that euening's hospitall,
 They thither marcht: but when they came in fight,
 And from their sweaty Courfers did anale,
 They found the gates fast barred long ere night,
 And euery loup fast lockt, as fearing foes despight.

Which when they saw, they weened fowle reproch
 Was to them doen, their entrance to forfall,
 Till that the Squire gan nigher to approach;
 And wind his horne vnder the castlle wall,
 That with the noise it shooke, as it would fall:
 Eftsoones forth looked from the highest spire
 The watch, and lowd vnto the knights did call,
 To weete, what they so rudely did require.
 Who gently answered, They entrance did desire.

Fly fly, good knights, (said he) fly fast away
 If that your liues ye loue, as meeete ye should;
 Fly fast, and saue your selues from neare decay,
 Here may ye not haue entraunce, though we would:
 We would and would againe, if that we could;
 But thousand enemies about vs raue,
 And with long siege vs in this castlle hold:
 Seuen yeares this wize they vs besieged haue, (saue.
 And many good knights slaine, that haue vs fought to

Thus as he spoke, loe with outragious cry
 A thousand velleins round about them swarmd
 Out of the rockes and caues a dioyning ny, e,
 Vile caytiue wretches, ragged, rude, deformed,
 All threatening death, all in strange manner armd,
 Some with vnweldy clubs, some with long speares,
 Some rusty kniues, some staues in fire warmd,
 Sterne was their looke, like wild amazed steares,
 Staring with hollow eyes, and stiffe vpstanding heares.

Fierfly

Fierfly at first those knights they did assaile,
 And droue them to recoile: but when againe
 They gaue fresh charge, their forces gan to faile,
 Vnable their encounter to sustaine;
 For with such puissaunce and impetuous maine
 Those Champions broke on them, that forst them fly,
 Like scattered Spaere, whenas the Shepheards swaine
 A Lyon and a Tigre doth espye,
 With greedy pace forth rushing from the forest ny.

A while they fled, but soone returned againe
 With greater fury, then before was found;
 And euermore their cruell Captaine
 Sought with his raskall routs t'enclose them round,
 And oucrurr to tread them to the ground. (blades
 But soone the knights with their bright-burning
 Broke their rude troupes, and orders did confound,
 Hewing and slathing at their idle shades; (fades.
 For though they bodies seeme, yet substance from them

As when a swarme of Gnats at euentide
 Out of the fennes of Allan do arise,
 Their murmuring small trumpets founden wide,
 Whiles in the aire their clustring army flies,
 That as a cloud doth seeme to dim the skies;
 Ne man nor beast may rest, or take repast,
 For their sharpe wounds, and noyous iniuries,
 Till the fierce Northerne wind blustering blast
 Doth blow them quite away, and in the Ocean cast.

Thus when they had that troublous rout disperst,
 Vnto the castlle gate they come againe,
 And entraunce crav'd, which was denied erst.
 Now when report of that their perilous paine,

And combrous comflict, which they did sustaine,
 Came to the Ladies care, which there did dwell,
 She forth issewed with a goodly traine
 Of Squires and Ladies equipaged well,
 And entertained them right fairely, as befell.

Alma she called was, a virgin bright;
 That had not yet felt *Cupides* wanton rage,
 Yet was she woo'd of many a gentle knight,
 And many a Lord of noble parentage,
 That fought with her to lincke in marriage:
 For she was faire, as faire mote euer bee,
 And in the flowre now of her freshest age;
 Yet full of grace and goodly modestee,
 That euen heauen reioyced her sweete face to see.

In robe of lilly white she was arayd,
 That from her shoulder to her heele downe raught,
 The traine wherof loose for behind her strayd,
 Braunched with gold & pearle, most richly wrought,
 And borne of two faire Damfels, which were taught
 That seruice well. Her yellow golden heare
 Was trimly wouen, and in tresses wrought,
 Ne other tyre she on her head did weare,
 But crowned with a garland of sweete Rofiere.

Goodly she entertaind those noble knights,
 And brought them vp into her castle hall;
 Where gentle court and gracious delight
 She to them made, with mildnesse virginall,
 Shewing her selfe both wife and liberal:
 There when they rested had a season dew,
 They her besought of fauour speciall,
 Of that faire Caille to afford them vew;
 She graunted, & them leading forth, the same did shew.

First

First the them led vp to the Castle wall,
 That was so high, as foe might not it clime,
 And all so faire, and sensible withall,
 Not built of bricke, ne yet of stone and lime,
 But of thing like to that *Aegyptian* slime,
 Whereof king *Nine* whilome built *Babel* towre;
 But o' great pity, that no lenger time
 So goodly workmanship should not endure:
 Soone it must turne to earth; no earthly thing is sure.

The frame thereof seemd partly circular, e,
 And part triangular, o worke diuine;
 Those two the first and last proportions are,
 The one imperfect, mortal, foeminine;
 Th'other immortal, perfect, masculine,
 And twixt them both a quadrate was the base,
 Proportioned equally by seuen and nine;
 Nine was the circle set in heauens place,
 All which compacted made a goodly *Dyapase*.

Therein two gates were placed seemly well:
 The one before, by which all in did pass,
 Did th'other far in workmanship excell;
 For not of wood, nor of enduring bras,
 But of more worthy substance fram'd it was;
 Doubly disparted, it did locke and close,
 That when it locked, none might through pass,
 And when it opened, no man might it close,
 Still open to their friends, and closed to their foes.

Of hewen stone the porch was fairely wrought,
 Stone more of valew, and more smooth and fine,
 Then Iet or Marble far from Ireland brought;
 Ou'er the which was cast a wandring vine,

Enchaced with a wanton yuie twine.
 And ouer it a faire Portcullis hong,
 Which to the gate direclly did incline,
 With comely compasse, and compacture strong,
 Neither vnscemely short, nor yet exceeding long.

Within the Barbican a Porter fate,
 Day and night duely keeping watch and ward,
 Nor wight, nor word mote passe out of the gate,
 But in good order, and with dew regard;
 Viterers of secrets he from thence debarde,
 Babblers of folly, and blazers of crime.
 His larumbell might lowd and wide be hard,
 When cause requird, but neuer out of time;
 Early and late it rong, at evening and at prime.

And round about the porch on every side
 Twife sixteen warders fat, all armed bright
 In glistering steele, and strongly fortifide:
 Tall yeomen fenced they, and of great might,
 And were enraunged ready, still for fight.
 By them as *Alma* passed with her guesstes,
 They did obeyfaunce, as befemed right,
 And then againe returned to their restes:
 The Porter eke to her did lout with humble gesses.

Thence she them brought into a stately Hall,
 Wherein were many tables faire dispred,
 And ready dight with drapets festiuall,
 Against the viaundes should be ministrd.
 At th'upper end there fate, yelad in red
 Downe to the ground, a comely personage,
 That in his hand a white rod menaged,
 He Steward was hight *Dier*; rype of age,
 And in demeanure sober, and in counsell sage.

And

And through the Hall there walked to and fro
 A iolly yeoman, Marshall of the fame,
 Whose name was *Appetite*; he did beslow
 Both guesstes and meate, when euer in they came,
 And knew them how to order without blame,
 As him the Steward bad. They both attone
 Did dewty to their Lady, as became;
 Who passing by, forth led her guesstes anone
 Into the kitchen rowme, ne spard for nicenesse none.

It was a vault built for great dispence,
 With many raunges reard along the wall;
 And one great chimney, whose long tonnell thence,
 The smoke forth threw. And in the midst of all
 There placed was a caudron wide and tall,
 Vpon a mighty furnace, burning whor,
 More whor, then *Actu*, or flaming *Mongiball*:
 For day and night it brent, ne cealed not,
 So long as any thing in the caudron got.

But to delay the heat, leaft by mischaunce
 It might breake out, and set the whole on fire,
 There added was by goodly ordinance,
 An huge great paire of bellowes, which did styre
 Continually, and cooling breath inspyre.
 About the Caudron many Cookes accoyld,
 With hookes and laddes, as need did require;
 The whiles the viandes in the vessell boyld
 They did about their businesse sweate, and forely toyld.

The maister Cooke was cald *Concoction*,
 A carefull man; and full of comely guise:
 The kitchen Clerke, that hight *Digestion*,
 Did order all th'Achates in scemely wise.

And set them forth, as well he could deuise.
The rest had feuerall offices assignd,
Some to remoune the scum, as it did rise;
Others to beare the same away did might;
And others it to vse according to his kind.

But all the liquor, which was fowle and wast,
Not good nor seruiceable else for ought,
They in another great round vessell platt,
Till by a conduit pipe it thence were brought:
And all the rest, that noyous was, and nought,
By secret wayes, that noise might it espy,
Was close conuaid, and to the back-gate brought,
That cleped was *Port Esquiline*, where by
It was auoided quite, and throwne out priuily.

Which goodly order, and great workmans skill.
Whenas those knights beheld, with rare delight,
And gazing wonder they their minds did fill;
For neuer had they seene so straunge a sight.
Thence backe againe faire *Alma* led them right,
And soone into a goodly Parlour brought,
That was with royall arras richly dight,
In which was nothing pourtrahed, nor wrought,
Nor wrought, nor pourtrahed, but easie to be thought.

And in the midst thereof vpon the floure,
A louely beuy of faire Ladiesfate,
Courtod of many a iolly Paramoure,
The which them did in modest wise amate,
And eachone fought his Lady to aggrate:
And eke amongst them litle *Cupid* playd
His wanton sports, being returned late
From his fierce warres, and hauing from him layd
His cruell bow, wherewith he thousands hath dismayd.

Diuerse

Diuerse delights they found them selues to please;
Some song in sweet consort, some laught for ioy,
Some plaid with strawes, some idly sat at ease;
But other some could not abide to toy,
All pleaſaunce was to them griefe and annoy:
This found, that found, the third for shame did blush,
Another seemed enuious, or coy,
Another in her teeth did gnaw a ruff:
But at these straungers presence euery one did huff.

Soone as the gracious *Alma* came in place,
They all atonce out of their seates arose,
And to her homage made, with humble grace:
Whom when the knights beheld, they gan dispose
Themselues to court, and each a Damself chose:
The Prince by chaunce did on a Lady light,
That was right faire and fresh as morning rose,
But somewhat sad, and solemne eke in sight,
As if some penſiue thought cōstraind her gentle spright.

In a long purple pall, whose skirt with gold,
Was fretted all about, she was arayd;
And in her hand a Poplar braunch did hold:
To whom the Prince in curteous manner said;
Gentle Madame, why beene ye thus dismayd,
And your faire beautie do with sadnesse spill?
Lies any, that you hath thus ill apaid?
Or doen your loue, or doen you lacke your will?
What cuer be the cause, it sure befeemes you ill.

Faire Sir, (said she halfe in disdamefull wise)
How is it, that this word in me ye blame,
And in your selfe do not the same aduise?
Him ill befeemes, anothers fault to name,

That may vnwares be blotted with the same:
 Penſiue I yeeld I am, and ſad in mind,
 Through great deſire of glory and of fame;
 Ne ought I weene are ye therein behind, (her find.
 That haue twelue moneths fought one, yet no where can

The Prince was inly moued at her ſpeech,
 Well weeting trew, what ſhe had raſhly told;
 Ye with faire ſamblaunt fought to hidē the breach,
 Wl ich chaunge of colour did perforce vnfold,
 Now ſeeming flaming whot, now ſtony cold,
 Tho turning ſoft aſide, he did inquire,
 What wight ſhe was, that Poplar braunch did hold:
 It answered was, her name was *Prayſe-deſire*,
 That by well doing fought to honour to aſpire.

The whiles, the *Faerie* knight did entertaine
 Another Damſell of that gentle crew,
 That was right faire, and modeſt of demaine,
 But that too oft ſhe chaung'd her natie hew:
 Strange was her tyre, and all her garment blew,
 Cloſe round abouther tuckt with many a plight:
 Vpon her ſitt the bird, which ſhonneth vew,
 And keepes in courtts cloſe from liuing wight,
 Did ſit, as yet aſhamd, how rude *Pan* did her dight.

So long as *Guyon* with her commoned,
 Vnto the ground ſhe caſt her modeſt eye,
 And euer and anone with roſie red
 The baſhfull bloud her ſnowy cheekes did dye,
 That her became, as poliſht yuory,
 Which cunning Craſtesman hand hath ouerlayd
 With faire vermilion or pure laſtery.
 Great wonder had the knight, to ſee the mayd
 So ſtraungely paſſioned, and to her gently ſayd,

Faire

Faire Damzell, ſeemeth, by your troubled cheare,
 That either me too bold ye weene, this wiſe
 You to moleſt, or other ill to feare
 That in the ſecret of your hart cloſe lyes,
 From whence it doth, as cloud from ſea ariſe.
 If it be I, of pardon I you pray;
 But if ought elſe that I mote not deuife,
 I will, if pleaſe you it diſcure, aſſay,
 To eaſe you of that ill, ſo wiſely as I may.

She answered nought, but more abaſht for ſhame,
 Held downe her head, the whiles her louely face
 The flaſhing bloud with bluſhing did inſhame,
 And the ſtrong paſſion mard her modeſt grace,
 That *Guyon* meruayld at her vncouth cace:
 Till *Alma* him beſpake, why wonder yee
 Faire Sir at that, which ye ſo much embrace?
 She is the fountaine of your modeſtee;
 You ſhamefalt are, but *ſhamefaſtneſſe* it ſelſe is thee.

Thereat the Elſe did bluſh in priuitee,
 And turnd his face away; but ſhe the ſame
 Diſſembled faire, and ſaynd to ouerſee.
 Thus they awhile with court and goodly game,
 Themſelues did ſolace each one with his Dame,
 Till that great Ladie thence away them ſought,
 To vew her caſtles other wondrous frame.
 Vp to a ſtately Turret ſhe them brought,
 Aſcending by ten ſteps of Alabaſter wrought.

That Turrets frame moſt admirable was,
 Like higheſt heauen compaſſed around,
 And liſted high about this earthly maſſe,
 Which it ſuruew'd, as hills doen lower ground;

X

But not on ground mote like to this be found,
 Not that, which antique *Cadmus* whylome built
 In *Thebes*, which *Alexander* did confound;
 Nor that proud towre of *Troy*, though richly guilt,
 From which young *Hectors* bloud by cruell *Greekes* was
 (spilt.

The rooffe hereof was arched ouer head,
 And deckt with flowers and herbars daintily;
 Two goodly Beacons, fet in watches stead,
 Therein gaue light, and flam'd continually:
 For they of liuing fire most subtilly
 Were made, and fet in filuer fockets bright,
 Couer'd with lids deuiz'd of substance fly,
 That readily they shut and open might.
 O who can tell the prayfes of that makers might!

Ne can I tell, ne can I stay to tell
 This parts great workmanship, & wondrous powre,
 That all this other worlds worke doth excell,
 And likeft is vnto that heauenly towre,
 That God hath built for his owne blessed bowre.
 Therein were diuerse roomes, and diuerse stages,
 But three the chiefest, and of greatest powre,
 In which there dwelt three honorable fages,
 The wifett men, I weene, that liued in their ages.

Not he, whom *Greece*, the Nourfe of all good arts,
 By *Phœbus* doome, the wifett thought aliue,
 Might be compar'd to thefe by many parts:
 Nor that fage *Pylian* fyre, which did furiuue
 Three ages, fuch as mortall men contriue,
 By whose aduife old *Priams* cittie fell,
 With thefe in praife of policie mote ftriuue.
 Thefe three in thefe three roomes did fundry dwell,
 And counfelled faire *Alma*, how to gouerne well.

The

The first of them could things to come forefee:
 The next could of things present beft aduize;
 The third things past could keepe in memorree,
 So that no time, nor reason could arize,
 But that the same could one of thefe comprize.
 For thy the first did in the forepart fit,
 That nought mote hinder his quicke preiudize:
 He had a sharpe foresight, and working wit,
 That neuer idle was, ne once could rest a whit.

His chamber was disparted all within,
 With fundry colours, in the which were writ
 Infinite shapes of things disperfed thin;
 Some fuch as in the world were neuer yit,
 Ne can deuized be of mortall wit;
 Some daily feene, and known by their names,
 Such as in idle fantasies doe fit:
 Infernall Hags, *Centaurs*, feendes, *Hippodames*,
 Apes, Lions, *Egles*, Owles, fooles, louers, children,
 (Dames.

And all the chamber filled was with flies,
 Which buzzed all about, and made fuch found,
 That they encombred all mens eares and eyes,
 Like many swarmes of Bees assembled round,
 After their hives with honny do abound:
 All those were idle thoughts and fantasies,
 Deuices, dreames, opinions vnfound,
 Shewes, visions, sooth-fayes, and prophesies;
 And all that fained is, as leasings, tales, and lies.

Amongst them all fate he, which wonned there,
 That hight *Phantasies* by his nature trew;
 A man of yeares yet fresh, as mote appere,
 Of swarth complexion, and of crabbed hew,

X 2

That him full of melancholy did shew;
 Bent hollow beetle browes, sharpe staring eyes,
 That mad or foolish seemd: one by his view
 More deeme him borne with ill disposed skyes,
 When oblique *Saturne* fate in the house of agonyes.

Whom *Alma* hauing shewed to her guesstes,
 Thence brought the to the second roome, whose wals
 Were painted faire with memorable gesses,
 Of famous Wifards, and with picturals
 Of Magistrates, of courts, of tribunals,
 Of commen wealthes, of states, of pollicy,
 Of lawes, of iudgements, and of decretals;
 All artes, all science, all Philofophy,
 And all that in the world was aye thought wittily.

Of those that roome was full, and them among
 There fate a man of ripe and perfect age,
 Who did them meditate all his life long,
 That through continuall practise and vsage,
 He now was growne right wife, and wondrous sage.
 Great pleasure had those stranger knights, to see
 His goodly reason, and graue peronage,
 That his disciples both desir'd to see;
 But *Alma* thence the led to th' hindmost roome of three.

That chamber seemed ruinous and old,
 And therefore was remoued farre behind,
 Yet were the wals, that did the same vphold,
 Right firme & strong, though somewhat they declind;
 And therein fate an old oldman, halfe blind,
 And all decrepit in his feeble corse,
 Yet liuely vigour rested in his mind,
 And recompent him with a better corse:
 Weake body well is chang'd for minds redoubled forse.

This

This man of infinite remembrance was,
 And things foregone through many ages held,
 Which he recorded still, as they did pas,
 Ne suffred them to perish through long eld,
 As all things else, the which this world doth weld,
 But laid them vp in his immortall scrine,
 Where they for euer incorrupted dwell:
 The warres he well remembered of king *Nine*,
 Of old *Affracus*, and *Inachus* diuine.

The yeares of *Nesfor* nothing were to his,
 Neyet *Mathusalem*, though longest liu'd;
 For he remembered both their infancies:
 Ne wonder then, if that he were depriv'd
 Of natue strength now, that he them suruin'd.
 His chamber all was hangd about with rolles,
 And old records from auncient times deriu'd,
 Some made in books, some in long parchment scrolles,
 That were all worne-eaten, and full of canker holes.

Amidst them all he in a chaire was set,
 Tossing and turning them withouten end;
 But for he was vnhabie them to set,
 A litle boy did on him still attend,
 To reach, when euer he for ought did fend;
 And oft when things were lost, or laid amis,
 That boy them sought, and vnto him did lend.
 Therefore he *Anamnestes* cleped is,
 And that old man *Eumnestes*, by their propriets.

The knights there entring, did him reuerence dew
 And wondred at his endlesse exercise,
 Then as they gan his Librarie to view,
 And antique Registers for to auise,

X 3

There chaunced to the Princes hand to rize,
 An auncient booke, hight *Briton monuments*,
 That of this lands first conquest did deuize,
 And old diuision into Regiments,
 Till it reduced was to one mans gouernments.

Sir *Guyon* chaunft eke on another booke,
 That hight *Antiquitie* of *Faerie lond*.
 In which when as he greedily did looke;
 Th'off-spring of Elues and Faries there he fond,
 As it deliuered was from hond to hond:
 Whereat they burning both with feruent fire,
 Their countries auncestry to vnderfond,
 Crau'd leaue of *Alma*, and that aged fire,
 To read those bookes; who gladly graunted their desire.

CANT.

*Cant. X.*

A chronicle of Briton kings,
 from Brute to P'ibers raigne.
 And rolles of Elfin Emperours,
 till time of *Gloriane*.

VV Ho now shall giue vnto me words and sound,
 Equall vnto this haughtie enterprife?
 Or who shall lend me wings, with which from
 My lowly verse may loftily arise, (ground
 And lift it selfe vnto the highest skies?
 More ample spirit, then hitherto was wount,
 Here needes me, whiles the famous auncestries
 Of my most dreaded Soueraigne I recount,
 By which all earthly Princes she doth farre surmount.

Ne vnder Sunne, that shines so wide and faire,
 Whence all that liues, does borrow life and light,
 Liues ought, that to her linage may compare,
 Which though from earth it be deriued right,
 Yet doth it selfe stretch forth to heauens hight,
 And all the world with wonder ouerspred;
 A labour huge, exceeding farre my might:
 How shall fraile pen, with feare disparaged,
 Conceiue such soueraigne glory, and great bountihed?

Argument worthy of *Mæonian* quill,
 Or rather worthy of great *Phæbus* rote,
 Whereon the ruines of great *Ossa* hill,
 And triumphes of *Phlegraan Ioue* he wrote,

X 4

That all the Gods admird his loftie note.
 But if some reliſh of that heauenly lay
 His learned daughters would to me report,
 To decke my ſong withall, I would aſſay,
 Thy name, ô ſoueraine Queene, to blazon farre away.

Thy name ô ſoueraine Queene, thy realme and race,
 From this renowned Prince deriued aſſay,
 Whom mightily vpheld that royall marce,
 Which now thou beaſt, to thee deſcended farre
 From mightie kings and conquerours in warre,
 Thy fathers and great Grandfathers of old,
 Whoſe noble deedes about the Northerne ſtarre
 Immortall fame for euer hath enrolld;
 As in that old mans booke they were in order told.

The land, which warlike Britons now poſſeſſe,
 And therein haue their mightie empire rayſd,
 In antique times was ſaluage wilderneſſe,
 Vnpeopled, vnmanurd, vnprou'd, vnprayſd,
 Ne was it Iſland then, ne was it payſd
 Amid the *Ocean* waues, ne was it fought
 Of marchants farre, for profits therein prayſd,
 But was all deſolate, and of ſome thought
 By ſea to haue bene frõ the *Celiſike* mayn-land brought.

Ne did it then deſerue a name to haue,
 Till that the venturous Mariner that way
 Learning his ſhip from thoſe white rocks to ſaue,
 Which all along the Southerne ſea-coaſt lay,
 Threatning vnheedie wrecke and raſh decay,
 For ſafeties ſake that fame his ſea-marke made,
 And namd it *Albion*. But later day
 Finding in it fit ports for fiſhers trade,
 Can more the ſame frequent, and further to inuade.

But

But farre in land a ſaluage nation dwelt,
 Of hideous Giants, and halfe beaſtly men,
 That neuer taſted grace, nor goodneſſe felt,
 But like wild beaſts lurking in loathſome den,
 And flying faſt as Roebucke through the fen,
 All naked without ſhame, or care of cold,
 By hunting and by ſpoiling liued then;
 Of ſtature huge, and eke of courage bold,
 That ſonnes of men amazd their ſternneſſe to behold.

But whence they ſprong, or how they were begot,
 Vneath is to aſſure; vneath to wene
 That monſtrous error, which doth ſome aſſor,
 That *Dioleſians* ſittie daughters ſhene
 Into this land by chaunce haue driuen bene,
 Where companing with ſeends and filthy Sprights,
 Through vaine illuſion of their luſt vnclene,
 They brought forth Giants and ſuch dreadfull wights,
 As farre exceeded men in their immeaſurd might.

They held this land, and with their filthineſſe
 Polluted this ſame gentle ſoyle long time:
 That their owne mother loathd their beaſtlineſſe,
 And gan abhorre her broods vnkind crime,
 All were they borne of her owne nature ſlime;
 Vntill that *Brutus* anciently deriud
 From royall ſtocke of old *Aſſaros* line,
 Driuen by fatall error, here arriu'd,
 And them of their vniuſt poſſeſſion depriu'd.

But ere he had eſtabliſhed his throne,
 And ſpred his empire to the vtmoſt ſhore,
 He fought great battels with his ſaluage ſone;
 In which he them deſeared cuermore.

And many Giants left on growing flore;
That well can witnesse yet vnto this day
The westerne Hogh, besprinkled with the gore
Of mightie *Goëmot*, whom in stout fray
Corineus conquered, and cruelly did slay.

And eke that ample Pit, yet farre renownd,
For the large leape, which *Debon* did compell
Coulin to make, being eight lugs of grownd;
Into the which returning backe, he fell,
But those three monstrous stones doe most excell
Which that huge sonne of hideous *Albion*,
Whose father *Hercules* in Fraunce did quell,
Great *Godmer* threw, in fierce contention,
At bold *Canutus*; but of him was slaine anon.

In meed of these great conquests by them got,
Corineus had that Prouince vtmost west,
To him assigned for his worthy lot,
Which of his name and memorable gest
He called *Corneuaille*, yet so called best:
And *Debons* shayre was, that is *Deuonshyre*:
But *Canute* had his portion from the rest,
The which he cald *Canntium*, for his hyre;
Now *Cantium*, which Kent we commonly inquire.

Thus *Brute* this Realme vnto his rule subdewd,
And raigned long in great felicitie,
Lou'd of his friends, and of his foes eschewd,
He left three sonnes, his famous progeny,
Borne of faire *Inogene* of *Italy*;
Mongst whom he parted his imperiall state,
And *Lochrine* left chiefe Lord of *Britany*.
At last ripe age bad him surrender late
His life, and long good fortune vnto finall fate.

Lochrine

Lochrine was left the foueraine Lord of all;
But *Albanact* had all the Northrene part,
Which of him selfe *Albania* he did call;
And *Camber* did possesse the Westerne quart,
Which *Seuerne* now from *Logriu* doth depart:
And each his portion peaceably enioyd,
Ne was there outward breach, nor grudge in hart,
That once their quiet government annoyd,
But each his paines to others profit full employd.

Vntill a nation straung, with visage swart,
And courage fierce, that all men did affray,
Which through the world the swarmd in euery part,
And ouerflow'd all countries farre away,
Like *Noyes* great flood, with their importune sway,
This land inuaded with like violence,
And did themselues through all the North display:
Vntill that *Lochrine* for his Realmes defence,
Did head against them make, and strong munificence.

He them encountred, a confused rout,
Foreby the Riuer, that whylome was hight
The auncient *Abus*, where with courage stout
He them defeated in victorious fight,
And chaste so fiercely after fearefull flight,
That forst their Chieftaine, for his safeties sake,
(Their Chieftaine *Humber* named was right)
Vnto the mightie streame him to betake,
Where he an end of battell, and of life did make.

The king returned proud of victorie,
And insolent wox through vnwonted ease,
That shortly he forgot the ieopardie,
Which in his land he lately did appease,

And fell to vaine voluptuous disease:
 He lou'd faire Ladie *Efrild*, lewdly lou'd,
 Whose wanton pleasures him too much did please,
 That quite his hart from *Guendolene* remou'd,
 Fro' *Guendolene* his wife, though alwaies faithfull proud.

The noble daughter of *Corineus*
 Would not endure to be so vile disdaind,
 But gathering force, and courage valorous,
 Encountred him in battell well ordaind,
 In which him vanquisht she to fly constraind:
 But she so fast pursu'd, that him she tooke,
 And threw in bands, where he till death remaind;
 Als his faire Lemman, flying through a brooke,
 She ouerhent, nought moued with her piteous looke.

But both her selfe, and eke her daughter deare,
 Begotten by her kingly Paramoure,
 The faire *Sabrina* almost dead with feare,
 She there attached, farre from all succoure;
 The one she slew in that impatient stoure,
 But the sad virgin innocent of all,
 Adowne the rolling riuer she did poure,
 Which of her name now *Seuerne* men do call:
 Such was the end, that to disloyall loue did fall.

Then for her sonne, which she to *Locvin* bore,
Madan was young, vnmeet the rule of sway,
 In her owne hand the crowne she kept in store,
 Till typer yeares he raught, and stronger stay:
 During which time her powre she did display
 Through all this realme, the glorie of her sex,
 And first taught men a woman to obey:
 But when her sonne to mans estate did wex,
 She it surrendred, ne her selfe would longer vex.

The

The *Madan* raignd, vnworthy of his race:
 For with all thanie that sacred throne he filld:
 Next *Memprise*, as vnworthy of that place,
 In which being comforted with *Manild*,
 For thirst of single kingdome him he killd.
 But *Ebranck* salued both their infamies
 With noble deedes, and warreyd on *Brunchild*
 In *Henault*, where yet of his victories
 Braue monuments remaine, which yet that land enuies.

An happie man in his first dayes he was,
 And happie father of faire progeny:
 For all so many weekes as the yeare has,
 So many children he did multiply;
 Of which were twentie sonnes, which did apply,
 Their minds to praise, and cheualrous desire:
 Those germans did subdew all Germany,
 Of whom it hight; but in the end their Sire
 With foule repulse from Fraunce was forced to retire.

Which blot his sonne succeeding in his feat,
 The second *Brute*, the second both in name,
 And eke in semblance of his puissance great,
 Right well recur'd, and did away that blame
 With recompence of euerlasting fame.
 He with his victour sword first opened,
 The bowels of wide Fraunce, a forlorne Dame,
 And taught her first how to be conquered; (ked.
 Since which, with fundrie spoiles she hath beene ranfac-

Let *Scaldis* tell, and let tell *Hania*,
 And let the marsh of *Espham* bruzes tell,
 What colour were their waters that same day,
 And all the moore twixt *Eluersham* and *Dell*,

With bloud of *Henlois*, which therein fell.
How oft that day did sad *Brunihildis* see
The Greene shield dyde in dolorous vermell?
That not *Scuith quiridh* it more seeme to bee.
But rather y *Scuith gog b*, signe of sad crueltie.

His sonne king *Leill* by fathers labour long,
Enioyd an heritage of lasting peace;
And built *Cairleill*, and built *Cairleon* strong,
Next *Huddibras* his realme did not encrease,
But taught the land from wearie warres to cease.
Whose footsteps *Bladud* following, in arts
Excell at *Athens* all the learned peace,
From whence he brought them to the seruage parts,
And with sweet science mollifide their stubborne harts.

Ensample of his wondrous faculty,
Behold the boyling Batties at *Cairhadon*,
Which seeth with secret fire eternally,
And in their entrails, full of quicke Brimston,
Nourish the flames, which they are warm'd vpon,
That to her people wealth they forth do well,
And health to euery forreine nation:
Yet he at last contending to excell
The reach of men, through flight into fond mischief fell.

Next him king *Leyr* in happie peace long rained,
But had no issue male him to succeed,
But three faire daughters, which were well vptrained,
In all that seemed fit for kingly seed:
Mongst whom his realme he equally decreed
To haue diuided. Tho when feeble age
Nigh to his utmost date he saw proceed,
He cald his daughters; and with speeches sage
Inquyr'd, which of them most did loue her parentage.

The

The eldest *Gonorill* gan to protest,
That she much more then her owne life him lou'd:
And *Regan* greater loue to him profest,
Then all the world, when euer it were prou'd;
But *Cordeill* said she lou'd him, as behou'd:
Whose simple answere, wanting colours faire
To paint it forth, him to displeasance mou'd,
That in his crowne he counted her no haire, (shaire.
But twixt the other twaine his kingdom whole did

So wedded th'one to *Maglan* king of Scots,
And th'other to the king of *Cambria*,
And twixt them shayrd his realme by equall lots:
But without dowre the wife *Cordeilia*,
Was sent to *Aganip* of *Celtica*.
Their aged Syre, thus easd of his crowne,
A priuate life led in *Albania*,
With *Gonorill*, long had in great renoune, (downe.
That nought him grieu'd to bene from rule depofed

But true it is, that when the oyle is spent,
The light goes out, and weeke is throwne away;
So when he had resign'd his regiment,
His daughter gan despise his drouping day,
And wearie waxe of his continuall stay.
Tho to his daughter *Rigan* he repayrd,
Who him at first well vied euery way;
But when of his departure she depayrd,
Her bountie she abated, and his cheare empayrd.

The wretched man gan then auise too late,
That loue is not, where most it is profest,
Too truly tryde in his extreamest state;
At last resolu'd likewise to proue the rest.

He to *Cordelia* him selfe address,
 Who with entire affection him receau'd,
 As for her Syre and king her seem'd best;
 And after all an army strong she leau'd,
 To war on those, which him had of his realme bereau'd.

So to his crowne she him restor'd againe,
 In which he dyde, made ripe for death by eld,
 And after wild, it should to her remaine:
 Who peaceably the same long time did weld:
 And all mens harts in dew obedience held:
 Till that her sisters children, woxen strong
 Through proud ambition, against her rebeld,
 And ouercommen kept in prison long,
 Till wearie of that wretched life, her selfe she hong.

Then gan the bloudie brethren both to raine:
 But fierce *Candah* gan shortly to enuie
 His brother *Morgan*, prickt with proud disdainie,
 To haue a pere in part of foueraintie,
 And kindling coles of cruell enmitie,
 Rauid warre, and him in battell ouerthrew:
 Whence as he to those wooddie hills did flie,
 Which hight of him *Glamorgan*, there him slew:
 Then did he raigne alone, when he none equall knew.

His sonne *Rinaldo* his dead roome did supply,
 In whose sad time bloud did from heauen raine:
 Next great *Gurgustus*, then faire *Cecily*
 In constant peace their kingdomes did containe,
 After whom *Lago*, and *Kimmarke* did raine,
 And *Gorbogud*, till farre in yeares he grew:
 Till his ambitious sonnes vnto them twaine,
 Atrought the rule, and from their father drew,
 Stout *Ferrex* and sterne *Porrex* him in prison threw.

But :

But ô, the greedy thirst of royall Crowne,
 That knowes no kinred, nor regardes no right,
 Stird *Porrex* vp to put his brother downe;
 Who vnto him assembling forreine might,
 Made warre on him, and fell him selfe in fight:
 Whose death rauenge, his mother mercilesse,
 Most mercilesse of women, *Vfyden* hight,
 Her other sonne fast sleeping did oppresse,
 And with most cruell hand him murdred pittilesse.

Here ended *Brutus* sacred progenie,
 Which had seven hundred yeares this scepter borne,
 With high renowme, and great felicitie?
 The noble braunch from th antique stocke was torne
 Through discord, and the royall throne forlorne:
 Thenceforth this Realme was into factions rent,
 Whilest each of *Brutus* boasted to be borne,
 That in the end was left no moniment
 Of *Brutus*, nor of Britons glory auncient.

Then vp arose a man of matchlesse might,
 And wondrous wit to menage high affaires,
 Who stird vp pittie of the stressed plight
 Of this sad Realme, cut into sundry shaires
 By such, as claymd themselues *Brutes* rightfull haire,
 Gathered the Princes of the people loose,
 To taken counsell of their common cares;
 Who with his wisdom won, him streight did choofe,
 Their king, and swore him fealty to win or loofe.

Then made he head against his enimies,
 And *Ymner* slew, or *Logris* miscreate;
 Then *Raddoc* and proud *Stater*, both allies,
 This of *Albanie* newly nominate,
 Y

And that of *Cambry* king confirmed late,
 He ouerthrew through his owne valiaunce;
 Whose countreis he redus'd to quiet state,
 And shortly brought to ciuill gouernaunce,
 Now one, which earst were many, made through vari-
 (aunce).

Then made he sacred lawes, which some men say
 Were vnto him reucaled in vision,
 By which he freed the Traueilers high way,
 The Churches part, and Ploughmans portion,
 Restraining stealth, and strong extortion;
 The gracious *Numa* of great *Britanie*:
 For till his dayes, the chiefe dominion
 By strength was wielded without pollicie;
 Therefore he first wore crowne of gold for dignitie.

Downallo dyde (for what may liue for ay?)
 And left two sonnes, of pearlelesse prowesse both;
 That sacked *Rome* too dearly did assay,
 The recompence of their periured oth,
 And ranfackt *Greece* well tryde, whē they were wroth;
 Besides subiected *Fraunce*, and *Germany*,
 Which yet their prayes speake, all be they loth,
 And inly tremble at the memory
 Of *Breanus* and *Bellinus*, kings of *Britany*.

Next them did *Gurgunt*, great *Bellinus* sonne
 In rule succede, and eke in fathers prayse;
 He Easterland subdewd, and *Danmarke* wonne,
 And of them both did foy and tribute raise,
 The which was dew in his dead fathers dayes:
 He also gaue to fugitiues of *Spayne*,
 Whom he at sea found wandring from their wayes,
 A feate in *Ireland* safely to remayne,
 Which they should hold of him, as subiect to *Britayne*.

After

After him raigned *Guitheline* his hayre,
 The iustest man and trewest in his dayes,
 Who had to wife Dame *Mertia* the fayre,
 A woman worthy of immortal prayse,
 Which for this Realme found many goodly layes,
 And wholesome Statutes to her husband brought;
 Her many deemd to haue bene of the *Fayes*,
 As was *Agerie*, that *Numa* taught;
 Those yet of her be *Mertia* lawes both nam'd & thought.

Her sonnes *Sifillus* after her did rayne,
 And then *Kimarus*, and then *Danius*;
 Next whom *Morindus* did the crowne sustaine,
 Who, had he not with wrath outrageous,
 And cruell rancour dim'd his valorous
 And mightie deeds, should matched haue the best:
 As well in that same field victorious
 Against the forreine *Morands* he exprest;
 Yet liues his memorie, though carcas sleepe in rest.

Five sonne he left begotten of one wife,
 All which successiuelly by turnes did rayne;
 First *Gorboman* a man of vertuous life;
 Next *Archigald*, who for his proud disdain,
 Deposed was from Princesdome soueraine,
 And pitteous *Elidure* put in his sted;
 Who shortly it to him restord againe,
 Till by his death he it recouered;
 But *Peridure* and *Vigent* him dithronized.

In wretched prison long he did remaine,
 Till they outraigned had their vtmost date,
 And then therein resealed was againe,
 And ruled long with honorable state,

Y 2

Till he surrendred Realme and life to fate.
Then all the sonnes of these fiue brethren raynd
By dew successe, and all their Nephewes late,
Euen thrise eleuen descents the crowne retaynd,
Till aged *Hely* by dew heritage it gaynd.

He had two sonnes, whose eldest called *Lud*
Left of his life most famous memory,
And endlesse monuments of his great good:
The ruin'd wals he did reedifye
Of *Troynnant*, gainst force of enimy,
And built that gate, which of his name is hight,
By which he lyes entombd solemnly.
He left two sonnes, too young to rule aright,
Androgeus and *Tenantius*, pictures of his might.

Whilst they were young, *Casibalane* their Eme
Was by the people chofen in their sted,
Who on him took the royall Diademe,
And goodly well long time it gouerned,
Till the prowde *Romanes* him disquieged,
And warlike *Cesar*, temptd with the name
Of this sweet Island, neuer conquered,
And enuyng the Britons blazed fame,
(O hideous hunger of dominion) hither came.

Yet twise they were repulsd backe againe,
And twise resfort, backe to their ships to fly,
The whites with bloud they all the shore did staine.
And the gray *Ocean* into purple dy:
Ne had they footing found at last perdie,
Had not *Androgeus*, false to natue foyle,
And enuions of Vnclcs foueraintie,
Betrayd his contrey vnto forreine spoyle:
Nought else, but treason, from the first this lad did foyle.
So

So by him *Cesar* got the victory,
Through great bloushed, and many a sad assay,
In which him selfe was charged heauily
Of hardy *Newnius*, whom he yet did slay,
But lost his sword, yet to be scene this day.
Thenceforth this land was tributarie made
Tambitious *Rome*, and did their rule obey,
Till *Arthur* all that reckoning did defray;
Yet of the Briton kings against them strongly swayd.

Next him *Tenantius* raignd, then *Kimbeline*,
What time th'eternall Lord in fleshy slime
Enwombd was, from wretched *Adams* line
To purge away the guilt of finfull crime:
O ioyous memorie of happytime,
That heavenly grace so plenteously displayd;
(O too high ditty for my simple rime.)
Soone after this the *Romanes* him wrrayd;
For that their tribute he refusd to let be payd.

Good *Claudius*, that next was Emperour,
An army brought, and with him battell fought,
In which the king was by a Treachetour
Disguised slaine, ere any thereof thought:
Yet ceased not the bloody fight for ought;
For *Arvirage* his brothers place supplide,
Both in armes, and crowne, and by that draught
Did driue the *Romanes* to the weaker side,
That they to peace agreed. So all was pacifide.

Was neuer king more highly magnifide,
Nor dred of *Romanes*, then was *Arvirage*,
For which the Emperour to him allide
His daughter *Genuiſſ* in marriage:
Y 3

Yet shortly he renounst the vassalage
Of *Rome* againe, who hither hastily sent
Vespasian, that with great spoile and rage
Forwasted all, till *Gemissa* sent
Perfwaded him to cease, and her Lord to relent.

He dyde; and him succeeded *Marius*,
Who ioyd his dayes in great tranquillity,
Then *Coyll*, and after him good *Lucius*,
That first receiued Christianitie,
The sacred pledge of Christs Euangely:
Yet true it is, that long before that day
Hither came *Ioseph of Arimatby*,
Who brought with him the holy grayle, (they say)
And preacht the truth, but since it greatly did decay.

This good king shortly without issew dide,
Whereof great trouble in the kingdome grew,
That did her selfe in sundry parts diuide,
And with her powre her owne selfe ouerthrew,
Whilest *Romanes* dayly did the weakc subdew:
Which seeing stout *Bunduca*, vp arose,
And taking armes, the *Britons* to her drew;
With whom she marched streight against her foes,
And them vnwares besides the *Seuerne* did enclose.

There she with them a cruell battell tride,
Not with so good successe, as she deseru'd;
By reason that the Captaines on her side,
Corrupted by *Paulinus*, from her sweru'd:
Yet such, as were through former sight perseru'd,
Gathering againe, her Host she did renew,
And with fresh courage on the victour seru'd:
But being all defeated, saue a few,
Rather then fly, or be captiu'd her selfe she flew.

O

O famous monument of women's prayse,
Matchable either to *Semiramis*,
Whom antique history so high doth raise,
Or to *Hypphit* or to *Thomiris*:
Her Host two hundred thousand numbred is;
Who whiles good fortune fauoured her might,
Triumphed oft against her enimis;
And yet though ouercome in haplesse fight,
She triumphed on death, in enemies despight.

Her reliques *Fulgent* hauing gathered,
Fought with *Seuerus*, and him ouerthrew;
Yet in the chace was slaine of them, that fled:
So made them victours, whom he did subdew.
Then gan *Carauinus* tyrannize anew,
And gainst the *Romanes* bent their proper powre,
But him *Allectus* treacherously slew,
And tooke on him the robe of Emperoure:
Nath'lesse the same enjoyed but short happy howre:

For *Asclepiodote* him ouercame,
And left inglorious on the vanquisht playne,
Without or robe, or rag, to hide his shame.
Then afterwards he in his stead did rayne;
But shortly was by *Coyll* in battell slaine:
Who after long debate, since *Lucies* time,
Was of the *Britons* first crownd Soueraine:
Then gan this Realme renewe her passed prime:
He of his name *Coylehester* built of stone and lime.

Which when the *Romanes* heard, they hither sent
Constantius, a man of mickle might,
With whom king *Coyll* made an agreement,
And to him gaue for wife his daughter bright,

Y 4

Faire *Helena*, the fairest liuing wight;
 Who in all godly thewes, and goodly prayfe
 Did far excell, but was most famous hight
 For skill in Musicke of all in her dayes,
 Aswell in curious instruments, as cunning layes.

Of whom he did great *Constantine* beget,
 Who afterward was Emperour of *Rome*;
 To which whiles absent he his mind did fet,
Offianus here lept into his roome,
 And it vsurped by vnrighteous doome:
 But he his title iustifide by might,
 Slaying *Traberne*, and hauing ouercome
 The *Romane* legion in dreadfull fight:
 So fettled he his kingdome, and confirmed his right.

But wanting issfew male, his daughter deare,
 He gaue in wedlocke to *Maximian*,
 And him with her made of his kingdome heyre,
 Who soone by meanes thereof of the Empire wan,
 Till murdered by the friends of *Gratian*;
 Then gan the Hunnes and Picts inuade this land,
 During the raigne of *Maximinian*;
 Who dying left none heire them to withstand,
 But that they ouerran all parts with ease hand.

The weary *Britons*, whose war-hable youth
 Was by *Maximian* lately led away,
 With wretched miseries, and woefull ruth,
 Were to those Pagans made an open pray,
 And dayly spectacle of sad decay: (yeares,
 Whom *Romane* warres, which now foure hundred
 And more had wasted, could no whit dismay;
 Till by consent of Commons and of Peeres,
 They crownd the second *Constantine* with ioyous teares,
 Who

Who hauing oft in battell vanquished
 Those spoilefull Picts, and swarming Easterlings,
 Long time in peace his Realme established,
 Yet oft annoyd with fundry bordragings
 Of neighbour Scots, and forrein Scatterlings,
 With which the world did in those dayes abound:
 Which to outbarre, with painefull pyonings
 From sea to sea he heapt a mightie mound,
 Which from *Alclud* to *Panwell* did that border bound.

Three sonnes he dying left, all vnder age;
 By meanes whereof, their vncke *Portigere*
 Vsurt the crowne, during their pupillage;
 Which th' Infants tutors gathering to feare,
 Them closely into *Armorick* did beare:
 For dread of whom, and for those Picts annoyes,
 He sent to *Germanie*, strange aid to reare,
 From whence est' soones arriued here three hoyes
 Of *Saxons*, whom he for his safetie employes.

Two brethren were their Captains, which hight
Hengist and *Horsus*, well approu'd in warre,
 And both of them men of renowned might;
 Who making vantage of their ciuill tarre,
 And of those forreiners, which came from farre,
 Grew great, and got large portions of land,
 That in the Realme ere long they stronger arre,
 Then they which fought at first their helping hand,
 And *Portiger* enforst the kingdome to aband.

But by the helpe of *Portimere* his sonne,
 He is againe vnto his rule restord,
 And *Hengist* seeming sad, for that was donne,
 Receiued is to grace and new accord.

Through his faire daughters face, & flattering word;
 Soone after which, three hundred Lordes he flew
 Of British blood, all sitting at his bord;
 Whose dolefull moniments who list to rew,
 Th'eternall markes of treason may at *Stonheng* vew.

By this the sonnes of *Constantine*, which fled,
Ambrise and *Vther* did ripe yeares attaine,
 And here arriuing, strongly challenged
 The crowne, which *Portiger* did long detain:
 Who flying from his guilt, by them was slaine.
 And *Hengist* eke soone brought to shamefull death.
 Thenceforth *Aurelius* peaceably did rayne,
 Till that through poyson stopped was his breath;
 So now entombed lyes at *Stonheng* by the heath.

After him *Vther*, which *Pendragon* hight,
 Succeeding There abruptly it did end,
 Without full point, or other Cesure right,
 As if the rest some wicked hand did rend,
 Or th' Authour selfe could not at least attend
 To finish it: that so vntimely breach
 The Prince him selfe halfe seemeth to offend,
 Yet secreet pleasure did offence empeach,
 And wonder of antiquitie long stopt his speach.

At last quite raiuisht with delight, to heare
 The royall Offspring of his natue land,
 Cryde out, Deare countrey, o how dearely deare
 Ought thy remembrance, and perpetuall band
 Be to thy foster Childe, that from thy hand
 Did commun breath and nouriture receaue?
 How brutish is it not to vnderstand,
 How much to her we owe, that all vs gaue,
 That gaue vnto vs all, what euer good we haue.

But

But *Guyon* all this while his booke did read,
 Ne yet has ended: for it was a great
 And ample volume, that doth far exceed
 My leasure, so long leaues here to repeat:
 Ie told, how first *Promethus* did create
 A man, of many partes from beasts deriued
 And then stole fire from heauen, to animate
 His worke, for which he was by *Ioue* depriv'd
 Of life him selfe, and hart-strings of an *Egle* riu'd.

That man so made, he called *Elfe*, to weer
 Quick, the first authour of all Elfin kind:
 Who wandring through the world with wearie feet,
 Did in the gardins of *Adonis* find
 A goodly creature, whom he deem'd in mind
 To be no earthly wight, but either Spright,
 Or Angell, th' authour of all woman kind;
 Therefore a *Fay* he her according hight,
 Of whom all *Faeryes* spring; and fetch their lignage right.

Of these a mightie people shortly grew,
 And puissant kings, which all the world warrayd,
 And to them selues all Nations did subwead:
 The first and eldest, which that scepter swayd,
 Was *Elfen*; him all *India* obeyd,
 And all that now *America* men call:
 Next him was noble *Elfinan*, who layd
Cleopolis foundation first of all:
 But *Elfsine* enclosed it with a golden wall.

His sonne was *Elfinell*, who ouercame
 The wicked *Gobbelines* in bloody field:
 But *Elfant* was of most renowned fame,
 Who all of Christall did *Panthea* build:

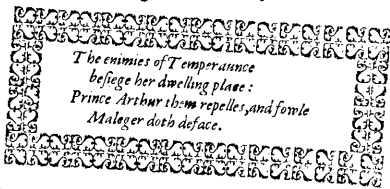
Then *Elfar*, who two brethren gyants kild,
 The one of which had two heads, th' other three:
 Then *Elfinor*, who was in Magicke skill;
 He built by art vpon the glassy See (bee
 A bridge of bras, whose found heaues thunder seem'd to

He left three sonnes, the which in order raynd,
 And all their Offspring, in their dew descents,
 Euen seuen hundred Princes, which maintaynd
 With mightie deedes their sundry governments;
 That were too long their infinite contents
 Here to record, ne much materiall:
 Yet should they be most famous monuments,
 And braue ensample, both of martiall,
 And ciuill rule to kings and states imperiall.

After all these *Elficles* did rayne,
 The wife *Elficles* in great Maestic,
 Who mightily that scepter did sustayne,
 And with rich spoiles and famous victorie,
 Did high aduance the crowne of *Faery*:
 He left two sonnes, of which faire *Elferon*
 The eldest brother did vntimely dy;
 Whose emptie place the mightie *Oberon*
 Doubly supplide, in spoufall, and dominion.

Great was his power and glorie ouer all,
 Which him before, that sacred seate did fill,
 That yet remains his wide memoriall:
 He dying left the fairest *Tanaquill*,
 Him to succcede therein, by his last will:
 Fairer and nobler liueth none this howre,
 Ne like in grace, ne like in learned skill;
 Therefore they *Glorian* call that glorious flowre,
 Long mayst thou *Glorian* liue, in glory and great powre.
 Beguild

Beguild thus with delight of nouelties,
 And naturall desire of countreys state,
 So long they red in those antiquities,
 That how the time was fled, they quite forgate,
 Till gentle *Alma* seeing it so late,
 Perforce their studies broke, and them besought
 To thinke, how supper did them long auaite.
 So halfe vnwilling from their bookes them brought,
 And fairely feasted, as so nobles knights the ought.

Cant. XI.

What warre so cruell, or what siege so fore,
 As that, which strong affections do apply
 Against the fort of reason euermore
 To bring the soule into captiuitie:
 Their force is fiercer through infirmities
 Of the fraile flesh, relenting to their rage,
 And exercise most bitter tyranny
 Vpon the parts, brought into their bondage:
 No wretchednesse is like to sinful vellenage.

But in a body, which doth freely yeeld
 His partes to reasons rule obedient,
 And letteth her that ought the scepter weeld,
 All happy peace and goodly government

Is fetled there in sure establishment;
 There *Alma* like a virgin Queene most bright,
 Doth flourish in all beautie excellent:
 And to her guesstes doth bounteous banquet dight,
 Attempted goodly well for health and delight.

Early before the Morne with cremosin ray,
 The windowes of bright heauen opened had,
 Through which into the world the dawning day
 Might looke, that maketh euery creature glad,
 Vproue Sir *Guyon*, in bright armour clad,
 And to his purpos'd journey him prepar'd:
 With him the Palmer eke in habit sad,
 Him selfe address't to that aduenture hard:
 So to the riuers side they both together far'd.

Where them awaited ready at the ford
 The *Ferriman*, as *Alma* had bechight,
 With his well rigged boate: They go aboard,
 And estfoones gan launch his barke forthright.
 Ere long they rowed were quite out of sight,
 And fast the land behind them fled away.
 But let them pas, whiles wind and weather right
 Do serue their turnes: here I a while must stay,
 To see a cruell fight doen by the Prince this day.

For all so soone, as *Guyon* thence was gon
 Vpon his voyage with his trustie guide,
 That wicked band of villeins fresh begon
 That castle to assaile on euery side,
 And lay strong siege about it far and wide.
 So huge and infinite their numbers were,
 That all the land they vnder them did hide;
 So fowle and vgly, that exceeding feare
 Their visages imprest, when they approached neare.

Them

Them in twelue troupes their Captain did dispart
 And round about in fittest steades did dispart,
 Where each might best offend his proper part,
 And his contrary obiect most deface,
 As euery one seem'd meetest in that case.
 Seuen of the same against the Castle gate,
 In strong entrenchments he did closely place,
 Which with incessant force and endlesse hate,
 They battred day and night, and entraunce did awate.

The other five, five sundry wayes he set,
 Against the five great Bulwarke of that pile.
 And vnto each a Bulwarke did arret,
 Tassayle with open force or hidden guile,
 In hope thereof to win victorious spoile.
 They all that charge did feruently apply,
 With greedie malice and importune toyle,
 And planted there their huge artillery,
 With which they dayly made most dreadfull battery.

The first troupe was a monstrous rabblement
 Offowle mishapen wights, of which some were
 Headed like Owles, with becke vncomely bent,
 Others like Dogs, others like Gryphons dreare,
 And some had wings, and some had clawes to teare,
 And euery one of them had Lynces eyes,
 And euery one did bow and arrowes beare:
 All those were lawlesse lustes, corrupt enuies,
 And couetous appettes, all cruell enemies.

Those same against the bulwarke of the *Sight*
 Did lay strong siege, and battailous assault,
 Ne once did yield it respit day nor night,
 But soone as *Titan* gan his head exault,

And soone againe as he his light with hault,
 Their wicked engins they against it bent:
 That is eachthing, by which the eyes may fault,
 But two then all more huge and violent,
 Beautie, and money, they that Bulwarke forely rent.

The second Bulwarke was the *Hearing* fence,
 Gainst which the second troupe designment makes;
 Deformed creatures, in strange difference,
 Some hauing heads like Harts, some like to Snakes,
 Some like wild Bores late roud out of the brakes;
 Slaunderous reproches, and fowle infamies,
 Leafings, backbytings, and vaine-glorious crakes,
 Bad counsels, prayes, and false flatteries.
 All those against that fort did bend their batteries.

Likewise that same third Fort, that is the *Smell*
 Of that third troupe was cruelly assayd:
 Whose hideous shapcs were like to feends of hell,
 Some like to hounds, some like to Apes, dissemayd,
 Some like to Puttockes, all in plumes arayd:
 All shap't according their conditions,
 For by those vgly formes weren pourtrayd,
 Foolish delights and fond abusions,
 Which do that fence besiege with light illusions.

And that fourth band, which cruel battry bent,
 Against the fourth Bulwarke, that is the *Tast*,
 Was as the rest, a grylic rablement,
 Some mounth'd like greedy Oystresses, some fast
 Like loathly Toades, some fashioned in the wast
 Like svine; for so deformed is luxury,
 Surfeat, misdiet, and vnthrifitie wast,
 Vaine feasts, and idle superfluity:
 All those this fences Fort assayle incessantly.

But

But the fift troupe most horrible of hew,
 And fierce of force, was dreadfull to report:
 For some like Snailes, some did like spyders shew,
 And some like vgly Vrchins thicke and thort:
 Cruelly they asslayd that fift Fort,
 Armed with darts of sensuall delight,
 With stings of carnall lust, and strong effort
 Of feeling pleasures, with which day and night
 Against that same fift bulwarke they continued fight.

Thus these twelue troupes with dreadfull puissance
 Against that Castle restlesse siege did lay,
 And euermore their hideous Ordinance
 Vpon the Bulwarkes cruelly did play,
 That now it gan to threaten neare decay:
 And euermore their wicked Capitaine
 Prouoked them the breaches to assay,
 Somtimes with threats, somtimes with hope of gaine,
 Which by the ranfack of that pece they should attaine.

On th'other side, th'assieged Castles ward
 Their stedfast stonds did mightily maintaine,
 And many bold repulse, and many hard
 Atchieuement wrought with perill and with paine,
 That goodly frame from ruine to sustaine:
 And those two brethren Giants did defend
 The walles so stoutly with their sturdie maine,
 That neuer entrance any durst pretend,
 But they to direfull death their groning ghosts did send.

The noble virgin, Ladie of the place,
 Was much dismayed with that dreadfull fight:
 For neuer was she in so euill case,
 Till that the Prince seeing her wofull plight,

Z

Can her recomfort from so sad affright,
 Offring his seruice, and his dearest life
 For her defence, against that Carle to fight,
 Which was their chiefe and th'author of that strife:
 She him remerci'd as the Patrone of her life.

Estfoones himselve in glitterand armes he dight,
 And his well proued weapons to him hent;
 So taking courteous conge he behight,
 Those gates to be vnbar'd, and forth he went.
 Faire mote he thee, the prouest and most gent,
 That euer brandished bright steele on hyc:
 Whom soone as that vnruily rablement,
 With his gay Squire issuing did espy,
 They reard a moit outrageous dreadfull yelling cry.

And therewith all attonce at him let fly
 Their flutting arrowes, thicke as flakes of snow,
 And round about him flocke impetuously,
 Like a great water flood, that tombling low
 From the high mountaines, threats to ouerflow
 With suddain fury all the fertile plaine,
 And the sad husbandmans long hope doth throw
 A downe the streame, and all his vowes make vaine,
 Nor bounds nor banks his headlong ruine may sustaine.

Vpon his shield their heaped hayle he bore,
 And with his sword disperst the raskall flockes,
 Which fled a funder, and him fell before,
 As withered leaues drop from their dried stockes,
 Whē the wroth Western wind does reauē their locks;
 And vnder neath him his courageous freed,
 The fierce *Spumador* trode them downe like docks,
 The fierce *Spumador* borne of heauenly feed:
 Such as *Laomedon* of *Phæbus* race did breed

Which

Which suddaine horrou and confused cry,
 When as their Captaine heard, in haste he yode,
 The cause to weet, and fault to remedy;
 Vpon a Tygre swift and fierce he rode,
 That as the winde ran vnderneath his lode,
 Whiles his long legs nigh rought vnto the ground;
 Full large he was of limbe, and shoulders brode,
 But of such subtile substance and vnfound,
 That like a ghost he seem'd, whose graue-clothes were
 (vnbound.)

And in his hand a bended bow was seene,
 And many arrowes vnder his right side,
 All deadly dangerous, all cruell keene,
 Headed with flint, and feathers bloudie deide,
 Such as the *Indians* in their quiuers hide;
 Those could he well direct and streight as line,
 And bid them strike the marke, which he had eyde,
 Ne was their salue, ne was their medicine,
 That mote recure their wounds: so inly they did tene.

As pale and wan as ashes was his looke,
 His bodie leane and meagre as a rake,
 And skin all withered like a dried rooke,
 Thereto as cold and drery as a Snake,
 That seem'd to tremble euermore, and quake:
 All in a canuas thin he was bedight,
 And girded with a belt of twisted brake,
 Vpon his head he wore an Helmet light,
 Made of a dead mans skull, that seem'd a ghastly sight.

Maleger was his name, and after him,
 There follow'd fast at hand two wicked Hags,
 With hoarie lockes all loose, and visage grim;
 Their feet vnshod, their bodies wrapt in rags,

Z 2

And both as swift on foot, as chased Stags;
 And yet the one her other legge had lame,
 Which with a staffe, all full of litle snags
 She did disport, and *Impatience* her name:
 But th'other was *Impatience*, arm'd with raging flame.

Soone as the Carle from farre the Prince espyde,
 Glistering in armes and warlike ornament,
 His Beatt he felly prickt on either syde,
 And his mischieuous bow full readie bent,
 With which at him a cruell shaft he sent:
 But he was warie, and it warded well
 Vpon his shield, that it no further went,
 But to the ground the idle quarrell fell:
 Then he another and another did expell.

Which to prevent, the Prince his mortall speare
 Soone to him raught, and fierce at him did ride,
 To be auenged of that shot whyleare:
 But he was not so hardie to abide
 That bitter stownd, but turning quicke aside
 His light-foot beatt, fled fast away for feare:
 Whom to pursue, the Infant after hide,
 So fast as his good Courser could him beare,
 But labour lost it was, to weene approach him neare.

For as the winged wind his Tigre fled,
 That view of eye could scarce him ouertake,
 Ne scarce his feet on ground were seene to tread;
 Through hills and dales he speedie way did make,
 Ne hedge ne ditch his readie passage brake,
 And in his flight the villen turn'd his face,
 (As wons the *Tartar* by the *Caspian* lake,
 When as the *Russian* him in fight does chace)
 Vnto his Tygres taile, and shot at him apace.

Apace

Apace he shot, and yet he fled apace,
 Still as the greedy knight nigh to him drew,
 And oftentimes he would relent his pace,
 That him his foe more fiercely should pursue:
 Who when his vncouth manner he did view,
 He gan auize to follow him no more,
 But keepe his standing, and his shaftes eschew,
 Vntill he quite had spent his perious store,
 And then assayle him fresh, ere he could shift for more.

But that lame Hag, still as abroad he strew
 His wicked arrowes, gathered them againe,
 And to him brought, fresh battell to renew:
 Which he espying, cast her to restrain
 From yielding succour to that cursed Swaine,
 And her attaching, thought her hands to tye;
 But soone as him dismounted on the plaine,
 That other Hag did farre away espy
 Binding her sister, she to him ran hastily.

And catching hold of him, as downe he lent,
 Him backward ouerthrew, and downe him stayd
 With their rude hands and grieufully graplement,
 Till that the villen comming to their aye,
 Vpon him fell, and lode vpon him layd;
 Full litle wanted, but he had him slaine,
 And of the battell balefull end had made,
 Had not his gentle Squire beheld his paine,
 And commien to his reskew, ere his bitter bane.

So greatest and most glorious thing on ground
 May often need the helpe of weaker hand;
 So feeble is mans state, and life vsound,
 That in assurance it may neuer stand,

Till it dissolved be from earthly band.
 Proove be thou Prince, the prouest man aliue,
 And noblest borne of all in *Briton* land;
 Yet thee fierce Fortune did so nearely driue,
 That had not grace thee blest, thou shouldest not reuiue.

The Squire arriuing, fiercely in his armes
 Snatcht first the one, and then the other Iade,
 His chiefeft lets and authors of his harmes,
 And them perforce withheld with threatned blade,
 Least that his Lord they should behind inuade;
 The whiles the Prince prickt with reprochfull shame,
 As one awakt out of long slombing shade,
 Reuiuing thought of glorie and of fame,
 Vnited all his powres to purge himselfe from blame.

Like as a fire, the which in hollow caue
 Hath long bene vnderkept, and downe suppress;
 With murmurous disdain doth inly raue,
 And grudge, in so streight prison to be prest,
 At last breakes forth with furious vnrest,
 And striues to mount vnto his natie seat;
 All that did earst it hinder and molest,
 It now deuoures with flames and scorching heat,
 And carries into smoake with rage and horror great.

So mightily the *Briton* Prince him roud
 Out of his hold, and broke his cautiue bands,
 And as a Beare whom angry curres haue roud,
 Hauing off-shakt them, and escapt their hands,
 Becomes more fell, and all that him withstands,
 Treads downe and ouerthrowes. Now had the Carle
 Alighted from his Tigre, and his hands
 Discharged of his bow and deadly quarels,
 To seize vpon his foe flat lying on the marle.

Which

Which now him turnd to disauantage deare;
 For neither can he fly, nor other harme,
 But trust vnto his strength and manhood meare,
 Sith now he is farre from his monstrous swarme,
 And of his weapons did himselfe disarme.
 The knight yet wrothfull for his late disgrace,
 Fiercely aduaunt his valorous right arme,
 And him so fore smote with his yron mace,
 That groueling to the ground he fell, and fild his place.

Well weened he, that field was then his owne,
 And all his labour brought to happie end,
 When suddain vp the villein ouerthrowne,
 Out of his swowne arose, fresh to contend,
 And gan himselfe to second battell bend,
 As hurt he had not bene. Thereby there lay
 An huge great stone, which stood vpon one end,
 And had not bene remoued many a day;
 Some land-marke seem'd to be, or signe of fundry way.

The same he snatcht, and with exceeding sway
 Threw at his foe, who was right well aware
 To shunne the engin of his meant decay;
 It booted not to thinke that throw to beare,
 But ground he gauē, and lightly leapt aere:
 Est fierce returning, as a Faulcon faire
 That once hath failed of her soule full neare,
 Remounts againe into the open aire,
 And vnto better fortune doth her selfe prepare.

So brane returning, with his brandisht blade,
 He to the Carle himselfe againe addrest,
 And strooke at him so sternely, that he made
 An open passage through his riuen brest,

Z 4

That halfe the steele behind his back did rest;
Which drawing backe, he looked euermore
When the hart bloud should gush out of his chest,
Or his dead corse should fall vpon the flore;
But his dead corse vpon the flore fell nathemore.

Ne drop of bloud appeared shed to bee,
All were the wounde so wide and wonderous,
That through his carkasse one might plainly see:
Halfe in a maze with horror hideous,
And halfe in rage, to be deluded thus,
Againe through both the sides he strooke him quight,
That made his spright to grone full pitous:
Yet nathemore forth fled his groning spright,
But freely as at first, prepard himselve to fight.

Thereat he smitten was with great affright,
And trembling terror did his hart apall,
Ne wist he, what to thinke of that same fight,
Ne what to say, ne what to doe at all;
He doubted, least it were some magicall
Illusion, that did beguile his sense,
Or wandring ghost, that wanted funerall,
Or aerie spirit vnder false pretence,
Or hellith feend rayld vp through duellith science.

His wonder farre exceeded reasons reach,
That he began to doubt his dazeled sight,
And oft of error did himselve appeach:
Flesh without bloud, a person without spright,
Wounds without hurt, a bodie without might,
That could doe harme, yet could not harmed bee,
That could not die, yet seem'd a mortall wight,
That was most strong in most infirmitee;
Like did he neuer heare, like did he neuer see.

A while

A while he stood in this astonishment,
Yet would he not for all his great dismay
Giue ouer to effect his first intent,
And th'vntmost meanes of victorie assay,
Or th'vntmost islew of his owne decay.
His owne good sword *Mordure*, that neuer sayld
At need, till now, he lightly threw away,
And his bright shield, that nought him now auayld,
And with his naked hands him forcibly aflayld.

Twixt his two mightie armes him vp he snatcht,
And crucht his carkasse so against his brest,
That the disdainfull soule he thence dispatcht,
And th'idle breath all vtterly exprest:
Tho when he felt him dead, adowne he keft
The lumpish corse vnto the senselesse grownd;
Adowne he keft it with so puissant wrest,
That backe againe it did aloft rebownd,
And gaue against his mother earth a gronefull sownd.

As when *Joues* harnesse-bearing Bird from hie
Stoupes at a flying heron with proud disdain,
The stone-dead quarrey falls so forcible,
That it rebounds against the lowly plaine,
A second fall redoubling backe againe.
Then thought the Prince all perill sure was past,
And that he victor onely did remaine;
No sooner thought, then that the Carle as fast
Gan heap huge strokes on him, as ere he downe was cast.

Nigh his wits end then woxe th'amazed knight,
And thought his labour lost and trauell vaine,
Against this lifelesse shadow so to fight:
Yet life he saw, and felt his mightie maine,

That whiles he marueild still, did still him paine:
 For thy he gan some other wayes aduize,
 How to take life from that dead-living swaine,
 Whom still he marked freshly to arize
 From th'earth, & from her wombe new spirits to reprice.

He then remembered well, that had bene sayd,
 How th'Earth his mother was, and first him bore;
 She eke so often, as his life decayd,
 Did life with vsury to him restore,
 And rayd him vp much stronger then before,
 So soone as he vnto her wombe did fall;
 Therefore to ground he would him cast no more,
 Ne him commit to graue terrestriall,
 But bare him farre from hope of succour vsuall.

Tho vp he caught him twixt his puissant hands,
 And hauing scruzd out of his carrion corse
 The lothfull life, now loosd from sinfull bands,
 Vpon his shoulders carried him perforce
 Aboue three furlongs, taking his full course,
 Vntill he came vnto a standing lake;
 Him thereinto he threw without remorse,
 Ne stird, till hope of life did him forsake; (make
 So end of that Carles dayes, and his owne paines did

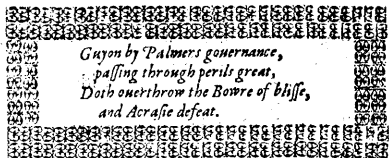
Which when those wicked Hags from farre did spy,
 Like two mad dogs they ran about the lands,
 And th'one of them with dreadfull yelling cry,
 Throwing away her broken chaines and bands,
 And hauing quencht her burning fier brands,
 Hedlong her selfe did cast into that lake;
 But *Impotence* with her owne wilfull hands,
 One of *Maalegers* cursed darts did take,
 So riu'd her trembling hart, and wicked end did make.

Thus

Thus now alone he conquerour remains;
 Tho coming to his Squire, that kept his steed,
 Thought to haue mounted, but his feeble vaines
 Him faild thereto, and serued not his need, (bleed,
 Through losse of blood, which from his wounds did
 That he began to faint, and life decay:
 But his good Squire him helping vp with speed,
 With the steadfast hand vpon his horse did stay,
 And led him to the Castle by the beaten way.

Where many Groomes and Squiers readie were,
 To take him from his steed full tenderly,
 And eke the fairest *Alma* met him there,
 With balme and wine and costly spices,
 To comfort him in his infirmity;
 Eftsoones she cauld him vp to be conuayd,
 And of his armes despoyled easily;
 In sumptuous bed she made him to be layd,
 And all the while his wounds were dressing by him stayd.



Cant. XII.

*Guyon by Palmers gouernance,
 passing through perils great,
 Doth ouerthrow the Bowre of blisse,
 and Acrasie defeat.*

Now gins this goodly frame of Temperance
 Fairly to rise, and her adorned hed
 To pricke of highest praise forth to a duance,
 Formerly grounded, and fast fetтеле
 On firme foundation of true bountihed;
 And this braue knight, that for this vertue fights,
 Now comes to point of that same perilous sted,
 Where Pleasure dwelles in sensuall delights,
 Mōgst thousand dangers, & ten thousand magick mights.

Two dayes now in that sea he sayled has,
 Ne euer land beheld, ne liuing wight,
 Ne ought saue perill, still as he did pas:
 Tho when appeared the third *Morrow* bright,
 Vpon the waues to spred her trembling light,
 An hideous roaring farre away they heard,
 That all their senses filled with affright,
 And streight they saw the raging surges reard
 Vp to the skyes, that them of drowning made affeard.

Said then the Boteman, Palmer stere aright,
 And keepe an euen course; for yonder way
 We needes must passe (God do vs well acquight,)
 That is the *Gulfe of Greedinesse*, they say,

That

That deepe engorgeth all this worldes pray:
 Which hauing swallowd vp exceffiually,
 He soone in vomit vp againe doth lay,
 And belceth forth his superfluity,
 That all the seas for feare do seeme away to fly.

On th'other side an hideous Rocke is pight,
 Of mightie *Magnes* stone, whose craggie clift
 Depending from on high, dreadfull to sight,
 Ouer the waues his rugged armes doth lift,
 And threatneth downe to throw his ragged rift
 On who so commeth nigh; yet nigh it drawes
 All passengers, that none from it can shift:
 For whiles they fly that Gulfes deuouring iawes,
 They on this rock are rent, and sunck in helpelesse waves.

Forward they passe, and strongly he them rowes,
 Vntill they nigh vnto that Gulfe arriue,
 Where streame more violent and greedy growes:
 Then he with all his puiffance doth striue
 To strike his oares, and mightily doth driue
 The hollow vessell through the threatfull waue,
 Which gaping wide, to swallow them aliue,
 In th huge abyffe of his engulping graue,
 Doth rore at them in vaine, and with great terror rauē.

They passing by, that grieously mouth did see,
 Sucking the seas into his entralles deepe,
 That seem'd more horrible then hell to bee,
 Or that darke dreadfull hole of *Tartare* steepe,
 Through which the damned ghosts doen often creepe
 Backe to the world, bad liuers to torment:
 But nought that fallēs into this direfull deepe,
 Ne that approacheth nigh the wide descent,
 May backe returne, but is condemned to be drent.

On th'other side, they saw that perilous Rocke,
Threatning it selfe on them to ruinate,
On whose sharpe cliffs the ribs of vessells broke,
And shiuered ships, which had bene wrecked late,
Yet stuck, with carkasses exanimate
Of such, as hauing all their substance spent
In wanton ioyes, and lustes intemperate,
Did afterwards make shipwracke violent,
Both of their life, and fame for euer sowly blent.

For thy, this hight *The Rocke of vile Reproch*,
A daungerous and detestable place,
To which nor fish nor fowle did once approach,
But yelling Meawes, with Seagulles hoarse and bace,
And Cormoyrants, with birds of rauenous race,
Which still fate waiting on that wastfull cliff,
For spoyle of wretches, whose vnhappy cace,
After lost credite and consumed thrift,
At last them driuen hath to this despairfull drest.

The Palmer seeing them in safetic past,
Thus said; behold th'ensamples in our sights,
Of lustfull luxurie and thriflesse wast:
What now is left of miserable wights,
Which spent their looser daies in lewd delights,
But shame and sad reproch, here to be red,
By these rent reliques, speaking their ill plights?
Let all that liue, hereby be counselled,
To shunne *Rocke of Reproch*, and it as death to dred.

So forth they rowed, and that *Ferryman*
With his stiffe oares did brush the sea so strong,
That the hoare waters from his frigot ran,
And the light bubbles daunced all along,

Whiles

Whiles the salt brine out of the billowes sprong.
At last farre off they many Ilands spy,
On euery side floting the floods among:
Then said the knight, Loe I the land descry,
Therefore old Syre thy course do thereunto apply.

That may not be, said then the *Ferryman*
Least we vnweeting hap to be fordonne:
For those same Ilands, seeming now and than,
Are not firme lande, nor any certain wonne,
But straggling plots, which to and fro do ronne
In the wide waters: therefore are they hight
The wandring Ilands. Therefore doe them shonne;
For they haue oft drawne many a wandring wight
Into most deadly daunger and distressed plight.

Yet well they seeme to him, that farre doth vew,
Both faire and fruitfull, and the ground dispred
With grassie greene of delectable hew,
And the tall trees with leaues apperelled,
Are deckt with blossomes dyde in white and red,
That mote the passengers thereto allure;
But whosoer once hath fastened
His foot thereon, may neuer it recure,
But wandreth euer more vncertain and vnure.

As th'Isle of *Delos* whylome men report
Amid th'*Aegean* sea long time did stray,
Ne made for shipping any certaine port,
Till that *Ladona* traueiling that way,
Flying from *Iuno*s wrath and hard assay,
Of her faire twins was there deliuered,
Which afterwards did rule the night and day;
Thenceforth it firmly was established,
And for *Apolloes* honor highly herried.

They to him hearken, as befecemeth meete,
 And passe on forward: so their way does ly,
 That one of those same Islands, which doe fleet
 In the wide sea, they needes must passen by,
 Which seemd so sweet and pleasant to the eye,
 That it would tempt a man to touchen there:
 Vpon the banck they sitting did espy
 A daintie damzell, dressing of her heare,
 By whom a litle skipper floting did appeare.

She them espying, loud to them can call,
 Bidding them nigher draw vnto the shore;
 For she had cause to busie them withall;
 And therewith loudly laught: But nathemore
 Would they once turne, but kept on as afore:
 Which when she saw, she left her lockes vndight,
 And running to her boat withouten ore,
 From the departing land it launched light,
 And after them did driue with all her power and might.

Whom ouertaking, she in merry fort
 Them gan to bord, and purpose diuersly,
 Now faining dalliance and wanton sport,
 Now throwing forth lewd words immodestly;
 Till that the Palmer gan full bitterly
 Her to rebuke, for being loofe and light:
 Which not abiding, but more scornefully
 Scoffing at him, that did her iustly wite,
 She turnd her bote about, and from them rowed quite.

That was the wanton *Phœdria*, which late
 Did ferry him ouer the *Idle lake*:
 Whom nought regarding, they kept on their gate,
 And all her vaine allurements did forsake,

When

When them the wary Boateman thus bespake;
 Here now behoueth vs well to auyfe,
 And of our safetie good heede to take;
 For here before a perulous passage lyes,
 Where many Mermayds haunt, making falsse melodies.

But by the way, there is a great Quicksand,
 And a whirlpoole of hidden ieopardy,
 Therefore, Sir Palmer, keepe an euen hand;
 For twixt them both the narrow way doth ly.
 Scarfe had he said, when hard at hand they spy
 That quicksand nigh with water couered;
 But by the checked waue they did descry
 It plaine, and by the sea discoloured:
 It called was the quicksand of *Vnchristybed*.

They passing by, a goodly Ship did see,
 Laden from far with precious merchandize,
 And brauely furnished, as ship might bee,
 Which through great disauenture, or mesprize,
 Her selfe had runne into that hazardize;
 Whose mariners and merchants with much toyle,
 Labour'd in vaine, to haue recur'd their prize,
 And the rich wares to saue from pitteous spoyle,
 But neither toyle nor trauell might her backe recoyle.

On th'other side they see that perilous Poole,
 That called was the *Whirlpoole of decay*,
 In which full many had with haplesse doole
 Beene suncke, of whom no memorie did stay:
 Whose circled waters rapt with whirling sways,
 Like to a restlesse wheele, still running round,
 Did couet, as they passed by that way,
 To draw the boate within the vtmost bound
 Of his wide *Labyrinth*, and then to haue them dround.

A a

But th'heedfull Boatemans strongly forth did stretch
 His brawnie armes, and all his body straine,
 That th'tmost sandy breach they shortly fetch,
 Whiles the dread daunger does behind remaine,
 Suddene they see from midst of all the Maines,
 The furing waters like a mountaine rise,
 And the great sea puffed vp with proud diddaine,
 To swell about the measure of his guife,
 As threatening to deuoure all, that his powre despise.

The waues come rolling, and the billowes rore
 Outragiously, as they enraged were,
 Or wrathfull *Neptune* did them driue before
 His whirling charet, for exceeding feare:
 For not one puffe of wind there did appeare,
 That all the three thereat woxe much afraid,
 Vnweeting, what such horrour straunge did reare.
 Eftsoones they saw an hideous hoast arrayd,
 Of huge Sea monsters, such as liuing fence dismayd.

Most vgly shapcs, and horrible aspects,
 Such as Dame Nature selfe mote feare to see,
 Or shame, that euer should so fowle defects
 From her most cunning hand escaped bee;
 All dreadfull pourtraicts of deformitee:
 Spring-headed *Hydraes*, and sea-shouldring Whales,
 Great whirlpooles, which all fishes make to flee,
 Bright *Scolopendraes*, arm'd with siluer scales,
 Mighty *Monoceros*, with immeasured tayles.

The dreadfull Fish, that hath deseru'd the name
 Of Death, and like him looks in dreadfull hew,
 The grieftly *Wafferman*, that makes his game
 The flying ships with swiftnesse to pursue,

The

The horrible Sea-fatyre, that doth shew
 His fearefull face in time of greatest storme,
 Huge *Ziffius*, whom Mariners efcrow
 No lesse, then rockes, (as trauellers informe,)
 And greedy *Rosmarines* with visages deforme.

All these, and thousand thousands many more,
 And more deformed Monsters thousand fold,
 With dreadfull noise, and hollow rombling rore,
 Came rushing in the fony waues enrold,
 Which seem'd to fly for feare, them to behold:
 Ne wonder, if these did the knight appall;
 For all that here on earth we dreadfull hold,
 Be but as bugs to fearene babes withall,
 Compared to the creatures in the seas entrall.

Feare nought, (then said the Palmer well auiz'd)
 For these same Monsters are not these in deed,
 But are into these fearefull shapcs disguiz'd
 By that same wicked witch, to worke vs deede,
 And draw from on this iourney to proceede.
 Tho listing vp his vertuous staffe on hye,
 He smote the sea, which calmed was with speed,
 And all that dreadfull Armie fast gan flye
 Into great *Tethys* bosome, where they hidden lye.

Quit from that daunger, forth their course they kept,
 And as they went, they heard a ruefull cry
 Of one, that wayld and pittifull wept,
 That through the sea the resounding plaints did fly:
 At last they in an Island did espy
 A seemely Maiden, sitting by the shore,
 That with great sorrow and sad agony,
 Seemed some great misfortune to deplore,
 And lowd to them for succour called euermore.

Aa 2

Which *Guyon* hearing, streight his Palmer bad,
 To sterre the boate towards that dolefull Mayd,
 That he might know, and ease her sorrow sad:
 Who him auizing better, to him sayd;
 Faire Sir, be not displeas'd, if disobayd:
 For ill it were to hearken to her cry;
 For she is inly nothing ill apayd,
 But onely womanish fine forgerie,
 Your stubborne hart t' affect with fraile infirmity.

To which when she your courage hath inclin'd
 Through foolish pittie, then her guilefull bayt
 She will embosome deeper in your mind,
 And for your ruine at the last awayt.
 The knight was ruled, and the Boatemans frayt
 Held on his course with stayd stedfastnesse,
 Ne euer shrunk, ne euer sought to bayt
 Hystyred armes for toyle some wearinesse,
 But with his oares did sweepe the watry wildernesse.

And now they nigh approched to the sted,
 Where as those Mermayds dwelt: it was a still
 And calmy bay, on th'one side sheltered
 With the brode shadow of an hoarie hill,
 On th'other side an high rocke toured still,
 That twixt them both a peasaunt port they made,
 And did like an halfe Theatre fulfill:
 There those fine sisters had continuall trade,
 And vs'd to bath themselues in that deceitfull shade.

They were faire Ladies, till they fondly striu'd
 With th'*Heliconian* maides for maistry;
 Of whom they ouer-comen, were depriv'd
 Of their proud beautie, and th'one moyty

Transform'd

Transform'd to fish, for their bold surquedry,
 But th'upper halfe their hew retained still,
 And their sweet skill in wonted melody;
 Which euer after they abus'd to ill,
 T'allure weake trauellers, whom gotten they did kill.

So now to *Guyon*, as he pass'd by,
 Their pleasaunt tunes they sweetly thus applide;
 O thou faire sonne of gentle Faery,
 Thou art in mighty armes most magnifide
 About all knights, that euer battell tride,
 O turne thy rudder hither-ward a while:
 Here may thy storme bet-vevell safely ride;
 This is the Port of rest from troublous toyle,
 The worlds sweet In, from paine & wearisome turmoyle.

With that the rolling sea resounding soft,
 In his big base them fitly answered,
 And on the rocke the waues breaking aloft,
 A solenne Meane vnto them measured,
 The whiles sweet *Zephirus* lowd whistled
 His treble, a strange kinde of harmony;
 Which *Guyons* senses softly tickled,
 That he the boatemans bad row easly,
 And let him heare some part of their rare melody.

But him the Palmer from that vanity,
 With temperate aduice discourseled,
 That they it pass, and shortly gan desery
 The land, to which their course they leueled;
 When suddainly a grosse fog ouer spred
 With his dull vapour all that desert has,
 And heauens chearefull face enuclped,
 That all things one, and one as nothing was,
 And this great Vniuersie seem'd one confus'd mas.

A a 3

There at they greatly were dismayd, ne wift
 How to direct their way in darknesse wide,
 But feard to wander in that wastfull mist,
 For tomling into mischiefe vnespide.
 Worfe is the daunger hidden, then descride,
 Suddenly an innumerable flight
 Of harmefull fowles about them fluttering, cride,
 And with their wicked wings them oft did smight,
 And fore annoyed, groping in that grieclly night.

Euen all the nation of vnfortunate
 And fatall birds about them flocked were,
 Such as by nature men abhorre and hate,
 The ill-faste Owle, deaths dreadfull messengere,
 The hoars Night-rauen, trump of dolefull dreere,
 The lether-winged Bat, dayes enemy,
 The ruefull Strich, still waiting on the bere,
 The Whistler shrill, that who fo heares, doth dy,
 The hellish Harpies, prophets of sad destiny.

All those, and all that else does horroure breed,
 About them flew, and sild their fayles with feare:
 Yet stayd they not, but forward did proceed,
 Whiles th'one did row, and th'other stifty steare;
 Till that at last the weather gan to cleare,
 And the faire land it selfe did plainly shew.
 Said then the Palmer, Lo where does appeare
 The sacred soile, where all our perils grow;
 Therefore, Sir knight, your ready armes about you throw.

He hearkned, and his armes about him tooke,
 The whiles the nimble boate so well her sped,
 That with her crooked keele the land she strooke,
 Then forth the noble *Guyon* sallied,

And

And his sage Palmer, that him governed;
 But th'other by his boate behind did stay.
 They marched fairly forth, of nought ydred,
 Both firmly armd for euery hard assay,
 With constancy and care, gainst daunger and dismay.

Ere long they heard an hideous bellowing
 Of many beasts, that roard outrageously,
 As if that hungers point, or *Venus* sting
 Had them enraged with fell furque dry;
 Yet nought they feard, but past on hardily,
 Vntill they came in vew of those wild beasts:
 VWho all at once, gaping full greedily,
 And rearing fiercely their vpsparting crests,
 Ran towards, to deuoure those vnexpected guests.

But soone as they approcht with deadly threat,
 The Palmer ouer them his staffe vpheld,
 His mighty staffe, that could all charmes defeat:
 Eftsoones their stubborne courages were queld,
 And high aduanced crests downe meekely feld,
 In stead of fraying, they them selues did feare,
 And trembled, as them passing they beheld:
 Such wondrous powre did in that staffe appeare,
 All monsters to subdew to him, that did it beare.

Of that same wood it fram'd was cunningly,
 Of which *Caduceus* whilome was made,
Caduceus the rod of *Mercury*,
 With which he wons the *Stygian* realmes invade,
 Through ghastry horroure, and eternall shade;
 Th' infernall feends with it he can asswage,
 And *Orcus* tame, whom nothing can perfwade,
 And rule the *Furies*, when they most do rage:
 Such vertue in his staffe had eke this Palmer sage.

Aa 4

Thence passing forth, they shortly do arrive,
 Whereas the Bowre of *Blisse* was situate;
 A place pickt out by choice of best aliue,
 That natures worke by art can imitate:
 In which what euer in this worldly state
 Is sweet, and pleasing vnto liuing sense,
 Or that may dayntiest fantasie aggrate,
 Was poured forth with plentifull dispençe,
 And made there to abound with lauitish affluence.

Goodly it was enclosed round about,
 Aswell their entred guesstes to keepe within,
 As those vnruely beasts to hold without;
 Yet was the fence thereof but weake and thin;
 Nought feard their force, that fortilage to win,
 But wisdomes powre, and temperaunces might,
 By which the mightiest things efforced bin:
 And eke the gate was wrought of substance light,
 Rather for pleasure, then for battery or fight.

Yt framed was of precious yuory,
 That seemd a worke of admirable wit;
 And therein all the famous history
 Of *Iason* and *Medea* was writ;
 Her mighty charmes, her furious louing fit,
 His goodly conquest of the golden fleece,
 His falsed faith, and lone too lightly slit,
 The wondred *Argo*, which in venturous peece
 First through the *Euxine* seas bore all the flowr of *Greece*.

Ye might haue seene the frothy billowes fry
 Vnder the ship, as thorough them she went,
 That seemd the waues were into yuory,
 Or yuory into the waues were sent;

And

And other where the snowy substance spreng
 With vermill, like the boyes bloud therein shed,
 A piteous spectacle did represent,
 And otherwhiles with gold besprinkled;
 Yt seemd th'enchanted flame, which did *Cressida* wed.

All this, and more might in that goodly gate
 Be red; that euer open stood to all,
 Which thither came: but in the Porch there fate
 A comely personage of stature tall,
 And semblaunce pleasing, more then naturall,
 That trauellers to him seemd to entize;
 His looser garment to the ground did fall,
 And flew about his heeles in wanton wize,
 Not fit for speedy pace, or manly exercize.

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 particulare,
 Who wondrous things concerning our welfare,
 And straunge phantomes doth let vs oft forsee,
 And oft of secret ill bids vs beware:
 That is our Selfe, whom though we do not see,
 Yet each doth in him selfe it well perceiue to bee.

Therefore a God him sage Antiquity
 Did wisely make, and good *Agdistes* call:
 But this same was to that quite contrary,
 The foe of life, that good enuyes to all,
 That secretly doth vs procure to fall,
 Through guilefull semblaunts, which he makes vs see.
 He of this Gardin had the gouernall,
 And Pleasures porter was denizd to bee,
 Holding a staffe in hand for more formalitee.

With diuerse flowres he daintily was deckt,
 And strowed round about, and by his side
 A mighty Mazer bowle of wine was fet,
 As if it had to him bene sacrifice;
 Wherewith all new-come guests he gratified:
 So did he eke Sir *Guyon* passing by:
 But he his idle curtesie deside,
 And ouerthrew his bowle disdainfully; (fly.
 And broke his staffe, with which he charmed semblants

Thus being entred, they behold around
 A large and spacious plaine, on euery side
 Strowed with pleasures, whose faire grassy ground
 Mantled with greene, and goodly beautifide
 With all the ornaments of *Floraes* pride,
 Where with her mother Art, as halfe in scorn
 Of niggard Nature, like a pompous bride
 Did decke her, and too lauishly adorne, (morne.
 When forth from virgin bowre she comes in th'early

Thereto the Heauens alwayes Iouiall,
 Lookt on them louely, still in stedfast state,
 Ne suffred storme nor frost on them to fall,
 Their tender buds or leaues to violate,
 Nor scorching heat, nor cold intemperate
 T'afflict the creatures, which therein did dwell,
 But the milde aire with season moderate
 Gently attempted, and disposd so well,
 That still it breathed forth sweet spiri & wholesome smell.

More sweet and wholesome, then the pleasant hill
 Of *Rhodope*, on which the Nympe, that bore
 A gyant babe, her selfe for griefe did kill;
 Or the Thessalian *Tempe*, where of yore

Faire

Faire *Daphne* *Iacchus* hart with loue did gore;
 Or *Ida*, where the Gods lou'd to repaire;
 When euer they their heauenly bowres forlore;
 Or sweet *Parnasse*, the haunt of Muses faire;
 Of *Eden*, if fought with *Eden* mote compare.

Much wondred *Guyon* at the faire aspect
 Of that sweet place, yet suffred no delight
 To sincke into his fence, nor mind affect,
 But passed forth, and lookt still forward right,
 Bridling his will, and maistering his might:
 Till that he came vnto another gate,
 No gate, but like one, being goodly dight
 With boughes and braunches, which did broad dilate
 Their clasping armes, in wanton wreathings intricate.

So fashioned a Porch with rare deuice,
 Archt ouer head with an embracing vine,
 Whose bounches hanging downe, seemd to entice
 All passers by, to tast their lushious wine,
 And did themselues into their hands incline,
 As freely offering to be gathered:
 Some deepe empurpled as the *Hyacinth*,
 Some as the Rubine, laughing sweetly red,
 Some like faire Emeraudes, not yet well ripened.

And them amongst, some were of burnisht gold,
 So made by art, to beautifie the rest,
 Which did themselues amongst the leaues enfold,
 As lurking from the vew of courteous guest,
 That the weake bowes, with so rich load opprest,
 Did bow adowne, as ouer-burdened.
 Vnder that Porch a comely dame did rest,
 Clad in faire weedes, but fowle disordered,
 And garments loose, that seemd vnmeet for womanhed.

In her left hand a Cup of gold she held,
 And with her right the riper fruit did reach,
 Whose fappy liquor, that with fulnesse sweld,
 Into her cup she scruzd, with daintie breach
 Of her fine fingers, without fowle empeach,
 That so faire wine-presse made the wine more sweet:
 Thereof she wld to giue to drinke to each,
 Whom passing by she happened to meet:
 It was her guife, all Straungers goodly so to greet.

So she to *Gayon* offred it to taft;
 Who taking it out of her tender hond,
 The cup to ground did violently cast,
 That all in peeces it was broken fond,
 And with the liquor stained all the lond:
 Whereat *Excesse* exceedingly was wroth,
 Yet no'te the same amend, ne yet withstond,
 But suffered him to passe, all were she loth;
 Who not regarding her displeasure forward goth.

There the most daintie Paradise on ground,
 It selfe doth offer to his sober eye,
 In which all pleasures plenteously abound,
 And none does others happinesse enuy:
 The painted flowres, the trees vps shooting hie,
 The dales for shade, the hilles for breathing space,
 The trembling groues, the Christall running by;
 And that, which all faire workes doth most aggrace,
 The art, which all that wrought, appeared in no place.

One would haue thought, (so cunningly, the rude,
 And scorned parts were mingled with the fine,)
 That nature had for wantonnesse enlude
 Art, and that Art at nature did repine;

So

So striuing each th'other to vndermine,
 Each did the others worke more beautiflie;
 So differing both in willes, agreed in fine:
 So all agreed through sweete diuerfitie,
 This Gardin to adorne with all varietie.

And in the midst of all, a fountaine stood,
 Of richest substance, that on earth might bee,
 So pure and shiny, that the siluer flood
 Through euery channell running one might see;
 Most goodly it with curious imagerie
 Was ouer-wrought, and shapcs of naked boyes,
 Of which some seemd with liuely iollitee,
 To fly about, playing their wanton toyes,
 Whilest others did them selues embay in liquid ioyes.

And ouer all, of purest gold was spred,
 A trayle of yuie in his natieue hew:
 For the rich mettall was so coloured,
 That wight, who did not well auis'd it vew,
 Would surely deeme it to be yuie trew:
 Low his lasciuious armes adown did creepe,
 That them selues dipping in the siluer dew,
 Their fleecy flowres they tenderly did steepe,
 Which drops of Christall seemd for wantones to weepe.

Infinittreames continually did well
 Out of this fountaine, sweet and faire to see,
 The which into an ample lauer fell,
 And shortly grew to so great quantitie,
 That like a little lake it seemd to bee;
 Whose depth exceeded nor three cubits high,
 That through the waues one might the bortom see,
 All pau'd beneath with Iaspur shining bright,
 That seemd the fountaine in that sea did sayle vpright.

And all the margent round about was set,
 With shady Laurell trees, thence to defend
 The funny beames, which on the billowes bet,
 And those which therein bathed, mote offend.
 As *Guyon* hapned by the same to wend,
 Two naked Damzelles he therein espide,
 Which therein bathing, seemed to contend,
 And wrestle wantonly, ne car'd to hyde,
 Their dainty parts from vew of any, which them eyde.

Sometimes the one would lift the other quight
 About the waters, and then downe againe
 Her plong, as ouer maistered by might,
 Where both awhile would couered remaine,
 And each the other from to rise refraine;
 The whites their snowy limbes, as through a vele,
 So through the Christall waues appeared plaine:
 Then suddainly both would themselues vnhele,
 And th'amarous sweet spoiles to greedy eyes reuel.

As that faire Starre, the messenger of morne,
 His deawy face out of the sea doth reare:
 Or as the *Cyprian* goddesse, newly borne
 Of th' *Oceans* fruitfull froth, did first appeare:
 Such seemed they, and so their yellow heare
 Christalline humour dropped downe apace.
 Whom such when *Guyon* saw, he drew him neare,
 And somewhat gan relent his earnest pace,
 His stubborne brest gan secret plea faunce to embrace.

The wanton Maidens him espying, stood
 Gazing a while at his vnwonted guise;
 Then th'one her selfe low ducked in the flood,
 Abasht, that her a straunger did a wife:

But

But th'other rather higher did arise,
 And her two lilly paps aloft displayd,
 And all, that might his melting hart entife
 To her delights, the vnto him bewrayd:
 The rest hid vnderneath, him more desirous made.

With that, the other likewise vp arose,
 And her faire lockes, which formerly were bownd
 Vp in one knot, she low adowne did lose:
 Which flowing long and thick, her cloth'd arownd,
 And th'yuorie in golden mantle gownd:
 So that faire spectacle from him was rest,
 Yet that, which rest it, no lesse faire was fownd:
 So hid in lockes and waues from lookers theft,
 Nought but her louely face she for his looking left.

Withall she laughed, and she blusht withall,
 That blushing to her laughter gaue more grace,
 And laughter to her blushing, as did fall:
 Now when they spide the knight to slacke his pace,
 Them to behold, and in his sparkling face
 The secret signes of kindled lust appeare,
 Their wanton meriments they did encrease,
 And to him beckned, to approach more neare, (reare.
 And shewd him many sights, that courage cold could

On which when gazing him the *Palmer* saw,
 He much rebuk those wandring eyes of his,
 And counfeld well, him forward thence did draw,
 Now are they come nigh to the *Bowre of blis*
 Other fond fauorites so nam'd amis:
 When thus the *Palmer*; Now Sir, well auise;
 For here the end of all our trauell is:
 Here wones *Acrasia*, whom we must surpris,
 Else she will slip away, and all our drift despise.

Eftfoones they heard a most melodious sound,
 Of all that mote delight a daintie eare,
 Such as attonce might not on liuing ground,
 Saue in this Paradise, be heard elswhere:
 Right hard it was, for wight, which did it heare,
 To read, what manner musicke that mote bee:
 For all that pleasing is to liuing eare,
 Was there comforted in one harmonie,
 Birdes, voyces, instruments, windes, waters, all agree.

The ioyous birdes shrouded in chearefull shade,
 Their notes vnto the voyce attempted sweet;
 Thi Angelicall soft trembling voyces made
 To th' instruments diuine repondence meet:
 The siluer sounding instruments did meet
 With the base murmure of the waters fall:
 The waters fall with difference discreet,
 Now soft, now loud, vnto the wind did call:
 The gentle warbling wind low answered to all.

There, whence that Musick seemed heard to bee,
 Was the faire Witch her selfe now solacing,
 With a new Louer, whom through forcere
 And witchcraft, she from farre did thither bring:
 There she had him now layd a slombering,
 In secret shade, after long wanton ioyes:
 Whilft round about them pleasauntly did sing
 Many faire Ladies, and lasciuious boyes,
 That euer mixt their song with light licentious royes.

And all that while, right ouer him she hong,
 With her false eyes fast fixed in his sight,
 As seeking medicine, whence she was stong,
 Or greedily depasturing delight:

And

And oft inclining downe with kisses light,
 For feare of waking him, his lips bedewed,
 And through his humid eyes did sucke his spright,
 Quite molten into lust and pleasure lewd;
 Wherewith she sighed soft, as if his case she rewld.

The whiles some one did chaunt this louely lay;
 Ah see, who so faire thing doest faire to see,
 In springing slowre the image of thy day;
 Ah see the Virgin Rose, how sweetly thee
 Doth first peepe forth with bashfull modestee,
 That fairer seemes, the lesse ye see her may;
 Lo see soone after, how more bold and free
 Her bared bosome she doth broad display;
 Lo see soone after, how she fades, and fallles away.

So passeth, in the passing of a day,
 Of mortall life the lease, the bud, the flowre,
 Ne more doth flourish after first decay,
 That earst was sought to decke both bed and bowre,
 Of many a Ladie, and many a Paramowre:
 Gather therefore the Rose, whilest yet is prime,
 For soone comes age, that will her pride deslowre:
 Gather the Rose of loue, whilest yet is time,
 Whilest louing thou mayst loued be with equall crime.

He ceast, and then gan all the quire of birdes
 Their diuerse notes t'attune vnto his lay,
 As in approunce of his pleasing words.
 The constant paire heard all, that he did say,
 Yet swarued not, but kept their forward way,
 Through many couert groues, and thickets close,
 In which they creeping did at last display
 That wanton Ladie, with her louer lose,
 Whose sleepe head she in her lap did soft dispose.

B b

Vpon a bed of Roses she was layd,
 As faint through heat, or dight to pleasant sin,
 And was arayd, or rather disarayd,
 All in a vele of silke and siluer thin,
 That hid no whit her alabaster skin,
 But rather shewd more white, if more might bee:
 More subtile web *Arachne* can not spin,
 Nor the fine nets, which oft we wouen see
 Of scorched dew, do not in th'aire more lightly flee.

Her snowy brest was bare to readie spoyle
 Of hungry eyes, which n'ote therewith be filld,
 And yet through languour of her late sweet toyle,
 Few drops, more cleare then Nectar, forth distild,
 That like pure Orient perles adowne it trild,
 And her faire eyes sweet smyling in delight,
 Mofstened their fierie beames, with which she thrild
 Fraile harts, yet quenched not; like starry light
 Which sparkling on the silent waues, does seeme more
 (bright.)

The young man sleeping by her, seemd to bee
 Some goodly swayne of honorable place,
 That certes it great pittie was to see
 Him his nobilitie so foule deface;
 A sweet regard, and amiable grace,
 Mixed with manly sternesse did appeare
 Yet sleeping, in his well proportiond face,
 And on his tender lips the downy heare
 Did now but freshly spring, and silken blossomes beare.

His warlike armes, the idle instruments
 Of sleeping praise, were hong vpon a tree,
 And his braue shield, full of old moniments,
 Was sowly ra'ft, that none the signes might see;

Nc

Ne for them, ne for honour cared hee,
 Ne ought, that did to his aduancement tend,
 But in lewdloues, and wastfull luxurie,
 His dayes, his goods, his bodie he did spend:
 O horrible enchantment, that him so did blend.

The noble Elfe, and carefull Palmer drew
 So nigh them, minding nought, but lustfull game,
 That suddain forth they on them rusht, and threw
 A subtile net, which onely for the fame
 The skillfull Palmer formally did frame.
 So held them vnder fast, the whiles the rest
 Fled all away for feare of fowler shame.
 The faire Enchauntresse, so vnwares opprest,
 Tryde all her arts, & all her sleights, thence out to wrest.

And eke her louer stroue: but all in vaine;
 For that same net so cunningly was wound,
 That neither guile, nor force might it distraue.
 They tooke them both, & both them strongly bound
 In captiue bandes, which there they readie found:
 But her in chaines of adamant he tyde;
 For nothing else might keepe her safe and sound;
 But *Perdant* (so he hight) he soone vntyde,
 And counsell sage in speed thereof to him applyde.

But all those pleasant bowres and Pallace braue,
Guyon broke downe, with rigour pittilesse;
 Ne ought their goodly workmanship might saue
 Them from the tempest of his wrathfulnesse,
 But that their blisse he turn'd to balefulnesse:
 Their groues he feld, their gardins did deface,
 Their arbors spoyle, their Cabinets suppress,
 Their banquet houses burne, their buildings race,
 And of the fairest late, now made the fowlelt place.

B b 2

Then led they her away, and eke that knight
 They with them led, both sorrowfull and sad:
 The way they came, the same retourn'd they right,
 Till they arriv'd, where they lately had
 Charm'd those wild-beasts, that rag'd with furie mad,
 Which now awaking, fierce at them gan fly,
 As in their mistresse reskew, whom they lad;
 But them the Palmer soone did pacify. (didly.)
 Then *Guyon* askt, what meant those beastes, which there

Said he, these seeming beastes are men indeed,
 Whom this Enchauntresse hath transformed thus,
 Whylome her louers, which her lusts did feed,
 Now turned into figures hideous,
 According to their mindes like monstrous.
 Sad end (quoth he) of life intemperate,
 And mournfull meed of ioyes delicious:
 But Palmer, if it mote thee so aggrate,
 Let them returned be vnto their former state.

Streight way he with his vertuous staffe them strooke,
 And streight of beastes they comely men became;
 Yet being men they did vnmanly looke,
 And stared ghastly, some for inward shame,
 And some for wrath, to see their captiue Dame:
 But one about the rest in speciall,
 That had an hog beene late, hight *Grille* by name,
 Repined greatly, and did him miscall,
 That had from hoggish forme him brought to naturall.

Said *Guyon*, See the mind of beauly man,
 That hath so soone forgot the excellence
 Of his creation, when he life began,
 That now he chooseth, with vile difference,

To

To be a beast, and lacke intelligence.
 To whom the Palmer thus, The donghill kind
 Delights in filth and foule incontinence:
 Let *Grill* be *Grill*, and haue his hoggish mind,
 But let vs hence depart, whilst wether serues and wind.

B b 3





THE THIRD
BOOKE OF THE
FAERIE QVEENE.

Contayning,

THE LEGEND OF BRITOMARTIS,
OR

Of Chastitie.

IT faller me here to write of Chastity,
That fairest vertue, farre aboue the rest;
For which what needs me fetch from *Faery*
Forreine ensamples, it to haue exprest?
Sith it is shrined in my Soueraignes brest,
And form'd so liuely in each perfect part,
That to all Ladies, which haue it profest,
Need but behold the pourtraict of her hart,
If pourtrayd it might be by any liuing art.

But liuing art may not least part expresse,
Nor life-resembling pencill it can paint,
All were it *Zeuxis* or *Praxiteles*:
His *dædale* hand would faile, and greatly faint,

B b 4

And her perfections with his error taint:
 Ne Poets wit, that passeth Painter farre
 In picturing the parts of beautie daint,
 So hard a workmanship aduenture darre,
 For fear through want of words her excellence to marre.

How then shall I, Apprentice of the skill,
 That whylome in diuine wits did raise,
 Presume so high to stretch mine humble quill?
 Yet now my lucklesse lot doth me constrain
 Hereto perforce. But ô dred Soueraine
 Thus farre forth pardon, sith that choicest wit
 Cannot your glorious pourtraist figure plaine
 That I in colourd shoves may shadow it,
 And antique praises vnto present persons fit.

But if in liuing colours, and right hew,
 Your selfe you couet to see pictured,
 Who can it doe more liuely, or more trew,
 Then that sweet verse, with *Nectar* sprinckled,
 In which a gracious seruant pictured
 His *Cynthia*, his heauens fairest light?
 That with his melting sweetnesse rauished,
 And with the wonder of her beames bright,
 My senses lulled are in slomber of delight.

But let that same delitious Poet lend
 A little leaue vnto a rusticke Muse
 To sing his mistresse praye, and let him mend,
 If ought amis her liking may abuse:
 Ne let his fairest *Cynthia* refuse,
 In mirrours more then one her selfe to see,
 But either *Gloriana* let her chuse,
 Or in *Belphebe* fashioned to bee:
 In th'one her rule, in th'other her rare chastitee.

CANT.

Cant. I.

*Guyon encountreth Britomart,
 faire Florimell is chased:
 Duesiaes traines and Materastres
 champions are defaced.*

THe famous Briton Prince and Faerie knight,
 After long wayes and perillous paines endured,
 Hauing their wearie limbes to perfect plight
 Restord, and fory wounds right well recured,
 Of the faire *Alma* greatly were procured,
 To make there lenger sojourn and abode;
 But when thereto they might not be allured,
 From seeking praise, and deeds of armes abroad,
 They courteous conge tooke, and forth together yode.

But the captiu'd *Acrasia* he sent,
 Because of trauell long, a nigher way,
 With a strong gard, all reskew to preuent,
 And her to Faerie court safe to conuay,
 That her for witness of his hard assay,
 Vnto his *Faerie Queene* he might present:
 But he himselte betooke another way,
 To make more triall of his hardiment,
 And seeke aduentures, as he with Prince *Arthur* went.

Long so they trauelled through wastefull wayes,
 Where daungers dwelt, and perills most did wonne,
 To hunt for glorie and renowned praise;
 Full many Countries they did oucrronne,

From the vprising to the setting Sunne,
 And many hard aduentures did archieue;
 Of all the which they honour euer wonne,
 Seeking the weake oppressed to relieue,
 And to recouer right for such, as wrong did grieue.

At last as through an open plaine they yode,
 They spide a knight, that towards pricked faire,
 And him beside an aged Squire there rode,
 That seem'd to couch vnder his shield three-square,
 As if that age had him that burden spare,
 And yield it those, that stouter could it wield:
 He them espying, gan him selfe prepare,
 And on his arme address'd his goodly shield
 That bore a Lion passant in a golden field.

Which seeing good Sir *Guyon*, deare besought
 The Prince of grace, to let him runne that turne.
 He graunted: then the Faery quickly raught
 His poignant speare, and sharply gan to spurne
 His fomy steed, whose fierie feete did burne
 The verdant grasse, as he thereon did tread;
 Ne did the other backe his foot returne,
 But fiercely forward came withouten dread,
 And bent his dreadfull speare against the others head.

They bene ymet, and both their points arriued,
 But *Guyon* droue so furious and fell,
 That seem'd both shield & plate it would haue riued;
 Natherlesse it bore his foe not from his fell,
 But made him stagger, as he were not well:
 But *Guyon* selfe, ere well he was aware,
 Nigh a speares length behind his crouper fell,
 Yet in his fall so well him selfe he bare,
 That mischieuous mischance his life & limbes did spare.

Great

Great shame and sorrow of that fall he tooke;
 For neuer yet, sith warlike armes he bore,
 And shiuering speare in blondie field first hooke,
 He found him selfe dishonored so fore.
 Ah gentlest knight, that cuer armour bore,
 Let not thee grieue dismounted to haue bene,
 And brought to ground, that neuer wast before;
 For not thy fault, but secret powre vnseene, (*greene*)
 That speare enchanted was, which layd thee on the

But weenedst thou what wight thee ouerthrew,
 Much greater grieue and shamefuller regret
 For thy hard fortune then thou wouldst renew,
 That of a single damzell thou wert met
 On equall plaine, and there so hard beset;
 Euen the famous *Britomart* it was,
 Whom straunge aduenture did from *Britaine* fet,
 To seeke her loue (loue farre fought alas.)
 Whose image she had seene in *Venus* looking glas.

Full of disdainefull wrath, he fierce vprofe,
 For to reuenge that soule reprochfull shame,
 And snatching his bright sword began to close
 With her on foot, and stoutly forward came;
 Die rather would he, then endure that fame.
 Which when his *Palmer* saw, he gan to feare
 His toward perill and vntoward blame,
 Which by that new rencounter he should reare:
 For death fate on the point of that enchanted speare.

And halting towards him gan faire perswade,
 Not to prouoke misfortune, nor to weene
 His speares default to mend with cruell blade;
 For by his mightie Science he had seene

The secret vertue of that weapon keene,
That mortall puiffance mote not withftond:
Nothing on earth mote alwaies happie beene,
Great hazard were it, and a duenture fond,
To loofe long gotten honour with one euill hond.

By fuch good meanes he him difcounfelled,
From profecuting his reuenging rage;
And eke the Prince like treaty handeled,
His wrathfull will with reafon to affwage,
And laid the blame, not to his carriage,
But to his flarting fteed, that fwaru'd afyde,
And to the ill purueyance of his page,
That had his furnitures not firmly tyde:
So is his angry courage fairely pacifyde.

Thus reconcilment was betweene them knit,
Through goodly temperance, and affection chaffe,
And either vovd with all their power and wit,
To let not others honour be defalte,
Offriend or foe, who euer it embafe,
Ne armes to beare againft the others fyde:
In which accord the Prince was alfo plafted,
And with that golden chaine of concord tyde.
So goodly all agreed, they forth yfere did ryde.

O goodly vſage of thoſe antique times,
In which the ſword was ſeruant vnto right;
When not for malice and contentious crimes,
But all for praife, and prooffe of manly might,
The martiall brood accuſtomed to fight:
Then honour was the meed of victorie,
And yet the vanquiſhed had no deſpight:
Let later age that noble uſe enuie,
Vile rancour to auoid, and cruell ſurquedrie.

Long

Long they thus trauelled in friendly wiſe,
Through countries waſte, and eke well edifyde,
Seeking aduentures hard, to exerciſe
Their puiffance, whylome full dernelly tryde:
At length they came into a forreſt wyde,
Whoſe hideous horror and ſad trembling found
Full grieuſly ſcem'd: Therein they long did ryde,
Yet tract of liuing creatures none they found,
Saue Beares, Lions, & Bulls, which romed them around.

All ſuddenly out of the thickeſt buſh,
Vpon a milke-white Palfrey all alone,
A goodly Ladie did foreby them ruſh,
Whoſe face did ſeeme as cleare as Chriſtall ſtone,
And eke through feare as white as whales bone:
Her garments all were wrought of beaten gold,
And all her ſteed with tinſell trappings ſhone,
Which ſled ſo faſt, that nothing mote him hold,
And ſcarſe them leaſure gaue, her paſſing to behold.

Still as ſhe ſled, her eye ſhe backward threw,
As fearing euill, that purſewd her faſt;
And her faire yellow locks behind her flew,
Looſely diſperſt with puffe of euery blaſt:
All as a blazing ſtarre doth farre outcaſt
His hearie beames, and flaming lockes diſpred,
At ſight whereof the people ſtand aghaſt:
But the ſage wiſard telles, as he has red,
That it importunes death and dolefull drierhed.

So as they gazed after her a while,
Lo where a grieuſly Foſter forth did ruſh,
Breathing out beaſtly luſt her to deſile:
His tyreling iade he fiercelly forth did puſh,

Through thicke and thin, both ouer banke and bush
 In hope her to attaine by hooke or crooke,
 That from his gorie sides the bloud did gush:
 Large were his limbes, and terrible his looke,
 And in his clownish hand a sharpe bore speare he shooke.

Which outrage when those gentle knights did see,
 Full of great enuie and fell gealosy;
 They stayd not to auise, who first should bee,
 But all spurd after fast, as they mote fly,
 To reskew her from shamefull villany.
 The Prince and *Guyon* equally byliue
 Her selfe pursewd, in hope to win thereby
 Most goodly meede, the fairest Dame aliue:
 But after the foule foster *Timias* did striue.

The whiles faire *Britomart*, whose constant mind,
 Would not so lightly follow beauties chace,
 Ne reckt of Ladies Loue, did stay behind,
 And them awayted there a certaine space,
 To wect if they would turne backe to that place:
 But when the saw them gone, she forward went,
 As lay her iourney, through that perulous Pace,
 With stedfast courage and stout hardiment;
 Ne euill thing the fear'd, ne euill thing the ment.

At last as nigh out of the wood she came,
 A stately Castle farre away she spyde,
 To which her steps directly she did frame.
 That Castle was most goodly edifyde,
 And plaste for pleasure nigh that forrest syde:
 But faire before the gate a spacious plaine,
 Mantled with greene, it selfe did spredden wyde,
 On which the saw fixe knights, that did darraigne
 Pierce battell against one, with cruell might and maine.
 Mainely

Mainly they all attonce vpon him laid,
 And fore beset on euery side around,
 That nigh he breathlesse grew, yet nought difmaid,
 Ne euer to them yielded foot of ground.
 All had he lost much bloud through many a wound,
 But stoutly dealt his blowes, and euery way
 To which he turned in his wrathfull stound,
 Made them recoile, and fly from dred decay,
 That none of all the fixe before, him durst assay.

Like dastard Curres, that hauing at a bay
 The salnage beast embost in wearie chace,
 Dare not aduenture on the stubborne pray,
 Ne byte before, but rome from place to place,
 To get a snatch, when turned is his face.
 In such distresse and doubtfull icopardy,
 When *Britomart* him saw, she ran a pace
 Vnto his reskew, and with earnest cry,
 Bad those same fixe forbear that single enemy.

But to her cry they list not lenden eare,
 Ne ought the more their mightie strokes surceasse,
 But gathering him round about more neare,
 Their direfull rancour rather did encrease;
 Till that the rushing through the thickest preasse,
 Perforce dispersed their compacted gyre,
 And soone compeld to hearken vnto peace:
 Tho gan she myldly of them to inquire
 The cause of their dissention and outrageous yre.

Whereto that single knight did answer frame;
 These fixe would me enforce by oddes of might,
 To change my lief, and loue another Dame,
 That death me liester were, then such despyght,

So vnto wrong to yield my wrested right:
 For I loue one, the truest one on ground,
 Ne list me chaunge; she th'*Errant Damzell* hight,
 For whose deare sake full many a bitter stownd,
 I haue endur'd, and tasted many a bloody wound.

Certes (said she) then bene ye fixe to blame,
 To weene your wrong by force to iustifie:
 For knight to leaue his Ladiewere great shame,
 That faithfull is, and better were to die.
 All losse is lesse, and lesse the infamie,
 Then losse of loue to him, that loues but one;
 Ne may loue be compeld by maisterie;
 For soone as maisterie comes, sweet loue anone
 Taketh his nimble wings, and soone away is gone.

Then spake one of those fixe, There dwelleth here
 Within this castle wall a Ladie faire,
 Whose soueraine beautie hath no liuing pere,
 Thereto so bounteous and so debonaire,
 That neuer any mote with her compare.
 She hath ordaind this law, which we approue,
 That euery knight, which doth this way repaire,
 In case he haue no Ladie, nor no loue,
 Shall doe vnto her seruice neuer to remoue.

But if he haue a Ladie or a Loue,
 Then must he her forgoe with foule defame,
 Or else with vs by dint of sword approue,
 That the is fairer, then our fairest Dame,
 As did this knight, before ye hither came.
 Perdie (said *Britomart*) the choise is hard:
 But what reward had he, that ouercame?
 He should aduanced be to high regard,
 (Said they) and haue our Ladies loue for his reward.

There-

Therefore a read Sir, if thou haue a loue.
 Loue haue I sure, (quoth she) but Lady none;
 Yet will I not fro mine owne loue remoue,
 Ne to your Lady will I seruice done, (long,
 But wreake your wrongs wrought to this knight a-
 And proue his cause. With that her mortall speare
 She mightily auentred towards one,
 And downe him smot, ere well aware he weare,
 Then to the next she rode, & downe the next did beare.

Ne did she stay, till three on ground she layd,
 That none of them him selfe could reare againe;
 The fourth was by that other knight disinayd,
 All were he wearie of his former paine,
 That now there do but two of six remaine;
 Which two did yield, before she did them smight.
 Ah (said she then) now may ye all see plaine,
 That truth is strong, and trew loue most of might,
 That for his trusty seruants doth so strongly fight.

Too well we see, (said they) and proue too well
 Our faulty weaknesse, and your matchlesse might:
 For thy faire Sir, yours be the *Damozell*,
 Which by her owne law to your lot doth light,
 And we your liege men faith vnto you plight.
 So vnderneath her feet their swords they thard,
 And after her besought, well as they might,
 To enter in, and reape the dew reward:
 She graunted, and then in they all together far'd.

Long were it to describe the goodly frame,
 And stately port of *Castle Ioyeous*,
 (For so that Castle hight by commune name)
 Where they were entertaind with courteous

C c

And comely glee of many gracious
 Faire Ladies, and many a gentle knight,
 Who through a Chamber long and spacious,
 Eftsoones them brought vnto their Ladies fight.
 That of them cleeped was the *Lady of delight*.

But for to tell the sumptuous aray
 Of that great chamber, should be labour lost:
 For liuing wit, I weene, cannot display
 The royall riches and exceeding cost,
 Of euery pillour and of euery post;
 Which all of purest bullion framed were,
 And with great pearles and pretious stones embost,
 That the bright glister of their beames cleare
 Did sparkle forth great light, and glorious did appeare.

These straunger knights through passing, forth were led
 Into an inner rowme, whose royaltie
 And rich purueyance might vneath be red;
 Mote Princes place be seeme so deckt to bee.
 Which stately manner when as they did see,
 The image of superfluous riotize,
 Exceeding much the state of meane degree,
 They greatly wondred, whence so sumptuous guise
 Might be maintaynd, and each gan diuertely deuize.

The wals were round about apparelled:
 With costly clothes of *Arras* and of *Touze*,
 In which with cunning hand was pourtrahed
 The loue of *Venus* and her Paramoure
 The faire *Adonis*, turned to a flowre,
 A worke of rare deuice, and wondrous wit.
 First did it shew the bitter balefull stowre,
 Which her assayd with many a feruent fit,
 When first her tender hart was with his beautie smit.

Then

Then with what sleights and sweet allurements she
 Entryt the Boy, as well that art she knew,
 And wooed him her Paramoure to be;
 Now making girlonds of each flowre that grew,
 To crowne his golden lockes with honour dew;
 Now leading him into a secret shade
 From his Beauperes, and from bright heauens vew,
 Where he him to sleepe she gently would perswade,
 Or bathe him in a fountaine by some couert glade.

And whilst he slept, she ouer him would spred
 Her mantle, colour'd like the starry skyes,
 And her soft arme lay vnderneath his hed,
 And with ambrosiall kisses bathe his eyes;
 And whilst he bath'd, with her two crafty spyes,
 She secretly would searce each daintie lim,
 And throw into the well sweet Rosemaryes,
 And fragrant violets, and Pances trim,
 And euer with sweet Nectar she did sprinkle him.

So did she steale his heedelesse hart away,
 And ioyd his loue in secret vnespyde.
 But for she saw him bent to cruell play,
 To hunt the saluage beast in Forrest wyde,
 Dreadfull of daunger, that mote him betyde,
 She oft and oft aduiz'd him to refraine
 From chase of greater beasts, whose brutish pryde
 Mote breede him scath vnwares: but all in vaine;
 For who can shun the chauce, that destiny doth ordaine?

Lo, where beyond he lyeth languishing,
 Deadly engored of a great wild Bore,
 And by his side the Goddesse groueling
 Makes for him endlesse mone, and euermore

Cc 2

With her soft garment wipes away the gore,
 Which staines his snowy skin with hatefull hew:
 But when she saw no helpe might him restore,
 Him to a dainty flowre she did tranfinew,
 Which in that cloth was wrought, as if it liuely grew.

So was that chamber clad in goodly wize,
 And round about it many beds were dight,
 As whilome was the antique worldes guize,
 Some for vntimely ease, some for delight,
 As pleased them to vse, that vse it might:
 And all was full of Damzels, and of Squires,
 Dauncing and reueling both day and night,
 And swimming deepe in sensuall desires,
 And *Cupid* still emongst them kindled lustfull fires.

And all the while sweet Musicke did diuide
 Her looser notes with *Lydian* harmony;
 And all the while sweet birdes thereto applide
 Their daintie layes and dulcet melody,
 Ay caroling of loue and iollity,
 That wonder was to heare their trim consort. (eye,
 Which when those knights beheld, with scornefull
 They sdeigned such lasciuious disport,
 And loath'd the loose demeanure of that wanton sort.

Thence they were brought to that great Ladies vew,
 Whom they found sitting on a sumptuous bed,
 That glistred all with gold and glorious shew,
 As the proud *Persian* Queenes accustomed:
 She seend a woman of great bountihed,
 And of rare beautie, sauing that askaunce
 Her wanton eyes, ill signes of womanhed,
 Did roll too highly, and too often glauce,
 Without regard of grace, or comely amenaunce.

Long

Long worke it were, and needlesse to deuize
 Their goodly entertainment and great glee:
 She caused them be led in curteous wize
 Into a bowre, disarmed for to bee,
 And cheared well with wine and spiceree:
 The *Redcrosse* Knight was soone disarmed there,
 But the braue Mayd would not disarmed bee,
 But onely vented vp her vmbriere,
 And so did let her goodly visage to appere.

As when faire *Cynthia*, in darke some night,
 Is in a noyous cloud enuveloped,
 Where she may find the substance thin and light,
 Breakes forth her siluer beames, and her bright hed
 Discouers to the world discomfited;
 Of the poore traeller, that went astray,
 With thousand blessings she is heried;
 Such was the beautie and the shining ray,
 With which faire *Britomart* gaue light vnto the day.

And eke those six, which lately with her fought,
 Now were disarmed, and did them selues present
 Vnto her vew, and company vnfoight;
 For they all seemed curteous and gent,
 And all fixe brethren, borne of one parent,
 Which had them traynd in all ciuilltee,
 And goodly taught to tilt and turnament;
 Now were they liegemen to this Lady free,
 And her knights seruice ought, to hold of her in fee.

The first of them by name *Gardante* hight,
 A iolly person, and of comely vew;
 The second was *Parlante*, a bold knight,
 And next to him *Iocante* did ensue;

Cc 3

*Esq*uante did him selfe most curteous shew;
But fierce *Bacchante* seemd too fell and keene;
And yet in armes *Nof*sante greater grew:
All were faire knights, and goodly well befeene,
But to faire *Britomart* they all but shadowes beene.

For she was full of amiable grace,
And manly terrour mixed therewithall,
That as the one flird vp affections bace,
So th'other did mens rash desires apall,
And hold them backe, that would in error fall;
As he, that hath espide a vermeill Rose,
To which sharpe thornes and bretes the way forfall,
Dare not for dread his hardy hand expose,
But wishing it far off, his idle wish doth lose.

Whom when the Lady saw so faire a wight,
All ignoraunt of her contrary sex,
(For she her weend a fresh and lusty knight)
She greatly gan enamoured to wax,
And with vaine thoughts her falsed fancy vex:
Her fickle hart conceiued hasty fire,
Like sparkes of fire, which fall in slender flex,
That shortly bent into extreme desire,
And ransackt all her veines with passion entire.

Estfoones she grew to great impatience
And into termes of open outrage bruft,
That plaine discovered her incontinence,
Ne reekt she, who her meaning did mistrust;
For she was giuen all to fleshy lust,
And poured forth in sensuall delight,
That all regard of shame she had discuft,
And meet respect of honour put to flight:
So shamelesse beauty soone becomes a loathy sight,

Faire

CANT. I. FAERIE QVEENE.

Faire Ladies, that to loue captiued arre,
And chaste desires do nourish in your mind,
Let not her fault your sweet affections marre,
Ne blot the bounty of all womankind;
'Mongst thousands good one wanton Dame to find:
Emongst the Roses grow some wicked weeds;
For this was not to loue, but lust inclind;
For loue does alwayes bring forth bounteous deeds,
And in each gentle hart desire of honour breeds.

Nought so of loue this looser Dame did skill,
But as a coale to kindle fleshy flame,
Giuing the bridle to her wanton will,
And treading ynder foote her honest name:
Such loue is hate, and such desire is shame.
Still did she roue at her with crafty glaunce
Of her false eyes, that at her hart did ayme,
And told her meaning in her countenance;
But *Britomart* dissembled it with ignoraunce.

Supper was shortly dight and downe they sat,
Where they were serued with all sumptuous fare,
Whiles fruitfull *Ceres*, and *Lycus* sat
Poured out their plenty, without spight or spare:
Nought wanted there, that dainty was and rare;
And aye the cups their bancks did ouerflow,
And aye betweene the cups, she did prepare
Way to her loue, and secret darls did throw;
But *Britomart* would not such guilfull message know.

So when they slaked had the feruent heat
Of appetite with meates of euery fort,
The Lady did faire *Britomart* entreat,
Her to disarme, and with delightfull sport

C c 4

To loofe her warlike limbs and strong effort,
 But when the mote not thereunto be wonne,
 (For ſhe her ſexe vnder that ſtraunge purport
 Did viſe to hide, and plaine apparauce ſhonne):
 In plainer wiſe to tell her grieuance ſhe begonne.

And all attonce diſcouered her deſire
 With ſighes, and ſobs, and plaints, & piteous grieſe,
 The outward ſparkes of her in burning fire;
 Which ſpent in vaine, at laſt ſhe told her briefe,
 That but if ſhe did lend her ſhort reliefe,
 And do her comfort, ſhe mote algaes dye.
 But the chaſte damzell, that had neuer priefe
 Of ſuch malengine and fine forgerie,
 Did eaſily belecue her ſtrong extremitie.

Full eaſie was for her to haue beliefe,
 Who by ſelf-feeling of her feeble ſexe,
 And by long triall of the inward grieſe,
 Wherewith imperious loue her hart did vexe,
 Could iudge what paines do louing harts perplexe.
 Who meanes no guile, beguiled ſoonest ſhall,
 And to faire ſemblance doth light faith annex;
 The bird, that knows not the falſe fowlers call,
 Into his hidden net full eaſily doth fall.

For thy ſhe would not in diſcourteife wiſe,
 Scorne the faire offer of good will profeſt;
 For great rebuke it is, loue to deſpiſe,
 Or rudely ſdeigne a gentle harts requeſt;
 But with faire countenance, as beſeemd beſt,
 Her entertaynd; nath'leſſe the inly deemd
 Her loue too light, to wooe a wandring gueſt:
 Which ſhe miſconſtruing, thereby eſteemd
 That from like inward fire that outward ſmoke had

There-

Therewith a while ſhe her ſit fancy fed,
 Till ſhe mote winne fit time for her deſire,
 But yet her wound ſtill inward freſhly bled,
 And through her bones the falſe inſtilled fire
 Did ſpred it ſelfe, and venime cloſe inſpire.
 Tho were the tables taken all away,
 And euery knight, and euery gentle Squire
 Gan chooſe his dame with *Baſiomani* gay,
 With whom he meant to make his ſport & courtly play.

Some fell to daunce, ſome fell to hazardry,
 Some to make loue, ſome to make meriment,
 As diuerſe wits to diuers things apply;
 And all the while faire *Malcaſta* bent
 Her crafty engins to her cloſe intent.
 By this th'eternall lampes, wherewith high *Ioue*
 Doth light the lower world, were halfe yſpent,
 And the moiſt daughters of huge *Atlas* ſtroue
 Into the *Ocean* deepe to driue their weary droue.

High time it ſeemed then for euery wight
 Them to betake vnto their kindly reſt;
 Eſtſoones long waxen torches weren light,
 Vnto their bowres to guiden euery gueſt:
 Tho when the Britoneſſe ſaw all the reſt
 Auoided quite, ſhe gan her ſelfe deſpoile,
 And ſafe commit to her ſoft feathered neſt,
 Where through long watch, & late dayes weary toile,
 She foundly ſlept, & carefull thoughts did quite aſſoile.

Now whenas all the world in ſilence deepe
 Yſhrowded was, and euery mortall wight
 Was drowned in the depth of deadly ſleepe,
 Faire *Malcaſta*, whoſe engrieued ſpright

Could find no rest in such perplexed plight,
Lightly arose out of her wearie bed,
And vnder the blacke vele of guilty Night,
Her with a scarlot mantle couered,
That was with gold and Ermines faire enuelped.

Then panting soft, and trembling euery ioynt,
Her fearfull feete towards the bowre she moued;
Where she for secreet purpose did appoynt
To lodge the warlike mayd vnwisely loued,
And to her bed approaching, first she proued,
Whether she slept or wakt, with her soft hand
She softly felt, if any member moued,
And lent her weary eare to vnderstand,
If any puffle of breath, or signe of fence the fond.

Which whenas none she fond, with easie snift,
For feare least her vnwares she should abrayd,
Thembroderd quilt she lightly vp did list,
And by her side her selfe she softly layd,
Of euery finest fingers touch affrayd;
Ne any noise she made, ne word she spake,
But inly sigh'd. At last the royall Mayd
Out of her quiet slomber did awake,
And chaungd her weary side, the better ease to take.

Where feeling one close couched by her side,
She lightly lept out of her filed bed,
And to her weapon ran, in minde to gride
The loathed leachour. But the Dame halfe ded
Through suddain feare and ghastly drebred,
Did shriek alowd, that through the house it rong,
And the whole family therewith adred,
Rashly out of their rouzed couches sprong,
And to the troubled chamber all in armes did throng.

And

And those six Knights that Ladies Champions,
And eke the *Redcrosse* knight ran to the stownd,
Halfe armd and halfe vnarmd, with them attons:
Where when confusedly they came, they fownd
Their Lady lying on the sencelesse ground;
On th'other side, they saw the warlike Mayd
All in her snow-white smocke, with locks vnbound,
Threatning the point of her auenging blade,
That with so troublous terrour they were all dismayde.

About their Lady first they flockt arownd,
Whom hauing laid in comfortable couch,
Shortly they reard out of her frozen srownd;
And afterwards they gan with fowle reproch
To stirre vp strife, and troublous contecke broch:
But by ensample of the last dayes losse,
None of them rashly durst to her approach,
Ne in so glorious spoile themselues embosse;
Her succourd eke the Champion of the bloody Crosse.

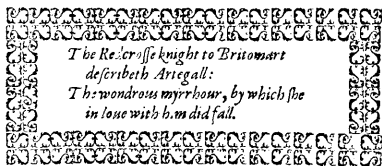
But one of those sixe knights, *Gardante* hight,
Drew out a deadly bow and arrow keene,
Which forth he sent with felonous despight,
And fell intent against the virgin sheene:
The mortall steele stayd not, till it was seene
To gore her side, yet was the wound not deepe,
But lightly rasd her soft silken skin,
That drops of purple blood thereout did weepe,
Which did her lilly smock with staines of vermeil steepe.

Wherewith enrag'd she fiercely at them flew,
And with her flaming sword about her layd,
That none of them foule mischiefe could eschew,
But with her dreadfull strokes were all dismayd:

Here, there, and euery where about her swayd
Her wrathfull Steele, that none mote it abide;
And eke the *Redcrosse* knight gaue her good aid,
Ay ioyning foot to foot, and side to side,
That in short space their foes they haue quite terrifide.

Tho whenas all were put to shamefull flight,
The noble *Britomart* is her arayd,
And her bright armes about her body dight:
For nothing would she lenger there be stayd,
Where so loofe life, and so vngente trade
Was vs'd of Knights and Ladies seeming gent:
So carely ere the grosse Earthes gryefly shade,
Was all disperst out of the firmament,
They tooke their steeds, & forth vpō their iourney went.

Cant. II.



Here haue I cause, in men iust blame to find,
That in their proper prayfe too partiall bee,
And not indifferent to woman kind,
To whom no share in armes and chieualric
They do impart, ne maken memorie
Of their braue gestes and prowesse martiall;
Scarfe do they spare to one or two or three,
Rowme in their writs; yet the same writing small
Does all their deeds deface, and dims their glories all,

But

But by record of antique times I find,
That women wont in warres to beare most sway,
And to all great exploits them selues inclind:
Of which they fill the girlond bore away,
Till enuious Men fearing their rules decay,
Can coyne streight lawes to curb their liberty;
Yet sith they warlike armes haue layd away:
They haue exceld in artes and pollicy,
That now we fooliish men that prayfe giue eke reny.

Of warlike puiffaunce in ages spent,
Be thou faire *Britomart*, whose prayfe I write,
But of all wife dome be thou precedent,
O soveraigne Queené, whose prayfe I would endite,
Endite I would as dewtie doth excite;
But ah my times too rude and rugged arre,
When in so high an obiect they do lite,
And striuing, fit to make, I feare do marre:
Thy selfe thy prayfes tell, and make them knowen farre.

She traueiling with *Guyon* by the way,
Of sundry things faire purpose gan to find,
T'abridg their iourney long, and lingring day;
Mongit which it fell into that Faeries mind,
To aske this Briton Mayd, what vncouth wind,
Brought her into those parts, and what inquest
Made her dissemble her disguised kind:
Faie Lady she him seemd, like Lady drest,
But fairest knight aliué, when armed was her brest.

Ther eat she sighing softly, had no powre
To speake a while, ne ready answere make,
But with hart-thrilling throbs and bitter stowre,
As if she had a feuer fit, did quake,

And euery daintie limbe with horroure shake;
 And euer and anone the rosy red,
 Flashed through her face, as it had bene a flake
 Of lightning, through bright heauen fulmined;
 At last the passion past she thus him answered.

Faire Sir, I let you weete, that from the howre
 I taken was from nourses tender pap,
 I haue bene trained vp in warlike stowre,
 To tossen speare and shield, and to affray
 The warlike ryder to his most mishap;
 Sithence I loathed haue my life to lead,
 As Ladies wont, in pleasures wanton lap,
 To figger the fine needle and nyce thread;
 Me leuer were with point of foemans speare be dead.

All my delight on deedes of armes is set,
 To hunt out perils and aduentures hard,
 By sea, by land, where so they may be met,
 Onely for honour and for high regard,
 Without respect of richesse or reward.
 For such intent into these parts I came,
 Withouten compasse, or withouten card,
 Far fro my natiue soyle, that is by name
 The greater *Britaine*, here to seeke for prayse and fame.

Fame blazed hath, that here in Faery lond
 Do many famous Knightes and Ladies wonne,
 And many strange aduentures to be fond,
 Of which great worth and worship may be wonne;
 Which I to proue, this voyage haue begonne.
 But mote I weete of you, right courteous knight,
 Tydings of one, that hath vnto me donne
 Late foule dishonour and reprochfull spight,
 The which I seeke to wreake, and *Arthegall* he hight.

The

The word gone out, she backe againe would call,
 As her repenting so to haue mistayd,
 But that he it vp-taking ere the fall,
 Her shortly answered; Faire martiall Mayd
 Certes ye misa uised beene, t'vpbrayd
 A gentle knight with so vnknighly blame:
 For weete ye well of all, that euer playd
 At tilt or tourney, or like warlike game,
 The noble *Arthegall* hath euer borne the name;

For thy great wonder were it, if such shame
 Should euer enter in his bounteous thought,
 Or euer do, that mote deseruen blame:
 The noble courage neuer weeneth ought,
 That may vnworthy of it selfe be thought.
 Therefore, faire Damzell, be ye well aware,
 Least that too farre ye haue your sorrow fought:
 You and your countrey both I wish welfare,
 And honour both; for each of other worthy are.

The royall Mayd woxe inly wondrous glad,
 To heare her Loue so highly magnifide,
 And ioyd that euer she affixed had;
 Her hart on knight so goodly glorifide,
 How euer finely she it faind to hide:
 The louing mother, that nine monethes did beare,
 In the deare closet of her painefull side,
 Her tender babe, it seeing safe appeare,
 Doth not so much reioyce, as she reioyced there.

But to occasion him to further talke,
 To feed her humour with his pleasing stile,
 Her list in strifull termes with him to balke,
 And thus replide, How euer, Sir, ye file

Your curteous tongue, his prayes to compile,
 It ill befemes a knight of gentle sort,
 Such as ye haue him boasted, to beguile
 A simple mayd, and worke so haynous tort,
 In shame of knight-hood, as I largely can report.

Let be therefore my vengeance to disswade,
 And read, where I that faytour false may find.
 Ah, but if reason faire might you perswade,
 To slake your wrath, and mollifie your mind,
 (Said he) perhaps ye should it better find:
 For hardy thing it is, to weene by might,
 That man to hard conditions to bind,
 Or euer hope to match in equal fight,
 Whose prowesse paragon saw neuer liuing wight.

Ne soothlich is it easie for to read,
 Where now on earth, or how he may be found;
 For he ne wonneth in one certaine stead,
 But restless walketh all the world around,
 Ay doing things, that to his fame redound,
 Defending Ladies cause, and Orphans right,
 Where so he heares, that any doth confound.
 Them comfortlesse, through tyranny or might;
 So is his fouraine honour raise'd to heauens hight.

His feeling words her feeble sence much pleased,
 And softly sunck into her molten hart;
 Hart that is inly hurt, is greatly eased,
 With hope of thing, that may allegge his smart;
 For pleasing words are like to Magick art,
 That doth the charmed Snake in slomber lay:
 Such secreate ease felt gentle *Britomart*,
 Yet list the same efforce with faind gaine say;
 So dishcord oft in Musick makes the sweeter lay.

And

And said, Sir knight, these idle termes forbear,
 And sith it is vneath to find his haunt,
 Tell me some markes, by which he may appeare,
 If chance I him encounter parauaunt;
 For perdie one shall other slay, or daunt: (what sted,
 What shape, what shield, what armes, what steed,
 And what to esse his person most may want?)
 All which the *Redersse* knight to point are'd,
 And him in euery part before her fashioned.

Yet him in euery part before she knew,
 How euer list her now her knowledge faine,
 Sith him whilome in *Britaine* she did vew,
 To her reuealed in a mirrhour plaine,
 Whereof did grow her first engrafed paine;
 Whose root and stalke so bitter yet did tast,
 That but the fruit more sweetnesse did containe,
 Her wretched dayes in dolour the mote wast,
 And yield the pray of loue to lothsome death at last.

By strange occasion she did him behold,
 And much more strangely gan to loue his sight,
 As it in bookes hath written bene of old.
 In *Debenbarth* that now South-wales is hight,
 What time king *Ryence* reign'd, and dealed right,
 The great Magitian *Merlin* had deniz'd,
 By his deepe science, and hell-dreaded might,
 A looking glasse, right wondrously aguz'd,
 Whose vertues through the wyde world soone were so-
 (lemniz'd.

It vertue had, to shew in perfect sight,
 What euer thing was in the world contaynd,
 Betwix the lowest earth and heauens hight,
 So that it to the looker appetraynd;

D d

What euer foe had wrought, or friend had faynd,
 Therein discouered was, ne ought mote pas,
 Ne ought in secret from the fame remaynd;
 For thy it round and hollow shaped was,
 Like to the world it selfe, and seem'd a world of glas.

Who wonders not, that reades so wonderous worke?
 But who does wonder, that has red the Towre,
 Wherein th' *Egyptian Phao* long did lurke,
 From all mens vew, that none might her discourse,
 Yet she might all men vew out of her bowre?
 Great *Ptolomee* it for his lemans fake
 Ybuilt all of glasse, by Magicke powre,
 And also it impregnable did make;
 Yet when his loue was false, he with a peaze it brake.

Such was the glasse globe that *Merlin* made,
 And gaue vnto king *Ryence* for his gard,
 That neuer foes his kingdome might inuade,
 But he it knew at home before he hard
 Tydings thereof, and so them still debar'd.
 It was a famous Present for a Prince,
 And worthy worke of infinite reward,
 That treasons could bewray, and foes conuince;
 Happie this Realme, had it remained euer since.

One day it fortun'd, faire *Britomart*
 Into her fathers closet to repayre;
 For nothing he from her refer'd apart,
 Being his onely daughter and his hayre:
 Where when she had espyde that mirrhour fayre,
 Her selfe a while therein the vewd in vaine;
 Tho her auizing of the vertues rare,
 Which thereof spoken were, she gan againe
 Her to be thinke of, that mote to her selfe pertaine.

But

But as it falleth, in the gentlest harts
 Imperious Loue hath highest set his throne,
 And tyrannizeth in the bitter smartes
 Of them, that to him buxome are and prone:
 So thought this Mayd (as maydens vse to done)
 Whom fortune for her husband would allor,
 Not that she lusted after any one;
 For she was pure from blame of sinfull blot,
 Yet wist her life at last must lincke in that same knot.

Effsoones there was presented to her eye
 A comely knight, all arm'd in complet wize,
 Through whose bright ventayle lifted vp on hye
 His manly face, that did his foes agrize,
 And friends to termes of gentle truce entize,
 Lookt foorth, as *Phobus* face out of the east,
 Betwixt two shadie mountaines doth arize;
 Portly his person was, and much increast
 Through his Heroicke grace, and honorable gest.

His crest was couered with a couchant Hound,
 And all his armour seem'd of antique mould,
 But wondrous masse and assured sound,
 And round about yfretted all with gold,
 In which there written was with cyphers old,
Achilles armes, which Arthegall did win.
 And on his shield enuveloped seuencfold
 He bore a crowned litle Ermilin,
 That deckt the azure field with her faire pouldred skin.

The Damzell well did vew his personage,
 And lik'd well, ne further fastned not;
 But went her way; ne her vnguiltly age
 Did weene, vnwares, that her vn lucky lot

D d 2

Lay hidden in the bottome of the pot;
 Of hurt vnwift most daunger doth redound:
 But the falsse Archer, which that arrow thot
 So slyly, that she did not feele the wound,
 Did fayle full smoothly at her weetelesse wofull stound.

Thenceforth the feather in her loftie crest,
 Ruffed of loue, gan lowly to auale,
 And her proud portance, and her princely gest,
 With which the earst tryumphed, now did quaille:
 Sad, solemne, fowre, and full of fancies fraile
 She woxe; yet wist she neither how, nor why,
 She wist not, silly Mayd, what she did aile,
 Yet wist, she was not well at ease perdy,
 Yet thought it was not loue, but some melancholy.

So soone as Night had with her pallid hew
 Defast the beautie of the shining sky,
 And rest from men the worlds desired vew,
 She with her Nourse adowne to sleepe did lye;
 But sleepe full farre away from her did fly:
 In stead thereof sad sighes, and sorrowes deepe
 Kept watch and ward about her warily,
 That nought she did but wayle, and often sleepe
 Her daintie couch with teares, which closely she did
 (weepe.

And if that any drop of slombing rest
 Did chaunce to still into her wearie spright,
 When feeble nature felt her selfe opprest,
 Streight way with dreames, and with fantasticke sight
 Of dreadful things the same was put to flight,
 That oft out of her bed she did astart,
 As one with vew of ghastly feends affright:
 Tho gan she to renew her former smart,
 And thinke of that faire vilage, written in her hart.

One

One night, when she was tost with such vnrest,
 Her aged Nurse, whose name was *Glauce* hight,
 Feeling her leape out of her loathed nest,
 Betwixt her feeble armes her quickly keight,
 And downe againe in her warme bed her dight;
 Ah my deare daughter, ah my dearest dread,
 What vncouth fit (said she) what euill plight
 Hath thee opprest, and with sad dreary head
 Chaunged thy liuely cheare, and liuing made thee dead?

For not of nought these suddeine ghastly feares
 All night afflict thy naturall repose,
 And all the day, when as thine equall peares
 Their fit disports with faire delight doe chose,
 Thou in dull corners doest thy selfe inclose,
 Ne tastest Princes pleasures, ne doest spred
 Abroad thy fresh youthes fairest flowre, but lose
 Both leafe and fruit, both too vntimely shed,
 As one in wilfull bale for euer buried.

The time, that mortall men their weary cares
 Do lay away, and all wilde beastes do rest,
 And euery riuier eke his course forbears
 Then doth this wicked euill thee infest,
 And riue with thousand throbs thy thrilled brest;
 Like an huge *Actn* of deepe engulfed griece,
 Sorrow is heaped in thy hollow chest,
 Whence forth it breakes in sighes and anguish rise,
 As smoke and sulphure mingled with consuled strife.

Aye me, how much I feare, least loue it bee;
 But if that loue it be, as sure I read:
 By knowen signes and passions, which I see,
 Be it worthy of thy race and royall fead,

Dd 3

Then I auow by this most sacred head
Of my deare foster child, to ease thy griefe,
And win thy will: Therefore away doe dread;
For death nor daunger from thy dew reliefe
Shall me debarre, tell me therefore my lieft liefe.

So hauing said, her twist her armes twaine
She straightly straynd, and colled tenderly,
And euery trembling ioynt, and euery vaine
She softly felt, and rubbed busily,
To doe the frozen cold away to fly;
And her faire deawy eies with kisses deare
She oft did bath, and oft againe did dry;
And euer her importund, not to feare
To let the secret of her hart to her appeare.

The Damzell pauzd, and then thus fearefully;
Ah Nurse, what needeth thee to eke my paine?
Is not enough, that I alone doe dye,
But it must doubled be with death of twaine?
For nought for me but death there doth remaine.
O daughter deare (said she) despaire no whit;
For neuer fore, but might a salue obtaine:
That blinded God, which hath ye blindly smit,
Another arrow hath your louers hart to hit.

But mine is not (quoth she) like others wound;
For which no reason can find remedy.
Was neuer such, but mote the like be found,
(Said she) and though no reason may apply
Salue to your fore, yet loue can higher flye,
Then reasons reach, and oft hath wonders donne.
But neither God of loue, nor God of sky
Can doe (said she) that, which cannot be donne.
Things oft impossible (quoth she) seeme, ere begonne.

These

These idle words (said she) doe nought asswage
My stubborne smart, but more annoyance breed,
For no no vsuall fire, no vsuall rage
It is, ô Nurse, which on my life doth feed,
And suckes the bloud, which from my hart doth bleed.
But since thy faithfull zeale lets me not hyde
My crime, (if crime it be) I will it reed.
Nor Prince, nor pere it is, whose loue hath gryde
My feeble brest of late, and launched this wound wyde.

Nor man it is, nor other liuing wight;
For then some hope I might vnto me draw,
But th'only shade and semblant of a knight,
Whose shape or person yet I neuer saw,
Hath me subiected to loues cruell law:
The same one day, as me misfortune led,
I in my fathers wondrous mirrhour saw,
And pleased with that seeming goodly hed,
Vnwares the hidden hooke with baite I swallowed.

Sithens it hath infixd faster hold
Within my bleeding bowels, and so fore
Now rancleth in this same fraile fleshy mould,
That all mine entrailles flow with poynous gore,
And th'vicer groweth daily more and more;
Ne can my running sore find remedie,
Other then my hard fortune to deplore,
And languish as the leafe false from the tree,
Till death make one end of my dayes and miserie.

Daughter (said she) what need ye be dismayd,
Or why make ye such Monster of your mind?
Of much more vncouth thing I was affrayd;
Of filthy lust, contrarie vnto kind:

D d 4

But this affection nothing strange I find;
 For who with reason can you aye reprove,
 To loue the semblant pleasing most your mind,
 And yield your heart, whence ye cannot remoue?
 No guilt in you, but in the tyranny of loue.

Not so th' *Arabian Myrre* did fet her mind;
 Not so did *Biblis* spend her pining hart,
 But lou'd their natiue flesh againit all kind,
 And to their purpose vsed wicked art:
 Yet playd *Pasphaë* a more mostrous part,
 That lou'd a Bull, and leard a beaſt to bee;
 Such shamefull luſts who loaths not, which depart
 From courſe of nature and of modeſtie?
 Sweet loue ſuch lewdnes bands from his faire companie.

But thine my Deare (welfare thy heart my deare)
 Though ſtrange beginning had, yet fixed is
 On one, that worthy may perhaps appeare;
 And certes ſeemes beſtowed not amis:
 Ioy thereof haue thou and eternall bliſ.
 With that vpleaning on her elbow weake,
 Her abraſted breſt ſhe ſoft did kiſ,
 Which all that while ſhe felt to pant and quake,
 As it an Earth-quake were; at laſt ſhe thus beſpake.

Beldame, your words doe worke me litle eaſe;
 For though my loue be not ſo lewdly bent,
 As thoſe ye blame, yet may it nought appeaſe
 My raging ſmart, ne ought my flame relent,
 But rather doth my helpeleſſe grieſe augment.
 For they, how euer ſhamefull and vnkind,
 Yet did poſſeſſe their horrible intent:
 Short end of ſorrowes they thereby did find; (mind.)
 So was their fortune good, though wicked were their

But

But wicked fortune mine, though mind be good,
 Can haue no end, nor hope of, my deſire,
 But feed on ſhadowes, whiles I die for food,
 And like a ſhadow wexe, whiles with entire
 Affection, I doe languith and expire.
 I ſonder, then *Cephiſus* fooliſh child,
 Who hauing vewed in a fountaine there
 His face, was with the loue thereof beguild;
 I ſonder loue a ſhade, the bodie farre exild.

Nought like (quoth ſhe) for that ſame wretched boy
 Was of himſelfe the idle Paramoure;
 Both loue and louer, without hope of ioy,
 For which he faded to a watry ſlowre.
 But better fortune thine, and better howre,
 Which lou't the ſhadow of a warlike knight;
 No ſhadow, but a bodie hath in powre:
 That bodie, whereſoeuer that it light,
 May learned be by cyphers, or by Magicke might.

But if thou may with reaſon yet repreſſe
 The growing euill, ere it ſtrength haue got,
 And thee abandond wholly doe poſſeſſe,
 Againſt it ſtrongly ſtrive, and yield thee not;
 Till thou in open field adowne be ſmor.
 But if the paſſion may'ter thy fraile might,
 So that needs loue or death muſt be thy lot,
 Then I auow to thee, by wrong or right
 To compaſſe thy deſire, and find that loued knight.

Her chearefull words much cheard the feeble ſpright
 Of the ſicke virgin, that her downe ſhe layd
 In her warme bed to ſleepe, if that ſhe might;
 And the old-woman carefully diſplayd

The clothes about her round with busie ayd;
 So that at last a little creeping sleepe
 Surprisd her sense: She therewith well apayd,
 The drunken lampe downe in the oyle did sleepe,
 And fet her by to watch, and fet her by to weepe.

Earely the morrow next, before that day
 His ioyous face did to the world reueale,
 They both vprose and tooke their readie way
 Vnto the Church, their prayers to appeale,
 With great deuotion, and with litle zeale:
 For the faire Damzell from the holy herse
 Her loue-sicke hart to other thoughts did steale;
 And that old Dame said many an idle verse,
 Out of her daughters hart fond fancies to reuerse.

Returned home, the royall Infant fell
 Into her former fit; for why, no powre
 Nor guidance of her selfe in her did dwell.
 But th'aged Nurse her calling to her bowre,
 Had gathered Rew, and Sauiue, and the flowre
 Of *Camphara*, and Calamint, and Dill,
 All which she in a earthen Pot did poure,
 And to the brim with Colt wood did it fill,
 And many drops of milke and bloud through it did spill.

Then taking thrise three haire from off her head,
 Them trebly breaded in a threefold lace,
 And round about the pots mouth, bound the thread,
 And after hauing whispred a space
 Certaine sad words, with hollow voice and bace,
 She to the virgin said, thrise said she it;
 Come daughter come, come; spit vpon my face,
 Spit thrise vpon me, thrise vpon me spit;
 Th'neuen number for this businesse is most fit.

That

That sayd, her round about she from her turnd,
 She turned her contrarie to the Sunne,
 Thrise she her turnd contrary, and returned,
 All contrary, for she the right did shunne,
 And euer what she did, was streight vndonne.
 So thought she to vndoe her daughters loue:
 But loue, that is in gentle brest begonne,
 No idle charmes so lightly may remoue,
 That well can witnesse, who by triall it does proue.

Ne ought it mote the noble Mayd auayle,
 Ne llike the furie of her cruell flame,
 But that the still did waste, and still did wayle,
 That through long laugour, and hart-burning brame
 She shortly like a pyned ghost became,
 Which long hath waited by the Stygian strond,
 That when old *Glauce* saw, for feare least blame
 Of her mis carriage should in her be fond,
 She wist not how t'amend, nor how it to withstand.

Cant. III.

*Merlin bewrays to Briuomart,
 the state of Artegall.
 And shewes the famous Propeny
 which from them Springen shall.*

Most sacred fire, that burnest mightily
 In liuing breasts, ykindled first aboue,
 Emongst th'eternall spheres and lamping sky,
 And thence poured into men, which men call Loue;

Not that fame, which doth base affections moue
 In brutish minds, and filthy lust inflame,
 But that sweet fit, that doth true beautie loue,
 And chofeth vertue for his dearest Dame,
 Whence spring all noble deeds and neuer dying fame:

Well did Antiquitie a God thee deeme,
 That ouer mortall minds haft fo great might,
 To order them, as best to thee doth seeme,
 And all their actions to direct aright;
 The fatall purpose of diuine foresight,
 Thou doest effect in destined descents,
 Through deepe impression of thy secret might,
 And stirredst vp th'Heroes high intents,
 Which the late world admyres for wondrous monimēts.

But thy dread darts in none doe triumph more,
 Ne brauer prooue in any, of thy powre
 Shew'dst thou, then in this royall Maid of yore,
 Making her seeke an vknowne Paramoure,
 From the worlds end, through many a bitter stowre:
 From whose two loynes thou afterwards did rayse
 Most famous fruits of matrimoniall bowre, (praysc,
 Which through the earth haue spred their liuing
 That fame in trompe of gold eternally displays.

Begin then, o my dearest sacred Dame,
 Daughter of *Phœbus* and of *Memorie*,
 That doest ennoble with immortal name
 The warlike Worthies, from antiquitie,
 In thy great volume of Heremitic:
 Begin, o *Clio*, and recount from hence
 My glorious Soueraines goodly auncestie,
 Till that by dew degrees and long pretence,
 Thou haue it lastly brought vnto her Excellence.

Full

Full many wayes within her troubled mind,
 Old *Glauce* cast, to cure this Ladies grieft:
 Full many waies she sought, but none could find,
 Nor herbes, nor charmes, nor counsell, that is chiefe
 And choicest medicine for sicke harts reliefe;
 For thy great care she tooke, and greater feare,
 Least that it should her tooke to foule reprice,
 And sore reproch, when so her father deare
 Should of his dearest daughters hard misfortune heare.

Atlast she her auis'd, that he, which made
 That mirrhour, wherein the sicke Damosell
 So straungely vewed her strange louers shade,
 To weet, the learned *Merlin*, well could tell,
 Vnder what coast of heauen the man did dwell,
 And by what meanes his loue might best be wrought:
 For though beyond the *Africk Ismaell*,
 Or th'Indian *Peru* he were, the thought
 Him forth through infinite endeouour to haue sought.

Forthwith themselves disguising both in strange
 And base attyre, that none might them bewray,
 To *Maridunum*, that is now by chaunge
 Of name *Cayr-Merlin* cald, they tooke their way:
 There the wise *Merlin* whylome wont (they say)
 To make his wonne, low vnderneath the ground,
 In a deepe delue, farre from the vew of day,
 That of no liuing wight he mote be found,
 When so he counsell with his frights encōpast round.

And if thou euer happen that same way
 To trauell, goe to see that dreadfull place:
 It is an hideous hollow caue (they say)
 Vnder a rocke that lyes a litle space

From the swift *Berry*, tumbling downe apace,
 Emongst the woodie hilles of *Dyneuowre* :
 But dare thou not, I charge, in any cace,
 To enter into that same balefull Bowre,
 For fear the cruell Feends should thee vnwares deuowre.

But standing high aloft, low lay thine eare,
 And there such ghastly noise of yron chaines,
 And brasen Caudrons thou shalt rombling heare,
 Which thousand sprights with long enduring paines
 Doe tosse, that it will stonne thy feeble braines,
 And oftentimes great grones, and grievous stounds,
 When too huge toile and labour them constraines :
 And oftentimes loud strokes, and ringing sounds
 From vnder that deepe Rocke most horribly rebounds.

The cause some say is this : A litle while
 Before that *Merlin* dyde, he did intend,
 A brasen wall in compas to compile
 About *Cairmaridin*, and did it commend
 Vnto these Sprights, to bring to perfect end.
 During which worke the Ladie of the Lake,
 Whom long he lou'd, for him in hast did send,
 Who thereby forst his workemen to forsake,
 Them bound till his returne, their labour not to slake.

In the meane time through that false Ladies traine,
 He was surpris'd, and buried vnder beare,
 Ne euer to his worke returnd againe :
 Nath'lesse those feends may not their worke forbear,
 So greatly his commaundement they feare,
 But there doe toyle and trauell day and night,
 Vntill that brasen wall they vp doe reare :
 For *Merlin* had in Magicke more insight,
 Then euer him before or after liuing wight.

For

For he by words could call out of the sky
 Both Sunne and Moone, and make them him obay :
 The land to sea, and sea to maineland dry,
 And darke some night he eke could turne to day :
 Huge hostes of men he could alone dismay,
 And hostes of men of meanest things could frame,
 When so him list his enimies to fray :
 That to this day for terror of his fame,
 The feends do quake, when any him to them does name.

And sooth, men say that he was not the sonne
 Of mortall Syre, or other liuing wight,
 But wondrously begotten, and begonne
 By false illusion of a guilefull Spright,
 On a faire Ladie Nonne, that whilome high
Matilda, daughter to *Pubidius*,
 Who was the Lord of *Mathranall* by right,
 And coosen vnto king *Ambrosius* :
 Whence he indued was with skill so maruellous.

They here ariuing, staid a while without,
 Ne durst aduenture rashly in to wend,
 But of their first intent gan make new doubt
 For dread of danger, which it might portend :
 Vntill the hardie Mayd (with loue to frend)
 First entering, the dreadfull Mage there found
 Deepe busied bout worke of wondrous end,
 And writing strange characters in the ground,
 With which the stubborn feends he to his seruice bound.

He nought was moued at their entrance bold :
 For of their comming well he wist afore,
 Yet list them bid their businesse to vnfold,
 As if ought in this world in secret store.

Were from him hidden, or vnknowne of yore.
 : Then *Glauce* thus, let not it thee offend,
 That we thus rashly through thy darkefome dore,
 Vnwares haue prest: for either fatall end,
 Or other mightie cause vs two did hither fend.

He bad tell on; And then she thus began. (light,
 Now haue three Moones with borrow'd brothers
 Thrice shined faire, and thrice seem'd dim and wan,
 Sith a fore euill, which this virgin bright
 Tormenteth, and doth plunge in dolefull plight,
 First rooting tooke; but what thing it mote bee,
 Or whence it sprong, I cannot read aright:
 But this I read, that but if remedee,
 Thou her afford, full shortly I her dead shall see.

Therewith th'Enchaunter softly gan to smyle
 At her smooth speeches, weeting inly well,
 That the to him dissembled womanish guyle,
 And to her said, Beldame, by that ye tell,
 More need of leach-craft hath your *Danozell*,
 Then of my skill: who helpe may haue elsewhere,
 In vaine seekes wonders out of Magicke spell.
 Th'old woman wox half blanke, those words to heare;
 And yet was loth to let her purpose plainne appeare.

And to him said, If any leaches skill,
 Or other learned meanes could haue redrest
 This my deare daughters deepe engrafted ill,
 Certes I should be loth thee to molest:
 But this sad euill, which doth her infest,
 Doth course of naturall cause farre exceed,
 And housed is within her hollow brest,
 That either seemes some cursed witches deed,
 Or euill spright, that in her doth such torment breed.

The

The wifard could no lenger beare her bord,
 But brufting forth in laughter, to her sayd;
Glauce, what needs this colourable word,
 To cloke the cause, that hath it selfe bewrayd?
 Ne ye faire *Britomartis*, thus arayd,
 More hidden are, then Sunne in cloudy vele;
 Whom thy good fortune, hauing fate obeyd,
 Hath hither brought, for succour to appele:
 The which the powres to thee are pleased to reuele.

The doubtfull Mayd, seeing her selfe descryde,
 Was all abasht, and her pure yuory
 Into a cleare Carnation suddene dyde;
 As faire *Aurora* rising hastily,
 Doth by her blushing tell, that she did lye
 All night in old *Tithonus* frofren bed,
 Where of she seemes ashamed inwardly.
 But her old Nourse was nought dishartened,
 But vauntage made of that, which *Merlin* had ared.

And sayd, Sith then thou knowest all our grieffe,
 (For what dost not thou know?) of grace I pray,
 Pitty our plaint, and yield vs meet relieffe.
 With that the Prophet still awhile did stay,
 And then his spirite thus gan forth display;
 Most noble Virgin, that by fatall lore
 Hast learn'd to loue, let no whit thee dismay
 The hard begin, that meets thee in the dore.
 And with sharpe fits thy tender hart oppresseth fore.

For so must all things excellent begin,
 And eke enrooted deepe must be that Tree,
 Whose big embodied braunches shall not lin,
 Till they to heauens hight forth stretched bee.

Ee.

For from thy wombe a famous Progenie
 Shall spring, out of the auncient *Troian* blood,
 Which shall reuiue the sleeping memorie
 Of those fame antique Peres, the heauens brood,
 Which *Greece* and *Asian* riuers stained with their blood.

Renowmed kings, and sacred Emperours,
 Thy fruitfull Offspring, shall from thee descend;
 Braue Capraines, and most mighty warriors,
 That shall their conquests through all lands extend,
 And their decayed kingdomes shall amend:
 The feeble Britons, broken with long warre,
 They shall vpreare, and mightily defend
 Against their forrein foe, that comes from farre,
 Till vniuerfall peace compound all ciuill iarre.

It was not, *Britomart*, thy wandering eye,
 Glauncing vnwares in charmed looking glas,
 But the streight course of heauenly destiny,
 Led with eternall providence, that has
 Guided thy glaunce, to bring his will to pas:
 Ne is thy fate, ne is thy fortune ill,
 To loue the prowest knight, that euer was.
 Therefore submit thy wayes vnto his will,
 And do by all dew means thy destiny fulfill.

But read (said *Glauce*) thou Magitian
 What means shall she out seeke, or what wayes take?
 How shall she know, how shall she find the man?
 Or what needs her to toyle, sith fates can make
 Way for themselves, their purpose to partake?
 Then *Merlin* thus; Indeed the fates are firme,
 And may not shrink, though all the world do shake:
 Yet ought mens good endeours them confirme,
 And guide the heauenly causes to their constant terme.

The

The man whom heauens haue ordaynd to bee
 Thepouse of *Britomart*, is *Arthegall*:
 He wonneth in the land of *Fayeres*,
 Yet is no *Fary* borne, ne sib at all
 To Elfes, but sprong off seed terrestriall,
 And whilome by false *Faries* stolne away,
 Whiles yet in infant cradle he did crall;
 Ne other to himselfe is knowne this day,
 But that he by an Elfe was gotten of a *Fay*.

But sooth he is the sonne of *Gorlois*,
 And brother vnto *Cador* Cornith king,
 And for his warlike feates renowmed is,
 From where the day out of the sea doth spring,
 Vntill the closure of the Eucning.
 From thence, him firmly bound with faithfull band,
 To this his natiue foyle thou backe shalt bring,
 Strongly to aide his country, to withstand
 The powre of forrein Paynims, which inuade thy land.

Great aid thereto his mighty puiffaunce,
 And dreaded name shall giue in that sad day:
 Where also prooffe of thy prow valiaunce
 Thou then shalt make, t'increase thy louers pray.
 Long time ye both in armes shall beare great sway,
 Till thy wombes burden thee from them do call,
 And his last fate him from thee take away,
 Too rathe cut off by practise criminall
 Of secret foes, that him shall make in mischief fall.

Where thee yet shall he leaue for memory
 Of his late puiffaunce, his Image dead,
 That liuing him in all actiuity
 To thee shall represent. He from the head

E c 2

Of his cousin *Constantius* without dread
 Shall take the crowne; that was his fathers right,
 And therewith crowne him selfe in th'others stead:
 Then shall he issew forth with dreadfull might,
 Against his Saxon foes in bloody field to fight.

Like as a Lyon, that in drowfie caue
 Hath long time slept, him selfe so shall he shake,
 And comming forth, shall spred his banner braue
 Ouer the troubled South, that it shall make
 The warlike *Mertians* for feare to quake:
 Thrise shall he fight with them, and twise shall win,
 But the third time shall faire accordaunce make:
 And if he then with victorie can lin,
 He shall his dayes with peace bring to his earthly In.

His sonne, hight *Fortipore*, shall him succede
 In kingdome, but not in felicity;
 Yet shall he long time warre with happy speed,
 And with great honour many battels try:
 But at the last to th'importunity
 Offoward fortune shall be for to yield.
 But his sonne *Atalgo* shall full mightily
 Auenge his fathers losse, with speare and shield,
 And his proud foes discomfit in victorious field.

Behold the man, and tell me *Britomart*,
 If ay more goodly creature thou didst see;
 How like a Gyaunt in each manly part
 Beares he him selfe with portly maiestee,
 That one of th'old *Heroes* seemes to bee:
 He the six Islands, comprouinciall
 In auncient times vnto great Britaine,
 Shall to the same reduce, and to him call
 Their sundry kings to do their homage feuerall.

All

All which his sonne *Careticus* awhile
 Shall well defend, and *Saxons* powre suppress,
 Vntill a straunger king from vnkowne soyle
 Arriuing, him with multitude oppresse;
 Great *Gormond*, hauing with huge mightnesse
 Ireland subdewd, and therein fixt his throne,
 Like a swift Otter, fell through emptinesse,
 Shall ouer swim the sea with many one
 Of his Norueyses, to assist the Britons sone.

He in his furie all shall ouerrunne,
 And holy Church with faithlesse hands deface,
 That thy sad people vtterly fordonne,
 Shall to the vtmost mountaines flye apace:
 Was neuer so great wast in any place,
 Nor so fowle outrage doen by liuing men:
 For all thy Cities they shall sacke and rade,
 And the greene grasse, that groweth, they shall bren,
 That euen the wild beast shall dy in starued den.

Whiles thus the Britons do in languour pine,
 Proud *Etheldred* shall from the North arise,
 Seruing th'ambitious will of *Augustine*,
 And passing *Dee* with hardy enterprise,
 Shall backe repulse the valiaunt *Brockwell* twise,
 And *Bangor* with massacred Martyrs fill;
 But the third time shall rew his foolhardise:
 For *Cadwan* pitying his peoples ill,
 Shall stoutly him defeat, and thousand *Saxons* kill.

But after him, *Cadwallin* mightily
 On his sonne *Edwin* all those wrongs shall wreake;
 Ne shall auaille the wicked forcery
 Offalce *Pellite*, his purpoces to breake,

Ee 3

But him shall slay, and on a gallowes bleake
 Shall giue th'enchanted his vnhappy hire
 Then shall the Britons, late dismayd and weake,
 From their long vassalage gin to respire,
 And on their Paynim foes auenge their rancled ire.

Ne shall he yet his wrath so mitigate,
 Till both the sonnes of *Edwin* he haue slaine,
Offricke and *Offricke*, twinnes vnfortunate,
 Both slaine in battell vpon Layburne plaine,
 Together with the king of *Louthiane*,
 Hight *Adin*, and the king of *Orkeny*,
 Both ioynt partakers of the fatall paine:
 But *Penda*, fearefull of like destiny,
 Shall yield him selfe his liegeman, and sweare fealty.

Him shall he make his fatall Instrument,
 T'afflict the other *Saxons* vnsubdewd;
 He marching forth with fury insolent
 Against the good king *Oswald*, who indewd
 With heavenly powre, and by Angels reskewd,
 All holding crosses in their hands on hye,
 Shall him defeate withouten bloud imbrowd:
 Of which, that field for endlesse memory,
 Shall *Heuenfield* be cald to all posterity.

Whereat *Cadwallin* wroth, shall forth isswe,
 And an huge hoste into Northumber lead,
 With which he godly *Oswald* shall subdew,
 And crowne with martyrdome his sacred head.
 Whose brother *Oswin*, daunted with like dread,
 With price of siluer shall his kingdome buy,
 And *Penda*, seeking him adowne to tread,
 Shall tread adowne, and do him fowly dye,
 But shall with gifts his Lord *Cadwallin* pacify.

Then

Then shall *Cadwallin* dye, and then the raine
 Of *Britons* eke with him attonce shall dye;
 Ne shall the good *Cadwallader* with paine,
 Orpowre, be habile it to remedy,
 When the full time prefixt by destiny,
 Shall be expird of *Britons* regiment.
 For heauen it selfe shall their successe enuy,
 And them with plagues and murrins pestilent
 Consume, till all their warlike puiffaunce be spent.

Yet after all these sorrowes, and huge hills
 Of dying people, during eight yeares space,
Cadwallader not yielding to his ills,
 From *Armoricke*, where long in wretched cace
 He liu'd, returning to his natie place,
 Shall be by vision staid from his intent:
 For th'heauens haue decreed, to displace
 The *Britons*, for their sinnes dew punishment,
 And to the *Saxons* ouer-giue their government.

Then woe, and woe, and euerlasting woe,
 Be to the Briton babe, that shall be borne,
 To liue in thraldome of his fathers foe;
 Late King, now captiue, late Lord, now forlorne,
 The worlds reproch, the cruell victours scorne,
 Banisht from Princely bowre to wastfull wood:
 O who shall helpe me to lament, and mourne
 The royall seed, the antique *Troign* blood,
 Whose Empire lenger here, then euer any stood.

The Damzell was full deepe empaffioned,
 Both for his grieffe, and for her peoples sake,
 Whose future woes so plaine he fashioned,
 And sighing sore, at length him thus bespake;

Ec 4

Ah but will heuens fury neuer flake,
 Nor vengeance huge relent it selfe at last?
 Will not long misery late mercymake,
 But shall their name for euer be defast,
 And quite from th'earth their memory be rast?

Nay but the terme (said he) is limited,
 That in this thraldome *Britons* shall abide,
 And the iust reuolution measured,
 That they as Straungers shalbe notified.
 For twise foure hundreth shalbe suplide,
 Ere they to former rule restor'd shalbee.
 And their importune fates all satisfide:
 Yet during this their most obscuritee, (may see.)
 Their beames shall oft breake forth, that men them faire

For *Rhodoricke*, whose surname shalbe Great,
 Shall of him selfe a braue ensample shew,
 That Saxon kings his friendship shall intreat;
 And *Howell Dha* shall goodly well indew
 The saluage minds with skill of iust and trew;
 Then *Griffyth Conan* also shall vp reare
 His dreaded head, and the old sparkes renew
 Of natie courage, that his foes shall feare, (beare.)
 Least backe againe the kingdome he from them should

Ne shall the Saxons selues all peaceably
 Enjoy the crowne, which they from Britons wonne
 First ill, and after ruled wickedly:
 For ere two hundred yeares be full ouerronne,
 There shall a Rauen far from rising Sunne,
 With his wide wings vpon them fiercely fly,
 And bid his faithlesse chickens ouerronne
 The fruitfull plaines, and with fell cruelty,
 In their auenge, tread downe the victours surquedry.

Yet

Yet shall a third both these, and thine subdew;
 There shall a Lyon from the sea-bord wood
 Of *Neustria* come roring, with a crew
 Of hungry whelpes, his battailous bold brood,
 Whose claws were newly dipt in cruddy blood;
 That from the Daniske Tyrants head shall rend
 Th'vsurped crowne, as if that he were wood,
 And the spoile of the cuntry conquered
 Amongst his young ones shall diuide with bountyhed.

Tho when the terme is full accomplishid,
 There shall a sparke of fire, which hath long-while
 Bene in his ashes raked vp, and hid,
 Be freshly kindled in the fruitfull Ile
 Of *Mona*, where it lurked in exile;
 Which shall breake forth into bright burning flame,
 And reach into the house, that beares the stile
 Of royall maiesty and soueraigne name;
 So shall the Briton bloud their crowne againe reclame.

Thenceforth eternall vnion shall be made
 Betwene the nations different afore,
 And sacred Peace shall louingly perswade
 The warlike minds, to learne her goodly lore,
 And ciuile armes to exercise no more:
 Then shall a royall virgin raine, which shall
 Stretch her white rod ouer the *Belgicke* shore,
 And the great Castle finite so fore with all,
 That it shall make him shake, and shortly learne to fall.

But yet the end is not. There *Merlin* stayd,
 As ouercomen of the spirites powre,
 Or other ghastly spectacle dismayd,
 That secretly he saw, yet note discourse:

Which suddain fit, and halfe extaticke stoure
 When the two fearefull women saw, they grew
 Greatly confused in behauioure;
 At last the fury past, to former hew
 She turnd againe, and chearefull looks did shew.

Then, when them selues they well instructed had
 Of all, that needed them to be inquird,
 They both conceiuing hope of comfort glad,
 With lighter hearts vnto their home retir'd;
 Where they in secret counsell close conspird,
 How to effect so hard an enterprize,
 And to possesse the purpose they desired:
 Now this, now that twixt them they did deuise,
 And diuerse plots did frame, to maske in strange deuise.

At last the Nourse in her foolhardy wit
 Conceiud a bold deuise, and thus bespake;
 Daughter, I deeme that counsell aye most fit,
 That of the time doth dew aduantage take;
 Ye see that good king *Vther* now doth make
 Strong warre vpon the Paynim brethren, hight
Ossa and *Oza*, whom he lately brake
 Beside *Cayr Verolame*, in victorious fight,
 That now all *Britanie* doth burne in armes bright.

That therefore nought our passage may empeach,
 Lets vs in feigned armes our selues disguise, (teach
 And our weake hands (whom need new strength shall
 The dreadfull speare and shield to exercise:
 Ne certes daughter that same warlike wize
 I weene, would you misseme; for ye bene tall,
 And large of limbe, t'achitue an hard enterprize,
 Ne ought ye want, but skill, which praetize small
 Will bring, and shortly make you a mayd Martiall.

And

And sooth, it ought your courage much inflame,
 To heare so often, in that royall hous,
 From whence to none inferiour ye came:
 Bards tell of many women valorous
 Which haue full many feats aduenturous
 Performd, in paragone of proudest men:
 The bold *Bunduca*, whose victorious
 Exploits made *Rome* to quake, stout *Guendolen*,
 Renowned *Martia*, and redoubted *Emmilen*.

And that, which more then all the rest may sway,
 Late dayes ensample, which these eyes beheld,
 In the last field before *Meneia*
 Which *Vther* with those forrein Pagans held,
 I saw a *Saxon* Virgin, the which feld
 Great *Vlsin* thrife vpon the bloody plaine,
 And had not *Carados* her hand withheld
 From rash reuenge, she had him surely slaine,
 Yet *Carados* himselfe from her escap't with paine.

Ah read, (quoth *Britomart*) how is the hight
 Faire *Angela* (quoth she) men do her call,
 No whit lesse faire, then terrible in fight:
 She hath the leading of a Martiall
 And mighty people, dreaded more then all
 The other *Saxons*, which do for her sake
 And loue, themselues of her name *Angles* call.
 Therefore faire Infant her ensample make
 Vnto thy selfe, and equall courage to thee take.

Her hartie words so deepe into the mynd
 Of the young Damzell funke, that great desire
 Of warlike armes in her forthwith they tynd,
 And generous stout courage did inspire,

That the resolu'd, vnmeeeting to her Sire,
 Aduent'rous knight hood on her selfe to don,
 And counsell'd with her Nourfe, her Maides attire
 To turne into a massy habergeon,
 And bad her all things put in readinesse anon.

Th'old woman nought, that needed, did omit;
 But all things did conuiently puruay:
 It fortun'd (to time their turne did fit)
 A band of Britons ryding on forray
 Few dryes before, had gotten a great pray
 Of Saxon goods, emongst the which was scene
 A goodly Armour, and full rich aray,
 Which long'd to *Angela*, the Saxon Queene,
 All fretted round with gold, and goodly well besene.

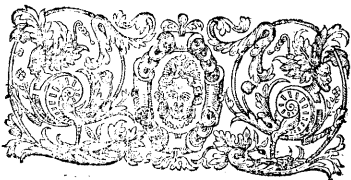
The same, with all the other ornaments,
 King *Ryence* caus'd to be hang'd hy
 In his chiefe Church, for endlesse monuments
 Of his successe and gladfull victory:
 Of which her selfe auising readily,
 In th'euening late old *Glauce* thither led
 Faire *Britomart*, and that same Armory
 Downe taking, her therein appareled,
 Well as the might, and with braue bauldrick garnished.

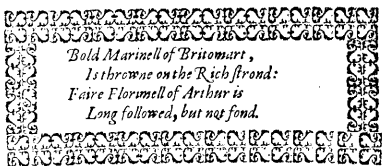
Beside those armes there stood a mighty speare,
 Which *Bladud* made by Magick art of yore,
 And vs'd the same in battell aye to beare;
 Sith which it had bin here preferu'd in store,
 For his great vertues proued long afore:
 For neuer wight so fast in fell could sit,
 But him perforce vnto the ground it bore:
 Both speare she tooke, and shield, which hong by it:
 Both speare & shield of great powre, for her purpose fit

Thus

Thus when she had the virgin all arayd,
 Another harnesse, which did hang thereby,
 About her selfe she dight, that the young Mayd
 She might in equall armes accompany,
 And as her Squire attend her carefully:
 Tho to their ready Steeds they clombe full light,
 And through back wayes, that none might them espy,
 Couered with secret cloud of silent night,
 Themselues they forth conuayd, & pass'd forward right.

Ne rested they, till that to Faery lond
 They came, as *Merlin* them directed late:
 Where meeting with this *Redersoffe* knight, she fond
 Of diuerse things discourses to dilate,
 But most of *Arbeggall*, and his estate.
 At last their wayes to sell, that they mote part
 Then each to other well affectionate,
 Friendship professed with vsfained hart,
 The *Redersoffe* knight diuerst, but forth rode *Britomart*.

Cant.

Cant. 1111.

Where is the Antique glory now become,
That whilome wont in women to appeare?
Where be the braue atchieuements doen by some?
Where be the battels, where the shield and speare,
And all the conquests, which them high did reare,
That matter made for famous Poets verse,
And boastfull men so oft abasht to heare?
Bene they all dead, and laid in dolefull herse?
Or doen they onely sleepe, and shall againe reuerse?

If they be dead, then woe is me therefore:
But if they sleepe, o let them soone awake:
For all too long I burne with enuy sore,
To heare the warlike feates, which *Homere* spake
Of bold *Panthesilee*, which made a lake
Of *Greekish* bloud so oft in *Troian* plaine;
But when I read, how stout *Deborah* strake
Proud *Sisera*, and how *Camill*' hath slaine
The huge *Orslochus*, I swell with great disdain.

Yet these, and all that else had puissance,
Cannot with noble *Britomart* compare,
Aswell for glory of great valiaunce,
As for pure chastic and vertue rare,

That

That all her goodly deeds do well declare.
Well worthy stock, from which the branches sprong,
That in late yeares so faire a blossome bare,
As thee, o *Queene*, the matter of my song,
Whose lignage from this Lady I deriue along.

Who when through speaches with the *Redcrosse* knight,
She learned had the estate of *Arthegall*,
And in each point her selfe informd aright,
A friendly league of loue perpetuall
She with him bound, and *Congé* tooke withall.
Then he forth on his iourney did proceede,
To seeke aduentures, which mote him befall,
And win him worship through his warlike deed,
Which alwayes of his paines he made the chiefest meed.

But *Britomart* kept on her former course,
Ne euer doste her armes, but all the way
Grew penfive through that amorous discourse,
By which the *Redcrosse* knight did earst display
Her louers shape, and cheualrous aray;
A thousand thoughts she fashioned in her mind,
And in her feigning fancie did pourtray
Him such, as fittest the for loue could find,
Wife, warlike, personable, curteous, and kind.

With such selfe-pleasing thoughts her wound she fed,
And thought so to beguile her grieuous smart,
But so her smart was much more grieuous bred,
And the deepe wound more deepe engord her hart,
That nought but death her dolour mote depart.
So forth she rode without repose or rest,
Searching all lands and each remotest part,
Following the guidaunce of her blinded guest,
Till that to the sea-coast at length she her addrest

There she alighted from her light-foot beaft,
 And fitting downe vpon the rocky shore,
 Bad her old Squire vnlace her lofty creast;
 Tho hauing vewd a while the furies here,
 That gainst the craggy cliffs did loudly rore,
 And in their raging furquedry distdaynd,
 That the fast earth affronted them so fore,
 And their deuoring couetize restraynd,
 Thereat she sighed deepe, and after thus complaynd.

Huge sea of sorrow, and tempestuous griefe,
 Wherein my feeble barke is tossed long,
 Far from the hoped hauien of reliefe,
 Who do thy cruell billowes beat so strong,
 And thy moyft mountaines each on others throng,
 Threatning to swallow vp my fearefull life?
 O do thy cruell wrath and spightfull wrong
 At length allay, and stint thy stormy strife,
 Which in these troubled bowels raignes, & rageth rife,

For else my feeble vessell crazd, and crackt
 Through thy strong buffets and outrageous blowes,
 Cannot endure, but needs it must be wrackt
 On the rough rocks, or on the sandy shallowes,
 The whiles that loue it steres, and fortune rowes;
 Loue my lewd Pilot hath a restlesse mind
 And fortune Boteswaine no assurance knowes,
 But faile withouten starres, gainst tide and wind:
 How can they other do, sith both are bold and blinde

Thou God of winds, that raignest in the seas,
 That raignest also in the Continent,
 At last blow vp some gentle gale of ease,
 The which may bring my ship, ere it be rent,

Vnto

Vnto the gladfome port of her intent:
 Then when I shall my selfe in safety see,
 A table for eternall monument
 Of thy great grace, and my great icopardee,
 Great *Neptune*, I auow to hallow vnto thee.

Then sighing softly fore, and inly deepe,
 She shut vp all her plaint in priuy griefe;
 For her great courage would not let her weepe,
 Till that old *Glauce* gan with sharpe reprice,
 Her to restraine, and giue her good reliefe,
 Through hope of those, which *Merlin* had her told
 Should of her name and nation be chiefe,
 And fetch their being from the sacred mould
 Of her immortal wombe, to be in heauen enroll.

Thus as she her recomforted, she spyde,
 Where farre away one all in armour bright,
 With hastie gallop towards her did ryde;
 Her dolour soone she ceast, and on her dight
 Her Helmet, to her Courser mounting light:
 Her former sorrow into sudein wrath,
 Both coosen passions of distressed spight,
 Conuerting, forth she beates the dustie path;
 Loie and despight atonce her courage kindled hath.

As when a foggy mist hath ouercast
 The face of heauen, and the cleare aire engrost,
 The world in darkenesse dwels, till that at last
 The watry Southwinde from the seabord coast
 Vpblowing, doth disperse the vapour lo'st,
 And poures it selfe forth in a stormy showre;
 So the faire *Britomart* hauing disclo'st
 Her cloudy care into a wrathfull flowte,
 The mist of griefe dissolu'd, into vengeance powre,

F f

Eftfoones her goodly shield addressing faire,
 That mortall speare she in her hand did take,
 And vnto battell did her selfe prepare.
 The knight approaching, sternely her bespake;
 Sir knight, that doest thy voyage rashly make
 By this forbidden way in my despight,
 Ne doest by others death ensample take,
 I read thee soone retyre, whiles thou hast might,
 Least afterwards it be too late to take thy flight.

Ythrilld with deepe disdain of his proud threat,
 She shortly thus; Fly they, that need to fly;
 Words feare babes. I meane not thee entreat
 To passe; but maugre thee will passe or dy.
 Ne lenger stayd for th'other to reply,
 But with sharpe speares the rest made dearly knowne.
 Strongly the straunge knight ran, and sturdily
 Strooke her full on the brest, that made her downe
 Decline her head, & touch her crouper with her crowne.

But she againe him in the shield did smite
 With so fierce furie and great puissance,
 That through his threesquare scuchin percing quite,
 And through his mayled hauberque. by mischaunce
 The wicked steele through his left side did glaunce;
 Him so transfixed she before her bore
 Beyond his croupe, the length of all her launce,
 Till sadly foucing on the sandie shore,
 He tombled on an heape, and wallowd in his gore.

Like as the sacred Oxe, that carelesse stands,
 With gilden hornes, and flowry girlonds crownd,
 Proud of his dying honor and deare bands,
 Whiles th'altars fume with frankincense arownd,

All

All suddenly with mortall stroke aftownd,
 Doth groueling fall, and with his streaming gore
 Distaines the pillours, and the holy grownd,
 And the faire flowres, that decked him afore;
 So fell proud *Marinell* vpon the pretious shore.

The martiall Mayd stayd not him to lament,
 But forward rode, and kept her readie way
 Along the strond, which as the ouer-went,
 She saw bestrowed all with rich aray
 Of pearles and pretious stones of great assay,
 And all the grauell mixt with golden owre;
 Whereat the wondred much, but would not stay
 For gold, or perles, or pretious stones an howre,
 But them despis'd all; for all was in her powre.

Whiles thus he lay in deadly stonishment,
 Tydings hereof came to his mothers care;
 His mother was the blacke-browd *Cymoent*,
 The daughter of great *Nereus*, which did beare
 This warlike sonne vnto an earthly peare,
 The famous *Dumarin*; who on a day
 Finding the Nymph a sleepe in secret wheare,
 As he by chaunce did wander that same way,
 Was taken with her loue, and by her closely lay.

There he this knight of her begot, whom borne
 She of his father *Marinell* did name,
 And in a rocky caue as wight forlorne,
 Long time she fostred vp, till he became
 A mightie man at armes, and mickle fame
 Did get through great aduentures by him donne:
 For neuer man he suffred by that name
 Rich *strond* to trauell, whereas he did wonne,
 But that he must do battell with the Sea-nymphes sonne,

F f 2

An hundred knights of honorable name
 He had subdew'd, and them his vassals made,
 That through all Farie lond his noble fame
 Now blazed was, and feare did all inuade,
 That none durst passen through that perilous glade.
 And to aduance his name and glorie more,
 Her Sea-god fyre she dearely did perswade,
 To endow her sonne with threasure and rich store,
 Boue all the sonnes, that were of earthly wombes ybore.

The God did graunt his daughters deare demand,
 To doen his Nephew in all riches flow;
 Elisfoones his heaped waues he did commaund,
 Out of their hollow bosome forth to throw
 All the huge threasure, which the sea below
 Had in his greedie gulfe deuoured deepe,
 And him enriched through the ouerthrow
 And wreckes of many wretches, which did weepe,
 And often waile their wealth, which he from them did
 (keepe).

Shortly vpon that shore there heaped was,
 Exceeding riches and all precious things,
 The spoyle of all the world, that it did pas
 The wealth of th' East, and pompe of *Persian* kings:
 Gold, amber, yuorie, perles, owches, rings,
 And all that else was precious and deare,
 The sea vnto him voluntary brings,
 That shortly he a great Lord did appeare,
 As was in all the lond of Faery, or elfe where.

Thereto he was a doughtie dreaded knight,
 Tryde often to the leath of many deare,
 That none in equall armes him matchen might,
 The which his mother seeing, gan to feare

Least

Least his too haughtie hardines might reare
 Some hard mishap, in hazard of his life:
 For thy she oft him counfeld to forbear
 The bloudie battell, and to stirre vp strife,
 But after all his warre, to rest his wearie knife.

And for his more assurance, she inquir'd
 One day of *Proteus* by his mightie spell,
 (For *Proteus* was with prophetic inpir'd)
 Her deare sonnes destinie to her to tell,
 And the sad end of her sweet *Marinell*.
 Who through foresight of his eternall skill,
 Bad her from womankind to keepe him well:
 For of a woman he should haue much ill,
 A virgin strange and stout him should dismay, or kill,

For thy she gau e him warning euery day,
 The loue of women not to entertaine;
 A lesson too too hard for liuing clay,
 From loue in course of nature to refraine:
 Yet he his mothers lore did well retaine,
 And euer from faire Ladies loue did fly;
 Yet many Ladies faire did oft complaine,
 That they for loue of him would algates dy:
 Dy, who so list for him, he was loues enemy.

But ah, who can deceiue his destiny,
 Or weene by warning to auoyd his fate?
 That when he sleepe in most security,
 And safest seemes, him soonest doth amate,
 And findeth dew effeet or soone or late.
 So feeble is the powre of fleshy arme.
 His mother bad him womens loue to hate,
 For she of womans force did feare no harme;
 So weening to haue arm'd him, she did quite disarme.

F f 3

This was that woman, this that deadly wound,
 That *Proteus* prophecide should him dismay,
 The which his mother vainely did expound,
 To be hart-wounding loue, which should assay
 To bring her sonne vnto his last decay.
 So tickle be the termes of mortall state,
 And full of subtile sophisines, which do play
 With double senses, and with false debate,
 To approue the vnkknown purpose of eternall fate.

Too true the famous *Marinell* it fownd,
 Who through late triall, on that wealthy Strand
 Inglorious now lies in senselesse fownd,
 Through heauy stroke of *Britomartis* hond.
 Which when his mother deare did vnderstond,
 And heauy tydings heard, whereas the playd
 Amongst her watry sisters by a pond,
 Gathering sweet daffadillyes, to haue made
 Gay girlonds, from the Sun their forheads faire to shade.

Estfoones both flowres and girlonds farre away
 She song, and her faire deawy lockes yrent,
 To sorrow huge she turnd her former play,
 And gamefon merth to grieuous dremment:
 She threw her selfe downe on the Continent,
 Ne word did speake, but lay a in a fowne,
 Vn hiles all her sisters did for her lament,
 With yelling outcries, and with shrieking fowne;
 And euery one did teare her girlond from her crowne.

Soone as she vp out of her deadly fit
 Arose, she bad her charret to be brought,
 And all her sisters, that with her did sit,
 Bad eke attonce their charrets to be sought;

Tho

The full of bitter grieffe and pensiu thought,
 She to her wagon clombe; clombe all the rest,
 And forth together went, with sorrow fraught.
 The waues obedient to their becheaft,
 Them yielded readie passage, and their rage surcast.

Great *Neptune* stood amazed at their sight,
 Whiles on his broad round backe they softly slid
 And eke himselfe mournd at their mournfull plight,
 Yet wist not what their wailing ment, yet did
 For great compassion of their sorrow, bid
 His mightie waters to them buxome bee:
 Estfoones the roaring billowes still abid,
 And all the grievely Monsters of the See
 Stood gaping at their gate, and wondred them to see.

A teme of Dolphins raunged in aray,
 Drew the smooth charret of sad *Cymoent*;
 They were all taught by *Triton*, to obay
 To the long traines, at her commandement:
 As swift as swallows, on the waues they went,
 That their broad flaggie finnes no some did reare,
 Ne bubbling roundell they behind them sent;
 The rest of other fishes drawn weare,
 Which with their finny oars the swelling sea did sheare.

Soone as they bene arriu'd vpon the brim
 Of the *Rich strand*, their charrets they forlore,
 And let their temed fishes softly swim
 Along the margent of the fomy shore,
 Least they their finnes should bruze, and surbate fore
 Their tender feet vpon the stony ground:
 And coming to the place, where all in gore
 And cruddy bloud enwallowed they found
 The lucklesse *Marinell*, lying in deadly fownd;

F f 4

His mother frowne'd thrife, and the third time
 Could feare recovered be out of her paine;
 Had she not bene deuoyd of mortall flime,
 She should not then haue bene reliu'd againe,
 But soone as life recovered had the raine,
 She made so piteous mone and deare wayment,
 That the hard rocks could feare from teares refrain,
 And all her sifter Nymphes with one consent
 Supplide her sobbing breaches with sad complement.

Deare image of my selfe (she said) that is,
 The wretched sonne of wretched mother borne,
 Is this thine high aduancement, ô is this
 Th'immortall name, with which thee yet vnborne
 Thy Granfire *Nereus* promist to adorne?
 Now yest thou of life and honor rest;
 Now yest thou a lump of earth forlorne,
 Ne of thy late life memory is left,
 Ne can thy irreuoicable destiny be west?

Fond *Proteus*, father of false prophesie,
 And they more fond, that credit to thee giue,
 Not this the worke of womans hand ywis, (driue.
 That so deepe wound through these deare members
 I feared loue: but they that loue do liue,
 But they that die, doe neither loue nor hate.
 Nath'lesse to thee thy folly I forgiue,
 And to my selfe, and to accurfed fate
 The guilt I doe ascribe: deare wisdome bought too late.

O what auails it of immortall feed
 To beenybred and neuer borne to die?
 Farre better I it deeme to die with speed,
 Then walle in woe and wailefull miserie.

Who

Who dyes the vtmost dolour doth aby,
 But who that liues, is left to waile his losse:
 So life is losse, and death felicitie.
 Sad life worse then glad death: and greater crosse
 To see friends graue, the dead the graue selfe to engrosse.

But if the heauens did his dayes entie,
 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 *Marinell*
 I more haue closed, and him bed farewell,
 Sith other offices for mother meet
 They would not graunt.
 Yet maulgre them farewell, my sweetest sweet;
 Farewell my sweetest sonne, sith we no more shall meet.

Thus when they all had sorrowed their fill,
 They softly gan to search his grieftly wound:
 And that they might him handle more at will,
 They him disarm'd, and spredding on the ground
 Their watchet mantles fringed with siluer round,
 They softly wipt away the gelly blood
 From th'orifice; which hauing well vpbound,
 They pou'd in foueraine balme, and Nestar good,
 Good both for earthly med'cine, and for heavenly food.

Tho when the lilly handed *Liagore*,
 (This *Liagore* whylome had learned skill
 In leaches craft, by great *Appolloes* lore,
 Sith her whylome vpon high *Pindus* hill,
 He loued, and at last her wombe did fill
 With heavenly seed, whereof wise *Paeon* sprong)
 Did feele his pulse, she knew their staid still
 Some litle life his feeble sprites emong;
 Which to his mother told, despeire she from her song.

Thovp him taking in their tender hands,
 They easly vnto her charet beare:
 Her teme at her commaundement quiet stands,
 Whiles they the corse into her wagon reare,
 And strow with flowres the lamentable beare:
 Then all the rest into their coches clim,
 And through the brackish waues their passage sheare;
 Vpon great *Neptunes* necke they softly swim,
 And to her watry chamber swiftly carry him.

Deepe in the bottome of the sea, her bowre
 Is built of hollow billowes heaped hye,
 Like to thicke cloudes, that threat a stormy showre,
 And vaulted all within, like to the sky,
 In which the Gods do dwell eternally:
 There they him laid in easie couch well dight;
 And sent in haste for *Tryphon*, to apply
 Salues to his wounds, and medicines of might:
 For *Tryphon* of sea gods the soueraine leach is hight.

The whiles the *Nymphes* sit all about him round,
 Lamenting his mishap and heavy plight;
 And oft his mother vewing his wide wound,
 Cursed the hand, that did so deadly smight
 Her dearest sonne, her dearest harts delight.
 But none of all those curses ouertooke
 The warlike Maid, th'ensample of that might,
 But fairely well she thri'd, and well did brooke
 Her noble deeds, ne her right course for ought forooke.

Yet did false *Archimage* her still pursew,
 To bring to passe his mischieuous intent,
 Now that he had her singled from the crew
 Of courteous knights, the Prince, and Faery gent,
 Whom

Whom late in chace of beautie excellent
 She left, pursewing that fame foster strong;
 Of whose foule outrage they impatient,
 And full of fiery zeale, him followed long,
 To reskew her from shame, and to reuenge her wrong.

Through thick and thin, through mountaines & through
 Those two great chapions did attonce pursew (plains,
 The fearefull damzell, with incessant paines:
 Who from them fled, as light-foot hare from vew
 Of hunter swift, and sent of houndes trew.
 At last they came vnto a double way,
 Where, doubtfull which to take, her to reskew,
 Themselues they did dispart, each to assay,
 Whether more happie were, to win so goodly pray.

But *Timias*, the Princes gentle Squire,
 That Ladies love vnto his Lord forlent,
 And with proud enny, and indignant ire,
 After that wicked foster fiercely went,
 So beene they three three sundry wayes ybent.
 But fairest fortune to the Prince besell,
 Whose chauce it was, that soone he did repent,
 To take that way, in which that Damozell
 Was fled afore, affraid of him, as seed of hell.

At last of her farre off he gained vew:
 Then gan he freshly pricke his sony steed,
 And euer as he nigher to her drew,
 So euermore he did increase his speed,
 And of each turning still kept warie heed:
 Aloud to her he oftentimes did call,
 To doe away vaine doubt, and needlesse dread:
 Full myld to her he spake, and oft let fall
 Many meecke wordes, to stay and comfort her withall.

But nothing might relent her hastie flight;
 So deepe the deadly feare of that foule swaine
 Was earst impressed in her gentle spright:
 Like as a fearefull Doue, which through the raine,
 Of the wide aire her way does cut amaine,
 Hauing farre off epyde a Tassell gent,
 Which after her his nimble wings doth straine,
 Doubteth her haiste for feare to be for-hent,
 And with her pineons cleaues the liquid firmament.

With no lesse haste, and eke with no lesse dread,
 That fearefull Ladie fled from him, that ment
 To her no euill thought, nor euill deed;
 Yet former feare of being fowly shent,
 Carried her forward with her first intent:
 And though oft looking backward, well she vewd,
 Her selfe freed from that foster insolent,
 And that it was a knight, which now her sewd,
 Yet she no lesse the knight feard, then that villain rude.

His vncouth shield and straunge armes her dismayd,
 Whose like in Faery lond were seldome seene,
 That fast she from him fled, no lesse affrayd,
 Then of wilde beastes if she had chased beene:
 Yet he her followd still with courage keene,
 So long that now the golden *Hesperus*
 Was mounted high in top of heauen sheene,
 And ward his other brethren ioyeous,
 To light their blessed lamps in *Tones* eternall hous.

All suddenly dim woxe the dampish ayre,
 And grieufully shadowes couered heauen bright,
 That now with thousand starres was decked fayre;
 Which when the Prince beheld, a lothfull sight,
 And

And that perforce, for want of lenger light,
 He mote surcease his suit, and lose the hope
 Of his long labour, he gan fowly wyte
 His wicked fortune, that had turn'd a slope,
 And curld night, that rest from him so goodly scope.

Tho when her wayes he could no more desery,
 But to and fro at disauenture strayd;
 Like as a ship, whose Lodestarre suddenly
 Couered with cloudes, her Pilor hath dismayd;
 His wearisome pursuit perforce he stayd,
 And from his lostie sted dismounting low,
 Did let him forage. Downe himselfe he layd
 Vpon the grassie ground, to sleepe a throw;
 The cold earth was his couch, the hard Steele his pillow.

But gentle Sleepe enuyde him any rest;
 In stead thereof sad sorrow, and disdain
 Of his hard hap did vexe his noble brest,
 And thousand fancies bet his idle braine
 With their light wings, the sights of semblants vaine:
 Oft did he wish, that Lady faire mote bee
 His Faery Queene, for whom he did complain:
 Or that his Faery Queene were such, as shee:
 And euer hastie Night he blamed bitterlie.

Night thou foule Mother of annoyance sad,
 Sister of heauie death, and nurse of woe,
 Which wast begot in heauen, but for thy bad
 And brutish shape thrust downe to hell below,
 Where by the grim floud of *Cocytus* slow
 Thy dwelling is, in *Herebus* blacke hous,
 (Blacke *Herebus* thy husband is the foe
 Of all the Gods) where thou vngratious,
 Halfe of thy dayes doest lead in horreur hideous.

What had th'eternall Maker need of thee,
 The world in his continuall course to keepe,
 That doest all things deface, ne lettest see
 The beautie of his worke? Indeed in sleepe
 The slouthfull bodie, that doth lone to sleepe
 His lustlesse limbes, and drowne his baser mind,
 Doth praise thee oft, and oft from *Stygian* deepe
 Calles thee, his goddesse in his error blind, (kind,
 And great Dame Natures handmaide, chearing euery

But well I wote, that to an heauy hart
 Thou art the root and nurse of bitter cares,
 Breeder of new, renewer of old smarts:
 In stead of rest thou lendest rayling teares,
 In stead of sleepe thou sendest troublous feares,
 And dreadfull visions, in the which aliuie
 The dreatic image of sad death appears:
 So from the wearie spirit thou doest driue
 Desired rest, and men of happinesse depriue.

Vnder thy mantle blacke there hidden lye,
 Light-thonning theft, and traiterous intent,
 Abhorred bloudshed, and vile felony,
 Shamefull deceipt, and daunger imminent;
 Foule horror, and eke hellish dremitment:
 All these I wote in thy protection bee,
 And light doe shonne, for feare of being shent:
 For lightylike is loth'd of them and thee,
 And all that lewdnesse loue, doe hate the light to see.

For day discouers all dishonest wayes,
 And sheweth each thing, as it is indeed:
 The prayes of high God he faire displayes,
 And his large bountie rightly doth arced.

Dayes

Dayes dearest children be the blessed seed,
 Which darknesse shall subdew, and heauen win:
 Truth is his daughter; he her first did breed,
 Most sacred virgin, without spot of sin.
 Our life is day, but death with darknesse doth begin.

O when will day then turne to me againe,
 And bring with him his long expected light?
 O *Titan*, haste to reare thy ioyous waine:
 Speed thee to spred abroad thy beames bright?
 And chase away this too long lingring night,
 Chase her away, from whence she came, to hell.
 She, she it is, that hath me done despight:
 There let her with the damned spirits dwell,
 And yeeld her roome to day, that can it gouerne well.

Thus did the Prince that wearie night outweare,
 In restlesse anguith and vnquiet paine:
 And earely, ere the morrow did vpreare
 His deawy head out of the *Ocean* maine,
 He vp arose, as halfe in great disdaine,
 And clombe vnto his steed. So forth he went,
 With heauie looke and lumpish pace, that plaine
 In him bewraid great grudge and maltalent:
 His steed eke seem'd t'apply his steps to his intent.

Cant. V.

Prince Arthur heares of Florimell:
 three fosters T imas wound,
 Belphebe finds him almost dead,
 and reareth out of fownd.

Wonder it is to see, in diuerse minds,
 How diuersly loue doth his pageants play,
 And shewes his powre in variable kinds:
 The baser wit, whose idle thoughts alway
 Are wont to cleaue vnto the lowly clay,
 It stirreth vp to sensuall desire,
 And in lewd slouth to wast his carelesse day:
 But in braue sprite it kindles goodly fire,
 That to all high desert and honour doth aspire.

Ne suffereth it vncomely idlenesse,
 In his free thought to build her sluggish nest:
 Ne suffereth it thought of vngentlenesse,
 Euer to creepe into his noble brest,
 But to the highest and the worthiest
 Lifteth it vp, that else would lowly fall:
 It lets not fall, it lets it not to rest:
 It lets not scarce this Prince to breathe at all,
 But to his first poursuit him forward still doth call.

Who long time wandred through the Forrest wyde,
 To finde some issue thence, till that at last
 He met a Dwarfse, that seemed terrifyde
 With some late perill, which he hardly past,

Or

Or other accident, which him aghast;
 Of whom he asked, whence he lately came,
 And whither now he trauelled so fast:
 For fore the swat, and running through that same
 Thicke forest, was bescratcht, & both his feet nigh lame.

Panting for breath, and almost out of hart,
 The Dwarfse him answerd, Sir, ill mote I stay
 To tell the same. I lately did depart
 From Faery court, where I haue many a day
 Serued a gentle Lady of great sway,
 And high accompt through out all Elfin land,
 Who lately left the same, and tooke this way:
 Her now I seeke, and if ye vnderstand
 Which way she fared hath, good Sir tell out of hand.

What mister wight (said he) and how arayd?
 Royally clad (quoth he) in cloth of gold,
 As meetest may beseme a noble mayd;
 Her faire lockes in rich circlet be enrold,
 And fairer wight did neuer Sunne behold,
 And on a Palfrey rides more white then snow,
 Yet she her selfe is whiter manifold:
 The surest signe, whereby ye may her know,
 Is, that she is the fairest wight aliue, I trow.

Now certes swaine (said he) such one I weene,
 Fast flying through this forest from her fo,
 A foule ill fauoured foster, I haue seene;
 Her selfe, well as I might, I reskewd tho,
 But could not stay; so fast she did foregoe,
 Carried away with wings of speedy feare.
 Ah dearest God (quoth he) that is great woe,
 And wondrous ruth to all, that thall it heare.
 But can ye read Sir, how I may her find, or where.

Gg

Perdy me leuer were to weeten that,
 (Said he) then ranfome of the richeft knight,
 Or all the good that euer yet I gat:
 But froward fortune, and too forward Night
 Such happineffe did, maulgre, to me fpiight,
 And frome reft both life and light attonce.
 But Dwarf e aread, what is that Lady bright,
 That through this foreft wandreth thus alone;
 For of her errour ftraunge I haue great ruth and mone.

That Lady is (quoth he) where fo the bee,
 The bountieft virgin, and moft debonaire,
 That euer liuing eye I weene did fee;
 Liues none this day, that may with her compare
 In ftedfaft chafteite and vertue rare,
 The goodly ornaments of beautie bright;
 And is ycleped *Florimell* the faire,
 Faire *Florimell* below'd of a many a knight,
 Yet the loues none but one, that *Marinell* is hight.

A Sea-nymphes fonne, that *Marinell* is hight,
 Of my deare Dame is loued dearly well;
 In other none, but him, the fets delight,
 All her delight is fet on *Marinell*;
 But he fets nought at all by *Florimell*:
 For Ladies loue his mother long ygoe
 Did him, they fay, forwarne through fared spell,
 But fame now flies, that of a forreine foe
 He is yflaine, which is the ground of all our woe.

Five dayes there be, fince he (they fay) was flaine,
 And foure, fince *Florimell* the Court for-went,
 And vowed neuer to returne againe,
 Till him aliue or dead fhe did inuent.

There-

Therefore, faire Sir, for loue of knighthood gent,
 And honour of trew Ladies, if ye may
 By your good counfell, or bold hardiment,
 Or succour her, or me direct the way;
 Do one, or other good, I you moft humbly pray.

So may you gaine to you full great renoume,
 Of all good Ladies through the world fo wide,
 And haply in her hart find higheft rowme,
 Of whom ye feeke to be moft magnifide:
 At leaft eternall meede fhall you abide.
 To whom the Prince; Dwarf e, comfort to thee take,
 For till thou tidings learne, what her betide,
 I here auow thee neuer to forfake.
 Ill weares he armes, that nill them vfe for Ladies fake.

So with the Dwarf e he backe return'd againe,
 To feeke his Lady, where he mote her find;
 But by the way he greatly gan complaine
 The want of his good Squire late left behind,
 For whom he wondrous penfue grew in mind,
 For doubt of daunger, which mote him betide;
 For him he loued aboue all mankind,
 Hauing him trew and faithfull euer tride,
 And bold, as euer Squire that waited by knights fide.

Who all this while full hardly was affayd
 Of deadly daunger, which to him betid;
 For whiles his Lord purfued that noble Mayd,
 After that fofter fowle he fiercely rid,
 To bene auenged of the fhame, he did
 To that faire Damzell: Him he chased long (hid
 Through the thicke woods, wherein he would haue
 His fhamefull head from his auengement ftrong,
 And oft him threatned death for his outrageous wrong.

Gg 2

Nathlesse the villen sped himselfe so well,
 Whether through swiftnesse of his speedy beast;
 Or knowledge of those woods, where he did dwell,
 That shortly he from daunger was releast,
 And out of sight escaped at the least;
 Yet not escaped from the dew reward
 Of his bad deeds, which dayly he increast,
 Ne ceased not, till him oppressed hard
 The heauy plague, that for such leachours is prepard.

For soone as he was vanisht out of sight,
 His coward courage gan emboldned bee;
 And cast reuenge him of that fowle despight,
 Which he had borne of his bold enimiee.
 Tho to his brethren came: for they were three
 Vngratious children of one gracelesse fire,
 And vnto them complained, how that he
 Had vsed bene of that foolehardy Squire;
 So them with bitter words he stir'd to bloudy ire.

Forth with themselues with their sad instruments
 Of spoyle and murder they gan arme byliue,
 And with him forth into the forest went,
 To wreake the wrath, which he did earst reuiue
 In their sterne breasts, on him which late did drie
 Their brother to reproch and shamefull sight:
 For they had vow'd, that neuer he aliue
 Out of that forest should escape their might;
 Vile rancour their rude harts had fill'd with such despight.

Within that wood there was a couert glade,
 Foreby a narrow foord, to them well knowne,
 Through which it was vneath for wight to wade;
 And now by fortune it was ouerflowne:

By

By that same way they knew that Squire vnknowne
 Mote algates passe; for thy themselues they set
 There in await, with thicke woods ouer growne,
 And all the while their malice they did whet
 With cruell threats, his passage through the ford to let.

It fortun'd, as they deuized had,
 The gentle Squire came ryding that same way,
 Vnweeting of their wile and treason bad,
 And through the ford to passen did assay;
 But that fierce foster, which late fled away,
 Stoutly forth stepping on the further shore,
 Him boldly bad his passage there to stay,
 Till he had made amends, and full restore
 For all the damage, which he had him doen afore.

With that at him a quiu'ring dart he threw,
 With so fell force and villeinous despighte,
 That through his habericorn the forkehead flew,
 And through the linked mayles emperied quite,
 But had no powre in his soft flesh to bite:
 That stroke the hardy Squire did sore displease,
 But more that him he could not come to smite;
 For by no meanes the high banke he could seafe;
 But labour'd long in that deepe ford with vaine diseafe.

And still the foster with his long bore-speare
 Him kept from landing at his wished will;
 Anone one sent out of the thicket neare
 A cruell shaft, headed with deadly ill,
 And fethered with an vn lucky quill;
 The wicked steele stayd not, till it did light
 In his left thigh, and deeply did it thrill:
 Exceeding griefe that wound in him empight,
 But more that with his foes he could not come to fight.

G g 3

At last through wrath and vengeance making way,
 He on the bancke arriu'd with mickle paine,
 Where the third brother him did fore assay,
 And droue at him with all his might and maine
 A forreit bill, which both his hands did straines;
 But warily he did auoide the blow,
 And with his speare requited him againe,
 That both his sides were thrilled with the throw,
 And a large streame of bloud out of the wound did flow.

He tombling downe, with gnawing teeth did bite
 The bitter earth, and bad to let him in
 Into the balefull house of endlesse night,
 Where wicked ghosts do waile their former sin.
 Tho gan the battell freshly to begin;
 For nathemore for that spectacle bad,
 Did th'other two their cruell vengeance blin,
 But both attonce on both sides him bestad,
 And load vpon him layd, his life for to haue had.

Tho when that villain he auiz'd, which late
 Affrighted had the fairest *Florimell*,
 Full of fiers fury, and indignant hate,
 To him he turned, and with rigour fell
 Smote him so rudely on the Pannickell,
 That to the chin he cleft his head in twaine:
 Downe on the ground his carkas groueling fell;
 His sinfull soule with desperate disdain,
 Out of her fleshy ferme fled to the place of paine.

That seeing now the onely last of three,
 Who with that wicked shaft him wounded had,
 Trembling with horroure, as that did foresee
 The fearefull end of his auengement sad,

Through

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 Through which he follow should his brethren bad,
 His bootelesse bow in feeble hand vcaught,
 And therewith shot an arrow at the lad;
 Which faintly fluttering, scarce his helmet raught,
 And glauncing fell to ground, but him annoyed naught.

With that he would haue fled into the wood;
 But *Timias* him lightly ouerhent,
 Right as he entring was into the flood,
 And strooke at him with force so violent,
 That headlesse him into the foord he sent:
 The carkas with the streame was carried downe,
 But th'head fell backward on the Continent.
 So mischiefel vpon the meaners crowne; (renowme,
 They three be dead with shame, the Squire liues with

He liues, but takes small ioy of his renowne;
 For of that cruell wound he bled so fore,
 That from his steed he fell in deadly frowne;
 Yet still the bloud forth gusht in so great store,
 That he lay wallowd all in his owne gore.
 Now God thee keepe, thou gentlest Squire aliue,
 Else shall thy louing Lord thee see no more,
 But both of comfort him thou shalt deprive,
 And eke thy selfe of honour, which thou didst archiue.

Prouidence heauenly passeth liuing thought,
 And doth for wretched mens reliefe make way;
 For loe great grace or fortune thither brought
 Comfort to him, that comfortlesse now lay.
 In those same woods, ye well remember may,
 How that a noble huntresse did wonne,
 She, that base *Braggadocchio* did affray,
 And made him fall out of the Forrest runne;
Belphebe was her name, as faire as *Phœbus* sunne.

Gg 4

She on a day, as she purfewd the chace
 Of some wild beast, which with her arrowes keene
 She wounded had, the same along did trace
 By tract of blood, which she had freshly seene,
 To haue besprinkled all the grassy greene;
 By the great persue, which she there perceau'd,
 Well hoped she the beast engor'd had beene,
 And made more hast, the life to haue bereau'd:
 But ah, her expectation greatly was deceau'd.

Shortly she came, whereas that woefull Squire
 With blood deformed, lay in deadly frownd:
 In whose faire eyes, like lamps of quenched fire,
 The Christall humour stood congealed rownd;
 His locks, like faded leaues fallen to grownd,
 Knotted with blood, in bounces rudely ran,
 And his sweete lips, on which before that stownd
 The bud of youth to blossome faire began,
 Spoild of their rosie red, were woxen pale and wan.

Saw neuer liuing eye more heauy sight,
 That could haue made a rocke of stone to rew,
 Or riue in twaine: which when that Lady bright
 Besides all hope with melting eyes did vew,
 All suddainly abasht the changed hew,
 And with sterne horrour backward gan to start:
 But when she better him beheld, she grew
 Full of soft passion and vnwonted smart:
 The point of pity perced through her tender hart.

Meekeely she bowed downe, to weete if life
 Yet in his frozen members did remaine,
 And feeling by his pulses beating rise,
 That the weake soule her seat did yet retaine,

She

She cast to comfort him with busse paine:
 His double folded necke she reard vpright,
 And rubd his temples, and each trembling vaine;
 His mayled habericon she did vndight,
 And from his head his heauy burganet did light,

Into the woods thenceforth in hast she went,
 To seeke for hearbes, that mote him remedy;
 For she of hearbes had great intendment,
 Taught of the Nymphe, which from her infancy
 Her nourced had in trew Nobility:
 There, whether it diuine *Tobacco* were,
 Or *Fanachea*, or *Polygony*,
 She found, and brought it to her patient deare
 Who al this while lay bleeding out his hart-bloud neare.

The foueraigne weede betwixt two marbles plaine
 She powdered small, and did in peeces bruze,
 And then atweene her lilly handes twaine,
 Into his wound the iuyce thereof did scruze,
 And round about, as she could well it vze,
 The flesh therewith she suppled and did steepe,
 T'abate all spaine, and foke the swelling bruze,
 And after hauing searcht the intuse deepe,
 She with her scarfe did bind the wound fro cold to keepe.

By this he had sweet life recur'd againe,
 And groning inly deepe, at last his eyes,
 His watry eyes, drizzling like dewy raine,
 He vp gan lift toward the azure skies,
 From whence descend all hopelesse remedies:
 Therewith he sigh'd, and turning him aside,
 The goodly Mayd full of diuinities,
 And gifts of heauenly grace he by him spide,
 Her bow and gilden quiuer lying him beside.

Mercy deare Lord (said he) what grace is this,
 That thou hast shewed to me sinfull wight,
 To send thine Angell from her bowte of blis,
 To comfort me in my distressed plight?
 Angell, or Goddesse do I call thee right?
 What seruice may I do vnto thee meete,
 That hast from darkeness me returned to light,
 And with thy heauenly salues and medicines sweete,
 Hast dressed my sinfull wounds? I kisse thy blessed feete.

Thereat the blushing said, Ah gentle Squire,
 Nor Goddesse I, nor Angell, but the Mayd,
 And daughter of a woody Nympe, desire
 No seruice, but thy safety and ayd;
 Which if thou gaine, I shalbe well apayd.
 We mortall wights, whose liues and fortunes bee
 To commun accidents still open layd,
 Are bound with commun bond of frailtee,
 To succour wretched wights, whom we captiued see.

By this her Damzels, which the former chace
 Had vnder taken after her arriu'd,
 As did *Belphebe*, in the bloody place,
 And thereby deemd the beast had bene depriv'd
 Of life, whom late their Ladies arrow ryu'd:
 For thy the bloody tract they follow fast,
 And every one to runne the swiftest stry'd;
 But two of them the rest far ouerpass,
 And where their Lady was, arriu'd at the last.

Where when they saw that goodly boy, with blood
 Defowled, and their Lady dresse his wound,
 They wondred much, and shortly vnderstood,
 How him in deadly case their Lady fownd,

And

And reskewed out of the heauy stownd,
 Eftsoones his warlike courser, which was strayed
 Farre in the woods, whiles that he lay in fownd,
 She made those Damzels search, which being stayd,
 They did him set thereon, and forth with them conuayd.

Into that forest farre they thence him led,
 Where was their dwelling, in a pleasant glade,
 With mountaines round about enuironed,
 And mighty woods, which did the valley shade,
 And like a stately Theatre it made,
 Spreading it selfe into a spacious plaine.
 And in the midst a little riuer plaide
 Emongst the pumy stones, which seemd to plaine
 With gentle murmure, that his course they did refraine.

Beside the same a dainty place there lay,
 Planted with myrtle trees and laurels greene,
 In which the birds song many a lovely lay
 Of gods high prayse, and of their loues sweet teene,
 As it an earthly Paradize had bene:
 In whose enclosed shadow there was pight
 A faire Paviilion, scarcely to be seene,
 The which was all within most richly dight,
 That greatest Princes liuing it mote well delight.

Thither they brought that wounded Squire, and layd
 In easie couch his feeble limbes to rest;
 He rested him a while, and then the Mayd
 His ready wound with better salues new dress;
 Dayly the dressed him, and did the best
 His grievous hurt to garish, that she might,
 That shortly she his dolour hath redrest,
 And his foule sore reduced to faire plight:
 It she reduced, but himselfe destroyed quight.

O foolish Physick, and vnfruitfull paine,
 That heales vp one and makes another wound:
 She his hurt thigh to him recur'd againe,
 But hurt his hart, the which before was found,
 Through an vnwary dart, which did rebound
 From her faire eyes and gracious countenance.
 What bootes it him from death to be vnbound,
 To be captiued in endlesse duraunce
 Of sorrow and despair without alleageaunce?

Still as his wound did gather, and grow hole,
 So still his hart woxe fore, and health decayd:
 Madnesse to faue a part, and lose the whole.
 Still whenas he beheld the heauenly Mayd,
 Whiles dayly plaisters to his wound the layd,
 So still his Malady the more increast,
 The whiles her matchlesse beautie him dismayd.
 Ah God, what other could he do at least,
 But loue so faire a Lady, that his life releast?

Long while he stroue in his courageous brest,
 With reason dew the passion to subdew,
 And loue for to dislodge out of his nest:
 Still when her excellencies he did vew,
 Her soueraigne bounty, and celestiall hew,
 The fame to loue he strongly was constraind:
 But when his meane estate he did renew,
 He from such hardy boldnesse was restraind,
 And of his lucklesse lot and cruell loue thus plaind.

Vnthankfull wretch (said he) is this the meed,
 With which her soueraigne mercy thou doest quight:
 Thy life she faued by her gracious deed,
 But thou doest weene with villeanous despight,

To

To blot her honour, and her heauenly light.
 Dye rather, dye, then so disloyally
 Deeme of her high desert, or seeme so light:
 Faire death it is to thonne more shame, to dy:
 Dye rather, dy, then euer loue disloyally.

But if to loue disloyalty it bee,
 Shall I then hate her, that from deathes dore
 Me brought? ah farre be such reproch from mee.
 What can I lesse do, then her loue, therefore,
 Sith I her dew reward cannot restore:
 Dye rather, dye, and dying do her serue,
 Dying her serue, and liuing her adore;
 Thy life she gaue, thy life she doth deserue:
 Dye rather, dye, then euer from her seruice swerue.

But foolish boy, what bootes thy seruice bace
 To her, to whom the heauens do serue and sew?
 Thou a meane Squire, of meeke and lowly place,
 She heauenly borne, and of celestiall hew.
 How then? of all loue taketh equal vew:
 And doth not highest God vouchsafe to take
 The loue and seruice of the basest crew?
 If she will not, dye meekly for her sake;
 Dye rather, dye, then euer so faire loue forsake.

Thus warreid he long time against his will,
 Till that through weaknesse he was forsit at last,
 To yield himselfe vnto the mighty ill:
 Which as a victour proud, gan ransack fast
 His inward parts, and all his entrayles wast,
 That neither bloud in face, nor life in hart
 It left, but both did quite drye vp, and blast;
 As percing leuin, which the inner part
 Of euery thing consumes, and calcineth by art.

Which seeing faire *Belphebe*, gan to feare,
 Least that his wound were inly well not healed,
 Or that the wicked Steele empoyfied were:
 Little she weend, that loue he close concealed;
 Yet still he wasted, as the snow congealed,
 When the bright sunne his beams thereon doth beate;
 Yet neuer he his hart to her reuealed,
 But rather chose to dye for sorrow great,
 Then with dishonorable termes her to entreat.

She gracious Lady, yet no paines did spare,
 To do him ease, or do him remedy:
 Many Restoratiues of vertues rare,
 And costly Cordialles she did apply,
 To mitigate his stubbornne mallady:
 But that sweet Cordiall, which can restore
 A loue-sick hart, she did to him enuy;
 To him, and to all th vnworthy world forlore
 She did enuy that soueraigne salue, in secrect store.

That dainty Rose, the daughter of her Morne,
 More deare then life she tendered, whose flowre
 The girlond of her honour did adorne:
 Ne suffred she the Middayes scorching powre,
 Ne the sharp Northerne wind thereon to showre,
 But lapped vp her silken leaues most chaire,
 When so the froward skye began to lowre:
 But soone as calmed was the Christall aire,
 She did it faire disprede, and let to flourish faire.

Eternall God in his almighty powre,
 To make ensample of his heauenly grace,
 In Paradize whilome did plant this flowre;
 Whence he it fetcht out of her native place,

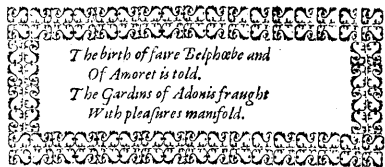
And

And did in stocke of earthly flesh enrace,
 That mortall men her glory should admire
 In gentle Ladies brest, and bounteous race
 Of womankind it fairest flowre doth spire,
 And beareth fruit of honour and all chaste desire.

Faire ympes of beautie, whose bright shining beames
 Adorne the world with like to heauenly light,
 And to your willes both royalties and Realmes
 Subdew, through conquest of your wondrous might,
 With this faire flowre your goodly girlonds dight,
 Of chastity and vertue virginall,
 That shall embellish more your beautie bright,
 And crowne your heades with heauenly coronall,
 Such as the Angels wear before Gods tribunall.

To your faire selues a faire ensample frame,
 Of this faire virgin, this *Belphebe* faire,
 To whom in perfect loue, and spotlesse frame
 Of chastitie, none liuing may compaire:
 Ne poyfous Enuy iustly can empaire
 The prayse of her fresh flowing Maidenhead;
 For thy she standeth on the highest staire
 Of th honorable stage of womanhead,
 That Ladies all may follow her ensample dead.

In so great prayse of stedfast chastity,
 Nathlesse she was so curteous and kind,
 Tempred with grace, and goodly modesty,
 That seemed those two vertues stroue to find
 The higher place in her Heroick mind:
 So struing each did other more augment,
 And both encrease the prayse of woman kind,
 And both encrease her beautie excellent;
 So all did make in her a perfect complement.

Cant. VI.

The birth of faire *Belphebe* and
Of *Amoret* is told.

The Gardens of *Adonis* fraught
With pleasures manifold.

WELL may I weene, faire Ladies, all this while
Ye wonder, how this noble Damozell
So great perfections did in her compile,
Sith that in saluage forests she did dwell,
So farre from court and royall Citadell,
The great schoolmistresse of all curtesy:
Secmeth that such wild woods should far expell
All ciuill vsage and gentility,
And gentle sprite deforme with rude rusticity.

But to this faire *Belphebe* in her berth
The heaens so fauourable were and free,
Looking with myld aspect vpon the earth,
In th'*Horoscope* of her natiuittee,
That all the gifts of grace and chastitee
On her they poured forth of plenteous horne;
Ioue laught on *Venus* from his soueraigne see,
And *Phaebus* with faire beames did her adorne,
And all the *Graces* rockt her cradle being borne.

Her berth was of the wombe of Morning dew,
And her conception of the ioyous Prime,
And all her whole creation did her shew
Pure and vnspotted from all loathly crime,

That

That is ingenerate in fleshy slime.
So was this virgin borne, so was the beed,
So was she trayned vp from time to time,
In all chaste vertue, and true bounti-hed
Till to her dew perfection she was ripened.

Her mother was the faire *Chryfogonee*,
The daughter of *Amphis*, who by race
A Faerie was, yborne of high degree,
She bore *Belphebe*, she bore in like cace
Faie *Amoretia* in the second place:
These two were twinnes, & twixt them two did share
The heritage of all celestiaall grace,
That all the rest it seem'd they robbed bare
Of bountie, and of beautie, and all vertues rare.

It were a goodly storie, to declare,
By what straunge accident faire *Chryfogonee*
Conceit'd these infants, and how them she bare,
In this wild Forrest wandring all alone,
After she had nine moneths fullsild and gone:
For not as other womens commune brood,
They were enwombed in the sacred throne
Of her chaste bodie, nor with commune food,
As other womens babes, they sucked vitall blood.

But wondrously they were begot, and bred
Through influence of th'heaens fruitfull ray,
As it in antique bookes is mentioned,
It was vpon a Son: as shyne day,
When *Trian* faire his beames did display,
In a fresh fountaine, farre from all mens vew,
She bath'd her brest, the boyling hear r'allay,
She bath'd with roses red, and violets blew,
And all the sweetest flowres, that in the Forrest grew.

H h

Till faint through irkefome wearineffe, adowne
 Vpon the graffe ground her felfe the layd
 To fleepe, the whides a gentle flombring fwowne
 Vpon her fell all naked bare difplayd;
 The funne-beames bright vpon her body playd,
 Being through former bathing mollifide,
 And pierst into her wombe, where they embayd
 With fo sweet fence and fecret power vnfpide,
 That in her pregnant fleft they fhortly fructifide.

Miraculous may feeme to him, that reads
 So ftraunge enfample of conception;
 But reafon teacheth that the fruitfull feedes
 Of all things liuing, through impreflion
 Of the funbeames in moyft complexion,
 Doe life conceiue and quickned are by kynd:
 Soafier Nilus inundation,
 Infinite fapes of creature men do fynd,
 Informed in the mud, on which the Sunne hath fhyned.

Great father he of generation
 Is rightly cald, the author of life and light;
 And his faire fiter for creation
 Miniftreth matter fit, which tempred right
 With heate and humour, breeds the liuing wight.
 So fprung thefe twinnes in wombe of *Chryfogone*,
 Yet wist the nought thereof but fore aftraight,
 Wondred to fee her belly fo vpblone,
 Which ftill increaft, till the her terme had full outgone.

Whereof conceiuing fhame and foule difgrace,
 Albe her guiltleffe confcience her cleard,
 She fled into the wilderneffe a fpace,
 Till that vnweedly burden ſhe had reard,

And

And fhund difhonor, which as death ſhe feard:
 Where wearie of long trauell, downe to reft
 Her felfe ſhe fet, and comfortably cheard;
 There a fad cloud of fleepe her ouerkeft,
 And feized euery fenfe with forrow fore oppreft.

It fortun'd, faire *Venus* hauing loſt
 Her little fonne, the winged god of loue,
 Who for ſome light difpleafure, which him croſt,
 Was from her fled, as fit as aerie Doue,
 And left her bliffull bowre of ioy aboute,
 (So from her often he had fled away,
 When ſhe for ought him ſharply did reprove,
 And wandred in the world in ſtrange aray,
 Diſguiz'd in thouſand ſhapes, that none might him be-
 (wray.

Him for to ſeeke, ſhe left her heauenly houſe,
 The houſe of goodly fornes and faire aſpects,
 Whence all the world deriues the glorious
 Features of beauties, and all ſhapes ſelect,
 With which high God his workmanſhip hath deckt;
 And ſearched euery way, through which his wings
 Had borne him, or his tract ſhe mote detect:
 She promiſt kiſſes ſweet, and ſweeter things
 Vnto the man, that of him tydings to her brings.

Fiſt the him ſought in Court, where moſt he vſed
 Whylome to haunt, but there he found him not;
 But many there ſhe found, which fore accused
 His falſehood, and with foule infamous blot
 His cruell deedes and wicked wyles did ſpot:
 Ladies and Lords ſhe euery where mote heare
 Complayning, how with his empoyſned ſhot
 Their wofull harts he wounded had whyleare,
 And ſo had left them languifhing twixt hope and feare.

Hh 2

She then the Citties fought from gate to gate,
 And euery one did aske, did he him see;
 And euery one her answerd, that too late
 He had him seene, and felt the crueltie
 Of his sharpe darts and whot artillerie;
 And euery one threw forth reproches rife
 Of his mischieuous deedes, and said, That hee
 Was the disturber of all ciuill life,
 The enemy of peace, and author of all strife.

Then in the country she abroad him sought,
 And in the rurall cottages inquired,
 Where also many plaints to her were brought,
 How he their heedlesse harts with loue had fyred,
 And his false venom through their veines inspyred;
 And eke the gentle shepheard swaynes, which sat
 Keeping their fleecce flockes, as they were hyred,
 She sweetly heard complaine, both how and what
 Her sonne had to them doen; yet she did smile thereat.

But when in none of all these she him got,
 She gan auize, where else he mote him hyde:
 At last she her bethought, that she had not
 Yet sought the saluage woods and forrests wyde,
 In which full many louely Nymphes abyde,
 Mongst whom might be, that he did closely lye,
 Or that the loue of some of them him tyde:
 For thy she thither cast her course r'aply,
 To searh the secret haunts of *Dianes* company.

Shortly vnto the wastefull woods she came,
 Whereas she found the Goddesse with her crew,
 After late chace of their embrewed game,
 Sitting beside a fountaine in a rew,

Some

Some of them washing with the liquid dew
 From off their dainty lumbes the dustie sweate,
 And soyle which did deforme their liuely heu;
 Others lay shaded from the scorching heat;
 The rest vpon her person gaue attendance great.

She hauing hong vpon a bough on high
 Her bow and painted quiuer, had vnlaste
 Her siluer buskins from her nimble thigh,
 And her lancke Ioynes vngirt, and breits vnbraste,
 After her heat the breathing cold to taste;
 Her golden lockes, that late in tresses bright
 Embreaded were for hindring of her haste,
 Now loose about her shoulders hong vndight,
 And were with sweet *Ambrosia* all besprinkled light.

Soone as she *Venus* saw behind her backe,
 She was asham'd to be so loose surprized
 And woxe halfe wroth against her damzels slacke,
 That had nother thereof before auized,
 But suffred her so carelesly disguized
 Be ouertaken. Soone her garments loose
 Vpgath'ring, in her bosome she comprized,
 Well as she might, and to the Goddesse rose,
 Whiles all her Nymphes did like a girlond her enclose.

Goodly she gan faire *Cytherea* greet,
 And shortly asked her, what cause her brought
 Into that wildernesse for her vniuste, (fraught:
 From her sweete bowes, and beds with pleasures
 That sudden change the strange aduenture thought,
 To whom halfe weeping, she thus answered,
 That she her dearest sonne *Cupido* sought,
 Who in his frowardnesse from her was fled;
 That she repented sore, to haue him angered.

Hh 3

Thereat *Diana* gan to smile, in scorne
 Of her vaine plaint, and to her scoffing sayd;
 Great pittie fure, that ye be so forlorne
 Of your gay sonne, that giues ye so good ayd
 To your disports: ill mote ye bene ayd,
 But she was more engriued, and replide;
 Faire sister, ill befeemes it to vpbraid
 A dolefull heart with so disdainfull pride;
 The like that mine, may be your paine another tide.

As you in woods and wanton wilder nesse
 Your glory set, to chace the saluage beasts,
 So my delight is all in ioyfulness,
 In beds, in bowres, in blankets, and in feasts:
 And ill becomes you with your loftie creasts,
 To scorne the ioy, that *Ioue* is glad to seeke;
 We both are bound to follow heauens behests,
 And tend our charges with obedience meeke:
 Spare, gentle sister, with reproch my paine to ecke.

And tell me, if that ye my sonne haue heard,
 To lurke emongst your Nymphes in secret wize;
 Or keepe their cabins: much I am affeard,
 Least he like one of them him selfe disguise,
 And turne his arrowes to their exercise:
 So may he long him selfe full easie hide:
 For he is faire and fresh in face and guize,
 As any Nymph (let not it be enuyde.)
 So saying enery Nymph full narrowly she eyde.

But *Phaebé* therewith fore was angered,
 And sharply said; Goe Dame, goe seeke your boy,
 Where you him lately left, in *Mars* his bed;
 He comes not here, we scorne his foolish ioy,

Ne

Ne lend we leifure to his idle toy:
 But if I catch him in this company,
 By *Stygian* lake I vow, whose sad annoy
 The Gods doe dread, he dearely shall abyde:
 Ile clip his wanton wings, that he no more shall fly.

Whom when as *Venus* saw so sore displeas'd,
 She inly fory was, and gan relent,
 What she had said: so her she soone appeas'd,
 With sugred words and gentle blandishment,
 From which a fountaine from her sweet lips went,
 And welled goodly forth, that in short space
 She was well pleas'd, and forth her damzels sent,
 Through all the woods, to search from place to place,
 If any tract of him or tydings they mote trace.

To search the God of loue, her Nymphes she sent
 Throughout the wandring Forrest euery where:
 And after them her selfe eke with her went
 To seeke the fugitiue, both faire and nere,
 So long they sought, till they arriued were
 In that same shady couert, whereas lay
 Faire *Crysgone* in slombry traunce whilere:
 Who in her sleepe (a wondrous thing to say)
 Vnwares had borne two babes, as faire as springing day.

Vnwares she them concei'd, vnwares she bore:
 She bore withouten paine, that she concei'd
 Withouten pleasure: ne her need implore
Lucinaes aide: which when they both perceiued,
 They were through wonder nigh of sense bereaued,
 And gazing each on other, nought bespake:
 At last they both agreed, her seeming griued
 Out of her heauy frowne not to awake,
 But from her louing side the tender babes to take.

H h 4

Vp they them tooke, each one a babe vptooke,
 And with them carried, to be fostered;
 Dame *Phoebe* to a Nymph her babe betooke,
 To be vpbrought in perfect Maydenhed,
 And of her selfe her name *Belphebe* ved:
 But *Venus* hers hence farre away conuayd,
 To be vpbrought in goodly womanhed,
 And in her litle loues stead, which was frayd,
 Her *Amorettia* cald, to comfort her dismayd.

She brought her to her ioyous Paradize,
 Where most she wonne, whē she on earth does dwell,
 So faire a place, as Nature can devise:
 Whether in *Paphos*, or *Cytheron* hill,
 Or it in *Gnidus* be, I wote not well;
 But well I wote by tryall, that this fame
 All other pleafant places doth excell,
 And called is by her lost louers name,
 The *Gardin of Adonis*, farre renownd by fame.

In that fame Gardin all the goodly flowres,
 Wherewith dame Nature doth her beautifie,
 And decks the girlonds of her paramoures,
 Are fetcht: there is the first seminarie
 Of all things, that are borne to liue and die,
 According to their kindes. Long worke it were,
 Here to account the endlesse progenie
 Of all the weedes, that bud and blossome there;
 But so much as doth need, must needs be counted here.

It sited was in fruitfull soyle of old,
 And girt in with two walles on either side;
 The one of yron, the other of bright gold,
 That none might thorough breake, nor ouer-stride:
 And

And double gates it had, which opened wide,
 By which both in and out men moten pas;
 Th'one faire and fresh, the other old and dride:
 Old *Genius* the porter of them was,
 Old *Genius*, the which a double nature has.

He letteth in, he letteth out to wend,
 All that to come into the world desire;
 A thousand thousand naked babes attend
 About him day and night, which doe require,
 That he with fleshy weedes would them attire:
 Such as him list, such as eternall fate
 Ordained hath, he clothes with sinfull mire,
 And fendeth forth to liue in mortall state,
 Till they againe returne backe by the hinder gate.

After that they againe returned beene,
 They in that Gardin planted be againe;
 And grow a fresh, as they had neuer scene
 Fleshy corruption, nor mortall paine.
 Some thousand yeares so doen they there remaire;
 And then of him are clad with other hew,
 Or sent into the changefull world againe,
 Till thither they returne, where first they grew:
 So like a wheele around they runne from old to new.

Ne needs there Gardiner to set, or sow,
 To plant of prune: for of their owne accord
 All things, as they created were, doe grow,
 And yet remember well the mightie word,
 Which first was spoken by th' Almighty lord,
 That bad them to increafe and multiply:
 Ne doe they need with water of the ford,
 Or of the clouds to moisten their roots dry;
 For in themselues eternall moisture they imply.

Infinite shapcs of creatures there arc bred,
 And vncouth formes, which none yet euer knew,
 And euery sort is in a sundry bed
 Set by it selfe, and ranckt in comely row:
 Some fit for reasonable soules t'indew,
 Some made for beaſts, some made for birds to weare,
 And all the fruitfull spawne of fishes hew
 In endlesse rancks along enraunged were,
 That seem'd the *Ocean* could not containe them there.

Daily they grow, and daily forth are sent
 Into the world, it to replenish more;
 Yet is the stocke not lessened, nor spent,
 But still remains in euerlasting store,
 As it at first created was of yore.
 For in the wide wombe of the world there lyes,
 In hatefull darkenesse and in deepe horrore,
 An huge eternall *Chaos*, which supplies
 The substances of natures fruitfull progenyes.

All things from thence doe their first being fetch,
 And borrow matter, whereof they are made,
 Which when as forme and feature it does ketch,
 Becomes a bodie, and doth then inuade
 The state of life, out of the griesly shade.
 That substance is eterne, and bideth so,
 Ne when the life decays, and forme does fade,
 Doth it consume, and into nothing go,
 But chaunged is, and often altdre to and fro.

The substance is not chaunged, nor altered,
 But th'only forme and outward fashion;
 For euery substance is conditioned
 To change her hew, and sundry formes to don,

Meet

Meet for her temper and complexion:
 For formes are variable and decay,
 By course of kind, and by occasion;
 And that faire flowre of beaurie fades away,
 As doth the lilly fresh before the sunny ray.

Great enemy to it, and to all the rest,
 That in the *Gardin of Adonis* springs,
 Is wicked *Time*, who with his scyth adrest,
 Does mow the flowing herbes and goodly things,
 And all their glory to the ground downe flings,
 Where they doe wither, and are sowly mard:
 He flies about, and with his flaggy wings
 Beates downe both leaues and buds without regard,
 Ne euer pittie may relent his malice hard.

Yet pittie often did the gods relent,
 To see so faire things mard, and spoyled quight:
 And their great mother *Venus* did lament
 The losse of her deare brood, her deare delight;
 Her hart was pierst with pittie at the sight,
 When walking through the *Gardin*, them she spyde,
 Yet not the find redresse for such despight.
 For all that liues, is subiect to that law:
 All things decay in time, and to their end do draw.

But were it not, that *Time* their troubler is,
 All that in this delightfull *Gardin* growes,
 Should happie be, and haue immortall bliss:
 For here all plentie, and all pleasure flowes,
 And sweet loue gentle sits amongst them throwes,
 Without fell rancor, or fond gealofie;
 Franckly each paramour his leman knowes,
 Each bird his mate, ne any does enuie
 Their goodly meriment, and gay felicitie.

There is continuall spring, and haruest there
 Continuall, both meeting at one time:
 For both the boughes doe laughing blossomes beare,
 And with fresh colours decke the wanton Prime,
 And eke at once the heauy trees they clime,
 Which seeme to labour vnder their fruits lode:
 The whiles the ioyous birdes make their pastime
 Emongst the shade leaues, their sweet abode,
 And their true loues without suspition tell abroad.

Right in the midst of that Paradise,
 There stood a stately Mount, on whose round top
 A gloomy groue of myrtle trees did rise,
 Whose shade boughes sharpe Steele did neuer lop,
 Nor wicked beasts their tender buds did crop,
 But like a girlond compassed the hight,
 And from their fruitfull sides sweet gum did drop,
 That all the ground with precious dew bedight,
 Threw forth most dainty odours, & most sweet delight.

And in the thickest couert of that shade,
 There was a pleasant arbour, not by art,
 But of the trees owne inclination made,
 Which knitting their rancke braunches part to part,
 With wanton yuie twyne entrayld athwart,
 And Eglantine, and Caprifole emong,
 Fashiond about within their inmost part,
 That nether *Phæbus* beams could through thẽ throng,
 Nor *Aeolus* sharp blast could worke them any wrong.

And all about grew euery sort of flowre,
 To which sad louers were transformd of yore;
 First *Hyacinthus*, *Phæbus* paramoure,
 Foolish *Narcisse*, that likes the watry shore,

Sad

Sad *Amaranthus*, made a flowre but late,
 Sad *Amaranthus*, in whose purple gore
 Me seemes I see *Aminas* wretched fate,
 To whom sweet Poets verse hath giuen endlesse date.

There wont faire *Venus* often to enioy
 Her deare *Adonis* ioyous company,
 And reape sweet pleasure of the wanton boy;
 There yet, some say, in secret he does ly,
 Lapped in flowres and pretious spycery,
 By her hid from the world, and from the skill
 Of *Stygian* Gods, which doe her loue enuy;
 But the her selfe, when euer that she will,
 Possesseth him, and of his sweetnesse takes her fill.

And sooth it seemes they say: for he may not
 For euer die, and euer buried bee
 In balefull night, where all things are forgot;
 All be he subiect to mortalitie,
 Yet is eterne in mutabilitie,
 And by succession made perpetuall,
 Transformed oft, and changed diuerslie:
 For him the Father of all formes they call;
 Therefore needs mote he liue, that liuing giues to all.

There now he liueth in eternall blis,
 Ioying his goddesse, and of her enioyd:
 Ne feareth he henceforth that foe of his,
 Which with his cruell tuske him deadly cloyd:
 For that wilde Bore, the which him once annoyd,
 She firmly hath emprisoned for ay,
 That her sweet loue his malice mote auoyd,
 In a strong rocky Cauer, which is they say, (may,
 Hewen vnderneath that Mount, that none him losen

There now he liues in euerlasting ioy,
 With many of the Gods in company,
 Which thither haunt, and with the winged boy
 Sporting himfelfe in fafe felicity:
 Who when he hath with spoiles and cruelty
 Ranfackt the world, and in the wofull harts
 Of many wretches fet his triumphes hye,
 Thither resorts, and laying his fad darts
 Afide, with faire *Adonis* plays his wanton parts.

And his true loue faire *Psyche* with him playes,
 Faire *Psyche* to him lately reconeyld,
 After long troubles and vnmeet vpbayes,
 With which his mother *Venus* her reuyld,
 And eke himfelfe her cruelly exyld:
 But now in stedfast loue and happy state
 She with him liues, and hath him borne a chyld,
Pleasure, that doth both gods and men aggrate,
Pleasure, the daughter of *Cupid* and *Psyche* late.

Hither great *Venus* brought this infant faire,
 The younger daughter of *Chryfogonee*,
 And vnto *Psyche* with great trust and care
 Committed her, yfostered to bee,
 And trained vp in true feminitee:
 Who no lesse carefully her tendered,
 Then her owne daughter *Pleasure*, to whom shee
 Made her companion, and her lessoned
 In all the lore of loue, and goodly womanhead.

In which when she to perfect ripenesse grew,
 Of grace and beautie noble Paragone,
 She brought her forth into the worldes vew,
 To be th'ensample of true loue alone,

And

And Lodeslarre of all chaste affectione,
 To all faire Ladies, that doe liue on ground.
 To Faery court she came, where many one
 Admyrd her goodly haucour, and found
 His feeble hart wide launched with loutes cruell wound.

But she to none of them her loue did cast,
 Saue to the noble knight *Sir Scudamore*,
 To whom her louing hart she linked fast
 In fathfull loue, tabide for euermore,
 And for his dearest sake endured fore,
 Sore trouble of an hainous enemy;
 Who her would forced haue to haue forlore
 Her former loue, and stedfast loialty,
 As ye may elsewhere read that ruefull history.

But well I weene, ye first desire to learne,
 What end vnto that fearefull Damozell,
 Which fled so fast from that same foster stearne,
 Whom with his brethren *Timias* slew, befell:
 That was to weet, the goodly *Florimell*;
 Who wandring for to seeke her louer deare,
 Her louer deare, her dearest *Marinell*,
 Into misfortune fell, as ye did heare,
 And from Prince *Arthur* fled with wings of idle feare.

Cant. VII.

The witches some loues Florimell:
 She flies, he saines to die.
 Satyrane saues the Squire of Dames
 from Gyants tyrannie.

Like as an Hynd forth singled from the heard,
 That hath escaped from a rauencous beast,
 Yet flies away of her owne feet affard,
 And euery lease, that shaketh with the least
 Murmure of winde, her terror hath encreast;
 So fled faire *Florimell* from her vaine feare,
 Long after she from perill was releast:
 Each Thade she saw, and each noyse she did heare,
 Did seeme to be the same, which she escapt whyleare.

All that same euening she in flying spent,
 And all that night her course continued:
 Ne did she let dull sleepe once to relent,
 Nor wearinesse to slacke her hast, but fled
 Euer alike, as if her former tread
 Were hard behind, her readie to arrest:
 And her white Palfrey hauing conquered
 The maistring raines out of her weary wrest,
 Perforce her carried, where euer he thought best.

So long as breath, and hable puissance
 Did natieue courage vnto him supply,
 His pace he freshly forward did aduance,
 And carried her beyond all icopardy,

But nought that wanteth rest, can long aby.
 He hauing through incessant trauell spent
 His force, at last perforce adowne did ly,
 Ne foot could further moue: The Lady gent
 Thereat was suddain strooke with great astonishment.

And for t'alight, on foot mote algates fare,
 A traeller vnwonted to such way:
 Need teacheth her this lesion hard and rare,
 That fortune all in equall launce doth sway,
 And mortall miseries doth make her play.
 So long the trauelled, till at length the came
 To an hillis side, which did to her bewray
 A little valley, subiect to the same,
 All couerd with thick woods, that quite it ouercame.

Through the tops of the high trees she did descry
 A little smoke, whose vapour thin and light,
 Reeking aloft, vprrolled to the sky:
 Which, chearefull signe did send vnto her sight,
 That in the same did wonne some liuing wight.
 Eftsoones her steps she thereunto applyde,
 And came at last in weary wretched plight.
 Vnto the place, to which her hope did gujde,
 To find some refuge there, and rest her weary syde.

There in a gloomy hollow glen she found
 A little cottage, built of sticke and reedes
 In homely wize, and wald with fods around,
 In which a witch did dwell, in loathly weedes,
 And wilfull want, all carelesse of her needes;
 So choosing solitarie to abide,
 Far from all neighbours, that her deuilish deedes
 And hellish arts from people she might hide,
 And hurt far off vnknowne, whom euer the enuide.

The Damzell there arriuing entred in;
 Where sitting on the flore the Hag she found,
 Busie (as seem'd) about some wicked gin:
 Who soone as she beheld that sudein found,
 Lightly vpstarte from the dustie ground,
 And with fell looke and hollow deadly gaze
 Stared on her awhile, as one astound,
 Ne had one word to speake, for great amaze. (daze.
 But the wd by outward signes, that dread her fence did

At last turning her feare to foolish wrath,
 She askt, what deuill had her thither brought,
 And who she was, and what vnwonted path
 Had guided her, vnwelcomed, vnought?
 To which the Damzell full of doubtfull thought,
 Her mildly answer'd; Beldame be not wroth
 With silly Virgin by aduventure brought
 Vnto your dwelling, ignorant and loth,
 That craue but rowme to rest, while tempest ouerblo'th.

With that adowne out of her Christall eyne
 Few trickling teares she softly forth let fall,
 That like two Orient pearles, did purely shyne
 Vpon her snowy cheeke; and therewithall
 She sighted soft, that none so bestiall,
 Nor salvage hart, but ruth of her sad plight
 Would make to melt, or pittieously appall;
 And that vile Hag, all were her whole delight
 In mischiefe, was much moued at so pittieous sight.

And gan recomfort her in her rude wyse,
 With womanish compassion of her plaint,
 Wiping the teares from her suffused eyes,
 And bidding her sit downe, to rest her faint

And

CANT. VII. FAERIE QVEENE. 597
 And wearie limbs a while. She nothing quaint
 Nor s'deignfull of so homely fashon,
 Sith brought she was now to so hard constraint,
 Sate downe vpon the dusty ground anon,
 As glad of that small rest, as Bird of tempest gon.

Tho gan she gather vp her garments rent,
 And her loose lockes to dight in order dew,
 With golden wreath and gorgeous ornament;
 Whom such when as the wicked Hag did vew,
 She was astonisht at her heavenly hew,
 And doubted her to deeme an earthly wight,
 But or some Goddesse, or of *Dianes* crew,
 And thought her to adore with humble spright;
 Tadore thing so diuine as beauty, were but right.

This wicked woman had a wicked sonne,
 The comfort of her age and weary dayes,
 A laesie lord, for nothing good to doone,
 But stretched forth in idleness alwayes,
 Ne euer cast his mind to couet prayse,
 Or ply him selfe to any honest trade,
 But all the day before the sunny rayes
 He vs'd to slug, or sleepe in slothfull shade:
 Such laesinesse both lewd and poore attonce him made.

He coming home at vnder time, there found
 The fairest creature, that he euer saw,
 Sitting beside his mother on the ground;
 The sight whereof did greatly him adaw,
 And his base thought with terrour and withraw
 So inly smot, that as one, which had gazed
 On the bright Sunne vnwares, doth soone withdraw
 His feeble eyne, with too much brightnesse dazed;
 So stared he on her, and stood long while amazed.

Ii 2

Softly at last he gan his mother aske,
 What misther wight that was, and whence deriued,
 That in so strange disguizement there did maske,
 And by what accident she there arriued:
 But she, as one nigh of her wits depriued,
 Withnought but ghastly looks him answered,
 Like to a ghost, that lately is reuiued
 From *Stygian* shores, where late it wandered;
 So both at her, and each at other wondered.

But the faire Virgin was so meeke and mild,
 That she to them vouchsafed to embrace
 Her goodly port; and to their senses wild,
 Her gentle speech applide, that in short space
 She grew familiare in that desert place.
 During which time, the Chorle through her so kind
 And curteise vse concei'd affection bace,
 And cast to loue her in his brutish mind;
 No loue, but brutish lust, that was so beastly tind.

Closely the wicked flame his bowels brent,
 And shortly grew into outrageous fires;
 Yet had he not the hart, nor hardiment,
 As vnto her to vtter his desire;
 His caytiue thought durst not so high aspire,
 But with soft sighes, and lowly semblances,
 He weend that his affection entice
 She should read; many resemblances
 To her he made, and many kinde remembraunces.

Of from the Forrest wildings he did bring,
 Whose sides empurpled were with smiling red,
 And oft young birds, which he had taught to sing
 His mistresse prayes, sweetly caroled,
Girlonds

Girlonds of flowres sometimes for her faire hed
 He fine would dight; sometimes the squirell wild
 He brought to her in bands, as conquered
 To be her thrall, his fellow seruant wild;
 All which, she of him tooke with countenance meeke and *(mild.*

But past awhile, when the fit season saw
 To leaue that desert mansion, she cast
 In secret wize her selfe thence to withdraw,
 For feare of mischief, which she did foresee
 Might be the witch or that her sonne compact:
 Her wearie Palfrey closely, as she might,
 Now well recovered after long repast,
 In his proud furnitures she freshly dight,
 His late miswandred wayes now to remeasure right.

And earely ere the dawning day appeard,
 She forth issued, and on her iourney went;
 She went in perill, of each noyse affeard,
 And of each shade, that did it selfe present,
 For still she feared to be ouerhent,
 Of that vile hag, or her vnciuile sonne:
 Who when too late awaking, well they kent,
 That their faire guest was gone, they both begonne
 To make exceeding mone, as they had bene vndonne.

But that lewd louer did the most lament
 For her depart, that euer man did heare;
 He knockt his brest with desperate intent,
 And scratcht his face, and with his teeth did teare
 His rugged flesh, and rent his ragged heare:
 That his sad mother seeing his fore plight,
 Was greatly woe begon, and gan to feare,
 Least his fraile senses were emperisht quight,
 And loue to frenzy turnd, sith loue is franticke hight.

All wayes she fought, him to restore to plight,
 With herbs, with charms, with counsell, & with teares,
 But teares, nor charms, nor herbs, nor counsell might
 Assuage the fury, which his entrails teares:
 So strong is passion, that no reason heares.
 Tho when all other helpes she saw to faile,
 She turnd her selfe backe to her wicked leares
 And by her deuillish arts thought to preuaile,
 To bring her backe againe, or worke her finall bale.

Estfoones out of her hidden caue she cald
 An hideous beast, of horrible aspect,
 That could the stoutest courage haue appald;
 Monstrous mishapt, and all his backe was speck
 With thousand spots of colours quicint elect,
 Thereto so swift, that it all beasts did pas:
 Like neuer yet did liuing eye detect;
 But likest it to an *Hyena* was,
 That feeds on womens flesh, as others feede on gras.

It forth she cald, and gaue it streight in charge,
 Through thicke and thin her to pursue apace,
 Ne once to stay to rest, or breath at large,
 Till her he had attaind, and brought in place,
 Or quite deuourd her beauties scornfull grace.
 The Monster swift as word, that from her went,
 Went forth in hast, and did her footing trace
 So sure and swiftly, through his perfect sent,
 And passing speede, that shortly he her ouerhent.

Whom when the fearefull Damzell nigh espide,
 No need to bid her fast away to fie;
 That ugly shape so fore her terrifide,
 That it the thund no lesse, then dread to die,

And

And her slit Palfrey did so well apply
 His nimble feet to her conceiued feare,
 That whilest his breath did strength to him supply,
 From perill free he her away did beare:
 But when his force gan faile, his pace gan wex areare.

Which whenas she percei'd, she was dismayd
 At that same last extremitie full sore,
 And of her safetic greatly grew afraid;
 And now she gan approach to the sea shore,
 As it befell, that she could sie no more,
 But yield her selfe to spoile of greedinesse.
 Lightly she leaped, as a wight forlore,
 From her dull horse, in desperate distresse,
 And to her feet betooke her doubtfull sickernesse.

Not halfe so fast the wicked *Myrrha* fled
 From dread of her reuenging fathers hond:
 Nor halfe so fast to saue her maidenhed,
 Fled fearefull *Daphne* on the *Aegean* strand,
 As *Florimell* fled from that Monster yond,
 To reach the sea, ere she of him were caught:
 For in the sea to drowne her selfe she fond,
 Rather then of the tyrant to be caught:
 Thereto feare gaue her wings, and neede her courage (taught.

It fortun'd (high God did so ordaine)
 As she arriued on the roing shore,
 In minde to leape into the mighty maine,
 A little boate lay houing her before,
 In which there slept a fisher old and pore,
 The whiles his nets were drying on the sand:
 Into the same she leapt, and with the ore
 Did thrust the shallop from the floting strand:
 So safetic found at sea, which she found not at land.

Ii 4

The Monster ready on the pray to seafe,
 Was of his forward hope deceiued quight;
 Ne durst assay to wade the perloous seas,
 But greedily long gaping at the sight,
 At last in vaine was forst to turne his flight,
 And tell the idle tidings to his Dame:
 Yet to auenge his deuillish despight,
 He set vpon her Palfrey tired lame,
 And slew him cruelly, ere any reskew came.

And after hauing him embowelled,
 To fill his bellish gorge, it chaunst a knight
 To passe that way, as forth he trauelled;
 It was a goodly Swaine, and of great might,
 As euer man that bloody field did fight;
 But in vaine sheows, that wont yong knights bewitch,
 And courtly seruices tooke no delight,
 But rather ioyd to be, then seemen sich:
 For both to be and seeme to him was labour lich.

It was to weete the good Sir *Satyran*,
 That raungd abroad to seeke aduentures wilde,
 As was his wont in forrest, and in plaine;
 He was all armd in rugged steele vnfiled,
 As in the smoky forge it was compiled,
 And in his Scutchin bore a Satyres head:
 He coming present, where the Monster wilde
 Vpon that milke-white Palfreyes carkas fed,
 Vnto his reskew ran, and greedily him sped.

There well perceiu'd he, that it was the horse,
 Whereon faire *Florimell* was wont to ride,
 That of that feend was rent without remorse:
 Much feared he, least ought did ill betide

To

To that faire Mayd, the flowre of womens pride;
 For her he dearely loued, and in all
 His famous conquests highly magnifide:
 Besides her golden girdle, which did fall
 From her in flight, he found, that did him fore apall.

Full of sad feare, and doubtfull agony,
 Fiercely he flew vpon that wicked feend,
 And with huge strokes, and cruell battery
 Him forst to leaue his pray, for to attend
 Him selfe from deadly daunger to defend:
 Full many wounds in his corrupted flesh
 He did engraue, and muchell bloud did spend,
 Yet might not do him dye, but aye more fresh
 And fierce he still appeared, the more he did him thresh.

He wist not, how him to despoile of life,
 Ne how to win the wished victory,
 Sith him he saw still stronger grow through strife,
 And him selfe weaker through infirmity;
 Greatly he grew enrag'd, and furiously
 Hurling his sword away, he lightly leapt
 Vpon the beast, that with great cruelty
 Rored, and raged to be vnder-kept:
 Yet he perforce him held, and strokes vpon him hept.

As he that striues to stop a suddein flood,
 And in strong bankes his violence enclose,
 Forceth it swell aboue his wonted mood,
 And largely ouerflow the fruitfull plaine,
 That all the countrey seemes to be a Maine,
 And the rich furrowes flore, all quite fordonne:
 The wofull husbandman doth lowd complaine,
 To see his whole yeares labour lost so soone,
 For which to God he made so many an idle boone.

So him he held, and did through might amate:
 So long he held him, and him bet so long,
 That at the last his fiercenesse gan abate,
 And meekely stoupe vnto the victour strong:
 Who to auenge the implacable wrong,
 Which he supposed donne to *Florimell*,
 Sought by all meanes his dolour to prolong,
 Sith dint of Steele his carcas could not quell:
 His maker with her charmes had framed him so well.

The golden ribband, which that virgin wore
 About her slender wast, he tooke in hand,
 And with it bound the beast, that lowd did rore
 For great despight of that vnwonted band,
 Yet dared not his victour to withstand,
 But trembled like a lambe, fled from the pray,
 And all the way him followd on the strand,
 As he had long bene learned to obay;
 Yet neuer learned he such seruice, till that day.

Thus as he led the Beast along the way,
 He spide far off a mighty Giauntelle,
 Fast flying on a Courser daped gray,
 From a bold knight, that with great hardinesse
 Her hard pursued, and fought for to suppressse;
 She bore before her lap a dolefull Squire,
 Lying athwart her horse in great distresse,
 Fast bounden hand and foote with cords of wire,
 Whom she did meane to make the thrall of her desire.

Which whenas *Satyrene* beheld, in hast
 He left his captiue Beast at liberty,
 And crost the nearest way, by which he cast
 Her to encounter, ere she passed by:

But she the way shund nathemore for thy,
 But forward gallopt fast; which when he spyde,
 His mighty speare he couched warily,
 And at her ran: she hauing him descryde,
 Her selfe to fight adrest, and threw her lode aside.

Like as a Goshauke, that in foote doth beare
 A trembling Culuer, hauing spide on high
 An Egle, that with plumy wings doth sheare
 The subtil ayre, stouping with all his might,
 The quarry throwes to ground with fell despight,
 And to the battell doth her selfe prepare:
 So ran the Geauntelle vnto the fight;
 Her fire eyes with furious sparkes did stare,
 And with blasphemous bannes high God in peeces tare.

She caught in hand an huge great yron mace,
 Wherewith she many had of life deprived,
 But ere the stroke could seize his aymed place,
 His speare amidst her sun-broad shield arriued;
 Yet nathemore the Steele a sunder riued,
 All were the beame in bignesse like a mast,
 Ne her out of the stedfast saddle driued,
 But glancing on the tempered metall, braist
 In thousand shiuers, and so forth beside her past.

Her Steed did stagger with that puissaunt strooke;
 But she no more was moued with that might,
 Then it had lighted on an aged Oke;
 Or on the marble Pillour, that is pight
 Vpon the top of Mount *Olympus* high,
 For the braue youthly Champions to assay,
 With burning charet wheelces it nigh to smite:
 But who that smites it, mars his ioyous play,
 And is the spectacle of ruinous decay.

But

Yet therewith fore enrag'd, with sterne regard
 Her dreadfull weapon the to him addrest,
 Which on his helmet martelled so hard,
 That made him low incline his lofty crest,
 And bowd his batted visour to his breast:
 Wherewith he was so stund, that he note ryde,
 But reeled to and fro from East to West:
 Which when his cruell enemy espyde,
 She lightly vnto him adioyned side to syde;

And on his collar laying puissant hand,
 Out of his wauering feat him pluckt perforce,
 Perforce him pluckt, vnable to withstand,
 Or helpe himselte, and laying thwart her horse,
 In loathly wise like to a carion corse,
 She bore him fast away. Which when the knight,
 That her pursued, saw with great remorse,
 He neare was touched in his noble spright,
 And gan encrease his speed, as she encreast her flight.

Whom when as nigh approaching she espyde,
 She threw away her burden angrily;
 For she list not the battell to abide,
 But made her selfe more light, away to fly:
 Yet her the hardy knight pursewd so nye,
 That almost in the backe he oft her strake:
 But still when him at hand she did espy,
 She turnd, and semblaunce of faire sight did make;
 But when he stayd, to flight againe she did her take.

By this good Sir *Satyrane* gan wake
 Out of his dreame, that did him long entraunce,
 And seeing none in place, he gan to make
 Exceeding mone, and curst that cruell chaunce,
 Which

Which rest from him so faire a cheuisaunce:
 At length he spide, whereas that wofull Squire,
 Whom he had reskewed from captiuaunce
 Of his strong foe, lay tumbled in the myre,
 Vnable to arise, or foot or hand to styre.

To whom approaching, well he more perceiue
 In that foule plight a comely personage,
 And louely face, made fit for to deceiue
 Fraile Ladies hart with loues consuming rage,
 Now in the blossome of his freshest age:
 He reard him vp, and loold his yron bands,
 And after gan inquire his parentage,
 And how he fell into that Gyaunts hands,
 And who that was, which chased her along the lands.

Then trembling yet through feare, the Squire bespake,
 That Geaunteesse *Arganse* is beight,
 A daughter of the *Titans* which did make
 Warre against heauen, and heaped hills on high,
 To scale the skyes, and put *Ioue* from his right:
 Her sire *Typhaneus* was, who mad through merth,
 And drunke with blood of men, slaine by his might,
 Through incest, her of his owne mother Earth
 Whilome begot, being but halfe twin of that berth.

For at that berth another Babe she bore,
 To weete the mighty *Olympant*, that wrought
 Great wreake to many errant knights of yore,
 And many hath to foule confusion brought.
 These twinnies, men say, (a thing far passing thought)
 Whiles in their mothers wombe enclod they were,
 Ere they into the lightsome world were brought,
 In feshly lust were mingled both yfere,
 And in that monstrous wife did the world appere.

So liu'd they euer after in like sin,
 Gainst natures law, and good behauiour:
 But greatest shame was to that maiden twin,
 Who not content so fowly to deuoure
 Her natiue flesh, and fraime her brothers bowre,
 Did wallow in all other fleshly myre,
 And suffred beafts her body to destrowe:
 So wot she burned in that lustfull fyre,
 Yet all that might not slake her sensuall desyre.

But ouer all the country she did raunge,
 To seeke young men, to quench her flaming thirst,
 And feed her fancy with delightfull change:
 Whom so she fittest finds to serue her lust,
 Through her maine strength, in which she most doth
 She with her brings into a secret Ile, (trust,
 Where in eternall bondage dye he must,
 Or be the vassall of her pleasures vile,
 And in all shamefull fort him selfe with her desile.

Me seely wretch she so at vantage caught,
 After the long in waite for me did lye,
 And meant vnto her prison to haue brought,
 Her lothsome pleasure there to satisfie;
 That thousand deathes me leuer were to dye,
 Then breake the vow, that to faire *Columbell*
 I plighted haue, and yet keepe stedfastly:
 As for my name, it mistreth not to tell;
 Call me the *Squire of Dames* that me besecmeth well.

But that bold knight, whom ye pursuing saw
 That Geaunteffe, is not such, as she seemed,
 But a faire virgin, that in martiall law,
 And dedes of armes about all Dames is deemed,
 And

And about many knights is eke esteemed,
 For her great worth; She *Palladine* is hight:
 She you from death, you me from dread redeemed,
 Ne any may that Monster match in fight,
 But she, or such as she, that is so chaste a wight.

Her well besecmes that Quest (quoth *Satyran*)
 But read, thou *Squire of Dames*, what vow is this,
 Which thou vpon thy selfe hast lately ta'ne?
 That shall I you recount (quoth he) ywis,
 So be ye pleasd to pardon all amis,
 That gentle Lady, whom I loue and serue,
 After long suit and weary seruicis,
 Did aske me, how I could her loue deserue,
 And how she might be sure, that I would neuer swerue.

I glad by any meanes her grace to gaine,
 Bad her commaund my life to saue, or spill.
 Eftsoones she bad me, with incessant paine
 To wander through the world abroad at will,
 And euery where, where with my power or skill
 I might do seruice vnto gentle Dames,
 That I the same should faithfully fulfill, (names
 And at the twelue monethes end should bring their
 And pledges; as the spoiles of my victorious games.

So well I to faire Ladies seruice did,
 And found such fauour in their louing hartes,
 That ere the yeare his course had compassid,
 Three hundred pledges for my good desartes,
 And thrife three hundred thanks for my good partes
 I with me brought, and did to her present:
 Which when she saw, more bent to eke my smartes,
 Then to reward my trusty true intent,
 She gan for me deuise a grieuous punishment,

To weer, that I my trauell should resume,
 And with like labour walke the world around,
 Ne euer to her presence should presume,
 Till I so many other Dames had found,
 The which, for all the suit I could propound,
 Would me refuse their pledges to afford,
 But did abide for euer chaste and found.
 Ah gentle Squire (quoth he) tell at one word,
 How many foundst thou such to put in thy record?

In deed Sir knight (said he) one word may tell
 All, that I euer found so wisely stayd;
 For onely three they were disposd so well,
 And yet three yeares I now abroad haue strayd,
 To find them out. Mote I (then laughing sayd
 The knight) inquire of thee, what were those three,
 The which thy profferd curtesie denyd?
 Or ill they seem'd sure auizd to bee,
 Or brutishly brought vp, that neur' did fashions see.

The first which then refused me (said hee)
 Certes was but a common Courtisane,
 Yet flat refusd to haue a do with mee,
 Because I could not giue her many a lane.
 (Thereat full hartely laughed *Satyrane*)
 The second was an holy Nunne to chose,
 Which would not let me be her Chappellane,
 Because she knew, she said, I would disclose
 Her counsell, if she should her trust in me repose.

The third a Damzell was of low degree,
 Whom I in countrey cottage found by chaunce;
 Full little weened I, that chastitee
 Had lodging in so meane a maintenance,

Yet

Yet was she faire, and in her countenance
 Dwelt simple truth in seemely fashion.
 Long thus I woo'd her with dew obseruance,
 In hope vnto my pleasure to haue won;
 But was as farre at last, as when I first begon.

Safe her, I neuer any woman found,
 That chastity did for it selfe embrace,
 But were for other causes firme and found;
 Either for want of handsome time and place,
 Or else for feare of shame and fowle disgrace.
 Thus am I hopelesse euer to attaine
 My Ladies loue, in such a desperate case,
 But all my dayes am like to wast in vaine, (traîne.
 Seeking to match the chaste with th'vnchaste Ladies

Perdy, (said *Satyrane*) thou *Squire of Dames*,
 Great labour for dly hast thou hent in hand,
 To get small thanks, and therewith many blames,
 That may amongst *Alcides* labours stand.
 Thence backe returning to the former land,
 Where late he left the Beast, he ouercame,
 He found him not; for he had broke his band,
 And was return'd againe vnto his Dame,
 To tell what tydings of faire *Florimell* became.

K k

Cant. VIII.

The Witch creates a snowy Lady,
like to *Florimell*,
Who wronged by *Carle* by *Proteus* saw'd,
is sought by *Paridell*.

Soft as I this history record,
My hart doth melt with meere compassion,
To thinke, how causelesse of her owne accord
This gentle Damzell, whom I write vpon,
Should plunged be in such affliction,
Without all hope of comfort or reliefe,
That sure I weene, the hardest hart of stone,
Would hardly find to aggrauate her griefe;
For misery craues rather mercie, then reliefe.

But that accursed Hag, her hostesse late,
Had so enrankled her malicious hart,
That she desyrd th'abridgement of her fate,
Or long enlargement of her painefull smart.
Now when the Beast, which by her wicked art
Late forth she sent, she backe returning spyde,
Tyde with her broken girdle, it a part
Of her rich spoyles, whom he had earst destroyd,
She weend, and wondrous gladnesse to her hart applyde.

And with it running hastily to her sonne,
Thought with that sight him much to haue reliued;
Who thereby deeming sure the thing as donne,
His former griefe with furie fresh reuiued,

Much

Cant. VIII. FAERIE QVEENE. 513

Much more then earst, and would haue algates riued
The hart out of his brest: for sith her ded
He surely dempt, himselse he thought depriv'd
Quite of all hope, wherewith he long had fed
His foolish maladie, and long time had misled.

With thought whereof, exceeding mad he grew,
And in his rage his mother would haue slaine,
Had she not fled into a secret mew,
Where she was wont her Sprights to entertaine
The maisters of her art: there was she faine
To call them all in order to her ayde,
And them coniure vpon eternall paine,
To counsell her so carefully dismayd, (cayd.
How she might heale her sonne, whose senses were de-

By their aduise, and her owne wicked wit,
She there deuiz'd a wondrous worke to frame,
Whose like on earth was neuer framed yit,
That euen Nature selfe enuide the same,
And grudg'd to see the counterfet should shame
The thing it selfe. In hand she boldly tooke
To make another like the former Dame,
Another *Florimell*, in shape and looke
So liuely and so like, that many it mistooke.

The substance, whereof she the bodie made,
Was purest snow in masse mould congeald,
Which she had gathered in a shadie glade
Of the *Riphean* hills, to her reueald
By errant Sprights, but from all men conceald:
The same she tempred with fine Mercury,
And virgin wax, that neuer yet was seald,
And mingled them with perfect vermil,
That like a liuely sanguine it seem'd to the eye.

K k 2

In stead of eyes two burning lampes she set
 In siluer sockets, thynyng like the skyes,
 And a quicke mouing Spirit did arret
 To stirre and roll them, like a womans eyes;
 In stead of yellow lockes she did deuise,
 With golden wyre to weaue her curled head;
 Yet golden wyre was not so yellow thrife
 As *Florimells* faire haire: and in the stead
 Of life, she put a Spright to rule the carkasse dead.

A wicked Spright yfraught with fawning guile,
 And faire resemblance about all the rest,
 Which with the Prince of Darknesse fell somewhile,
 From heauens blisse and euerlasting rest;
 Him needed not instruct, which way were best
 Himselfe to fashion likest *Florimell*,
 Ne how to speake, ne how to vse his gest,
 For he in counterfeifance did excell,
 And all the wyles of wemens wits knew passing well.

Him shapd thus, she deckt in garments gay,
 Which *Florimell* had left behind her late,
 That who so then her saw, would surely say,
 It was her selfe, whom it did imitate,
 Or fairer then her selfe, if ought algate
 Might fairer be. And then she forth her brought
 Vnto her sonne, that lay in feeble state;
 Who seeing her gan streight vpstart, and thought
 She was the Lady selfe, who he so long had fought.

The fast her clipping twixt his armes twaine,
 Extremely ioyed in so happie sight,
 And soone forgot his former sickly paine;
 But she, the more to seeme such as she hight,

Coely

Coely rebutted his embracement light;
 Yet still with gentle countenant retained,
 Enough to hold a foole in vaine delight:
 Him long she so with shadowes entertained,
 As her Creatresse had in charge to her ordained.

Till on a day, as he disposed was
 To walke the woods with that his Idole faire,
 Her to disport, and idle time to pas,
 In th'open freshnesse of the gentle aire,
 A knight that way there chanced to repaire;
 Yet knight was not, but a boastfull swaine,
 That decdes of armes had euer in despaire,
 Proud *Braggadocchio*, that in vaunting vaice
 His glory did repose, and credit did maintaine.

He seeing with that Chorle so faire a wight,
 Decked with many a costly ornament,
 Much merueiled thereat, as well he might,
 And thought that match a fowle disparagement:
 His bloudie speare estfoones he boldly bent
 Against the silly clowne, who dead through feare,
 Fell streight to ground in great astonishment;
 Villein (said he) this Ladie is my deare,
 Dy, if thou it gainesay: I will away her beare.

The fearefull Chorle durst not gainesay, nor dooe,
 But trembling stood, and yielded him the pray;
 Who finding litle leasure her to wooe,
 On *Tromparts* steed her mounted without stay,
 And without reskew led her quite away.
 Proud man himselfe then *Braggadocchio* deemed,
 And next to none, after that happie day,
 Being possessed of that spoyle, which seemed
 The fairest wight on ground, and most of men esteemed.

K k 3

But when he saw himselfe free from poursute,
 He gan make gentle purpose to his Dame,
 With termes of loue and lowdnesse dissolute;
 For he could well his glozing speeches frame
 To such vaine vses, that him best became:
 But she thereto would lend but light regard,
 As seeming fory, that the euer came
 Into his powre, that vsed her so hard,
 To reauce her honor, which she more then life prefard.

Thus as they two of kindnesse treated long,
 There them by chaunce encountred on the way
 An armed knight, vpon a courser strong,
 Whose trampling feet vpon the hollow lay
 Seemed to thunder, and did nigh affray
 That Capons courage: yet he looked grim,
 And fain'd to cheare his Ladie in dismay;
 Who seem'd for feare to quake in euery lim,
 And her to saue from outrage, meckely prayed him.

Fiercely that stranger forward came, and nigh
 Approching, with bold words and bitter threat,
 Bad that same boaster, as he mote, on high
 To leaue to him that Lady for excheat,
 Or bide him battell without further treat.
 That challenge did too peremptory seeme,
 And sild his senses with abashment great;
 Yet seeing nigh him ieopardy extreme,
 He it dissembled well, and light seem'd to esteeme.

Saying, Thou foolish knight, that weenst with words
 To heale away, that I with blowes haue wonne,
 And brought throg points of many perilous swords:
 But if thee list to see thy Courser ronne,

Or

Or proue thy selfe, this sad encounter shonne,
 And seeke else without hazard of thy hed,
 At those proud words that other knight begonne
 To wexe exceeding wroth, and him ared
 To turne his steede about, or sure he should be ded.

Sith then (said *Braggadocchio*) needes thou wilt
 Thy dayes abridge, through proofe of puiffance,
 Turne we our fleedes, that both in equall tile
 May meet againe, and each take happie chance.
 This said, they both a furlongs mountenance
 Retyrd their fleedes, to ronne in euen race:
 But *Braggadocchio* with his bloudie lance
 Once hauing turnd, no more returnd his face,
 But left his loue to losse, and fled himselfe apace.

The knight him seeing fly, had no regard
 Him to pursue, but to the Ladie rode,
 And hauing her from *Trompart* lightly reard,
 Vpon his Courser set the louely lode,
 And with her fled away without abode.
 Well weened he, that fairest *Florimell*
 It was, with whom in company he yode,
 And so her selfe did alwaies to him tell;
 So made him thinke him selfe in heauen, that was in hell.

But *Florimell* her selfe was farre away,
 Driuen to great distresse by Fortune strange,
 And taught the carefull Mariner to play,
 Sith late mischaunce had her compeld to chaunge
 The land for sea, at randon there to raunge:
 Yet there that cruell Queene auengereffe,
 Not fatisfide so farre her to estrange
 From courtly blisse and wonted happinesse,
 Did heape on her new waues of weary wretchednesse.

K k 4

For being fled into the fishers bote,
 For refuge from the Monsters crueltie,
 Long so she on the mightie maine did stoe,
 And with the tide droue forward careleslie;
 For th'aire was milde, and cleared was the skie,
 And all his windes *Dan Aeolus* did keepe,
 From stirring vp their stormy enmitie,
 As pittying to see her waile and weepe;
 But all the while the fisher did securely sleepe.

At last when droncke with drowinesse, he woke,
 And saw his drouer driue along the streame,
 He was dismayd, and thrife his breast he stroke,
 For maruell of that accident extreme;
 But when he saw, that blazing beauties beame,
 Which with rare light his bote did beautifie,
 He marueild more, and thought he yet did dreame
 Not well awakt, or that some extasie
 Assotted had his sense, or dazed was his eie.

But when her well auizing, he perceiued
 To be no vision, nor fantastick sight,
 Great comfort of her presence he conceiued,
 And felt in his old courage new delight
 To gin awake, and stirre his frozen spright:
 Tho rudely askt her, how she thither came.
 Ah (said she) father, I note read aright,
 What hard misfortune brought me to the same;
 Yet am I glad that here I now in safety am.

But thou good man, sith farre in sea we bee,
 And the great waters gin apace to swell,
 That now no more we can the maine-land see,
 Haue care, I pray, to guide the cock-bote well,

Leaft

Least worse on sea then vs on land befell.
 Thereat th'old man did nought but fondly grin,
 And said, his boat the way could wisely tell:
 But his deceptfull eyes did neuer lin,
 To looke on her faire face, and marke her snowy skin.

The sight whereof in his congealed flesh,
 Infixt such secret sting of greedy lust,
 That the drie withered stocke it gan refresh,
 And kindled heat, that soone in flame forth brust:
 The driest wood is sooneest burnt to dust.
 Rudely to her he lept, and his rough hand
 Where ill became him, rashly would haue thrust,
 But she with angry scorne him did withstond,
 And shamefully reposed for his rudenesse fond.

But he, that neuer good nor maners knew,
 Her sharpe rebuke full litle did esteeme;
 Hard is to teach an old horse amble trew.
 The inward smoke, that did before but steeme,
 Broke into open fire and rage extreme,
 And now he strength gan adde vnto his will,
 Forcing to doe, that did him fowle misseeme:
 Beastly he threw her downe, he car'd to spill
 Her garments gay with scales of fish, that all did fill.

The silly virgin stroue him to withstand,
 All that she might, and him in vaine reuild:
 She struggled strongly both with foot and hand,
 To saue her honor from that villaine vild,
 And cride to heauen, from humane helpe exild.
 O ye braue knights, that boast this Ladies loue,
 Where be ye now, when she is nigh desild
 Of filthy wretch? well may shee you reprove
 Of falshood or of slouth, when most it may behoue.

But if that thou, Sir *Satyrus*, didst weete,
 Or thou, Sir *Peridure*, her forie state,
 How soone would yee assemble many a fleete,
 To fetch from sea, that ye at land lost late;
 Towres, Cities, Kingdomes ye would ruinate,
 In your auengement and dispiteous rage,
 Ne ought your burning fury mote abate;
 But if Sir *Calidore* could it preface,
 No liuing creature could his cruelty asuage.

But sith that none of all her knights is nye,
 See how the heauens of voluntary grace,
 And soueraine fauour towards chastity,
 Doe succour send to her distressed case:
 So much high God doth innocence embrace.
 It fortun'd, whilest thus she stilly stroue,
 And the wide sea importuned long space
 With shrilling shriekes, *Proteus* abroad did rone,
 Along the fomy waues driuing his sinny droue.

Proteus is Shepheard of the seas of yore,
 And hath the charge of *Neptunes* mightie heard;
 An aged sire with head all frowy hore,
 And sprinkled frost vpon his deawy beard:
 Who when those pittifull outeries he heard,
 Through all the seas so ruefully resound,
 His charēt swift in haste he thither steard,
 Which with a teeme of scaly *Fhocas* bound
 Was drawne vpon the waues, that somed him around.

And comming to that Fishers wandring bote,
 That went at will, withouten carde or sayle,
 He therein saw that yrkesome sight, which smote
 Deepe indignation and compassion frayle

Into

Into his hart attonce: streight did he hayle
 The greedy villain from his hoped pray,
 Of which he now did very litle sayle,
 And with his staffe, that driues his Heard astray,
 Him bet so fore, that life and sense did much dismay.

The whiles the pitteous Ladie vp did ryse,
 Ruffled and fowly raid with filthy soyle,
 And blubbred face with teares of her faire eyes:
 Her heart nigh broken was with weary toyle,
 To saue her selfe from that outrageous spoyle,
 But when she looked vp, to weete, what wight
 Had her from so infamous fact assoyld,
 For shame, but more for feare of his grim sight,
 Downe in her lap she hid her face, and loudly stright.

Her selfe not saued yet from daunger dred
 She thought, but chaung'd from one to other feare;
 Like as a fearefull Partridge, that is fled
 From the sharpe Hauke, which her attached neare,
 And fals to ground, to seeke for succour there,
 Whereas the hungry Spaniels she does spy,
 With greedy iawes her readie for to teare;
 In such distresse and sad perplexity
 Was *Florimell*, when *Proteus* she did see thereby.

But he endeouored with speeches milde
 Her to recomfort, and accourage bold,
 Bidding her feare no more her foeman vilde,
 Nor doubt himselfe; and who he was, her told.
 Yet all that could not from affright her hold;
 Ne to recomfort her at all preuayld;
 For her faint heart was with the frozen cold
 Benumbd so inly, that her wits nigh fayld,
 And all her senses with abashment quite were quayld.

Her vp betwixt his rugged hands he reard,
 And with his froly lips full softly kist,
 Whiles the cold yfickles from his rough beard,
 Dropped adowne vpon her yuorie brest:
 Yet he himselſe ſo buſily addreſt,
 That her out of aſtoniſhment he wrought,
 And out of that ſame filhers filthy neſt
 Remouing her, into his charet brought,
 And there with many gentle termes her faire beſought.

But that old leachour, which with bold aſſault
 That beautie durſt preſume to violate,
 He caſt to puniſh for his hainous fault;
 Then tooke he him yet trembling ſith of late,
 And tyde behind his charēt, to aggrate
 The virgin, whom he had abuſde to ſore:
 So drag'd him through the waues in ſcornfull ſtate,
 And after caſt him vp, vpon the ſhore;
 But *Florimell* with him vnto his bowre he bore.

His bowre is in the bottome of the maine,
 Vnder a mightie rocke, gainſt which do rauce
 The roaring billowes in their proud diſdaine,
 That with the angry working of the waue,
 Therein is eaten out an hollow caue,
 That ſeemes rough Maſons hand with engines keene
 Had long while laboured it to engraue:
 There was his wonne, ne liuing wight was ſecue,
 Saue one old *Nymph*, high *Panope* to keepe it cleane.

Thither he brought the ſory *Florimell*,
 And entertained her the beſt he might
 And *Panope* her entertainde eke well,
 As an immortal mote a mortall wight,

To

To winne her liking vnto his delight:
 With flattering words he ſweetly wooed her,
 And offered faire gifts r'allure her ſight,
 But ſhe both offers and the offerer
 Deſpyde, and all the fawning of the flatterer.

Daily he tempted her with this or that,
 And neuer ſuffred her to be at reſt:
 But euer more ſhe him reſuſed ſat,
 And all his ſained kindeſſe did deteſt.
 So firmly ſhe had ſealed vp her brest.
 Sometimes he boasteſt, that a God he might:
 But ſhe a mortall creature loued beſt:
 Then he would make himſelſe a mortall wight;
 But then ſhe ſaid ſhe lou'd none, but a Faerie knight.

Then like a Faerie knight himſelſe he dreſt;
 For euery ſhape on him he could endew:
 Then like a king he was to her expreſt,
 And offered kingdomes vnto her in vew,
 To be his *Leman* and his *Ladie* trew:
 But when all this he nothing ſaw preuaile,
 With harder meanes he caſt her to ſubdew,
 And with ſharpe threatens her often did aſſaile,
 So thinking for to make her ſtubborne courage quaille.

To dreadfull ſhapes he did himſelſe transforme,
 Now like a Gyant, now like to a ſeend,
 Then like a Centaure, then like to a ſtorme,
 Raging within the waues: thereby he weend
 Her will to win vnto his wiſhed end.
 But when with feare, nor fauour, nor with all
 He elſe could doe, he ſaw himſelſe eſteend,
 Downe in a *Dongeon* deepe he let her fall,
 And threatned there to make her his eternall thrall.

Eternall thraldome was to her more lief,
 Then losse of chafitie, or change of loue:
 Dic had she rather in tormenting grieffe,
 Then any should of fallenefse her reproue,
 Or loofenefse, that she lightly did remoue.
 Most vertuous virgin, glory be thy meed,
 And crowne of heauenly praise with Saints about,
 Where most sweet hymmes of this thy famous deed
 Are still amongst them song, that far my rymes exceed.

Fit song of Angels caroled to bee;
 But yet what to my feeble Muse can frame,
 Shall be t'aduance thy goodly chafitee,
 And to enroll thy memorable name,
 In th'heart of euery honourable Dame,
 That they thy vertuous deedes may imitate,
 And be partakers of thy endlesse fame.
 It yrkes me, leaue thee in this wofull state,
 To tell of *Satyrane*, where I him left of late.

Who hauing ended with that *Squire of Dames*
 A long discourse of his aduentures vaine,
 The which himselfe, then Ladies more defames,
 And finding not th'*Hyena* to be slaine,
 With that same *Squire*, returned backe againe
 To his first way. And as they forward went,
 They spyde a knight faire pricking on the plaine,
 As if he were on some aduenture bent,
 And in his port appeared manly hardiment.

Sir *Satyrane* him towards did adresse,
 To weet, what wight he was, and what his quest:
 And comming nigh, eftsoones he gan to gesse
 Both by the burning hart, which on his brest

He

He bare, and by the colours in his crest,
 That *Paridell* it was. Tho to him yode,
 And him saluting, as besecmed best,
 Gan first inquire of tydings farre abroad;
 And afterwarde, on what aduenture now he rode.

Who thereto answering, said; The tydings bad,
 Which now in Faerie court all men do tell,
 Which turned hath great mirth, to mourning sad,
 Is the late ruine of proud *Marinell*,
 And suddain pature of faire *Florimell*,
 To find him forth: and after her are gone
 All the brauc knights, that doen in armes excell,
 To sauegard her, ywandred all alone;
 Emongst the rest my lot (vnworthy) is to be one.

Ah gentle knight (said then Sir *Satyrane*)
 Thy labour all is lost, I greatly dread,
 That hast a thanklesse seruice on thee ta'ne,
 And offrest sacrifice vnto the dead:
 For dead, I surely doubt, thou maist aread
 Henceforth for euer *Florimell* to be,
 That all the noble knights of *Maidenhead*,
 Which her ador'd, may sore repent with me,
 And all faire Ladies may for euer sory be.

Which words when *Paridell* had heard, his hew
 Gan greatly chaunge, and seem'd dismayd to bee;
 Then said, Faire Sir, how may I weene it trow,
 That ye doe tell in such vncertaintee?
 Or speake ye of report, or did ye see
 Iust cause of dread, that makes ye doubt so sore?
 For perdie else how mote it euer bee,
 That euer hand should dare for to engore
 Her noble blood? the heauens such crueltie abhore.

These eyes did see, that they will euer rew
 Th' haue seene, (quoth he) when as a monstrous beast
 The Palfrey, whercon she did trauell, slew,
 And of his bowels made his bloudie feast:
 Which speaking token sheweth at the least
 Her certaine losse, if not her sure decay:
 Besides, that more suspicion encreast,
 I found her golden girdle cast astray,
 Distaynd with dirt and bloud, as relique of the pray.

Aye me, (said *Paridell*) the signes be sad,
 And but God turne the fame to good foorthsay,
 That Ladies safetic is fore to be drad:
 Yet will I not forsake my forward way,
 Till triall doe more certaine truth bewray.
 Faire Sir (quoth he) well may it you succeed,
 Ne long shall *Satyrane* behind you stay,
 But to the rest, which in this Quest proceed
 My labour adde, and be partaker of their speed.

Ye noble knights (said then the *Squire of Dames*)
 Well may ye speed in so praiseworthy paine:
 But sith the Sunne now ginnes to flake his beames,
 In dewy vapours of the western maine,
 And lose the teme out of his weary waine,
 More not mislike you also to abate
 Your zealous hast, till morrow next againe
 Both light of heauen, and strength of men relate:
 Which if ye please, to yonder castle turne your gate.

The counsell pleased well; so all yfere
 Both marched to a Castle them before,
 Where soone arriuing, they refrained were
 Of readie entrance, which ought euermore

To

Cant. IX. FAERIE QUEENE.

527

To errant knights be commun: wondrous fore
 Thereat displeid they were, till that young Squire
 Gan them informe the cause, why that same dore
 Was shut to all, which lodging did desire:
 The which to let you weet, will further time require.

Cant. IX.

*Malbecco will no strange knights host,
 For pecunish gealose:
 Paridell giust with Britomart:
 Both shew their ancestrie.*

REdoubted knights, and honorable Dames,
 To whom I leuell all my labours end,
 Right fore I feare, least with vnworthy blames
 This odious argument my times should spend,
 Or ought your goodly patience offend,
 Whiles of a wanton Lady I do write,
 Which with her loose incontinence doth blend
 The shyning glory of your soueraigne light,
 And knighthood fowle defaced by a faithlesse knight.

But neuer let thensample of the bad
 Offend the good: for good by paragone
 Of euill, may more notably be rad,
 As white seemes fairer, macht with blacke attone;
 Ne all are shamed by the fault of one:
 For lo in heauen, whereas all goodnesse is,
 Emongst the Angels, a whole legione
 Of wicked Sprights did fall from happy blis;
 What wonder then, if one of women all did mis?

Ll

Then listen Lordings, if ye list to weete
 The cause, why *Satyrene* and *Paridell*
 Mote not be entertaynd, as seemed meet,
 Into that Castle (as that Squire does tell.)
 Therein a cancred crabbed Carle does dwell,
 That has no skill of Court nor courtesie,
 Ne cares, what men say of him ill or well;
 For all his dayes he drownes in priuitie,
 Yet has full large to liue, and spend at libertie.

But all his mind is set on mucky pelfe,
 To hoord vp heapes of euill gotten masse,
 For which he others wrongs, and wreckes himselfe;
 Yet is he lincked to a louely lassie,
 Whose beauty doth her bounty far surpasse,
 The which to him both far vnequall yeares,
 And also far vnlike conditions has;
 For she does ioy to play emongst her peares,
 And to be free from hard restraint and gealous feares.

But he is old, and withered like hay,
 Vnsit faire Ladies seruice to supply;
 The priuie guilt whereof makes him alway
 Suspect her truth, and keepe continuall spy
 Vpon her with his other blinkced eye;
 Ne suffreth he resort of liuing wight
 Approach to her, ne keepe her company,
 But in close bowre her mewes from all mens sight,
 Depriu'd of kindly ioy and naturall delight.

Malbecco he, and *Hellenore* she hight,
 Vnsitly yokt together in one teeme,
 That is the cause, why neuer any knight
 It suffred here to enter, but he seeme

Such

Such, as no doubt of him he neede misdeeme.
 Thereat Sir *Satyrene* gan smile, and say;
 Extremely mad the man I surely deeme,
 That weenes with watch and hard restraint to stay
 A womans will, which is disposd to go affray.

In vaine he feares that, which he cannot shonne:
 For who wotes not, that womans subtiltyes
 Can giuen *Argus*, when she list misdonne?
 It is not yron bandes, nor hundred eyes,
 Nor brazen walls, nor many wakefull spies,
 That can withhold her wilfull wandring feet;
 But fast good will with gentle curtesyes,
 And timely seruice to her pleasures meet
 May her perhaps containe, that else would algates fleet.

Then is he not more mad (said *Paridell*)
 That hath himselfe vnto such seruice sold,
 In dolefull thraldome all his dayes to dwell?
 For sure afoole I do him firmly hold,
 That loues his fetters, though they were of gold.
 But why do we deuise of others ill,
 Whiles thus we suffer this same dotard old,
 To keepe vs out, in scorn of his owne will,
 And rather do not ran sack all, and him selfe kill?

Nay let vs first (said *Satyrene*) entreat
 The man by gentle meanes, to let vs in,
 And afterwarde affray with cruell threat,
 Ere that we to enforce it do begin:
 Then if all fayle, we will by force it win,
 And eke reward the wretch for his mesprise,
 As may be worthy of his haynous sin.
 That counsell pleas'd: then *Paridell* did rise,
 And to the Castle gate approacht in quiet wise.

Ll 2

Whereat soft knocking, entrance he desyrd,
 The good man selfe, which then the Porter playd,
 Him answered, that all were now retyrd
 Vnto their rest, and all the keyes conuayd
 Vnto their maister, who in bed was layd,
 That none him durst awake out of his dreame;
 And therefore them of patience gently prayd.
 Then *Paridell* began to change his theme,
 And threatned him with force & punishment extreme.

But all in vaine; for nought mote him relent,
 And now so long before the wicket fast
 They wayted, that the night was forward spent,
 And the faire welkin fowly ouercast,
 Gan blowen vp a bitter stormy blast,
 With shoure and hayle so horrible and dred,
 That this faire many were compeld at last,
 To fly for succour to a little shed,
 The which beside the gate for swine was ordered.

It fortun'd, soone after they were gone,
 Another knight, whom tempest thither brought,
 Came to that Castle, and with earnest mone,
 Like as the rest, late entrance deare besought;
 But like so as the rest he prayd for nought,
 For flatly he of entrance was refusd,
 Soerly therat he was displeas'd, and thought
 How to auenge himselfe so fore abus'd,
 And euermore the Carle of curtesie accus'd.

But to auoydeth intollerable stowre,
 He was compeld to seeke some refuge neare,
 And to that shed, to throwd him from the shoure,
 He came, which full of guests he found why leare,

So

So as he was not let to enter there:
 Whereat he gan to wex exceeding wroth,
 And swore, that he would lodge with them ysere,
 Or them dislodge, all were they liefe or loth;
 And deside them each, and so deside them both.

Both were full loth to leaue that needfull tent,
 And both full loth in darkenesse to debate;
 Yet both full liefe him lodging to haue lent,
 And both full liefe his boasting to abate;
 But chiefly *Paridell* his hart did grate,
 To heare him threaten so despightfully,
 As if he did a dogge to kenell rate,
 That durst not bark; and rather had he dy,
 Then when he was deside, in coward corner ly.

Tho hastily remounting to his steed,
 He forth islew'd; like as a boistrous wind,
 Which in th'earthes hollow caues hath long bin hid,
 And shut vp fast within her prisons blind,
 Makes the huge element against her kind
 To moue, and tremble as it were agast;
 Vntill that it an issew forth may find;
 Then forth it breakes, and with his furious blast
 Confounds both land & seas, and skyes doth ouercast.

Their steel-hed speares they strongly coucht, and met
 Together with impetuous rage and forse,
 That with the terrour of their fierce affret,
 They rudely droue to ground both man and horse,
 That each awhile lay like a sencelesse corse.
 But *Paridell* fore brus'd with the blow,
 Could not arise, the counterchange to scorfe,
 Till that young Squire him reared from below;
 Then drew he his bright sword, & gan about him throw.

L 3

But *Satyane* forth stepping, did them stay
 And with faire treatie pacifide their ire,
 Then when they were accorded from the fray,
 Against that Castles Lord they gan conspire,
 To heape on him dew vengeance for his hire.
 They bene agreed, and to the gates they goe
 To burne the same with vnquenchable fire,
 And that vncurteous Carle their commune foe
 To do fowle death to dye, or wrap in grieuous woe.

Malbecco seeing them resolu'd in deed
 To flame the gates, and hearing them to call
 For fire in earnest, ran with fearefull speed,
 And to them calling from the castle wall,
 Besought them humbly, him to beare with all,
 As ignorant of seruants bad abuse,
 And slacke attendaunce vnto straungers call.
 The knights were willing all things to excuse,
 Though nought beleu'd, & entraice late did not refuse.

They bene ybrought into a comely bowre,
 And seru'd of all things that mote needfull bee;
 Yet secretly their hoste did on them lowre,
 And welcomde more for feare, then charitee;
 But they dissembled, what they did not see,
 And welcomed themselues. Each gan vndight
 Their garments wet, and weary armour free,
 To dry them selues by *Vulcanes* flaming light,
 And eke their lately bruized parts to bring in plight.

And eke that straunger knight emongst the rest;
 Was for like need enforst to disaray:
 Tho whenas vailed was her lostie crest,
 Her golden locks, that were in tramels gay
 Vpbounden,

Cant. IX. FAERIE QVEENE. 533
 Vpbounden, did them selues adowne display,
 And raught vnto her heeles; like sunny beames,
 That in a cloud their light did long time stay,
 Their vapour vaded, shew their golden gleames,
 And through the persant aire shoote forth their azure
 (streames.

She also doste her heauy habericon,
 Which the faire feature of her limbs did hyde,
 And her well plighted frock, which she did won
 To tucke about her thort, when she did ryde,
 She low let fall, that shoud from her lanch fyde
 Downe to her foot, with carelesse modestee.
 Then of them all she plainly was espyde,
 To be a woman wight, vniwift to bee,
 The fairest woman wight, that euer eye did see.

Like as *Minerva*, being late returnd
 From slaughter of the Giaunts conquered;
 Where proud *Encelade*, whose wide nosethrills burnd
 With breathed flames, like to a furnace red,
 Transfixed with the speare, downe tumbled ded
 From top of *Hemus*, by him heaped hye;
 Hath loosd her helmet from her lofty hed,
 And her *Gorgonian* shield gins to vntyte
 From her left arme, to rest in glorious victorye.

Which whenas they beheld, they smitten were
 With great amazement of so wondrous sight,
 And each on other, and they all on her
 Stood gazing, as if suddain great affright
 Had them surprisid. At last auizing right,
 Her goodly personage and glorious hew,
 Which they so much mistooke, they tooke delight
 In their first error, and yet still anew
 With wonder of her beauty fed their hungry vew.

Yet note their hungry vew be satisfide,
 But seeing still the more desir'd to see,
 And euer firmly fixed did abide
 In contemplation of diuinitie:
 But they meruaild at her cheualree,
 And noble prowesse, which they had approued,
 That much they saynd to know, who she more bee;
 Yet none of all them her thereof amoued,
 Yet euery one her likte, and euery one her loued.

And *Paridell* though partly discontent
 With his late fall, and fowle indignity,
 Yet was soone wonne his malice to relent,
 Through gracious regard of her faire eye,
 And knightly worth, which he too late did try,
 Yet tried did adore. Supper was dight;
 Then they *Malbecco* prayd of curtesy,
 That of his Lady they might haue the sight,
 And company at meat, to do them more delight.

But he to shift their curious request,
 Gan causen, why she could nor come in place;
 Her cras'd health, her late recourse to rest,
 And humid euening ill for sicke folkes cace:
 But none of those excuses could take place;
 Ne would they eate, till she in presence came.
 She came in presence with right comely grace,
 And fairely them saluted, as became,
 And shewd her selfe in all a gentle courteous Dame,

They sate to meat, and *Satyraue* his chaunce
 Was her before, and *Paridell* besyde;
 But he him selfe sate looking still askaunce,
 Gainst *Britomart*, and euer closely eyde

Sir

Sir Satyraue, that glaunces might not glyde:
 But his blind eye, that syded *Paridell*,
 All his demaifure from his sight did hyde:
 On her faire face so did he feede his fill,
 And sent close messages of loue to her at will.

And euer and anone, when none was ware,
 With speaking lookes, that close embassage bore,
 He rou'd at her, and told his secret care:
 For all that art he learned had of yore.
 Ne was she ignoraunt of that lewd lore,
 But in his eye his meaning wisely red,
 And with the like him answerd euermore:
 She sent at him one fire dart, whose hed
 Empoised was with priuy lust, and gealous dred.

He from that deadly throw made no defence,
 But to the wound his weake hart opened wyde;
 The wicked engine through false influence,
 Past through his eyes, and secretly did glyde
 Into his hart, which it did forely gryde.
 But nothing new to him was that same paine,
 Ne paine at all; for he so oft had tryde
 The powre thereof, and lou'd so oft in vaine,
 That thing of course he counted, loue to entertaine.

Thenceforth to her he sought to intimate
 His inward griefe, by meanes to him well knowne,
 Now *Bacchus* fruit out of the siluer plate
 He on the table dash't, as ouerthrowne,
 Or of the fruitfull liquor ouerflowne,
 And by the dauncing bubbles did diuine,
 Or therein write to let his loue be showne;
 Which well she red out of the learned line,
 A sacrament prophane in mistery of wine.

And when so of his hand the pledge she raught,
 The guilty cup she fained to mistake,
 And in her lap did shed her idle draught,
 Shewing desire her inward flame to flake:
 By such close signes they secret way did make
 Vnto their wils, and one eyes watch escape;
 Two eyes him needeth, for to watch and wake,
 Who louers will deceiue. Thus was the ape,
 By their faire handling, put into *Malbeccoes* cape.

Now when of meats and drinks they had their fill,
 Purpose was moued by that gentle Dame,
 Vnto those knights aduenturous, to tell
 Of deeds of armes, which vnto them became,
 And euery one his kindred, and his name.
 Then *Paridell*, in whom a kindly pryde
 Of gracious speach, and skill his words to frame
 Abounded, being glad of so fit tyde
 Him to commend to her, thus spake, of all well eyde.

Troy, that art now nought, but an idle name,
 And in thine ashes buried low dost lie,
 Though whilome far much greater then thy fame,
 Before that angry Gods, and cruell skye
 Vpon thee heapt a direfull destinie,
 What boots it boast thy glorious descent,
 And fetch from heauen thy great Genealogie,
 Sith all thy worthy prayfes being blent,
 Their of-spring hath embaste, and later glory shent.

Most famous Worthy of the world, by whome
 That warre was kindled, which did *Troy* inflame,
 And stately towres of *Ilion* whilome
 Brought vnto balefull ruine, was by name

Sir

Sir *Paris* far renowned through noble fame,
 Who through great prowesse and bold hardinesse,
 From *Lacedamon* fetcht the fairest Dame,
 That euer *Greece* did boast, or knight possesse,
 Whom *Venus* to him gaue for meed of worthinesse.

Faire *Helene*, flowre of beautie excellent,
 And girlond of the mighty Conquerours,
 That madeft many Ladies deare lament
 The heauie losse of their braue Paramours,
 Which they far off beheld from *Troian* toures,
 And saw the fieldes of faire *scamander* strowne
 With carcafes of noble warrioures,
 Whose fruitlesse liues were vnder furrow sowne,
 And *Xanthus* sandy banks with bloud all ouerflowne.

From him my linage I deriue aright,
 Who long before the ten yeares siege of *Troy*,
 Whiles yet on *Ida* he a shepheard hight,
 On faire *Oenone* got a louely boy,
 Whom for remembraunce of her passed ioy,
 She of his Father *Parisus* did name;
 Who, after *Greekes* did *Priams* realme destroy,
 Gathred the *Troian* reliques sau'd from flame,
 And with them sayling thence, to th'isle of *Paros* came.

That was by him cald *Paros*, which before
 Hight *Nausa*, there he many yeares did raine,
 And built *Nausicle* by the *Pontick* shore,
 The which he dying left next in remaine
 To *Paridas* his sonne.
 From whom I *Paridell* by kin descent;
 But for faire Ladies loue, and glories gaine,
 My natie soile haue left, my dayes to spend
 In seeing deeds of armes, my liues and labours end.

Whenas the noble *Britomart* heard tell
 Of *Troian* warres, and *Priams* Citie sackt,
 The ruefull story of Sir *Pavidell*,
 She was empaffiond at that piteous act,
 With zelous enuy of Greekes cruell fact,
 Against that nation, from whose race of old
 She heard, that she was lineally extract:
 For noble *Britons* sprong from *Troians* bold,
 And *Troynouant* was built of old *Troyes* aishes cold.

Then fighting soft awhile, at last she thus:
 O lamentable fall of famous towne,
 Which raignd so many yeares victoriously,
 And of all *Asie* bore the foueraigne crowne,
 In one sad night confumd, and throwen downe:
 What stony hart, that heares thy haplesse fate,
 Is not empierst with deepe compassiowne,
 And makes ensample of mans wretched state,
 That floures so fresh at morne, and fades at euening late?

Behold, Sir, how your pitifull complaint
 Hath found another partner of your payne:
 For nothing may impresse so deare constraint,
 As countries cause, and commune foes disdayne.
 But if it should not grieue you, backe agayne
 To turne your course, I would to heare desyre,
 What to *Aeneas* fell; sith that men sayne
 He was not in the Cities wofull fyre
 Confumd, but did him selfe to safetie retyre.

Anchyses sonne begot of *Venus* faire,
 (Said he,) out of the flames for safegard fled,
 And with a remnant did to sea repaire,
 Where he through fatall error long was led

Full

Full many yeares, and weetelesse wandered
 From shore to shore, emongt the *Lybicke* sands,
 Ere rest he found. Much there he suffered,
 And many perils past in forreine lands,
 To saue his people sad from victours vengefull hands.

At last in *Latium* he did arriue,
 Where he with cruell warre was entertaind
 Of th inland folke, which sought him backe to driue,
 Till he with old *Latinus* was constrained,
 To contract wedlocke: (so the fates ordaind.)
 Wedlock contract in blood, and eke in blood
 Accomplished, that many deare complaind:
 The riual flaine, the victour through the flood
 Escaped hardly, hardly praifd his wedlock good.

Yet after all, he victour did suruiue,
 And with *Latinus* did the kingdome part.
 But after, when both nations gan to striue,
 Into their names the title to conuart,
 His sonne *Iulus* did from thence depart,
 With all the warlike youth of *Troians* bloud,
 And in long *Alba* plaft his throne apart,
 Where faire it florished, and long time floud;
 Till *Romulus* renewing it, to *Rome* remoud.

There there (said *Britomart*) a fresh appeard
 The glory of the later world to spring,
 And *Troy* againe out of her dust was reard,
 To sit in second seat of foueraigne king,
 Of all the world vnder her gouerning.
 But a third kingdome yet is to arise,
 Out of the *Troians* scattered of-spring,
 That in all glory and great enterprife,
 Both first and second *Troy* shall dare to equalife.

It *Troy nouant* is hight, that with the waues
 Of wealthy *Thamis* washed is along,
 Vpon whose stubborne neck, whereat he raues
 With roring rage, and fore him selfe does throng,
 That all men feare to tempt his billowes strong,
 She fastned hath her foot, which standes so hy,
 That it a wonder of the world is song
 In forreine landes, and all which passen by,
 Beholding it from far, do thinke it threates the skye.

The *Troian Brute* did first that Citie found,
 And Hygate gate made the meare thereof by West,
 And *Ouert* gate by North: that is the bound
 Toward the land; two riuers bound the rest.
 So huge a scope at first him seemed best,
 To be the compasse of his kingdomes feat:
 So huge a mind could not in lesser rest,
 Ne in small meares containe his glory great,
 That *Albion* had conquered first by warlike feat.

Ah fairest Lady knight, (said *Paridell*)
 Pardon I pray my heedlesse ouersight,
 Who had forgot, that whilome I heard tell
 From aged *Mnemon*; for my wits bene light.
 Indeed he said (if I remember right.)
 That of the antique *Troian* stocke, there grew
 Another plant, that raught to wondrous hight,
 And far abroad his mighty branches threw,
 Into the vtmost Angle of the world he knew.

For that same *Brute*, whom much he did aduance
 In all his speach, was *Syluius* his sonne,
 Whom hauing slaine, through luckles arrowes glaunce
 He fled for feare of that he had misdonne,

Of

Cant. IX. FAERIE QVEENE. 541
 Or else for shame, so fowle reproch to shonne,
 And with him led to the sea an youthly trayne,
 Where wearie wandring they long time did wonne,
 And many fortunes prou'd in th'*Ocean* mayne,
 And great aduétures found, that now were lög to fayne.

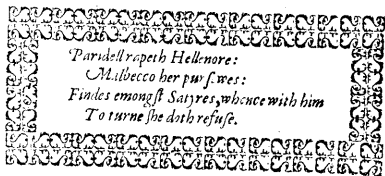
At last by fatall course they driuen were
 Into an Island spacious and brode,
 The furthest North, that did to them appeare:
 Which after rest they seeking far abrode,
 Found it the fittest soyle for their abode,
 Fruitfull of all things fit for liuing foodde,
 But wholly wast, and void of peoples trode,
 Saue an huge nation of the Geaunts broode,
 That fed on liuing flesh, & druncke mens vitall blood.

Whom he through wearie wars and labours long,
 Subdewd with losse of many *Britons* bold:
 In which the great *Goemagog* of strong
Corineus, and *Coulin* of *Debon* old
 Were ouerthrowne, and layd on th'earth full cold,
 Which quaked vnder their so hideous masse,
 A famous history to be enrold
 In euerlasting moniments of brasse,
 That all the antique Worthies merits far did passe.

His worke great *Troy nouant*, his worke is eke
 Faire *Lincolns*, both renowned far away,
 That who from East to West will endlong seeke,
 Cannot two fairer Cities find this day,
 Except *Cleopolis*: so heard I say
 Old *Mnemon*. Therefore Sir, I greet you well
 Your country kin, and you entirely pray
 Of pardon for the strife, which late besell
 Betwixt vs both vnknowne. So ended *Paridell*.

But all the while, that he thees speaches from,
 Vpon his lips hong faire Dame *Hellenore*,
 With vigilant regard, and dew attent,
 Fashioning worlds offancies euermore
 In her fraile wit, that now her quite forlore:
 The whiles vnwares away her wondring eye,
 And greedy eares her weake hart from her bore:
 Which he perceiuing, euer priuily
 In speaking, many false belgardes at her let fly.

So long these knights discourfed diuersly,
 Of straunge affaires, and noble hardiment,
 Which they had past with mickle icopardy,
 That now the humid night was farforth spent,
 And heavenly lampes were halfendeale ybrent:
 Which th'old man feeing well, who too long thought
 Euery discourse and euery argument,
 Which by the houres he measured, be sought
 Them go to rest. So all vnto their bowres were brought.

Cant. X.

THe morow next, so soone as *Phabus* Lamp
 Bewrayed had the world with early light,
 And fresh *Aurora* had the shady damp
 Out of the goodly heauen amoued quight,

Faire

Faire *Britomart* and that same *Faerie* knight
 Vprose, forth on their journey for to wend:
 But *Paridell* complaynd, that his late fight
 With *Britomart*, so fore did him offend,
 That ryde he could not, till his hurts he did amend.

So forth they far'd, but he behind them stayd,
 Maulgre his host, who grudged grieuouly,
 To house a guest, that would be needs obayd,
 And of his owne him left not liberty:
 Might wanting measure moueth surquedry.
 Two things he feared, but the third was death;
 That fierce youngmans vnruely maistry;
 His money, which he lou'd as liuing breath;
 And his faire wife, whom honest long he kept vneath.

But patience perforce he must abie,
 What fortune and his fate on him will lay,
 Fond is the feare, that findes no remedie;
 Yet warily he watcheth euery way,
 By which he feareth euill happen may:
 So th'euill thinkes by watching to preuent;
 Ne doth he suffer her, nor night, nor day,
 Out of his sight her selfe once to absent.
 So doth he punish her and eke himselfe torment.

But *Paridell* kept better watch, then hee,
 A fit occasion for his turne to find:
 False loue, why do men say, thou canst not see,
 And in their foolish fancie feigne thee blind,
 That with thy charmes the sharpest sight doest bind,
 And to thy will abuse? Thou walkest free,
 And seest euery secret of the mind;
 Thou seest all, yet none at all sees thee;
 All that is by the working of thy Deitee.

M m

So perfect in that art was *Paridell*,
 That he *Melbecco*s halfe eye did wyle,
 His halfe eye he wiled wondrous well,
 And *Hellenors* both eyes did eke beguyle,
 Both eyes and hart attonce, during the while
 That he there sojourned his wounds to heale;
 That *Cupid* selfe it seeing, close did smile,
 To weet how he her loue away did steale,
 And bad, that none their ioyous treason should reueale.

The learned louer lost no time nor tyde,
 That least auantage mote to him afford,
 Yet bore so faire a faile, that none espyde
 His secret drift, till he her layd abroad.
 When so in open place, and commune bord,
 He fortun'd her to meet, with commune speach
 He courted her, yet bayted euery word,
 That his vngentle hoste note him appeach
 Of vile vngentlenesse, or hospitages breach.

But when apart (if euer her apart)
 He found, then his false engins fast he plyde,
 And all the sleights vnbofomd in his hart;
 He sigh'd, he sobd, he swownd, he perdy dyde,
 And cast himselfe on ground her fast belyde:
 Tho when againe he him bethought to liue,
 He wept, and wayld, and false lamentis belyde,
 Saying, but if she Mercie would him giue
 That he mote algates dye, yet did his death forgieue.

And otherwhiles with amorous delights,
 And pleasing toyes he would her entertaine,
 Now singing sweetly, to surprise her sprights,
 Now making layes of loue and louters paine.
 Branles

Branles, Ballads, virelayes, and verses vaine;
 Oft purposes, oft riddles he deuys'd,
 And thousands like, which flowed in his braine,
 With which he fed her fancie, and entys'd
 To take to his new loue, and leaue her old despy'd.

And euery where he might, and euery while
 He did her seruice dewtiful, and sewed
 At hand with humble pride, and pleasing guile,
 So closely yet, that none but she it vewed,
 Who well perceiued all, and all indewed.
 Thus finely did he his false nets disprede,
 With which he many weake harts had subdewed
 Of yore, and many had ylike misde:
 What wonder then, if she were likewise carried?

No fort so sensible, no wals so strong,
 But that continuall battery will riuie,
 Or daily sieg through dispuruyance long,
 And lacke of reskewes will to parley driue;
 And Peace, that vnto parley eare will giue,
 Will shortly yeeld it selfe, and will be made
 The vassall of the victors will byliue:
 That stratageme had oftentimes assayd
 This crafty Paramoure, and now it plaine displayd.

For through his traines he her intrapped hath,
 That she her loue and hart hath wholly sold
 To him, without regard of gaine, or scath,
 Or care of credite, or of husband old,
 Whom she hath vow'd to dub a faire Cucquold.
 Nought wants but time and place, which shortly shee
 Deuized hath, and to her louer told,
 It pleased well. So well they both agree;
 So readie ripe to ill, ill wemens counsels bee.

Darke was the Euening, fit for louers stealth,
 When chaun't *Malbecco* busie be elswhere,
 She to his closet went, where all his wealth
 Lay hid: thereof she countlesse summes did reare,
 The which she meant away with her to beare;
 The rest she fyr'd for sport, or for despight;
 As *Hellene*, when the saw aloft appeare
 The *Troiane* flames, and reach to heauens hight
 Did clap her hands, and ioyed at that dolefull fight.

This second *Hellene*, faire Dame *Hellenore*,
 The whiles her husband ranne with fory haste,
 To quench the flames which she had tyn'd before,
 Laught at his foolish labour spent in waste;
 And ranne into her louers armes right fast;
 Where streight embraced, she to him did cry,
 And call aloud for helpe, ere helpe were past;
 For loe that Guest would beare her forcibly,
 And meant to rauish her, that rather had to dy.

The wretched man hearing her call for ayd,
 And readie seeing him with her to fly,
 In his disquiet mind was much dismayd:
 But when againe he backward cast his eye,
 And saw the wicked fire so furiously
 Consume his hart, and scorch his Idoles face,
 He was therewith distressed diuersly,
 Ne wist he how to turne, nor to what place;
 Was neuer wretched man in such a wofull cace.

Ay when to him she cryde, to her he turnd,
 And left the fire; loue money ouercame:
 But when he marked, how his money burnd,
 He left his wife; money did loue disclame:

Both

Both was he loth to loose his loued Dame,
 And loth to leaue his liefeft pelfe behind,
 Yet sith he n'ore saue both, he sau'd that same,
 Which was the dearest to his donghill mind,
 The God of his desire, the ioy of misers blind.

Thus whilest all things in troublous vprere were,
 And all men busie to suppress the flame,
 The louing couple need no reskew feare,
 But leasure had, and libertie to frame
 Their purpose flight, free from all mens reclame;
 And Night, the patronesse of loue-stealth faire,
 Gawe them safe conduct, till to end they came:
 So bene they gone yfeare, a wanton paire
 Of louers loosely knit, where list them to repair.

Soone as the cruell flames ysflaked were,
Malbecco seeing, how his losse did lye,
 Out of the flames, which he had quencht whylere
 Into huge waues of griefe and gealosye
 Full deepe emplonged was, and drowned nye,
 Twixt inward doole and felonous despight;
 He rau'd, he wept, he stamp't, he lowd did cry,
 And all the passions, that in man may light,
 Did him attonce oppresse, and vex his caytiue spright.

Long thus he chawd the cud of inward griefe,
 And did consume his gall with anguish sore,
 Still when he mused on his late mischiefe,
 Then still the smart thereof increased more,
 And seem'd more grievous, then it was before:
 At last when sorrow he saw booted nought,
 Ne griefe might not his loue to him restore,
 He gan deuise, how her he reskew mought,
 Ten thousand wayes he cast in his confus'd thought.

M m 3

At last resolving, like a pilgrim pore,
 To teach her forth, where so the might be fond,
 And bearing with him treasure in close store,
 The rest he leaues in ground: So takes in hand
 To seeke her endlong, both by sea and lond.
 Long he her sought, he fought her farre and nere,
 And euery where that he mote vnderstand,
 Of knights and ladies any meetings were,
 And of eachone he met, he tydings did inquere.

But all in vaine, his woman was too wise,
 Euer to come into his clouch againe,
 And he too simple euer to surpris
 The iolly *Paridell*, for all his paine.
 One day, as he forpass'd by the plaine
 With weary pace, he farre away espide
 A couple, seeming well to be his twaine,
 Which houed close vnder a forrest side,
 As if they lay in wait, or else themselues did hide.

Well weened he, that those the same mote bee,
 And as he better did their shape auize,
 Him seemed more their manner did agree;
 For th'one was armed all in warlike wize,
 Whom, to be *Paridell* he did denize;
 And th'other all yclad in garments light,
 Discolour'd like to womanish disguise,
 He did resemble to his Ladie bright;
 And euer his faint hart much earned at the sight.

And euer faine he towards them would goe,
 But yet durst not for dread approchen nie,
 But stood aloofe, vnweeting what to doe;
 Till that prickt forth with loues extremitie,

That

That is the father of foule gealofy,
 He closely nearer crept, the truth to weet:
 But, as he nigher drew, he easily
 Might scerne, that it was not his sweetest sweet,
 Ne yet her Belamour, the partner of his sheet.

But it was scornefull *Braggadocchio*,
 That with his seruant *Trompart* houerd there,
 Sith late he fled from his too earnest foe:
 Whom such when as *Malbecco* spied clere,
 He turned backe, and would haue fled arere;
 Till *Trompart* ronning hastily, him did stay,
 And bad before his soueraine Lord appere:
 That was him loth, yet durst he not gainesay,
 And comming him before, low louted on the lay.

The Boaster at him sternely bent his browe,
 As if he could haue kild him with his looke,
 That to the ground him meekely made to bowe,
 And awfull terror deepe into him strooke,
 That euery member of his bodie quooke.
 Said he, thou man of nought, what doest thou here,
 Vnfitly furnisht with thy bag and booke,
 Where I expected one with shield and spere,
 To proue some deedes of armes vpon an equall pere.

The wretched man at his imperious speach,
 Was all abasht, and low prostrating, said;
 Good Sir, let not my rudenesse be no breach
 Vnto your patience, ne be ill ypaid;
 For I vnwares this way by fortune straid,
 A silly Pilgrim driuen to distresse,
 That seeke a Lady, There he suddein staid,
 And did the rest with grieuous sighes suppressse,
 While teares stood in his eies, few drops of bitternesse.

M m 4

What Ladie, man? (said *Trompart*) take good hart,
 And tell thy grieffe, if any hidden lye;
 Was neuer better time to shew thy smart,
 Then now, that noble succour is thee by,
 That is the whole worlds commune remedy.
 That chearefull word his weake hart much did cheare,
 And with vaine hope his spirits faint supply,
 That bold he said; ô most redoubted Perc,
 Vouchsafe with mild regard a wretches case to heare.

Then fighting fore, It is not long (said hee)
 Sith I enioyd the gentlest Dame aliue;
 Of whom a knight, no knight at all perdee,
 But shame of all, that doe for honor striue,
 By treacherous deceit did me depriue;
 Through open outrage he her bore away,
 And with fowle force vnto his will did driue,
 Which all good knights, that armes do beare this day,
 Are bound for to reuenge, and punish if they may.

And you most noble Lord, that can and dare
 Redresse the wrong of miserable wight,
 Cannot employ your most victorious speare
 In better quarrell, then defence of right,
 And for a Ladie gainst a faithlesse knight;
 So shall your glory be aduanced much,
 And all faire Ladies magnifie your might,
 And eke my selfe, albe I simple fuch,
 Your worthy paine shall well reward with guerdon rich.

With that out of his bouget forth he drew
 Great store of treasure, therewith him to tempt;
 But he on it lookt scornefully askew,
 As much disdainning to be so misdempt,

Or

Or a war-monger to be basely nempt;
 And said; thy offers base I greatly loth,
 And eke thy words vncourteous and vnkempt;
 I tread in dust thee and thy money both,
 That, were it not for shame, So turned from him wroth.

But *Trompart*, that his maisters humor knew,
 In lofty looks to hide an humble mind,
 Was inly tickled with that golden veiw,
 And in his care him grounded close behind:
 Yet stoupt he not, but lay still in the wind,
 Waiting aduantage on the pray to seafe;
 Till *Trompart* lowly to the ground inclind,
 Befought him his great courage to appeafe,
 And pardon simple man, that rash did him displeafe.

Bigge looking like a doughtie Doucepere,
 At last he thus; Thou clod of vilest clay,
 I pardon yield, and with thy rudenesse beare;
 But weete henceforth, that all that golden pray,
 And all that else the vaine world vaunt in may,
 I loath as doung, ne deeme my dew reward:
 Fame is my meed, and glory vertues pray.
 But minds of mortall men are muchell mard,
 And mou'd amisse with massie mucks vnmeet regard.

And more, I graunt to thy great miserie
 Gratiuous respect, thy wife shall backe be sent,
 And that vile knight, who euer that he bee,
 Which hath thy Lady rest, and knighthood shent,
 By *Sanglamort* my sword, whose deadly dent
 The bloud hath of so many thousands shed,
 I sweare, ere long shall dearely it repent;
 Ne he twixt heauen and earth shall hide his hed,
 But soone he shall be found, and shortly doen be ded.

The foolish man thereat woxe wondrous blith,
 As if the word so spoken, were halfe donne,
 And humbly thanked him a thousand sith,
 That had from death to life him newly wonne.
 Tho forth the Boaster marching, brauce begonne
 His stolen steed to thunder furiously,
 As if he heauen and hell would ouerronne,
 And all the world confound with cruelty,
 That much *Malbecco* ioyed in his iollity.

Thus long they three together traueiled,
 Through many a wood, and many an vnouth way,
 To seeke his wife, that was farre wandered:
 But those two sought nought, but the present pray,
 To weete the treasure, which he did bewray,
 On which their cies and harts were wholly set,
 With purpose, how they might it best betray;
 For sith the houre, that first he did them let (wher,
 The same behold, therewith their keene desires were

If fortun'd as they together far'd,
 They spide, where *Paridell* came pricking fast
 Vpon the plaine, the which himselfe prepar'd
 To giust with that braue straunger knight a cast,
 As on aduventure by the way he past:
 Alone he rode without his Paragone;
 For hauing silcht her bells, he't vp he cast
 To the wide world, and let her fly alone,
 He nould be clogd. So had he serued many one.

The gentle Lady, loose at randon left,
 The greene-wood long did walke, and wander wide
 At wilde aduventure, like a forlorne west,
 Till on a day the *Satyres* her espide

Straying

Straying alone withouten grooms or guide;
 Her vp they tooke, and with them home her led,
 With them as housefiewe cuer to abide,
 To milke their gotes, and make them cheefe and bred,
 And euery one as commune good her handledd.

That shortly she *Malbecco* has forgot,
 And eke Sir *Paridell*, all were he deare;
 Who from her went to seeke another lot,
 And now by fortune was arriued here,
 Where those two guilers with *Malbecco* were:
 Soone as the oldman saw Sir *Paridell*,
 He fainted, and was almost dead with feare,
 Ne word he had to speake, his grieft to tell,
 But to him louted low, and greeted goodly well.

And after asked him for *Hellenore*,
 I take no keepe of her (said *Paridell*)
 She wonneth in the Forrest there before.
 So forth he rode, as his aduerture fell;
 The whiles the Boaster from his lostie fell
 Faynd to alight, something amisse to mend;
 But the fresh Swayne would not his leasure dwell,
 But went his way; whom when he passed kend,
 He vp remounted light, and after faind to wend.

Perdynay (said *Malbecco*) shall ye not:
 But let him passe as lightly, as he came:
 For litle good of him is to be got,
 And mickle perill to be put to shame.
 But lets go to seeke my dearest Dame,
 Whom he hath left in yonder Forrest wyld:
 For of her safety in great doubt I am,
 Least saluage beastes her person haue despoild:
 Then all the world is lost, and we in vaine haue toyld.

The all agree, and forward them adrest:

Ah but (said craftie *Trompart*) weete ye well,
That yonder in that wastefull wildernesse
Huge monst'ers haunt, and many dangers dwell;
Dragons, and Minotaures, and fendes of hell,
And many wilde woodmen, which robbe and rend
All traouellers; therefore aduise ye well,
Before ye enterprife that way to wend:
One may his iourney bring too soone to euill end.

Malbecco stoopt in great astonishment,
And with pale eyes fast fixed on the rest,
Their counsell crau'd, in danger imminent.
Said *Trompart*, you that are the most opprest
With burden of great treasure, I thinke best
Here for to stay in safetie behind;
My Lord and I will searcho the wide Forrest.
That counsell pleased not *Malbecco's* mind;
For he was much affraid, himselfe alone to find.

Then is it best (said he) that ye doe leaue
Your treasure here in some securitie,
Either fast closed in some hollow graue,
Or buried in the ground from icopardie,
Till we returne againe in safetie:
As for vs two, least doubt of vs ye haue,
Hence farre away we will blindfolded lie,
Ne priuie be vnto your treasures graue.
It pleased: so he did, Then they march forward braue.

Now when amid the thickest woods they were,
They heard a noyse of many bagpipes shrill,
And shrieking Hububs them approaching nere,
Which all the Forrest did with horror fill:

That

That dreadfull found the boasters hart did thrill,
With such amazement, that in haste he fled,
- Ne euer looked backe for good or ill,
And after him eke fearefull *Trompart* sped;
The old man could not fly, but fell to ground halfe ded.

Yet afterwards close creeping, as he might,
He in a bush did hide his fearefull hed,
The iolly *Satyres* full of fresh delight,
Came dauncing forth, and with them nimbly led
Faire *Hellenore*, with girlonds all bespred,
Whom their May-lady they had newly made:
She proud of that new honour, which they red,
And of their louely fellowship full glade,
Daunt liuely, and her face did with a Lawrell shade.

The silly man that in the thicket lay
Saw all this goodly sport, and grieved sore,
Yet durst he not against it doe or say,
But did his hart with bitter thoughts engore,
To see th'vkindnesse of his *Hellenore*.
All day they daunced with great lustihed,
And with their horned feet the greene grasse wore,
The whiles their Gotes vpon the brouzes fed.
Till drouping *Phæbus* gan to hide his golden hed.

Tho vp they gan their merry pypes to trusse,
And all their goodly heards did gather round,
But euery *Satyre* first did giue a busse
To *Hellenore*: so busses did abound.
Now gan the humid vapour shed the ground
With perly dew, and th'Earthes gloomy shade
Did dim the brightnesse of the welkin round,
That euery bird and beast awarned made,
To throwd themselues, whiles sleepe their senses did in- (uade.

Which when *Melbecco* saw, out of his bush
 Vpon his hand and feete he crept full light,
 And like a Gote emongst the Gotes did rish,
 That through the helpe of his faire hornes on hight,
 And misty dampe of misconceiuing night,
 And eke through likenesse of his gotish beard,
 He did the better counterfeite aright:
 So home he marcht emongst the horned heard,
 That none of all the *Satyres* him espyde or heard.

At night, when all they went to sleepe, he vewd,
 Whereas his louely wife emongst them lay,
 Embraced of a *Satyre* rough and rude,
 Who all the night did minde his ioyous play:
 Nine times he heard him come aloft ere day,
 That all his hart with gealosie did swell;
 But yet that nights ensample did bewray,
 That not for nought his wife them loued fo well,
 When one so oft a night did ring his matins bell.

So closely as he could, he to them crept,
 When wearie of their sport to sleepe they fell,
 And to his wife, that now full soundly slept,
 He whispered in her eare, and did her tell,
 That it was he, which by her side did dwell,
 And therefore prayd her wake, to heare him plaine.
 As one out of a dreame not waked well,
 She turned her, and returned backe againe:
 Yet her for to awake he did the more constraîne.

At last with irkesome trouble she abrayd;
 And then perceiuing, that it was indeed
 Her old *Malbecco*, which did her vpbraid,
 With loosenesse of her loue, and loathly deed,

She

She was astonisht with exceeding dreed,
 And would haue wakt the *Satyre* by her syde;
 But he her prayd, for mercy, or for meed,
 To saue his life, ne let him be descryde,
 But hearken to his lore, and all his counsell hyde.

Tho gan he her perswade, to leaue that lewd
 And loathsome life, of God and man abhord,
 And home returne, where all should be renewd
 With perfect peace, and bandes of fresh accord,
 And she receiud againe to bed and bord,
 As if no trespasse euer had bene donne:
 But she it all refused at one word,
 And by no meanes would to his will be wonne,
 But chose emongst the iolly *Satyres* still to wonne.

He wooed her, till day springs he espyde;
 But all in vaine: and then turned to the heard,
 Who butted him with hornes on euery syde,
 And trode downe in the dirt, where his hore beard
 Was sowly dight, and he of death afeard.
 Early before the heauens fairest light
 Out of the ruddy East was fully reard,
 The heardes out of their foldes were loosed quight,
 And he emongst the rest crept forth in sory plight.

So soone as he the Pifon dore did pas,
 He ran as fast, as both his feete could beare,
 And neuer looked, who behind him was,
 Ne scarcely who before: like as a Beare
 That creeping close, amongst the hines to reare
 An hony combe, the wakefull dogs espy,
 And him assaying, fore his carkasse teare,
 That hardly he with life away does fly,
 Ne staves, till safe himselfe he see from icopardy.

Ne stayd he, till he came vnto the place,
 Where late his treasure he entomb'd had,
 Where when he found it not (for *Trompart* bace
 Had it purloyned for his maister bad :)
 With extreme fury he became quite mad,
 And ran away, ran with himselfe away:
 That who so straungely had him seene bestad,
 With vpstart haire, and staring eyes dismay,
 From Limbo lake him late escap'd fure would say.

High ouer hilles and ouer dales he fled,
 As if the wind him on his wings had borne,
 Ne banck nor bush could stay him, when he sped
 His nimble feet, as treading still on thorne:
 Griefe, and despight, and gealofie, and scorne
 Did all the way him follow hard behind,
 And he himselfe himselfe loath'd so forlorne,
 So shamefully forlorne of womankind;
 That as a Snake, still lurked in his wounded mind.

Still fled he forward, looking backward still,
 Ne stayd his flight, nor fearefull agony,
 Till that he came vnto a rockie hill,
 Ou'er the sea, suspended dreadfully,
 That liuing creature it would terrify,
 To looke adowne, or vpward to the light:
 From thence he threw himselfe dispiteously,
 All desperate of his fore-damned spright,
 That seem'd no helpe for him was left in liuing flight.

But through long anguish, and selfe-murdring thought
 He was so wast'd and forpined quight,
 That all his substance was consum'd to nought,
 And nothing left, but like an aery Spright,

That

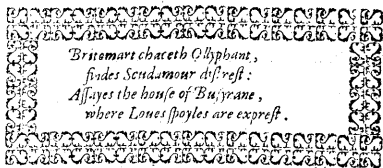
That on the rockes he fell so flit and light,
 That he thereby receiu'd no hurt at all,
 But chaunced on a craggy cliff to light;
 Whence he with crooked clawes so long did crall,
 That at the last he found a caue with entrance finall.

Into the same he creeps, and thenceforth there
 Resolu'd to build his balefull mansion,
 In dreary darkenesse, and continuall feare
 Of that rockes fall, which euer and anon
 Threates with huge ruine him to fall vpon,
 That he dare neuer sleepe, but that one eye
 Still ope he keepest for that occasion;
 Ne euer rests he in tranquillity,
 The roring billowes beat his bowre so boystroufly.

Ne euer is he wont on ought to feed,
 But toades and frogs, his pasture poysonous,
 Which in his cold complexion do breed
 A filthy bloud, or humour rancorous,
 Matter of doubt and dread suspitious,
 That doth with curelesse care consume the hart,
 Corrupts the stomacke with gall vitious,
 Croscuts the liuer with internall sinart,
 And doth transfixe the soule with deatnes eternall dart.

Yet can he neuer dye, but dying liues,
 And doth himselfe with sorrow new sustaine,
 That death and life attonce vnto him giues.
 And painefull pleasure turnes to pleasing paine.
 There dwels he euer, miserable swaine,
 Hatefull both to him selfe, and euery wight;
 Where he through priuy griefe, and horroure vaine,
 Is woxen so deform'd, that he has quight
 Forgot he was a man, and *Gealofie* is hight.

N n

Cant. XI.

O Hatefull hellish Snake, what furie furst
 Brought thee from balefull house of *Proserpine*,
 Where in her bosome she thee long had nurst,
 And sofred vp with bitter milke of tine,
 Fowle Gealofie, that turnest loue diuine
 To ioylesse dread, and mak' st the louing hart
 With hatefull thoughts to languish and to pine,
 And feed it selfe with selfe-consuming smart
 Of all the passions in the mind thou vilest art.

O let him far be banished away,
 And in his stead let Loue for euer dwell,
 Sweet Loue, that doth his golding wings embay
 In blessed Nectar, and pure Pleasures well,
 Vntroubled of vile feare, or bitter fell.
 And ye faire Ladies, that your kingdomes make
 In th' harts of men, them gouerne wisely well,
 And of faire *Britomart* ensample take,
 That was as trew in loue, as Turtle to her make.

Who with Sir *Satyrane*, as earst ye red,
 Forth ryding from *Malbeccoes* hostlesse hous,
 Far off a spyde a young man, the which fled
 From an huge Ceaut, that with hideous

And

Cant. XI. FAERIE QVEENE. 561
 And hatefull outrage long him chased thus;
 It was that *Olyphant*, the brother deare
 Of that *Argante* vile and vicious,
 From whom the *Squire of Dames* was rest whylere;
 This all as bad as she, and worse, if worse ought were.

For as the sifter did in feminine
 And filthy lust exceede all woman kind,
 So he surpassed his sex masculine,
 In beastly vse that I did euer find;
 Whom when as *Britomart* beheld behind
 The fearefull boy so greedily purfew,
 She was emmoued in her noble mind,
 T'employ her puissance to his reskew,
 And pricked fiercely forward, where she him did view.

Ne was Sir *Satyrane* her far behinde,
 But with like fiercenesse did ensfew the chace:
 Whom when the *Gyaunt* saw, he soone refinde
 His former suit, and from them fled apace;
 They after both, and boldly had him backe,
 And each did striue the other to out-goe,
 But he them both outran a wondrous space,
 For he was long, and swift as any Roe,
 And now made better speed, t'escape his feared foe.

It was not *Satyrane*, whom he did feare,
 But *Britomart* the flowre of chastity;
 For he the powre of chaste hands might not beare,
 But alwayes did their dread encounter fly:
 And now so fast his feet he did apply,
 That he has gotten to a Forrest neare,
 Where he is shrowded in security.
 The wood they enter, and search quere where,
 They searched diuersely, so both diuided were.

N n 2

Faire *Britomart* so long him followed,
 That she at last came to a fountaine sheare,
 By which there lay a knight all wallowed
 Vpon the grassy ground, and by him neare
 His haberieon, his helmet, and his speare;
 A little off, his shield was rudely throwne,
 On which the winged boy in colours cleare
 Depainted was, full easie to be knowne,
 And he thereby, where euer it in field was showne.

His face vpon the ground did groueling ly,
 As if he had bene slombing in the shade,
 That the braue Mayd would not for courtesy,
 Out of his quiet slomber him abraide,
 Nor seeme too suddainly him to inuade:
 Still as she stood, she heard with grieuous throb
 Him grone, as if his hart were peeces made,
 And with most painefull pang to sigh and sob,
 That pitty did the Virgins hart of patience rob.

At last forth breaking into bitter plaintes
 He said; O foueraigne Lord that sitst on hie,
 And raignt in blis emongst thy blessed Saintes,
 How suffrest thou such shamefull cruelty,
 So long vnwreaked of thine enemy?
 Or hast, thou Lord, of good mens cause no heed?
 Or doth thy iustice sleepe, and silent ly?
 What booteth then the good and righteous deed,
 If goodnesse find no grace, nor rightousnesse no meed?

If good find grace, and rightousnesse reward,
 Why then is *Amoret* in caytiue band,
 Sith that more bounteous creature neuer far'd
 On foot, vpon the face of liuing land?

Or

Or if that heavenly iustice may withstand
 The wrongfull outrage of vnrighteous men,
 Why then is *Bufrane* with wicked hand
 Suffred, these seuen monethes day in secret den
 My Lady and my loue so cruelly to pen?

My Lady and my loue is cruelly pend
 In dolefull darkenesse from the vew of day,
 Whilset deadly torments do her chafte brest rend,
 And the sharpe steele doth riue her hart in tway,
 All for she *Scudamore* will not deny.
 Yet thou vile man, vile *Scudamore* art found,
 Ne canst her ayde, ne canst her foe dismay;
 Vnworthy wretch to tread vpon the ground,
 For whom so faire a Lady feelles so fore a wound.

There an huge heape of singulfes did oppresse
 His strugling soule, and swelling throbs empeach
 His soltring toung with pang of dretinesse,
 Choking the remnant of his plaintife speach,
 As if his dayes were come to their last reach.
 Which when the heare, and saw the ghastly fit,
 Threatning into his life to make a breach,
 Both with great ruth and terrour she was smit,
 Fearing least from her cage the wearie soule would flit.

The stooping downe she him amoued light;
 Who therewith somewhat starting, vp gan looke,
 And seeing him behind a stranger knight,
 Whereas no liuing creature he mistooke,
 With great indignaunce he that sight forsooke,
 And downe againe him selfe disdainefully
 Abiecting th'earth with his faire forehead strooke:
 Which the bold Virgin seeing, gan apply
 Fit medicine to his griefe, and spake thus courtesly.

Nn 3

Ah gentle knight, whose deepe conceiu'd grieffe
 Well seemes t'exceede the powre of patience,
 Yet if that heavenly grace some good reliefe
 You send, submit you to high prouidence,
 And euer in your noble hart prepenſe,
 That all the sorrow in the world is lesse,
 Then vertues might, and values confidence,
 For who will bide the burden of distresse,
 Must not here thinke to liue: for life is wretchednesse.

Therefore, faire Sir, do comfort to you take,
 And freely read, what wicked felon fo
 Hath outrag'd you, and thrald your gentle make.
 Perhaps this hand may helpe to ease your woe,
 And wreake your sorrow on your cruell foe,
 And least it faire ende uour will apply.
 Those feeling wordes so neare the quicke did goe,
 That vp his head he reared easily,
 And leaning on his elbow, these few wordes let fly.

What boots it plaine, that cannot be redrest,
 And so vaine sorrow in a fruileſſe eare,
 Sith powre of hand, nor skill of learned brest,
 Ne worldly price cannot redeeme my deare,
 Out of her thraldome and continuall feare?
 For he the tyrant, which her hath in ward
 By strong enchantments and blacke Magicke leare,
 Hath in a dungeon deepe her close embard,
 And many dreidfull feends hath pointed to her gard.

There he tormenteth her most terribly,
 And day and night afflicteth with mortall paine,
 Because to yield him loue she doth deny,
 Once to me yold, not to be yold againe:

But

But yet by torture he would her conſtraine
 Loue to conceiue in her disdainfull brest,
 Till ſo ſhe do, ſhe muſt in doole remaine,
 Ne may by liuing meanes be thence releſt:
 What boots it then to plaine, that cannot be redrest?

With this ſad herfall of his heauy ſtreſſe,
 The warlike Damzell was empaſſion'd ſore,
 And ſaid; Sir knight, your cauſe is nothing leſſe,
 Then is your ſorrow, certes if not more;
 For nothing ſo much pittie doth implore,
 As gentle Ladies helpleſſe miſery.
 But yet, if pleaſe ye liſten to my lore,
 I will with prooſe of laſt extremity,
 Deliuer her fro thence, or with her for you dy.

Ah gentleſt knight aliuē, (ſaid *Scudamore*)
 What huge heroicke magnanimity (more,
 Dwels in thy bounteous brest? what couldſt thou
 If ſhe were thine, and thou as now am I?
 O ſpare thy happy dayes, and them apply
 To better boot, but let me dye, that ought;
 More is more loſſe: one is enough to dy.
 Life is not loſt, (ſaid ſhe) for which is bought
 Endleſſe renownm, that more then death is to be ſought.

Thus ſhe at length perſwaded him to riſe,
 And with her wend, to ſee what new ſucceſſe
 Mote him befall vpon new enterpriſe;
 His armes, which he had vowed to diſprofeſſe,
 She gathered vp and did about him dreſſe,
 And his for war dred ſteed vnto him got:
 So forth they both yſere make their progresſe,
 And march, not paſt the mountenaunce of a ſhot,
 Till they arriu'd, whereas their purpoſe they did plot.

N n 4

There they dismounting, drew their weapons bold
 And stoutly came vnto the Castle gate;
 Whereas no gate they found, them to withhold,
 Nor ward to wait at morne and euening late,
 But in the Porch, that did them fore amate,
 A flaming fire, ymixt with sinouldry smoke,
 And stinking Sulphure, that with grieffly hate
 And deadfull horroure did all entraunce choke,
 Enforced them their forward footing to reuoke.

Greatly thereat was *Britomart* dismayd,
 Ne in that stownd wist, how her selfe to beare;
 For daunger vaine it were, to haue assayd
 That cruell element, which all things feare,
 Ne none can suffer to approchen neare:
 And turning backe to *Scudamour*, thus sayd;
 What monstrous enmity prouoke we heare,
 Foolhardy as th'Earthes children, the which made
 Battell against the Gods: so we a God inuade.

Daunger without discretion to attempt,
 Inglorious and beastlike is: therefore Sir knight,
 Aread what course of you is safest dempt,
 And how we with our foe may come to fight.
 This (quoth he) the dolorous despight,
 Which earst to you I playnd: for neither may
 This fire be quencht by any wit or might,
 Ne yet by any meanes remou'd away,
 So mighty be th'enchautments, which the same do stay.

What is there else, but cease these fruitlesse paines,
 And leaue me to my former languishing;
 Faire *Amoret* must dwell in wicked chaines,
 And *Scudamore* here dye with forrowing.

Perdy

Perdy not so; (said she) for shamefull thing
 It were to abandon noble cheuifauce,
 For thew of perill, without venturing:
 Rather let try extremities of chaunce,
 Then enterprised prayse for dread to disauance.

Therewith resolu'd to proue her vtmost might,
 Her ample shield she threw before her face,
 And her swords point directing forward right,
 Assayd the flame, the which eifsoones gaue place,
 And did it selfe diuide with equall space,
 That through the passed; as a thunder bolt
 Perceth the yielding ayre, and doth displace
 The soring clouds into sad showres ymolt;
 So to her yold the flames, and did their force reuolt,

Whom whenas *Scudamour* saw past the fire,
 Safe and vntoucht, he likewise gan assay,
 With greedy will, and enuious desire,
 And bad the stubborne flames to yield him way:
 But cruell *Mulciber* would not obay
 His threatfull pride, but did the more augment
 His mighty rage, and imperious sway
 Him forst (maulgre) his fiercenesse to relent,
 And backe retire, all forcht and pitifully brent.

With huge impatience he inly swelt,
 More for great sorrow, that he could not pas,
 Then for the burning torment, which he felt,
 That with fell woodnesse he efferced was,
 And wilfully him throwing on the gras,
 Did beat and bounse his head and breft full fore;
 The whiles the Championesse now entred has
 The vtmost rowme, and past the formeft dore,
 The vtmost rowme, abounding with all precious store.

For round about, the wals yclothed were
 With goodly arras of great maiesty,
 Wouen with gold and silke so close and nere,
 That the rich metall lurked priuily,
 As faining to be hid from enuious eye;
 Yet here, and there, and euery where vniwares
 It shewd it selfe, and thone vnwillingly;
 Like a discolourd Snake, whose hidden snares
 Through the greene gras his long bright burnisht backe
 (declares.

And in those Tapets weren fashioned
 Many faire pourtraicts, and many a faire feate,
 And all of loue, and all of lusty-hed,
 As seemed by their semblaunt did entreat;
 And eke all *Cupids* warres they did repeate,
 And cruell battels, which he whilome fought
 Gainst all the Gods, to make his empire great;
 Besides the huge massacres, which he wrought
 On mighty kings and kesar, into thraldome brought.

Therein was writ, how often thundring *Joue*
 Had felt the point of his hart-percing dart,
 And leauing heauens kingdome, here did roure
 In strange disguise, to flake his scalding smarts,
 Now like a Ram, faire *Helle* to peruart,
 Now like a Bull, *Europ*s to withdraw:
 Ah, how the fearefull Ladies tender hart
 Did liuely seeme to tremble, when she saw
 The huge seas vnder her t'obay her seruauents law.

Soone after that into a golden showre
 Him selfe he chaung'd faire *Danaë* to vew,
 And through the roofof her strong brazen towre
 Did raine into her lap an hony dew,

The

The whiles her foolish garde, that little knew
 Of such deceit, kept th'iron dore fast bard,
 And watcht, that none should enter nor islew;
 Vaine was the watch, and bootlesse all the ward,
 Whenas the God to golden hew him selfe transfard,

Then was he turnd into a snowy Swan,
 To win faire *Leda* to his louely trade:
 O wondrous skill, and sweet wit of the man,
 That her in daffadillies sleeping made,
 From scorching heat her daintie limbes to shade:
 Whiles the proud Bird ruffing his fethers wyde,
 And brushing his faire brest, did her inuade;
 She slept, yet twixt her eyelids closely spyde,
 How towards her he rusht, and smiled at his pryde.

Then shewd it, how the *Thebane Semelee*
 Deceiu'd of gealous *Iuno*, did require
 To see him in his soueraigne maiestee,
 Armd with his thunderbolts and lightning fire,
 Whence dearely she with death bought her desire.
 But faire *Alcmena* better match did make,
 Ioying his loue in likenesse more entree;
 Three nights in one, they say, that for her sake
 He then did put, her pleasures lenger to partake.

Twife was he seene in soaring Eagles shape,
 And with wide wings to beat the buxome ayre,
 Once, when he with *Asterie* did scape,
 Again, when as the *Troiane* boy so faire
 He snatcht from *Ida* hill, and with him bare:
 Wondrous delight it was, there to behould,
 How the rude Shepheards after him did stare,
 Trembling through feare, least down he fallen should
 And often to him calling, to take firer hould.

In *Satyres* shape *Antiopa* he snatcht:

And like a fire, when he *Aegin* assayd:
A shepheard, when *Mnemossyne* he catcht:
And like a Serpent to the *Thracian* mayd. (playd,
Whiles thus on earth great loue these pageaunts
The winged boy did thrust into his throne,
And scoffing, thus vnto his mother fayd,
Lonow the heauens obey to me alone,
And take me for their *Ioue*, whiles *Ioue* to earth is gone.

And thou, faire *Tibullus*, in thy colours bright
Vvilt there enwouen, and the sad distresse,
In which that boy thee plonged, for despight,
That thou bewray'dst his mothers wantonnesse,
Vvhen she with *Mars* was meynt in ioyfulness:
For thy he thrild thee with a leaden dart,
To loue faire *Daphne*, which thee loued lesse:
Lesse she thee lou'd, then was thy iust desart,
Yet was thy loue her death, & her death was thy smart.

So louedst thou the lusty *Hyacinth*,
So louedst thou the faire *Coronis* deare:
Yet both are of thy haplesse hand extinct,
Yet both in flowres do liue, and loue thee beare,
The one a Paunce, the other a sweet breare:
For griefe whereof, ye mote haue liuely seene
The God himselfe rending his golden heare,
And breaking quite his gyrlond euer greene,
With other signes of sorrow and impatient teene.

Both for those two, and for his owne deare sonne,
The sonne of *Climene* he did repent,
Who bold to guide the charet of the Sunne,
Himselfe in thousand peeces fondly rent,

And

And all the world with flashing fier brent;
So like, that all the waldes did seeme to flame.
Yet cruell *Cupid*, nor herewith content,
Forst him eftsouones to follow other game,
And loue a Shepherds daughter for his dearest Dame.

He loued *Iffe* for his dearest Dame,
And for her sake her cattell fed a while,
And for her sake a cowheard vile became,
The seruant of *Admetus* cowheard vile,
Whiles that from heauen he suffered exile.
Long were to tell each other louely fit,
Now like a Lyon, hunting after spoile,
Now like a Hag, now like a faulcon fit:
All which in that faire arras was most liuely writ.

Next vnto him was *Neptune* pictured,
In his diuine resemblance wondrous lyke:
His face was rugged, and his hoarie hed
Dropped with brackish dew; his three-forkt Pyke
He steamlly shooke, and therewith fierce did stryke
The raging billowes, that on euery syde
They trembling stood, and made a long broad dyke,
That his swift charet might haue passage wyde,
Which foure great *Hippodames* did draw in temewife (tyde.

His sea-horses did seeme to snort amayne,
And from their nosethrilles blow the brynie streame,
That made the sparckling waues to smoke agayne,
And flame with gold, but the white fomy creame,
Did shine with siluer, and shoot forth his beame.
The God himselfe did pensue seeme and sad,
And hong adowne his head, as he did dreame:
For priuy loue his brest empierced had,
Ne ought but deare *Bisaltis* ay could make him glad.

He loued eke *Sphimidia* deare,
 And *Aeolus* faire daughter *Arne* hight.
 For whom he turnd him selfe into a Steare,
 And fed on fodder, to beguile her sight.
 Also to win *Deucalions* daughter bright,
 Her turnd him selfe into a Dolphin fayre;
 And like a winged horfe he tooke his flight,
 To finally-locke *Medusa* to repayre,
 On whom he got faire *Pegasus*, that flitteth in the ayre.

Next *Saturne* was, (but who would euer weene,
 That fullein *Saturne* cuer weend to loue?
 Yet loue is fullein, and *Saturnlike* scene,
 As he did for *Erigone* it proue.)
 That to a *Centaure* did him selfe transmoue.
 So proou'd it eke that gracious God of wine,
 When for to compasse *Phylliras* hard loue,
 He turnd him selfe into a fruitfull vine,
 And into her faire bosome made his grapes decline.

Long were to tell the amorous assayes,
 And gentle pangues, with which he makd meeke
 The mighty *Mars*, to learne his wanton playes:
 How oft for *Venus*, and how often eek
 For many other Nymphes he fore did shreack,
 With womanish teares, and with vnwarlike sinarts,
 Priuily moystening his horrid cheek.
 There was he painted full of burning darts, (parts,
 And many wide woundes launched through his inner

Ne did he spare (so cruell was the Elfe)
 His owne deare mother, (ah why should he so?)
 Ne did he spare sometime to pricke him selfe,
 That he might tast the sweet consuming woe,
 Which

Which he had wrought to many others moe.
 But to declare the mournfull Tragedyes,
 And spoiles, wherewith he all the ground did strow,
 More eath to number, with how many eyes
 High heauen beholds sad louers nightly the euer eyes.

Kings Queenes, Lords Ladies, Knights & Damzels gent
 Were heap'd together with the vulgar sort,
 And mingled with the raskall rableinent,
 Without respect of person or of port,
 To shew Dan *Cupids* powre and great effort:
 And round about a border was entrayld,
 Of broken bowes and arrowes shiuiered short,
 And a long bloody riuier through them rayld,
 So liuely and so like, that liuing fence it fayld.

And at the vpper end of that faire rowme,
 There was an Altar built of pretious stone,
 Of passing valew, and of great renowne,
 On which there stood an Image all alone,
 Of massy gold, which with his owne light shone;
 And wings it had with sundry colours dight,
 More sundry colours, then the proud *Faune*
 Beares in his boasted fan, or *Iris* bright, (bright,
 When her discoloured bow she spreads through heauen

Blindfold he was, and in his cruell fist
 A mortall bow and arrowes keene did hold,
 With which he shot at random, when him list,
 Some headed with sad lead, some with pure gold;
 (Ah man beware, how thou those darts behold)
 A wounded Dragon vnder him did lye,
 Whose hideous taylor his left foot did ensold,
 And with a shaft was shot through either eye,
 That no man forth might draw, ne noman remedye.

And vnderneath his feet was written thus,
Vnto the Victor of the Gods this bee:
 And all the people in that ample house
 Did to that image bow their humble knee,
 And oft committed fowle Idola tree.
 That wondrous sight faire *Britomart* amazed,
 Ne seeing could her wonder satisfie,
 But euermore and more vpon it gazed,
 The whiles the passing brightnes her fraile senses dazed.

Tho as she backward cast her busie eye,
 To search each secret of that goodly sted
 Over the dore thus written she did spye
Be bold: the oft and oft it ouer-red,
 Yet could not find what fence it figured:
 But what so were therein or writ or ment,
 She was no whit thereby discouraged
 From prosecuting of her first intent,
 But forward with bold steps into the next roome went.

Much fairer, then the former, was that roome,
 And richlier by many partes arayd:
 For not with arras made in painefull loome,
 But with pure gold it all was overlayd, *(playd,*
 Wrought with wilde Antickes, which their follies
 In the rich metall, as they liuing were:
 A thousand monstrous formes therein were made,
 Such as false loue doth oft vpon him weare?
 For loue in thousand môstrous formes doth oft appeare.

And all about, the glistring walles were hong
 With warlike spoiles, and with victorious prayes,
 Of mighty Conquerours and Captaines strong,
 Which were whilome captiued in their dayes

To

To cruell loue, and wrought their owne decayes:
 Their fwerds & speres were broke, & hauberques rent;
 And their proud girlonds of triumphant bayes
 Troden in dust with fury insolent,
 To shew the victors might and mercilesse intent.

The warlike Mayde beholding earnestly
 The goodly ordinance of this rich place,
 Did greatly wonder ne could satisfie
 Her greedy eyes with gazing a long space,
 But more she meruaile that no footings trace,
 Nor wight appear'd, but wastefull emptinesse,
 And solemne silence ouer all that place:
 Strange thing it seem'd, that none was to possesse
 So rich purueyance, ne them keepe with carefulnesse.

And as she lookt about, she did behold,
 How ouer that same dore was likewise writ,
Be bold, be bold, and euery where *Be bold,*
 That much she muz'd, yet could not construe it
 By any ridling skill, or commune wit.
 At last she spyde at that roomes vpper end,
 Another yron dore, on which was writ,
Be not too bold; whereto though she did bend
 Her earnest mind, yet wist not what it might intend.

Thus she there waited vntill euentide,
 Yet liuing creature none she saw appeare:
 And now sad shadowes gan the world to hyde,
 From mortall vew, and wrap in darknesse dreare;
 Yet nould she d'off her weary armes, for feare
 Off secret daunger, ne let sleepe oppresse
 Her heauy eyes with natures burdein deare,
 But drew her selfe aside in sickernesse,
 And her welpointed weapons did about her dresse.

O o

Cant. XII.

The maske of Cupid, and th'enchanted
 Chamber are displayd,
 Whence Britomart redeemes faire
 Amoret, through charmes decayd.

THo when as chearelesse Night ycouered had
 Faire heauen with an vniuerfall cloud,
 That euery wight dismayd with darknesse sad,
 In silence and in sleepe themselues did throud,
 She heard a shrilling Trompet sound aloud,
 Signe of nigh battell, or got victory;
 Nought therewith daunted was her courage proud,
 But rather stird to cruell enmity,
 Expecting euery, when some foe he might descry.

With that, an hideous storme of winde arose,
 With dreadfull thunder and lightning atwixt,
 And an earth-quake, as if it sleight would lose
 The worlds foundations from his centre fixt;
 A direfull stench of smoke and sulphure mixt
 Ensfewd, whose noyance filld the fearefull sted,
 From the fourth houre of night vntill the sixt,
 Yet the bold *Britonesse* was nought ydred,
 Though much emnoud, but stedfast still perseuered.

All suddenly a stormy whirlwind blew
 Throughout the house, that clapped euery dore,
 With which that yron wicket open flew,
 As it with mightie leuers had bene tore:

And

Cant. X. II. FAERIE QVEENE.

577

And forth issewd, as on the ready flore
 Of some Theatre, a graue personage,
 That in his hand a branch of laurell bore,
 With comely haouour and count'nance sage,
 Yclad in costly garments, fit for tragicke Stage.

Proceeding to the midft, he still did stand,
 As if in mind he somewhat had to say,
 And to the vulgar beckning with his hand,
 In signe of silence, as to heare a play,
 By liuely actions he gan bewray
 Some argument of matter passioned;
 Which doen, he backe retired oft away,
 And passing by, his name discouered,
Euse, on his robe in golden letters cyphered.

The noble Mayd, still standing all this vewd,
 And merueild at his strange intendment;
 With that a ioyous fellowship issewd
 Of Minstrals, making goodly meriment,
 With wanton Bardes, and Rymers impudent,
 All which together sung full chearefully
 A lay of loues delight, with sweet consent:
 After whom marcht a iolly company,
 In manner of a maske, enranged orderly.

The whiles a most delicious harmony,
 In full strange notes was sweetly heard to sound,
 That the rare sweetnesse of the melody
 The feeble senses wholly did confound,
 And the fraile soule in deepe delight nigh dround:
 And when it ceast, shrill trompets loud did bray,
 That their report did farre away rebound,
 And when they ceast, it gan againe to play,
 The whiles the maskers marched forth in trim aray.

O o 2

The first was *Fancy*, like a lovely boy,
 Of rare aspect, and beautie without peare;
 Matchable either to that ympe of *Troy*,
 Whom *Joue* did loue, and chose his cup to beare,
 Or that same daintie lad, which was so deare
 To great *Aleides*, that when as he dyde,
 He wailed womanlike with many a teare,
 And euery wood, and euery valley wyde
 He filld with *Hylas* name; the *Nymphes* eke *Hylas* cryde.

His garment neither was of silke nor fay,
 But painted plumes, in goodly order dight,
 Like as the sunburnt *Indians* do aray
 Their rawney bodies, in their proudest plight:
 As those same plumes, so seemd he vaine and light,
 That by his gate might easily appeare;
 For still he far'd as dauncing in delight,
 And in his hand a windy fan did beare,
 That in the idle aire he mou'd still here and there.

And him beside marcht amorous *Desyre*,
 Who seemd of riper yeares, then th'other Swaine,
 Yet was that others swayne this elders fyre,
 And gaue him being, commune to them twaine:
 His garment was disguised very vaine,
 And his embrodered Bonet sat awry;
 Twixt both his hands few sparkes he close did ftraine,
 Which still he blew, and kindled busily,
 That soone they life conceiurd, & forth in flames did fly.

Next after him went *Doubt*, who was yclad
 In a discolour'd cote, of straunge disguise,
 That at his backe a brode Capuccio had,
 And fleeces dependant *Albane*-wyfe:

He

He lookt askew with his mistrustfull eyes,
 And nicely trode, as thornes lay in his way,
 Or that the flore to shrinke he did auyse,
 And on a broken reed he still did stay
 His feeble steps, which shrunke, when hard theron he lay.

With him went *Daunger*, cloth' in ragged weed,
 Made of Beares skin, that him more dreadfull made,
 Yet his owne face was dreadfull, ne did need
 Straunge horreur, to deforme his grievely shade;
 A net in th'one hand, and a rustie blade
 In th'other was, this Mischiefe, that Misshap;
 With th'one his foes he threatned to inuade,
 With th'other he his friends ment to enwrap:
 For whom he could not kill, he practizd to entrap.

Next him was *Fear*, all arm'd from top to toe,
 Yet thought himselfe not safe enough thereby,
 But feard each shadow mouing to and fro,
 And his owne armes when glittering he did spy,
 Or clashing heard, he fast away did fly,
 As ashes pale of hew, and wingyheel'd;
 And euermore on daunger fixt his eye,
 Gainst whom he alwaies bent a brasn shield,
 Which his right hand vnarmed fearefully did wield.

With him went *Hope* in rancke, a handsome Mayd,
 Of chearefull looke and louely to behold;
 In silken samite ste was light arayd,
 And her faire lockes were wouen vp in gold;
 She alway smyld, and in her hand did hold
 An holy water Sprinkle, dipt in dewe,
 With which she sprinkled fauours manifold,
 On whom she list, and did great liking sheowe,
 Great liking vnto many, but true loue to seowe.

O o 3

And after them *Dissemblance*, and *Suspect*
 Marcht in one rancke, yet an vncquall paire:
 For she was gentle, and of milde aspect,
 Courteous to all, and seeming debonaire,
 Goodly adorned, and exceeding fayre:
 Yet was that all but painted, and purloynd, (haire)
 And her bright browes were deckt with borrowed
 Her deedes were forged, and her words false coynd,
 And alwaies in her hand two clewes of silke she twynd.

But he was foule, ill fauoured, and grim,
 Vnder his eyebrowes looking still askaunce;
 And euer as *Dissemblance* laught on him,
 He lowrd on her with dangerous eyelaunce;
 Shewing his nature in his countenance;
 His rolling eyes did neuer rest in place,
 But walkt each where, for feare of hid mischaunce,
 Holding a lattice still before his face,
 Through which he still did peepe, as forward he did pace.

Next him went *Griefe*, and *Fury* matcht yfere;
Griefe all in fable sorrowfully clad,
 Downe hanging his dull head, with heauy chere,
 Yet inly being more, then seeming sad:
 A paire of Pincers in his hand he had,
 With which he pinched people to the hart,
 That from thenceforth a wretched life they lad,
 In wilfull languor and consuming smart,
 Dying each day with inward wounds of dolours dart.

But *Fury* was full ill appareild
 In rags, that naked nigh she did appeare,
 With ghastly lookes and dreadfull drierihed;
 For from her backe her garments she did teare,
 And

And from her head off rent her shar'd heare:
 In her right hand a firebrand she did tosse
 About her head, still roming here and there;
 As a dismayed Deare in chace embolt,
 Forgetfull of his safety, hath his right way lost.

After them went *Displeasure* and *Pleasance*,
 He looking lompish and full fulllein sad,
 And hanging downe his heauy countenance;
 She chearefull fresh and full of ioyance glad,
 As if no sorrow she ne felt ne drad;
 That euill matcht paire they seemd to bee:
 An angry Waspe th'one in a viall had
 Th'other in hers an hony-lady Bee;
 Thus marcht these sixe couples forth in faire degree.

After all these there marcht a most faire Dame,
 Led of two gryfic villeins, th'one *Despight*,
 The other cleped *Cruelty* by name:
 She dolefull Lady, like a dreary Spright,
 Cald by strong charmes out of eternall night,
 Had deathes owne image figur'd in her face,
 Full of sad signes, fearefull to liuing sight;
 Yet in that horror thewd a seemely grace,
 And with her feeble feet did moue a comely pace.

Her brest all naked, as net iuory,
 Without adorne of gold or siluer bright,
 Wherewith the Craftesman wonts it beautify,
 Of her dew honour was despoyled quight,
 And a wide wound therein (O ruefull sight)
 Entrenched deepe with knife accur'd keene,
 Yet freshly bleeding forth her fainting spright,
 (The worke of cruell hand) was to be seene,
 That dyde in sanguine red her skin all snowy cleene.

At that wide orifice her trembling hart
 Was drawne forth, and in siluer basin layd,
 Quite through transfixed with a deadly dart,
 And in her bloud yet steeming fresh embayd:
 And those two velleins, which her steps vpstayd,
 When her weake feete could scarcely her sustaine,
 And fading vitall powers gan to fade,
 Her forward still with torture did constrain,
 And euermore encreased her consuming paine.

Next after her the winged God himselfe
 Came riding on a Lion rauenous,
 Taught to obey the menage of that Elfe,
 That man and beast with powre imperious
 Subdeweth to his knigdome tyrannous:
 His blindfold eyes he bad a while vnbind,
 That his proud spoyle of that same dolorous
 Faire Dame he might behold in perfect kind;
 Which seene, he much reioyced in his cruell mind.

Of which full proud, himselfe vp rearing hye,
 He looked round about with sterne disdain;
 And did suruay his goodly company:
 And marshallling the euill ordered traine,
 With that the darts which his right did straine,
 Full dreadfully he shooke that all did quake,
 And clapt on hie his coulourd winges twaine,
 That all his many it affraide did make:
 Tho blinding him againe, his way he forth did take.

Behinde him was *Reproch*, *Repentance*, *Shame*;
Reproch the first, *Shame* next, *Repent* behind:
Repentance feeble, sorrowfull, and lame:
Reproch despightfull, carelesse, and vnkind;

Shame

Shame most ill fauour'd, bestiall, and blind:
Shame lowrd, *Repentance* sigh'd, *Reproch* did scould;
Reproch sharpe stings, *Repentance* whips entwind,
Shame burning brood-yrons in her hand did hold:
 All three to each vnlike, yet all made in one mould.

And after them a rude confused rout
 Of persons flockt, whose names is hard to read:
 Emongst them was sterne *Strife*, and *Anger* stout,
Vnquiet Care, and fond *Vnthristie* head,
 Lewd *Lesse of Time*, and *Sorrow* seeming dead,
 Inconstant *Change*, and false *Disloyaltie*;
 Consuming *Riotise*, and guilty *Dread*
 Of heauenly vengeance, faint *Infirmite*,
 Vile *Pouertie*, and lastly *Death* with infamie.

There were full many moe like maladies,
 Whose names and natures I note readen well;
 So many moe, as there be phantasies
 In wauering womens wit, that none can tell,
 Or paines in loue, or punishments in hell;
 And which disguised marcht in masking wise,
 About the chamber with that Damozell,
 And then returned, hauing marcht thrise,
 Into the inner roome, from whence they first did rise.

So soone as they were in, the dore streight way
 Fast locked, driuen with that stormy blast,
 Which first it opened; and bore all away
 Then the braue Maid, which all this while was platt;
 In secret shade, and saw both first and last,
 Issued forth, and went vnto the dore,
 To enter in, but found it locked fast:
 It vaine she thought with rigorous vprore
 For to efforce, when charmes had closed it afore.

Where force might not auaille, their sleights and art
 She cast to vse, both fit for hard emprise;
 For thy from that same roome not to depart
 Till morrow next, she did her selfe auize,
 When that same Maske againe should forth arize.
 The morrow next appeared with ioyous cheare,
 Calling men to their daily exercise,
 Then she, as morrow fresh, her selfe did reare
 Out of her secret stand, that day for to outweare.

All that day she outwore in wandering,
 And gazing on that Chambers ornament,
 Till that againe the second euening
 Her couered with her sable vestiment,
 Wherewith the worlds faire beautie she hath blent:
 Then when the second watch was almost past,
 That brazen dore flew open, and in went
 Bold *Britomart*, as she had late forecast,
 Neither of idle shewes, nor of false charmes aghast.

So soone as she was entrede, round about
 She cast her eyes, to see what was become
 Of all those persons, which she saw without:
 But lo, they streight were vanisht all and some,
 Ne liuing wight she saw in all that roome,
 Saue that same woefull Ladie, both whose hands
 Were bounden fast, that did her ill become,
 And her small wast girt round with yron bands,
 Vnto a brazen pillour, by the which she stands.

And her before the vile Enchaunter fate,
 Figuring straunge characters of his art,
 With liuing bloud he those characters wrate,
 Dreadfully dropping from her dying hart,

Seeming

Seeming transfixed with a cruell dart,
 And all perforce to make her him to loue.
 Ah who can loue the worker of her smart?
 A thousand charmes he formerly did prone; (moue.)
 Yet thousand charmes could not her stedfast heart re-

Soone as that virgin knight he saw in place,
 His wicked bookes in hast he ouerthrew,
 Not caring his long labours to deface,
 And fiercely ronning to that Lady trew,
 A murderous knife out of his pocket drew,
 The which he thought, for villainous despight,
 In her tormented bodie to embrew:
 But the stout Damzell to him leaping light,
 His cursed hand withheld, and mastered his might.

From her, to whom his fury first he ment,
 The wicked weapon rashly he did wrest,
 And turning to her selfe his fell intent,
 Vnwares it strooke into her snowie chest,
 That little drops empurpled her faire brest.
 Exceeding wroth therewith the virgin grew,
 Albe the wound were nothing deepe imprest,
 And fiercely forth her mortall blade she drew,
 To giue him the reward for such vile outrage dew.

So mightily she smote him, that to ground
 He fell halfe dead; next stroke him should haue slaine,
 Had not the Lady, which by him stood bound,
 Demely vnto him called to abstaine,
 From doing him to dy. For else her paine
 Should be remediless, sith none but hee,
 Which wrought it, could the same recure againe.
 Therewith she stayd her hand, loth stayd to bee;
 For life she him enuyde, and long'd reuenge to see.

And to him said, Thou wicked man, whose meed
 For so huge mischief, and vile villany
 Is death, or if that ought do death exceed,
 Be sure, that nought may saue thee from to dy,
 But if that thou this Dame doe presently
 Restore vnto her health, and former state;
 This doe and liue, else die vndoubtedly.
 He glaz of life, that lookt for death but late,
 Did yield himselfe right willing to prolong his date.

And rising vp, gan streight to ouerlook
 Those cursed leaues, his charmes backe to reuerse;
 Full dreadfull things out of that balefull booke
 He red, and measur'd many a sad verse,
 That horror gan the virgins hart to perse,
 And her faire lockes vp stared stiffe on end,
 Hearing him those same bloody lines reherse;
 And all the while he red, she did extend
 Her sword high ouer him, if ought he did offend.

Anon she gan perceiue the house to quake,
 And all the dores to rattle round about;
 Yet all that did not her dismaied make,
 Nor slacke her threatfull hand for daungers dout,
 But still with stedfast eye and courage stout
 Abode, to weet what end would come of all.
 At last that mightie chaine, which round about
 Her tender waste was wound, adowne gan fall,
 And that great brazen pillour broke in peeces small.

The cruell steele, which thirld her dying hart,
 Fell softly forth, as of his owne accord,
 And the wyde wound, which lately did dispart
 Her bleeding brest, and riuen bowels gor'd,

Was

Was closed vp, as it had not bene bor'd,
 And euery part to safety full found,
 As she were neuer hurt, was soone restor'd:
 Tho when she felt her selfe to be vnbound,
 And perfect hole, prostrate she fell vnto the ground.

Before faire *Britomart*, she fell prostrate,
 Saying, Ah noble knight, what worthy meed
 Can wretched Lady, quit from wofull state,
 Yield you in lieu of this your gracious deed?
 Your vertue selfe her owne reward shall breed,
 Euen immortal praise, and glory wyde,
 Which I your vassall, by your prowesse freed,
 Shall through the world make to be notifyde,
 And goodly well aduance, that goodly well was tryde.

But *Britomart* vprearing her from ground,
 Said, Gentle Dame, reward enough I weene
 For many labours more, then I haue found,
 This, that in safety now I haue you seene,
 And meane of your deliuerance haue beene:
 Henceforth faire Lady comfort to you take,
 And put away remembrance of late teene;
 In stead thereof know, that your louing Make,
 Hath no lesse griefe endured for your gentle sake.

She much was cheard to heare him mentiond,
 Whom of all liuing wights she loued best.
 Then laid the noble Championesse strong hond
 Vpon th' enchaunter, which had her distrest
 So sore, and with foule outrages opprest:
 With that great chaine, wherewith not long ygo
 He bound that pitteous Lady prisoner, now relest,
 Himselfe she bound, more worthy to be so,
 And captiue with her led to wretchednesse and wo.

588 THE III. BOOKE OF THE *Cant. X II.*

Returning backe, those goodly roomes, which erst
 She saw so rich and royally arayd,
 Now vanish vterly, and cleane subuert
 She found, and all their glory quite decayd,
 That sight of such a change her much dismayd.
 Thence forth descending to that perulous Porch,
 Those dreadfull flames she also found delayd,
 And quenched quite, like a consumed torch,
 That erst all enterrs wont so cruelly to scorch.

More easie issew now, then entrance late
 She found: for now that fained dreadfull flame,
 Which chokt the porch of that enchanted gate,
 And passage bard to all, that thither came,
 Was vanish quite, as it were not the same,
 And gaue her leaue at pleasure forth to passe.
 Th'Enchaunter selfe, which all that fraud did frame,
 To haue effort the loue of that faire lass,
 Seeing his worke now wasted deepe engrieued was.

But when the victoreffe arriued there,
 Where late she left the penfise *Scudamore*,
 With her owne trusty Squire, both full of feare,
 Neither of them she found where she them lore:
 Thereat her noble hart was stonifht sore;
 But most faire *Amoret*, whose gentle spright
 Now gan to feede on hope, which she before
 Conceiued had, to see her owne deare knight,
 Being thereof beguyld was fld with new affright.

But he fad man, when he had long in drede
 Awaited there for *Britomarts* returne,
 Yet saw her not nor signe of her good speed,
 His expectation to despair did turne,
 Misdeeming sure that her those flames did burne;

And

And therefore gan aduize with her old Squire,
 Who her deare nourlings losse no lesse did mourne,
 Thence to depart for further aide t'enquire:
 Where let them wend at will, whilest here I doe respire.

A Vision vpon this concept of the
Faery Queene.

ME thought I saw the graue, where *Lauras* lay,
 Within that Temple, where the vefall flame
 Was wont to burne, and passing by that way,
 To see that buried dust of liuing fame,
 Whose tombe faire loue, and fairer vertue kept,
 All suddenly I saw the Faery Queene:
 At whose approach the soule of *Petrarke* wept,
 And from thenceforth those graces were not seene.
 For they this Queene attended, in whose steed
 Obliuion laid him downe on *Lauras* herse:
 Hereat the hardest stones were seene to bleed,
 And grones of buried ghostes the heauens did perse.
 Where *Homers* spright did tremble all for grieffe,
 And curst th'accesse of that celestiall theiffe.

Another of the same.

THe prayse of meaneer wits this worke like profit brings,
 As doth the Cuckoes song delight when *Philumena* sings.
 If thou hast formed right true vertues face herein:
 Vertue her selfe can best discern, to whom they writen bin.
 If thou hast beautie praysd, let her sole lookes diuine
 Iudge if ought therein be amis, and mend it by her eie.
 If Chastitie want ought, or Temperance her dew,
 Behold her Princely mind aright, and write thy Queene anew.
 Meane while she shall perceine, how farre her vertues fore
 About the reach of all that line, or such as wrote of yore:
 And thereby will excuse and fauour thy good will:
 Whose vertue can not be exprest, but by an Angels quill.
 Of me no lines are lou'd, nor letters are of price,
 Of all which speake our English tongue, but those of thy diuice.

W. R.

Collyn I see by thy new taken taske,
 some sacred fury hath enricht thy braynes,
 That leades thy muse in haughtie verse to maske,
 and loath the lyes that long to lowly swaynes.
 That lists thy notes from Shepheardes unto kings,
 So like the lively Larke that mounting sings.

Thy lovely Rosolinde seemes now forlorne,
 and all thy gentle flockes forgotten quight,
 Thy changed hart now holdes thy pypes in corne,
 those pretty pypes that did thy mates delight.
 Those trustie mates, that loued thee so well,
 Whom thou gaunst mirth: as they gaue thee the bell.

Yet as thou earst with thy sweet roundelayes,
 dustst stirre to glee our laddes in homely bowers:
 So mougest thou now in these refyned lyes,
 delight the dumy eares of higher powers.
 And so mougt they in their deepe skanning skil
 Allow and grace our Collyns flowing quill.

And fare befall that Faerie Queene of thine,
 in whose faire eyes lone lincks with vertue sits:
 Eniusing by those bewties fiers deuine,
 Such bizh conceites into thy humble wits,
 As raised hath poore pastors oaten reede,
 From rusticke tunes, to chaunt heroique deedes.

So mougt thy Redcrosse knight with happy hand
 victorious be in that faire llands right:
 Which thou dost vaile in T'ype of Faery land
 Elys as blessed soild, that Albion bight.
 That smelles her friends, and warres her mightie foes,
 Yet still with people, peace, and plentie flows.

But (holly Shepheard) though with pleasing style,
 thou fealt the humour of the Courtly traine:
 Let not conceipt thy settled sence beguile,
 no daunted be through enuy or disdaine.
 Subiect thy dome to her Emmyring spright,
 From whence thy Muse, and all the world takes light,
 Hobynoll.

THE SECOND
PART OF THE
FAERIE QVEENE.

Containing
THE FOVRTH,
FIFTH, AND
SIXTH BOOKES.

By Ed. Spenser.



Imprinted at London for VVilliam
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THE FOVRTH BOOKE OF THE FAERIE QVEENE.

Containing

The Legend of C AMBEL and T ELAMOND,
OR
OF FRIENDSHIP.

THe rugged forehead that with graue foresight
Welds kingdomes causes, & affaires of state,
My looser rimes (I wote) doth sharply wite,
For praifing loue, as I haue done of late,
And magnifying louers deare debate;
By which fraile youth is oft to follie led,
Through false allurements of that pleasing baite,
That better were in vertues discipled,
Then with vaine poemes weeds to haue their fancies fed.

Such ones ill iudge of loue, that cannot loue,
Ne in their frozen hearts feele kindly flame:
For thy they ought not thing vnknowne reproue,
Ne naturall affection faultlesse blame,
For fault of few that haue abused the same.
For it of honor and all vertue is
The roote, and brings forth glorious flowres of fame,
That crowne true louers with immortal blis,
The meed of them that loue, and do not liue amisse.

A 2

2 THE IIII. BOOKE OF THE

Which who so list looke backe to former ages,
 And call to count the things that then were donne,
 Shall find, that all the workes of those wife sages,
 And braue exploits which great Heroes wonne,
 In loue were either ended or begunne:
 Witnesse the father of Philofophie,
 Which to his *Critias*, shaded oft from sunne,
 Of loue full manie lessons did apply,
 The which these Stoicke cenfours cannot well deny.

To such therefore I do not sing at all,
 But to that sacred Saint my foueraigne *Queene*,
 In whose chaste breast all bountie naturall,
 And treasures of true loue enlocked beene,
 Boue all her sexe that euer yet was scene;
 To her I sing of loue, that loueth best,
 And best is lou'd of all aliuie I weene:
 To her this song most fitly is adrest,
 The *Queene* of loue, & Prince of peace frō heauen blest.

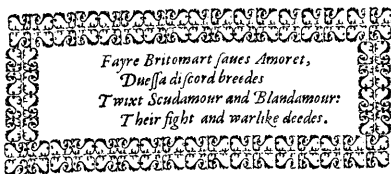
Which that she may the better deigne to heare,
 Do thou dread infant, *Venus* dearing doue,
 From her high spirit chafe imperious feare,
 And vse of awfull Maiestie remoue:
 In sted thereof with drops of melting loue,
 Dewd with ambrosiall kisses, by thee gotten
 From thy sweete smyling mother from aboue,
 Sprinkle her heart, and haughtie courage soften,
 That she may hearke to loue, and reade this lesson often.

CANT.

Cant. I.

FAERIE QUEENE.

Cant. I.



*Fayre Britomart saues Amoret,
 Duessa di scord breeds
 Twixt Scudamour and Blandamour:
 Their fight and warlike deedes.*

O Flowers sad calamities of old,
 Full many piteous stories doe remaine,
 But none more piteous euer was ytold,
 Then that of *Amoret*'s hart-binding chaine,
 And this of *Florimels* vnworthe paine:
 The deare compassion of whose bitter fit
 My softely well so forely doth constraîne,
 That I with teares full oft doe pittie it,
 And oftentimes doe wish it neuer had bene writ.

For from the time that *Scudamour* her bought
 In perilous fight, she neuer ioyed day,
 A perilous fight when he with force her brought
 From twentie Knights, that did him all assay:
 Yet fairely well he did them all dismay:
 And with great glorie both the shield of loue,
 And eke the Ladie selfe he brought away,
 Whom hauing wedded as did him behoue,
 A new vnknownen mischiefe did from him remoue.

For that same vile Enchauntour *Busyran*,
 The very selfe same day that she was wedded,
 Amidst the bridale feast, whilst euery man
 Surcharg'd with wine, were heedlesse and ill hedded,

A 3

All bent to mirth before the bride was bedded,
 Brought in that mask of loue which late was shouen:
 And there the Ladie ill offriends beftedded,
 By way of sport, as oft in maskes is known,
 Conueyed quite away to liuing wight vnknown.

Seuen moneths he so her kept in bitter smart,
 Because his sinfull lust she would not serue,
 Vntill such time as noble *Britomart*
 Released her, that else was like to sterue,
 Through cruell knife that her deare heart did kerue.
 And now she is with her vpon the way,
 Marching in louely wife, that could deserue
 No spot of blame, though spite did oft assay
 To blot her with dishonor of fo faire a pray.

Yet should it be a pleafant tale, to tell
 The diuerse vface and demeanure daint,
 That each to other made, as oft befell.
 For *Amoret* right fearefull was and faint,
 Left sine with blame her honor should attain,
 That euerie word did tremble as the spake,
 And euerie looke was coy, and wondrous quaint,
 And euerie limbe that touched her did quake:
 Yet could she not but curteous couerenance to her make.

For well she wist, as true it was indeed,
 That her lines Lord and parone of her health
 Right well deserued as his duefull meed,
 Her loue, her seruice, and her vtmost wealth.
 All is his iustly, that all freely dealth:
 Nathlesse her honor dearer then her life,
 She sought to saue, as thing referu'd from stealth;
 She had the leuer with Enchanters knife,
 Then to be false in loue, profest a virgine wife.

Thereto

Thereto her feare was made so much the greater
 Through fine abufion of that Briton mayd:
 Who for to hide her fained sex the better,
 And maske her wounded mind, both did and sayd
 Full many things so doubtfull to be wayd,
 That well she wist not what by them to gesse,
 For other whiles to her the purpos made
 Of loue, and otherwhiles of lustfulnesse,
 That much she feard his mind would grow to some ex-
 (ccesse)

His will she feard; for him she surely thought
 To be a man, such as indeed he scemed,
 And much the more, by that he lately wrought,
 When her from deadly thraldome he redeemed,
 For which no seruice she too much esteemed,
 Yet dread of shame, and doubt of fowle dishonor
 Made her not yeeld so much, as due she deemed.
 Yet *Britomart* attended duly on her,
 As well became a knight, and did to her all honor.

It so befell one euening, that they came
 Vnto a Castell, lodged there to bee,
 Where many a knight, and many a louely Dame
 Was then assembled, deeds of armes to see:
 Amongst all which was none more faire then shee,
 That many of them mou'd to eye her fore.
 The custome of that place was such, that hee
 Which had no loue nor lemman there in store,
 Should either winne him one, or lye without the dore.

Amongst the rest there was a iolly knight,
 Who being asked for his loue, auow'd
 That fairest *Amoret* was his by right,
 And offered that to iustifie alowd.

A 4

The warlike virgine seeing his fo proud
 And boafftull challenge, wexed inlie wroth,
 But for the present did her anger throwd;
 And fayd, her loue to lose she was full loth,
 But either he should neither of them haue, or both.

So forth they went, and both together giusted;
 But that same younker soone was ouerthrowne,
 And made repent, that he had rashly lusted
 For thing vnlawfull, that was not his owne:
 Yet since he seemed valiant, though vnknowne,
 She that no lesse was courteous then stout,
 Cast how to salue, that both the custome showne
 Were kept, and yet that Knight not locked out,
 That seem'd full hard t' accord two things so far in dout.

The Seneschall was cal'd to deeme the right,
 Whom she requir'd, that first fayre *Amoret*
 Might be to her allow'd, as to a Knight,
 That did her win and free from challenge set:
 Which straight to her was yeelded without let.
 Then since that strange Knights loue from him was
 She claim'd that to her selfe, as Ladies det (quitted,
 He as a Knight might iustly be admitted;
 So none should be out shut, sith all of loues were fitted.

With that her glistering helmet she vnled;
 Which doft, her golden lockes, that were vp bound
 Still in a knot, vnto her heeles downe traced,
 And like a silken veile in compasse round
 About her backe and all her bodie wound:
 Like as the shining skie in summers night,
 What time the dayes with scorching heat abound,
 Is crested all with lines of fire light,
 That it prodigious seemes in common peoples sight.

Such

Such when those Knights and Ladies all about
 Beheld her, all were with amazement finit,
 And euery one gan grow in secret dout
 Of this and that, according to each wit:
 Some thought that some enchantment faygned it;
 Some, that *Bellona* in that warlike wife
 To them appear'd, with shield and armour fit;
 Some, that it was a maske of strange disguise:
 So diuersely each one did fundrie doubts deuise.

But that young Knight, which through her gentle deed
 Was to that goodly fellowship restor'd,
 Ten thousand thanks did yeeld her for her meed,
 And doubly ouercommen, her ador'd:
 So did they all their former strife accord;
 And eke fayre *Amoret* now freed from feare,
 More franke affection did to her afford,
 And to her bed, which she was wont forbear,
 Now freely drew, and found right safe assurance there.

Where all that night they of their lones did treat,
 And hard aduentures twixt themselves alone,
 That each the other gan with passion great,
 And griefull pittie priuately bemonce.
 The morow next so soone as *Titan* shone,
 They both vprose, and to their waies them dight:
 Long wandred they, yet neuer met with none,
 That to their willes could them direct aright,
 Or to them tydings tell, that mote their harts delight.

So thus they rode, till at the last they spide
 Two armed Knights, that toward them did pace,
 And ech of them had ryding by his side
 A Ladie, seeming in so farre a space,

10 THE IIII. BOOKE OF THE *Can. 1.*

But Ladies none they were, albee in face
And outward shew faire semblance they did beare;
For vnder maske of beautie and good grace,
Vile treason and fowle falshood hidden were,
That mote to none but to the warie wife appeare.

The one of them the false *Dueffa* hight,
That now had chang'd her former wonted hew:
For she could d'on so manie shapés in sight,
As euer could Cameleon colours new;
So could she forge all colours, saue the trew.
The other no whit better was then shee,
But that such as she was, she plaine did shew;
Yet otherwise much worse, if worfe might bec,
And dayly more offensiué vnto each degree.

Her name was *Ate*, mother of debate,
And all dissention, which doth dayly grow
Amongst fraile men, that many a publike state
And many a priuate oft doth ouerthrow.
Her false *Dueffa* who full well did know,
To be most fit to trouble noble knights,
Which hunt for honor, raised from below,
Out of the dwellings of the damned frights,
Where she in darknes wastes her cursed daies & nights.

Hard by the gates of hell her dwelling is,
There whereas all the plagues and harmes abound,
Which punish wicked men, that walke amisse,
It is a darksome delue farre vnder ground,
With thornes and barren brakes enuironed round,
That none the same may easly out win;
Yet many waies to enter may be found,
But none to issue forth when one is in:
For discord harder is to end then to begin.

And

Can. 1.
And all within the riuen walls were hung
With ragged monuments of times forepast,
All which the sad effects of discord sung:
There were rent robes, and broken scepters plaft,
Altars defyl'd, and holy things defast,
Disshiuered speares, and shields ytorne in twaine,
Great cities ranfact, and strong castles raft,
Nations captiuéd, and huge armies flaine:
Of all which ruines there some relicks did remaine.

There was the signe of antique Babylon,
Of fatall Thebes, of Rome that reigned long,
Of sacred Salem, and sad Iliou,
For memorie of which on high there hong
The golden Apple, cause of all their wrong,
For which the three faire Goddesse did striue:
There also was the name of *Nimrod* strong,
Of *Alexander*, and his Princes sive,
Which shar'd to them the spoiles that he had got aliue.

And there the relicks of the drunken fray,
The which amongst the *Lapithes* befell,
And of the bloodie feast, which sent away
So many *Centaures* drunken soules to hell,
That vnder great *Aleides* furie fell:
And of the dreadfull discord, which did drieu
The noble *Argonauts* to outrage fell,
That each of life sought others to deprime,
All mindlesse of the Golden fleece, which made them
(strive,

And eke of priuate persons many moe,
That were too long a worke to count them all;
Some of sworne friends, that did their faith forgoe;
Some of borne brethren, prou'd vnaturall;

Some of deare louers, foes perpetuall:
 Witnesse their broken bandes there to be seene,
 Their girlonds rent, their bowres despoyled all;
 The moniments whereof there byding beene,
 As plaine as at the first, when they were fresh and greene.

Such was her house within; but all without,
 The barren ground was full of wicked weedes,
 Which she her selfe had sowne all about,
 Now growen great, at first of little seedes,
 The seedes of euill wordes, and factious deedes;
 Which when to ripenesse due they growen arre,
 Bring forth an infinite increase, that breeds
 Tumultuous trouble and contentious iarre,
 The which most often end in bloudshed and in warre.

And those same cursed seedes doe also serue
 To her for bread, and yeeld her liuing food:
 For life it is to her, when others sterue
 Through mischieuous debate, and deadly feod,
 That she may sucke their life, and drinke their blood,
 With which she from her childhood had bene fed.
 For she at first was borne of hellish brood,
 And by infernall furies nourished,
 That by her monstrous shape might easily be red.

Her face most fowle and filthy was to see,
 With quinted eyes contrarie wayes intended,
 And loathly mouth, vnmeetee a mouth to bee,
 That nought but gall and venom comprehended,
 And wicked wordes that God and man offended:
 Her lying tongue was in two parts diuided,
 And both the parts did speake, and both contended;
 And as her tongue, so was her hart divided,
 That neuer thought one thing, but doubly stil was guided.

Als

Als as she double spake, so heard she double,
 With matchlesse eares deformed and distort,
 Fild with false rumors and seditious trouble,
 Bred in assemblies of the vulgar sort,
 That still are led with euery light report.
 And as her eares so eke her feet were odde,
 And much vnlike, th'one long, the other short,
 And both misplait; that when th'one forward yode,
 The other backe retired, and contrarie trode.

Likewise vnequall were her handes twaine,
 That one did reach, the other pusht away,
 That one did make, the other mard againe,
 And fought to bring all things vnto decay;
 Whereby great riches gathered manie a day,
 She in short space did often bring to nought,
 And their possessours often did dismay.
 For all her studie was and all her thought,
 How she might ouerthrow the things that Concord
 (wrought).

So much her malice did her might surpas,
 That euen th'Almightie selfe she did maligne,
 Because to man so mercifull he was,
 And vnto all his creatures so benigne,
 Sith she her selfe was of his grace indigne:
 For all this worlds faire workmanship she tride,
 Vnto his last confusion to bring,
 And that great golden chaine quite to diuide,
 With which it blessed Concord hath together tide.

Such was that hag, which with *Duessa* roade,
 And seruing her in her malicious vse,
 To hurt good knights, was as it were her baude,
 To sell her borrowed beautie to abuse.

14 THE IIII. BOOKE OF THE *CANT. I.*

For though like withered tree, that wanteth iuyce,
 She old and crooked were, yet now of late,
 As fresh and fragrant as the floure deluce
 She was become, by change of her estate,
 And made full goodly ioyance to her new found mate.

Her mate he was a iollie youthfull knight,
 That bore great sway in armes and chiuallrie,
 And was indeede a man of mickle might:
 His name was *Blandamour*, that did deferie
 His fickle mind full of inconstancie.
 And now him selfe he fitted had right well,
 With two companions of like qualitie,
 Faithlesse *Duessâ*, and false *Paridel*,
 That whether were more false, full hard it is to tell.

Now when this gallant with his goodly crew,
 From farre epide the famous *Britomart*,
 Like knight aduenturous in outward vew,
 With his faire paragon, his conquests part,
 Approching nigh, eftsoones his wanton hart
 Was tickled with delight, and iesting sayd;
 Lo there Sir *Paridel*, for your defart,
 Good lucke presents you with yond louely mayd,
 Forpitic that ye want a fellow for your ayd.

By that the louely paire drew nigh to hond:
 Whom when as *Paridel* more plaine beheld,
 Albee in heart he like affection fond,
 Yet mindfull how he late by one was feld,
 That did those armes and that fame futchion weld,
 He had small lust to buy his loue so deare,
 But answerd, Sir him wife I neuer held,
 That hauing once escaped perill neare,
 Would afterwards afresh the sleeping euill reare.

This

CANT. I. FAERIE QUEENE.

15

This knight too late his manhood and his might,
 I did assay, that me right dearly cost,
 Ne li I for reuenge prouoke new fight,
 Ne for light Ladies loue, that soone is lost:
 The hot-spurre youth so scornung to be crost,
 Take then to you this Dame of mine (quoth hee)
 And I without your perill or your cost,
 Will challenge yond fame other for my fee:
 So forth he fiercely prickt, that one him scarce could see.

The warlike Britonesse her soone adrest,
 And with such vncouth welcome did receaue
 Her fayned Paramour, her forced guest,
 That being forth his saddle soone to leaue,
 Him selfe he did of his new loue deceaue:
 And made him selfe then sample of his follie.
 Which done, she passed forth not taking leaue,
 And left him now as sad, as whilome iollie,
 Well warned to beware with whom he dar'd to dallie.

Which when his other companie beheld,
 They to his succour ran with readie ayd:
 And finding him vnable once to weld,
 They reared him on horsebacke, and vpltayd,
 Till on his way they had him forth conuayd:
 And all the way with wondrous grieue of mynd,
 And shame, he shewd him selfe to be dismayd,
 More for the loue which he had left behynd,
 Then that which he had to Sir *Paridel* refynd.

Nathlesse he forth did march well as he might,
 And made good semblance to his companie,
 Dissembling his diseafe and euill plight;
 Till that ere long they chanced to espie
 Two other knights, that towards them did ply.

With speedie courſe, as bent to charge them new,
Whom when as *Blandamour* approaching nie,
Perceit'd to be ſuch as they ſeemd in vew,
He was full wo, and gan his former grieſe renew.

For th' one of them he perfectly deſcride,
To be Sir *Scudamour*, by that he bore
The God of loue, with wings diſplayed wide,
Whom mortally he hated euermore,
Both for his worth, that all men did adore,
And eke becauſe his loue he wonne by right:
Which when he thought, it grieued him full fore,
That through the brufes of his former fight,
He now vnable was to wreake his old deſpight.

For thy he thus to *Paridel* beſpake,
Faire Sir, offriendſhip let me now you pray,
That as I late aduentured for your fake,
The hurts whereof me now from battell ſtay,
Ye will me now with like good turne repay,
And iuſtifie my cauſe on yonder knight.
Ah Sir (ſaid *Paridel*) do not diſmay
Your ſelfe for this, my ſelfe will for you fight,
As ye haue done for me: the left hand rubs the right.

With that he put his ſpurres vnto his ſteed,
With ſpeare in reſt, and toward him did fare,
Like ſhaft out of a bow preuenting ſpeed.
But *Scudamour* was ſhordly well aware
Of his approach, and gan him ſelfe prepare
Him to receiue with entertainment meeete.
So furiously they met, that either bare
The other downe vnder their horſes feete,
That what of them became, themſelues did ſcarſly weete.
As

As when two billowes in the Irith ſowndes,
Forcibly driuen with contrarie tydes
Do meeete together, each abacke rebowndes
With roaring rage; and daſhing on all ſides,
That filleth all the ſea with ſome, diuyles
The doubtfull current into diuers wayes:
So fell thoſe two in ſpight of both their prydes,
But *Scudamour* himſelfe did ſoone vpraye,
And mounting light his foe for lying long vprayes.

Who rolled on an heape lay ſtill in ſwound,
All careleſſe of his taunt and bitter rayle,
Till that the reſt him ſeeing lie on ground,
Ran haſtily, to weete what did him ayle.
Where finding that the breath gan him to fayle,
With buſie care they ſtroue him to awake,
And doſt his helmer, and vndid his mayle:
So much they did, that at the laſt they brake
His ſlomber, yet ſo mazed, that he nothing ſpake.

Which when as *Blandamour* beheld, he ſayd,
Falle faitour *Scudamour*, that haſt by flight
And foule aduantage this good Knight diſmayd,
A Knight much better then thy ſelfe beight,
Well falles it thee that I am not in plight
This day, to wreake the dammage by thee donne:
Such is thy wont, that ſtill when any Knight
Is weakned, then thou doeſt him ouerronne:
So haſt thou to thy ſelfe falſe honour often wonne.

Helittle answer'd, but in manly heart
His mightie indignation did forbear,
Which was not yet ſo ſecret, but ſome part
Thereof did in his frowning face appeare:

B

Like as a gloomie cloud, the which doth beare
 An hideous storme, is by the Northerne blast
 Quite ouerblowne, yet doth not passe so cleare,
 But that it all the skie doth ouercast
 With darknes dred, and threatens all the world to waite.

Ah gentle knight then false *Dueffa* sayd,
 Why do ye strue for Ladies loue so sore,
 Whose chiefe desire is loue and friendly aid
 Amongst gentle Knights to nourish euermore?
 Ne be ye wroth Sir *Scudamour* therefore,
 That the your loue list loue another knight,
 Ne do your selfe dislike a whit the more;
 For Loue is free, and led with selfe delight,
 Ne will enforced be with maisterdome or might.

So false *Dueffa*, but vile *Ate* thus;
 Both foolish knights, I can but laugh at both,
 That strue and storme with stirre outrageous,
 For her that each of you alike doth loth,
 And loues another, with whom now she goth
 In louely wife, and sleepe, and sports, and playes;
 Whilest both you here with many a cursed oth,
 Swear she is yours, and stirre vp bloudie frayes,
 To win a willow bough, whilest other weares the bayes.

Vile hag (sayd *Scudamour*) why dost thou lye?
 And falsly seekst a vertuous wight to shame?
 Fond knight (sayd she) the thing that with this eye
 I saw, why should I doubt to tell the same?
 Then tell (quoth *Blandamour*) and feare no blame,
 Tell what thou saw'st, maugre who so it heares.
 I saw (quoth she) a stranger knight, whose name
 I wote not well, but in his shield he beares
 (That well I wote) the heads of many broken speares.
 Ifaw

I saw him haue your *Amores* at will,
 I saw him kisse, I saw him her embrace,
 I saw him sleepe with her all night his fill,
 All manie nights, and manie by in place,
 That present were to testify the case.
 Which when as *Scudamour* did heare, his heart
 Was thrild with inward griefe, as when in chace
 The Parthian strikes a stag with shiuering dart,
 The beast astonisht stands in midst of his smart.

So stood Sir *Scudamour*, when this he heard,
 Ne word he had to speake for great difmay,
 But lookt on *Glauce* grim, who woxe as feard
 Of outrage for the words, which she heard say,
 Albee vntrue she wist them by assay.
 But *Blandamour*, when as he did espie
 His change of cheere, that anguish did bewray,
 He woxe full blithe, as he had got thereby,
 And gan thereat to triumph without victorie.

Lo recreant (sayd he) the fruitlesse end
 Of thy vaine boast, and spoile of loue misgotten,
 Whereby the name of knight-hood thou dost spend,
 And all true louers with dishonor blotten,
 All things not rooted well, will soone be rotten,
 Fy fy false knight (then false *Dueffa* cryde)
 Vnworthy life that loue with guile hast gotten,
 Be thou, where euer thou do go or ryde,
 Loathed of ladies all, and of all knights defyde.

But *Scudamour* for passing great despight
 Staid not to answer, scarcely did refraine,
 But that in all those knights and ladies fight,
 He for reuenge had guilelesse *Glauce* slaine:

But being past, he thus began amaine;
 False traitour squire, false squire, of falsest knight,
 Why doth mine hand from thine auenge abtaine,
 Whose Lord hath done my loue this foule despight?
 Why do I not it wreake, on thee now in my might?

Discourteous, disloyall *Brisomart*,
 Vntrue to God, and vnto man vnuiuft,
 What vengeance due can equall thy defart,
 That hast with shamefull spot of sinfull lust
 Defil'd the pledge committed to thy trust?
 Let vgly shame and endlesse infamy
 Colour thyname with foule reproaches rust.
 Yet thou false Squire his fault shalt deare aby,
 And with thy punishment his penance shalt supply.

The aged Dame him seeing fo enraged,
 Was dead with feare, nathlesse as neede required,
 His flaming furie fought to haue assuaged
 With sober words, that sufferance desired,
 Till time the tryall of her truth expyred:
 And cuermore fought *Brisomart* to cleare.
 But he the more with furious rage was fyred,
 And thrife his hand to kill her did vpreare,
 And thrife he drew it backe: so did at last forbear.

CANT.

Blandamour wimes false *Flormell*,
Paridell for her strifes,
 They are accorded: *Agape*
 doth lengthen her *sonnes* liues.

Firebrand of hell first tynd in Phlegeton,
 By thousand furies, and from thence out throwen
 Into this world, to worke confusion,
 And set it all on fire by force vnknown,
 Is wicked discord, whose small sparkes once blown
 None but a God or godlike man can flake;
 Such as was *Orpheus*, that when strife was growen
 Amongst those famous ympes of Greece, did take
 His siluer Harpe in hand, and shortly friends them make.

Or such as that celestiall Psalmist was,
 That when the wicked seend his Lord tormented,
 With heauenly notes, that did all other pas,
 The outrage of his furious fit relented.
 Such Musicke is wise words with time conected,
 To moderate stiffe minds, disposed to striue:
 Such as that prudent Romane well inuented,
 What time his people into partes did riue,
 Them reconcyld againe, and to their homes did driue.

Such vsd wife *Glauce* to that wrathfull knight,
 To calme the tempest of his troubled thought:
 Yet *Blandamour* with termes of foule despight,
 And *Paridell* her scordn, and set at nought,

B 3

As old and crooked and not good for ought,
 Both they vnwife, and warelesse of the euill,
 That by themselues vnto themselues is wrought,
 Through that false witch, and that foule aged dreuill,
 The one a feend, the other an incarnate deuill.

With whom as they thus rode accompanide,
 They were encountred of a lustie Knight,
 That had a goodly Ladie by his side,
 To whom he made great dalliance and delight.
 It was to weete the bold Sir *Ferranugh* hight,
 He that from *Braggadocchio* whilome rett
 The snowy *Florimell*, whose beautie bright
 Made him seeme happie for so glorious theft;
 Yet was it in due triall but a wandring weft.

Which when as *Blandamour*, whose fancie light
 Was alwaies flitting as the waering wind,
 After each beautie, that appeared in sight,
 Beheld, eftsoones it prickt his wanton mind
 With sting of lust, that reasons eye did blind,
 That to Sir *Paridell* these words he sent;
 Sir knight why ride ye dumpish thus behind,
 Since so good fortune doth to you present
 So fayre a spoyle, to make you ioyous meriment?

But *Paridell* that had too late a tryall
 Of the bad issue of his counsell vaine,
 List not to hearken, but made this faire denyall;
 Last turne was mine, well proued to my paine,
 This now be yours, God send you better gaine.
 Whose scoffed words he taking halfe in scorne,
 Fiercely forth prickt his steed as in disdain,
 Against that Knight, ere he him well could torne
 By meanes whereof he hath him lightly ouerborne.

Who

Who with the sudden stroke astonisht fore,
 Vpon the ground a while in slomber lay;
 The whiles his loue away the other bore,
 And shewing her, did *Paridell* vpbray;
 Lo sluggish Knight the victors happie pray:
 So fortune friends the bold: whom *Paridell*
 Seeing so faire indeede, as he did say,
 His hart with secret enuie gan to swell,
 And inly grudge at him, that he had sped for well.

Nathlesse proud man himselfe the other deemed,
 Hauing so peerelesse paragon ygot:
 For sure the fayrest *Florimell* him seemed,
 To him was fallen for his happie lot,
 Whose like aliuie on earth he weened not:
 Therefore he her did court, did serue, did wooe,
 With humblest suit that he imagine mot,
 And all things did deuise, and all things dooe,
 That might her loue procure, and liking win theretoo.

She in regard thereof him recompent
 With golden words, and goodly countenance,
 And such fond fauours sparingly dispent:
 Sometimes him blessing with a light eye-glance,
 And coy lookes tempring with loose dalliance;
 Sometimes estranging him in sterner wise,
 That hauing cast him in a foolish trance,
 He seemed brought to bed' in Paradise,
 And prou'd himselfe most foole, in what he seem'd most

(wife.

So great a mistresse of her art she was,
 And perfectly practiz'd in womans craft,
 That though therein himselfe he thought to pas,
 And by his false allurements wylie draft,

B 4

Had thousand women of their loue beaft,
 Yet now he was surpriz'd: for that false spright,
 Which that same witch had in this forme engraft,
 Was so expert in euery subtle flight,
 That it could ouerreach the wisest earthly wight.

Yet he to her did dayly seruice more,
 And dayly more deceiued was thereby;
 Yet *Paridell* him enuied therefore,
 As seeming plaist in sole felicity:
 So blind is lust, false colours to descry.
 But *Ate* soone discouering his desire,
 And finding now fit opportunity
 To strike vp strife, twixt loue and spight and ire,
 Did priuily put coles vnto his secret fire.

By sundry means thereto she prickt him forth,
 Now with remembrance of those spightfull speeches,
 Now with opinion of his owne more worth,
 Now with recounting of like former breaches
 Made in their friendship, as that Hag him teaches:
 And euer when his passion is allayd,
 She it reuiues and new occasion reaches:
 That on a time as they together way'd,
 He made him open chalenge, and thus boldly sayd.

Too boastfull *Blandamour*, too long I beare
 The open wrongs, thou doest me day by day,
 Well know'st thou, when we friendship first did sweare,
 The couenant was, that euery spoyle or pray
 Should equally be shar'd betwixt vs tway:
 Where is my part then of this Ladie bright,
 Whom to thy selfe thou takest quite away?
 Render therefore therein to me my right,
 Or answere for thy wrong, as shall fall out in fight.

Exceeding

Exceeding wroth therat was *Blandamour*,
 And gan this bitter answere to him make;
 Too foolish *Paridell*, that fayrest flour
 Wouldst gather faine, and yet no paines wouldst take:
 But not so easie will I her forsake;
 This hand her wonne, this hand shall her defend,
 With that they gan their shiuering speares to shake,
 And deadly points at eithers breast to bend,
 Forgetfull each to haue bene euer others friend.

Their fire Steedes with so vntamed force
 Did beare them both to fell auenges end,
 That both their speares with pitiless remorse,
 Through shield and mayle, and haberieon did wend,
 And in their flesh a grieuifull passage rend,
 That with the furie of their owne affret,
 Each other horse and man to ground did send;
 Where lying still a while, both did forget
 The perillous present stownd, in which their liues were
 (set.

As when two warlike Brigandines at sea,
 With murtherous weapons arm'd to cruell fight,
 Doe meete together on the watry lea,
 They stemme ech other with so fell despight,
 That with the shoocke of their owne heedlesse might,
 Their wooden ribs are shaken nigh a sonder;
 They which from shore behold the dreadfull sight
 Of flashing fire, and heare the ordnance thonder,
 Do greatly stand amaz'd at such vnwonted wonder.

At length they both vpstart in amaze;
 As men awaked rashly out of dreame,
 And round about themselves a while did gaze,
 Till seeing her, that *Florimell* did beare,

In doubt to whom the victorie should deeme,
 Therewith their dulled sprights they edgd anew,
 And drawing both their swords with rage extreme,
 Like two mad maistiffes each on other flew,
 And shields did share, & mailles did rash, and helmes did
 (hew.

So furiously each other did assaile,
 As if their foules they would at once haue rent
 Out of their breasts, that streames of bloud did rayle
 Adowne, as if their springs of life were spent;
 That all the ground with purple bloud was spent,
 And all their armouris staynd with bloudie gore,
 Yet scarcely once to breath would they relent,
 So mortall was their malice and so fore,
 Become of fayned friendship which they vow'd afore.

And that which is for Ladies most besitting,
 To stint all strife, and foster friendly peace,
 Was from those Dames so farre and so unfitting;
 As that in stead of praying them surcease,
 They did much more their cruelty encrease;
 Bidding them fight for honour of their loue,
 And rather die then Ladies cause release.
 With which vaine termes so much they did the moue,
 That both resolu'd the last extremities to proue.

There they I weene would fight vntill this day,
 Had not a Squire, euen he the Squire of Dames,
 By great aduventure travelled that way;
 Who seeing both bent to so bloody games,
 And both of old well knowing by their names,
 Drew nigh, to weete the cause of their debate:
 And first laide on those Ladies thousand blames,
 That did not seeke t'appease their deadly hate,
 But gazed on their harmes, not pitying their estate.

And

And then those Knights he humbly did beseech,
 To stay their hands, till he a while had spoken:
 Who lookt a little vp at that his speech,
 Yet would not let their battell so be broken,
 Both greedie fier on other to be wroken.
 Yet he to them so earnestly did call,
 And them coniu'r'd by some well knownen token,
 That they at last their wrothfull hands let fall,
 Content to heare him speake, and glad to rest withall.

First he desir'd their cause of strife to see:
 They said, it was for loue of *Florimell*,
 Ah gentle knights (quoth he) how may that bee,
 And the so farre astray, as none can tell,
 Fond Squire, full angry then sayd *Paridell*,
 Seest not the Ladie there before thy face?
 He looked backe, and her aduizing well,
 Weend as he said, by that her outward grace,
 That fayrest *Florimell* was present there in place.

Glad man was he to see that ioyous fight,
 For none aliue but ioy'd in *Florimell*,
 And lowly to her lowting thus behight;
 Fayrest of faire, that fairenesse doeft excell,
 This happie day I haue to greeete you well,
 In which you safe I see, whom thousand late,
 Misdoubted lost through mischief that befell;
 Long may you liue in health and happie state,
 She little answer'd him, but lightly did aggregate.

Then turning to those Knights, he gan a new;
 And you Sir *Blandamour* and *Paridell*,
 That for this Ladie present in your vew,
 Haue rayf'd this cruell warre and outrage fell,

Certes me seemes bene not aduised well,
 But rather ought in friendship for her sake
 To ioyne your force, their forces to repell,
 That seeke perforce her from you both to take,
 And of your gotten spoyle their owne triumph to make.

Thereat Sir *Blandamour* with countenance sterne,
 All full of wrath, thus fiercely him bespake;
 A read thou Squire, that I the man may learne,
 That dare fro me thinke *Florimell* to take.
 Not one (quoth he) but many doe partake
 Herein, as thus. It lately so befell,
 That *Satyrus* a girdle did vprake,
 Well knowne to appertaine to *Florimell*,
 Which for her sake he wore, as him beseeemed well.

But when as she her selfe was lost and gone,
 Full many knights, that loued her like deare,
 Thereat did greatly grudge, that he alone
 That lost faire Ladies ornament should weare,
 And gan therefore close spight to him to beare:
 Which he to shun, and stop vile enuies sting,
 Hath lately caul'd to be proclaim'd each where
 A solemne feast, with publike turneing,
 To which all knights with them their Ladies are to bring.

And of them all she that is fayrest found,
 Shall haue that golden girdle for reward,
 And of those Knights who is most stout on ground,
 Shall to that fairest Ladie be prefard.
 Since therefore she her selfe is now your ward,
 To you that ornament of hers pertaines,
 Against all those, that challenge it to gard,
 And saue her honour with your ventrous paines;
 That shall you win more glory, then ye here find gaines.
 When

When they the reason of his words had hard,
 They gan abate the rancour of their rage,
 And with their honours and their loues regard,
 The furious flames of malice to aswage.
 Tho each to other did his faith engage,
 Like faithfull friends thenceforth to ioyne in one
 With all their force, and battell strong to wage
 Gainst all those knights, as their professed fone,
 That challeng'd ought in *Florimell*, saue they alone.

So well accorded forth they rode together
 In friendly sort, that lasted but a while;
 And of all old dislikes they made faire weather,
 Yet all was forg'd and spred with golden foyle,
 That vnder it hidde hate and hollow guyle.
 Ne certes can that friendship long endure,
 How euer gay and goodly be the style,
 That doth ill cause or euill end enure:
 For vertue is the band, that bindeth harts most sure.

Thus as they marched all in close disguise,
 Offayned loue, they chaunst to ouertake
 Two knights, that lincked rode in louely wise,
 As if they secret counsels did partake;
 And each not farre behinde him had his make,
 To weete, two Ladies did most goodly hew,
 That twixt themselues of gentle purpose make,
 Vnmindfull both of that discordfull crew,
 The which with speedie pace did after them pursue.

Who as they now approached nigh at hand,
 Deeming them doughtie as they did appeare,
 They sent that Squire afore, to vnderstand,
 What mote they be: who viewing them more neare

Returned readie newes, that those fame weare
Two of the prowest Knights in Faery lond;
And those two Ladies their two louers deare,
Couragious *Cambell*, and stout *Triamond*,
With *Canacee* and *Cambine* linckt in louely bond.

Whylome as antique stories tellen vs,
Those two were foes the fellonest on ground,
And battell made the dreddest daungerous,
That euer shrilling trumpet did resound;
Though now their acts be no where to be found,
As that renowned Poet them compyled,
With warlike numbers and Heroicke found,
Dan *Chaucer*, well of English vnderfyled,
On Fames eternall beadroff worthis to be fyled.

But wicked Time that all good thoughts doth waste,
And workes of noblest wits to nought out weare,
That famous monument hath quite defalte,
And robd the world of threasure endlesse deare,
The which mote haue enriched all vs heare.
O cursed Eld the cankerworme of wrights,
How may these rimes, so rude as doth appeare,
Hope to endure, sith workes of heavenly wits
Are quite denour'd, and brought to nought by little bits?

Then pardon, O most sacred happie spirit,
That I thy labours lost may thus reuiue,
And steale from thee the meede of thy due merit,
That none durst euer whilest thou wast aliue,
And being dead in vaine yet many striue:
Ne dare I like, but through infusion sweete
Of thine owne spirit, which doth in me suruiue,
I follow here the footing of thy feete,
That with thy meaning so I may the rather meeete.

Cambelloes

Cambelloes sifter was fayre *Canacee*,
That was the learnedst Ladie in her dayes,
Well seene in euerie science that mote bee,
And euerie secret worke of natures wayes,
In wittie riddles, and in wise soothfayes,
In power of herbes, and tunes of beafts and burds;
And, that augmented all her other prayse,
She modest was in all her deedes and words,
And wondrous chaste of life, yet lou'd of Knights & Lords.

Full many Lords, and many Knights her loued,
Yet she to none of them her liking lent,
Ne euer was with fond affection moued,
But rul'd her thoughts with goodly gouernement,
For dread of blame and honours blemishment;
And eke vnto her lookes a law she made,
That none of them once out of order went,
But like to warie Centonels well stayd,
Still watcht on euery side, of secret foes assayd.

So much the more as she refus'd to loue,
So much the more she loued was and sought,
That oftentimes vnquiet strife did moue
Amongst her louers, and great quarrels wrought,
That oft for her in bloudie armes they fought,
Which whenas *Cambell*, that was stout and wise,
Perceiu'd would breede great mischief, he bethought
How to preuent the perill that mote rise,
And turne both him and her to honour in this wise.

One day, when all that troupe of warlike wooers
Assembled were, to weet whose she should bee,
All mightie men and dreadfull derring doers,
(The harder it to make them well agree)

Amongst them all this end he did decree;
That of them all, which loue to her did make,
They by consent should chose the stoutest three,
That with him selfe should combat for her sake,
And of them all the victour should his sifter take.

Bold was the challenge, as him selfe was bold,
And courage full of haughtie hardiment,
Approued oft in perils manifold,
Which he achieu'd to his great ornament:
But yet his sifters skill vnto him lent
Most confidence and hope of happie speed,
Conceiu'd by a ring, which she him sent,
That mongst the manie vertues, which we reed,
Had power to staunch al wounds, that mortally did bleed.

Well was that rings great vertue knowen to all,
That dread thereof, and his redoubted might
Did all that youthly rout so much appall,
That none of them durst vndertake the fight;
More wise they weend to make of loue delight,
Then life to hazard for faire Ladies looke,
And yet vncertaine by such outward fight,
Though for her sake they all that perill tooke,
Whether she would them loue, or in her liking brooke.

Amongst those knights there were three brethren bold,
Three bolder brethren neuer were yborne,
Borne of one mother in one happie yorne,
Borne at one burden in one happie morne,
Thrice happie mother, and thrise happie morne,
That bore three such, three such not to be fond;
Her name was *Agape* whose children werne
All three as one, the first hight *Priamond*,
The second *Diamond*, the youngest *Triamond*,

Stout

Stout Priamond, but not so fount to strike,
Strong *Diamond*, but not so stout a knight,
But *Triamond* was stout and strong alike:
On horsebacke vsed *Triamond* to fight,
And *Priamond* on foote had more delight,
But horse and foote knew *Diamond* to wield:
With curtaxe vsed *Diamond* to smite,
And *Triamond* to handle speare and shield,
But speare and curtaxe both vsed *Priamond* in field.

These three did loue each other dearly well,
And with so firme affection were allyde,
As if but one soule in them all did dwell,
Which did her powre into three parts diuide;
Like three faire branches budding farre and wide,
That from one roote deriu'd their vitall sap:
And like that roote that doth her life diuide,
Their mother was, and had full blessed hap,
These three so noble babes 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 she by art could vse vnto her will,
And to her seruice bind each liuing creature:
Through secret vnderstanding of their feature.
Thereto she was right faire, when so her face
She list discouer, and of goodly feature;
But she as Feyes are wont, in priuie place
Did spend her dayes, and lod'd in forests wyld to space.

There on a day a noble youthly knight
Seeking adventures in the saluage wood,
Did by great fortune get of her the fight,
As she late carelesse by a criffall flood,

C

Combing her golden lockes, as seemd her good:
 And vnawares vpon her laying hold,
 That troue in vaine him long to haue withstood,
 Oppressed her, and there (as it is told)
 Got these three louely babes, that prov'd three chāpions
 (bold.

Which she with her long fostred in that wood,
 Till that to ripeness of mans state they grew:
 Then shewing forth signes of their fathers blood,
 They loued armes, and knighthood did ensue,
 Seeking adventures, where they anie knew.
 Which when their mother saw, she gan to doubt
 Their safetie, least by searching daungers new,
 And rash prouoking perils all about,
 Their dayes mote be abridged through their corage stout

Therefore desirous th'end of all their dayes
 To know, and them t'enlarge with long extent,
 By wondrous skill, and many hidden wayes,
 To the three fatall sisters house she went.
 Farre vnder ground from tract of liuing went,
 Downe in the bottome of the deepe *Abyssse*,
 Where *Demogorgon* in dull darknesse pent,
 Farre from the view of Gods and heauens blis,
 The hideous *Chaos* keeps, their dreadfull dwelling is,

There she them found, all sitting round about
 The direfull distaffe standing in the mid,
 And with vnwearied fingers drawing out
 The lines of life, from liuing knowledge hid.
 Sad *Clotho* held the rocke, the whiles the thrid
 By grieuely *Lachesis* was spun with paine,
 That cruell *Atropos* estfoones vndid,
 With cursed knife cutting the twist in twaine:
 Most wretched men, whose dayes depend on thrids so
 (vaine.

She them saluting, there by them fate still,
 Beholding how the thrids of life they span:
 And when at last she had beheld her fill,
 Trembling in heart, and looking pale and wan,
 Her cause of comming she to tell began.
 To whom fierce *Atropos*, Bold Fay, that durst
 Come see the secret of the life of man,
 Well worthie thou to be of *Ioue* accurst,
 And eke thy childrens thrids to be a sunder burst.

Whereat she fore affrayd, yet her besought
 To graunt her boone, and rigour to abate,
 That she might see her childrens thrids forth brought,
 And know the measure of their vtmost date,
 To them ordained by eternall fate.
 Which *Clotho* graunting, shewed her the same:
 That when she saw, it did her much amare,
 To see their thrids so thin, as spiders frame,
 And eke so short, that seemd their ends out shortly came

She then began them humbly to intreate,
 To draw them longer out, and better twine,
 That so their liues might be prolonged late.
 But *Lachesis* thereat gan to repine,
 And sayd, fond dame that deem'st of things diuine
 As of humane, that they may altred bee,
 And chaung'd at pleasure for those impes of thine.
 Not so; for what the Fates do once decree,
 Not all the gods can chaunge, nor *Ioue* him self can free.

Then since (quoth she) the terme of each mans life
 For nought may lessened nor enlarged bee,
 Graunt this, that when ye shred with farall knife
 His line, which is the eldest of the three,

Which is of them the shortest, as I see,
 Eftsoones his life may passe into the next;
 And when the next shall likewise ended bee,
 That both their liues may likewise be annex
 Vnto the third, that his may so be trebly wext.

They graunted it; and then that carefull Fay
 Departed thence with full contented mynd;
 And comming home, in warlike fresh aray
 Them found all three according to their kynd:
 But vnto them what destinie was asynd,
 Or how their liues were eekt, she did not tell;
 But euermore; when she the fit time could fynd,
 She warned them to tend their safeties well,
 And loue each other deare, what euer them befell.

So did they surely during all their dayes,
 And neuer discord did amongst them fall;
 Which much augmented all their other praise.
 And now t'increase affection naturall,
 In loue of *Canacee* they ioynd all:
 Vpon which ground this same great battell grew,
 Great matter growing of beginning small;
 The which for length I will not here pursue,
 But rather will referue it for a *Canto* new.

CANT.

Cant. III.

The battell twixt three brethren with
Cambell for *Canacee*
Cambina with true friendships bond
 doth their long strife agree.

Why doe wretched men so much desire,
 To draw their dayes vnto the vtmost date,
 And doe not rather with them soone expire,
 Knowing the miserie of their estate,
 And thousand perills which them still awate,
 Toffing them like a boate amid the mayne,
 That euery houre they knocke at deathes gate?
 And he that happie seemes and least in payne,
 Yet is as nigh his end, as he that most doth playne.

Therefore this Fay I hold but fond and vaine,
 The which in seeking for her children three
 Long life, thereby did more prolong their paine.
 Yet whilest they liued none did euer see
 More happie creatures, then they seem'd to bee,
 Nor more ennobled for their courttesie,
 That made them dearely lou'd of each degree;
 Ne more renowned for their cheualric,
 That made them dreaded much of all men farre and nie.

These three that hardie challenge tooke in hand,
 For *Canacee* with *Cambell* for to fight:
 The day was set, that all might vnderstand,
 And pledges pawnd the same to keepe a right,

C 3

That day, the dreaddest day that liuing wight
 Did euer see vpon this world to shine,
 So soone as heauens window shewed light,
 These warlike Champions all in armour shine,
 Assembled were in field, the challenge to define.

The field with listes was all about enclosed,
 To barre the preafe of people farre away;
 And at th'one side fixe iudges were disposed,
 To view and deeme the deedes of armes that day;
 And on the other side in fresh aray,
 Fayre *Canasee* vpon a stately stage
 Was set, to see the fortune of that fray,
 And to be seene, as his most worthie wage,
 That could her purchase with his liues aduentur'd gage.

Then entred *Cambell* first into the list,
 With stately steps, and fearelesse countenance,
 As if the conquest his he surely wist.
 Soone after did the brethren three aduance,
 In braue aray and goodly amenance,
 With scutchins gilt and banners broad displayd:
 And marching thrife in warlike ordinance,
 Thrife lowted lowly to the noble Mayd,
 The whiles thril trompets & loud clarions sweetly playd.

Which doen the doughty challenger came forth,
 All arm'd to point his challenge to eabl:
 Gainst whom Sir *Priamond* with equal worth:
 And equall armes himselfe did forward set.
 A trompet blew; they both together met,
 With dreadfull force, and furious intent,
 Carelesse of perill in their siers affret,
 As if that life to losse they had forelent,
 And cared not to spare, that should be shortly spent.

Right

Right practicke was Sir *Priamond* in fight,
 And throughly skild in vse of shield and speare;
 Ne lesse approued was *Cambelloes* might,
 Ne lesse his sill in weapons did appeare,
 That hard it was to weene which harder were.
 Full many mightie strokes on either side
 Were sent, that seemed death in them to beare,
 But they were both so watchfull and well eyde,
 That they auoyded were, and vainely by did flyde.

Yet one of many was so strongly bent
 By *Priamond*, that with vnluckie glaunce
 Through *Cambels* shoulder it vnwarely went,
 That forced him his shield to disaduance,
 Much was he grieved with that gracelesse chaunce,
 Yet from the wound no drop of bloud there fell,
 But wondrous paine, that did the more enhance
 His haughtie courage to aduengement fell:
 Smart daunts not mighty harts, but makes them more to

(swell,

With that his poynant speare he fierce auentred,
 With doubled force close vnderneath his shield,
 That through the mayles into his thigh it entred,
 And there arresting, readie way did yield,
 For bloud to gush forth on the grassie field;
 That he for paine himselfe not right vpreare,
 But too and fro in great amazement reel'd,
 Like an old Oke whose pith and sap is seare,
 At puffe of euery storme doth stagger here and there.

Whom so dismayd when *Cambell* had espide,
 Againe he droue at him with double might,
 That nought mote stay the steele, till in his side
 The mortall point most cruelly empight:

C 4

Where fast infix'd, whilst he sought by flight
 It forth to wrest, the staffe a sunder brake,
 And lest the head behind: with which despight
 He all enrag'd, his shiuering speare did shake,
 And charging him afresh thus felly him bespake.

Lo faitour there thy meede vnto thee take,
 The meede of thy mischallenge and abet:
 Not for thine owne, but for thy sisters sake,
 Haue I thus long thy life vnto thee let:
 But to forbeare doth not forgiue the det.
 The wicked weapon heard his wrathfull vow,
 And passing forth with furious affret,
 Pierst through his beuer quite into his brow;
 That with the force it backward forced him to bow.

Therewith a sunder in the midst it brast,
 And in his hand nought but the troncheon left,
 The other halfe behind yet sticking fast,
 Out of his headpeece *Cambell* fiercely rest,
 And with such furie backe at him it heft,
 That making way vnto his dearest life,
 His weasand pipe it through his gorget cleft:
 Thence streames of purple blood issuing rife,
 Let forth his wearie ghost and made an end of strife.

His wearie ghost assoyld from fleshly band,
 Did not as others wont, directly fly
 Vnto her rest in Plutoes griesly land,
 Ne into ayre did vanish presently,
 Ne chaunged was into a starre in sky:
 But through traduction was estoones deriued,
 Like as his mother prayd the Destinie,
 Into his other brethren, that suriued,
 In whom he liu'd a new, of former life depriued.

Whom

Cant. III. *FABRIE QVEENE.* 41
 Whom when on ground his brother next beheld,
 Though sad and sorie for so heauy sight,
 Yet leaue vnto his sorrow did not yeeld,
 But rather stird to vengeance and despight,
 Through secret feeling of his generous spright,
 Rusht fiercely forth, the battell to renew,
 As in reuerfion of his brothers right;
 And chalenging the Virgin as his dew.
 His foe was soone adrest: the trompets freshly blew.

With that they both together fiercely met,
 As if that each ment other to deuoure;
 And with their axes both so sorely bet,
 That neither plate nor mayle, whereas their powre
 They felt, could once sustaine the hideous stowre,
 But riued were like rotten wood a sunder, (showre
 Whilst through their rifts the ruddie blood did
 And fire did flash, like lightning after thunder,
 That filld the lookers on attonce with ruth and wonder.

As when two Tygers prickt with hungers rage,
 Haue by good fortune found some beasts fresh spoyle,
 On which they weene their famine to asswage,
 And gaine a feastfull guerdon of their toyle,
 Both falling out doe stirre vp strife full broyle,
 And cruell battell twixt themselues doe make,
 Whiles neither lets the other touch the soyle,
 But either sdeignes with other to partake:
 So cruelly these Knights stroue for that Ladies sake.

Full many strokes, that mortally were ment,
 The whiles were enterchaunged twixt them twos
 Yet they were all with so good wariment
 Or warded, or auoyded and let goe,

That still the life stood fearelesse of her foe:
Till *Diamond* disdeigning long delay
Of doubtfull fortune wauering to and fro,
Resoluit'd to end it one or other way;
And heau'd his murderous axe at him with mighty sway.

The dreadfull stroke in case it had arriued,
Where it was ment, (so deadly it was ment)
The soule had sere out of his bodie riued,
And stinted all the strife incontinent.
But *Cambels* fate that fortune did preuent:
For seeing it at hand, he swar'd ad'ayde,
And so gaue way vnto his fell intent:
Who missing of the marke which he had eyde,
Was with the force nigh fel'd whilst his right foot did
flye.

As when a Vulture greedie of his pray,
Through hunger long, that hart to him doth lend,
Strikes at an Heron with all his bodies sway,
That from his force seemes nought may it defend;
The warie fowle that spies him toward bend
His dreadfull soule, auoydes it shunning light,
And maketh him his wing in vaine to spend;
That with the weight of his owne weeldesse might,
He falleth nigh to ground, and scarce recouereth flight.

Which faire aduecture when *Cambello* spide,
Full lightly, ere himselfe he could recower,
From daungers dread to ward his naked side,
He can let driue at him with all his power,
And with his axe him smote in euill hower,
That from his shoulders quite his head he reft:
The headlesse tronke, as heedlesse of that stower,
Stood still a while, and his fast footing kept,
Till feeling life to sayle, it fell, and deadly slept.

They

Cant. III. *FERRIE QUEENE.* 43
They which that piteous spectacle beheld,
Were much amaz'd the headlesse tronke to see
Stand vp so long, and weapon vaine to weld,
Vnweeting of the Fates diuine decree,
For lifes successiō in those brethren three.
For notwithstanding that one soule was reft,
Yet, had the bodie not dismembred bee,
It would haue liued, and reuiued est;
But finding no fit feat, the lifelesse corse it left.

It left; but that same soule, which therein dwelt,
Streight entring into *Triamond*, him sild
With double life, and griefe, which when he felt,
As one whose inner parts had bene ythrild
With point of Steele, that close his hartbloud spild,
He lightly lept out of his place of rest,
And rushing forth into the emptie field,
Against *Cambello* fiercely him addrest;
Who him affronting soone to fight was readie prest.

Well mote ye wonder how that noble Knight,
After he had so often wounded beene,
Could stand on foot, now to renew the fight.
But had ye then him forth aduancing seene,
Some newborne wight ye would him surely weene:
So fresh he seemed and so fierce in fight;
Like as a Snake, whom wearie winters teene,
Hath worne to nought, now feeling sommers might,
Casts off his ragged skin and freshly doth him dight.

All was through vertue of the ring he wore,
The which not onely did not from him let
One drop of bloud to fall, but did restore
His weakened powers, and dulled spirits wher,

Through working of the stone therein yfcr.
 Else how could one of equall might with most,
 Against so many no lesse mightie met,
 Once thinke to match three such on equall foft,
 Three such as able were to match a puiffant host,

Yet nought thereof was *Triamond* adredde,
 Ne desperate of glorious victorie,
 But sharply him assayld, and sore bestedde,
 With heapes of strokes, which he at him let flie,
 As thicke as hayle forth poured from the skie:
 He stroke, he souft, he foyn'd, he hew'd, he lastht,
 And did his yron brond so fast applie,
 That from the fame the fierie sparkles flastht,
 As fast as water-sprinkles gainst a rocke are dastht.

Much was *Cambello* daunted with his blowes,
 So thicke they fell, and forcibly were sent,
 That he was forst from danger of the throwes
 Backe to retire, and somewhat to relent,
 Till th'heat of his fierce furie he had spent:
 Which when for want of breath gan to abate,
 He then affresh with new encouragement
 Did him assayle, and mightily amate,
 As fast as forward erst, now backward to retrate,

Like as the tide that comes fro th'Ocean mayne,
 Flowes vp the Shenan with contrarie forse,
 And ouerruling him in his owne rayne,
 Driues backe the current of his kindly course,
 And makes it seeme to haue some other course:
 But when the floud is spent, then backe againe
 His borrowed waters forst to redisbourse,
 He sends the sea his owne with double gaine,
 And tribute eke withall, as to his Soueraine.

Thus

Thus did the battrell varie to and fro,
 With diuerse fortune doubtfull to be deemed:
 Now this the better had, now had his fo;
 Then he halfe vanquish't, then the other seemed,
 Yet victors both them selues alwayes esteemed.
 And all the while the disentrayled blood
 Adowne their sides like litle riuers stremed,
 That with the wasting of his vitall flood,
 Sir *Triamond* at last full faint and feeble stood.

But *Cambell* still more strong and greater grew,
 Ne felt his blood to wast, ne powres emperish't,
 Through that rings vertue, that with vigour new,
 Still when as he enfeebled was, him cherish't,
 And all his wounds, and all his bruses guarish't,
 Like as a withered tree through husbands toyle
 Is often seene full freshly to haue flourish't,
 And fruitfull apples to haue borne awhile,
 As fresh as when it first was planted in the foyle.

Through which aduantage, in his strength he rofe,
 And smote the other with so wondrous might,
 That through the seame, which did his hauberk close,
 Into his throte and life it pierced quight,
 That downe he fell as dead in all mens fight:
 Yet dead he was not, yet he sure did die,
 As all men do, that lose the liuing sight:
 So did one soule out of his bodie flie
 Vnto her natue home from mortall miserie.

But nathelesse whilst all the lookers on
 Him dead behight, as he to all appeared,
 All vnawares he started vp anon,
 As one that had out of a dreame bene reard,

And fresh assayd his foe, who halfe affeard
Of th'vncouth light, as he someghost had seene,
Stood still amaz'd, holding his idle sweard;
Till hauing often by him stricken bene,
He forced was to strike, and saue him selfe from teene.

Yet from thenceforth more warily he fought,
As one in feare the Stygian gods t'offend,
Ne followd on so fast, but rather sought
Him selfe to saue, and daunger to defend,
Then life and labour both in vaine to spend,
Which *Triamond* perceiuing, weened sure
He gan to faint, toward the battels end,
And that he should not long on foote endure,
A fight which did to him the victorie assure.

Whereoffull blith, estfoones his mightie hand
He heav'd on high, in mind with that same blow
To make an end of all that did withstand:
Which *Cambell* seeing come, was nothing slow
Him selfe to saue from that so deadly throw;
And at that instant reaching forth his sweard
Close vnderneath his shield, that scarce did show,
Stroke him, as he his hand to strike vpreard,
In th'arm-pit full, that through both sides the wound ap
(peard.)

Yet still that direfull stroke kept on his way,
And falling heauie on *Cambelloes* crest,
Strooke him so hugely, that in swowne he lay,
And in his head an hideous wound imprest:
And sure had it not happily found rest
Vpon the brim of his brode plated shield,
It would haue cleft his braine downe to his brest.
So both at once fell dead vpon the field,
And each to other seemd the victorie to yield.

Which

Which when as all the lookers on beheld,
They weened sure the warre was at an end,
And Iudges rose, and Marshals of the field
Broke vp the listes, their armes away to rend;
And *Canacee* gan wayle her dearest friend.
All suddenly they both vpstart light,
The one out of the swownd, which him did blend,
The other breathing now another spright,
And fiercely each assaying, gan afresh to fight.

Long while they then continued in that wize,
As if but then the battell had begonne:
Strokes, wounds, wards, weapons, all they did despise,
Ne either car'd to ward, or perill shonne,
Desirous both to haue the battell donne;
Ne either cared life to saue or spill,
Ne which of them did winne, ne which were wonne.
So wearie both of fighting had their fill,
That life it selfe seemd loathsome, and long safetie ill.

Whilst thus the case in doubtfull ballance hong,
Vnsure to whether side it would incline,
And all mens eyes and hearts, which there among
Stood gazing, filled were with rufull thine,
And secreet feare, to see their fatall fine,
All suddenly they heard a troublous noyes,
That seemd some perillous tumult to define,
Consuld with womens cries, and shouts of boyes,
Such as the troubled Theaters oftimes annoyes.

Thereat the Champions both stood still a space,
To weeten what that sudden clamour ment;
Lo where they spyde with speedie whirling pace,
One in a charet of straunge furniment,

Towards them driuing like a storme out sent,
The charet decked was in wondrous wize,
With gold and many a gorgeous ornament,
After the Persian Monarks antique guise,
Such as the maker selfe could best by art deuize.

And drawne it was (that wonder is to tell)
Of two grim Lyons, taken from the wood,
In which their powre all others did excell;
Now made forget their former cruell mood,
To be their riders best, as seemed good,
And therein fate a Ladie passing faire
And bright, that seemed borne of Angels brood,
And with her beautie bountie did compare,
Whether of them in her should haue the greater snare.

Thereto she learned was in Magicke leare,
And all the artes, that subtil wits discouer,
Hauing therein bene trained many a yeare,
And well instructed by the Fay her mother,
That in the same she farre exceld all other.
Who vnderstanding by her mightie art,
Of th'euill plight, in which her dearest brother
Now stood, came forth in haft to take his part,
And pacifie the strife, which cauld so deadly smart.

And as she passed through th'vnruely preace
Of people, thronging thicke her to behold,
Her angrie teame breaking their bonds of peace,
Great heapes of them, like sheepe in narrow fold,
For haft did ouer-runne, in dust enrould,
That thorough rude confusion of the rout,
Some fearing shriekt, some being harmed hould,
Some laught for sport, some did for wonder shour,
And some that would seeme wise, their wonder turned to
(dout.

In her right hand a rod of peace shee bore,
About the which two Serpents weren wound,
Entrayled mutually in louely lore,
And by the tailes together firmly bound,
And both were with one oliue garland crown'd,
Like to the rod which *Maias* sonne doth wield,
Wherewith the hellish fiends he doth confound.
And in her other hand a cup he hild,
The which was with Nepenthe to the brim vpfilld.

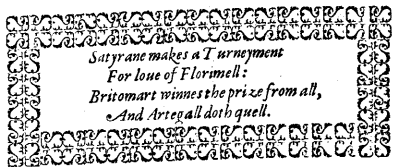
Nepenthe is a drinke of fowcraigne grace,
Deuized by the Gods, for to asswage
Harts grief, and bitter gall away to chase,
Which stirs vp anguish and contentious rage:
In stead thereof sweet peace and quiet age
It doth establish in the troubled mynd.
Few men, but such as sober are and sage,
Are by the Gods to drinke thereof assynd;
But such as drinke, eternal happinesse do fynd.

Such famous men, such worthies of the earth,
As *Ioue* will haue aduanced to the skie,
And there made gods, though borne of mortall berth,
For their high merits and great dignitie,
Are wont, before they may to heauen flie,
To drinke hereof, whereby all cares forepast
Are washt away quite from their memorie.
So did those olde Heroes hereof taste,
Before that they in blisse amongst the Gods were plaste.

Much more of price and of more gracious powre
Is this, then that same water of Ardenne,
The which *Rinaldo* drunck in happie houre,
Described by that famous Tuscan penne:

D

With whom he ledd a long and happie life;
 And *Cambel* tooke *Cambina* to his fere,
 The which as life were each to other liefe.
 So all alike did loue, and loued were,
 That since their days such louers were not found elswhere.

Cant. IIII.

IT often fals, (as here it earst befell)
 That mortall foes doe turne to faithfull friends,
 And friends profest are chaungd to foemen fell:
 The cause of both, of both their minds depends.
 And th'end of both likewise of both their ends.
 For enmitie, that of no ill proceeds,
 But of occasion, with th'occasion ends;
 And friendship, which a faint affection breeds
 Without regard of good, dyes like ill grounded seeds.

That well (me seemes) appeares, by that of late
 Twixt *Cambell* and Sir *Triamond* befell,
 As els by this, that now a new debate
 Sturd vp twixt *Scudamour* and *Faridell*,
 The which by course befalls me here to tell:
 Who hauing those two other Knights epide
 Marching afore, as ye remember well,
 Sent forth their Squire to haue them both descride,
 And eke those masked Ladies riding them beside.

Who

Who backe returning, told as he had seene,
 That they were doughtie knights of dreaded name;
 And those two Ladies, their two loues vnseene;
 And therefore wisht them without blot or blame,
 To let them passe at will, for dread of shame.
 But *Blandamour* full of vainglorious spright,
 And rather stird by his discordfull Dame,
 Vpon them gladly would haue prov'd his might,
 But that he yet was fore of his late lucklesse fight.

Yet nigh approaching, he them fowle bespake,
 Disgracing them, him selfe thereby to grace,
 As was his wont, so weening way to make
 To Ladies loue, where so he came in place,
 And with lewd termes their louers to deface.
 Whose sharpe prouokement them incenst so fore,
 That both were bent t'auenge his vface base,
 And gan their shields addresse them selues afore:
 For euill deedes may better then bad words be bore.

But faire *Cambina* with perswasions myld,
 Did mitigate the fierceness of their mode,
 That for the present they were reconcyl'd,
 And gan to treat of deedes of armes abroad,
 And strange aduentures, all the way they rode:
 Amongst the which they told, as then befell,
 Of that great turney, which was blazed brode,
 For that rich girdle of faire *Florimell*,
 The prize of her, which did in beautie most excell.

To which folke-mote they all with one consent,
 Sith each of them his Ladie had him by,
 Whose beautie each of them thought excellent,
 Agreed to trauell, and their fortunes try.

D 3

So as they passed forth, they did espy
 One in bright armes, with ready speare in rest,
 That toward them his course seem'd to apply,
 Gainst whom Sir *Paridell* himselfe address't,
 Him weening, ere he nigh approcht to haue repress't.

Which th'other seeing, gan his course relent,
 And vaulted speare estfoones to disaduance,
 As if he naught but peace and pleasure ment,
 Now false into their fellowship by chance,
 Whereat they shewed courteous countenance.
 So as he rode with them accompanide,
 His rouing eie did on the Lady glaunce,
 Which *Blandamour* had riding by his side:
 Whō sure he weend, that he some wher tofore had eide.

It was to weete that snowy *Florimell*,
 Which *Ferrat* late from *Braggadocchio* wonne,
 Whom he now seeing, her remembred well,
 How hauing rest her from the witches sonne,
 He soone her lost: wherefore he now begunne
 To challenge her anew, as his owne prize,
 Whom formerly he had in battell wonne,
 And proffer made by force her to reprice,
 Which scornfull offer, *Blandamour* gan soone despize.

And said, Sir Knight, sith ye this Lady clame,
 Whom he that hath, were loth to lose so light,
 (For so to lose a Lady, were great shame)
 Yee shall her winne, as I haue done in fight:
 And lo thees shall be placed here in fight.
 Together with this Hag beside her set,
 That who so winnes her, may her haue by right:
 But he shall haue the Hag that is yet,
 And with her alwaies ride, till he another get.

That

That offer pleased all the company,
 So *Florimell* with *Ate* forth was brought,
 At which they all gan laugh full merrily:
 But *Braggadocchio* said, he neuer thought
 For such an Hag, that seemed worth then nought,
 His person to emperill so in fight.
 But if to match that Lady they had fought
 Another like, that were like faire and bright,
 His life he then would spend to iustifie his right.

At which his vaine excuse they all gan smile,
 As scorning his vnmanly cowardize:
 And *Florimell* him fowly gan reuile,
 That for her sake refus'd to enterprize
 The battell, offered in so knightly wize.
 And *Ate* eke prouokt him priuily,
 With loue of her, and shame of such mesprize.
 But naught he car'd for friend or enemy,
 For in base mind nor friendship dwels nor enmity.

But *Cambell* thus did shut vp all in iest,
 Braue Knights and Ladies, certes ye doe wrong
 To stirre vp strife, when most vs needeth rest,
 That we may vs referue both fresh and strong,
 Against the Turneiment which is not long,
 When who so list to fight, may fight this fill,
 Till then your challenges ye may prolong
 And then it shall be tried, if ye will,
 Whether shall haue the Hag, or hold the Lady still.

They all agreed, so turning all to game,
 And pleasaunt bord, they past forth on their way,
 And all that while, where so they rode or came,
 That masked Mock-knight was their sport and play.

D 4

Till that at length vpon th'appointed day,
Vnto the place of turneyment they came;
Where they before them found in fresh aray
Manie a braue knight, and manie a daintie dame
Assembled, for to get the honour of that game.

There this faire crewe arriuing, did diuide
Them felues afunder : *Blandamour* with thofe
Of his, on th'one; the rest on th'other fide.
But boaftfull *Braggadocchio* rather chofe,
For glorie vaine their fellowship to lofe,
That men on him the more might gaze alone.
The rest them felues in troupes did elfe difpofe,
Like as it feemed beft to euery one ;
The knights in couples marcht, with ladies linckt attone.

Then first of all forth came Sir *Satyrane*,
Bearing that precious relicke in an arke
Of gold, that bad eyes might it not prophane :
Which drawing softly forth out of the darke,
He open shewed, that all men it mote marke.
A gorgeous girdle, curiously embost
With pearle & precious stone, worth many a marke;
Yet did the workmanship farre paffe the cost :
It was the fame, which lately *Florimel* had lost.

That fame aloft he hong in open vew,
To be the prize of beautie and of might ;
The which eftsoones difcovered, to it drew
The eyes of all, allur'd with close delight,
And hearts quite robbed with fo glorious fight,
That all men threw out voves and wilhes vaine.
Thrice happie Ladie, and thrice happie knight,
Them seemd that could fo goodly riches gaine,
So worthie of the perill, worthy of the paine.

Then

Then tooke the bold Sir *Satyrane* in hand
An huge great speare, such as he wont to wield,
And vauncing forth from all the other band
Of knights, addrest his maiden-headed shield,
Shewing him selfe all ready for the field.
Gainst whom there singled from the other fide
A Painim knight, that well in armes was skild,
And had in many a battell oft bene tride,
High *Bruncbuel* the bold, who fierfly forth did ride.

So furiously they both together met,
That neither could the others force sustaine ;
As two fierce Bulls, that striue the rule to get
Of all the heard, meete with fo hideous maine,
That both rebutted, tumble on the plaine :
So these two champions to the ground were feld,
Where in a maze they both did long remaine,
And in their hands their idle troncheons held,
Which neither able were to wag, or once to weld.

Which when the noble *Ferramont* espide,
He pricked forth in ayd of *Satyran* ;
And him against Sir *Blandamour* did ride
With all the strength and stiffeffe that he can.
But the more strong and stiffe that he ran,
So much more sorely to the ground he fell,
That on an heape were tumbled horse and man.
Vnto whose rescue forth rode *Paridell*;
But him likewise with that same speare he eke did quell.

Which *Braggadocchio* seeing, had no will
To hasten greatly to his parties ayd,
Albee his turne were next ; but stood there still,
As one that seemd doubtfull or difmayd.

But *Triamond* halfe wroth to see him staid,
 Sternly slept forth, and raught away his speare,
 With which so fore he *Ferramont* affaid,
 That horse and man to ground he quite did beare,
 That neither could in hast themselues againe vpreare.

Which to auenge, Sir *Denon* him did dight,
 But with no better fortune then the rest:
 For him likewise he quickly downe did smight,
 And after him Sir *Douglas* him addrest,
 And after him Sir *Falinmord* forth prest,
 But none of them against his strokes could stand,
 But all the more, the more his praise increft.
 For either they were left vpon the land,
 Or went away fore wounded of his haplesse hand.

And now by this, Sir *Satyrane* abraid,
 Out of the swowne, in which too longe he lay;
 And looking round about, like one dismaid,
 When as he saw the mercilesse affray,
 Which doughty *Triamond* had wrought that day,
 Vnto the noble Knights of Maidenhead,
 His mighty heart did almost rend in tway,
 For very gall, that rather wholly dead
 Himselfe he wisht haue beene, then in so bad a stead.

Effsoones he gan to gather vp around
 His weapons, which lay scattered all abrode,
 And as it fell, his steed he ready found.
 On whom remounting, fiercely forth he rode,
 Like sparke of fire that from the anduile glode.
 There where he saw the valiant *Triamond*
 Chafing, and laying on them heauy lode.
 That none his force were able to withstond,
 So dreadfull were his strokes, so deadly was his hond.

With

With that at him his brauelike speare he aimed,
 And thereto all his power and might applide:
 The wicked steele for mischiefe first ordaine,
 And hauing now misfortune got for guide.
 Staid not, till it arriued in his side.
 And therein made a very grieftly wound,
 That streames of bloud his armour all bedide.
 Much was he daunted with that direfull stound,
 That scarce he him vpheld from falling in a found.

Yet as he might, himselfe he soft withdrew
 Out of the field, that none perceiud it plaine,
 Then gan the part of Chalers new
 To range the field, and victorlike to raine,
 That none against them battell durft maintaine.
 By that the gloomy euening on them fell,
 That forced them from fighting to refraine,
 And trumpets found to cease did them compell,
 So *Satyrane* that day was iudg'd to beare the bell.

The morrow next the Turney gan anew,
 And with the first the hardy *Satyrane*
 Appear'd in place, with all his noble crew,
 On th'other side, full many a warlike swaine,
 Asssembled were, that glorious prize to gaine.
 But mongst them all, was not Sir *Triamond*,
 Vnable he new battell to darraine,
 Through grietaunce of his late receiued wound,
 That doubly did him grieue, when so himselfe he found.

Which *Cambell* seeing, though he could not salue,
 Ne done vndoe, yet for to salue his name,
 And purchase honour in his friends behalve.
 This goodly counterfeisance he did frame.

The shield and armes well knowne to be the fame,
Which *Triamond* had worne, vnwares to wight,
And to his friend vnswift, for doubt of blame,
If he misdid; he on himselfe did dight,
That none could him discern, and so went forth to fight

There *Satyrane* Lord of the field he found,
Triumphing in great ioy and iolity;
Gainst whom none able was to stand on ground;
That much he gan his glorie to enuy,
And cast t'auenge his friends indignity.
A mightie speare estfoones at him he bent;
Who seeing him come on so furiously,
Met him mid-way with equall hardiment,
That forcibly to ground they both together went.

They vp againe them selues can lightly reare,
And to their tryed swords them selues betake;
With which they wrought such wondrous maruels
That all the rest it did amazed make, (there,
Ne any dar'd their perill to partake;
Now cuffling close, now chacing to and fro,
Now hurtling round aduantage for to take:
As two wild Boares together grappling go,
Chauffing and foming choler each against his fo.

So as they court, and turneyd here and there,
It chaunft Sir *Satyrane* his steed at last,
Whether through foundring or through fodein feare
To stumble, that his rider nigh he cast;
Which vantage *Cambell* did pursue so fast,
That ere him selfe he had recouered well,
So fore he sowt him on the compact crest,
That forced him to leaue his loftie sell,
And rudely tumbling downe vnder his horse feete fell.

Lightly *Cambello* leapt downe from his steed,
For to haue rent his shield and armes away,
That whylome wont to be the victors meed;
When all vnwares he felt an hideous sway
Of many swords, that lode on him did lay.
An hundred knights had him enclosed round,
To rescue *Satyrane* out of his pray;
All which at once huge strokes on him did pound,
In hope to take him prisoner, where he stood on ground.

He with their multitude was nought dismayd,
But with stout courage turnd vpon them all,
And with his brondiron round about him layd,
Of which he dealt large almes, as did befall:
Like as a Lion that by chaunce doth fall
Into the hunters toile, doth rage and rore,
In royall heart disdainig to be thrall.
But all in vaine: for what might one do more?
They haue him taken captiue, though it grieue him sore.

Whereof when newes to *Triamond* was brought,
There as he lay, his wound he soone forgot,
And starting vp, streight for his armour sought:
In vaine he fought; for there he found it not;
Cambello it away before had got:
Cambelloes armes therefore he on him threw,
And lightly issewd forth to take his lot.
There he in troupe found all that warlike crew,
Leading his friend away, full forie to his vew.

Into the thickest of that knightly preasse
He thrust, and smote downe all that was betweene,
Caried with feruent zeale, ne did he ceasse,
Till that he came, where he had *Cambell* see,

Like captiue thral two other Knights atweene,
There he amongst them cruell hawocke makes.
That they which lead him, soone enforced beene
To let him loofe, to faue their proper stakes,
Who being freed, from one a weapon fiercely takes.

With that he driues at them with dreadfull might,
Both in remembrance of his friends late harme,
And in reuengement of his owne despight,
So both together giue a new allarme,
As if but now the battell waxed warme.
As when two greedy Wolues doe breake by force
Into an heard, farre from the husband farme,
They spoile and rauine without all remorse,
So did these two through all the field their foes enforce.

Fiercely they followd on their bolde emprize,
Till trumpets found did warne them all to rest;
Then all with one consent did yeeld the prize
To *Triamond* and *Cambell* as the best.
But *Triamond* to *Cambell* it relest.
And *Cambell* it to *Triamond* transferd;
Each labouring t'aduance the others gest,
And make his praise before his owne preferd:
So that the doome was to another day differd.

The last day came, when all those knightes againe
Assembled were their deedes of armes to thew.
Full many deedes that day were shewed plaine:
But *Satyran* boue all the other crew,
His wondrous worth declared in all mens view.
For from the first he to the last endured,
And though some while Fortune from him withdrew,
Yet euermore his honour he recured,
And with vnwearied powre his party still assured.

Ne was there Knight that euer thought of armes,
But that his utmost prowesse there made knowne,
That by their many wounds, and carelesse harmes,
By shiuered speares, and swords all vnder strowen,
By scattered shields was easie to be showne.
There might ye see loofe steeds at random ronne,
Whose luckelesse riders late were ouerthrowen;
And squiers make haft to helpe their Lords fordonne,
But still the Knights of Maidenhead the better wonne.

Till that there entred on the other side,
A stranger knight, from whence no man could reed,
In quyet disguise, full hard to be descride.
For all his armour was like saluage weed,
With woody mosse bedight, and all his steed
With oaken leaues atrapt, that seemed fit
For saluage wight, and thereto well agreed
His word, which on his ragged shield was writ,
Saluageffe sans finesse, shewing secret wit.

He at his first incomming, charg'd his spere
At him, that first appeared in his fight:
That was to weet, the stout Sir *Sangliere*,
Who well was knowne to be a valiant Knight,
Approoued oft in many a perloous fight.
Him at the first encounter downe he smote,
And ouerbore beyond his crouper quight,
And after him another Knight, that hote
Sir *Brianor*, so fore, that none him life behote.

Then ere his hand he reard, he ouertrew
Seuen Knights one after other as they came:
And when his speare was bruff, his sword he drew,
The instrument of wrath, and with the same

Far'd like a lyon in his bloodie game,
 Hewing, and flashing shields, and helmets bright,
 And beating downe, what euer nigh him came,
 That every one'gan than his dreadfull fight,
 No lesse then death it selfe, in daungerous affright.

Much wondred all men, what, or whence he came,
 That did amongst the troupes so tyrannize;
 And each of other gan inquire his name.
 But when they could not learne it by no wize,
 Most answerable to his wyld disguise
 It seemed him to terme the saluage knight.
 But certes his right name was otherwize,
 Though knowne to few, that *Artbegall* he hight,
 The doughtiest knight that liv'd that day, and most of

(might)

Thus was Sir *Satyran*e with all his band
 By his sole manhood and atchieuement stout
 Dismayd, that none of them in field durst stand,
 But beaten were, and chased all about.
 So he continued all that day throughout,
 Till euening, that the Sunne gan downward bend.
 Then rushed forth out of the thickest rout
 A stranger knight, that did his glorie shend:
 So nought may be esteemed happie till the end.

He at his entrance charg'd his powrefull speare
 At *Artbegall*, in middest of his pryde,
 And therewith smote him on his Vmbriere
 So fore, that tomling backe, he downe did flyde
 Ouer his horses taile about a stryde;
 Whence litle lust he had to rise againe.
 Which *Cambell* seeing, much the same enuyde,
 And ran at him with all his might and maine;
 But shortly was likewise seene lying on the plaine.

Whereat

Whereat full inly wroth was *Triamond*,
 And cast t'euenge the shame doen to his freend:
 But by his friend him selfe eke soone he fond,
 In no lesse neede of helpe, then him he weend.
 All which when *Blandamour* from end to end
 Beheld, he woxe therewith displeas'd fore,
 And thought in mind it shortly to amend:
 His speare he feutred, and at him it bore;
 But with no better fortune, then the rest afore.

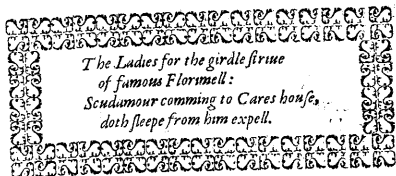
Full many others at him likewise ran:
 But all of them likewise dismounted were,
 Ne certes wonder; for no powre of man
 Could bide the force of that enchanted speare,
 The which this famous *Britomart* did beare;
 With which the wondrous deeds of arms atchieued,
 And ouerthrew, what euer came her neare,
 That all those stranger knights full fore agriued,
 And that late weaker band of chalengers relieved.

Like as in sommers day when raging heat
 Doth burne the earth, and boyled riuers drie,
 That all brute beasts fors to refraine fro mear,
 Doe hunt for shade, where shrowded they may lie,
 And missing it, faine from them selues to flye;
 All trauellers tormented are with paine:
 A watty cloud doth ouercast the skie,
 And poureth forth a sudden shoure of raine,
 That all the wretched world recomforteth againe.

So did the warlike *Britomart* restore
 The prize, to knights of Maydenhead that day,
 Which else was like to haue bene lost, and bore
 The praye of powrefulle from them all away.

E

Then shrilling trumpets loudly gan to bray,
 And bad them leaue their labours and long toyle,
 To ioyous feaft and other gentle play,
 Where beauties prize shold win that pretious spoyle:
 Where I with found of trompe will also rest a while.

Cant. V.

IT hath bene through all ages euer seene,
 That with the praise of armes and cheualrie,
 The prize of beautie still hath ioyned bene;
 And that for reasons speciall priuie:
 For either doth on other much relie.
 For he me seemes most fit the faire to serue,
 That can her best defend from villenie;
 And the most fit his seruice doth deserue,
 That fairest is and from her faith will neuer swerue.

So fitly now here commeth next in place,
 After the prooffe of prowesse ended well,
 The controuerse of beauties soueraine grace;
 In which to her that doth the most excell,
 Shall fall the girdle of faire *Florimell*:
 That many wish to win for glorievaine,
 And not for vertuous vse, which some doe tell
 That glorious belt did in it selfe containe,
 Which Ladies ought to loue, and seeke for to obtaine.

That

That girdle gaue the vertue of chaste loue,
 And wiuehood true, to all that did it beare;
 But whofoeuer contrarie doth proue,
 Might not the same about her middle weare,
 But it would loose, or else a sunder teare.
 Whilome it was (as Faeries wont report)
 Dame *Venus* girdle, by her steemed deare,
 What time she vsd to liue in wiuely fort;
 But layd aside, when so she vsd her looser sport.

Her husband *Vulcan* whilome for her sake,
 When first he loued her with heart entire,
 This pretious ornament they say did make,
 And wrought in *Lemno* with vnquenched fire:
 And afterwards did for her loues first hire,
 Giue it to her, for euer to remaine,
 Therewith to bind lasciuious desire,
 And loose affections streightly to restraine;
 Which vertue it for euer after did retaine.

The same one day, when she her selfe disposed
 To visite her beloued *Paramoure*,
 The God of warre, she from her middle loofd,
 And left behind her in her secret bowre,
 On *Aridalian* mount, where many an howre
 She with the pleasant *Graces* wont to play.
 There *Florimell* in her first ages flowre
 Was fostered by those *Graces*, (as they say)
 And brought with her first thence that goodly belt away.

That goodly belt was *Cestus* hight by name,
 And as her life by her esteemed deare.
 No wonder then, if that to winne the same
 So many Ladies fought, as shall appeare;

E 2

For pearelesse she was thought, that did it beare,
 And now by this their feaft all being ended,
 The iudges which thereto selected were,
 Into the Martian field adowne defended,
 To deeme this doutfull case, for which they all cōtended.

But first was question made, which of those Knights
 That lately turneyd, had the wager wonne:
 There was it iudged by those worthie wights,
 That *Satyrane* the first day best had donne:
 For he last ended, hauing first begonne.
 The second was to *Triamond* behight,
 For that he sau'd the victour from fordonne:
 For *Cambell* victour was in all mens sight,
 Till by mishap he in his foemens hand did light.

The third dayes prize vnto that straunger Knight,
 Whom all men term'd Knight of the Hebene speare,
 To *Britomart* was giuen by good right;
 For that with puissant stroke she downe did beare
 The *Saluage* Knight, that victour was whileare,
 And all the rest, which had the best afore,
 And to the last vnconquer'd did appeare;
 For last is deemed best. To her therefore
 The fayrest Ladie was adiudg'd for Paramore.

But therat greatly grudged *Arthegall*,
 And much repynd, that both of victors meece,
 And eke of honour she did him forestall.
 Yet mote he not withstand, what was decreede;
 But inly thought of that despightfull deede
 Fit time t'awaite auenged for to bee.
 This being ended thus, and all agreed,
 Then next ensue'd the Paragon to see
 Of beauties praise, and yeeld the fayrest her due fee.

Then

Then first *Cambello* brought vnto their view
 His faire *Cambina*, couered with a veale;
 Which being once withdrawne, most perfect hew
 And passing beautie did eftsoones reueale,
 That able was weake harts away to steale.
 Next did Sir *Triamond* vnto their sight
 The face of his deare *Canacee* vnheale;
 Whose beauties beame eftsoones did shine so bright,
 That daz'd the eyes of all, as with exceeding light.

And after her did *Paridell* produce
 His false *Duesse*, that she might be seene,
 Who with her forged beautie did seduce
 The hearts of some, that fairest her did weene;
 As diuerse wits affected diuers beene.
 Then did Sir *Ferramont* vnto them shew
 His *Lucida*, that was full faire and sheene,
 And after these an hundred Ladies moe
 Appear'd in place, the which each other did outgoe.

All which who so dare thinke for to enchace,
 Him needeth sure a golden pen I weene,
 To tell the feature of each goodly face.
 For since the day that they created beene,
 So many heavenly faces were not seene
 Assembled in one place: ne he that thought
 For *Chian* folke to pourtraict beauties Queene,
 By view of all the fairest to him brought,
 So many faire did see, as here he might haue sought.

At last the most redoubted *Britonesse*,
 Her louely *Amores* did open shew;
 Whose face discouered, plainly did expresse
 The heavenly pourtraict of bright Angels hew.

E 3

Well weened all, which her that time did vew,
 That she should surely beare the bell away,
 Till *Blandamour*, who thought he had the trew
 And very *Florimell*, did her display:
 The fight of whom once seene did all the rest dismay.

For all afore that seemed fayre and bright,
 Now base and contemptible did appeare,
 Compar'd to her, that shone as *Phebes* light,
 Amongst the lesser starres in euening cleare.
 All that her saw with wonder rauisht wear,
 And weend no mortall creature she should bee,
 But some celestiall shape, that flesh did beare:
 Yet all were glad there *Florimell* to see;
 Yet thought that *Florimell* was not so faire as thee.

As guilefull Goldsmith that by secret skill,
 With golden foyle doth finely ouer spred
 Some baser metall, which commend he will
 Vnto the vulgar for good gold insted,
 He much more goodly glosse thereon doth shed,
 To hide his falshood, then if it were trew:
 So hard, this Idole was to be ared,
 That *Florimell* her selfe in all mens vew
 She seem'd to passe: so forged things do fairest shew.

Then was that golden belt by doome of all
 Graunted to her, as to the fayrest Dame,
 Which being brought, about her middle small
 They thought to gird, as best it her became;
 But by no meanes they could it thereto frame.
 For euer as they fastned it, it loof'd
 And fell away, as feeling secret blame.
 Full oft about her waist she it enclofd;
 And it as oft was from about her waist disclofd.

That

That all men wondred at the vncouth fight,
 And each one thought, as to their fancies came.
 But she her selfe did thinke it doen for spight,
 And touched was with secret wrath and shame
 Therewith, as thing deuiz'd her to defame.
 Then many other Ladies likewise tride,
 About their tender loynes to knit the same;
 But it would not on none of them abide,
 But when they thought it fast, eftsfoones it was vntide.

Which when that scornefull *Squire of Dames* did vew,
 He lowdly gan to laugh, and thus to iest;
 Alas for pittie that so faire a crew,
 As like can not be seene from East to West,
 Cannot find one this girdle to inuest.
 Fie on the man, that did it first inuent,
 To shame vs all with this, *Vngirt vnablest*.
 Let neuer Ladie to his loue assent,
 That hath this day so many so vnmanly hent.

Thereat all Knights gan laugh, and Ladies lowre:
 Till that at last the gentle *Amoret*
 Likewise assayd, to proue that girdles powre;
 And hauing it about her middle fet,
 Did find it fit, withouten breach or let.
 Whereat the rest gan greatly to enuie:
 But *Florimell* exceedingly did fret,
 And snatching from her hand halfe angrily
 The belt againe, about her bodie gan it tie.

Yet nathemore would it her bodie fit;
 Yet nathelless to her, as her dew right,
 It ycedd was by them, that iudged it:
 And she her selfe adiudged to the Knight,

E 4

That bore the Hebene speare, as wonne in fight,
 But *Britomart* would not thereto assent,
 Ne her owne *Amoret* forgoe fo light
 For that strange Dame, whose beauties wonderment
 She lesse esteem'd, then th'others vertuous gouernment.

Whom when the rest did see her to refuse,
 They were full glad, in hope themselves to get her:
 Yet at her choice they all did greatly muse.
 But after that the Iudges did arret her
 Vnto the second best, that lou'd her better;
 That was the *Saluage* Knight; but he was gone
 In great displeasure, that he could not get her.
 Then was she iudged *Triamond* his one;
 But *Triamond* lou'd *Canacee*, and other none.

Tho vnto *Satyras* she was adiudged,
 Who was right glad to gaine so goodly meed:
 But *Blandamour* thereat full greatly grudged,
 And litle pray'd his labours euill speed,
 That for to winne the saddle, lost the steed.
 Ne lesse thereat did *Paridell* complaine,
 And thought t'appeale from that, which was decreed,
 To single combat with Sir *Satyrane*.
 Thereto him *Aste* stir'd, new discord to maintaine.

And eke with these, full many other Knights
 She through her wicked working did incense,
 Her to demand, and challenge as their rights,
 Deferued for their perils recompense.
 Amongst the rest with boastfull vaine pretence
 Slept *Braggadocchio* forth, and as his thrall
 Her claym'd, by him in battell wonne long sents:
 Whereto her selfe he did to witnesse call;
 Who being askt, accordingly confessed all.

Thereat

Thereat exceeding wroth was *Satyras*;
 And wroth with *Satyras* was *Blandamour*;
 And wroth with *Blandamour* was *Eriuan*;
 And at them both Sir *Paridell* did loure.
 So all together stir'd vp strifull stoure,
 And readie were new battell to darraine.
 Each one profest to be her paramoure,
 And vow'd with speare and shield it to maintaine;
 Ne Iudges powre, ne reasons rule mote them restrain.

Which troublous stirre when *Satyrane* auiz'd:
 He gan to cast how to appeale the same,
 And to accord them all, this meanes deuiz'd:
 First in the midst to set that fayrest Dame,
 To whom each once his challenge should disclame,
 And he himselfe his right would eke releasse:
 Then looke to whom the voluntarie came,
 He should without disturbance her possesse:
 Sweete is the loue that comes alone with willingnesse.

They all agreed, and then that snowy Mayd
 Was in the midstt plaist among them all;
 All on her gazing with, and vowd, and prayd,
 And to the Queene of beautie close did call,
 That she vnto their portion might befall.
 Then when she long had lookt vpon each one,
 As though she wish'd to haue pleas'd them all,
 At last to *Braggadocchio* selfe alone
 She came of her accord, in spight of all his sone.

Which when they all beheld they chafte and rag'd,
 And woxe nigh mad for very harts despight,
 That from reuenge their willes they scarce aswag'd:
 Some thought from him her to haue rest by might;

Some proffer made with him for her to fight.
 But he nought car'd for all that they could say:
 For he their words as wind esteemed light.
 Yet not fit place he thought it there to stay,
 But secretly from thence that night her bore away.

They which remaynd, so soone as they percei'd,
 That she was gone, departed thence with speed,
 And follow'd them, in mind her to haue reard
 From wight vnworthie of so noble meed.
 In which pourfuit how each one did succede,
 Shall else be told in order, as it fell.
 But now of *Britomart* it here doth neede,
 The hard adventures and strange haps to tell;
 Since with the rest she went not after *Florimell*.

For soone as she them saw to discord set,
 Her list no longer in that place abide;
 But taking with her louely *Amoret*,
 Vpon her first aduenture forth did ride,
 To seeke her lou'd, making blind loue her guide.
 Vnluckie Mayd to seeke her enemye,
 Vnluckie Mayd to seeke him farre and wide,
 Whom, when he was vnto her selfe most nic,
 She through his late disquize mēt could him not descrie.

So much the more her grieffe, the more her toyle:
 Yet neither toyle nor grieffe she once did spare,
 In seeking him, that should her paine assyle;
 Whereto great comfort in her sad misfare
 Was *Amoret*, companion of her care:
 Who likewise fought her louer long miswent,
 The gentle *Scudamour*, whose hart whileare
 That stryfull hag with gealous discontent
 Had filld, that he to sell reueng was fully bent.

Bent

Bent to reuenge on blamelesse *Britomart*
 The crime, which cursed *Ate* kindled earst,
 The which like thornes did pricke her gealous hart,
 And through his soule like poynded arrow perst,
 That by no reason it might be reuert,
 For ought that *Glance* could or doe or say.
 For aye the more that she the same reherst,
 The more it gauld, and grieu'd him night and day,
 That nought but dire reuenge his anger mote defray.

So as they trauelled, the drouping night
 Couered with cloudie storme and bitter showre,
 That dreadfull seem'd to euery liuing wight,
 Vpon them fell, before her timely howre;
 That forced them to seeke some couert bowre,
 Where they might hide their heads in quiet rest,
 And shrowd their persons from that stormie stowre.
 Not farre away, not meete for any guest
 They spide a little cottage, like some poore mans nest.

Vnder a steepe hilles side it placed was,
 There where the mouldred earth had cav'd the banke;
 And fast beside a little brooke did pas
 Of muddie water, that like puddle stanke,
 By which few crooked fallowes grew in ranke:
 Whereto approaching nigh, they heard the found
 Of many yron hammers beating ranke,
 And answering their wearie turnes around,
 That seemed some blacksmith dwelt in that desert ground.

There entring in, they found the goodman selfe,
 Full busily vnto his worke ybent;
 Who was to weete a wretched wearish elfe,
 With hollow eyes and rawbone cheekes forpent,

As if he had in prison long bene pent:
Full blacke and grieſly did his face appeare,
Beſmeard with ſmoke that nigh his eye-ſight blent;
With rugged beard, and hoarie ſhagged heare,
The which he neuer wont to combe, or comely ſheare.

Rude was his garment, and to rags all rent,
Ne better had he, ne for better cared:
With bliſtred hands emongſt the cinders brent,
And fingers filthie, with long nayles vnpared,
Right fit to rend the food, on which he fared,
His name was *Care*; a blackſmith by his trade,
That neither day nor night, from working ſpared,
But to ſmall purpoſe yron wedges made;
Thoſe be vnquiet thoughts, that carefull minds inuade.

In which his worke he had fixe ſeruants preſt,
About the Andvile ſtanding cuermore,
With huge great hammers, that did neuer reſt
From heaping ſtroakes, which thereon fouled fore:
All fixe ſtrong groomes, but one then other more;
For by degrees they all were diſagreed;
So likewiſe did the hammers which they bore,
Like belles in greatneſſe orderly ſucceed,
That he which was the laſt, the firſt did farre exceede.

He like a monſtrous Gyant ſeem'd in fight,
Farre paſſing *Bronteus*, or *Pynacmon* great,
The which in *Lipari* doe day and night
Frame thunderbolts for *Ioues* auengefull threate.
So dreadfully he did the anduile bear,
That ſeem'd to duſt he ſhortly would it driue:
So huge his hammer and ſo fierce his heare,
That ſeem'd a rocke of Diamond it could riue,
And rend a ſunder quite, if he thereto liſt ſtriue.

Cam.V. FAERIE QUEENE. 77
Sir *Scudamour* there entring, much admired
The manner of their worke and wearie paine;
And hauing long beheld, at laſt enquired
The cauſe and end thereof: but all in vaine;
For they for nought would from their worke refrain,
Ne let his ſpeeches come vnto their care.
And eke the breathfull bellows blew amaine,
Like to the Northren winde, that none could heare,
Thoſe *Penſiſeneſſe* did moue; & *Sighes* the bellows weare.

Which when that warriour ſaw, he ſaid no more,
But in his armour layd him downe to reſt:
To reſt he layd him downe vpon the flore,
(Whylome for ventrous Knights the bedding beſt)
And thought his wearie limbs to haue redreſt,
And that old aged Dame, his faithfull Squire,
Her feeble ioynts layd eke a downe to reſt;
That needed much her weake age to deſire,
After ſo long a trauell, which them both did tire.

There lay Sir *Scudamour* long while expecting,
When gentle ſleepe his heauie eyes would cloſe;
Oft changing ſides, and oft new place electing,
Where better ſeem'd he mote himſelfe repoſe;
And oft in wrath he thence againe vproſe;
And oft in wrath he layd him downe againe.
But wherefoeuer he did himſelfe diſpoſe,
He by no meanes could wiſhed eaſe obtaine:
So euery place ſeem'd painefull, and ech changing vaine.

And euermore, when he to ſleepe did thinke,
The hammers ſound his ſenſes did moleſt;
And euermore, when he began to winke,
The bellows noiſe diſturb'd his quiet reſt,

78 THE III. BOOKE OF THE *Cant. VI.*

Ne suffred sleepe to fettle in his brest.
 And all the night the dogs did barke and howle
 About the house, at sent of stranger guest:
 And now the crowing Cocke, and now the Owle
 Lowde shriking him afflicted to the very fowle.

And if by fortune any litle nap
 Vpon his heauie eye-lids chaunft to fall,
 Eitfoones one of those velleins him did rap
 Vpon his headpeece with his yron mall;
 That he was soone awaked therewithall,
 And lightly started vp as one affrayd;
 Or as if one him suddenly did call.
 So oftentimes he out of sleepe abrayd,
 And then lay musing long, on that him ill apayd.

So long he muzed, and so long he lay,
 That at the last his wearie sprite opprest
 With fleshly weaknesse, which no creature may
 Long time resist, gaue place to kindly rest,
 That all his senses did full soone arrest:
 Yet in his soundest sleepe, his dayly feare
 His ydle braine gan busily molest,
 And made him dreame those two disloyall were:
 The things that day most minds, at night doe most ap-
 pearc.

With that, the wicked carle the maister Smith
 A paire of redwhot yron tongs did take
 Out of the burning cinders, and therewith,
 Vnder his side him nipt, that forst to wake,
 He felt his hart for very paine to quake,
 And started vp auenged for to be
 On him, the which his quiet slomber brake:
 Yet looking round about him none could see;
 Yet did the smart remaine, though he himselfe did flee.

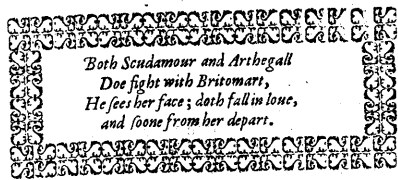
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Cant. V. FAERIE QVEENE.

79

In such disquiet and hartfretting payne,
 He all that night, that too long night did passe.
 And now the day out of the Ocean mayne
 Began to peepe about this earthly masse,
 With pearly dew sprinkling the morning grasse:
 Then vp he rose like heauie lumpe of lead,
 That in his face, as in a looking glasse,
 The signes of anguith one mote plainly read,
 And ghesse the man to be disinayd with gealous dread.

Vnto his lofty steede he clombe anone,
 And forth vpon his former voiage fared,
 And with him eke that aged Squire atone;
 Who whatsoeuer perill was prepared,
 Both equall paines and equall perill shared:
 The end whereof and daungerous euent
 Shall for another canticle be spared.
 But here my wearie teeme nigh ouer spent
 Shall breath it selfe awhile, after so long a went.

Cant. VI.

*Both Scudamour and Arithegall
Doe fight with Britomart,
He sees her face; doth fall in loue,
and soone from her depart.*

WHat equall torment to the griefe of mind,
And pyning anguish hid in gentle hart,
That inly feeds it selfe with thoughts vnkind,
And nourisheth her owne consuming smart?
What medicine can any Leaches art
Yeeld such a fore, that doth her griuance hide,
And will to none her maladie impart?
Such was the wound that *Scudamour* did gride;
For which *Dan Phebus* selfe cannot a salue prouide,

Who hauing left that restlesse house of *Care*,
The next day, as he on his way did ride,
Full of melancholie and sad misfare,
Through misconcept; all vnawares espide
An armed Knight vnder a Forrest side,
Sitting in shade beside his grazing steedes;
Who soone as them approaching he descride,
Gan towards them to pricke with eger speede,
That seem'd he was full bent to some mischieuous deede.

Which *Scudamour* perceiuing, forth issued
To haue rencountred him in equall race;
But soone as th'other nigh approaching, yewed
The armes he bore, his speare he gan abate,

And

And voide his course: at which so suddain cafe
He wondred much. But th'other thus can say;
Ah gentle *Scudamour*, vnto your grace
I me submit, and you of pardon pray,
That almost had against you trespassed this day.

Where to thus *Scudamour*, Small harme it were
For any knight, vpon a ventrous knight
Without displeasance for to proue his spere.
But reade you Sir, sith ye my name haue sight,
What is your owne, that I mote you requite.
Certes (sayd he) ye mote as now excuse
Me from discovering you my name aright:
For time yet serues that I the same refuse,
But call ye me the *Saluage Knight*, as others vse.

Then this, Sir *Saluage Knight* (quoth he) areede;
Or doe you here within this Forrest wonne,
That seemeth well to answer to your weede?
Or haue ye it for some occasion donne?
That rather seemes, sith knowen armes ye shonne,
This other day (sayd he) a stranger knight
Shame and dishonour hath vnto me donne;
On whom I waite to wreake that foule despight,
When euer 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 shamed were?
A stranger knight, sayd he, vnknowne by name,
But knowne by fame, and by an Hebene speare,
With which he all that met him, downe did beare.
He in an open Turney lately held,
Fro me the honour of that game did reare;
And hauing me all wearie earst, downe feld,
The fayrest Ladie rest, and euer since withheld.

F

When *Scudamour* heard mention of that speare,
 He wist right well, that it was *Britomart*,
 The which from him his fairest loue did beare.
 Tho gan he swell in euery inner part,
 For fell despight, and gnaw his gealous hart,
 That thus he sharply sayd; Now by my head,
 Yet is not this the first vnknighly part,
 Which that fame knight, whom by his launce I read,
 Hath doen to noble knights, that many makes him dread.

For lately he my loue hath fro me rest,
 And eke defiled with foule villanie
 The sacred pledge, which in his faith was left,
 In frame of knighthood and fidelitie;
 The which ere long full deare he shall abie.
 And if to that auenge by you decreed
 This hand may helpe, or succour ought supplie,
 It shall not fayle, when so ye shall it need.
 So both to wreake their wrathes on *Britomart* agreed.

Whiles thus they communed, lo farre away
 A Knight soft ryding towards them they spyde,
 Attyr'd in forraine armes and straunge aray:
 Who when they nigh approcht, they plaine descryde
 To be the fame, for whom they did abyde.
 Sayd then Sir *Scudamour*, Sir *Saluage* knight
 Let me this craue, sith first I was defyde,
 That first I may that wrong to him requite:
 And if I hap to fayle, you shall recure my right.

Which being yelded, he his threatfull speare
 Gan fewter, and against her fiercely ran.
 Who soone as she him saw approaching neare
 With so fell rage, her selfe she lightly gan

To

To dight, to welcome him, well as she can:
 But entertaind him in so rude a wife,
 That to the ground she smote both horse and man;
 Whence neither greatly hasted to arise,
 But on their common harmes together did deuise.

But *Artegall* beholding his mischaunce,
 New matter added to his former fire;
 And est auentring his steelheaded launce,
 Against her rode, full of despiteous ire,
 That nought but spoyle and vengeance did require.
 But to him selfe his felonous intent
 Returning, disappointed his desire,
 Whiles vnawares his saddle he forwent,
 And found him selfe on ground in great amazement.

Lightly he started vp out of that found,
 And snatching forth his direfull deadly blade,
 Did leape to her, as doth an eger hound
 Thrust to an Hynd within some couert glade,
 Whom without perill he cannot inuade.
 With such fell greedines he her assayed,
 That though he mounted were, yet he her made
 To giue him ground, (so much his force preuayled)
 And shun his mightie strokes, gainst which no armes
 (auayled,

So as they coursed here and there, it chaunft
 That in her wheeling round, behind her crest
 So sorely he her strooke, that thence it glaunft
 Adowne her backe, the which it fairely blest
 From foule mischaunce; ne did it euer rest,
 Till on her horses hinder parts it fell;
 Where byting deepe, so deadly it impress,
 That quite it chynd his backe behind the fell,
 And to alight on foote her algates did compell.

F 2

Like as the lightning brond from riuen skie,
 Throwne out by angry *Ioue* in his vengeance,
 With dreadfull force falles on some sleepe hie;
 Which battring, downe it on the church doth glance,
 And teares it all with terrible mischance.
 Yet the no whit dismayd, her steed forooke,
 And casting from her that enchanted lance,
 Vnto her sword and shield her soone betooke;
 And therewithall at him right furiously she strooke.

So furiously she strooke in her first heat,
 Whiles with long fight on foot he breathlesse was,
 That she him forced backward to retreat,
 And yeeld vnto her weapon way to pas:
 Whose raging rigour neither steele nor bras
 Could stay, but to the tender flesh it went,
 And pour'd the purple bloud forth on the gras;
 That all his mayle yri'd, and plates yrent,
 Shew'd all his bodie bare vnto the cruell dent.

At length when as he saw her hastie heat
 Abate, and panting breath begin to fayle,
 He through long sufferance growing now more great,
 Rose in his strength, and gan her fresh assayle,
 Heaping huge strokes, as thicke as shovre of hayle,
 And lashing dreadfully at euery part,
 As if he thought her soule to disentrayle.
 Ah cruell hand, and thrife more cruell hart,
 That workst such wrecke on her, to whom thou dearest

(art.

What yron courage euer could endure,
 To worke such outrage on so faire a creature?
 And in his madnesse thinke with hands impure
 To spoyle so goodly workmanship of nature,

The

The maker selfe resembling in her feature?
 Certes some hellish furie, or some feend
 This mischief framd, for their first loues defeature,
 To bath their hands in bloud of dearest freend,
 Thereby to make their loues beginning, their liues end.

Thus long they trac'd, and traerft to and fro,
 Sometimes pursewing, and sometimes pursued,
 Still as aduantage they espyde thereto:
 But toward th'end Sir *Arthegall* renewed
 His strength still more, but the still more decreed:
 At last his lucklesse hand he heau'd on hie,
 Hauing his forces all in one accrewed,
 And therewith stroke at her so hideouslie,
 That seemed nought but death mote be her destinie.

The wicked stroke vpon her helmet chaunft,
 And with the force, which in it selfe it bore,
 Her ventayle shard away, and thence forth glaunft
 A downe in vaine, ne harm'd her any more.
 With that her angels face, vnscene afore,
 Like to the ruddie morne appeared in fight,
 Deawed with siluer drops, through sweating fore,
 But somewhat redder, then be seem'd aright,
 Through toyle some heate and labour of her weary fight.

And round about the same, her yellow heare
 Hauing through stirring loofd her wonted band,
 Like to a golden border did appeare,
 Framed in goldsmithes forge with cunning hand:
 Yet goldsmithes cunning could not vnderstand
 To frame such subtil wire, so shinie cleare.
 For it did glister like the golden sand,
 The which *Pactolus* with his waters there,
 Throwes forth vpon the riuage round about him nere.

F 3

And as his hand he vp againe did reare,
Thinking to worke on her his vntost wracke,
His powerelesse arme benumbd with secret feare
From his reuengefull purpose sronke abacke,
And cruell sword out of his fingers slacke
Fell downe to ground, as if the Steele had sence,
And felt some ruth, or sence his hand did lacke,
Or both of them did thinke, obedience
To doe to so diuine a beauties excellence.

And he himselfe long gazing thereupon,
At last fell humbly downe vpon his knee,
And of his wonder made religion,
Weening some heavenly goddesse he did see,
Or else vnweeting, what it else might bee;
And pardon her besought his errour frayle,
That had done outrage in so high degree:
Whilest trembling horror did his sence assayle,
And made ech member quake, and manly hart to quayle.

Nathelesse she full of wrath for that late stroke,
All that long while vpheld her wrathfull hand,
With fell intent, on him to bene ywroke,
And looking sterne, still ouer him did stand,
Threatning to strike, vnlesse he would withstand:
And bad him rise, or surely he should die.
But die or liue for nought he would vstand
But her of pardon prayd more earnestlie,
Or wreake on him her will for so great iniurie.

Which when as *Scudamow*, who now abrajd,
Beheld, whereas he stood not farre aside,
He was therewith right wondrously dismayd,
And drawing nigh, when as he plaine descride

That

That peerelesse paterne of Dame natures pride,
And heavenly image of perfection,
He blest himselfe, as one fore terrifide,
And turning his feare to faint deuotion,
Did worship her as some celestiaall vision.

But *Glauce*, seeing all that chanced there,
Well weeting how their errour to assoyle,
Full glad of so good end, to them drew nere,
And her salewd with seemely belaccoyle,
Ioyous to see her safe after long toyle.
Then her besought, as she to her was deare,
To graunt vnto those warriours truce a while;
Which yeelded, they their beuers vp did reare,
And shewd themselves to her, such as indeed they were.

When *Britomart* with sharpe auizefull eye
Beheld the louely face of *Artegall*,
Tempred with sterneesse and stout maiestie,
She gan estsoones it to her mind to call,
To be the same which in her fathers hall
Long since in that enchanted glasse she saw.
Therewith her wrathfull courage gan appall,
And haughtie spirits meekeley to adaw,
That her enhauced hand she downe can soft withdraw.

Yet she it forst to haue againe vpheld,
As sayning choler, which was turn'd to cold:
But euer when his visage she beheld,
Her hand fell downe, and would no longer hold
The wrathfull weapon gainst his countnance bold:
But when in vaine to fight she oft assayd,
She arm'd her tongue, and thought at him to scold;
Nathlesse her tongue not to her will obeyd,
But brought forth speeches myld, when she would haue
F 4 (missayd)

But *Scudamory* now woxen inly glad,
 That all his gealou feare he false had found,
 And how that Hag his loue abused had
 With breach of faith and loyaltie vnfound,
 The which long time his grieued hart did wound,
 Her thus bespake; certes Sir *Artegall*,
 I ioy to see you lout so low on ground,
 And now become to liue a Ladies thrall,
 That whylome in your minde wont to despise them all.

Soone as she heard the name of *Artegall*,
 Her hart did leape, and all her hart-ftrings tremble,
 For sudden ioy, and secreet feare withall,
 And all her vitall powres with motion nimble,
 To succour it, themselues gan there assemble,
 That by the swift recourse of flushing blood
 Right plaine appeared, though she it would dissemble,
 And fayned still her former angry mood,
 Thinking to hide the depth by troubling of the flood.

When *Glauce* thus gan wisely all vp knit;
 Ye gentle Knights, whom fortune here hath brought,
 To be spectators of this vnouth fit,
 Which secreet fate hath in this Ladie wrought,
 Against the course of kind, ne meruaile nought,
 Ne thenceforth feare the thing that hethertoo
 Hath troubled both your mindes with idle thought,
 Feareing least the your loues away should woo,
 Feared in vaine, sith meanes ye see there wants theretoo.

And you Sir *Artegall*, the saluage knight,
 Henceforth may not disdaine, that womans hand
 Hath conquered you anew in second fight:
 For whylome they haue conquerd sea and land,

And

And heauen it selfe, that nought may them withstand
 Ne henceforth be rebellious vnto loue,
 That is the crowne of knighthood, and the band
 Of noble minds deriued from aboue,
 Which being knit with vertue, neuer will remoue.

And you faire Ladic knight, my dearest Dame,
 Relent the rigour of your wrathfull will,
 Whose fire were better turn'd to other flame;
 And wiping out remembrance of all ill,
 Graunt him your grace, but so that he fulfill
 The penance, which ye shall to him empart:
 For louers heauen must passe by forrowes hell.
 Thereat full inly blushed *Britomart*;
 But *Artegall* close smyling ioy'd in secreet hart.

Yet durst he not make loue so suddenly,
 Ne thinke th' affection of her hart to draw
 From one to other so quite contrary:
 Besides her modest countenance he saw
 So goodly graue, and full of princely aw,
 That it his ranging fancie did refraine,
 And looser thoughts to lawfull bounds withdraw;
 Whereby the passion grew more fierce and faine,
 Like to a stubborne steede whom strong hand would re-
 fraine.

But *Scudamory* whose hart twixt doubtfull feare
 And feeble hope hung all this while suspence,
 Desiring of his *Amoret* to heare
 Some gladfull newes and sure intelligence,
 Her thus bespake; But Sir without offence
 Mote I request you tydings of my loue,
 My *Amoret*, sith you her freed from thence,
 Where the captiued long, great woes did proue;
 That where ye left, I may her seeke, as doth behoue.

To whom thus *Britomart*, certes Sir knight,
 What is of her become, or whether rest,
 I can not vnto you aread a right.
 For from that time I from enchaunters theft
 Her freed, in which ye her all hopelesse left,
 I her preferu'd from perill and from feare,
 And euermore from villenie her kept:
 Ne euer was there wight to me more deare
 Then she, ne vnto whom I more true loue did beare.

Till on a day as through a desert wyld
 We trauelled, both wearie of the way
 We did alight, and ferein shadow myd;
 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 whylcare,
 But thought she wandred was, or gone astray.
 I cal'd her loud, I sought her farre and neare;
 But no where could her find, nor tydings of her heare.

When *Scudamour* those heauie tydings heard,
 His hart was thrild with point of deadly feare;
 Ne in his face or bloud or life appeared,
 But senselesse stood, like to a mazed steare,
 That yet of mortall stroke the fount doth beare.
 Till *Glauce* thus; Faire Sir, be nought dismayd
 With needelesse dread, till certaintie ye heare:
 For yet she may be safe though somewhat strayd;
 Its best to hope the best, though of the worst affrayd.

Nathlesse he hardly of her chearefull speech
 Did comfort take, or in his troubled sight
 Shew'd change of better cheare: so fore a breach
 That sudden newes had made into his sprights;

Till

Till *Britomart* him fairely thus beighth;
 Great cause of forrow certes Sir ye haue:
 But comfort take: for by this heavens light
 I vow, you dead or liuing not to leaue,
 Till I her find, and wreake on him that her did reauce.

Therewith he rested, and well pleased was.
 So peace being confirm'd amongst them all,
 They tooke their steeds, and forward thence did pas
 Vnto some resting place, which mote befall,
 All being guided by Sir *Artegall*.
 Where goodly solace was vnto them made,
 And dayly feasting both in bowre and hall,
 Vntill that they their wounds well healed had,
 And wearie limmes recur'd after late vjage bad.

In all which time, Sir *Artegall* made way
 Vnto the loue of noble *Britomart*,
 And with meeke seruice and much suit did lay
 Continuall siege vnto her gentle hart,
 Which being whylome launcht with louely dart,
 More eath was new impression to receiue,
 How euer she her paynd with womanish art
 To hide her wound, that none might it perceiue:
 Vaine is the art that seekes it selfe for to deceiue.

So well he wo'd her, and so well he wrought her,
 With faire entreatie and sweet blandishment,
 That at the length vnto a bay he brought her,
 So as she to his speeches was content
 To lend an eare, and softly to relent.
 At last through many vowes which forth he pour'd,
 And many othes, she yeilded her consent
 To be his loue, and take him for her Lord,
 Till they with marriage meet might finish that accord.

Tho when they had long time there taken rest,
 Sir *Artegall*, who all this while was bound
 Vpon an hard aduerture yet in quest,
 Fit time for him thence to depart it found,
 To follow that, which he did long propound;
 And vnto her his congee came to take.
 But her therewith full sore displeas'd he found,
 And loth to leaue her late betrothed make,
 Her dearest loue full loth so shortly to forsake.

Yet he with strong perswasions her asswaged,
 And wonne her will to suffer him depart;
 For which his faith with her he fast engaged,
 And thousand vowes from bortome of his hart,
 That all so soone as he by wit or art
 Could that atchieue, whereto he did aspire,
 He vnto her would speedily reuert:
 No longer space thereto he did desire,
 But till the horned moone three courses did expire.

With which she for the present was appeas'd,
 And yeelded leaue, how euer malcontent
 She inly were, and in her mind displeas'd.
 So early in the morrow next he went
 Forth on his way, to which he was ybent.
 Ne wight him to attend, or way to guide,
 As whylome was the custome ancient
 Mought Knights, when on aduertures they did ride,
 Saue that she algates him a while accompanide.

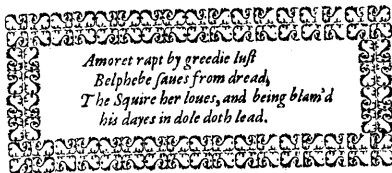
And by the way she sundry purpose found
 Of this or that, the time for to delay,
 And of the perils whereto he was bound,
 The feare whercof seem'd much her to affray:

But

But all she did was but to weare out day,
 Full oftentimes she leaue of him did take;
 And est againe deuiz'd some what to say,
 Which she forgot, whereby excuse to make:
 So loth she was his companie for to forsake.

At last when all her speeches she had spent,
 And new occasion sayld her more to find,
 She left him to his fortunes gouernment,
 And backe returned with right heauie mind.
 To *Scudamour*, who she had left behind,
 With whom she went to seeke faire *Amoret*,
 Her second care, though in another kind;
 For vertues onely sake, which doth beget
 True loue and faithfull friendship, she by her did set.

Backe to that desert Forrest they retyred,
 Where sorie *Britomart* had lost her late;
 There they her sought, and euery where inquired,
 Where they might tydings get of her estate;
 Yet found they none. But by what haplesse fate,
 Or hard misfortune she was thence conuayd,
 And stolne away from her beloued mate,
 Were long to tell; therefore I here will stay
 Vntill another tyde, that I it finish may.

Cant. VII.

Great God of loue, that with thy cruell dart
 Doeft conquer greatest conquerors on ground,
 And sett thy kingdome in the captiue harts
 Of Kings and Keafars, to thy seruice bound,
 What glorie, or what guerdon hast thou found
 In feeble Ladies tyranning so fore;
 And adding anguish to the bitter wound,
 With which their liues thou lanchest long afore,
 By heaping stormes of trouble on them daily more?

So whylome didst thou to faire *Florimell*;
 And so and so to noble *Britomart*:
 So doeft thou now to her, of whom I tell,
 The louely *Amoret*, whose gentle hart
 Thou martyrest with sorow and with smart,
 In saluage forrests, and in deserts wide,
 With Beares and Tygers taking heauie part,
 Withouten comfort, and withouten guide,
 That pittie is to heare the perils, which the tride.

So soone as she with that braue Britonesse
 Had left that Turneyment for beauties prife,
 They traueled long, that now for wearinesse,
 Both of the way, and warlike exercife,

Both through a forest ryding did deuife
 T'alight, and rest their wearie limbs awhile.
 There heauie sleepe the eye-lids did surprife
 Of *Britomart* after long tedious toyle,
 That did her passed paines in quiet rest affoyle.

The whiles faire *Amoret*, of nought affeard,
 Walkt through the wood, for pleasure, or for need;
 When suddenly behind her backe she heard
 One rushing forth out of the thickest weed,
 That ere she backe could turne to taken heed,
 Hadnawares her snatched vp from ground.
 Feebly she shriekt, but so feebly indeed,
 That *Britomart* heard not the shrilling found,
 There where through weary trauel the lay sleeping sound.

It was to weete a wilde and saluage man,
 Yet was no man, but onely like in shape,
 And eke in stature higher by a span,
 All ouergrowne with haire, that could awphape
 An hardy hart, and his wide mouth did gape
 With huge great teeth, like to a tusked Bore:
 For he liu'd all on rauin and on rape
 Of men and beasts; and fed on fleshy gore,
 The signe whereof yet stain'd his bloody lips afore.

His neather lip was not like man nor beast,
 But like a wide deepe poke, downe hanging low,
 In which he wont the relickes of his feast,
 And cruell spoyle, which he had spard, to stow:
 And ouer it his huge great nose did grow,
 Full dreadfully empurpled all with blood;
 And downe both sides two wide long eares did glow,
 And raught downe to his wasse, when vp he stood,
 More great then th'eares of Elephants by *Indus* flood.

Both

His wast was with a wreath of yuie greene
 Engirt about, ne other garment wore:
 For all his haire was like a garment seene;
 And in his hand a tall young oake he bore,
 Whose knottic snags were sharped all afore,
 And beath'd in fire for steele to be in fed.
 But whence he was, or of what wombe ybore,
 Of beafts, or of the earth, I haue not red:
 But certes was with milke of Wloues and Tygres fed.

This vgly creature in his armes her snatcht,
 And through the Forrest bore her quite away,
 With briers and bushes all to rent and scratcht;
 Ne care he had, ne pittie of the pray,
 Which many a knight had fought fo many a day.
 He stayed not, but in his armes her bearing
 Ran, till he came to th'end of all his way,
 Vnto his caue farre from all peoples hearing,
 And there he threw her in, nought feeling, ne nought
 (fearing).

For she deare Ladie all the way was dead,
 Whilest he in armes her bore; but when she felt
 Her selfe downe soust, she waked out of dread
 Streight into griefe, that her deare hart nigh swelt,
 And est gan into tender teares to melt.
 Then when she lookt about, and nothing found
 But darknesse and dread horrour, where she dwelt,
 She almost fell againe into a swoond,
 Ne wist whether about she were, or vnder ground.

With that she heard some one close by her side
 Sighing and sobbing sore, as if the paine
 Her tender hart in peeces would diuide:
 Which she long listning, softly askt againe

What

What mister wight it was that so did plaine?
 To whom thus aunswer'd was: Ah wretched wight
 That seekes to know anothers griefe in yaine,
 Vnweeting of thine owne like haplesse plight:
 Selfe to forget to mind another, is ouerflight.

Aye me (said she) where am I, or with whom?
 Emong the liuing, or emong the dead?
 What shall of me vnhappy maid become?
 Shall death be th'end, or ought else worse, aread.
 Vnhappy mayd (then answerd she) whose dread
 Vntride, is lesse then when thou shalt it try:
 Death is to him, that wretched life doth lead,
 Both grace and gaine; but he in hell doth lie,
 That liues a loathed life, and wishing cannot die.

This dismall day hath thee a caytiue made,
 And vassall to the vilest wretch aliue,
 Whose cursed vsage and vngodly trade
 The heauens abhorre, and into darknesse driue.
 For on the spoile of women he doth liue,
 Whose bodies chaste, when euer in his powre
 He may them catch, vnable to gaine triue,
 He with his shamefull lust doth first destowre,
 And afterwards themselues doth cruelly deuoure.

Now twenty daies, by which the sonnes of men
 Diuide their works, haue past through heuen sheene,
 Since I was brought into this dolefull den;
 During which space these fory eies haue seen
 Seauen women by him slaine, and eaten clene.
 And now no more for him but I alone,
 And this old woman here remaining bene;
 Till thou cam'st hither to augment our mone,
 And of vs three to morrow he will sure eate one.

G

Ah dreadfull tidings which thou doest declare,
 (Quoth she) of all that euer hath bene knowne:
 Full many great calamities and rare
 This feeble brest endured hath, but none
 Equall to this, where euer I haue gone.
 But what are you, whom like vn lucky lot
 Hath linckt with me in the same chaine atone?
 To tell (quoth she) that which ye see, needs not;
 A wofull wretched maid, of God and man forgot.

But what I was, it irkes me to reherse;
 Daughter vnto a Lord of high degree;
 That ioyd in happy peace, till fates peruerse
 With guilefull loue did secretly agree,
 To ouerthrow my state and dignitie.
 It was my lot to loue a gentle swaine,
 Yet was he but a Squire of low degree;
 Yet was he meet, vnlesse mine eye did faime,
 By any Ladies side for Lemni to haue laine.

But for his meannesse and disparagement,
 My Sire, who me too dearely well did loue,
 Vnto my choise by no meanes would assent,
 But often did my folly fowle reprove.
 Yet nothing could my fixed mind remoue,
 But whether willed or nilled friend or foe,
 I me resolu'd the vtmost end to proue,
 And rather then my loue abandon so,
 Both sire, and friends, and all for euer to forgo.

Thenceforth I sought by secret meanes to worke
 Time to my will, and from his wrathfull sight
 To hide th' intent, which in my heart did lurke,
 Till I thereto had all things ready dight.

So on a day vnweeting vnto wight,
 I with that Squire agreede away to flit,
 And in a priuy place, betwixt vs hight,
 Within a groue appointed him to meete;
 To which I boldly came vpon my feeble fecte.

But ah vn happy houre me thither brought:
 For in that place where I him thought to find,
 There was I found, contrary to my thought,
 Of this accursed Carle of hellish kind,
 The shame of men, and plague of womankind,
 Who trussing me, as Eagle doth his pray,
 Me hether brought with him, as swift as wind,
 Where yet vn touched till this present day,
 I rest his wretched thrall, the sad *AEmylia*.

Ah sad *AEmylia* (then sayd *Amoret*.)
 Thy ruefull plight I pittie as mine owne.
 But read to me, by what deuise or wit,
 Hast thou in all this time, from him vnknowne
 Thine honor sau'd, though into thraldome throwne.
 Through helpe (quoth she) of this old woman here
 I haue to done, as she to me hath showne.
 For euer when he burnt in lustfull fire,
 She in my stead supplide his bestiall desire.

Thus of their euils as they did discourse,
 And each did other much bewaile and mone;
 Loe where the villaine selfe, their sorrowes source,
 Came to the caue, and rolling thence the stone,
 Which wont to stop the mouth thereof, that none
 Might issue forth, came rudely rushing in,
 And spredding ouer all the flore alone,
 Gan dight him selfe vnto his wonted sinne;
 Which ended, then his bloody banquet should beginne.

Which when as fearefull *Amoret* perceiu'd,
 She said not the vtmost end thereof to try,
 But like a ghastly Gelt, whose wits are reaued,
 Ran forth in haist with hideous outcry,
 For horroure of his shamefull villany.
 But after her full lightly he vprofe,
 And her pursu'd as fast as she did flie:
 Full fast she flies, and farre afore him goes,
 Ne feesles the thorns and thickets pricke her tender toes.

Nor hedge, nor ditch, nor hill, nor dale she staires,
 But ouerleapes them all, like *Robucke* light,
 And through the thickest makes her night waies;
 And euermore when with regardfull sight
 She looking backe, espies that grieifly wight
 Approching nigh, the gins to mend her pace,
 And makes her teare a spur to haist her flight:
 More swift then *Myrris* or *Daphne* in her race,
 Or any of the Thracian Nymphes in saluage chase.

Long so she fled, and so he follow'd long,
 Ne liuing aide for her on earth appeares,
 But if the heauens helpe to redresse her wrong,
 Moued with pity of her plenteous teares.
 It fortun'd *Eelpebe* with her peares
 The woody Nymphs, and with that louely boy,
 Was hunting then the Libbards and the Beares,
 In these wild woods, as was her wonted ioy,
 To banish sloth, that oft doth noble mindes annoy.

It so befell, as oft it fals in chace,
 That each of them from other sundred were,
 And that same gentle Squire arriu'd in place,
 Where this same curs'd caytiue did appeare,

Pursuing

Pursuing that faire Lady full offeare,
 And now he her quite ouertaken had;
 And now he her away with him did beare
 Vnder his arme, as seeming wondrous glad,
 That by his grenning laughter mote farre off be rad.

With dreary sight the gentle Squire espying,
 Doth haist to crosse him by the nearest way,
 Led with that wofull Ladies piteous crying,
 And him assailes with all the might he may,
 Yet will not be the louely spoile downe lay,
 But with his craggy club in his right hand,
 Defends him selfe, and saues his gotten pray.
 Yet had it bene right hard him to withstand,
 But that he was full light and nimble on the land.

Thereto the villaine vsed craft in fight;
 For euer when the Squire his iauelin shooke,
 He held the Lady forth before him right,
 And with her body, as a buckler, broke
 The puissance of his intended stroke.
 And if it chaunst, (as needs it must in fight)
 Whilest he on him was greedy to be wroke,
 That any little blow on her did light,
 Then would he laugh aloud, and gather great delight.

Which subtil sleight did him encumber much,
 And made him oft, when he would strike, forbear;
 For hardly could he come the carle to touch,
 But that he her must hurt, or hazard neare:
 Yet he his hand so carefully did beare,
 That at the last he did himselfe attaine,
 And therein left the pike head of his speare.
 A streame of coleblacke bloud thence gusht amaine,
 That all her silken garments did with bloud bestaine.

G 3

With that he threw her rudely on the flore,
 And laying both his hands vpon his glaue,
 With dreadfull strokes let driue at him so fore,
 That forst him flie abacke, himselfe to saue:
 Yet he therewith so felly still did raue,
 That scarce the Squire his hand could once preare,
 But for aduantage ground vnto him gaue,
 Tracing and traueising, now here, now there;
 For bootlesse thing it was to think such blowes to beare.

Whilest thus in battell they embuffed were,
Belphebe raunging in that Forrest wide,
 The hideous noise of their huge strokes did heare,
 And drew thereto, making her eare her guide.
 Whom when that theefe approaching nigh espide,
 With bow in hand, and arrowes ready bent,
 He by his former combate would not bide,
 But fled away with ghastly dreriment,
 Well knowing her to be his deaths sole instrument.

Whom seeing flie, she speedily poufewed
 With winged feete, as nimble as the winde,
 And euer in her bow she ready shewed,
 The arrow, to his deadly marke desynde.
 As when *Latonaes* daughter cruell kynde,
 In vengeance of her mothers great disgrace,
 With fell despight her cruell arrowes tynde
 Gainst wofull *Niobes* vnhappy race,
 That all the gods did mone her miserable case.

So well she sped her and so far she ventred,
 That ere vnto his hellish den he raught,
 Euen as he ready was there to haue entred,
 She sent an arrow forth with mighty draught,

That

That in the very dore him ouercaught,
 And in his nape arriuing, through it thrild
 His greedy throte, therewith in two distraught,
 That all his vitall spirites thereby spild,
 And all his hairy brest with gory blood was filld.

Whom when on ground she grouching saw to rowle,
 She ran in hast his life to haue bereft:
 But ere she could him reach, the sinfull fowle
 Hauing his carrion corse quite fencelesse left,
 Was fled to hell, surcharg'd with spoile and theft.
 Yet ouer him she there long gazing stood,
 And oft admir'd his monstrous shape, and oft
 His mighty limbs, whilest all with filthy blood
 The place there ouerflowne, seemd like a sodaine flood.

Thenceforth she past into his dreadfull den,
 Where nought but darke some drerinesse she found,
 Ne creature saw, but hearkned now and then
 Some litle whispering, and soft groning sound.
 With that she askt, what ghosts there vnder ground
 Lay hid in horrour of eternall night?
 And bad them, if so be they were not bound,
 To come and shew themselves before the light,
 Now freed from feare and danger of that dismall wight.

Then forth she said *AEmylia* issewed,
 Yet trembling euery ioynt through former feare;
 And after her the Hag, there with her mewed,
 A foule and lothsome creature did appeare;
 A leman fit for such a louer deare.
 That mou'd *Belphebe* her no lesse to hate,
 Then for to rue the others heauy cheare;
 Of whom she gan enquire of her estate.
 Who all to her at large, as hapned, did relate.

Thence she them brought toward the place, where late
 She left the gentle Squire with *Amores*:
 There she him found by that new lovely mate,
 Who lay the whiles in swoune, full sadly set,
 From her faire eyes wiping the dewy wet,
 Which softly stild, and kissing them atweene,
 And handling soft the hurts, which she did get.
 For of that Carle she forely bruz'd had bene,
 Als of his owne rash hand one wound was to be seene.

Which when she saw, with sodaine g'auencing eye,
 Her noble heart with sight thereof was filld
 With deepe disdain, and great indignity,
 That in her wrath she thought them both haue thrild,
 With that selfe arrow, which the Carle had killd:
 Yet held her wrathfull hand from vengeance fore,
 But drawing nigh, ere he her well beheld;
 Is this the faith she said, and said no more,
 But turnd her face, and fled away for euermore.

He seeing her depart, arose vp light,
 Right fore agrieved at her sharpe reproofe,
 And follow'd fast: but when he came in sight,
 He durst not nigh approach, but kept aloofe,
 For dread of her displeasures vtmost proofe.
 And euermore, when he did grace entreat,
 And framed speeches fit for his behoofe,
 Her mortall arrowes, she at him did threat,
 And forst him backe with fowle dishonor to retreat.

At last when long he follow'd had in vaine,
 Yet found no ease of griefe, nor hope of grace,
 Vnto those woods he turned backe againe,
 Full of sad anguish, and in heauy case:

And

And finding there fit solitary place
 For wofull wight, chose out a gloomy glade,
 Where hardly eye mote see bright heauens face,
 For mossy trees, which couered all with shade
 And sad melancholy, there he his cabin made.

His wonted warlike weapons all he broke,
 And threw away, with vow to vse no more,
 Ne thenceforth euer strike in battell stroke,
 Ne euer word to speake to woman more;
 But in that wildernesse, of men forlore,
 And of the wicked world forgotten quight,
 His hard mishap in dolor to deplore,
 And wast his wretched daies in wofull plight;
 So on him selfe to wreake his follies owne despight.

And eke his garment, to be thereto meet,
 He wilfully did cut and shape anew;
 And his faire lockes, that wont with ointment sweet
 To be embauln'd, and sweate out dainty dew,
 He let to grow and grieftly to concrew,
 Vncomb'd, vncur'l'd, and carelesly vnshed;
 That in thort time his face they ouergrew,
 And ouer all his shoulders did disprede,
 That who he whilome was, vneath was to be red.

There he continued in this carefull plight,
 Wretchedly wearing out his youthly yeares,
 Through wilfull penury consumed quight,
 That like a pined ghost he soone appears.
 For other food then that wilde Forrest beares,
 Ne other drinke there did he euer tast,
 Then running water, tempred with his teares,
 The more his weakened body so to wast:
 That out of all mens knowledge he was worne at last.

For on a day, by fortune as it fell,
 His owne deare Lord Prince *Arthur* came that way,
 Seeking aduentures, where he mote heare tell;
 And as he through the wandering wood did stray,
 Hauing espide this Cabin far away,
 He to it drew, to weet who there did wonne;
 Weening therein some holy Hermit lay,
 That did refort of sinfull people thonne;
 Or else some woodman shrowded there from scorching

(sunne.

Arriuing there, he found this wretched man,
 Spending his daies in dolour and depairst,
 And through long fasting woxen pale and wan,
 All ouergrown with rude and rugged haire;
 That albeit his owne deare Squire he were,
 Yet he him knew not, ne atiz'd at all,
 But like strange wight, whom he had seene no where,
 Saluting him, gan into speach to fall,
 And pittie much his plight, that liu'd like outcast thrall.

But to his speach he aunswered no whit,
 But stood still mute, as if he had bene dum,
 Ne signe of fence did shew, ne common wit,
 As one with griefe and anguillie ouercum,
 And vnto euery thing did aunswere mum:
 And euer when the Prince vnto him spake,
 He louted lowly, as did him becum,
 And humble homage did vnto him make,
 Midst forrow shewing toyous semblance for his sake.

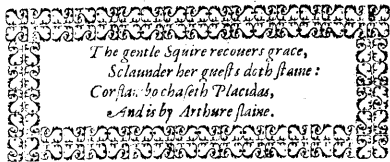
At which his vncouth guise and vsage quaint
 The Prince did wonder much, yet could not ghesse
 The cause of that his forrowfull constraints;
 Yet weend by secret signes of manlinesse,

Which

Which close appeard in that rude brutifnesse,
 That he whilome some gentle swaine had bene,
 Traind vp in feats of armes and knightlinesse;
 Which he oberu'd, by that he him had seene
 To weld his naked sword, and try the edges keene.

And eke by that he saw on euery tree,
 How he the name of one engrauen had,
 Which likly was his liefest loue to be,
 For whom he now so forely was bestad;
 Which was by him *BELPHEBE* rightly rad.
 Yet who was that *Belphebe*, he ne wist;
 Yet saw he often how he wexed glad,
 When he it heard, and how the ground he kist,
 Wherein it written was, and how himselfe he blist:

Tho when he long had marked his demeanor,
 And saw that all he said and did, was vaine,
 Ne ought mote make him change his wonted tenor,
 Ne ought mote ease or mitigate his paine,
 He left him there in languor to remaine,
 Till time for him should remedy prouide,
 And him restore to former grace againe.
 Which for it is too long here to abide,
 I will deferre the end vntill another tide.

Cant. VIII.

WELL said the wiseman, now prou'd true by this,
 Which to this gentle Squire did happen late,
 That the displeasure of the mighty is
 Then death it selfe more dread and desperate.
 For naught the fame may calme ne mitigate,
 Till time the tempest doe thereof delay
 With sufferance soft, which rigour can abate,
 And haue the sterne remembrance wypt away
 Of bitter thoughts, which deepe therein infix'd lay.

Like as it fell to this vnhappy boy,
 Whose tender heart the faire *Belphebe* had,
 With one sterne looke so daunted, that no ioy
 In all his life, which afterwards he had,
 He euer tasted, but with penance sad
 And peniue sorrow pind and wore away,
 Ne euer laught, ne once shew'd countenance glad;
 But alwaies wept and wailed night and day,
 As blasted blooming through heat doth languish & decay

Till on a day, as in his wonted wife
 His doole he made, there chaunft a turtle Doue
 To come, where he his dolours did deuise,
 That likewise late had lost her dearest loue,

Which

Which losse her made like passion also proue,
 Who seeing his sad plight, her tender heart
 With deare compassion deeply did emmoue,
 That she gan mone his vnderferued smart,
 And with her dolefull accent beare with him a part.

Shee sitting by him as on ground he lay,
 Her mournfull notes full piteouly did frame,
 And thereof made a lamentable lay,
 So sensibly compyl'd, that in the same
 Him seem'd off he heard his owne right name.
 With that he forth would poure so plenteous teares,
 And beat his breast vnworthy of such blame,
 And knocke his head, and rend his rugged heares,
 That could haue perfit the hearts of Tigris & of Beares.

Thus long this gentle bird to him did vse,
 Withouten dread of perill to repaire
 Vnto his wonne, and with her mournfull muse
 Him to recomfort in his greatest care,
 That much did ease his mourning and misfare:
 And euery day for guerdon of her song,
 He part of his small feast to her would thare;
 That at the last of all his woe and wrong
 Companion she became, and so continued long.

Vpon a day as she him fate beside,
 By chance he certaine miniments forth drew,
 Which yet with him as relikes did abide.
 Of all the bounty, which *Belphebe* threw
 On him, whilst goodly grace she did him shew:
 Amongst the rest a iewell rich he found,
 That was a Ruby of right perfect hew,
 Shap'd like a heart, yet bleeding of the wound,
 And with a litle golden chaine about it bound.

The same he tooke, and with a riband new,
 In which his Ladies colours were, did bind
 About the turtles necke, that with the vew
 Did greatly folace his engriued mind.
 All vnawares the bird, when she did find
 Her selfe so deckt, hernimble wings displaid,
 And flew away, as lightly as the wind:
 Which fodaine accident him much dismaid,
 And looking after long, did marke which way she straid.

But when as long he looked had in vaine,
 Yet saw her forward still to make her flight,
 His weary eie returnd to him againe,
 Full of discomfort and disquiet plight,
 That both his iuell he had lost so light,
 And eke his deare companion of his care.
 But that sweet bird departing, flew forth right
 Through the wide region of the wastfull aire,
 Vntill she came where wonned his *Belphebe faire*.

There found she her (as then it did betide)
 Sitting in couert shade of arbors sweet,
 After late weary toile, which she had tride
 In saluage chase, to rest as seem'd her meet.
 There she alighting, fell before her feet,
 And gan to her her mournfull plaint to make,
 As was her wont, thinking to let her weete
 The great tormenting grieffe, that for her sake
 Her gentle Squire through her displeasure did pertake.

She her beholding with attentiu eye,
 At length did marke about her purple brest
 That precious iuell, which she formerly
 Had knowne right well with colourd ribbands drest:

There.

Therewith she rose in hast, and her adrest
 With ready hand it to haue rest away,
 But the swift bird obeyd not her behest,
 But swarr'd aside, and there againe did stay;
 She follow'd her, and thought againe it to assay.

And euer when the nigh approacht, the Doue
 Would sit a litle forward, and then stay,
 Till she drew neare, and then againe remoue;
 So tempting her still to pursue the pray,
 And still from her escaping soft away:
 Till that at length into that forrest wide,
 She drew her far, and led with slow delay.
 In th'end she her vnto that place did guide,
 Whereas that wofull man in languor did abide.

Estfoones she flew vnto his fearelesse hand,
 And there a piteous ditty new deuiz'd,
 As if she would haue made him vnderstand,
 His sorrowes cause to be of her despis'd.
 Whom when she saw in wretched weedes disguis'd,
 With heary glib deform'd, and meiger face,
 Like ghost late risen from his graue agryz'd,
 She knew him not, but pittied much his case,
 And wisht it were in her to doe him any grace.

He her beholding, at her feet downe fell,
 And kist the ground on which her sole did tread,
 And washt the same with water, which did well
 From his moist eies, and like two streames proceed,
 Yet spake no word, whereby she might aread
 What mister wight he was, or what he ment,
 But as one daunted with her presence dread,
 Onely few ruefull looks vnto her sent,
 As messengers of his true meaning and intent.

Yet nathemore his meaning she ared,
 But wondred much at his so felcouth case,
 And by his persons secret seemlyhed
 Well weend, that he had bene some man of place,
 Before misfortune did his hew deface:
 That being mou'd with ruth she thus bespake.
 Ah wofull man, what heauens hard disgrace,
 Or wrath of cruell wight on thee ywrake?
 Or selfe disliked life doth thee thus wretched make?

If heauen, then none may it redresse or blame,
 Sith to his powre we all are subiect borne:
 If wrathfull wight, then fowle rebuke and shame
 Be theirs, that haue so cruell thee forlorne;
 But if through inward grieffe or wilfull scorne
 Of life it be, then better doe aduise.
 For he whose daies in wilfull woe are worne,
 The grace of his Creator doth despise,
 That will not vsf his gifts for thanklesse nigardise.

When so he heard her say, eftsoones he brake
 His sodaine silence, which he long had pent,
 And sighing inly deepe, her thus bespake;
 Then haue they all themselues against me bent:
 For heauen, first author of my languishment,
 Enuyng my too great felicity,
 Did closely with a cruell one consent,
 To cloud my daies in dolefull misery,
 And make me loath this life, still longing for to die.

Ne any but your selfe, o dearest dred,
 Hath done this wrong, to wreake on worthlesse wight
 Your high displeasure, through misdeeming bred:
 That when your pleasure is to deeme aright,

Ye

Ye may redresse, and me restore to light,
 Which fory words her mightie hart did mate
 With mild regard, to see his ruefull plight,
 That her inburning wrath she gan abate,
 And him receiud againe to former faouours state.

In which he long time afterwards did lead
 An happie life with grace and good accord,
 Fearlesse of fortunes chaunge or enuies dread,
 And eke all mindlesse of his owne deare Lord
 The noble Prince, who neuer heard one word
 Of tydings, what did vnto him betide,
 Or what good fortune did to him afford,
 But through the endlesse world did wander wide,
 Him seeking cuermore, yet no where him descride.

Till on a day as through that wood he rode,
 He chaunft to come where those two Ladies late,
Emylia and *Amoret* abode,
 Both in full sad and sorrowfull estate;
 The one right feeble through the euill rate
 Of food, which in her duresse she had found:
 The other almost dead and desperate (wound,
 Through her late hurts, and through that haplesse
 With which the Squire in her defence her fore astound.

Whom when the Prince beheld, he gan to rewe
 The euill case in which those Ladies lay;
 But most was moued at the piteous we
 Of *Amoret*, so neare vnto decay,
 That her great daunger did him much dismay.
 Eftsoones that precious liquour forth he drew,
 Which he in store about him kept alway,
 And with few drops thereof did softly dew
 Her wounds, that vnto strength restor'd her soone anew.

H

Tho when they both recovered were right well,
 He gan of them inquire, what euill guide
 Them thether brought, and how their harmes befell.
 To whom they told all, that did them betide,
 And how from thraldome vile they were vntide
 Of that fame wicked Carle, by Virgins hond;
 Whose bloudie corse they shew'd him there beside,
 And eke his caue, in which they both were bond:
 At which he wondred much, when all those signes he

foud.

And euermore he greatly did desire
 To know, what Virgin did them thence vnbind;
 And oft of them did earnestly inquire,
 Where was her won, and how he mote her find.
 But when as nought according to his mind
 He could outleame, he them from ground did reare:
 No seruice lothsome to a gentle kind;
 And on his warlike beaft them both did beare,
 Himselfe by them on foot, to succour them from feare.

So when that Forrest they had passed well,
 A litle corage farre away they spide,
 To which they drew, ere night vpon them fell;
 And entring in, found none therein abide,
 But one old woman sitting there beside,
 Vpon the ground in ragged rude attyre,
 With filthy lockes about her scattered wide,
 Gnawing her nayles for selnesse and for yre,
 And there out sucking venime to her parts entyre.

A foule and loathly creature sure in sight,
 And in conditions to be loath'd no lesse:
 For she was stuff with rancour and despight
 Vp to the throat, that oft with bitternesse

It forth would breake, and gush in great excesse,
 Pouring out streames of poyson and of gall
 Gainst all, that truth or vertue doe professe,
 Whom she with leasings lewdly did miscall,
 And wickedly backbite: Her name men *Sclaunder* call.

Her nature is all goodnesse to abuse,
 And causelesse crimes continually to frame,
 With which the guiltlesse persons may accuse,
 And steale away the crowne of their good name;
 Ne euer Knight so bold, ne euer Dame
 So chaste and loyall liu'd, but she would striue
 With forged cause them falsely to defame;
 Ne euer thing so well was doen aliuie,
 But she with blame would blot, & of due praise deprive.

Her words were not, as common words are ment,
 To expresse the meaning of the inward mind,
 But noysome breath, and poysonous spirit sent
 From inward parts, with cancred malice lind,
 And breathed forth with blast of bitter wind; (hart,
 Which passing through the eares, would pierce the
 And wound the soule it selfe with griefe vnkind:
 For like the stings of Alpes, that kill with smart,
 Her spightfull words did prick, & wound the inner part.

Such was that Hag, vnmeet to host such guests,
 Whom greatest Princes court would welcome sayne,
 But neede, that answers not to all requests,
 Bad them not looke for better entertayne;
 And eke that age despyed nicenesse vaine,
 Enur'd to hardnesse and to homely fare,
 Which them to warlike discipline did trayne,
 And manly limbs endur'd with litle care
 Against all hard mishaps and fortunelesse misfare.

H 2

Then all that euening welcommed with cold,
 And chearelesse hunger, they together spent;
 Yet found no fault, but that the Hag did scold
 And rayle at them with grudgefull discontent,
 For lodging there without her owne consent:
 Yet they endured all with patience milde,
 And vnto rest themfelues all onely lent,
 Regardlesse of that queane so base and vilde,
 To be vniustly bland, and bitterly reuilde.

Here well I weene, when as these rimes be red
 With misregard, that some rash witted wight,
 Whose looser thought will lightly be misled,
 These gentle Ladies will misdeeme too light,
 For thus conuersing with this noble Knight;
 Sith now of dayes such temperance is rare
 And hard to finde, that heat of youthfull spright
 For ought will from his greedie pleasure spare,
 More hard for hungry steed't abstaine from pleasant lare.

But antique age yet in the infancie
 Of time, did liue then like an innocent,
 In simple truth and blamelesse chastitie,
 Ne them of guile had made experiment,
 But voide of vile and treacherous intent,
 Held vertue for it selfe in foueraine awe:
 Then loyall loue had royall regiment,
 And each vnto his lust did make a lawe,
 From all forbidden things his liking to withdraw.

The Lyon there did with the Lambe consort,
 And eke the Doue fate by the Faulcons side,
 Ne each of other feared fraud or tort,
 But did in safe securitie abide,

Withouten perill of the stronger pride:
 But when the world woxe old, it woxe warre old
 (Whereof it high) and hauing shortly tride
 The traines of wit, in wickednesse woxe bold,
 And dared of all finnes the secrets to vnfold.

Then beautie, which was made to represent
 The great Creatours owne resemblance bright,
 Vnto abuse of lawlesse lust was lent,
 And made the baite of bestiall delight:
 Then faire grew foule, and foule grew faire in sight,
 And that which wont to vanquish God and man,
 Was made the vassall of the victors might;
 Then did her glorious flowre waxe dead and wan,
 Despis'd and troden downe of all that ouerran.

And now it is so vtterly decayd,
 That any bud thereof doth scarce remaine,
 But if few plants prefer'd through heavenly ayd,
 In Princes Court doe hap to sprout againe,
 Dew'd with her drops of bountie Soueraine,
 Which from that goodly glorious flowre proceed,
 Sprung of the auncient stocke of Princes straine,
 Now th'onely remnant of that royall breed,
 Whose noble kind at first was sure of heavenly feed.

Tho soone as day discouered heauens face
 To sinfull men with darknes ouerdight,
 This gentle crew gan from their eye-lids chace
 The drowzie humour of the dampish night,
 And did themfelues vnto their iourney dight.
 So forth they yode, and forward softly paced,
 That them to view had bene an vncouth sight;
 How all the way the Prince on footpace traced,
 The Ladies both on horse, together fast embraced.

With

H 3

Soone as they thence departed were afore,
 That shamefull Hag, the flaunder of her sexe,
 Them follow'd fast, and them reuled sore,
 Him calling theefe, them whores; that much did vex
 His noble hart; thereto she did annexe
 Falsfe crimes and facts, such as they neuer ment,
 That those two Ladies much aſham'd did waxe:
 The more did she pursue her lewd intent,
 And rayl'd and rag'd, till she had all her payson spent.

At laſt when they were paſſed out off ſight,
 Yet she did not her ſpightfull ſpeach forbear,
 But after them did barke, and ſtill backbite,
 Though there were none her hatefull words to heare:
 Like as a curre doth fellly bite and teare
 The ſtone, which paſſed ſtraunger at him threw;
 So ſhe them ſeeing paſt the reach of eare,
 Againſt the ſtones and trees did rayle anew,
 Till ſhe had dul'd the ſting, which in her tonges end grew.

They paſſing forth kept on their readie way,
 With eaſie ſteps ſo ſoft as foot could ſtryde,
 Both for great feebleſſe, which did oft aſſay
 Faire *Amoret*, that ſcarcely he could ryde,
 And eke through heauie armes, which fore annoyd
 The Prince on foot, not wonted ſo to fare;
 Whoſe ſteadie hand, was faine his ſteede to guyde,
 And all the way from trotting hard to ſpare,
 So was his toyle the more, the more that was his care.

At length they ſpide, where towards them with ſpeed
 A Squire came gallopping, as he would flie
 Bearing a litle Dwarfie before his ſteed,
 That all the way full loud for aide did crie,

That

That ſeem'd his ſtrikes would rend the braſen ſkie:
 Whom after did a mightie man purſew,
 Ryding vpon a Dromedare on hie,
 Of ſtature huge, and horrible of hew,
 That would haue maz'd a man his dreadfull face to vew.

For from his fearefull eyes two fierie beames,
 More ſharpe then points of needles did procede,
 Shooting forth farre away two flaming ſtreames,
 Full of ſad powre, that poyſonous bale did breede
 To all, that on him lookt without good heed,
 And ſecretly his enemies did ſlay:
 Like as the Baſiliſke of ſerpents ſeede,
 From powrefull eyes cloſe venom doth conuay
 Into the lookers hart, and killeth farre away.

He all the way did rage at that ſame Squire,
 And after him full many threatnings threw,
 With curſes vaine in his auengefull ire:
 But none of them (ſo faſt away he flew)
 Him ouertooke, before he came in vew.
 Where when he ſaw the Prince in armour bright,
 He cald to him aloud, his caſe to rew,
 And reſcue him through ſuccour of his might,
 From that his cruell foe, that him purſew'd in fight.

Eſtſoones the Prince tooke downe thoſe Ladies twaine
 From loſtie ſteede, and mounting in their ſtead
 Came to that Squire, yet trembling euery vaine:
 Of whom he gan enquire his cauſe of dread;
 Who as he gan the ſame to him aread,
 Loe hard behind his backe his foe was preſt,
 With dreadfull weapon aymed at his head,
 That vnto death had doen him vnredreſt,
 Had not the noble Prince his readie ſtroke repreſt.

H 4

Who thrusting boldly twist him and the blow,
 The burden of the deadly brunt did beare
 Vpon his shield, which lightly he did throw
 Ouer his head, before the harme came neare.
 Nathlesse it fell with so despitous dreare
 And heauie sway, that hard vnto his crowne
 The shield it droue, and did the couering reare,
 Therewith both Squire and dwarfe did tomble downe
 Vnto the earth, and lay long while in senselesse swowne.

Whereat the Prince full wrath, his strong right hand
 In full auengement heaued vp on hie,
 And stroke the Pagan with his steely brand
 So sore, that to his saddle bow thereby
 He bowed low, and so a while did lie:
 And sure had not his masse yron mace
 Betwixt him and his hurt bene happily,
 It would haue cleft him to the girding place,
 Yet as it was, it did astonish him long space.

But when he to himselfe returned againe,
 All full of rage he gan to curse and swear,
 And vow by *Mahoune* that he should be slaine.
 With that his murderous mace he vp did reare,
 That seemed nought the soule thereof could beare,
 And therewith smote at him with all his might.
 But ere that it to him approached neare,
 The royall child with readie quicke foresight,
 Did thin the prooffe thereof and it auoyded light.

But ere his hand he could recure againe,
 To ward his bodie from the balefull stound,
 He smote at him with all his might and maine,
 So furiously, that ere he wist, he found

His

His head before him tombling on the ground.
 The whiles his babling tongue did yet blasphem
 And curse his God, that did him so confound;
 The whiles his life ran forth in bloudie streame,
 His foule descended downe into the Stygian reame.

Which when that Squire beheld, he woxe full glad
 To see his foe breath out his spright in vaine:
 But that same dwarfe right forie seem'd and sad,
 And howld aloud to see his Lord there slaine,
 And rent his haire and seracht his face for paine.
 Then gan the Prince at leasure to inquire
 Of all the accident, there hapned plaine,
 And what he was, whose eyes did flame with fire;
 All which was thus to him declared by that Squire.

This mightie man (quoth he) whom you haue slaine,
 Of an huge Geaunteesse whylome was bred;
 And by his strength rule to himselfe did gaine
 Of many Nations into thraldome led,
 And mightie kingdomes of his force adred;
 Whom yet he conquer'd not by bloudie fight,
 Ne hostes of men with banners brode dispred,
 But by the powre of his infectious fight,
 With which he killed all, that came within his might.

Ne was he euer vanquished afore,
 But euer vanquisht all, with whom he fought;
 Ne was there man so strong, but he downe bore,
 Ne woman yet so faire, but he her brought
 Vnto his bay, and captiued her thought.
 For most of strength and beautie his desire
 Was spoyle to make, and wast them vnto nought,
 By casting secret flakes of lustfull fire
 From his false eyes, into their harts and parts entire.

Therefore *Corflambo* was he cald aright,
 Though namelesse there his bodie now doth lie,
 Yet hath he left one daughter that is hight
 The faire *Parana*; who seemes outwardly
 So faire, as euer yet saw liuinge ie;
 And were her vertue like her beautie bright,
 She were as faire as any vnder skie.
 But ah the giuen is to vaine delight,
 And eke too loofe of life, and eke of loue too light.

So as it fell there was a gentle Squire,
 That lou'd a Ladie of high parentage,
 But for his meane degree might not aspire
 To match so high, her friends with counsell sage,
 Dissuaded her from such a disparage.
 But she, whose hart to loue was wholly lent,
 Out of his hands could not redeeme her gage,
 But firmly following her first intent,
 Resolvd with him to wend, gainst all her friends consent.

So twixt themselues they pointed time and place,
 To which when he according did repaire,
 An hard mishap and disauentrous case
 Him chaunst, in stead of his *Amelia* faire
 This Gyants sonne, that lies there on the laire
 An headlesse heape, him vnawares there caught,
 And all dismayd through mercilesse despaire,
 Him wretched thrall vnto his dongeon brought,
 Where he remains, of all vnsuccour d and vnfought.

This Gyants daughter came vpon a day
 Vnto the prison in her ioyous glee,
 To view the thralls, which there in bondage lay:
 Amongst the rest she chaunced there to see

This

This louely swaine the Squire of low degree;
 To whom she did her liking lightly cast,
 And wooed him her paramour to bee:
 From day to day she woo'd and prayd him fast,
 And for his loue him promist libertie at last.

He though affide vnto a former loue,
 To whom his faith he firmly ment to hold,
 Yet seeing not how thence he mote remoue,
 But by that meanes, which fortune did vnfold,
 Her graunted loue, but with affection cold
 To win her grace his libertie to get.
 Yet she him still detaines in captiue hold,
 Fearing least if she should him freely set,
 He would her shortly leaue, and former loue forget.

Yet so much fauour she to him hath hight,
 About the rest, that he sometimes may space
 And walke about her gardens of delight,
 Hauing a keeper still with him in place,
 Which keeper is this Dwarf, her dearing base,
 To whom the keyes of euery prison dore
 By her committed be, of speciall grace,
 And at his will may whom he list restore,
 And whom he list referue, to be afflicted more.

Whereof when tydings came vnto mine eare,
 Full inly sorie for the seruent zeale,
 Which I to him as to my soule did beare;
 I thither went where I did long conceale
 My selfe, till that the Dwarf did me reueale,
 And told his Dame, her Squire of low degree,
 Did secretly out of her prison steale;
 For me he did mistake that Squire to bee;
 For neuer two so like did liuing creature see.

Then was I taken and before her brought,
 Who through the likenesse of my outward hew,
 Being likewise beguiled in her thought,
 Can blame me much for being so vntrew,
 To seeke by flight her fellowship t'eschew,
 That lou'd me deare, as dearest thing aliue.
 Thence she commaunded me to prison new;
 Whereof I glad did not gaine say nor striue,
 But suffred that same Dwarfe me to her dongeon driue.

There did I finde mine onely faithfull friend
 In heauy plight and sad perplexitie;
 Whereof I sorie, yet my selfe did bend,
 Him to recomfort with my companie.
 But him the more agreeu'd I found thereby:
 For all his ioy, he said, in that distresse
 Was mine and his *Emylia* libertie.
Emylia well he lou'd, as I mote ghesse;
 Yet greater loue to me then her he did professe.

But I with better reason him auiz'd,
 And shew'd him how through error and mis-thought
 Of our like persons eath to be disguiz'd,
 Or his exchange, or freedome might be wrought.
 Where to full loth was he, ne would for ought
 Consent, that I who stood all fearelesse free,
 Should wilfully be into thraldome brought,
 Till fortune did perforce it so decree.
 Yet ouerrul'd at last, he did to me agree.

The morrow next about the wonted howre,
 The Dwarfe cald at the doore of *Amoyas*,
 To come forthwith vnto his Ladies bowre.
 In steed of whom forth came *I Placidus*,

And

Cam.VIII. FAERIE QVEENE. 125
 And vndiscerned, forth with him did pas.
 There with great ioyance and with glad some glee,
 Of faire *Faena* I receiued was,
 And oft imbrast, as if that I were hee,
 And with kind words accoyd, vowing great loue to mee.

Which I, that was not bent to former loue,
 As was my friend, that had her long refusd,
 Did well accept, as well it did behoue,
 And to the present neede it wisely vsd.
 My former hardnesse first I faire excusd;
 And after promist large amends to make.
 With such smooth termes her error I abusd,
 To my friends good, more then for mine owne sake,
 For whose sole libertie I loue and life did stake.

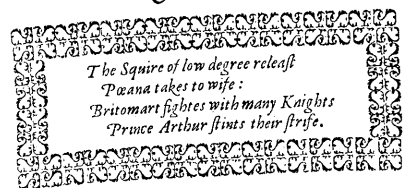
Thenceforth I found more fauour at her hand,
 That to her Dwarfe, which had me in his charge,
 She bad to lighten my too heauie band,
 And graunt more scope to me to walke at large.
 So on a day as by the slowre marge
 Of a fresh streame I with that Elfe did play,
 Finding no means how I might vs enlarge,
 But if that Dwarfe I could with me conuay,
 I lightly snatch him vp, and with me bore away.

Thereat he shriek aloud, that with his cry
 The Tyrant selfe came forth with yelling bray,
 And me pursu'd; but nathemore would I
 Forgoe the purchase of my gotten pray,
 But haue perforce him hether brought away.
 Thus as they talked, loe where nigh at hand
 Those Ladies two yet doubtfull through dismay
 In presence came, desirous t'vnderstand
 Tydings of all, which there had hapned on the land.

Where soone as sad *Amylia* did espie
 Her captiue louers friend, young *Placidus*;
 She to him ran, and him with streight embras
 Enfolding said, and liues yet *Amyas*?
 He liues (quoth he) and his *Amylia* loues,
 Then lesse (said she) by all the woe I pas,
 With which my weaker patience fortune proues.
 But what mishap thus long him fro my selfe remoues?

Then gan he all this storie to renew,
 And tell the course of his captiuitie;
 That her deare hart full deeply made to rew,
 And sigh full sore, to heare the miserie,
 In which so long he mercilesse did lie.
 Then after many teares and sorrowes spent,
 She deare besought the Prince of remedie:
 Who thereto did with readie will consent,
 And well perform'd, as shall appeare by his euent.

CANT.

Cant. IX.

Hard is the doubt, and difficult to deeme,
 When all three kinds of loue together meet,
 And doe dispart the hart with powre extreme,
 Whether shall weigh the balance downe; to weete
 The deare affection vnto kindred sweet,
 Or raging fire of loue to woman kind,
 Or zeale of friends combynd with vertues meet.
 But of them all the band of vertues mind
 Me seemes the gentle hart, should most assured bind.

For naturall affection soone doth cesse,
 And quenched is with *Cupid's* greater flame:
 But faithfull friendship doth them both suppress,
 And them with maystring discipline doth tame,
 Through thoughts aspyring to eternall fame.
 For as the soule doth rule the earthly masse,
 And all the seruice of the bodie frame,
 So loue of soule doth loue of bodie passe,
 No lesse then perfect gold surmounts the meaneft brass.

All which who list by tryall to assay,
 Shall in this storie find approued plaine;
 In which these Squires true friendship more did sway,
 Then either care of parents could refraine,

Or loue of fairest Ladie could constraîne,
 For though *Peana* were as faire as morne,
 Yet did this Trustie squire with proud disdaine
 For his friends sake her offered fauours scorne,
 And she her selfe her fyre, of whom she was yborne.

Now after that Prince *Arthur* graunted had,
 To yeeld strong succour to that gentle swayne,
 Who now long time had lyen in prison sad,
 He gan aduise how best he mote darrayne
 That enterprize, for greatest glories gayne.
 That headlesse tyrants tronke he reard from ground,
 And hauing ympt the head to it agayne,
 Vpon his vtuall beast it firmly bound,
 And made it fo to ride, as it aliuie was found.

Then did he take that chaced Squire, and layd
 Before the ryder, as he captiue were,
 And made his Dwarf, though with vnwilling ayd,
 To guide the beast, that did his maister beare,
 Till to his castle they approached neare.
 Whom when the watch, that kept continuall ward
 Saw comming home; all voide of doubtfull feare,
 He running downe, the gate to him vnbar'd;
 Whom straight the Prince ensuing, in together far'd.

There he did find in her delicious boure
 The faire *Peana* playing on a Rote,
 Complaining of her cruell Paramoure,
 And singing all her sorrow to the note,
 As she had learned readily by rote.
 That with the sweetnesse of her rare delight,
 The Prince halfe rapt, began on her to dote:
 Till better him bethinking of the right,
 He her vnwares attacht, and captiue held by might.

Whence

Whence being forth produc'd, when she perceiued
 Her owne deare fire, she cald to him for aide.
 But when of him no aunswere she receiued,
 But saw him fencelesse by the Squire vpstaide,
 She weened well, that then she was betraide:
 Then gan she loudly cry, and weepe, and waile,
 And that same Squire of treason to vpbraide.
 But all in vaine, her plaints might not preuaile,
 Ne none there was to reskue her, ne none to baile.

Then tooke he that same Dwarf, and him compeld
 To open vnto him the prison dore,
 And forth to bring those thrals, which there he held.
 Thence forth were brought to him about a score
 Of Knights and Squires to him vnknowne afore:
 All which he did from bitter bondage free,
 And vnto former liberty restore.
 Amongst the rest, that Squire of low degree
 Came forth full weake and wan, not like him selfe to bee.

Whom soone as faire *Aemylia* beheld,
 And *Placidas*, they both vnto him ran,
 And him embracing fast betwixt them held,
 Striuing to comfort him all that they can,
 And kissing oft his visage pale and wan.
 That faire *Peana* them beholding both,
 Gan both enuy, and bitterly to ban;
 Through iealous passion weeping inly wroth,
 To see the sight perforce, that both her eyes were loth.

But when a while they had together beene,
 And diuersly conferred of their case,
 She, though full oft the both of them had seene
 A sinder, yet not euer in one place,

I

Began to doubt, when she them saw embrace,
Which was the captiue Squire she lou'd so deare,
Deceiued through great likenesse of their face,
For they so like in person did appeare,
That she vneath discerned, whether whether weare.

And eke the Priace, when as he them auized,
Their like resemblance much admired there,
And mazed how nature had so well disguized
Her worke, and counterfet her selfe so nere,
As if that by one patterne seene somewhere,
She had them made a paragone to be,
Or whether it through skill, or errour were.
Thus gazing long, at them much wondred he,
So did the other knights and Squires, which him did see.

Then gan they ranfacke that same Castle strong,
In which he found great store of hoorded threasure,
The which that tyrant gathered had by wrong
And tortions powre, without respect or measure.
Vpon all which the Briton Prince made seasure,
And afterwards continu'd there a while,
To rest him selfe, and solace in soft pleasure
Those weaker Ladies after weary toile;
To whom he did diuide part of his purchaft spoile.

And for more ioy, that captiue Lady faire
The faire *Peana* he enlarged free;
And by the rest did set in sumptuous chaire,
To feast and frolicke; nathemore would he
Shew gladfome countenance nor pleasure glee:
But grieved was for losse both of her fire,
And eke of Lordship, with both land and fee:
But most she touched was with griefe entire,
For losse of her new loue, the hope of her desire.

But

But her the Prince through his well wonted grace,
To better termes of myldnesse did entreat,
From that fowle rudenesse, which did her deface;
And that same bitter corsiue, which did eat
Her tender heart, and made refraine from meat,
He with good thewes and speeches well applyde,
Did mollifie, and calme her raging heat.
For though she were most faire, and goodly dyde,
Yet she it all did mar with cruelty and pride.

And for to shut vp all in friendly loue,
Sith loue was first the ground of all her griefe,
That trusty Squire he wisely well did mone
Not to despise that dame, which lou'd him liefe,
Till he had made of her some better priefe,
But to accept her to his wedded wife.
Thereto he offred for to make him chiefe
Of all her land and lordship during life:
Heyeilded, and her tooke; so stinted all their strife.

From that day forth in peace and ioyous blis,
They liu'd together long without debate,
Ne priuate iarre, ne spite of enemies
Could shake the safe assurance of their state.
And she whom Nature did so faire create,
That she mote match the fairest of her daies,
Yet with lewd loues and lust intemperate
Had it defaste; thenceforth reformd her waies,
That all men much admyrde her change, and spake her
(praise.)

Thus when the Prince had perfectly compylde
These paires of friends in peace and settled rest,
Him selfe, whose minde did trauell as with chlyde,
Of his old loue, conceau'd in secret brest,

Resolved to pursue his former guest;
 And taking leaue of all, with him did beare
 Faire *Amoret*, whom Fortune by bequest
 Had left in his protection whileare,
 Exchanged out of one into an other feare.

Feare of her safety did her not constraîne,
 For well she wist now in a mighty hond,
 Her person late in perill, did remaine,
 Who able was all daungers to withstand.
 But now in feare of shame she more did stonde,
 Seeing her selfe all folly succourlesse,
 Left in the victors powre, like vassall bond;
 Whose will her weakenesse could no way repressse.
 In case his burning lust should breake into excessse.

But cause of feare sure had she none at all
 Of him, who goodly learned had of yore
 The course of loose affection to forsfall,
 And lawlesse lust to rule with reasons lore;
 That all the while he by his side her bore,
 She was as safe as in a Sanctuary;
 Thus many miles they two together wore,
 To seeke their loues dispersed diuersly,
 Yet neither shewed to other their hearts priuity.

At length they came, whereas a troupe of Knights
 They saw together skirmishing, as seemed:
 Sixe they were all, all full of fell despight,
 But foure of them the battell best befemed,
 That which of them was best, mote not be deemed.
 Those foure were they, from whom false *Flerimell*
 By *Braggadocchio* lately was redeemed.
 To weete sterne *Druon*, and lewd *Claribell*,
 Loue-lauish *Blandamour*, and lustfull *Paridell*.

Druon

*Druon*s delight was all in single life,
 And vnto Ladies loue would lend no leasure:
 The more was *Claribell* enraged rife
 With feruent flames, and loued out of measure:
 So eke lou'd *Blandamour*, but yet at pleasure
 Would change his liking, and new Lemans proue:
 But *Paridell* of loue did make no threasure,
 But lusted after all, that him did moue.
 So diuersly these foure disposed were to loue.

But those two other which beside them stode,
 Were *Britomart*, and gentle *Scudamour*,
 Who all the while beheld their wrathfull moode,
 And wondred at their impacable stoure,
 Whose like they neuer saw till that same houre:
 So dreadfull strokes each did at other driue,
 And laid on load with all their might and powre,
 As if that every dint the ghost would riuē
 Out of their wretched corfes, and their liues depriue.

As when *Dan AEolus* in great displeasure,
 For losse of his deare loue by *Neptune* hent,
 Sends forth the winds out of his hidden threasure,
 Vpon the sea to wreake his fell intent;
 They breaking forth with rude vnruliment,
 From all foure parts of heauen doe rage full fore,
 And tosse the deepes, and teare the firmament,
 And all the world confound with wide vprore,
 As if in stead thereof they *Chaos* would restore.

Cause of their discord, and so fell debate,
 Was for the loue of that same snowy maid,
 Whome they had lost in Turneyment of late,
 And seeking long, to weete which way she straid

I 3

Met here together, where through lewd vpbraide
Of *Ate* and *Dueffa* they fell out,
And each one taking part in others aide,
This cruell conflict raised thereabout,
Whose dangerous successe depended yet in dout.

For sometimes *Paridell* and *Blandamour*
The better had, and bet the others backe,
Eftfoones the others did the field recoure,
And on their foes did worke full cruell wracke:
Yet neither would their fiendlike fury slacke,
But euermore their malice did augment;
Till that vneath they forced were for lacke
Of breath, their raging rigour to relent,
And rest themselues for to recouer spirits spent.

Their gan they change their sides, and new parts take;
For *Paridell* did take to *Druons* side,
For old despight, which now forth newly brake
Gainst *Blandamour*, whom alwaies he enuide:
And *Blandamour* to *Claribell* relide.
So all afresh gan former fight renew.
As when two Barkes, this caried with the tide,
That with the wind, contrary courses few,
If wind and tide doe change, their courses change anew.

Thenceforth they much more furiously gan fare,
As if but then the battell had begonne,
Ne helmets bright, ne hawberks strong did spare,
That through the cliffs the vermeil bloud out sponne,
And all adowne their riuen sides did ronne.
Such mortall malice, wonder was to see
In friends profest, and so great outrage donne:
But sooth is said, and tride in each degree,
Faint friends when they fall out, most cruell fomen bee.

Thus

Thus they long while continued in fight,
Till *Scudamour*, and that same Briton maide,
By fortune in that place did chance to light:
Whom soone as they with wrathfull cie bewraide,
They gan remember of the fowle vpbraide,
The which that Britoness had to them donne,
In that late Turney for the snowy maide;
Where the had them both shamefully fordonne,
And eke the famous prize of beauty from them wonne.

Eftfoones all burning with a fresh desire
Of fell reuenge, in their malicious mood
They from them selues gan turne their furious ire,
And cruell blades yet steeming with whot bloud,
Against those two let driue, as they were wood:
Who wondring much at that so sodaine fit,
Yet nought dismayd, them stoutly well withstood;
Ne yeelded foote, ne once abacke did flit,
But being doubly smitten likewise doubly smit.

The warlike Dame was on her part assaid,
Of *Claribell* and *Blandamour* attonce;
And *Paridell* and *Druon* fiercely laid
At *Scudamour*, both his professed fone.
Foure charged two, and two surcharged one;
Yet did thoe two them selues so brauely beare,
That the other litle gained by the lone,
But with their owne repayed duly weare,
And vsury withall: such gaine was gotten deare.

Full oftentimes did *Britomart* assay
To speake to them, and some emparlance moue;
But they for nought their cruell hands would stay,
Ne lend an eare to ought, that might behoue,

I 4

As when an eager mastiffe once doth proue
The tast of bloud of some engored beast,
No words may rate, nor rigour him remoue
From greedy hold of that his bloudy feast:
So litle did they hearken to her sweet becheast.

Whom when the Briton Prince a farre beheld
With ods of so vnequall match opprest,
His mighty heart with indignation sweld,
And inward grudge filld his heroicke brest:
Estfoones him selfe he to their aide adrest,
And thrusting fierce into the thickest peace,
Diuided them, how euer loth to rest,
And would them faine from battell to surceasse,
With gentle words perswading them to friendly peace.

But they so farre from peace or patience were,
That all at once at him gan fiercely flie,
And lay on load, as they him downe would beare;
Like to a storme, which houers vnder skie
Long here and there, and round about doth stie,
At length breakes downe in raine, and haile, and fleet,
First from one coast, till nought thereof be drie;
And then another, till that likewise fleet;
And so from side to side till all the world it weete.

But now their forces greatly were decayd,
The Prince yet being fresh vntoucht afore;
Who them with speaches milde gan first disswade
From such foule outrage, and them long forbore:
Till seeing them through suffrance hartned more,
Him selfe he bent their furies to abate,
And layd at them so sharply and so fore,
That shortly them compelled to reuocate,
And being brought in daunger, to relent too late.

But

But now his courage being throughly fired,
He ment to make them know their follies prife,
Had not those two him instantly desired
T'assuage his wrath, and pardon their mesprife.
At whole request he gan him selfe aduise
To stay his hand, and of a truce to treat
In milder tearmes, as list them to deuise:
Mongst which the cause of their so cruell heat
He did them aske, who all that passed gan repeat.

And told at large how that same errant Knight,
To weet faire *Britomart*, them late had soyled
In open turney, and by wrongfull fight
Both of their publicke praise had them despoyled,
And also of their priuate loues beguyled,
Of two full hard to read the harder theft.
But she that wrongfull challenge soone assoyled,
And shew'd that she had not that Lady rest,
(As they supposd) but her had to her liking left.

To whom the Prince thus goodly well replied;
Certes sir Knight, ye seemen much to blame,
To rip vp wrong, that battell once hath tried;
Wherein the honor both of Armes ye shame,
And eke the loue of Ladies foule defame;
To whom the world this franchise euer yeilded,
That of their loues choise they might freedom clame,
And in that right should by all knights be shielded:
Gainst which me seemes this war ye wrongfully haue
(wielded).

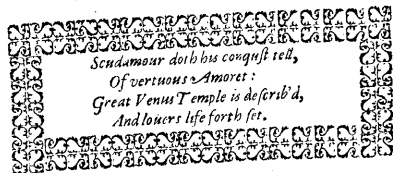
And yet (quoth she) a greater wrong remains:
For I thereby my former loue haue lost,
Whom seeking euer since with endlesse paines,
Hath me much forrow and much trauell cost;

Ayme to see that gentle maide so toft,
 But *Scudamour* then fighting deepe, thus faide,
 Certes her losse ought me to sorrow most,
 Whose right she is, where euer she be straide,
 Through many perils wonne, and many fortunes waide.

For from the first that I her loue profest,
 Vnto this houre, this present luckefle howre,
 I neuer ioyed happinesse nor rest,
 But thus turmoild from one to other stowre,
 I wast my life, and doe my daies deuowre
 In wretched anguifhe and incessant woe,
 Passing the measure of my feeble powre,
 That liuing thus, a wretch I and louing fo,
 I neither can my loue, ne yet my life forgo.

Then good fir *Claribell* him thus bespake,
 Now were it not fir *Scudamour* to you,
 Dislikefull paine, so sad a taske to take,
 Mote we entreat you, sith this gentle crew
 Is now so well accorded all anew;
 That as we ride together on our way,
 Ye will recount to vs in order dew
 All that aduenture, which ye did assay
 For that faire Ladies loue: past perils well apay.

So gan the rest him likewise to require,
 But *Britomart* did him importune hard,
 To take on him that paine: whose great desire
 He glad to satisfie, him selfe prepar'd
 To tell through what misfortune he had far'd,
 In that atchieuement, as to him befell.
 And all those daungers vnto them declar'd,
 Which sith they cannot in this Canto well
 Comprised be, I will them in another tell.

Cant. X.

TRue he it said, what euer man it sayd,
 That loue with gall and hony doth abound,
 But if the one be with the other wayd,
 For euery dram of hony therein found,
 A pound of gall doth ouer it redound.
 That I too true by triall haue approued:
 For since the day that first with deadly wound
 My heart was launcht, and learned to haue loued,
 I neuer ioyed howre, but still with care was moued.

And yet such grace is giuen them from above,
 That all the cares and euill which they meet,
 May nought at all their setled mindes remoue,
 But seeme gainst common sence to them most sweet;
 As boasting in their martyrdom vnto meet.
 So all that euer yet I haue endured,
 I count as naught, and tread downe vnder feet,
 Since of my loue at length I rest assured,
 That to disloyalty she will not be allured.

Long were to tell the trauell and long toile,
 Through which this shield of loue I late haue wonne,
 And purchas'd this peerlesse beauties spoile,
 That harder may be ended, then begonne.

But since ye so desire, your will be donne.
Then hearke ye gentle knights and Ladies free,
My hard mishaps, that ye may learne to shonne;
For though sweet loue to conquer glorious bee,
Yet is the paine thereof much greater then the fee.

What time the fame of this renowned prife
Flew first abroad, and all mens cares possest,
I hauing armes then taken, gan auise
To winne me honour by some noble gest,
And purchase me some place amongst the best.
I boldly thought (so young mens thoughts are bold)
That this fame braue emprize for me did rest,
And that both shield and she whom I behold,
Might be my lucky lot; sith all by lot we hold.

So on that hard aduerture forth I went,
And to the place of perill shortly came.
That was a temple faire and auncient,
Which of great mother *Venus* bare the name,
And farre renowned through exceeding fame;
Much more then that, which was in *Paphos* built,
Or that in *Cyprus*, both long since this fame,
Though all the pillours of the one were guilt,
And all the others pauement were with yuory spilt.

And it was seated in an Island strong,
Abounding all with delices most rare,
And wall'd by nature gainst inuaders wrong,
That none mote haue access, nor inward fare,
But by one way, that passage did prepare.
It was a bridge ybuilt in goodly wize,
With curious Corbes and pendants grauen faire,
And arched all with porches, did arise
On stately pillours, fram'd after the Doricke guize.

And

And for defence thereof, on th'other end
There reared was a castle faire and strong,
That warded all which in or out did wend,
And flanked both the bridges sides along,
Gainst all that would it faime to force or wrong.
And therein wonned twenty valiant Knights;
All twenty tride in warres experience long;
Whose office was, against all nanner wights
By all meanes to maintaine, that castles ancients rights.

Before that Castle was an open plaine,
And in the midst thereof a pillar placed;
On which this shield, of many fought in vaine,
The shield of Loue, whose guerdon me hath graced,
Was hangd on high with golden ribbands laced;
And in the marble stone was written this,
With golden letters goodly well enchaced,
Blessed the man that well can use his blis:
Whose euer be the shield, faire Amoret be his.

Which when I red, my heart did inly earne,
And pant with hope of that aduatures hap:
Ne stayed further newes thereof to learne,
But with my speare vpon the shield did rap,
That all the castles ringed with the clap.
Streight forth issewd a Knight all arm'd to prooffe,
And brauely mounted to his most mishap:
Who staying nought to question from aloofe,
Ran fierce at me, that fire glaunst from his horses hoofe.

Whom boldly I encountred (as I could)
And by good fortune shortly him vnfeated.
Eftsoones out sprung two more of equall mould;
But I them both with equall hap defeated:

So all the twenty likewise entreated,
 And left them groning there vpon the plaine,
 Then preacing to the pillour I repeated
 The read thereof for guerdon of my paine,
 And taking downe the shield, with me did it retaine.

So forth without impediment I past,
 Till to the Bridges vtter gate I came :
 The which I found sure lockt and chained fast.
 I knockt, but no man aunswred me by name;
 I cald, but no man answerd to my clame.
 Yet I perfeuer'd still to knocke and call,
 Till at the last I spide within the same,
 Where one stood peeping through a creuis small,
 To whom I cald aloud, halfe angry therewithall,

That was to weet the Porter of the place,
 Vnto whose trust the charge thereof was lent :
 His name was *Doubt*, that had a double face,
 Th'one forward looking, th'other backward bent,
 Therein resembling *Ianus* auncient,
 Which hath in charge the ingate of the yeare :
 And euermore his eyes about him went,
 As if some proued perill he did feare,
 Or did misdoubt some ill, whose cause did not appeare.

On th'one side he, on th'other fate *Delay*,
 Behinde the gate, that none her might espy;
 Whose manner was all passengers to stay,
 And entertaine with her occasions fly,
 Through which some loft great hope vnhe dily,
 Which neuer they recouer might againe ;
 And others quite excluded forth, did ly
 Long languishing there in vn pittied paine,
 And seeking often entraunce, afterwards in vaine.

Me when as he had priuily espide,
 Bearing the shield which I had conqwerd late,
 He kend it streight, and to me opened wide.
 So in I past, and streight he clod the gate.
 But being in, *Delay* in clofe awaite
 Caught hold on me, and thought my steps to stay,
 Feigning full many a fond excuse to prate,
 And time to steale, the threasure of mans day,
 Whose smallest minute lost, no riches render may.

But by no meanes my way I would forflow,
 For ought that euer she could doe or say,
 But from my lofty steede dismounting low,
 Past forth on foote, beholding all the way
 The goodly workes, and stones of rich assay,
 Cast into sundry shapes by wondrous skill,
 That like on earth no where I reckon may :
 And vnderneath, the riuer rolling still (will.
 With murmure soft, that seem'd to serue the workmans

Thence forth I passed to the second gate,
 The *Gate of good desert*, whose goodly pride
 And costly frame, were long here to relate.
 The fame to all stode alwaies open wide :
 But in the Porch did euermore abide
 An hideous Giant, dreadfull to behold,
 That stopt the entraunce with his spacious stride,
 And with the terrour of his countenance bold
 Full many did affray, that else faine enter would.

His name was *Dauinger* dreaded ouer all,
 Who day and night did watch and duely ward,
 From fearefull cowards, entrance to forfall,
 And faint-heart-fooles, whom thew of perill hard

Me

Could terrifie from Fortunes faire adward:
 For oftentimes faint hearts at first espiall
 Of his grim face, were from approaching feard;
 Vnworthy they of grace, whom one deniall
 Excludes from fairest hope, withouten further triall.

Yet many doughty warriours, often tride
 In greater perils to be stout and bold,
 Durst not the sternesse of his looke abide,
 But soone as they his countenance did behold,
 Began to faint, and feele their corage cold.
 Againe some other, that in hard affaies
 Were cowards knowne, and litle count did hold,
 Either through gifts, or guile, or such like waies,
 Crept in by stouping low, or stealing of the kaies.

But I though nearest man of many moe,
 Yet much disdainning vnto him to lout,
 Or creepe betweene his legs, so in to goe,
 Resolu'd him to assault with manhood stout,
 And either beat him in, or driue him out.
 Effsoones aduaucing that enchanted shield,
 With all my might I gan to lay about:
 Which when he saw, the glaue which he did wield
 He gan forthwith t'auale, and way vnto me yield.

So as I entred, I did backward looke,
 For feare of harme, that might lie hidden there;
 And loe his hindparts, whereof heed I tooke,
 Much more deformed fearefull vgly were,
 Then all his former parts did earst appere.
 For hatred, murther, treason, and despight,
 With many moe lay in ambushment there,
 Awayting to entrap the warelesse wight,
 Which did not them preuent with vigilant foresight.

Thus

Thus hauing past all perill, I was come
 Within the compasse of that Ilands space;
 The which did seeme vnto my simple doome,
 The onely pleasant and delightfull place,
 That euer troden was of footings trace.
 For all that nature by her mother wit
 Could frame in earth, and forme of substance base,
 Was there, and all that nature did omit,
 Art playing second natures part, supplied it.

No tree, that is of count, in greenewood growes,
 From lowest Iuniper to Cedar tall,
 No floure in field, that daintie odour throwes,
 And deckes his branch with blossomes ouer all,
 But there was planted, or grew naturall:
 Nor sense of man so coy and curious nice,
 But there mote find to please it selfe withall;
 Nor hart could wish for any queint deuce,
 But there it present was, and did fraile sense entice.

In such luxurious plentie of all pleasure,
 It seem'd a second paradise to bee,
 So lauishly enrich with natures threasure,
 That if the happie foules, which doe possesse
 Th'Elysiian fields, and liue in lasting blesse,
 Should happen this with liuing eye to see,
 They soone would loath their lesser happinesse,
 And wish to life return'd againe to ghesse,
 That in this ioyous place they mote haue ioyance free.

Fresh shadowes, fit to shroud from sunny ray;
 Faire lawnds, to take the sunne in season dew;
 Sweet springs, in which a thousand Nymphs did play;
 Soft rombling brookes, that gentle slomber drew;

K

High reared mounts, the lands about to view;
 Low looking dales, disloingd from common gazes;
 Delightfull bowres, to solace louers trew;
 Falsie Labyrinthes, fond runners eyes to daze;
 All which by nature made did nature selfe amaze.

And all without were walkes and all eyes dight,
 With diuers trees, enrang'd in euen ranks;
 And here and there were pleafant arbors pight,
 And fhadie feates, and fundry flowering bankes,
 To fit and rest the walkers, wearie shankes,
 And therein thousand payres of louers walkt,
 Praying their god, and yeelding him great thankes,
 Ne euer ought but of their true loues talkt,
 Ne euer for rebuke or blame of any balkt.

All these together by themselues did sport
 Their spotlesse pleasures, and sweet loues content.
 But farre away from these, another fort
 Of louers lincked in true harts consent;
 Which loued not as these, for like intent,
 But on chaste vertue grounded their desire,
 Farre from all fraud, or fayned blandishments;
 Which in their spirits kindling zealous fire,
 Braue thoughts and noble deedes did cuer more aspire.

Such were great *Hercules*, and *Hyllus* deare;
 Trew *Jonathan*, and *Dauid* trustie tryde;
 Stout *Theseus*, and *Pirrihou* his feare;
Pylades and *Orestes* by his fyde;
 Myld *Titus* and *Gesippus* without pryde;
Damon and *Pythias* whom death could not feuer:
 All these and all that euer had bene tyde,
 In bands of friendship there did liue for euer,
 Whose liues although decay'd, yet loues decayed neuer.

Which

Which when as I, that neuer tasted blis,
 Nor happie howre, beheld with gaze full eye,
 I thought there was none other heauen then this;
 And gan their endlesse happinesse enuy,
 That being free from feare and gealosye,
 Might frankly there their loues desire possesse;
 Whilest I through paines and perlous icopardie,
 Was fort to seeke my lifes deare patronesse:
 Much dearer be the things, which come through hard
 distresse.

Yet all those sights, and all that else I saw,
 Might not my steps withhold, but that forthright
 Vnto that purposed place I did me draw,
 Where as my loue was lodged day and night:
 The temple of great *Venus*, that is hight
 The *Queene* of beautie, and of loue the mother,
 There worshipped of euery liuing wight;
 Whose goodly workmanship farre past all other
 That euer were on earth, all were they set together.

Not that same famous Temple of *Diane*,
 Whose hight all *Ephesus* did ouersee,
 And which all *Asia* sought with vowes prophane,
 One of the worlds feuen wonders sayd to bee,
 Might match with this by many a degree:
 Nor that, which that wise King of *Iurie* framed,
 With endlesse cost, to be th'Almighties see;
 Nor all that else through all the world is named
 To all the heathen Gods, might like to this be clamed,

I much admiring that so goodly frame,
 Vnto the porch approacht, which open stood;
 But therein fate an amiable Dame,
 That seem'd to be of very sober mood,

K 2

And in her semblant shewed great womanhood:
 Strange was her tyre; for on her head a crowne
 She wore much like vnto a Danisk hood,
 Poudred with pearle and stone, and all her gowne
 Enwouen was with gold, that raught full low a downe.

On either side of her, two young men stood,
 Both strongly arm'd, as fearing one another;
 Yet were they brethren both of halfe the blood,
 Begotten by two fathers of one mother,
 Though of contrarie natures each to other:
 The one of them high *Loue*, the other *Hate*,
Hate was the elder, *Loue* the younger brother;
 Yet was the younger stronger in his fate
 Then th'elder, and him maystred still in all debate.

Nathlesse that Dame so well them tempred both,
 That she them forced hand to ioyne in hand,
 Albe that *Hatred* was thereto full loth,
 And turn'd his face away, as he did stand,
 Vnwillling to behold that louely band.
 Yet she was of such grace and vertuous might,
 That her commaundment he could not withstand,
 But bit his lip for felonous despight,
 And gnaht his yron tuskes at that displeasing sight.

Concord she cleeped was in common reed,
 Mother of blessed *Peace*, and *Friendship* trew;
 They both her twins, both borne of heavenly seed,
 And she her selfe likewise diuinely grew;
 The which right well her workes diuine did snew:
 For strength, and wealth, and happinesse she lends,
 And strife, and warre, and anger does subdew:
 Of litle much, of foes she maketh frends,
 And to afflicted minds sweet rest and quiet lends.

By her the heauen is in his course contained,
 And all the world in state vnmooued stands,
 As their Almighty maker first ordained,
 And bound them with inuiolable bands;
 Else would the waters ouerflow the lands,
 And fire deuoure the ayre, and hell them quight,
 But that she holds them with her blessed hands,
 She is the nourfe of pleasure and delight,
 And vnto *Venus* grace the gate doth open right.

By her I entering halfe dismayed was,
 But she in gentle wise me entertayned,
 And twixt her selfe and loue did let me pas;
 But *Hatred* would my entrance haue retrayned,
 And with his club me threatned to haue brayned,
 Had not the Ladie with her powrefull speach
 Him from his wicked will vneath refrayned;
 And th'other eke his malice did empeach,
 Till I was throughly past the perill of his reach.

Into the inmost Temple thus I came,
 Which fuming all with frankensence I found,
 And odours rising from the altars flame.
 Vpon an hundred marble pillors round
 The rooffe vp high was reared from the ground,
 All deckt with crownes, & chaynes, and girlands gay,
 And thousand pretious gifts worth many a pound,
 The which sad louers for their voves did pay,
 And all the ground was strow'd with flowres, as fresh as
 (may.

An hundred Altars round about were set,
 All flaming with their sacrifices fire,
 That with the steme thereof the Temple swet,
 Which rould in clouds to heauen did aspire,

K 3

By

And in them bore true louers vowes entire:
 And eke an hundred brafen caudrons bright,
 To bath in ioy and amorous desire,
 Euery of which was to a damzell hight;
 For all the Priests were damzels, in soft linnen dight.

Right in the midst the Goddesse selfe did stand
 Vpon an altar of some costly masse,
 Whose substance was vneath to vnderstand:
 For neither pretious stone, nor durefull brasse,
 Nor shining gold, nor mouldring clay it was;
 But much more rare and pretious to esteeme,
 Pure in aspect, and like to chrifstall glasse,
 Yet glasse was not, if one did rightly deeme,
 But being faire and bricke, likest glasse did seeme.

But it in shape and beautie did excell
 All other Idoles, which the heathen adore,
 Farre passing that, which by surpassing skill
Phidias did make in *Paphos* Isle of yore,
 With which that wretched Greeke, that life forlore
 Did fall in loue: yet this much fairer shined,
 But couered with a slender veile afore;
 And both her feete and legs together twyned
 Were with a snake, whose head & tail were fast cōbynd.

The cause why she was couered with a veile,
 Was hard to know, for that her Priests the fame
 From peoples knowledge labour'd to concele.
 But sooth it was not sure for womanish shame,
 Nor any blemish, which the worke more blame;
 But for, they say, she hath both kinds in one,
 Both male and female, both vnder one name:
 She fyre and mother is her selfe alone,
 Begets and eke conceiues, ne needeth other none.

And

And all about her necke and shoulders flew
 A flocke of litle loues, and sports, and ioyes,
 With nimble wings of gold and purple hew;
 Whose shapcs seem'd not like to terrestriall boyes,
 But like to Angels playing heauenly toyes;
 The whilest their eldest brother was away,
Cupid their eldest brother; he enjoys
 The wide kingdome of loue with Lordly sway,
 And to his law compels all creatures to obey.

And all about her altar scattered lay
 Great forts of louers piteouly complayning,
 Some of their losse, some of their loues delay,
 Some of their pride, some paragons diddayning,
 Some fearing fraud, some fraudulently fayning,
 As euery one had cause of good or ill. (ning,
 Amongst the rest some one through loues constray-
 Tormented fore, could not containe it still,
 But thus brake forth, that all the temple it did fill.

Great *Venus*, Queene of beautie and of grace,
 The ioy of Gods and men, that vnder skie
 Doest fayrest shine, and most adorne thy place,
 That with thy smyling looke doest pacifie
 The raging seas, and makst the stormes to stie;
 Thee goddesse, thee the winds, the clouds doe feare,
 And when thou spreadst thy mantle forth on hie,
 The waters play and pleasant lands appeare,
 And heauens laugh, & al the world shews ioyous cheare.

Then doth the *dædale* earth throw forth to thee
 Out of her fruitfull lap abundant flowres,
 And then all liuing wights, soone as they see
 The spring breake forth out of his lusty bowres,

K 4

They all doe learne to play the Paramours;
 First doe the merry birds, thy prey pages
 Pritfully pricked with thy lufffull powres,
 Chirpe loud to thee out of their leauy cages,
 And thee their mother call to coole their kindly rages.

Then doe the saluage beasts begin to play
 Their pleafant friskes, and loath their wonted food;
 The Lyons rore, the Tygres loudly bray,
 The raging Bulls rebellow through the wood,
 And breaking forth, dare tempt the deepest flood,
 To come where thou doest draw them with desire:
 So all things else, that nourish vitall blood,
 Soone as with fury thou doest them inspire,
 In generation seeke to quench their inward fire.

So all the world by thee at first was made,
 And dayly yet thou doest the same repayre:
 Ne ought on earth that merry is and glad,
 Ne ought on earth that louely is and fayre,
 But thou the same for pleasure didst preparre.
 Thou art the root of all that ioyous is,
 Great God of men and women, queene of th'ayre,
 Mother of laughter, and welpring of blisse,
 O graunt that of my loue at last I may not misse.

So did he say: but I with murmure soft,
 That none might heare the sorrow of my hart,
 Yet inly groning deepe and sighing oft,
 Besought her to graunt ease vnto my smart,
 And to my wound her gracious help impart.
 Whilest thus I spake, behold with happy eye
 I spyde, where at the Idoles feet apart
 A beuie of fayre damzels close did lye,
 Wayting when as the Antheme should be sung on hye.

The

The first of them did seeme of riper yeares,
 And grauer countenance then all the rest;
 Yet all the rest were eke her equall peares,
 Yet vnto her obeyed all the best.
 Her name was *Vomanhood*, that she exprest
 By her sad semblant and demeanure wyse:
 For stedfast still her eyes did fixed rest,
 Ne rovd at randon after gazers gyaife,
 Whose luring baytes of times doe heedlesse harts entyfe.

And next to her fate goodly *Shamefastnesse*,
 Ne euer durst her eyes from ground vpeare,
 Ne euer once did looke vp from her desse,
 As if some blame of euill she did feare,
 That in her cheekes made roses oft appeare:
 And her against sweet *Cherfulnessse* was placed,
 Whose eyes like twinkling stars in euening cleare,
 Were deckt with smyles, that all sad humors chased,
 And darted forth delights, the which her goodly graced.

And next to her fate sober *Modestie*,
 Holding her hand vpon her gentle hart;
 And her against fate comely *Curtisie*,
 That vnto euery person knew her part;
 And her before was seated ouerthwart
 Soft *Silence*, and submisle *Obedience*,
 Both linckt together neuer to dispart,
 Both gifts of God not gotten but from thence,
 Both girlands of his Saints against their foes offence.

Thus fate they all a round in seemely rate:
 And in the midst of them a goodly mayd,
 Euen in the lap of *Vomanhood* there fate,
 The which was all in lilly white arayd,

With siluer streames amongst the linnen stray'd;
 Like to the Morne, when first her shyning face
 Hath to the gloomy world it selfe bewray'd,
 That same was fayrest *Amoret* in place;
 Shyning with beauties light, and heauenly vertues grace.

Whom soone as I beheld, my hart gan throb,
 And wade in doubt, what best were to be donne:
 For sacrilege me seem'd the Church to rob,
 And folly seem'd to leaue the thing vndonne,
 Which with so strong attempt I had begonne.
 Tho shaking off all doubt and shamefull feare,
 Which Ladies loue I heard had neuer wonne
 Mongst men of worth, I to her stepped neare,
 And by the lilly hand her labour'd vp to reare.

Thereat that formost matrone me did blame,
 And sharpe rebuke, for being ouer bold;
 Saying it was to Knight vnseemely shame,
 Vpon a recluse Virgin to lay hold,
 That vnto *Venus* seruices was sold.
 To whom I thus, Nay but it fitteth best,
 For *Cupids* man with *Venus* mayd to hold,
 For ill your goddesse seruices are drest
 By virgins, and her sacrifices let to rest.

With that my shield I forth to her did show,
 Which all that while I closely had conceald;
 On which when *Cupid* with his killing bow
 And cruell shafts emblazond she beheld,
 At sight thereof she was with terror quelld,
 And said no more: but I which all that while
 The pledge of faith, her hand engaged held,
 Like warie Hynd within the weedie foyle,
 For no intreatie would forgoe so glorious spoyle.

And

And euermore vpon the Goddesse face
 Mine eye was fixt, for feare of her offence,
 Whom when I saw with amiable grace
 To laugh at me, and fauour my pretence,
 I was emboldned with more confidence,
 And nought for nicenesse nor for enuy sparing,
 In presence of them all forth led her thence,
 All looking on, and like astonisht staring,
 Yet to lay hand on her, not one of all them daring.

She often prayd, and often me besought,
 Sometime with tender teares to let her goe,
 Sometime with witching smyles: but yet for nought,
 That euer she to me could say or doe,
 Could she her wished freedome fro me wooe;
 But forth I led her through the Temple gate,
 By which I hardly past with much adoe:
 But that same Ladie which me friended late
 In entrance, did me also friend in my retrate.

No lesse did daunger threaten me with dread,
 When as he saw me, maugre all his powre,
 That glorious spoyle of beautie with me lead,
 Then *Cerberus*, when *Orpheus* did recoure
 His Leman from the Stygian Princes boure.
 But euermore my shield did me defend,
 Against the storme of euery dreadfull stoure:
 Thus safely with my loue I thence did wend.
 So ended he his tale, where I this Canto end.

Cant. XI.

*Aarmells former wound is heald,
he comes to Proteus hall,
Where Thames doth the Medway wedd,
and feasts the Sea-gods all.*

BVt ah for pittie that I haue thus long
Lest a fayre Ladie languishing in payne:
Now well away, that I haue doen such wrong,
To let faire *Florimell* in bands remaine,
In bands of loue, and in sad thraldomes chayne;
From which vnlesse some heavenly powre her free
By miracle, not yet appearing playne,
She lenger yet is like captiu'd to bee:
That euen to thinke thereof, it inly pitties mee.

Here neede you to remember, how erwhile
Vnlouely *Proteus*, missing to his mind
That Virgins loue to win by wit or wile,
Her threw into a dongeon deepe and blind,
And there in chaynes her cruelly did bind,
In hope thereby her to his bent to draw:
For when as neither gifts nor graces kind
Her constant mind could moue at all he saw,
He thought her to compell by crueltie and awe.

Deepe in the bottome of an huge great rocke
The dongeon was, in which her bound he left,
That neither yron barres, nor brazen locke
Did neede to gard from force, or secrect theft

Of

Of all her louers, which would her haue rest.
For wall'd it was with waues, which rag'd and ror'd
As they the cliffe in peeces would haue cleft;
Besides ten thousand monstres foule abhor'd
Did waite about it, gaping grieftly all begor'd.

And in the midst thereof did horror dwell,
And darkeness dredd, that neuer viewed day,
Like to the balefull house of lowest hell,
In which old *Styx* her aged bones alway,
Old *Styx* the Gramdame' of the Gods, doth lay.
There did this lucklesse mayd three months abide,
Ne euer euening saw, ne mornings ray,
Ne euer from the day the night defcride,
But thought it all one night, that did no houres diuide.

And all this was for loue of *Marinell*,
Who her despyfd (ah who would her despyse?)
And wemens loue did from his hart expell,
And all those ioyes that weake mankind entyse.
Nathlesse his pride full dearely he did pryse;
For of a womans hand it was ywroke,
That of the wound he yet in languor lyes,
Ne can be cured of that cruell stroke
Which *Britomart* him gaue, when he did her prouoke.

Yet farre and neare the Nymph his mother fought,
And many salues did to his fore applie,
And many herbes did vse. But when as nought
She saw could ease his rankling maladie,
At last to *Tryphon* she for helpe did hie,
(This *Tryphon* is the seagods surgeon hight)
Whom she besought to find some remedie:
And for his paines a whistle him behight
That of a fishes shell was wrought with rare delight.

So well that Leach did hearken to her request,
 And did so well employ his careful paine,
 That in short space his hurts he had redrest,
 And him restor'd to healthfull state againe:
 In which he long time after did remaine
 There with the Nymph his mother, like her thrall;
 Who sore against his will did him redrest,
 For feare of perill, which to him mote fall,
 Through his too ventrous prowesse proued ouer all,

If fortun'd then, a solemne feast was there
 To all the Sea-gods and their fruitfull seede,
 In honour of the spoufals, which then were
 Betwixt the *Medway* and the *Thames* agreed.
 Long had the *Thames* (as we in records see)
 Before that day her wooed to his bed;
 But the proud Nymph would for no worldly need,
 Nor no entreatie to his loue be led;
 Till now at last relenting, she to him was wed,

So both agreed, that this their bridale feast
 Should for the Gods in *Proteus* house be made;
 To which they all repayr'd, both most and least,
 As well which in the mightie Ocean trade,
 As that in riuers swim, or brookes doe wade.
 All which not if an hundred tongues to tell,
 And hundred mouthes, and voice of brasse I had,
 And endlesse memorie, that mote excell,
 In order as they came, could I recount them well,

Helpe therefore, O thou sacred imp of *Ioue*,
 The nourling of Dame *Memorie* his deare,
 To whom those rolles, layd vp in heauen aboue,
 And records of antiquitie appeare,

To

To which no wit of man may comen neare;
 Helpe me to tell the names of all those floods,
 And all those Nymphes, which then assembled were
 To that great banquet of the watry Gods,
 And all their fundry kinds, and all their hid abodes.

First came great *Neptune* with his threeforkt mace,
 That rules the Seas, and makes them rise or fall;
 His dewy lockes did drop with brine apace,
 Vnder his Diademe imperiall:
 And by his side his Queene with coronall,
 Faire *Amphitrite*, most diuinely faire,
 Whose yuorie shoulders weren covered all,
 As with a robe, with her owne siluer haire,
 And deckt with pearles, which th' Indian seas for her pre-
 paire.

These marched farre afore the other crew;
 And all the way before them as they went,
Triton his trompet shrill before them blew,
 For goodly triumph and great iolliment,
 That made the rockes to roare, as they were rent.
 And after them the royall issue came,
 Which of them sprung by lineall descent:
 First the Sea-gods, which to themselves doe claime
 The powre to rule the billowes, and the waues to tame.

Phorcys, the father of that fatal brood,
 By whom those old Heroes wonne such fame;
 And *Glaucus*, that wise southsayer vnderstood;
 And tragicke *Inoes* sonne, the which became
 A God of seas through his mad mothers blame,
 Now hight *Palemon*, and is saylers friend;
 Great *Brontes*, and *Astræus*, that did thame
 Himselfe with incest of his kin vnkend;
 And huge *Orion*, that doth tempests still portend.

The rich *Cteatus*, and *Eurytus* long;
Neleus and *Pelias* louely brethren both;
 Mightie *Chrysaor*, and *Caius* strong;
Eurypylus, that calmes the waters wroth;
 And faire *Euphæmus*, that vpon them goth
 As on the ground, without dismay or dread:
 Fierce *Eryx*, and *Alebius* that know'th
 The waters depth, and doth their bottome tread;
 And sad *Ajopus*, comely with his hoarie head.

There also some most famous founders were
 Of puissant Nations, which the world possesse;
 Yet sonnes of *Neptune*, now assembled here:
 Ancient *Ogyges*, euen th'ancientest,
 And *Inachus* renownd aboue the rest;
Phœnix, and *Aon*, and *Pelægius* old,
 Great *Belus*, *Phœax*, and *Agenor* best;
 And mightie *Albion*, father of the bold
 And warlike people, which the *Britaine* Islands hold.

For *Albion* the sonne of *Neptune* was,
 Who for the prooue of his great puissance,
 Out of his *Albion* did on dry-foot pas
 Into old *Gall*, that now is cleepe *France*,
 To fight with *Hercules*, that did aduance
 To vanquish all the world with matchlesse might,
 And there his mortall part by great mischance
 Was slaine: but that which is th'immortall spright
 Lites still: and to this feast with *Neptunes* seed was dight.

But what doe I their names seeke to reherse,
 Which all the world haue with their issue filld?
 How can they all in this so narrow verse
 Contayned be, and in small compasse hild?

Let

Let them record them, that are better skild,
 And know the moniments of passed times:
 Onely what needeth, shall be here fulfilld,
 T'expresse some part of that great equipage,
 Which from great *Neptune* do deriue their parentage.

Next came the aged *Ocean*, and his Dame,
 Old *Tethys*, th'oldest two of all the rest,
 For all the rest of those two parents came,
 Which after ward both sea and land possesse:
 Of all which *Nereus* th'eldest, and the best,
 Did first proceed, then which none more vpright,
 Ne more sincere in word and deed protest;
 Most voide of guile, most free from fowle despight,
 Doing him selfe, and teaching others to doe right.

Thereto he was expert in prophecies,
 And could the ledden of the Gods vnfold,
 Through which, when *Paris* brought his famous prise
 The faire *Tindarid* lasse, he him fortold,
 That her all *Greece* with many a champion bold
 Should fetch againe, and finally destroy
 Proud *Priams* towne. So wise is *Nereus* old,
 And so well skild; nathlesse he takes great ioy
 Oft-times amogst the wanton Nymphs to sport and toy.

And after him the famous riuers came,
 Which doe the earth enrich and beautifie:
 The fertile Nile, which creatures new doth frame;
 Long *Rhodanus*, whose fource springs from the skie;
 Faire *Ister*, flowing from the mountaines hies;
 Diuine *Scamander*, purpled yet with blood
 Of Greekes and Troians, which therein did die;
Pactolus glisring with his golden flood, (flood.
 And *Tygris* fierce, whose streames of none may be with-

L

Great Ganges, and immortall Euphrates,
 Deepe Indus, and Mæander intricate,
 Slow Peneus, and tempestuous Phafides,
 Swift Rhene, and Alpheus still immaculate:
 Ooraxes, feared for great *Cyrus* fates;
 Tybris, renowned for the Romaines fame,
 Rich Oranochy, though but known late;
 And that huge Riuer, which doth beare his name
 Of warlike Amazons, which doe possesse the same.

Ioy on those warlike women, which so long
 Can from all men so rich a kingdome hold;
 And shame on you, ô men, which boast your strong
 And valiant hearts, in thoughts lesse hard and bold,
 Yet quail in conquest of that land of gold.
 But this to you, ô Britons, most pertaines,
 To whom the right hereof it selfe hath fold;
 The which for sparing litle cost or paines,
 Loose so immortall glory, and so endlesse gaines.

Then was there heard a most celestiall sound,
 Of dainty musicke, which did next ensw
 Before the spouse: that was *Arion* crownd;
 Who playing on his harpe, vnto him drew
 The eares and hearts of all that goodly crew,
 That euen yet the Dolphin, which him bore
 Through the Agæan seas from Pirates vew,
 Stood still by him astonisht at his lore,
 And all the raging seas for ioy forgot to rore.

So went he playing on the watery plaine.
 Soone after whom the lovely Bridegroome came,
 The noble *Thamis*, with all his goodly traine,
 But him before there went, as best became;

His

His auncient parents, namely th'auncient Thame.
 But much more aged was his wife then he,
 The *Ouze*, whom men doe lhis rightly name;
 Full weake and crooked creature seemed shee,
 And almost blind through eld, that scarce her way could
 (see.

Therefore on either side she was sustained
 Of two final groomes, which by their names were hight
 The *Churne*, and *Charmell*, two finall streames, which
 Them selues her footing to direct aright, (pained
 Which fayled oft through faint and feeble plight:
 But *Thame* was stronger, and of better stay;
 Yet seem'd full aged by his outward sight,
 With head all hoary, and his beard all gray,
 Deawed with siluer drops, that trickled downe away.

Andeke he somewhat seem'd to stoupe afore
 With bowed backe, by reason of the lode,
 And auncient heauy burden, which he bore
 Of that faire City, wherein make abode
 So many learned impes, that shoote abroad,
 And with their braunches spred all Britany,
 No lesse then do her elder sisters broode.
 Ioy to you both, ye double nourery,
 Of Arts, but Oxford thine doth *Thame* most glorify.

But he their sonne full fresh and iolly was,
 All decked in a robe of watchet hew,
 On which the waues, glittering like Christall glas,
 So cunningly enwouen were, that few
 Could weenen, whether they were false or trow.
 And on his head like to a Coronet
 He wore, that seemed strange to common vew,
 In which were many towres and castels set,
 That it encompass round as with a golden fret.

164 THE IIII. BOOKE OF THE *CANT. XI.*

Like as the mother of the Gods, they say,
 In her great iron charet wons to ride,
 When to *Ioues* pallace she doth take her way;
 Old *Cybele*, arayd with pompous pride,
 Wearing a Diademe embattild wide
 With hundred turrets, like a Turribant.
 With such an one was *Thamis* beautifide;
 That was to weet the famous *Troynouant*,
 In which her king domes throne is chiefly resiant.

And round about him many a pretty Page
 Attended duely, ready to obay;
 All little Riuers, which owe vassallage
 To him, as to their Lord, and tribute pay:
 The chaulky *Kenet*, and the *Thetis* gray,
 The morish *Cole*, and the soft sliding *Breane*,
 The wanton *Lee*, that oft doth loofe his way,
 And the still *Darent*, in whose waters cleane
 Ten thousand fishes play, and decke his pleasant streame.

Then came his neighbour fouds, which nigh him dwell,
 And water all the English soile throughout;
 They all on him this day attended well;
 And with meet seruice waited him about;
 Ne none disdained low to him to lout:
 No not the stately *Seuerne* grudg'd at all,
 Ne storming *Humber*, though he looked stout;
 But both him honor'd as their principall,
 And let their swelling waters low before him fall.

There was the speedy *Tamar*, which deuides
 The *Cornish* and the *Deuonish* confines;
 Through both whose borders swiftly downe it glides,
 And meeting *Plim*, to *Plimmouth* thence declines:
 And

CANT. XI. FAERIE QVEENE. 165

And *Dart*, nigh chockt with fands of tinny mines.
 But *Auon* marched in more stately path,
 Proud of his *Adamants*, with which he shines
 And glisters wide, as all of wondrous *Bath*,
 And *Bristow* faire, which on his waues he builded hath.

And there came *Stoure* with terrible aspect,
 Bearing his fixe deformed heads on hye,
 That doth his course through *Blandford* plains direct,
 And washeth *Winborne* meades in season drye.
 Next him went *Wylibourne* with passage slye,
 That of his wylinesse his name doth take,
 And of him selfe doth name the shire thereby:
 And *Mole*, that like a nousling *Mole* doth make
 His way still vnder ground, till *Thamis* he ouertake.

Then came the *Rother*, decked all with woods
 Like a wood God, and flowing fast to Rhy:
 And *Sture*, that parteth with his pleasant floods
 The *Easterne Saxons* from the *Southerne ny*,
 And *Clare*, and *Harwitch* both doth beautify:
 Him follow'd *Yar*, soft washing *Norwitch* wall,
 And with him brought a present ioyfully
 Of his owne fish vnto their festiuall, (call.
 Whose like none else could shew, the which they *Ruffins*

Next these the plenteous *Ouse* came far from land,
 By many a city, and by many a towne,
 And many riuers taking vnder hand
 Into his waters, as he passeth downe,
 The *Cle*, the *Wre*, the *Guant*, the *Sture*, the *Rowne*.
 Thence doth by *Huntingdon* and *Cambridge* sit,
 My mother *Cambridge*, whom as with a *Crowne*
 He doth adorne, and is adorn'd of it
 With many a gentle *Muse*, and many a learned wit.

And after him the fatall Welland went,
 That if old sawes proue true (which God forbid)
 Shall drowne all Holland with his excrement,
 And shall see Stamford, though now homely hid,
 Then shine in learning, more then euer did
 Cambridge or Oxford, Englands goodly beames.
 And next to him the *Nene* downe softly slid;
 And bounteous Trent, that in him selfe enseames
 Both thirty forts of fish, and thirty sundry streames.

Next these came Tyne, along whose stony bancke
 That Romaine Monarch built a brazen wall,
 Which mote the feeble Britons strongly flancke
 Against the Picts, that swarmed ouer all,
 Which yet thereof Gualfeuer they doe call:
 And Twede the limit betwixt Logris land
 And Albany: And Eden though but small,
 Yet often staine with bloud of many a band
 Of Scots and English both, that tynd on his strand.

Then came those fixe sad brethren, like forlorne,
 That whilome were (as antique fathers tell)
 Sixe valiant Knights, of one faire Nympe yborne,
 Which did in noble deedes of armes excell,
 And wonned there, where now Yorke people dwell;
 Still Vre, swift Werfe, and Oze the most of might,
 High Swale, vnquiet Nide, and troublous Skell;
 All whom a Scythian king, that Humber hight,
 Slew cruelly, and in the riuer drowned quight.

But past not long, ere *Brutus* warlicke sonne
Locrinus them aueng'd, and the same date,
 Which the proud Humber vnto them had donne,
 By equall dome repayd on his owne pate:

For

For in the selfe same riuer, where he late
 Had drenched them, he drowned him againe;
 And nam'd the riuer of his wretched fate;
 Whose bad condition yet it doth retaine,
 Oft tossed with his stormes, which therein still remaine.

These after, came the stony shallow Lone,
 That to old Loncaster his name doth lend;
 And following Dee, which Britons long ygone
 Did call diuine, that doth by Chester tend;
 And Conway which out of his streame doth send
 Plenty of pearles to decke his dames withall,
 And Lindus that his pikes doth most commend,
 Of which the auncient Lincoln men doe call,
 All these together marched toward *Proteus* hall.

Ne thence the Irishe Riuers absent were,
 Sith no lesse famous then the rest they bee,
 And ioyne in neighbourhood of kingdome nere,
 Why should they not likewise in loue agree,
 And ioy likewise this solemne day to see.
 They saw it all, and present were in place;
 Though I them all according their degree,
 Cannot recount, nor tell their hidden race,
 Nor read the saluage cūtreis, thorough which they pace.

There was the Liffy rolling downe the lea,
 The sandy Slane, the stony Aubrian,
 The spacious Shenan spreading like a sea,
 The pleasant Boyne, the fishy fruitfull Ban,
 Swift Awniduff, which of the English man
 Is cal'd Blacke water, and the Liffar deep,
 Sad Trowis, that once his people ouerran,
 Strong *Allo* tombling from Slawgher steep,
 And *Mulla* mine, whose waues I whilom taught to weep.

L 4

And there the three renowned brethren were,
 Which that great Gyant *Blomius* begot,
 Of the faire Nymph *Rheusa* wandering there.
 One day, as she to shunne the season whor,
 Vnder Slewbloome in shady groue was got,
 This Gyant found her, and by force deslow'd,
 Whereof conceiuing, she in time forth brought
 These three faire sons, which being theee forth powrd
 In three great riuers ran, and many countreis scowrd.

The first, the gentle Shure that making way
 By sweet Clonmell, adornes rich Waterford;
 The next, the stubborne Newre, whose waters gray
 By faire Kilkenny and Rosseponte boord,
 The third, the goodly Barow, which doth hoord
 Great heapes of Salmons in his deepe bosome:
 All which long sundred, doe at last accord
 To ioyne in one, ere to the sea they come,
 So flowing all from one, all one at last become.

There also was the wide embayed Mayre,
 The pleasaunt Bandon crownd with many a wood,
 The spreading Lee, that like an Island fayre
 Encloseth Corke with his deuided flood;
 And balefull Oure, late staid with English blood:
 With many more, whose names no tongue can tell.
 All which that day in order seemly good
 Did on the Thamis attend, and waited well
 To doe their duefull seruice, as to them befell.

Then came the Bride, the louely *Medua* came,
 Clad in a vesture of vnknown geare,
 And vncouth fashion, yet her well became;
 That seem'd like siluer, sprinckled here and there
 With

With glittering spangs, that did like starres appeare,
 And wau'd vpon, like water Chamelot,
 To hide the metall, which yet euery where
 Bewrayd it selfe, to let men plainly wot,
 It was no mortall worke, that seem'd and yet was not.

Her goodly lockes adowne her backe did flow
 Vnto her waste, with flowres bescattered,
 The which ambrosiall odours forth did throw
 To all about, and all her shoulders spred
 As a new spring; and likewise on her hed
 A Chapelet of sundry flowers she wore,
 From vnder which the deawy humour shed,
 Did tricle downe her haire, like to the hore
 Congealed litle drops, which doe the morne adore.

On her two pretty handmaidens did attend,
 One cald the *Theise*, the other cald the *Crane*;
 Which on her waited, things amisse to mend,
 And both behind vpheld her spredding traine;
 Vnder the which, her feet appeared plaine,
 Her siluer feet, faire washt against this day:
 And her before there paced Pages twaine,
 Both clad in colours like, and like array,
 The *Donne* & cke the *Erith*, both which prepar'd her way.

And after these the Sea Nymphs marched all,
 All goodly damzels, deckt with long greene haire,
 Whom of their sire *Nereides* men call,
 All which the Oceans daughter to him bare
 The gray eyde *Doris*: all which fifty are;
 All which she there on her attending had.
 Swift *Proto*, milde *Eucrate*, *Thetis* faire,
 Soft *Spio*, sweete *Endore*, *Sao* sad,
 Light *Doto*, wanton *Glauce*, and *Galene* glad.

White hand *Eunica*, proud *Dynamene*,
 Ioyous *Thalia*, goodly *Amphitrite*,
 Louely *Psithée*, kinde *Eulimene*,
 Light foote *Cymothoe*, and sweete *Melite*,
 Fairest *Pherusa*, *Phao* lilly white,
 Wondred *Agave*, *Poris*, and *Nesaa*,
 With *Erato* that doth in loue delite,
 And *Panope*, and wise *Protomedea*,
 And snowy neckd *Doris*, and milkewhite *Galathæa*.

Speedy *Hippothoe*, and chaste *Altea*,
 Large *Lisiana*, and *Pronæa* sage,
Eusgore, and light *Pontoporea*,
 And she, that with her least word can assuage
 The surging seas, when they do forest rage,
Cymodoce, and stout *Autonoe*,
 And *Neso*, and *Eione* well in age,
 And seeming still to smile, *Glauconome*,
 And she that light of many heartes *Polynome*.

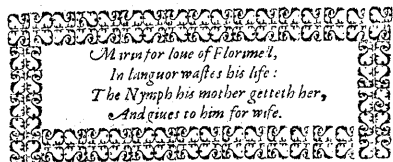
Fresh *Alimeda*, deckt with girllond greene;
Hiponeo, with salt bedewed wrefts :
Laomedea, like the christall theene ;
Liagore, much praisd for wife behests ;
 And *Psamathe*, for her brode snowy brefts ;
Cymo, *Eupompe*, and *Themiste* iust ;
 And she that vertue loues and vice detests
Euarua, and *Menippe* true in trust,
 And *Nemertea* learned well to rule her lust.

All these the daughters of old *Nereus* were,
 Which haue the sea in charge to them assinde,
 To rule his tides, and surges to vpre,
 To bring forth stormes, or fast them to vpbinde.

And

And failers faue from wrecks of wrathfull winde.
 And yet besides three thousand more there were
 Of th' Oceans feede, but *Ioues* and *Phæbus* kinde ;
 The which in floods and fountaines doe appere,
 And all mankind do nourish with their waters clere.

The which, more eath it were for mortall wight,
 To tell the sands, or count the starres on hye,
 Or ought more hard, then thinke to reckon right.
 But well I wote, that these which I descry,
 Were present at this great solemnity
 And there amongst the rest, the mother was
 Of luckeleffe *Marinell Cymodoce*,
 Which, for my Muse her selfe now tyred has,
 Vnto an other Canto I will ouerpass.

Cant. XII.

What an endlesse worke haue I in hand,
 To count the seas abundant progeny,
 Whose fruitfull feede farre passeth those in land,
 And also those which wonne in th' azure sky ?
 For much more eath to tell the starres on hye,
 Albe they endlesse seeme in estimation,
 Then to recount the Seas posterity :
 So fertile be the floods in generation,
 So huge their numbers, and so numberlesse their nation.

Therefore the antique wisards well inuented,
 That *Venus* of the fomy sea was bred;
 For that the seas by her are most augmented.
 Witnesse th'exceeding fry, which there are fed,
 And wondrous sholes, which may of none be red.
 Then blame me not, if I haue err'd in count
 Of Gods, of Nymphs, of riuers yet vnred:
 For though their numbers do much more surmount,
 Yet all those fame were there, which erst I did recount.

All those were there, and many other more,
 Whose names and nations were too long to tell,
 That *Proteus* house they fild euen to the dore;
 Yet were they all in order, as befell,
 According their degrees disposed well.
 Amongst the rest, was faire *Cymodoce*,
 The mother of vn lucky *Marinell*,
 Who thither with her came, to learne and see
 The manner of the Gods when they at banquet be.

But for he was halfe mortall, being bred
 Of mortall fire, though of immortall wombe,
 He might not with immortall food be fed,
 Ne with th'eternall Gods to banquet come;
 But walkt abrode, and round about did roame,
 To view the building of that vncouth place,
 That seem'd vnlike vnto his earthly home:
 Where, as he to and fro by chance did trace,
 There vnto him betid a disauentrous case.

Vnder the hanging of an hideous cliffe,
 He heard the lamentable voice of one,
 That pitcouly complaind her carefull grieffe,
 Which neuer she before disclos'd to none.

But

But to her selfe her sorrow did bemone,
 So feelingly her case she did complaine,
 That ruth it moued in the rocky stone,
 And made it seeme to feele her grieuous paine,
 And oft to grone with billowes beating from the maine.

Though vaine I see my sorrowes to vnfold,
 And count my cares, when none is nigh to heare,
 Yet hoping grieffe may lessen being told,
 I will them tell though vnto no man neare:
 For heauen that vnto all lends equall eare,
 Is farre from hearing of my heauy plight;
 And lowest hell, to which I lie most neare,
 Cares not what euils hap to wretched wight;
 And greedy seas doe in the spoile of life delight.

Yet loe the seas I see by often beating,
 Doe pearce the rockes, and hardest marble weares;
 But his hard rocky hart for no entreating
 Will yeeld, but when my piteous plaints he heares,
 Is hardned more with my abundant teares.
 Yet though he neuer list to me relent,
 But let me waste in woe my wretched yeares,
 Yet will I neuer of my loue repent,
 But ioy that for his sake I suffer prisonment.

And when my weary ghost with grieffe outworne,
 By timely death shall winne her wished rest,
 Let then this plaint vnto his eares be borne,
 That blame it is to him, that armes profess,
 To let her die, whom he might haue redrest.
 There did the pause, inforced to giue place,
 Vnto the passion, that her heart oppress,
 And after she had wept and wail'd a space,
 She gan afresh thus to renew her wretched case.

174 THE III. BOOKE OF THE *CANT. XII.*

Ye Gods of seas, if any Gods at all
 Haue care of right, or ruth of wretches wrong,
 By one or other way me woefull thrall,
 Deliuer hence out of this dungeon strong,
 In which I daily dying am too long.
 And if ye deeme me death for louing one,
 That loues not me, then doe it not prolong,
 But let me die and end my daies atone,
 And let him liue vnlovd, or loue him selfe alone.

But if that life ye vnto me decree,
 Then let mee liue, as louers ought to do,
 And of my lifes deare loue beloued be:
 And if he shall through pride your doome vndo,
 Do you by duresse him compell thereto,
 And in this prison put him here with me:
 One prison fittest is to hold vs two:
 So had I rather to be thrall, then free;
 Such thraldome or such freedome let it surely be.

But o vaine iudgement, and conditions vaine,
 The which the prisoner points vnto the free,
 The whiles I him condemne, and deeme his paine,
 He where he list goes loofe, and laughs at me:
 So euer loofe, so euer happy be.
 But where so loofe or happy that thou art,
 Know *Marinell* that all this is for thee.
 With that she wept and waild, as if her hart
 Would quite haue burst through great abudance of her
 (smart.

All which complaint when *Marinell* had heard,
 And vnderstood the cause of all her care
 To come of him, for vsing her so hard,
 His stubbome hart, that neuer felt misfare.

Was

CANT. XII. FAERIE QVEENE. 175

Was toucht with soft remorse and pittie rare;
 That euen for griefe of minde he oft did grone,
 And inly wish, that in his powre it weare
 Her to redresse: but since he meanes found none
 He could no more but her great misery bemone.

Thus whilst his stony heart with tender ruth
 Was toucht, and mighty courage mollifide,
 Dame *Venus* sonne that tameth stubborne youth
 With iron bit, and maketh him abide,
 Till like a victor on his backe he ride,
 Into his mouth his maystring bridle threw,
 That made him stoupe, till he did him bestride:
 Then gan he make him tread his steps anew,
 And learne to loue, by learning louers paines to rew.

Now gan he in his griued minde deuise,
 How from that dungeon he might her enlarge;
 Some while he thought, by faire and humble wife
 To *Proteus* selfe to sue for her discharge:
 But then he fear'd his mothers former charge
 Gainst womens loue, long giuen him in vaine.
 Then gan he thinke, perforce with sword and targe
 Her forth to fetch, and *Proteus* to constraîne:
 But soone he gan fitch folly to forthinke againe.

Then did he cast to steale her thence away,
 And with him beare, where none of her might know.
 But all in vaine: for why he found no way
 To enter in, or issue forth below:
 For all about that rocke the sea did flow.
 And though vnto his will she giuen were,
 Yet without ship or bote her thence to row,
 He wist not how her thence away to bere;
 And daunger well he wist long to continue there.

At last when as no meanes he could inuent,
 Backe to him selfe, he gan returne the blame,
 That was the author of her punishment;
 And with vile curses, and reprochfull shame
 To damne him selfe by euery euill name;
 And deeme vnworthy of loue or life,
 That had despisde so chaste and faire a dame,
 Which him had fought through trouble & log strife;
 Yet had refusde a God that her had fought to wife.

In this sad plight he walked here and there,
 And romed round about the rocke in vaine,
 As he had lost him selfe, he wist nor where;
 Oft listening if he mote her heare againe;
 And still bemoing her vnworthy paine.
 Like as an Hynde whose calfe is false vnwares
 Into some pit, where she him heares complaine,
 An hundred times about the pit side fares,
 Right forrowfully mourning her bereaued cares.

And now by this the feast was throughly ended,
 And euery one gan homeward to resort.
 Which seeing *Marinell*, was sore offended,
 That his departure thence should be so short,
 And leaue his loue in that sea-walled fort.
 Yet durst he not his mother disobay,
 But her attending in full seemly fort,
 Did march amongst the many all the way:
 And all the way did inly mourne, like one astray.

Being returned to his mothers bowre,
 In solitary silence far from wight,
 He gan record the lamentable stowre,
 In which his wretched loue lay day and night,

For

For his deare sake, that ill deseru'd that plight:
 The thought whereof empierst his hart so deepe,
 That of no worldly thing he tooke delight;
 Ne dayly food did take, ne nightly sleepe,
 But pyn'd, & mourn'd, & languisht, and alone did weepe.

That in short space his wonted chearefull hew
 Gan fade, and liuely spirits deaded quight:
 His cheeke bones raw, and eie-pits hollow grew,
 And brawney armes had lost their knowen might,
 That nothing like himselfe he seem'd in sight.
 Ere long so weake of limbe, and sicke of loue
 He woxe, that lenger he note stand vp right,
 But to his bed was brought, and layd about,
 Like ruefull ghost, vnable once to stirre or moue.

Which when his mother saw, she in her mind
 Was troubled sore, ne wist well what to weene,
 Ne could by search nor any meanes out find
 The secret cause and nature of his teene,
 Whereby she might apply some medicine;
 But weeping day and night, did him attend,
 And mourn'd to see her losse before her eyne,
 Which grieu'd her more, that she it could not mend:
 To see an helpelesse euill, double grieve doth lend.

Nought could she read the roote of his disease,
 Ne weene what mister maladie it is,
 Whereby to seeke some meanes it to appease.
 Most did she thinke, but most she thought amis,
 That that same former fatall wound of his
 Whylearn by *Tryphon* was not throughly healed,
 But closely rankled vnder th'orisis:
 Least did she thinke, that which he most concealed,
 That loue it was, which in his hart lay vnreuealed.

M

Therefore to *Tryphon* she againe doth haſt,
 And him doth chyde as falſe and fraudulent,
 That ſayd the truſt, which ſhe in him had plaſt,
 To cure her ſonne, as he his faith had lent:
 Who now was falſe into new languishment
 Of his old hurt, which was not thoroughly cured.
 So backe he came vnto her patient,
 Where ſearching euery part, her well aſſured,
 That it was no old ſore, which his new paine procured.

But that it was ſome other maladie,
 Or grieſe vnknowne, which he could not diſcerne:
 So left he her withouten remedie.
 Then gan her heart to faint, and quake, and earne,
 And inly troubled was, the truth to learne.
 Vnto himſelfe ſhe came, and him beſought,
 Now with faire ſpeeches, now with threatnings ſterne,
 If ought lay hidden in his grieued thought,
 It to reuale: who ſtill her answered, there was nought.

Nathleſſe ſhe reſted not ſo ſatiſfide,
 But leauing watry gods, as booting nought,
 Vnto the ſhinie heauen in haſte ſhe hide,
 And thence *Apollo* King of Leaches brought.
Apollo came; who ſoone as he had fought,
 Through his diſeaſe, did by and by out find,
 That he did languish of ſome inward thought,
 The which afflicted his engriued mind;
 Which loue he red to be, that leads each liuing kind.

Which when he had vnto his mother told,
 She gan thereat fret, and greatly grieue.
 And comming to her ſonne, gan ſiſt to ſcold,
 And chyde at him, that made her miſbelieue:

But

But afterwards the gan him ſoft to ſhrieue,
 And wooe with faire intreatie, to diſcloſe,
 Which of the Nymphes his heart ſo fore did micue.
 For ſure the weend it was ſome one of thoſe,
 Which he had lately ſeene, that for his loue he choſe.

Now leſſe ſhe feared that ſame fatall read,
 That warned him of womens loue beware:
 Which being ment of mortall creatures ſeard,
 For loue of Nymphes ſhe thought ſhe need not care,
 But promiſt him, what euer wight ſhe weare,
 That ſhe her loue, to him would ſhortly gaine:
 So he her told: but ſoone as ſhe did heare
 That *Florimell* it was, which wrought his paine,
 She gan a freſh to chaſe, and grieue in euery vaine.

Yet ſince ſhe ſaw the ſtreight extremitie,
 In which his life vnluckily was layd,
 It was no time to ſcan the prophetic,
 Whether old *Proteus* true or falſe had ſayd,
 That his decay ſhould happen by a mayd.
 It's late in death of daunger to aduize,
 Or loue forbid him, that is life denyd:
 But rather gan in troubled mind deuize,
 How ſhe that Ladies libertie might enterprize.

To *Proteus* ſelſe to ſew ſhe thought it vaine,
 Who was the root and worker of her woe:
 Nor vnto any meaner to complaine,
 But vnto great king *Neptune* ſelſe did goe,
 And on her knee before him falling lowe,
 Made humble ſuit vnto his Maieſtic,
 To graunt to her, her ſonnes life, which his foe
 A cruell Tyrant had preſumpteuouſlie
 By wicked doome condemn'd, a wretched death to die.

M 2

To whom God *Neptune* softly smiling, thus ;
 Daughter me seemes of double wrong ye plaine,
 Gaineft one that hath both wronged you, and vs :
 For death t'ardward I ween'd did appertaine
 To none, but to the seas sole Soueraine.
 Read therefore who it is, which this hath wrought,
 And for what cause ; the truth discouer plaine.
 For neuer wight so euill did or thought,
 But would some rightfull cause pretend, though rightly
 nought.

To whom she answerd, Then it is by name
Proteus, that hath ordayn'd my sonne to die ;
 For that a waift, the which by fortune came
 Vpon your seas, he claym'd as propertie :
 And yet nor his, nor his in equitie,
 But yours the waift by high prerogatiue.
 Therefore I humbly craue your Maiestie,
 It to repleuie, and my sonne repruiue :
 So shall you by one gift saue all vs three aliuie.

He graunted it: and streight his warrant made,
 Vnder the Sea-gods seale autenticall,
 Commaunding *Proteus* straight t'enlarge the mayd,
 Which wandring on his seas imperiall,
 He lately tooke, and sithence kept as thrall.
 Which she receiuing with meeete thankfulnessse,
 Departed straight to *Proteus* therewithall :
 Who reading it with inward loathfulnessse,
 Was grieued to restore the pledge, he did possessse.

Yet durst he not the warrant to withstand,
 But vnto her deliuered *Florimell*.
 Whom she receiuing by the lilly hand,
 Admyr'd her beautie much, as she mote well :

For

For she all liuing creatures did excell ;
 And was right ioyous, that she gotten had
 So faire a wife for her sonne *Marinell*.
 So home with her she streight the virgin lad ;
 And shew'd her to him, then being fore bestad.

Who soone as he beheld that angels face,
 Adorn'd with all diuine perfection,
 His cheared heart estfoones away gan chase
 Sad death, reuiued with her sweet inspection,
 And feeble spirit inly felt refection ;
 As withered weed through cruell winters tine,
 That feelles the warmth of sunny beames refection,
 Liftes vp his head, that did before decline
 And gins to spread his leafe before the faire sunshine.

Right so himselfe did *Marinell* vpreare,
 When he in place his dearest loue did spy ;
 And though his limbs could not his bodie beare,
 Ne former strength returne so suddenly,
 Yet chearcfull signes he shewed outwardly.
 Ne lesse was she in secret hart affected,
 But that she masked it with modestie,
 For feare she should of lightnesse be detected:
 Which to another place I leaue to be perfected.

M 3



THE FIFTH
BOOKE OF THE
FAERIE QVEENE.

Contayning,
THE LEGEND OF ARTEGALL
OR
OF IVSTICE.

SO oft as I with state of present time,
The image of the antique world compare,
When as mans age was in his freshest prime.
And the first blossome of faire vertue bare,
Such oddes I finde twixt those, and these which are,
As that, through long continuance of his course,
Me seemes the world is runne quite out of square,
From the first point of his appointed course,
And being once amisse grows daily worse and worse.

For from the golden age, that first was named,
It's now at earst become a stonie one;
And men themselues, the which at first were framed
Of earthly mould, and form'd of flesh and bone,
Are now transformed into hardest stone:
Such as behind their backs (so backward bred)
Were throwne by *Pyrrha* and *Deucalione*:
And if then those may any worse be red,
They into that ere long will be degenerated.

M 4

Let none then blame me, if in discipline
 Of vertue and of ciuill vses lore,
 I doe not forme them to the common line
 Of present dayes, which are corrupted fore,
 But to the antique vse, which was of yore,
 When good was onely for it selfe desired,
 And all men fought their owne, and none no more;
 When Iustice was not for most meed outthyred,
 But simple Truth did rayne, and was of all admyred.

For that which all men then did vertue call,
 Is now cald vice; and that which vice was hight,
 Is now hight vertue, and so vs'd of all:
 Right now is wrong, and wrong that was is right;
 As all things else in time are chaunged quight.
 Ne wonder; for the heauens reuolution
 Is wandred farre from, where it first was pight,
 And so doe make contrarie constitution
 Of all this lower world, toward his dissolution.

For who so list into the heauens looke,
 And search the courses of the rowling spheares,
 Shall find that from the point, where they first tooke
 Their setting forth, in these few thousand yeares
 They all are wandred much; that plaine appears.
 For that same golden fleecy Ram, which bore
Phrixus and *Helle* from their stepdames feares,
 Hath now forgot, where he was plact of yore,
 And shouldred hath the Bull, which fayre *Ewopa* bore.

And eke the Bull hath with his bow-bent horne
 So hardly butted those two twinnes of *Ioue*,
 That they haue crusht the Crab, and quite him borne
 Into the great *Nemean* lions groue.

So

So now all range, and doe at randon roue
 Out of their proper places farre away,
 And all this world with them amisse doe moue,
 And all his creatures from their course afray,
 Till they arriue at their last ruinous decay.

Ne is that same great glorious lampe of light,
 That doth enlumine all these lesser fyres,
 In better case, ne keeps his course more right,
 But is miscaried with the other Spheres.
 For since the terme of fourteene hundred yerres,
 That learned *Ptolomae* his hight did take,
 He is declyned from that marke of theirs,
 Nigh thirtie minutes to the Southerne lake;
 That makes me feare in time he will vs quite forsake.

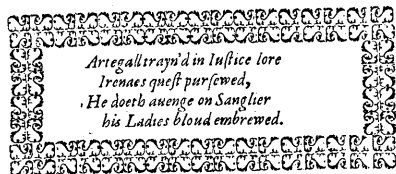
And if to those *Aegyptian* wisards old,
 Which in Star-read were wont haue best insight,
 Faith may be giuen, it is by them told,
 That since the time they first tooke the Sunnes hight,
 Foure times his place he shifted hath in sight,
 And twice hath risen, where he now doth West,
 And wested twice, where he ought rise aright.
 But most is *Mars* amisse of all the rest,
 And next to him old *Saturne*, that was wont be best.

For during *Saturnes* ancient raigne it's sayd,
 That all the world with goodnesse did abound:
 All loued vertue, no man was affrayd
 Of force, ne fraud in wight was to be found:
 No warre was knowne, no dreadfull trompets found,
 Peace vniuersall rayn'd mongst men and beasts,
 And all things freely grew out of the ground:
 Iustice fate high ador'd with solemne feasts,
 And to all people did diuide her dred bechests.

Most sacred vertue she of all the rest,
 Resembling God in his imperiall might;
 Whose soueraine powre is herein most exprest,
 That both to good and bad he dealeth right,
 And all his workes with Iustice hath bedight.
 That powre he also doth to Princes lend,
 And makes them like himselfe in glorious fight,
 To sit in his owne seate, his cause to end,
 And rule his people right, as he doth recommend.

Dread Souerayne Goddesse, that doest highest sit
 In seate of iudgement, in th' Almightyes place,
 And with magnificke might and wondrous wit
 Doeft to thy people righteous doome aread,
 That furthest Nations fillles with awfull dread,
 Pardon the boldnesse of thy basest thrall,
 That dare discourse of so diuine aread,
 As thy great iustice prayseed ouer all:
 The instrument whereof loe here thy *Artegall.*

CANT.

Cant. I.

Though vertue then were held in highest price,
 In those old times, of which I doe intreat,
 Yet then likewise the wicked seede of vice
 Began to spring which shortly grew full great,
 And with their boughes the gentle plants did beat.
 But euermore some of the vertuous race
 Rose vp, inspired with heroicke heat,
 That crop't the branches of the sient base,
 And with strong hand their fruitfull rancknes did deface.

Such first was *Bacchus*, that with furious might
 All th'East before vntam'd did ouerronne,
 And wrong repressed, had establisht right,
 Which lawlesse men had formerly fordonne.
 There Iustice first her princely rule begonne.
 Next *Hercules* his like ensample shewed,
 Who all the West with equall conquest wonne,
 And monstrous tyrants with his club subdewed;
 The club of Iustice dread, with kingly powre endewed.

And such was he, of whom I haue to tell,
 The Champion of true Iustice *Artegall.*
 Whom (as ye lately mote remember well)
 An hard aduerture, which did then befall,

Into redoubted perill forth did call;
That was to succour a distressed Dame,
Whom a strong tyrant did vniustly thrall,
And from the heritage, which she did clame,
Did with strong hand withhold: *Grantorto* was his name.

Wherefore the Lady, which *Eirena* hight,
Did to the Faery Queene her way addresse,
To whom complaining her afflicted plight,
She her besought of gracious redresse.
That foueraine Queene, that mightie Emperesse,
Whose glorie is to aide all suppliant pore,
And of weake Princes to be Patronesse,
Chose *Artegall* to right her to restore;
For that to her he seem'd best skild in righteous lore.

For *Artegall* in iustice was vpbrought
Euen from the cradle of his infancie,
And all the depth of rightfull doome was taught
By faire *Astræa*, with great industrie,
Whilst here on earth she liued mortallie.
For till the world from his perfection fell
Into all filth and foule iniquitie,
Astræa here mongst earthly men did dwell,
And in the rules of iustice them instructed well.

Whiles through the world she walked in this sort,
Vpon a day she found this gentle childe,
Amongst his peres playing his childish sport:
Whom seeing fit, and with no crime desilde,
She did allure with gifts and speeches milde,
To wend with her. So thence him farre she brought
Into a caue from companie exile,
In which she nourished him, till yeares he raught,
And all the discipline of iustice there him taught.

There

There she him taught to weigh both right and wrong
In equall ballance with due recompence,
And equitie to measure out along,
According to the line of conscience,
When so it needs with rigour to dispence.
Of all the which, for want there of mankind,
She caused him to make experience
Vpon wyld beasts, which she in woods did find,
With wrongfull powre oppressing others of their kind.

Thus she him trayned, and thus she him taught,
In all the skill of deeming wrong and right,
Vntill the ripenesse of mans yeares he raught;
That euen wilde beasts did feare his awfull fight,
And men admyr'd his ouerruling might;
Ne any liu'd on ground, that durst withstand
His dreadfull heaft, much lesse him match in fight,
Or bide the horror of his wreakfull hand,
When so he list in wrath list vp his steely brand.

Which steely brand, to make him dreaded more,
She gaue vnto him, gotten by her slight
And earnest search, where it was kept in store
In *Iones* eternall house, vnwist of wight,
Since he himselfe it vs'd in that great fight
Against the *Titans*, that whylome rebelled
Gainst highest heauen; *Chrysaor* it was hight;
Chrysaor that all other swords excelled,
Well prou'd in that same day, when *Ioue* those Gyants
quelled.

For of most perfect metall it was made,
Tempred with Adamant amongst the fame,
And garnisht all with gold vpon the blade
In goodly wise, whereof it tooke his name,

And was of no lesse vertue, then of fame.
 For there no substance was so firme and hard,
 But it would pierce or cleaue, where fo it came;
 Ne any armour could his dint out ward,
 But wherefoeuer it did light, it throughly shard.

Now when the world with sinne gan to abound,
Astrea loathing lenger here to space
 Mongst wicked men, in whom no truth she found,
 Return'd to heauen, whence she deriu'd her race;
 Where she hath now an euerlasting place,
 Mongst those twelue signes, which nightly we doe see
 The heauens bright-shining baudricke to enchace;
 And is the *Virgin*, fixt in her degree,
 And next her selfe her righteous ballance hanging bee.

But when she parted hence, she left her groom
 An yron man, which did on her attend
 Always, to execute her stedfast doome,
 And willed him with *Artegall* to wend,
 And doe what euer thing he did intend.
 His name was *Talus*, made of yron mould,
 Immouable, resistlesse, without end,
 Who in his hand an yron flae did hold,
 With which he threst out falshood, and did truth vn-
 fould.

He now went with him in this new inquest,
 Him for to aide, if aide he chaunst to neede,
 Against that cruell Tyrant, which opprest
 The faire *Irena* with his foule misdeede,
 And kept the crowne in which she should succeed.
 And now together on their way they bin,
 When as they saw a Squire in squallid weed,
 Lamenting fore his sorowfull sad tyme,
 With many bitter teares shed from his blubbred eyne.
 To

To whom as they approched, they espide
 A forie sight, as euer scene with eye;
 An headlesse Ladie lying him beside,
 In her owne blood all wallow'd wofully,
 That her gay clothes did in discolour die.
 Much was he moued at that ruefull sight;
 And flam'd with zeale of vengeance inwardly,
 He askt, who had that Dame so fouly dight;
 Or whether his owne hand, or whether other wight?

Ah woe is me, and well away (quoth hce)
 Bursting forth teares, like springs out of a banke,
 That euer I this dismall day did lee:
 Full farre was I from thinking such a prank;
 Yet litle losse it were, and mickle thanke,
 If I should graunt that I haue doen the same,
 That I mote drinke the cup, whereof she dranke:
 But that I should die guiltie of the blame,
 The which another did, who now is fled with shame.

Who was it then (sayd *Artegall*) that wrought?
 And why, doe it declare vnto me trew.
 A knight (said he) if knight he may be thought,
 That did his hand in Ladies bloud embrew,
 And for no cause, but as I shall you shew.
 This day as I in solace sare hereby
 With a fayre loue, whose losse I know do rew,
 There came this knight, hauing in companie
 This lucklesse Ladie, which now here doth headlesse lie.

He, whether mine seem'd fayrer in his eye,
 Or that he waxed weary of his owne,
 Would change with me; but I did it denye;
 So did the Ladies both, as may be knowne.

But he, whose spirit was with pride vpblowne,
 Would not so rest contented with his right,
 But hauing from his counter her downe throwne,
 Fro me rest mine away by lawlesse might,
 And on his steed her set, to beare her out offight.

Which when his Ladie saw, she follow'd fast,
 And on him catching hold, gan loud to crie
 Nor so to leaue her, nor away to cast,
 But rather of his hand besought to die.
 With that his sword he drew all wrathfully,
 And at one stroke cropt off her head with scorne,
 In that same place, whereas it now doth lie.
 So he my loue away with him hath borne,
 And left me here, both his & mine owne loue to morne,

Aread (sayd he) which way then did he make?
 And by what markes may he be knowne againe?
 To hope (quoth he) him soone to ouertake,
 That hence so long departed, is but vaine:
 But yet he pricked ouer yonder plaine,
 And as I marked, bore vpon his shield,
 By which it's easie him to know againe,
 A broken sword within a bloodie field;
 Expressing well his nature, which the same did wield,

No sooner sayd, but streight he after sent
 His yron page, who him pursuw'd so light,
 As that it seem'd aboute the ground he went:
 For he was swift as swallow in her flight,
 And strong as Lyon in his Lordly might.
 It was not long, before he ouertooke
 Sir *Sanglier*; (so cleeped was that Knight)
 Whom at the first he ghesped by his looke,
 And by the other markes, which of his shield he tooke.

He

He bad him stay, and backe with him retire;
 Who full of scorne to be commaunded fo,
 The Lady to alight did est require,
 Whilest he reformed that vnciull fo:
 And streight at him with all his force did go,
 Who mou'd no more therewith, then when a rocke
 Is lightly stricken with some stones throw;
 But to him leaping, lent him such a knocke,
 That on the ground he layd him like a fencelesse blocke.

But ere he could him selfe recure againe,
 Him in his iron paw he seized had;
 That when he wak't out of his warelesse paine,
 He found him selfe vawist, so ill bestad,
 That lim he could not wag. Thence he him lad,
 Bound like a beast appointed to the stall:
 The sight whereof the Lady fore adrad,
 And fain'd to fly for feare of being thrall;
 But he her quickly stayd, and for fit to wend withall.

When to the place they came, where *Artegall*
 By that same carefull Squire did then abide,
 He gently gan him to demaund of all,
 That did betwixt him and that Squire betide.
 Who with sterne countenance and indignant pride
 Did aunswere, that of all he guilelesse stood,
 And his accuser thereupon decide:
 For neither he did shed that Ladies blood,
 Nor tooke away his loue, but his owne proper good.

Well did the Squire perceiue him selfe too weake,
 To aunswere his defiance in the field,
 And rather chose his challenge off to breake,
 Then to approue his right with speare and shield.

N

And rather guilty chose him selfe to yield.
 But *Artegall* by signes perceiuing plaine,
 That he it was not, which that Lady kild,
 But that strange Knight, the fairer loue to gaine,
 Did cast about by sleight the truth thereout to straine.

And sayd, now sure this doubtfull causes right
 Can hardly but by Sacrament be tride,
 Or else by ordele, or by bloody fight;
 That ill perhaps mote fall to either side.
 But if ye please, that I your cause decide,
 Perhaps I may all further quarrell end,
 So ye will sweare my iudgement to abide.
 Thereto they both did franckly condiscend,
 And to his doome with listfull eares did both attend.

Sith then (sayd he) ye both the dead deny,
 And both the liuing Lady claime your right,
 Let both the dead and liuing equally
 Decided be betwixt you here in fight,
 And each of either take his share aright.
 But looke who does dissent from this my read,
 He for a twelue moneths day shall in despite
 Beare for his penance that same Ladies head;
 To witnesse to the world, that she by him is dead.

Well pleased with that doome was *Sangliere*,
 And offred streight the Lady to be slaine.
 But that same Squire, to whom she was more dere,
 When as he saw she should be cut in twaine,
 Did yield, she rather should with him remaine.
 Aliue, then to him selfe be shared dead;
 And rather then his loue should suffer paine,
 He chose with shame to beare that Ladies head.
 True loue despiseth shame, when life is cold in dread.

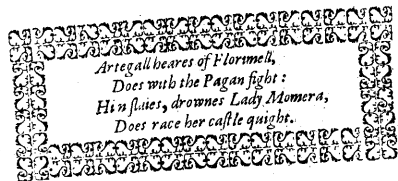
Whom

Whom when so willing *Artegall* perceaued;
 Not so thou Squire, (he sayd) but thine I deeme
 The liuing Lady, which from thee he reaued:
 For worthy thou of her doest rightly seeme.
 And you, Sir Knight, that loue to light esteeme,
 As that ye would for little leaue the same,
 Take here your owne, that doth you best beseeeme,
 And with it beare the burden of defame;
 Your owne dead Ladies head, to tell abroad your shame.

But *Sangliere* disdaind much his doome,
 And sternly gan repine at his behest;
 Ne would for ought obay, as did become,
 To beare that Ladies head before his breast.
 Vntill that *Talus* had his pride repress,
 And forced him, maulgre, it vp to reare.
 Who when he saw it bootelesse to resist,
 He tooke it vp, and thence with him did beare,
 As rated Spaniell takes his burden vp for feare.

Much did that Squire Sir *Artegall* adore,
 For his great iustice, held in high regard;
 And as his Squire him offered euer more
 To serue, for want of other meete reward,
 And wend with him on his aduenture hard.
 But he thereto would by no meanes consent;
 But leauing him forth on his journey far'd
 Ne wight with him but onely *Talus* went.
 They two enough t' encounter an whole Regiment.

N 2

Cant. II.

Nought is more honorable to a knight,
Ne better doth beseme braue cheualry,
Then to defend the feeble in their right,
And wrong redresse in such as wend awry.
Whilome those great Heroes got thereby
Their greatest glory, for their rightfull deedes,
And place deserued with the Gods on hy.
Herein the nobleffe of this knight exceedes,
Who now to perils great for iustice sake proceedes.

To which as he now was vppon the way,
He chaunft to meet a Dwarfie in hasty course;
Whom he requir'd his forward hast to stay,
Till he of tidings mote with him discourse.
Loth was the Dwarfie, yet did he stay perforce,
And gan of sundry newes his store to tell,
And to his memory they had recourse:
But chiefly of the fairest *Florimel*,
How she was found againe, and spouide to *Marinell*.

For this was *Dony*, *Florimels* owne Dwarfie,
Whom hauing lost (as ye haue heard whylcare)
And finding in the way the scattred scarfe,
The fortune of her life long time did feare.

But

But of her health when *Artegall* did heare,
And safe returne, he was full inly glad,
And askt him where, and when her bridale cheare
Should be solemniz'd: for if time he had,
He would be there, and honor to her spousall ad.

Within three daies (quoth she) as I do here,
It will be at the Cattle of the frond;
What time if nauight me let, I will be there
To doe her seruice, so as I am bond.
But in my way a litle here beyond
A cursed cruell Sarazin doth wonne,
That keeps a Bridges passage by strong hond,
And many errant Knights hath there fordonne;
That makes all men for feare that passage for to shonne.

What mister wight (quoth he) and how far hence
Is he, that doth to trauellers such harmes?
He is (said he) a man of great defence;
Expert in battell and in deedes of armes;
And more emboldned by the wicked charmes,
With which his daughter doth him still support;
Hauing great Lordships got and goodly farmes,
Through strong oppression of his powre extort;
By which he stil them holds, & keeps with strong effort.

And dayly he his wrongs encreaseth more,
For neuer wight he lets to passe that way;
Ouer his Bridge, albee he rich or poore,
But he him makes his passage-penny pay:
Else he doth hold him backe or beat away.
Thereto he hath a groomme of euill guise,
Whose scalp is bare, that bondage doth bewray,
Which pols and pils the poore in pitous wizes
But he him selfe vppon the rich doth tyrannize.

N 3

His name is hight *Pollente*, rightly so
 For that he is so puissant and strong,
 That with his powre he all doth ouergo,
 And makes them subiect to his mighty wrong;
 And some by sleight he eke doth vnderfong.
 For on a Bridge he custometh to fight,
 Which is but narrow, but exceeding long;
 And in the same are many trap fals pight, (*sight*)
 Through which the rider downe doth fall through ouer-

And vnderneath the same a riuier flows,
 That is both swift and dangerous deepe withall;
 Into the which whom so he ouerthrowes,
 All destitute of helpe doth headlong fall,
 But he him selfe, through practise vsuall,
 Leapes forth into the foud, and there assaies
 His foe confuted through his foudaine fall,
 That horse and man he equally dismaies,
 And either both them drownes, or trayterously slaies.

Then doth he take the spoile of them at will,
 And to his daughter brings, that dwells thereby:
 Who all that comes doth take, and therewith fill
 The coffers of her wicked theaifery;
 Which she with wrongs hath heaped vp so hy,
 That many Princes she in wealth exceeds,
 And purchaft all the countrey lying ny
 With the reuenue of her plenteous meedes,
 Her name is *Munera*, agreeing with her deedes.

There to she is full faire, and rich attired,
 With golden hands and siluer feete beside,
 That many Lords haue her to wife desired:
 But she them all despiseth for great pride.

Now

Now by my life (sayd he) and God to guide,
 None other way will I this day betake,
 But by that Bridge, whereas he doth abide:
 Therefore me thither lead. No more he spake,
 But thitherward forthright his ready way did make.

Vnto the place he came within a while,
 Where on the Bridge he ready armed saw
 The Sarazin, awayting for some spoile.
 Who as they to the passage gan to draw,
 A villaine to them came with scull all raw,
 That passage money did of them require,
 According to the custome of their law.
 To whom he aunswerd wroth, loe there thy hire;
 And with that word him strooke, that streight he did ex-
 (*pire.*)

Which when the Pagan saw, he waxed wroth,
 And streight him selfe vnto the sight address,
 New as Sir *Artegall* behinde: so both
 Together ran with ready speares in rest.
 Right in the midst, whereas they brest to brest
 Should meete, a trap was letten downe to fall
 Into the foud: streight leapt the Carle vnblest,
 Well weening that his foe was false withall:
 But he was well aware, and leapt before his fall.

There being both together in the foud,
 They each at other tyrannously flew;
 Ne ought the water cooled their whot blood,
 But rather in them kindled choler new.
 But there the Paynim, who that vsf well knew
 To fight in water, great aduantage had,
 That oftentimes him nigh he ouerthrew:
 And eke the courser, whereuppon he rad,
 Could swim like to a fish, whiles he his backe bestrad.

N 4

Which oddes when as Sir *Artegall* espide,
 He saw no way, but close with him in haft;
 And to him driuing strongly downe the tide,
 Vpon his iron coller griped fast,
 That with the straint his wefand nigh he brafft.
 There they together stroue and struggled long,
 Either the other from his steede to cast;
 Ne euer *Artegall* his griple strong
 For any thing wold slacke, but still vpon him hong.

As when a Dolphin and a Sele are met,
 In the wide champian of the Ocean plaine:
 With cruell chaufe their courages they whet,
 The maysterdome of each by force to gaine,
 And dreadfull battaile twixt them do darraine:
 They snuff, they snort, they bouce, they rage, they rore,
 That all the sea disturbed with their traine,
 Doth frie with fume about the surges hore.
 Such was betwixt these two the troublefome vporre.

So *Artegall* at length him forst forsake
 His horses backe, for dread of being drownd,
 And to his handy swimming him betake.
 Effsoones him selfe he from his hold vnbownd,
 And then no ods at all in him he fownd:
 For *Artegall* in swimming skilfull was,
 And durst the depth of any water fownd.
 So ought each Knight, that vse of perill has,
 In swimming be expert through waters force to pas.

Then very doubtfull was the warres euent,
 Vncertaine whether had the better side.
 For both were skild in that experiment,
 And both in armes well traind and throughly tride.
 But

But *Art egall* was better breath'd beside,
 And towards th'end, grew greater in his might,
 That his faint foe no longer could abide
 His puiffance, ne beare him selfe vp right,
 But from the water to the land betooke his flight.

But *Artegall* pursewd him still so neare,
 With bright Chrysaor in his cruell hand,
 That as his head he gan a litle reare
 About the brincke, to tread vpon the land,
 He smote it off, that tumbling on the strand
 It bit the earth for very fell despight,
 And gnashed with his teeth, as if he band
 High God, whose goodnesse he despaired quight,
 Or curst the hand, which did that vengeace on him dight

His corps was carried downe along the Lee,
 Whose waters with his filthy bloud it stayned:
 But his blasphemous head, that all might see,
 He pitcht vpon a pole on high ordayned;
 Where many years it afterwards remayned,
 To be a mirrour to all mighty men,
 In whose right hands great power is containd,
 That none of them the feeble ouerren,
 But alwaies doe their powre within iust compasse 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 fought, but was denide,
 And with reprochfull blasphemy deside,
 Beaten with stones downe from the battilment,
 That he was forced to withdraw aside;
 And bad his seruant *Talus* to inuent
 Which way he enter might, without endangerment.

Estfoones his Page drew to the Castle gate,
 And with his iron slaie at it let flie,
 That all the warders it did fore amare,
 The which erewhile spake so reprochfully,
 And made them stoupe, that looked earst so hie.
 Yet still he bet, and bount vpon the dore,
 And thundred strokes thereon so hideouslie,
 That all the peece he shaked from the flore,
 And filled all the house with feare and great vprore.

With noise whereof the Lady forth appeared
 Vpon the Castle wall, and when she saw
 The dangerous state, in which she stood, she feared
 The sad effect of her neare ouerthrow;
 And gan entreat that iron man below,
 To cease his outrage, and hum faire besought,
 Sith neither force of stones which they did throw,
 Nor power of charms, which she against him wrought,
 Might otherwise preuaile, or make him cease for ought.

But when as yet she saw him to proceede,
 Vnmou'd with praiers, or with piteous thought,
 She ment him to corrupt with goodly meede;
 And caus'de great sakes with endlesse riches fraught,
 Vnto the battilment to be vpbrought,
 And powred forth ouer the Castle wall,
 That she might win some time, though dearly bought
 Whilest he to gathering of the gold did fall.
 But he was nothing mou'd, nor temptred therewithall.

But still continu'd his assault the more,
 And layd on load with his huge yron slaie,
 That at the length he has yrent the dore,
 And made way for his maister to assaile.

Who

Who being entred, nought did then anaile
 For wight, against his powre them selues to reare:
 Each one did flie; their hearts began to faile,
 And hid them selues in corners here and there;
 And eke their dame halfe dead did hide her self for feare.

Long they her fought, yet no where could they finde her,
 That sure they ween'd she was escapt away:
 But *Talus*, that could like a limebound winde her,
 And all things secrete wisely could bewray,
 At length found out, whereas the hidden lay
 Vnder an heape of gold. Thence he her drew
 By the faire lockes, and fowly did array,
 Withouten pittie of her goodly hew,
 That *Artegall* him selfe her seemelesse plight did rew.

Yet for no pittie would he change the course
 Of Iustice, which in *Talus* hand did lye;
 Who rudely hayld her forth without remorse,
 Still holding vp her suppliant hands on hie,
 And kneeling at his feete submissiue.
 But he her suppliant hands, those hands of gold,
 And eke her feete, those feete of siluer trye,
 Which fought vnrighteousnesse, and iustice sold,
 Chopt off, and nayld on high, that all might the behold.

Her selfe then tooke he by the slender waft,
 In vaine loud crying, and into the flood
 Ouer the Castle wall adowne her cast,
 And there her drowned in the dirty mud:
 But the streame waht away her guilty blood.
 Thereafter all that mucky pelfe he tooke,
 The spoile of peoples euill gotten good,
 The which her sire had scrap't by hooke and crooke,
 And burning all to ashes, pow'd it downe the brooke.

And lastly all that Cattle quite he raced,
 Euen from the sole of his foundation,
 And all the hewen stoncs thereof defaced,
 That there mote be no hope of reparation,
 Nor memory thereof to any nation.
 All which when *Talus* throughly had performed,
 Sir *Artegall* vndid the euill fashion,
 And wicked customes of that Bridge reformed.
 Which done, vnto his former iourney he returned.

In which they meaur'd mickle weary way,
 Till that at length nigh to the sea they drew;
 By which as they did trauell on a day,
 They saw before them, far as they could vew,
 Full many people gathered in a crew;
 Whose great assembly they did much admire.
 For neuer there the like resort they knew.
 So towards them they coasted, to enquire
 What thing so many nations met, did there desire.

There they beheld a mighty Gyant stand
 Vpon a rocke, and holding forth on hie
 An huge great paire of ballance in his hand,
 With which he boasted in his surquedrie,
 That all the world he would weigh equalle,
 Ifought he had the same to counterpoys.
 For want whereof he weighed vanity,
 And filld his ballaunce full of idle toys:
 Yet was admired much of fooles, women, and boys.

He sayd that he would all the earth vprake,
 And all the sea, deuided each from either:
 So would he of the fire one ballaunce make,
 And one of th'ayre, without or wind, or wether:

Then

Then would he ballaunce heauen and hell together,
 And all that did within them all containe;
 Of all whose weight, he would not misse a fether.
 And looke what surplus did of each remaine,
 He would to his owne part restore the same againe.

For why, he sayd they all vnequall were,
 And had encroched vppon others share,
 Like as the sea (which plaine he shewed there)
 Had worne the eare, so did the fire the aire,
 So all the rest did others parts empaire.
 And so were realmes and nations run awry.
 All which he vnderooke for to repaire,
 In fort as they were formed aunciently;
 And all things would reduce vnto equality.

Therefore the vulgar did about him flocke,
 And cluster thicke vnto his leafings vaine,
 Like foolish flies about an hony crocke,
 In hope by him great benefite to gaine,
 And vncontrolled freedome to obtaine.
 All which when *Artegall* did see, and heare,
 How he mis-led the simple peoples traine,
 In fdeignfull wize he drew vnto him neare,
 And thus vnto him spake, without regard or feare.

Thou that presum'st to weigh the world anew,
 And all things to an equall to restore,
 In stead of right me feemes great wrong dost shew,
 And far about thy forces pitch to fore.
 For ere thou limit what is lesse or more
 In euery thing, thou oughtest first to know,
 What was the poys of euery part of yore:
 And looke then how much it doth ouerflow,
 Or faile thereof, so much is more then iust to throw.

For at the first they all created were
 In goodly measure, by their Makers might,
 And weighed out in ballaunces so nere,
 That not a dram was missing of their right,
 The earth was in the middle centre pight,
 In which it doth immoueable abide,
 Hemd in with waters like a wall in sight;
 And they with aire, that not a drop can slide:
 Al which the heauens containe, & in their courses guide.

Such heauenly iustice doth among them raine,
 That euery one doe know their certaine bound,
 In which they doe these many yeares remaine,
 And amongst them al no change hath yet bene found.
 But if thou now shouldst weigh them new in pound,
 We are not sure they would so long remaine:
 All change is perillous, and all chaunce vnfound.
 Therefore leaue off to weigh them all againe,
 Till we may be assur'd they shall their course retaine.

Thou foolishse Elfe (said then the Gyant wroth)
 Seest not, how badly al things present bee,
 And each estate quite out of order goth?
 The sea it selfe doest thou not plainly see
 Enech vpon the land there vnder thee;
 And th'earth it selfe how daily its increast,
 By all that dying to it turned be.
 Were it not good that wrong were then surceast,
 And from the most, that some were giuen to the least?

Therefore I will throw downe these mountaines hie,
 And make them leuell with the lowly plaine:
 These towering rocks, which reach vnto the skie,
 I will thrust downe into the deepest maine,

And

And as they were, them equalize againe.
 Tyrants that make men subiect to their law,
 I will suppress, that they no more may raine;
 And Lordings curbe, that commons poore-aw;
 And all the wealth of rich men to the poore will draw.

Of things vnseene how canst thou deeme aright,
 Then answered the righteous *Artegall*,
 Sith thou misdeem'st so much of things in sight?
 What though the sea with waues continuall
 Doe eate the earth, it is no more at all:
 Ne is the earth the lesse, or loseth ought,
 For whatsoeuer from one place doth fall,
 Is with the tide vnto an other brought:
 For there is nothing lost, that may be found, if sought.

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 euer gay their blossome or their blade
 Doe flourish now, they into dust shall vade.
 What wrong then is it, if that when they die,
 They turne to that, whereof they first were made?
 All in the powre of their great Maker lie:
 All creatures must obey the voice of the most hie.

They liue, they die, like as he doth ordaine,
 Ne euer any asketh reason why.
 The hills doe not the lowly dales disdain;
 The dales doe not the lofty hills enuy.
 He maketh Kings to sit in fouerainty;
 He maketh subiects to their powre obay;
 He pulleth downe, he setteth vp on hy;
 He giues to this, from that he takes away.
 For all we haue is his: what he list doe, he may.

What euer thing is done, by him is donne,
 Ne any may his mighty will withstand;
 Ne any may his foueraine power shonne,
 Ne loofe that he hath bound with stedfast band.
 In vaine therefore doeſt thou now take in hand,
 To call to count, or weigh his workes anew,
 Whofe counfels depth thou canſt not vnderſtand,
 Sith of things ſubieſt to thy daily wev
 Thou doeſt not know the cauſes, nor their courſes dew.

For take thy ballaunce, if thou be ſo wiſe,
 And weigh the winde, that vnder heauen doth blow;
 Or weigh the light, that in the Eaſt doth riſe;
 Or weigh the thought, that frō mans mind doth flow.
 But if the weight of theſe thou canſt not ſhow,
 Weigh but one word which from thy lips doth fall.
 For how canſt thou thoſe greater ſecrets know,
 That doeſt not know the leaſt thing of them all?
 Ill can he rule the great, that cannot reach the ſmall.

Therewith the Gyant much abaſhed ſayd;
 That he of little things made reckoning light,
 Yet the leaſt word that euer could be layd
 Within his ballaunce, he could way aright.
 Which is (ſayd he) more heauy then in weight,
 The right or wrong, the falſe or elſe the trew?
 He answered, that he would try it ſtreight,
 So he the words into his ballaunce threw,
 But ſtreight the winged words out of his ballaunce flew.

Wroth wext he then, and ſayd, that words were light,
 Ne would within his ballaunce well abide.
 But he could iuſtly weigh the wrong or right.
 Well then, ſayd *Artegall*, let it be tride.

Firſt

Firſt in one ballaunce ſet the true aſide.
 He did ſo firſt; and then the falſe he layd
 In th'other ſcale; but ſtill it downe did ſlide,
 And by no meane could in the weight be ſtayd.
 For by no meanes the falſe will with the truth be wayd.

Now take the right likewiſe, ſayd *Artegale*,
 And counterpeiſe the ſame with ſo much wrong.
 So firſt the right he put into one ſcale;
 And then the Gyant ſtroue with uiſſance ſtrong
 To fill the'other ſcale with ſo much wrong.
 But all the wrongs that he therein could lay,
 Might not it peiſe; yet did he labour long,
 And ſwat, and chauf'd, and proued euery way:
 Yet all the wrongs could not a litle right downe way,

Which when he ſaw, he greatly grew in rage,
 And almoſt would his balances haue broken:
 But *Artegall* him fairely gan aſſwage,
 And ſaid; be not vpon thy balance wroken:
 For they doe nought but right or wrong betoken;
 But in the mind the doome of right muſt bee;
 And ſo likewiſe of words, the which be ſpoken,
 The care muſt be the ballaunce, to decree
 And iudge, whether with truth or falſhood they agree.

But ſet the truth and ſet the right aſide,
 For they with wrong or falſhood will not fare;
 And put two wrongs together to be tride,
 Or elſe two falſes, of each equall ſhare;
 And then together doe them both compare.
 For truth is one, and right is euer one.
 So did he, and then plaine it did appeare,
 Whether of them the greater were atone.
 But right ſate in the middeſt of the beame alone.

O

But he the right from thence did thrust away,
 For it was not the right, which he did seeke;
 But rather stroue extremities to way,
 Th'one to diminish, th'other for to eeke.
 For of the meane he greatly did mislecke.
 Whom when so lowly minded *Talus* found,
 Approching nigh vnto him cheeke by cheeke,
 He shouldered him from off the higher ground,
 And down the rock him throwing, in the sea him dround.

Like as a ship, whom cruell tempest driues
 Vpon a rocke with horrible dismay,
 Her shattered ribs in thousand peeces riuies,
 And spoyling all her geares and goodly ray,
 Does makes her selfe misfortunes piteous pray.
 So downe the cliffe the wretched Gyant tumbled;
 His batted ballances in peeces lay,
 His timbered bones all broken rudely rumbled,
 So was the high aspyring with huge ruine humbled.

That when the people, which had there about
 Long wayted, saw his sudden desolation,
 They gan to gather in tumultuous rout,
 And mutining, to stirre vp ciuill faction,
 For certaine losse of so great expectation.
 For well they hoped to haue got great good;
 And wondrous riches by his innouation.
 Therefore resolving 'to reuenge his blood,
 They rose in armes, and all in battell order stood.

Which lawlesse multitude him comming too
 In warlike wise, when *Artegall* did vew,
 He much was troubled, ne wist what to doo.
 For loth he was his noble hands t'embrew

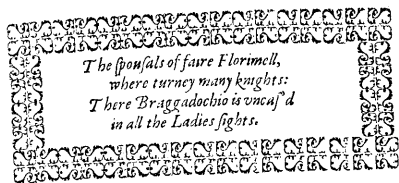
In

In the base blood of such a rascall crew;
 And otherwise, if that he should retire,
 He fear'd least they with shame would him persew.
 Therefore he *Talus* to them sent, t'inquire
 The cause of their array, and truce for to desire.

But soone as they him nigh approching spide,
 They gan with all their weapons him assay,
 And rudely stroke at him on euery side:
 Yet nought they could him hurt, ne ought dismay.
 But when at them he with his slaile gan lay,
 He like a swarme of flies them ouerthrow;
 Ne any of them durst come in his way,
 But here and there before his presence flew,
 And hid themselues in holes and bushes from his vew.

As when a Faulcon hath with nimble flight
 Flowne at a flush of Ducks, fore by the brooke,
 The trembling foule dismayd with dreadfull sight
 Of death, the which them almost ouerthooke,
 Doe hide themselues from her astonying looke,
 Amongst the flags and couert round about.
 When *Talus* saw they all the field forooke
 And none appear'd of all that raskall rout,
 To *Artegall* he turn'd, and went with him throughout.

O 3

Cant. III.

The sponsals of faire Florimell,
where turney many knights:
There Braggadochio is vncas'd
in all the Ladies sights.

After long stormes and tempests ouerblowne,
The sunne at length his ioyous face doth cleare:
So when as fortune all her spighthath showne,
Some blisfull houres at last must needs appeare;
Else should afflicted wights of times despire.
So comes it now to *Florimell* by tourne,
After long sorrowes suffered whyleare,
In which captiu'd the many moneths did mourne,
To tast of ioy, and to wont pleasures to retourne.

Who being freed from *Protens* cruell band
By *Marinell*, was vnto him affide,
And by him brought againe to Faerie land;
Where he her spous'd, and made his ioyous bride.
The time and place was blazed farre and wide;
And soleinne feasts and giufts ordain'd therefore.
To which there did resort from euery side
Of Lords and Ladies infinite great fore;
Ne any Knight was absent, that braue courage bore.

To tell the glorie of the feast that day,
The goodly seruice, the deucefull sights,
The bridegromes state, the brides most rich aray,
The pride of Ladies, and the worth of knights,

The

The royall banquets, and the rare delights
Were worke fit for an Herauld, not for me:
But for so much as to my lot here lights,
That with this present treatise doth agree,
True vertue to aduance, shall here recounted bee.

When all men had with full fatietie
Of meates and drinks their appetites suffiz'd,
To deedes of armes and prooffe of cheualric
They gan themselues addresse, full rich aguiz'd,
As each one had his furnitures deuiz'd.
And first of all issu'd Sir *Marinell*,
And with him fixe knights more, which enterpriz'd
To chalenge all in right of *Florimell*,
And to maintaine, that the all others did excell.

The first of them was hight Sir *Orimont*,
A noble Knight, and tride in hard assayes:
The second had to name Sir *Bellifont*,
But second vnto none in prowesse prayse;
The third was *Brunell*, famous in his dayes;
The fourth *Ecastor*, of exceeding might;
The fift *Armeddan*, skild in louely layes;
The sixt was *Lansack*, a redoubted Knight:
All fixe well seene in armes, and prou'd in many a fight.

And them against came all that list to giuft,
From euery coast and countrie vnder sunne:
None was debar'd, but all had leaue that lust.
The trompets sound; then all together ronne.
Full many deedes of armes that day were donne,
And many knights vnhorst, and many wounded,
As fortune sell; yet litle lost or wonne:
But all that day the greatest prayse redounded
To *Marinell*, whose name the Heralds loud resounded.

O 3

The second day, so soone as morrow light
 Appear'd in heauen, into the field they came,
 And there all day continew'd cruell fight,
 With diuers fortune fit for such a game,
 In which all stroue with perill to winne fame.
 Yet whether side was victor, none be ghest:
 But at the last the trompets did proclame
 That *Marinell* that day deserued best.
 So they disparted were, and all men went to rest.

The third day came, that should due tryall lend
 Of all the rest, and then this warlike crew
 Together met, of all to make an end.
 There *Marinell* great deeds of armes did shew;
 And through the thickest like a Lyon flew,
 Rashing off helmes, and rying plates a fonder,
 That euery one his daunger did eschew.
 So terribly his dreadfull strokes did thunder,
 That all men stood amaz'd, & at his might did wonder.

But what on earth can alwayes happie stand?
 The greater prowess greater perils find.
 So farre he past amongst his enemies band,
 That they haue him enclosed so behind,
 As by no meanes he can himselfe outwind.
 And now perforce they haue him prisoner taken;
 And now they doe with captiue bands him bind;
 And now they lead him thence, of all forsaken,
 Vnlesse some succour had in time him ouertaken.

It fortun'd whylest they were thus ill beset,
 Sir *Artegall* into the Tilt-yard came,
 With *Braggadocchio*, whom he lately met
 Vpon the way, with that his snowy Dame.

Where

Where when he vnderstood by common fame,
 What euill hap to *Marinell* betid,
 He much was mou'd at so vnworthe shame,
 And streight that boaster prayd, with whom he rid,
 To change his shield with him, to be the better hid.

So forth he went, and soone them ouer hent,
 Where they were leading *Marinell* away,
 Whom he assayld with dreadlesse hardiment,
 And forst the burden of their prize to stay.
 They were an hundred knights of that array;
 Of which th'one halfe vpon himselfe did fet,
 Th'other stayd behind to gard the pray.
 But he ere long the former fittie bet;
 And from th'other fittie soone the prisoner fet.

So backe he brought Sir *Marinell* againe;
 Whom hauing quickly arm'd againe anew,
 They both together ioyned might and maine,
 To set afresh on all the other crew.
 Whom with fore hauocke soone they ouerthrew,
 And chased quite out of the field, that none
 Against them durst his head to perill shew.
 So were they left Lords of the field alone:
 So *Marinell* by him was rescu'd from his sone.

Which when he had perform'd, then backe againe
 To *Braggadocchio* did his shield restore:
 Who all this while behind him did remaine,
 Keeping there close with him in pretious store
 That his false Ladie, as ye heard afore.
 Then did the trompets found, and Iudges rose,
 And all these knights, which that day armour bore,
 Came to the open hall, to listen whose
 The honour of the prize should be adiudg'd by those.

And thether also came in open sight
 Fayre *Florimell*, into the common hall,
 To greet his guerdon vnto euery knight,
 And best to him, to whom the best should fall.
 Then for that stranger knight they loud did call,
 To whom that day they should the girlond yield.
 Who came not forth: but for *Sir Artegall*
 Came *Braggadachio*, and did shew his shield,
 Which bore the Sunne brode blazed in a golden field.

The fight whereof did all with gladnesse fill:
 So vnto him they did addeeme the prise
 Of all that Tryumph. Then the trompets thrill
 Don *Braggadachios* name refounded thrife:
 So courage lent a cloke to cowardise.
 And then to him came fayrest *Florimell*,
 And goodly gan to greet his braue emprise,
 And thousand thanks him yeeld, that had so well
 Approu'd that day, that the all others did excell.

To whom the boaster, that all knights did blor,
 With proud disdain did scornfull answere make;
 That what he did that day, he did it not
 For her; but for his owne deare Ladies sake,
 Whom on his perill he did vnder take,
 Both her and eke all others to excell:
 And further did vncomely speaches crake.
 Much did his words the gentle Ladie quell,
 And turn'd aside for shame to heare, what he did tell.

Then forth he brought his snowy *Florimele*,
 Whom *Trompart* had in keeping there beside,
 Couered from peoples gazement with a vele.
 Whom when discovered they had throughly eide,
 With

With great amazement they were stupefide;
 And said, that surely *Florimell* it was,
 Or if it were not *Florimell* so tride,
 That *Florimell* her selfe she then did pas.
 So feeble skill of perfect things the vulgar has.

Which when as *Marinell* beheld likewise,
 He was therewith exceedingly dismayd;
 Ne wist he what to thinke, or to deuise,
 But like as one, whom feends had made affrayd,
 He long astonisht stood, ne ought he sayd,
 Ne ought he did, but with fast fixed eyes
 He gazed still vpon that snowy mayd;
 Whom euer as he did the more auize,
 The more to be true *Florimell* he did furmize.

As when two sunnes appeare in the azure skye,
 Mounted in *Phæbus* charet fierie bright,
 Both darting forth faire beames to each mans eye,
 And both adorn'd with lampes of flaming light,
 All that behold so strange prodigious sight,
 Not knowing natures worke, nor what to weene,
 Are rapt with wonder, and with rare affright.
 So stood *Sir Marinell*, when he had seene
 The semblant of this false by his faire beauties *Queene*.

All which when *Artegall*, who all this while
 Stood in the preasse close couered, well aduewed,
 And saw that boasters pride and gracelesse guile,
 He could no longer beare, but forth issewed,
 And vnto all himselfe there open shewed,
 And to the boaster said; Thou losell base,
 That hast with borrowed plumes thy selfe endewed,
 And others worth with leasings doest deface,
 When they are all restor'd, thou shalt rest in disgrace.

That shield, which thou doest beare, was it indeed,
 Which this dayes honour sau'd to *Marinell*;
 But not that arme, nor thou the man I reed,
 Which didst that seruice vnto *Florimell*.
 For prooffe I shew forth thy sword, and let it tell,
 What strokes, what dreadfull stoure it stir'd this day:
 Or shew the wounds, which vnto thee befell;
 Or shew the sweat, with which thou diddest sway
 So sharpe a battell, that so many did disway.

But this the sword, which wrought those cruell sounds,
 And this the arme, the which that shield did beare,
 And these the signes, (so shewed forth his wounds)
 By which that glorie gotten doth appeare.
 As for this Ladie, which he sheweth here,
 Is not (I wager) *Florimell* at all;
 But some fayre Franion, fit for such a fere,
 That by misfortune in his hand did fall.
 For prooffe whereof, he bad them *Florimell* forth call.

So forth the noble Ladie was ybrought,
 Adorn'd with honor and all comely grace:
 Where to her bathfull shamefastnesse ywrought
 A great increase in her faire blushing face;
 As roses did with lillies interlace.
 For of those words, the which that boaster threw,
 She inly yet conceiued great disgrace.
 Whom when as all the people such did vew,
 They shouted loud, and signes of gladnesse all did shew.

Then did he set her by that snowy one,
 Like the true saint beside the image set,
 Of both their beauties to make paragone,
 And triall, whether should the honor get.

Streight

Streight way so soone as both together met,
 Th'enchaunted Damzell vanish into nought:
 Her snowy substance melted as with heat,
 Ne of that goodly hew remayned ought,
 But th'emptie girdle, which about her waist was wrought.

As when the daughter of *Thaumantes* faire,
 Hath in a watry cloud displayed wide
 Her goodly bow, which paints the liquid ayre;
 That all men wonder at her colours pride;
 All suddenly, ere one can looke aside,
 The glorious picture vanisheth away,
 Ne any token doth thereof abide:
 So did this Ladies goodly forme decay,
 And into nothing goe, ere one could it bewray.

Which when as all that present were, beheld,
 They stricken were with great astonishment,
 And their faint harts with senselesse horreur queld,
 To see the thing, that seem'd so excellent,
 So stolen from their fancies wonderment;
 That what of it became, none vnderstood.
 And *Braggadocchio* selfe with dreriment
 So daunted was in his despayring mood,
 That like a lifelesse corse immoueable he stood.

But *Artegall* that golden belt vprooke,
 The which of all her spoyle was onely left;
 Which was not hers, as many it mistooke,
 But *Florimell's* owne girdle, from her rest,
 While she was flying, like a weary west,
 From that foule monster, which did her compell
 To perils great; which he vn buckling est,
 Presented to the fayrest *Florimell*;
 Who round about her tender waist it fitted well.

Full many Ladies often had assayd,
 About their middles that faire belt to knit;
 And many a one suppos'd to be a mayd:
 Yet it to none of all their loynes would fit,
 Till *Florimell* about her fastned it.
 Such power it had, that to no womans waft
 By any skill or labour it would fit,
 Vnlesse that she were continent and chaff,
 But it would lose or breake, that many had disgraft.

Whilest thus they busied were bout *Florimell*,
 And boastfull *Braggadocchio* to defame,
 Sir *Guyon* as by fortune then befell,
 Forth from the thickest preasse of people came,
 His owne good steed, which he had stolne, to clame;
 And th'one hand seizing on his golden bit,
 With th'other drew his sword: for with the same
 He ment the thiefe there deadly to haue smit:
 And had he not bene held, he nought had fayld of it.

Thereof great hurly burly moued was
 Throughout the hall, for that same warlike horse.
 For *Braggadocchio* would not let him pas;
 And *Guyon* would him algates haue perforce,
 Or it approue vpon his carrion corse.
 Which troublous stirre when *Artegall* perceiued,
 He nigh them drew to stay th'auengers forse,
 And gan inquire, how was that steed bereaued,
 Whether by might extort, or else by slight deceaued.

Who all that piteous storie, which befell
 About that wofull couple, which were slaine,
 And their young bloodie babe to him gan tell,
 With whom whiles he did in the wood remaine,
 His

His horse purloyned was by subtile traine:
 For which he chalenged the thiefe to fight.
 But he for nought could him thereto constraîne.
 For as the death he hated such despight,
 And rather had to lose, then trie in armes his right.

Which *Artegall* well hearing, though no more
 By law of armes there neede ones right to trie,
 As was the wont of warlike knights of yore,
 Then that his foe should him the field denie,
 Yet further right by tokens he deserue,
 He askt, what priuie tokens he did beare.
 If that (said *Guyon*) may you satisfie,
 Within his mouth a blacke spot doth appeare,
 Shapt like a horses shoe, who list to seeke it there.

Whereof to make due tryall, one did take
 The horse in hand, within his mouth to looke:
 But with his heeles so sorely he him strake,
 That all his ribs he quite in peeces broke,
 That neuer word from that day forth he spoke.
 Another that would seeme to haue more wit,
 Him by the bright embroidered hedfall tooke:
 But by the shoulder him so fore he bit,
 That he him maymed quite, and all his shoulder split.

Ne he his mouth would open vnto wight,
 Vntill that *Guyon* selfe vnto him spake,
 And called *Brigadore* (so was he light)
 Whose voice so soone as he did vndertake,
 Eftsoones he stood as still as any stake,
 And suffred all his secret marke to see:
 And when as he him nam'd, for ioy he brake
 His bands, and follow'd him with gladfull glee,
 And friskt, and song aloft, and louted low on knee.

Thereby Sir *Artegall* did plaine areed,
 That vnto him the horfe belong'd, and sayd;
 Lo there Sir *Guyon*, take to you the steed,
 As he with golden faddell is arayd;
 And let that lofell, plainly now displayd,
 Hence fare on foot, till he an horfe haue gayned.
 But the proud boaster gan his doome vpbrayd,
 And him reuil'd, and rated, and disdaind,
 That iudgement fo vniust againt him had ordayned.

Much was the knight incenst with his lewd word,
 To haue reuenged that his villeny;
 And thrife did lay his hand vpon his sword,
 To haue him slaine, or dearely doen aby.
 But *Guyon* did his cholere pacify,
 Saying, Sir knight, it would dishonour bee
 To you, that are our iudge of equity,
 To wreake your wrath on such a carle as hee
 It's punishment enough, that all his shame doe see.

So did he mitigate Sir *Artegall*,
 But *Talus* by the backe the boaster hent,
 And drawing him out of the open hall,
 Vpon him did inflict this punishment.
 First he his beard did shaue, and fowly shent:
 Then from him rest his shield, and it renuerst,
 And blotted out his armes with falshood blent,
 And himselfe baffuld, and his armes vnherst,
 And broke his sword in twaine, and all his armour sperst.

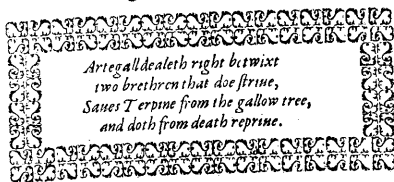
The whiles his guilefull groome was fled away:
 But vaine it was to thinke from him to flie.
 Who ouertaking him did disaray,
 And all his face deform'd with infamie,

And

And out of court him scourged openly.
 So ought all faytours, that true knight hood shame,
 And armes dishonour with base villanie,
 From all braue knights be banisht with defame:
 For oft their lewdnes blotteth good desert with blame.

Now when these counterfeits were thus vncafed
 Out of the foreside of their forgerie,
 And in the sight of all men cleane disgraced,
 All gan to iest and gibe full merilie
 At the remembrance of their knauerie.
 Ladies can laugh at Ladies, Knights at Knights,
 To thinke with how great vaunt of brauerie
 He them abused, through his subtill flights,
 And what a glorious shew he made in all their fights.

There leaue we them in pleasure and repast,
 Spending their ioyous dayes and gladfull nights,
 And taking vsurie of time forepast,
 With all deare delices and rare delights,
 Fit for such Ladies and such louely knights:
 And turne were here to this faire furrowes end
 Our wearie yokes, to gather fresher sprights,
 That when as time to *Artegall* shall tend,
 We on his first aduenture may him forward send.

Cant. IIII

*Artegall dealeth right betwixt
two brethren that doe strine,
Saues Terpine from the gallow tree,
and doth from death reprine.*

W Ho so vpon him selfe will take the skill
True Iustice vnto people to diuide,
Had neede haue mightie hands, for to fulfill
That, which he doth with righteous doome decide,
And for to maister wrong and puissant pride.
For vaine it is to deeme of things aright,
And makes wrong doers iustice to deride,
Vnlesse it be perform'd with dreadlesse might.
For powre is the right hand of Iustice truly hight.

Therefore whylome to knights of great emprise
The charge of Iustice giuen was in trust,
That they might execute her iudgements wise,
And with their might beat downe licentious lust,
Which proudly did impugne her sentence iust.
Whereof no brauer president this day
Remaines on earth, preferu'd from yron rust
Of rude obliuion, and long times decay,
Then this of *Artegall*, which here we haue to say.

Who hauing lately left that louely payre,
Enlincked fast in wedlockes loyall bond,
Bold *Marinell* with *Florimell* the fayre,
With whom great feast and goodly glee he fond,
Departed

Departed from the Castle of the strond,
To follow his aduentures first intent,
Which long agoe he taken had in hond:
Ne wight with him for his affidance went,
But that great yron groome, his gard and gouernment.

With whom as he did passe by the sea shore,
He chaunft to come, whereas two comely Squires,
Both brethren, whom one wombe together bore,
But stirred vp with different desires,
Together stroue, and kindled wrathfull fires:
And them beside two seemely damzels stood,
By all meanes seeking to aswage their ires,
Now with faire words; but words did little good,
Now with sharpe threats; but threats the more increaft
(their mood).

And there before them stood a Coffer strong,
Fast bound on euery side with iron bands,
But seeming to haue suffred mickle wrong,
Either by being wreckt vpon the sands,
Or being carried farre from forraine lands.
Seem'd that for it these Squires at ods did fall,
And bent against them selues their cruell hands.
But euermore, those Damzels did forestall
Their furious encounter, and their fiercenesse pall.

But firmly fixt they were, with dint of sword,
And battailes doubtfull prooffe their rights to try,
Ne other end their fury would afford,
But what to them Fortune would iustify.
So stood they both in readinesse: thereby
To ioyne the combat with cruell intent;
When *Artegall* arriuing happily,
Did stay a while their greedy bickerment,
Till he had questioned the cause of their dissent.

To whom the elder did this aunswere frame;
 Then weete ye Sir, that we two brethren be,
 To whom our fire, *Milefo* by name,
 Did equally bequeath his lands in fee,
 Two Ilands, which ye there before you see
 Not farre in sea; of which the one appears
 But like a little Mount of small degree;
 Yet was as great and wide ere many yeares,
 As that same other Isle, that greater bredth now beares.

But tract of time, that all things doth decay,
 And this deuouring Sea, that naught doth spare,
 The most part of my land hath waht away,
 And throwne it vp vnto my brothers share:
 So his encreased, but mine did empaire.
 Before which time I lou'd, as was my lor,
 That further mayd, hight *Philtera* the faire,
 With whom a goodly doure I should haue got,
 And should haue ioyned bene to her in wedlocks knot.

Then did my younger brother *Amidas*
 Loue that same other Damzell, *Lucy* bright,
 To whom but little dowre allotted was;
 Her vertue was the dowre, that did delight.
 What better dowre can to a dame be hight?
 But now when *Philtera* saw my lands decay,
 And former liuelod fayle, she left me quight,
 And to my brother did ellope streight way:
 Who taking her from me, his owne loue left astray.

She seeing then her selfe forsaken so,
 Through dolorous despaire, which she conceyued,
 Into the Sea her selfe did headlong throw,
 Thinking to haue her grieft by death bereaued.

But

But see how much her purpose was deceaued.
 Whilest thus amidst the billowes beating of her
 Twixt life and death, long to and fro she weaued,
 She chaunst vnwares to light vpon this coffer,
 Which to her in that daunger hope of life did offer.

The wretched mayd that earst desir'd to die,
 When as the paine of death she tasted had,
 And but halfe seene his vgly visnomic,
 Gan to repent, that she had bene so mad,
 For any death to chaunge life though most bad:
 And catching hold of this Sea-beaten chest,
 The lucky Pylot of her passage fad,
 After long tossing in the seas distrest,
 Her weary barke at last vpon mine Isle did rest.

Where I by chaunce then wandring on the shore,
 Did her espy, and through my good endeour
 From dreadfull mouth of death, which threatned fore
 Her to haue swallow'd vp, did helpe to saue her.
 She then in recompence of that great fauour,
 Which I on her bestowed, bestowed on me
 The portion of that good, which Fortune gaue her,
 Together with her selfe in dowry free;
 Both goodly portions, but of both the better she.

Yet in this coffer, which she with her brought,
 Great threasure sithence we did finde contained;
 Which as our owne we tooke, and so it thought.
 But this same other Damzell since hath fained,
 That to her selfe that threasure appertained;
 And that she did transport the same by sea,
 To bring it to her husband new ordained,
 But suffred cruell shipwracke by the way.
 But whether it be so or no, I can not say.

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But whether it indeede be fo or no,
 This doe I say, that what so good or ill
 Or God or Fortune vnto me did throw,
 Not wronging any other by my will,
 I hold mine owne, and so will hold it still.
 And though my land he first did winne away,
 And then my loue (though now it little skill,
 Yet my good lucke he shall not likewise pray;
 But I will it defend, whilst euer that I may.

So hauing sayd, the younger did enfew;
 Full true it is, what so about our land
 My brother here declared hath to you:
 But not for it this ods twixt vs doth stand,
 But for this threasure throwne vpon his strand;
 Which well I proue, as shall appeare by triall,
 To be this maides, with whom I fastned hand,
 Known by good markes, and perfect good espiall,
 Therefore it ought be rendred her without deniall.

When they thus ended had, the Knight began;
 Certes your strife were easie to accord,
 Would ye remit it to some righteous man.
 Vnto your selfe, said they, we giue our word,
 To bide what iudgement ye shall vs afford.
 Then for assuraunce to my doome to stand,
 Vnder my foote let each lay downe his sword,
 And then you shall my sentence vnderstand.
 So each of them layd downe his sword out of his hand.

Then *Artegall* thus to the younger sayd;
 Now tell me *Amidas*, if that ye may,
 Your brothers land the which the sea hath layd
 Vnto your part, and pluckt from his away;

By

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By what good right doe you withhold this day?
 What other right (quoth he) should you esteeme,
 But that the sea it to my share did lay?
 Your right is good (sayd he) and so I deeme,
 That what the sea vnto you sent, your own should seeme.

Then turning to the elder thus he sayd;
 Now *Bracidas* let this likewife be showne.
 Your brothers threasure, which from him is strayd,
 Being the dowry of his wife well knowne,
 By what right doe you claime to be your owne?
 What other right (quoth he) should you esteeme,
 But that the sea hath it vnto me throwne?
 Your right is good (sayd he) and so I deeme,
 That what the sea vnto you sent, your own should seeme.

For equall right in equall things doth stand,
 For what the mighty Sea hath once possesst,
 And plucked quite from all possessors hand,
 Whether by rage of waues, that neuer rest,
 Or else by wracke, that wretches hath distrest,
 He may dispose by his imperiall might,
 As thing at randon left, to whom he list.
 So *Amidas*, the land was yours first hight,
 And so the threasure yours is *Bracidas* by right.

When he his sentence thus pronounced had,
 Both *Amidas* and *Philtra* were displeas'd:
 But *Bracidas* and *Lucy* were right glad,
 And on the threasure by that iudgement seas'd.
 So was their discord by this doome appeas'd,
 And each one had his right. Then *Artegall*
 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.

P 3

So as he trauelled vpon the way,
 He chaunſt to come, where happily he ſpide
 A rout of many people farre away;
 To whom his courſe he haſtily applide,
 To weete the cauſe of their aſſemblance wide.
 To whom when he approached neare in fight,
 (An vncouth fight) he plainly then deſcride
 To be a troupe of women warlike dight,
 With weapons in their hands, as ready for to fight.

And in the miſt of them he ſaw a Knight,
 With both his hands behinde him pinnoed hard,
 And round about his necke an halter tight,
 As ready for the gallow tree prepar'd:
 His face was couered, and his head was bar'd,
 That who he was, vneath was to deſcry;
 And with full heauy heart with them he far'd,
 Grieu'd to the ſoule, and groning inwardly,
 That he of womens hands ſo baſe a death ſhould dy.

But they like tyrants, mercileſſe the more,
 Reioyced at his miſerable caſe,
 And him reuil'd, and reproched fore
 With bitter taunts, and termes of vile diſgrace.
 Now when as *Artegall* arriu'd in place,
 Did aſke, what cauſe brought that man to decay,
 They round about him gan to ſwarme apace,
 Meaning on him their cruell hands to lay,
 And to haue wrought vnwares ſome villanous aſſay.

But he was ſoone aware of their ill minde,
 And drawing backe deceiu'd their intent;
 Yet though him ſelſe did ſhame on womankind
 His mighty hand to ſhend, he *Talus* ſent

Te

To wrecke on them their follies hardyment:
 Who with few ſowces of his yron ſlafe,
 Diſperſed all their troupe incontinent,
 And ſent them home to tell a piteous tale,
 Of their vaine prowefſe, turned to their proper bale.

But that ſame wretched man, or daynd to die,
 They left behind them, glad to be ſo quit:
 Him *Talus* tooke out of perplexitie,
 And horroure of fowle death for Knight vnfit,
 Who more then loſſe of life ydreaded it;
 And him reſtoring vnto liuing light,
 So brought vnto his Lord, where he did ſit,
 Beholding all that woman iſh weake fight;
 Whom ſoone as he beheld, he knew, and thus behight.

Sir *Turpine*, hapleſſe man, what make you here?
 Or haue you loſt your ſelſe, and your diſcretion,
 That euer in this wretched caſe ye were?
 Or haue ye yeelded you to proude oppreſſion
 Of womens powre, that boaſt of mens ſubiectiō?
 Or elſe what other deadly diſmall day
 Is falne on you, by heauens hard direction,
 That ye were runne ſo fondly far alſtray,
 As for to lead your ſelſe vnto your owne decay?

Much was the man confounded in his mind,
 Partly with ſhame, and partly with diſſinay,
 That all aſtoniſht he him ſelſe did find,
 And little had for his excuſe to ſay,
 But onely thus; Moſt hapleſſe well ye may
 Me iuſtly terme, that to this ſhame am brought,
 And made the ſcorne of Knightthod this ſame day.
 But who can ſcape, what his owne fate hath wrought?
 The worke of heauens will ſurpaſſeth humane thought.

P 4

Right true: but faulty men vsf ofentimes
 To attribute their folly vnto fate,
 And lay on heauen the guilt of their owne crimes.
 But tell, Sir *Terpin*, ne let you amate
 Your misery, how fell ye in this state.
 Then sith ye needs (quoth he) will know my shame,
 And all the ill, which chaunft to me of late,
 I shortly will to you rehearse the same,
 In hope ye will not turne misfortune to my blame.

Being desirous (as all Knights are woont)
 Through hard aduentures deedes of armes to try,
 And after fame and honour for to hunt,
 I heard report that farre abrode did fly,
 That a proud Amazon did late defy
 All the braue Knights, that hold of Maidenhead,
 And vnto them wrought all the villany,
 That the could forge in her malicious head,
 Which some hath put to shame, and many done be dead.

The cause, they say, of this her cruell hate,
 Is for the sake of *Bellodant* the bold,
 To whom she bore most feruent loue of late,
 And wooed him by all the waies she could:
 But when she saw at last, that he ne would
 For ought or nought be wonne vnto her will,
 She turn'd her loue to hatred manifold,
 And for his sake vow'd to doe all the ill
 Which she could doe to Knights, which now she doth
 (fulfill.

For all those Knights, the which by force or guile
 She doth subdue, she fowly doth entreate.
 First she doth them of warlike armes despoile,
 And cloth in womens weedes: And then with threat
 Doth

Doth them compell to worke, to earne their meat,
 To spin, to card, to sew, to wath, to wring;
 Ne doth she giue them other thing to eat,
 But bread and water, or like feeble thing,
 Them to disable from reuenge aduenturing.

But if through stout disdaine of manly mind,
 Any her proud obseruance will withstand,
 Vppon that gibbet, which is there behind,
 She causeth them be hang'd vp out of hand;
 In which condition I right now did stand.
 For being ouercome by her in fight,
 And put to that base seruice of her band,
 I rather chose to die in liues despight,
 Then lead that shamefull life, vnworthy of a Knight.

How hight that Amazon (sayd *Artegall*?)
 And where, and how far hence does she abide?
 Her name (quoth he) they *Radigund* doe call,
 A Princeesse of great powre, and greater pride,
 And Queene of Amazons, in armes well tride,
 And sundry battels, which she hath atchieued
 With great succeffe, that her hath glorified,
 And made her famous, more then is belieued;
 Ne would I it haue ween'd, had I not late it prieued.

Now sure (said he) and by the faith that I
 To Maydenhead and noble knightthood owe,
 I will not rest, till I her might doe trie,
 And venge the shame, that she to Knights doth show.
 Therefore Sir *Terpin* from you lightly throw
 This squalid weede, the paterne of dispaire,
 And wend with me, that ye may see and know,
 How Fortune will your ruin'd name repaire, (paire.
 And knights of Maidenhead, whose praise she would em-

With that, like one that hopelesse was repyr'd
 From deathes dore, at which he lately lay,
 Those yron fetters, wherewith he was gyrd,
 The badges of reproch, he threw away,
 And nimble did him dight to guide the way
 Vnto the dwelling of that Amazone.
 Which was from thence not past a mile or tway:
 A goodly city and a mighty one,
 The which of her owne name she called *Radegone*.

Where they arriuing, by the watchmen were
 Defcried streight, who all the city warned,
 How that three warlike persons did appeare,
 Of which the one him seem'd a Knight all armed,
 And th'other two well likely to haue harmed.
 Eftsoones the people all to harness ran,
 And like a fort of Bees in clusters swarmed:
 Ere long their *Queene* her selfe halfe, like a man
 Came forth into the rout, and them t'array began.

And now the Knights being arriued neare,
 Did beat vpon the gates to enter in,
 And at the Porter, skorning them so few,
 Threw many threats, if they the towne did win,
 To teare his flesh in peeces for his sin.
 Which when as *Radigund* there comming heard,
 Her heart for rage did grate, and teeth did grin:
 She bad that streight the gates should be vnbar'd,
 And to them way to make, with weapons well prepar'd.

Soone as the gates were open to them set,
 They pressed forward, entrance to haue made.
 But in the middle way they were ymet
 With a sharpe showre of arrowes, which them staid,
 And

And better bad aduise, ere they affaid
 Vnknownen perill of bold womens pride.
 Then all that rout vpon them rudely laid,
 And heaped stokes so fast on euery side,
 And arrowes haild so thicke, that they could not abide.

But *Radigund* her selfe, when she espide
 Sir *Terpin*, from her direfull doome acquit,
 So cruell doile amongst her maides dauide,
 T'auenge that shame, they did on him commit,
 All sodainely inflam'd with furious fit,
 Like a fell Lionesse at him she flew,
 And on his head-peece him so fiercely smit,
 That to the ground him quite she ouerthrew,
 Dismayd so with the stroke, that he no colours knew.

Soone as she saw him on the ground to grouell,
 She lightly to him leapt, and in his necke
 Her proud foote setting, at his head did leuell,
 Weening at once her wrath on him to wreake,
 And his contempt, that did her iudg'ment breake.
 As when a Beare hath seiz'd her cruell clawes
 Vpon the carkasse of some beast too weake,
 Proudly stands ouer, and a while doth pause,
 To heare the piteous beast pleading her plaintiffe cause.

Whom when as *Artegall* in that distresse
 By chaunce beheld, he left the bloody slaughter,
 In which he swam, and ranne to his redresse.
 There her assaying fiercely fresh, he raught her
 Such an huge stroke, that it of fence distraught her:
 And had she not it warded warily,
 It had depriu'd her mother of a daughter.
 Nathlesse for all the powre she did apply,
 It made her stagger off, and stare with ghastly eye.

Like to an Eagle in his kingly pride,
 Soring through his wide Empire of the aire,
 To weather his brode failes, by chaunce hath spide
 A Goshauke, which hath seized for her share
 Vppon some fowle, that should her feast prepare;
 With dreadfull force he flies at her byliue,
 That with his fouce, which none endure dare,
 Her from the quarry he away doth drie,
 And from her griping pounce the greedy prey doth riuie.

But soone as she her fence recouer'd had,
 She fiercely towards him her selfe gan dight,
 Through vengeful wrath & sdeignfull pride half mad:
 For neuer had she suffred such despight.
 But ere she could ioyne hand with him to fight,
 Her warlike maides about her flockt so fast,
 That they disparted them, maugre their might,
 And with their troupes did far a funder cast:
 But mongst the rest the fight did vntill euening last.

And euery while that mighty yron man,
 With his strange weapon, neuer wont in warre,
 Them forely vext, and courtst, and ouerran,
 And broke their bowes, and did their shooting marre,
 That none of all the many once did darre
 Him to assault, nor once approach him nie,
 But like a sort of sheepe disperfed farre
 For dread of their deuouring enemye,
 Through all the fields and vallies did before him flie.

But when as daies faire shinie-beame yclowded
 With fearefull shadowes of deformed night,
 Wann'd man and beast in quiet rest be shrowded,
 Bold *Radigund* with sound of trumpe on high,
 Causd

Causd all her people to surcease from fight,
 And gathering them vnto her citties gate,
 Made them all enter in before her fight,
 And all the wounded, and the weake in itate,
 To be conuayed in, ere she would once retrate.

When thus the field was voided all away,
 And all things quieted, the Elfin Knight
 Weary of toile and trauell of that day,
 Causd his pavilion to be richly pight
 Before the city gate, in open sight;
 Where he him selfe did rest in safety,
 Together with sir *Terpin* all that night:
 But *Talus* vnde in times of ieopardy
 To keepe a nightly watch, for dread of treachery.

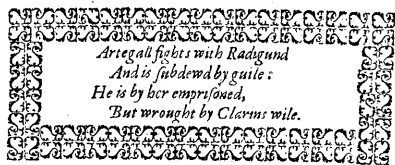
But *Radigund* full of heart-gnawing griefe,
 For the rebuke, which she sustain'd that day,
 Could take no rest, ne would receiue reliefe,
 But tossed in her troublous minde, what way
 She mote reuenge that blot, which on her lay.
 There she resolud her selfe in single fight
 To try her Fortune, and his force assay,
 Rather then see her people spoiled knight,
 As she had seene that day a disfaunterous fight.

She called forth to her a trusty mayd,
 Whom she thought fittest for that businesse,
 Her name was *Clarín*, and thus to her sayd;
 Goe damzell quickly, doe thy selfe addresse,
 To doe the message, which I shall expresse.
 Goe thou vnto that stranger Faery Knight,
 Who yester day droue vs to such distresse,
 Tell, that to morrow I with him wil fight,
 And try in equall field, whether hath greater might.

But these conditions doe to him propound,
 That if I vanquish him, he shall obey
 My law, and euer to my lore be bound,
 And so will I, if me he vanquish may;
 What euer he shall like to doe or say;
 Goe streight, and take with thee, to witnesse it,
 Sixe of thy fellowes of the best array,
 And beare with you both wine and iuncates fit,
 And bid him eate, henceforth he oft shall i. ngrý sit.

The Damzell streight obeyd, and putting all
 In readinesse, forth to the Towne-gate went,
 Where sounding loud a Trumpet from the wall,
 Vnto those warlike Knights she warning sent.
 Then *Talus* forth issuing from the tent,
 Vnto the wall his way did fearelesse take,
 To weeten what that trumpets sounding ment:
 Where that fame Damzell lowdly him bespake,
 And thers'd, that with his Lord she would emparlaunce
 (make.)

So he them streight conducted to his Lord,
 Who, as he could, them goodly well did greete,
 Till they had told their message word by word:
 Which he accepting well, as he could weete,
 Them fairely entertaýnd with curt'sies meete,
 And gaue them gifts and things of deare delight.
 So backe againe they homeward turnd their feete.
 But *Artegall* him selfe to rest did dight,
 That he mote fresher be against the next daies fight.

*Canto.**Cant. V.*

So foone as day forth dawning from the East,
 Nights humid curtaine from the heavens withdrew,
 And earely calling forth both man and beast,
 Comaunded them their daily workes renew,
 These noble warriors, mindefull to pursue,
 The last daies purpose of their vowed fight,
 Them selues thereto prepare in order dew;
 The Knight, as best was seeming for a Knight,
 And th' Amazon, as best it likt her selfe to dight.

All in a Camis light of purple filke
 Wouen vpon with siluer, subtly wrought,
 And quilted vpon fatten white as milke,
 Trayled with ribbands diuerfly distraught
 Like as the workeman had their courtes taught;
 Which was short tucked for light motion
 Vp to her ham, but when she list, it raught
 Downe to her lowest heele, and there vpon
 She wore for her defence a mayled habergeon.

And on her legs she painted buskins wore,
 Basted with bends of gold on euery side,
 And mailes betweene, and laced close afore:
 Vpon her thigh her *Cemitare* was tide,

With an embrodered belt of mickell pride;
 And on her shoulder hung her shield, bedeckt
 Vppon the boffe with stones, that shined wide,
 As the faire Moone in her most full aspect,
 That to the Moone it mote be like in each respect.

So forth she came out of the city gate,
 With stately port and proud magnificence,
 Guarded with many damzels, that did waite
 Vppon her person for her sure defence,
 Playing on shaumes and trumpets, that from hence
 Their found did reach vnto the heauen hight.
 So forth into the field she marched thence,
 Where was a rich Paultion ready pight,
 Her to receiue, till time they should begin the fight.

Then forth came *Artegall* out of his tent,
 All arm'd to point, and first the Lifts did enter:
 Soone after eke came she, with fell intent,
 And countenance fierce, as hauing fully bent her,
 That battels vtmost triall to aduenter.
 The Lifts were clofed fast, to barre the rout
 From rudely pressing to the middle center;
 Which in great heapes them circled all about,
 Wayting, how Fortune would resoluē that dangerous
 (dout.

The Trumpets sounded, and the field began;
 With bitter strokes it both began, and ended.
 She at the first encounter on him ran
 With furious rage, as if she had intended
 Out of his breast the very heart haue rinded:
 But he that had like tempests often tride,
 From that first flaw him selfe right well defended.
 The more she rag'd, the more he did abide;
 She hewd, she foyn'd, she lasth, she laid on euery side.

Yet

Yet still her blowes he bore, and her forbore,
 Weening at last to win aduantage new;
 Yet still her crueltie increased more,
 And though powre faild, her courage did accrew,
 Which sayling he gan fiercely her purfew.
 Like as a Smith that to his cunning feat
 The stubborne mettall seeketh to subdew,
 Soone as he feelles it mollifide with heat,
 With his great yron sledge doth strongly on it bear.

So did Sir *Artegall* vpon her lay,
 As if she had an yron anduile beene,
 That flakes of fire, bright as the sunny ray,
 Out of her steely armes were flashing scene,
 That all on fire ye would her surely weene.
 But with her shield so well her selfe she warded,
 From the dread daunger of his weapon keene,
 That all that while her life she safely garded:
 But he that helpe from her against her will discarded.

For with his trenchant blade at the next blow
 Halfe of her shield he shared quite away,
 That halfe her side it selfe did naked show,
 And thenceforth vnto daunger opened way.
 Much was she moued with the mightie sway
 Of that sad stroke, that halfe enrag'd the grew,
 And like a greedie Beare vnto her pray,
 With her sharpe Cemitare at him she flew,
 That glauncing downe his thigh, the purple blood forth
 drew.

Thereat she gan to triumph with great boast,
 And to vprayd that chaunce, which him misfell,
 As if the prize she gotten had almost,
 With spightfull speeches, sitting with her well;

Q

That his great hart gan inwardly to fell
 With indignation, at her vaunting vaine,
 And at her strooke with puiflance fearefull fell;
 Yet with her shield she warded it againe,
 That shattered all to peeces round about the plaine.

Hauing her thus difarmed of her shield,
 Vpon her helmet he againe her strooke,
 That downe she fell vpon the graffie field,
 In fenceleffe swoune, as if her life forsooke,
 And pangs of death her spirit ouertooke.
 Whom when he saw before his foote prostrated,
 He to her lept with deadly dreadfull looke,
 And her sunshynie helmet soone vnaced,
 Thinking at once both head and helmet to haue raced.

But when as he discovered had her face,
 He saw his senses fraunge astonishment,
 A miracle of natures goodly grace,
 In her faire visage voide of ornament,
 But bath'd in bloud and sweat together ment;
 Which in the rudenesse of that euill plight,
 Bewrayd the signes of feature excellent;
 Like as the Moone in foggie winters night,
 Doth seeme to be her selfe, though darkned be her light.

At sight thereof his cruell minded hart
 Empierced was with pittifull regard,
 That his sharpe sword he threw from him apart,
 Cursing his hand that had that visage mard:
 No hand so cruell, nor no hart so hard,
 But ruth of beautie will it mollifie.
 By this vparting from her swoune, she star'd
 A while about her with confused eye;
 Like one that from his dreame is waked suddenly.

Soone

Soone as the knight she there by her did spy,
 Standing with emptie hands all weaponlesse,
 With his assault vpon him she did fly,
 And gan renew her former cruelnesse:
 And though he still retr'y'd, yet nathelesse
 With huge redoubled strokes she on him layd;
 And more increast her outrage mercilesse,
 The more that he with meeke intreatie prayd,
 Her wrathful hand from greedy vengeance to haue stayd.

Like as a Puttocke hauing spyde in sight
 A gentle Faulcon sitting on an hill,
 Whose other wing, now made vnmeete for flight,
 Was lately broken by some fortune ill;
 The foolish Kyte, led with licentious will,
 Doth beat vpon the gentle bird in vaine,
 With many idle stoups her troubling still:
 Euen so did *Radigund* with bootlesse paine
 Annoy this noble Knight, and forely him constraîne.

Nought could he do, but shun the dred despight
 Of her fierce wrath, and backward still retrire,
 And with his single shield, well as he might,
 Beare off the burden of her raging yre;
 And euermore he gently did desire,
 To stay her strokes, and he himselfe would yield:
 Yet nould she hearken, ne let him once respire,
 Till he to her deliuered had his shield,
 And to her mercie him submitted in plaine field.

So was he overcome, not ouercome,
 But to her yeilded of his owne accord;
 Yet was he iustly damned by the doome
 Of his owne mouth, that spake so warelesse word,

Q 2

To be her thrall, and seruice her afford,
 For though that he first victorie obtayned,
 Yet after by abandoning his sword,
 He wilfull lost, that he before attayned.
 No fayer conquest, then that with goodwill is gayned.

Tho with her sword on him she flatling strooke,
 In signe of true subiection to her powre,
 And as her vassall him to thraldome tooke.
 But *Terpine* borne to a more unhappy braue,
 As he, on whom the lucklesse starres did lowre,
 She caus'd to be attacht, and forthwith led
 Vnto the crooke t'abide the balefull stowe,
 From which he lately had through skewre fled:
 Where he full shamefully was hanged by the hed.

But when they thought on *Talus* hands to lay,
 He with his yron slaile amongst them thondred,
 That they were fayne to let him scape away,
 Glad from his companie to be so fondred;
 Whose presence all their troups so much encombred
 That th'heapes of those, which he did wound and slay,
 Besides the rest dismayd, might not be nombred:
 Yet all that while he would not once assay,
 To reskew his owne Lord, but thought it iust t'obay.

Then tooke the Amazon this noble knight,
 Left to her will by his owne wilfull blame,
 And caus'd him to be disarmed quight,
 Of all the ornaments of knightly name,
 With which whylome he gotten had great fame:
 In stead whereof she made him to be dight
 In womans weedes, that is to manhood shame,
 And put before his lap a napron white,
 In stead of Curiets and bases fit for fight.

So

So being clad, she brought him from the field,
 In which he had bene trayned many a day,
 Into a long large chamber, which was field
 With monuments of many knights decay,
 By her subdew'd in victorious fray:
 Amongst the which she caus'd his warlike armes
 Be hang'd on high, that mote his shame bewray;
 And broke his sword, for feare of further harmes,
 With which he wont to stirre vp battailous alarmes.

There entred in, he round about him saw
 Many braue knights, whose names right well he knew,
 There bound t'obay that Amazons proud law,
 Spinning and carding all in comely rew,
 That his bigge hart loth'd so vncomely vew.
 But they were forst through penurie and pyne,
 To doe those workes, to them appointed dew:
 For nought was giuen them to sup or dyne,
 But what their hands could earne by twisting linnen
 twyne.

Amongst them all she placed him most low,
 And in his hand a distaffe to him gaue,
 That he thereon should spin both flax and tow;
 A fordid office for a mind so braue.
 So hard it is to be a womans slaue.
 Yet he it tooke in his owne selves despight,
 And thereto did him selfe right well behaue,
 Her to obay, sith he his faith had plight,
 Her vassall to become, if she him wonne in fight.

Who had him seene, imagine mote thereby,
 That whylome hath of *Hercules* bene told,
 How for *Iolus* sake he did apply
 His mightie hands, the distaffe vile to hold,

Q 3

For his huge club, which had subdew'd of old
 So many monsters, which the world annoy'd;
 His Lyons skin chaungd to a pall of gold,
 In which forgetting warres, he onely ioyed
 In combats of sweet loue, and with his mistresse toyed.

Such is the crueltie of women kynd,
 When they haue shaken off the shamefast band,
 With which wife Nature did them strongly bynd,
 To obey the heasts of mans well ruling hand,
 That then all rule and reason they withstand,
 To purchase a licentious libertie.
 But vertuous women wifely vnderstand,
 That they were borne to base humilitie,
 Vnlesse the heauens them list to lawfull soueraintie.

Thus there long while continu'd *Artegall*,
 Seruing proud *Radigund* with true subiection;
 How euer it his noble heart did gall,
 Tobay a womans tyrannous direction,
 That might haue had of life or death election:
 But hauing chosen, now he might not chaunge.
 During which time, the warlike Amazon,
 Whose wandring fancie after lust did range,
 Gan cast a secret liking to this captiue strauinge.

Which long concealing in her couert brest,
 She chaw'd the cud of louers carefull plight;
 Yet could it not so thoroughly digest,
 Being fast fixed in her wounded spright,
 But it tormented her both day and night:
 Yet would she not thereto yeeld free accord,
 To serue the lowly vassall of her might,
 And of her seruant make her souerayne Lord:
 So great her pride, that she such basenesse much abhor'd.

So

So much the greater still her anguish grew,
 Through stubborne handling of her loue-sicke hart;
 And still the more she stroue it to subdew,
 The more she still augmented her owne smart,
 And wyder made the wound of th'hidden dart.
 At last when long she struggled had in vaine,
 She gan to stoupe, and her proud mind conuert
 To meeke obeyfance of loues mightie raine,
 And him entreat for grace, that had procur'd her paine.

Vnto her selfe in secret she did call
 Her nearest handmayd, whom she most did trust,
 And to her said; *Clarinda* whom of all
 I trust a liue, sith I thee fostred first;
 Now is the time, that I vntimely must
 Thereof make tryall, in my greatest need:
 It is so happed, that the heauens vniust,
 Spighting my happie freedome, haue agreed,
 To thrall my looser life, or my last bale to breed.

With that she turn'd her head, as halfe abashed,
 To hide the blush which in her visage rose,
 And through her eyes like sudden lightning flashed,
 Decking her cheek with a vermilion rose:
 But soone she did her countenance compose,
 And to her turning, thus began againe;
 This griefes deepe wound I would to thee disclose,
 Thereto compell'd through hart-murdring paine,
 But dread of shame my doubtfull lips doth still restraine.

Ah my deare dread (said then the faithfull Mayd)
 Can dread of ought your dreadlesse hart withhold,
 That many hath with dread of death dismayd,
 And dare euen deathes most dreadfull face behold!

Q4

Say on my fouerayne Ladie, and be bold;
 Doth not your handmayds life at your foot lie?
 Therewith much comforted, she gan vnfold
 The cause of her conceiued maladie,
 As one that would confesse, yet faine would it denie.

Clarín (sayd she) thou seest yond Fayry Knight,
 Whom not my valour, but his owne braue mind
 Subiected hath to my vnequall might;
 What right is it, that he should thraldome find,
 For lending life to me a wretch vnkind;
 That for such good him recompence with ill?
 Therefore I cast, how I may him vnbind,
 And by his freedome get his free goodwills;
 Yet so, as bound to me he may continue still.

Bound vnto me, but not with such hard bands
 Of strong compulsion, and streight violence,
 As now in miserable state he stands;
 But with sweet loue and sure beneuolence,
 Voide of malicious mind, or foule offence.
 To which if thou canst win him any way,
 Without discouerie of my thoughts pretence,
 Both goodly meede of him it purchase may,
 And eke with gratefull seruice me right well apay.

Which that thou mayst the better bring to pas,
 Loe here this ring, which shall thy warrant bee,
 And token true to old *Eumenias*,
 From time to time, when thou it best shalt see,
 That in and out thou mayst haue passage free.
 Goe now, *Clarinda*, well thy wits aduise,
 And all thy forces gather vnto thee;
 Armies of louely lookes, and speeches wise,
 With which thou canst euen *lose* himselfe to loue entise.
 The

The trustie Mayd, conceiuing her intent,
 Did with sure promise of her good indeour,
 Giue her great comfort, and some harts content.
 So from her parting, she thenceforth did labour
 By all the meanes she might, to curry fauour
 With th'Elfin Knight, her Ladies best beloued;
 With daily shew of courteous kind behauiour,
 Euen at the markewhite of his hart she roued,
 And with wide glauncing words, one day she thus him
 proued.

Vnhappie Knight, vpon whose hopelesse state
 Fortune enuying good, hath felly frowned,
 And cruell heauens haue heapt an heauy fate;
 I rew that thus thy better dayes are drowned
 In sad despaire, and all thy senses swowned
 In stupid sorow, sith thy iuster merit
 Might else haue with felicitie bene crowned:
 Looke vp at last, and wake thy dulled spirit,
 To thinke how this long death thou mightest disinherit.

Much did he maruell at her vncouth speech,
 Whose hidden drift he could not well perceiue;
 And gan to doubt, least she him sought t'appeach
 Of treason, or some guilefull traine did weaue,
 Through which the might his wretched life bereaue.
 Both which to barre, he with this answere met her;
 Faire Damzell, that with ruth (as I perceaued)
 Of my mishaps, art mou'd to wish me better,
 For such your kind regard, I can but rest your detter.

Yet weet ye well, that to a courage great
 It is no lesse befeceming well, to beare
 The storme of fortunes frowne, or heauens threat,
 Then in the sunshine of her countenance cleare.

Timely to ioy, and carrie comely cheare.
 For though this cloud haue now me ouercast,
 Yet doe I not of better times despayre;
 And, though vnlike, they should for euer last,
 Yet in my truthes assurance I rest fixed fast.

But what so stonie mind (the then replyde)
 But if in his owne powre occasion lay,
 Would to his hope a windowe open wyde,
 And to his fortunes helpe make readie way?
 Vnworthy sure (quoth he) of better day,
 That will not take the offer of good hope,
 And eke pursue, if she attaine it may.
 Which speaches she applying to the scope
 Of her intent, this further purpose to him hope.

Then why doest not, thou ill aduized man,
 Make meanes to win thy libertie forlorne,
 And try if thou by faire entreatie, can
 Moue *Radigund*: who though she still haue worne
 Her dayes in warre, yet (wee thou) was not borne,
 Of Beares and Tygres, nor fo saluage mynded,
 As that, albe all loue of men she scorne,
 She yet forgets, that she of men was kynded:
 And sooth oft seene, that proudest harts base loue hath
 (blynded.

Certes *Clarinda*, not of cancredd will,
 (Sayd he) nor obstinate disdainefull mind,
 I haue forbore this duetie to fulfill:
 For well I may this weene, by that I fynd,
 That she a Queene, and come of Princely kynd,
 Both worthy is for to be sewd vnto,
 Chiefely by him, whose life her law doth bynd,
 And eke of powre her owne doome to vndo,
 And all of princely grace to be inclyn'd thereto.

BUT

But want of meanes hath bene mine onely let,
 From seeking fauour, where it doth abound;
 Which if I might by your good office get,
 I to your selfe should rest for euer bound,
 And readie to deserue, what grace I found.
 She feeling him thus bite vpon the bayt,
 Yet doubting least his hold was but vnfound,
 And not well fastened, would not strike him strayt,
 But drew him on with hope, fit leasure to awayt.

But foolish Mayd, whyles heedlesse of the hooke,
 She thus oft times was beating off and on,
 Through slipperie footing, fell into the brooke,
 And there was caught to her confusion.
 For seeking thus to salue the Amazon,
 She wounded was with her deceptiues owne dart,
 And gan thenceforth to cast affection,
 Conceiued close in her beguiled hart,
 To *Artegall*, through pittie of his causelesse smart.

Yet durst she not disclose her fancies wound,
 Ne to himselfe, for doubt of being sdained,
 Ne yet to any other wight on ground,
 For feare her mistresse should haue knowledge gayned,
 But to her selfe it secretly retayned,
 Within the closet of her couert brest:
 The more thereby her tender hart was payned.
 Yet to awayt fit time she weened best,
 And fairely did dissemble her sad thoughts vnrest.

One day her Ladie, calling her apart,
 Can to demand of her some tydings good,
 Touching her louses successe, her lingring smart.
 Therewith she gan at first to change her mood,

As one adaw'd, and halfe confused stood;
But quickly the it ouerpass, fo soone
As she her face had wypt, to fresh her blood:
Tho gan she tell her all, that she had donne,
And all the wayes she fought, his loue for to haue wonne.

But sayd, that he was obstinate and sterne,
Scorning her offers and conditions vaine;
Ne would be taught with any termes, to lerne
So found a lesson, as to loue againe.
Die rather would he in penurious paine,
And his abridged dayes in dolour wast,
Then his foes loue or liking entertaine:
His resolution was both first and last,
His bodie was her thrall, his hart was freely plapt.

Which when the cruell Amazon perceiued,
She gan to storme, and rage, and rend her gall,
For very fell despight, which she conceiued,
To be so scorned of a base borne thrall,
Whose life did lie in her least eye-lids fall;
Of which the vow'd with many a cursed threat,
That she therefore would him ere long forsall.
Nathlesse when calmed was her furious heat,
She chang'd that threatfull mood, & mildly gan entreat.

What now is left *Clarinda*? what remains,
That we may compasse this our enterprize?
Great shame to lose so long employed paines,
And greater shame t'abide so great misprize,
With which he dares our offers thus despize.
Yet that his guilt the greater may appeare,
And more my gracious mercie by this wize,
I will a while with his first folly beare,
Till thou haue tride againe, & tempted him more neare.
Say,

Say, and do all, that may thereto preuaile;
Leaue nought vnpromist, that may him perswade,
Life, freedome, grace, and gifts of great auaille,
With which the Gods themselues are mylder made:
Thereto adde art, euen womens witty trade;
The art of mightie words, that men can charme;
With which in case thou canst him not inuade,
Let him feele hardnesse of thy heauie arme:
Who will not stoupe with good, shall be made stoupe
(with harme.)

Some of his diet doe from him withdraw;
For I him find to be too proudly fed.
Giue him more labour, and with freighter law,
That he with worke may be forweari'd.
Let him lodge hard, and lie in strawen bed,
That may pull downe the courage of his pride;
And lay vpon him, for his greater dread,
Cold yron chaines, with which let him be tide;
And let, what euer he desires, be him denide.

When thou hast all this doen, then bring me newes
Of his demeane: thenceforth not like a louer,
But like a rebell stout I will him vse.
For I resolute this siege nor to giue ouer,
Till I the conquest of my will recover.
So she departed, full of grieve and sdaine,
Which inly did to great impatience moue her.
But the false mayden shortly turn'd againe
Vnto the prison, where her hart did thrall remaine.

There all her subtil nets she did vnfold,
And all the engins of her wit display;
In which she meant him warelesse to enfold,
And of his innocence to make her pray.

So cunningly she wrought her crafts assay,
That both her Ladie, and her selfe withall,
And eke the knight attonce she did betray:
But most the knight, whom she with guilefull call
Did cast for to allure, into her trap to fall.

As a bad Nurse, which fayning to receiue
In her owne mouth the food, ment for her chyld,
Withholdes it to her selfe, and doeth deceiue
The infant, so for want of nourturc spoyld:
Euen so *Clarinda* her owne Dame beguyld,
And turn'd the trust, which was in her affyde,
To feeding of her priuate fire, which boyld
Her inward breft, and in her entrayles fryde,
The more that she it fought to couer and to hyde.

For comming to this knight, the purpose fayned,
How earnest suit she earst for him had made
Vnto her Queene, his freedome to haue gayned;
But by no meanes could her thereto perswade:
But that in stead thereof, she sternely bade
His miserie to be augmented more,
And many yron bands on him to lade.
All which mathlesse she for his loue forbore:
So praying him t'accept her seruice euermore.

And more then that, she promist that she would,
In case she might finde fauour in his eye,
Deuize how to enlarge him out of hould.
The Fayrie glad to gaine his libertie,
Can yeeld great thanks for such her curtesie,
And with faire words, fit for the time and place,
To feede the humour of her maladic;
Promist, if she would free him from that case,
He wold by all good means he might, deserue such grace.
So

So daily he faire semblant did her shew,
Yet neuer meant he in his noble mind,
To his owne absent loue to be vntrew:
Ne euer did deceitfull *Clarin* find
In her false hart, his bondage to vnbind;
But rather how the mote him faster tye.
Therefore vnto her mistresse most vnkind
She daily told, her loue he did defye,
And him she told, her Dame his freedome did denye.

Yet thus much friendship she to him did shew,
That his scarce diet somewhat was amended,
And his worke lessened, that his loue mote grow:
Yet to her Dame him still she discommend,
That she with him mote be the more offended.
Thus he long while in thraldome there remayned,
Of both beloued well, but litle frended;
Vntill his owne true loue his freedome gayned,
Which in an other Canto will be best contayned.

Cant. VI.

*Talus brings newes to Britomart,
of Artegalls mishap,
She goes to seeke him, Dolon meetes,
who seekes her to entrap.*

Some men, I wote, will deeme in *Artegal*
Great weaknesse, and report of him much ill,
For yeelding so him selfe a wretched thrall,
To th' insolent commaund of womens will;
That all his former praise doth fowly spill.
But he the man, that say or doe so dare,
Be well aduiz'd, that he stand stedfast still:
For neuer yet was wight so well aware,
But he at first or last was trapt in womens snare.

Yet in the streightnesse of that captiue state,
This gentle knight him selfe so well behaued,
That notwithstanding all the subtil bait,
With which those Amazons his loue still craued,
To his owne loue his loialtie he saued:
Whose character in th' Adamantine mould
Of his true hart so firmly was engraued,
That no new lous impression euer could
Bereauie it thence: such blot his honour blemish should.

Yet his owne loue, the noble *Britomart*,
Scarfe so conceiued in her ieaious thought,
What time sad tydings of his balefull smart
In womans bondage, *Talus* to her brought;

Brought

Brought in vntimely houre, ere it was fought.
For after that the vtmost date, affynde
For his returne, she waited had for nought,
She gan to cast in her misdoubtfull mynde
A thousand feares, that loue-sicke fancies faine to synde.

Sometime she feared, leaft some hard mishap
Had him misfalne in his aduenturous quest;
Sometime leaft his falsse foe did him entrap
In traytrous traine, or had vnwares opprest:
But most she did her troubled mynd molest,
And secretly afflict with ieaious feare,
Leaft some new loue had him from her possest;
Yet loth she was, since she no ill did heare,
To thinke of him so ill: yet could she not forbear.

One while she blam'd her selfe; another whyle
She him condemn'd, as trustlesse and vntrew:
And then, her grieue with error to beguyle,
She fayn'd to count the time againe anew,
As if before she had not counted trew.
For houres but dayes; for weekes, that passed were,
She told but moneths, to make them seeme more few:
Yet when she reckned them, still drawing neare,
Each hour did seeme a moneth, & every moneth a yeare.

But when as yet she saw him not returne,
She thought to send some one to seeke him out;
But none she found so fit to serue that turne,
As her owne selfe, to ease her selfe of dour,
Now the deuiz'd amongst the warlike rout
Of errant Knights, to seeke her errant Knight;
And then againe resolu'd to hunt him out
Amongst loose Ladies, lapped in delight:
And then both Knights enuide, & Ladies eke did spight.

R

One day, when as she long had sought for ease
 In euery place, and euery place thought best,
 Yet found no place, that could her liking please,
 She to a window came, that opened West,
 Towards which coast her loue his way address.
 There looking forth, shee in her heart did find
 Many vaine fancies, working her vnrest;
 And sent her winged thoughts, more swift then wind,
 To beare vnto her loue the message of her mind.

There as she looked long, at last she spide
 One comming towards her with hasty speede:
 Well weend she then, ere him she plaine descride,
 That it was one sent from her loue indeede.
 Who when he nigh approacht, shee more arede
 That it was *Talus*, *Artegall* his groomer;
 Whereat her heart was filld with hope and drede;
 Ne would she stay, till he in place could come,
 But ran to meete him forth, to know his tidings somme.

Euen in the dore him meeting, she begun;
 And where is he thy Lord, and how far hence?
 Declare at once; and hath he lost or wun?
 The yron man, albe he wanted fence
 And sorrowes feeling, yet with conscience
 Of his ill newes, did inly chill and quake,
 And stood still mute, as one in great suspense,
 As if that by his silence he would make
 Her rather reade his meaning, then him selfe it spake.

Till she againe thus sayd; *Talus* be bold,
 And tell what euer it be, good or bad,
 That from thy tongue thy hearts intent doth hold.
 To whom he thus at length. The tidings sad,

That

That I would hide, will needs, I see, be rad.
 My Lord, your loue, by hard mishap doth lie
 In wretched bondage, woefully bestad.
 Ay me (quoth she) what wicked destinie?
 And is he vanquisht by his tyrant enemy?

Not by that Tyrant, his intended foe;
 But by a Tyrannesse (he then replide,)
 That him captiued hath in haplesse woe.
 Cease thou bad newes-man, badly doest thou hide
 Thy maisters shame, in harlots bondage tide.
 The rest my selfe too readily can spell.
 With that in rage the turn'd from him aside,
 Forcing in vaine the rest to her to tell,
 And to her chamber went like solitary cell.

There she began to make her monesfull plaint
 Against her Knight, for being so vntrew;
 And him to touch with falsehoods fowle attaint,
 That all his other honour ouerthrew.
 Oft did she blame her selfe, and often rew,
 For yeelding to a straungers loue so light,
 Whose life and manners straunge she neuer knew;
 And euermore she did him sharply twight
 For breach of faith to her, which he had firmly plight.

And then she in her wrathfull will did cast,
 How to reuenge that blot of honour blent;
 To fight with him, and goodly die her last:
 And then againe she did her selfe torment,
 Inflicting on her selfe his punishment.
 A while she walkt, and chaust; a while she threw
 Her selfe vpon her bed, and did lament:
 Yet did she not lament with loude alew,
 As women wont, but with deepe sighes, and singulfs few.

R 2

Like as a wayward childe, whose fonder sleepe
Is broken with some fearefull dreames affright,
With froward will doth fet him selfe to weepe;
Ne can be stild for all his nurses might,
But kicks, and squals, and shriekes for fell despighte
Now scratching her, and her loose locks mistusing;
Now seeking darkenesse, and now seeking light;
Then crauing sucke, and then the sucke refusing.
Such was this Ladies fit, in her loues fond accusing.

But when she had with such vnquiet fits
Her selfe there close afflicted long in vaine,
Yet found no easement in her troubled wits,
She vnto *Talus* forth return'd againe,
By change of place seeking to ease her paine;
And gan enquire of him, with mylder mood,
The certaine cause of *Artegals* detain;e;
And what he did, and in what state he stood,
And whether he did woo, or whether he were woo'd.

Ah wellaway (sayd then the yron man,
That he is not the while in state to woo;
But lies in wretched thraldome, weake and wan,
Not by strong hand compelled thereunto,
But his owne doome, that none can now vndo.
Sayd I not then (quoth shee) erwhile aright,
That this is things compacte betwixt you two,
Me to deceiue of faith vnto me plight,
Since that he was not fort, nor ouercome in fight?

With that he gan at large to her dilate
The whole discourse of his captiuaunce sad,
In sort as ye haue heard the same of late.
All which when she with hard endurauce had

Heard

Here to the end, she was right fore bestad,
With sodaine stounds of wrath and grieue attonce:
Ne would abide, till she had aunswere made,
But streight her selfe did dight, and armor don;
And mounting to her steede, bad *Talus* guide her on.

So forth she rode vpon her ready way,
To seeke her Knight, as *Talus* her did guide:
Sadly she rode, and neuer word did say,
Nor good nor bad, ne euer lookt aside,
But full right downe, and in her thought did hide
The felnesse of her heart, right fully bent
To fierce auengement of that womans pride,
Which had her Lord in her base prison pent,
And so great honour with so fowle reproch had blent.

So as she thus melancholicke did ride,
Chawing the cud of grieue and inward paine,
She chaunft to meete toward th'euen-tide
A Knight, that softly paced on the plaine,
As if him selfe to solace he were faine.
Well shot in yeares he seem'd, and rather bent
To peace, then needlesse trouble to constraine.
As well by view of that his vestiment,
As by his modest semblant, that no cull ment.

He comming neare, gan gently her salute.
With courteous words, in the most comely wise;
Who though desirous rather to rest mute,
Then termes to entertaine of common guize,
Yet rather then the kindnesse would despize,
She would her selfe displease, so him requite.
Then gan the other further to deuize
Of things abroad, as next to hand did light,
And many things demaund, to which the answer'd light.

R 3

For little lust had she to talke of ought,
 Or ought to heare, that mote delightfull bee;
 Her minde was whole possessed of one thought,
 That gaue none other place. Which when as hee
 By outward signes, (as well he might) did see,
 He list no lenger to vse lothfull speech,
 But her befought to take it well in gree,
 Sith shady dampes had dimd the heauens reach,
 To lodge with him that night, vnles good cause empeach

The Championesse, now seeing night at dore,
 Was glad to yeeld vnto his good request:
 And with him went without gaine-faying more.
 Not farre away, but little wide by West,
 His dwelling was, to which he hum address;
 Where soone arriuing they receiued were
 In seemely wife, as them befemed best:
 For he their host them goodly well did cheare,
 And talk't of pleafant things, the night away to weare.

Thus passing th'euening well, till time of rest,
 Then *Britomart* vnto a bowre was brought;
 Where groomes awayted her to haue vndrest.
 But she ne would vndressed be for ought,
 Ne doffe her armes, though he her much befought.
 For she had vow'd, she sayd, not to forgo
 Those warlike weedes, till she reuenge had wrought
 Of a late wrong vpon a mortall foe;
 Which she would sure performe, betide her wele or wo.

Which when their Host percei'd, right discontent
 In minde he grew, for feare least by that art
 He should his purpose misse, which close he ment
 Yet taking leaue of her, he did depart.

There

There all that night remained *Britomart*,
 Restlesse, recomfortlesse, with heart deepe griued,
 Not suffering the least twinkling sleepe to start
 Into her eye, which th'heart mote haue relieued,
 But if the least appear'd, her eyes she streight repleued.

Ye guilty eyes (sayd she) the which with guyle
 My heart at first betrayd, will ye betray
 My life now to, for which a little while
 Ye will not watch? false watches, wellaway,
 I wote when ye did watch both night and day
 Vnto your losse: and now needes will ye sleepe?
 Now ye haue made my heart to wake alway,
 Now will ye sleepe? ah wake, and rather weepe,
 To thinke of your nights want, that should yee waking
 (keepe.

Thus did she watch, and weare the weary night
 In wayfull plaints, that none was to appease;
 Now walking soft, now sitting still vpright,
 As sundry change her seemed best to ease.
 Ne lesse did *Talus* suffer sleepe to feaze
 His eye-lids sad, but watcht continually,
 Lying without her dore in great disease;
 Like to a Spaniell wayting carefully
 Least any should betray his Lady treacherously.

What time the natiue Belman of the night,
 The bird, that warn'd *Peter* of his fall,
 First rings his siluer Bell t'each sleepy wight,
 That should their mindes vp to deuotion call,
 She heard a wondrous noise below the hall.
 All sodainly the bed, where she should lie,
 By a false trap was let adowne to fall
 Into a lower roome, and by and by
 The loft was rayfd againe, that no man could it spie.

R 4

With fight whereof she was dismayd right fore,
 Perceiuing well the treason, which was ment:
 Yet stirred not at all for doubt of more,
 But kept her place with courage confident,
 Wayting what would ensue of that euent.
 It was not long, before she heard the sound
 Of armed men, comming with clofe 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 arm'd ready for to fight,
 And after them full many other more,
 A raskall rout, with weapons rudely dight.
 Whom soone as *Talus* spide by glims of night,
 He started vp, there where on ground he lay,
 And in his hand his thresher ready keight.
 They seeing that, let driue at him streight way,
 And round about him preace in riotous aray.

But soone as he began to lay about
 With his rude yron flaile, they gan to fie,
 Both armed Knights, and eke vnarmed rout:
 Yet *Talus* after them apace did plie,
 Where euer in the darke he could them spie;
 That here and there like scattered sheepe they lay.
 Then backe returning, where his Dame did lie,
 He to her told the story of that fray,
 And all that treason there intended did bewray.

Wherewith though wondrous wroth, and inly burning,
 To be auenged for so fowle a deede,
 Yet being forst to abide the daies returning,
 She there remain'd, but with right wary heede,
 Least

Least any more such practise should proceede.
 Now mote ye know (that which to *Britomart*
 Vnknownen was) whence all this did proceede,
 And for what cause so great mischieuous smart
 Was ment to her, that neuer euill ment in hart.

The goodman of this house was *Dolon* high,
 A man of subttill wit and wicked minde,
 That whilome in his youth had bene a Knight,
 And armes had borne, but little good could finde,
 And much lesse honour by that warlike kinde
 Of life: for he was nothing valorous,
 But with slie shiffes and wiles did vnderminde
 All noble Knights, which were aduenturous,
 And many brought to shame by treason treacherous.

He had three sonnes, all three like fathers sonnes,
 Like treacherous, like full of fraud and guile,
 Of all that on this earthly compasse wonnes:
 The eldest of the which was slaine ere while
 By *Artegall*, through his owne guilty wile;
 His name was *Guisior*, whose vntimely fate
 For to auenge, full many treasons vile
 His father *Dolon* had deuiz'd of late
 With these his wicked sons, and shewd his cankred hate.

For sure he weend, that this his present guest
 Was *Artegall*, by many tokens plaine;
 But chiefly by that yron page he ghest,
 Which still was wont with *Artegall* remaine;
 And therefore ment him surely to haue slaine.
 But by Gods grace, and her good heedinesse,
 She was preferued from their traytrous traine.
 Thus she all night wore out in watchfulnesse,
 Ne suffred slothfull sleepe her eyelids to oppresse.

The morrow next, so soone as dawning houre
 Discouered had the light to liuing eye,
 She forth yffew'd out of her loathed bowre,
 With full intent t'auenge that villany,
 On that vilde man, and all his family
 And comming down to seeke them, where they wond,
 Nor fire, nor sonnes, nor any could the spic:
 Each rowme she fought, but them all empty fond:
 They all were fled for feare, but whether, nether kond.

She saw it vaine to make there lenger stay,
 But tooke her steede, and thereon mounting light,
 Gan her addresse vnto her former way.
 She had not rid the mountenance of a flight,
 But that she saw there present in her fight,
 Those two false brethren, on that perillous Bridge,
 On which *Pollente* with *Arsegall* did fight.
 Streight was the passage like a ploughed ridge,
 That if two met, the one mote needes fall ouer the lidge.

There they did thinke them selues on her to wreake:
 Who as she nigh vnto them drew, the one
 These vile reproches gan vnto her speake;
 Thou recreant false traytor, that with lone
 Of armes haft knighthood stolne, yet Knight art none,
 No more shall now the darkenesse of the night
 Defend thee from the vengeance of thy fone,
 But with thy bloud thou shalt appeafe the spright
 Of *Gwizor*, by thee flaine, and murdered by thy flight.

Strange were the words in *Britomartis* care;
 Yet stayd she not for them, but forward fared,
 Till to the perillous Bridge she came, and there
Talus desir'd, that he might haue prepared

The

The way to her, and those two losels scared.
 But she thereat was wroth, that for despight
 The glauncing sparkles through her beuer glared,
 And from her eies did flash out fiery light,
 Like coles, that through a filuer Censer sparkle bright.

She stayd not to aduise which way to take;
 But putting spurres vnto her fiery beast,
 Thorough the midft of them she way did make.
 The one of them, which most her wrath increast,
 Vpon her speare she bore before her breast,
 Till to the Bridges further end she past,
 Where falling downe, his challenge he releast:
 The other ouer side the Bridge she cast
 Into the riuer, where he drunke his deadly last.

As when the flashing Leuin haps to light
 Vpon two stubborne oakes, which stand so neare,
 That way betwixt them none appears in sight;
 The Engin fiercely flying forth, doth reare
 Th'one from the earth, & through the aire doth beare;
 The other it with force doth ouerthrow,
 Vpon one side, and from his rootes doth reare.
 So did the Championesse those two there frow,
 And to their fire their carcaffes left to bestow.

Cant. VII

*Britomart comes to Isis Church,
Where shee strange visions sees:
She fights with Radigand, her slayer,
And Artegall thence frees.*

Nought is on earth more sacred or diuine,
That Gods and men doe equally adore,
Then this fame vertue, that doth right define:
For th'heuens theſelues, whence mortal men implore
Right in their wrongs, are rul'd by righteous lore
Of highest Ioue, who doth true iustice deale
To his inferiour Gods, and euer more
Therewith containes his heavenly Common-weale:
The skill whereof to Princes hearts he doth reueale.

Well therefore did the antique world inuent,
That Iustice was a God of soueraigne grace,
And altars vnto him, and temples lent,
And heavenly honours in the highest place;
Calling him great *Osyris*, of the race
Of th'old Egyptian Kings, that whylome were;
With fayned colours shading a true case:
For that *Osyris*, whilest he liued here,
The iustest man aliuē, and trueſt did appeare.

His wife was *Isis*, whom they likewise made
A Goddesse of great powre and fouerainty,
And in her person cunningly did shade
That part of Iustice, which is Equity,

Whereof

Whereof I haue to treat here presently.
Vnto whose temple when as *Britomart*
Arriued, thence with great humility
Did enter in, ne would that night depart;
But *Talus* mote not be admitted to her part.

There she receiued was in goodly wise
Of many Priests, which duely did attend
Vpon the rites and daily sacrifice,
All clad in linnen robes with siluer hemd;
And on their heads with long locks comely kemd,
They wore rich Mitres shaped like the Moone,
To shew that *Isis* doth the Moone portend;
Like as *Osyris* signifies the Sunne.
For that they both like race in equall iustice runne.

The Championesse them greeting, as she could,
Was thence by them into the Temple led;
Whose goodly building when she did behould,
Borne vpon stately pillours, all dispred
With shining gold, and arched ouer head,
She wondred at the workemans passing skill,
Whose like before she neuer saw nor red;
And there vpon long while stood gazing still,
But thought, that the thereon could neuer gaze her fill.

Thence forth vnto the Idoll they her brought,
The which was framed all of siluer fine,
Sowell as could with cunning hand be wrought,
And clothed all in garments made of line,
Hemd all about with fringe of siluer twine.
Vpon her head she wore a Crowne of gold,
To shew that she had powre in things diuine;
And at her feete a Crocodile was rold,
That with her wreathed taile her middle did enfold.

One foote was set vpon the Crocodile,
 And on the ground the other fast did stand,
 So meaning to suppress both forged guile,
 And open force: and in her other hand
 She stretched forth a long white slender wand.
 Such was the Goddess; whom when *Britomart*
 Had long beheld, her selfe vpon the land
 She did prostrate, and with right humble hart,
 Vnto her selfe her silent prayers did impart.

To which the Idoll as it were inclining,
 Her wand did moue with amiable looke,
 By outward shew her inward sense defining.
 Who well perceiuing, how her wand sheooke,
 It as a token of good fortune tooke.
 By this the day with dampe was ouercast,
 And ioyous light the house of *Ioue* forooke:
 Which when she saw, her helmet she vnlaste,
 And by the altars side her selfe to slumber plaste.

For other beds the Priests there vsed none,
 But on their mother Earths deare lap did lie,
 And bake their sides vpon the cold hard stone,
 Tenure them selues to sufferance thereby
 And proud rebellious flesh to mortify.
 For by the vow of their religion
 They tied were to stedfast chastity,
 And continence of life, that all forgon,
 They mote the better tend to their deuotion.

Therefore they mote not taste of fleshy food,
 Ne feed on ought, the which doth blood containe,
 Ne drinke of wine, for wine they say is blood,
 Euen the blood of Gyants, which were slaine,

By

By thunding Ioue in the Phlegrean plaine.
 For which the earth (as they the story tell)
 Wroth with the Gods, which to perpetuall paine
 Had damn'd her sonnes, which gainst them did rebell,
 With inward grieffe and malice did against them swell.

And of their vitall blood, the which was shed
 Into her pregnant bosome, forth she brought
 The fruitfull vine, whose liquor bloudy red
 Hauing the mindes of men with fury fraught,
 Mote in them stirre vp old rebellious thought,
 To make new warre against the Gods againe:
 Such is the powre of that same fruit, that nought
 The fell contagion may thereof reframe,
 Ne within reasons rule, her madding mood containe.

There did the warlike Maide her selfe repose,
 Vnder the wings of *Isis* all that night,
 And with sweete rest her heavy eyes did close,
 After that long daies toile and weary plight.
 Where whilest her earthly parts with soft delight
 Offencelesse sleepe did deeply drowned lie,
 There did appeare vnto her heavenly spright
 A wondrous vision, which did close imple
 The course of all her fortune and posteritie.

Her seem', das she was doing sacrifice
 To *Isis*, deckt with Mitre on her hed,
 And linnen stole after those Priestes guise,
 All sodainely she saw transfigured
 Her linnen stole to robe of scarlet red.
 And Moone-like Mitre to a Crowne of gold,
 That euen the her selfe much wondered
 At such a chaunge, and ioyed to behold
 Her selfe, adorn'd with gems and iewels manifold.

And in the midft of her felicity,
 An hideous tempeft feemed from below,
 To rife through all the Temple fodainely,
 That from the Altar all about did blow
 The holy fire, and all the embers ftrow
 Vpon the ground, which kindled priuily,
 Into outrageous flames vnwares did grow,
 That all the Temple put in iopardy
 Of flaming, and her felfe in great perplexity.

With that the Crocodile, which fleeping lay
 Vnder the Idols feete in fearelefse bowre,
 Seem'd to awake in horrible difmay,
 As being troubled with that stormy ftowre;
 And gaping greedy wide, did freight deuoure
 Both flames and tempeft: with which growen great,
 And fwolne with pride of his owne peerelefse powre,
 He gan to threaten her likewife to eat;
 But that the Goddeffe with her rod him backe did beat.

Tho turning all his pride to humbleffe meeke,
 Him felfe before her feete he lowly threw,
 And gan for grace and loue of her to fecke:
 Which the accepting, he fo neare her drew,
 That of his game fhe loone enwomb'd grew,
 And forth did bring a Lion of great might;
 That fhortly did all other beafts fubdew.
 With that the waked, full of fearefull fright,
 And doubtfully difmayd through that fo vncouth fight.

So thereupon long while fhe musing lay,
 With thoufand thoughts feeding her fantaſie,
 Vntill the fpide the lampe of lightſome day,
 Vp-liſted in the porch of heauen hie.

Then

Then vp fhe roſe fraught with melancholy,
 And forth into the lower parts did paſ;
 Whereas the Prieſtes the found full buſſily
 About their holy things for morrow Maſ:
 Whom ſhe ſaluting faire, faire reſaluted was.

But by the change of her vnchearefull looke,
 They might perceiue, ſhe was not well in plight;
 Or that ſome penſiueneſſe to heart ſhe tooke.
 Therefore thus one of them, who ſeem'd in ſight
 To be the greateſt, and the greateſt wight,
 To her beſpake; Sir Knight it ſeemes to me,
 That thorough euill reſt of this laſt night,
 Or ill apayd, or much diſmayd ye be,
 That by your change of cheare is eaſie for to ſee.

Certes (ſayd ſhe) ſith ye ſo well haue ſpide
 The troublous paſſion of my penſiue mind,
 I will not ſeek the ſame from you to hide,
 But will my cares vnfolde, in hope to find
 Your aide, to guide me out of errour blind.
 Say on (quoth he) the ſecret of your hart:
 For by the holy vow, which me doth bind,
 I am adiur'd, beſt counſell to impart
 To all, that ſhall require my comfort in their ſmart.

Then gan ſhe to declare the whole diſcourſe
 Of all that viſion, which to her appeard,
 As well as to her minde it had recourſe.
 All which when he vnto the end had heard,
 Like to a weake faint-hearted man he fared,
 Through great aſtoniſhment of that ſtrange ſight;
 And with long locks vp-ſtanding, ſtiſtly ſtared
 Like one adawed with ſome dreadfull ſpright.
 So ſild with heauenly fury, thus he her behight.

S

Magnifick Virgin, that in queint disguise
 Of British armes doest maske thy royall blood,
 So to pursue a perillous emprise,
 How couldest thou weene, through that disguised hood,
 To hide thy state from being vnderstood?
 Can from th'immortall Gods ought hidden bee?
 They doe thy linage, and thy Lordly brood;
 They doe thy fire, lamenting fore for thee;
 They doe thy loue, forlorne in womens thraldome see.

The end whereof, and all the long euent,
 They doe to thee in this same dreame discouer.
 For that same Crocodile doth represent
 The righteous Knight, that is thy faithfull louer,
 Like to *Ophis* in all iust endeuer.
 For that same Crocodile *Ophis* is,
 That vnder *ffis* secte doth sleepe for euer:
 To shew that clemence oft in things amis,
 Restraines those sterne behests, and cruell doomes of his.

That Knight shall all the troublous stormes assuage,
 And raging flames, that many foes shall reare,
 To hinder thee from the iust heritage
 Of thy sires Crowne, and from thy countrey deare.
 Then shalt thou take him to thy loued sere,
 And ioyne in equall portion of thy realme:
 And after wards a sonne to him shalt beare,
 That Lion-like shall shew his powre extreme.
 So bleffe thee God, and giue thee ioyance of thy dreame.

All which when she vnto the end had heard,
 She much was eased in her troublous thought,
 And on those Priests bestowed rich reward:
 And royall gifts of gold and siluer wrought,

She

She for a present to their Goddesse brought,
 Then taking leaue of them, she forward went,
 To seeke her loue, where he was to be sought;
 Ne rested till she came without relent
 Vnto the land of Amazons, as she was bent.

Whereof when newes to *Radigund* was brought,
 Notwith amaze, as women wonted bee,
 She was confused in her troublous thought,
 But fild with courage and with ioyous glee,
 As glad to heare of armes, the which now she
 Had long surceast, she bad to open bold,
 That she the face of her new foe might see.
 But when they of that yron man had told,
 Which late her folke had slaine, she bad the forth to hold

So there without the gate (as seemed best)
 She caused her Pavilion be pight;
 In which stout *Britomart* her selfe did rest,
 Whiles *Talus* watched at the dore all night.
 All night likewise, they of the towne in fright,
 Vpon their wall good watch and ward did keepe.
 The morrow next, so soone as dawning light
 Bad doe away the dampe of drouzie sleepe,
 The warlike Amazon out of her bowre did peepe.

And caused streight a Trumpet loud to shrill,
 To warne her foe to battell soone be prest:
 Who long before awoke (for she ful ill
 Could sleepe all night, that in vnquiet brest
 Did closely harbour such a ieaalous guest)
 Was to the battell whilome ready dight.
 Eftsoones that warriouresse with haughty crest
 Did forth issue, all ready for the fight:
 On th'other side her foe appeared soone in sight.

S 2

But ere they reared hand, the Amazone
 Began the streight conditions to propound,
 With which she vsed still to tye her sone ;
 To serue her so, as she the rest had bound.
 Which when the other heard, she sternly frownd
 For high disdain of such indignity,
 And would no longer treat, but bad them found.
 For her no other termes should euer tie.
 Then what prescribed were by lawes of cheualrie.

The Trumpets found, and they together run
 With greedy rage, and with their faulchins smot ;
 Ne either fought the others strokes to hum,
 But through great fury both their skill forgot,
 And practicke vsf in armes : ne spared not
 Their dainty parts, which nature had created
 So faire and tender, without staine or spot,
 For other vsfs, then they them translated ;
 Which they now hackt & hewed, as if such vsf they hated,

As when a Tygre and a Lionesse
 Are met at spoyling of some hungry pray,
 Both challenge it with equall greedinesse:
 But first the Tygre clawes thereon did lay ;
 And therefore loth to loofe her right away,
 Doth in defence thereof full stoutly stond :
 To which the Lion strongly doth gaine say,
 That she to hunt the beaft first tooke in hond ;
 And therefore ought it haue, where euer she it fond.

Full fiercely layde the Amazon about,
 And dealt her blowes vnmercifully fore :
 Which *Brisomart* withstood with courage stout,
 And them repaide againe with double more.

So

So long they fought, that all the grassie flore
 Was filld with bloud, which from their sides did flow,
 And gushd through their armes, that all in gore
 They trode, and on the ground their liues did strow,
 Like fruitles feede, of which vntimely death should grow.

At last proud *Radigund* with fell despight,
 Haung by chaunce espide aduantage neare,
 Let driue at her with all her dreadfull might,
 And thus vbraying said; This token beare
 Vnto the man, whom thou doest loue so deare ;
 And tell him for his sake thy life thou gaeust,
 Which spitefull words she fore engrau'd to heare,
 Thus answer'd; Lewdly thou my loue deprauest,
 Who shortly must repent that now so vainely brauest.

Nath'lesse that stroke so cruell passage found,
 That glauncing on her shoulder plate, it bit
 Vnto the bone, and made a grieufully wound,
 That she her shield through raging smart of it
 Could scarce vphold; yet soone she it requit.
 For haung force increast through furious paine,
 She her so rudely on the helmet smit,
 That it empierced to the very braine,
 And her proud person low prostrated on the plaine.

Where being layd, the wrothfull Britonesse
 Stayd not, till she came to her selfe againe,
 But in reuenge both of her loues distresse,
 And her late vile reproch, though vaunted vaine,
 And also of her wound, which sore did paine,
 She with one stroke both head and helmet cleft.
 Which dreadfull sight, when all her warlike traine
 There present saw, each one of fence bereft,
 Fled fast into the towne, and her sole victor left.

S 3

But yet so fast they could not home retrate,
 But that swift *Talus* did the formost win;
 And pressing through the peace vnto the gate,
 Pelmeil with them attonce did enter in.
 There then a piteous slaughter did begin:
 For all that euer came within his reach,
 He with his yron flae did thresh so thin,
 That he no worke at all left for the leach:
 Like to an hideous storme, which nothing may empeach,

And now by this the noble Conquereffe
 Her selfe came in, her glory to partake;
 Where though reuengefull vow she did professe,
 Yet when she saw the heapes, which he did make,
 Offlaughtred carcaffes, her heart did quake
 For very ruth, which did it almost riuie,
 That she his fury willed him to flake:
 For else he sure had left not one aliuie,
 But all in his reuenge of spirite would depriue.

Tho when she had his execution stayd,
 She for that yron prison did enquire,
 In which her wretched loue was captiue layd:
 Which breaking open with indignant ire,
 She entred into all the partes entire.
 Where when she saw that lothly vncouth sight,
 Of men disguiz'd in womanlike attire,
 Her heart gan grudge, for very deepe despight
 Offo vnmanly maske, in misery misdight.

At last when as to her owne Loue she came,
 Whom like disguise no lesse deformed had,
 At sight thereof abasht with secrete shame,
 She turnd her head aside, as nothing glad,

To

To haue beheld a spectacle so bad:
 And then too well beleeu'd, that which tofore
 Iealous suspect as true vntreuly drad,
 Which vaine conceipt now nourishing no more,
 She fought with ruth to salue his sad misfortunes fore.

Not so great wonder and astonishment,
 Did the most chaste *Penelope* possesse,
 To see her Lord, that was reported drent,
 And dead long since in dolorous distresse,
 Come home to her in piteous wretchednesse,
 After long trauell of full twenty yeares,
 That she knew not his fauours liklynesse,
 For many scarres and many hoary heares,
 But stood long staring on him, mongt vncertaine feares,

Ah my deare Lord, what sight is this (quoth she)
 What May-game hath misfortune made of you?
 Where is that dreadfull manly looke? where be
 Those mighty palmes, the which ye wont t'embrow
 In bloud of Kings, and great hoastes to subdew?
 Could ought on earth so wondrous change haue
 As to haue robde you of that manly hew? (wrought,
 Could so great courage stouped haue to ought?
 Then farewell fleshy force; I see thy pride is nought.

Thenceforth she streight into a bowre him brought,
 And cauld him those vncomely weedes vndight;
 And in their steede for other rayment sought,
 Whereof there was great store, and armors bright,
 Which had bene rest from many a noble Knight;
 Whom that proud Amazon subdewed had,
 Whilest Fortune fauourd her successe in fight,
 In which when as she him anew had clad,
 She was reuiu'd, and ioyd much in his semblance glad.

S 4

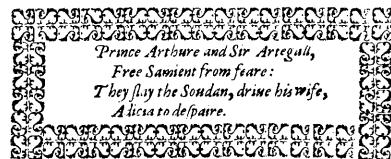
So there a while they afterwards remained,
 Him to refresh, and her late wounds to heale:
 During which space she there as Princes rained,
 And changing all that forme of common weale,
 The liberty of women did repeale,
 Which they had long vsurpt; and them restoring
 To mens subiection, did true Iustice deale:
 That all they as a Goddesse her adoring,
 Her wisedomedid admire, and hearkned to her loring.

For all those Knights, which long in captiue shade
 Had throwed bene, she did from thraldome free;
 And magistrates of all that city made,
 And gaue to them great liuing and large fee:
 And that they should for euer faithfull bee,
 Made them sweare fealty to *Artegall*.
 Who when him selfe now well recurd did see,
 He purposd to proceed, what so be fall,
 Vppon his first aduenture, which him forth did call.

Full sad and forrowfull was *Britomart*
 For his departure, her new cause of grieffe;
 Yet wisely moderated her owne smart,
 Seeing his honor, which she tended chiefe,
 Consisted much in that aduentures priefe.
 The care whereof, and hope of his successe
 Gaue vnto her great comfort and reliefe,
 That womanish complaints she did repress,
 And tempered for the time her present heaui nesse.

There she continu'd for a certaine space,
 Till through his want her woe did more increase:
 Then hoping that the change of aire and place
 Would change her paine, and forrow somewhat ease,
 She

She parted thence, her anguish to appease.
 Meane while her noble Lord sir *Artegall*
 Went on his way, ne euer howre did cease,
 Till he redeemed had that Lady thrall:
 That for another Canto will more fitly fall.

Cant. VIII.

NOUGHT vnder heauen so strongly doth allure
 The fence of man, and all his minde possesse,
 As beauties louely baite, that doth procure
 Great warriours oft their rigour to repress,
 And mighty hands forget their manlinesse;
 Drawne with the powre of an heart-robbing eye,
 And wrapt in fetters of a golden tresse,
 That can with melting pleasaunce mollifye
 Their hardned hearts, enurd to bloud and cruelty.

So whylome learnd that mighty Iewish swaine,
 Each of whose lockes did match a man in might,
 To lay his spoiles before his lemans traine:
 So also did that great Oetean Knight
 For his loues sake his Lions skin vndight:
 And so did warlike *Antony* neglect
 The worlds whole rule for *Cleopatras* fight.
 Such wondrous powre hath wemens faire aspect,
 To captiue men, and make them all the world reiect.

Yet could it not sterne *Artegall* retaine,
 Nor hold from suite of his auowed quest,
 Which he had vnderdane to *Gloriane*;
 But left his loue, albe her strong request,
 Faire *Britomart* in languor and vnrest,
 And rode him selfe vpon his first intent:
 Ne day nor night did euer idly rest;
 Ne wight but onely *Talus* with him went,
 The true guide of his way and vertuous gouernment.

So traucelling, he chaunft far off to heed
 A Damzell, flying on a palfrey fast
 Before two Knights, that after her did speed
 With all their powre, and her full fiercely chafte
 In hope to haue her ouerhent at last:
 Yet fled she fast, and both them farre outwent,
 Carried with wings of feare, like fowle aghast,
 With locks all loofe, and rayment all to rent;
 And euer as she rode, her eye was backward bent.

Soone after these he saw another Knight,
 That after those two former rode apace,
 With speare in rest, and prickt with all his might:
 So ran they all, as they had bene at bace,
 They being chafed, that did others chafe.
 At length he saw the hindmost ouertake
 One of those two, and force him turne his face;
 How euer loth he were his way to flake,
 Yet mote he algates now abide, and answere make.

But th'other still pursu'd the fearefull Mayd;
 Who still from him as fast away did flie,
 Ne once for ought her speedy passage stayd,
 Till that at length she did before her spie

Sir

Sir *Artegall*, to whom she streight did hie
 With gladfull hast, in hope of him to get
 Succour against her greedy enemy:
 Who seeing her approach gan forward fet,
 To saue her from her feare, and him from force to let.

But he like hound full greedy of his pray,
 Being impatient of impediment,
 Continu'd still his course, and by the way
 Thought with his speare him quight haue ouerwent.
 So both together ylike felly bent,
 Like fiercely met. But *Artegall* was stronger,
 And better skild in Tilt and Turnament,
 And bore him quite out of his saddle, longer
 Then two speares length; So mischief ouermatcht the
 (wronger.)

And in his fall misfortune hm mistooke;
 For on his head vnhappy he pight,
 That his owne waight his necke afunder broke,
 And left there dead. Meane while the other Knight
 Defeated had the other faytour quight,
 And all his bowels in his body braist:
 Whom leauing there in that dispiteous plight,
 Heran still on, thinking to follow fast
 His other fellow Pagan, which before him past.

In stead of whom finding there ready prest
 Sir *Artegall*, without discretion
 He at him ran, with ready speare in rest:
 Who seeing him come still so fiercely on,
 Against him made againe. So both anon
 Together met, and strongly either strooke
 And broke their speares; yet neither has forgon
 His horses backe, yet to and fro long shooke,
 And tottred like two towres, which through a tempest

But when againe they had recouered fence,
 They drew their swords, in mind to make amends
 For what their speares had fayld of their pretence.
 Which when the Damzell, who those deadly ends
 Of both her foes had seene, and now her friends
 For her beginning a more fearefull fray,
 She to them runnes in hast, and her haire rends,
 Crying to them their cruell hands to stay,
 Vntill they both doe heare, what she to them will say.

They stayd their hands, when she thus gan to speake;
 Ah gentle Knights, what meane ye thus vnwise;
 Vpon your felues anothers wrong to wreake?
 I am the wrong'd, whom ye did enterprife
 Both to redresse, and both redrest likewise:
 Witnesse the Paynims both, whom ye may see
 There dead on ground. What doe ye then deuise
 Of more reuenge? if more, then I am shee,
 Which was the roote of all, end your reuenge on mee.

Whom when they heard so say, they lookt about,
 To weete if it were true, as he had told;
 Where when they saw their foes dead out of doubt,
 Estfoones they gan their wrothfull hands to hold,
 And Ventails reare, each other to behold.
 Tho when as *Artegall* did *Arshure* vew,
 So faire a creature, and so wondrous bold,
 He much admired both his heart and hew,
 And touched with intire affection, nigh him drew.

Saying, sir Knight, of pardon I you pray,
 That all vnweeting haue you wrong'd thus fore,
 Suffering my hand against my heart to stray:
 Which if ye please forgiue, I will therefore

Yeeld

Yeeld for amends my selfe yours euermore,
 Or what so penaunce shall by you be red,
 To whom the Prince; Certes me needeth more
 To craue the fame, whom error so misled,
 As that I did mistake the liuing for the dead.

But sith ye please, that both our blames shall die,
 Amends may for the trespassse soone be made,
 Since neither is endamadg'd much thereby.
 So can they both them felues full eath perswade
 To faire accordaunce, and both faults to shade,
 Either embracing either louingly,
 And swearing faith to either on his blade,
 Neuer thenceforth to nourish enmity,
 But either others cause to maintaine mutually.

Then *Artegall* gan of the Prince enquire,
 What were those knights, which there on ground were
 And had receiu'd their follies worthy hire, (layd,
 And for what cause they chafed so that Mayd.
 Certes I wote not well (the Prince then sayd)
 But by aduenture found them faring so,
 As by the way vnweetingly I strayd,
 And lo the Damzell selfe, whence all did grow,
 Of whom we may at will the whole occasion know.

Then they that Damzell called to then nie,
 And asked her, what were those two her fone,
 From whom she earst so fast away did flie;
 And what was she her selfe so woe begone,
 And for what cause pursu'd of them atone.
 To whom she thus; Then wote ye well, that I
 Doe serue a Queene, that not far hence doth wone,
 A Princessse of great powre and maiestie,
 Famous through all the world, and honor'd far and nie.

Her name *Mercilla* most men vse to call;
 That is a mayden Queene of high renowne,
 For her great bounty knowen ouer all,
 And foueraine grace, with which her royall crowne
 She doth support, and strongly beateh downe
 The malice of her foes, which her enuy,
 And at her happinesse do fret and frowne:
 Yet is her selfe the more doth magnify,
 And euen to her foes her mercies multiply.

Mongst many which maligne her happy state,
 There is a mighty man, which wones here by
 That with most fell despight and deadly hate,
 Seekes to subuert her Crowne and dignity,
 And all his powre doth thereunto apply:
 And her good Knights, of which fo braue a band
 Serues her, as any Princeesse vnder sky,
 He either spoiles, if they against him stand,
 Or to his part allures, and bribeth vnder hand.

Ne him sufficeth all the wrong and ill,
 Which he vnto her people does each day,
 But that he seekes by traytrous traines to spill
 Her person, and her sacred selfe to slay:
 That o ye heauens defend, and turne away
 From her, vnto the miscreant him selfe,
 That neither hath religion nor fay,
 But makes his God of his vngodly pelfe,
 And Idols serues; so let his Idols serue the Elfe.

To all which cruell tyranny they say,
 He is prouokt, and stirrd vp day and night
 By his bad wife, that hight *Adicia*,
 Who counsels him through confidence of might,

To

To breake all bonds of law, and rules of right.
 For she her selfe professeth mortall foe
 To Iustice, and against her still doth fight,
 Working to all, that loue her, deadly woe,
 And making all her Knights and people to doe so.

Which my liege Lady seeing, thought it best,
 With that his wife in friendly wife to deale,
 For stint of strife, and stablishment of rest
 Both to her selfe, and to her common weale,
 And all forepast displeasures to repeale.
 So me in message vnto her she sent,
 To treat with her by way of enterdeale,
 Of finall peace and faire attonement,
 Which might concluded be by mutuall consent.

All times haue wont safe passage to afford
 To messengers, that come for causes iust:
 But this proude Dame disdayning all accord,
 Not onely into bitter termes forth brust,
 Reuiling me, and rayling as she iust,
 But lastly to make prooue of vtmost shame,
 Me like a dog she out of dores did thrust,
 Miscalling me by many a bitter name,
 That neuer did her ill, ne once deserued blame.

And lastly, that no shame might wanting be,
 When I was gone, soone after me she sent
 These two false Knights, whom there ye lying see,
 To be by them dishonoured and shent:
 But thank be God, and your good hardiment,
 They haue the price of their owne folly payd.
 So said this Damzell, that hight *Samient*,
 And to those knights, for their so noble ayd,
 Her selfe most gratefull shew'd, & heaped thanks repayd.

But they now hauing throughly heard, and seene
 All those great wrongs, the which that mayd complaind,
 To haue bene done against her Lady Queene, (ned.
 By that proud dame, which her so much disdaind,
 Were moued much thereat, and twist them fained,
 With all their force to worke auengement strong
 Vpon the Souldan selfe, which it mayntained,
 And on his Lady, th'author of that wrong,
 And vpon all those Knights, that did to her belong.

But thinking best by counterfet disguise
 To their desaigne to make the easier way,
 They did this complot twixt them selues deuise,
 First that *Artegall* should him array,
 Like one of those two Knights, which dead there lay.
 And then that Damzell, the sad *Samient*,
 Should as his purchaft prize with him conuay
 Vnto the Souldans court, her to present
 Vnto his scornefull Lady, that for her had sent.

So as they had deuiz'd, fir *Artegall*
 Him clad in th'armour of a Pagan knight,
 And taking with him, as his vanquish't thrall,
 That Damzell, led her to the Souldans right.
 Where soone as his proud wife of her had sight,
 Forth of her window as she looking lay,
 She weened streight, it was her Paynim Knight,
 Which brought that Damzell, as his purchaft pray;
 And sent to him a Page, that mote direct his way.

Who bringing them to their appointed place,
 Offred his seruice to disarme the Knight;
 But he refusing him to let vnlace,
 For doubt to be discouered by his sight,

Kept

Kept himselfe still in his straunge armour dight,
 Soone after whom the Prince arriued there,
 And sending to the Souldan in despight
 A bold defyance, did of him requere
 That Damzell, whom he held as wrongfull prisoner.

Wherewith the Souldan all with furie fraight,
 Swearing, and banning most blasphemously,
 Commaunded straight his armour to be brought,
 And mounting straight vpon a charret hie,
 With yron wheelles and hookes arm'd dreadfully,
 And drawne of cruell steedes, which he had fed
 With flesh of men, whom through fell tyranny
 He slaughtred had, and ere they were halfe ded,
 Their bodies to his beasts for prouender did spread.

So forth he came all in a cote of plare,
 Burnisht with bloudie rust, whiles on the greene
 The Briton Prince him readie did awayte,
 In glistering armes right goodly well besene,
 That shone as bright, as doth the heauen sheene;
 And by his stirrup *Talus* did attend,
 Playing his pages part, as he had bene
 Before directed by his Lord; to th'end
 He should his sleale to finall execution bend.

Thus goe they both together to their geare,
 With like fierce minds, but meanings different:
 For the proud Souldan with presumptuous cheare,
 And countenance sublime and insolent,
 Sought onely slaughter and auengement:
 But the braue Prince for honour and for right,
 Gainst tortious powre and lawlesse regiment,
 In the behalfe of wronged weake did fight:
 More in his causes truth he trusted then in might.

T

Like to the *Thracian* Tyrant, who they fay
 Vnto his horfes gaue his guests for mear,
 Till he himfelfe was made their greedie pray,
 And torne in peeces by *Alcides* great,
 So thought the Souldan in his follies threat,
 Either the Prince in peeces to haue torne
 With his sharpe wheelles, in his furt rages heat,
 Or vnder his fierce horfes feet haue borne
 And trampled downe in duft his thoughts difdained

(fcorne.

But the bold child that perill well efpying,
 If he too rashly to his charet drew,
 Gaue way vnto his horfes speedie fying,
 And their refiftleffe rigour did efchew.
 Yet as he paffed by, the Pagan threw
 A thiuering dart with fo impetuous force,
 That had he not it foun'd with heedfull vew,
 It had himfelfe tranfixed, or his horfe,
 Or made them both one mafle withouten more remorse.

Of drew the Prince vnto his charret nigh,
 In hope fome stroke to faften on him neare;
 But he was mounted in his feat fo high,
 And his wingfooted courfers him did beare
 So faft away, that ere his readie fpeare
 He could aduance, he farre was gone and paff.
 Yet still he him did follow euery where,
 And followed was of him likewise full faft;
 So long as in his fteedes the flaming breath did laft.

Again the Pagan threw another dart,
 Of which he had with him abundant store,
 On euery fide of his embatteld cart,
 And of all other weapons leffe or more,

Which

Which warlike vfes had deuiz'd of yore.
 The wicked shaft guyd through th'ayrie wyde,
 By fome bad fpirit, that it to mifchiefe bore,
 Stayd not, till through his curat it did glyde,
 And made a grieffly wound in his enriuen fide.

Much was he grieued with that hapleffe throe,
 That opened had the wellspring of his blood;
 But much the more that to his hatefull foe
 He mote not come, to wreake his wrathfull mood,
 That made him raue, like to a Lyon wood,
 Which being wounded of the huntsmans hand
 Can not come neare him in the couert wood,
 Where he with boughes hath built his shady ftand,
 And fent himfelfe about with many a flaming brand.

Still when he fought t'approch vnto him ny,
 His charret wheelles about him whirled round,
 And made him backe againe as faft to fly;
 And eke his fteedes like to an hungry hound,
 That hunting after game hath carrion found,
 So cruelly did him purfew and chace,
 That his good fteed, all were he much renownd
 For noble courage, and for hardie race,
 Durst not endure their fight, but fled from place to place.

Thus long they traft, and trauerft to and fro,
 Seeking by euery way to make fome breach,
 Yet could the Prince not nigh vnto him goe,
 That one fure stroke he might vnto him reach,
 Whereby his strengthes affay he might him teach.
 At laft from his victorious fhield he drew
 The vaile, which did his powerfull light empeach;
 And comming full before his horfes vew,
 As they vpon him preft, it plaine to them did shew.

T 2

Like lightening flash, that hath the gazer burned,
 So did the fight thereof their sense dismay,
 That backe againe vpon themselues they turned,
 And with their ryder ranne perforce away:
 Ne could the Souldan them from flying stay,
 With raynes, or wanted rule, as well he knew,
 Nought feared they, what he could do, or say,
 But th'onely feare, that was before their vew;
 From which like mazed deare, dismayfully they flew.

Fast did they fly, as them their feete could beare,
 High ouer hilles, and lowly ouer dales,
 As they were follow'd of their former feare.
 In vaine the Pagan bannes, and sweares, and rayles,
 And backe with both his hands vnto him hayles
 The resty raynes, regarded now no more:
 He to them calles and speakes, yet nought auayles;
 They heare him not, they haue forgot his lore,
 But go, which way they list, their guide they haue forlore.

As when the fire-mouthed steeds, which drew
 The Sunnes bright wayne to *Phaetons* decay,
 Soone as they did the monstrous Scorpion vew,
 With vgly craples crawling in their way,
 The dreadfull sight did them so fore affray,
 That their well knowne courses they forwent,
 And leading th'euer-burning lampe astray,
 This lower world nigh all to ashes brent,
 And left their scorched path yet in the firmament.

Such was the furie of these head-strong steeds,
 Soone as the infants sunlike shield they saw,
 That all obedience both to words and deeds
 They quite forgot, and scorn'd all former law;
 Through

Through woods, and rocks, and mountaines they did
 The yron charet, and the wheelles did teare, (draw
 And tost the Paynim, without feare or awe;
 From side to side they tost him here and there,
 Crying to them in vaine, that nould his crying heare.

Yet still the Prince purfue'd him close behind,
 Oft making offer him to finite, but found
 No easie meanes according to his mind.
 At last they haue all ouerthrowne to ground
 Quite topside turuey, and the pagan hound
 Amongst the yron hookes and grapes keene,
 Torne all to rags, and rent with many a wound,
 That no whole peece of him was to be seene,
 But scattred all about, and strow'd vpon the Greene.

Like as the curfed sonne of *Thetis*,
 That following his chace in dewy morne,
 To fly his stepdames loues outrageous,
 Of his owne steedes was all to peeces torne,
 And his faire limbs left in the woods forlorne;
 That for his sake *Diana* did lament,
 And all the woody Nymphes did wayle and mourne.
 So was this Souldan rapt and all to rent,
 That of his shape appear'd no litle monument.

Onely his shield and armour, which there lay,
 Though nothing whole, but all to brufd and broken,
 He vp did take, and with him brought away,
 That mote remaine for an eternall token
 To all, mongst whom this storie should be spoken,
 How worthily, by heauens high decree,
 Iustice that day of wrong her selfe had wroken,
 That all men which that spectacle did see,
 By like ensample mote for euer warned bee.

So on a tree, before the Tyrants dore,
 He caused them be hung in all mens sight,
 To be a monument for euermore.
 Which when his Ladie from the castles hight
 Beheld, it much appald her troubled sight:
 Yet not, as women wont in dolefull fit,
 She was dismayd, or faynted through affright,
 But gathered vnto her her troubled wit,
 And gan estfoones deuize to be aueng'd for it.

Streight downe she ranne, like an enraged cow,
 That is berobbed of her youngling dore,
 With knife in hand, and fatally did vow,
 To wreake her on that mayden messengere,
 Whom she had could be kept as prifonere,
 By *Artegall*, misween'd for her owne Knight,
 That brought her backe. And comming present there,
 She at her ran with all her force and might,
 All flaming with reuenge and furious despight.

Like raging *Ino*, when with knife in hand
 She threw her husbands murdred infant out,
 Or fell *Medea*, when on *Colchicke* strand
 Her brothers bones she scattered all about,
 Or as that madding mother, mongst the rout
 Of *Bacchus* Priestes her owne deare flesh did teare.
 Yet neither *Ino*, nor *Medea* stout,
 Nor all the *Maenades* so furious were,
 As this bold woman, when she saw that *Damzell* there.

But *Artegall* being thereof aware,
 Did stay her cruell hand, ere she her raught,
 And as she did her selfe to strike prepare,
 Out of her fist the wicked weapon caught:

With

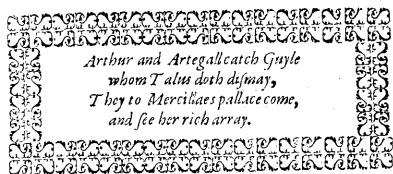
With that like one enfelon'd or diftraught,
 She forth did rome, whether her rage her bore,
 With franticke passion, and with furie fraught;
 And breaking forth out at a posterne dore,
 Vnto the wyld wood ranne, her dolours to deplore.

As a mad bytch, when as the franticke fit
 Her burning tongue with rage inflamed hath,
 Doth runne at randon, and with furious bit
 Snatching at euery thing, doth wreake her wrath
 On man and beast, that commeth in her path.
 There they doe say, that she was scamed
 Into a Tygre, and that Tygres scath
 In crueltie and outrage she did pas,
 To proue her surname true, that she imposed has.

Then *Artegall* himselfe discouering plaine,
 Did issue forth gainst all that warlike rout
 Of knights and armed men, which did maintaine
 That Ladies part, and to the Souldan iout:
 All which he did assault with courage stout,
 All were they nigh an hundred knights of name,
 And like wyld Goates them chaced all about,
 Flying from place to place with cowheard shame,
 So that with finall force them all he ouercame.

Then caused he the gates be opened wyde,
 And there the Prince, as victour of that day,
 With tryumph entertayn'd and glorifyde,
 Presenting him with all the rich array,
 And roiall pompe, which there long hidden lay,
 Purchast through lawlesse powre and tortious wrong
 Of that proud Souldan, whom he earst did slay.
 So both for rest there hauing stayd not long,
 Marcht with that mayd, fit matter for another long.

T 4

Cant. IX.

*Arthur and Artegall catch Guye
whom T alus doth dismay,
They to Merciliaes pallace come,
and see her rich array.*

WHat Tygre, or what other saluage wight
Is so exceeding furious and fell, (might)
As wrong, when it hath arm'd it selfe with
Not fit amongst men, that doe with reason mell,
But amongst wyld beasts and saluage woods to dwell;
Where still the stronger doth the weake deuoure,
And they that most in boldnesse doe excell,
Are dreedd most, and feared for their powre:
Fit for *Adicia*, there to build her wicked bowre.

There let her wonne farre from reort of men,
Where righteous *Artegall* her late exyled;
There let her cuer keepe her damned den,
Where none may be with her lewd parts defyled,
Nor none but beasts may be of her despoyled:
And turne we to the noble Prince, where late
We did him leaue, after that he had foyled
The cruell Soukdan, and with dreadfull fate
Had vterly subuerted his vnrighteous state.

Where hauing with Sir *Artegall* a space
Well solast in that Souldans late delight,
They both resolving now to leaue the place,
Both it and all the wealth therein behight

Vnto

Vnto that Damzell in her Ladies right,
And so would haue departed on their way.
But she them woo'd by all the meanes she might,
And earnestly besought, to wend that day
With her, to see her Ladie thence not farre away.

By whose entreatie both they ouercommen,
Agree to goe with her, and by the way,
(As often falles) of sundry things did commen.
Mongst which that Damzell did to them bewray
A strange aduerture, which not farre thence lay:
To meet a wicked villaine, bold and stout,
Which wonned in a rocke not farre away,
That robbed all the cuntry there about,
And brought the pillage home, whence none could get it
OUT.

There to both his owne wylie wit, (she sayd)
And eke the fastnesse of his dwelling place,
Both vnassaylable, gaue him great ayde:
For he so crafty was to forge and face,
So light of hand, and nymble of his pace,
So smooth of tongue, and subtile in his tale,
That could deceiue one looking in his face;
Therefore by name *Malengin* they him call,
Well knowen by his feates, and famous ouer all.

Through these his flights he many doth confound,
And eke the rocke, in which he wents to dwell,
Is wondrous strong, and hewen farre vnder ground
A dreadfull depth, how deepe no man can tell;
But some doe say, it goeth downe to hell.
And all within, it full of wyndings is,
And hidden wayes, that scarce an hound by smell
Can follow out those false footsteps of his,
Ne none can backe returne, that once are gone amis.

Which when those knights had heard, their harts gan
 To vnderstand that villains dwelling place, (earne,
 And greatly it desir'd of her to learne,
 And by which way they towards it should trace.
 Were not (said she) that it should let your pace
 Towards my Ladies preface by you ment,
 I would you guyde directly to the place.
 Then let not that (said they) stay your intent;
 For neither will one foot, till we that carle haue hent.

So forth they past, till they approched ny
 Vnto the rocke, where was the villains won,
 Which when the Damzell neare at hand did spy,
 She warn'd the knights thereof: who thereupon
 Gan to aduize, what best were to be done.
 So both agreed, to fend that mayd afore,
 Where she might sit nigh to the den alone,
 Wayling, and rayning pittifull vprere,
 As if she did some great calamitie deplore.

With noyse whereof when as the caytue carle
 Should issue forth, in hope to find some spoyle,
 They in awayt would closely him ensnarle,
 Ere to his den he backward could recoyle,
 And so would hope him easily to foyle.
 The Damzell straight went, as she was directed,
 Vnto the rocke, and there vpon the foyle
 Haung her selfe in wretched wize abiected,
 Gan weepe and wayle, as if great grieffe had her affected.

The cry whereof entring the hollow caue,
 Eftsoones brought forth the villaine, as they ment,
 With hope of her some wishfull boot to haue.
 Full dreadfull wight he was, as euer went

Vpon

Vpon the earth, with hollow eyes deepe pent,
 And long curld locks, that downe his shoulders shag-
 And on his backe an vncouth vestiment (ged,
 Made of straunge stufte, but all to worne and ragged,
 And vnderneath his breech was all to torne and iagged.

And in his hand an huge long staffe he held,
 Whose top was arm'd with many an yron hooke;
 Fit to catch hold of all that he could weld,
 Or in the compasse of his clouches tooke;
 And euer round about he cast his looke.
 Als at his backe a great wyde net he bore,
 With which he feldome fished at the brooke,
 But vld to fish for fooles on the dry shore,
 Of which he in faire weather wont to take great store.

Him when the damzell saw fast by her side,
 So vgly creature, she was nigh difmayd,
 And now for helpe aloud in earnest cride.
 But when the villaine saw her so affrayd,
 He gan with guilefull words her to perswade,
 To banish feare, and with *Sardonian* smyle
 Laughing on her, his false intent to shade,
 Gan forth to lay his bayte her to beguyle,
 That from her self vnwares he might her steale the whyle.

Like as the fouler on his guilefull pype
 Charmes to the birds full many a pleasant lay,
 That they the whiles may take lesse heedie keepe,
 How he his nets doth for their ruine lay:
 So did the villaine to her prate and play,
 And many pleasant trickes before her show,
 To turne her eyes from his intent away:
 For he in slights and iugling feates did flow,
 And of legierdemayne the mysteries did know.

To which whilest she lent her intentiue mind,
 He suddenly his net vpon her threw,
 That ouersprad her like a puffe of wind;
 And snatching her soone vp, ere well she knew,
 Ran with her fast away vnto his mew,
 Crying for helpe aloud. But when as ny
 He came vnto his caue, and there did view
 The armed knights stopping his passage by,
 He threw his burden downe, and fast away did fly.

But *Artegall* him after did pursue,
 The whiles the Prince there kept the entrance still:
 Vp to the rocke he ran, and thereon flew
 Like a wyld Gote, leaping from hill to hill,
 And dauncing on the craggy cliffes at will;
 That deadly daunger seem'd in all mens sight,
 To tempt such steps, where footing was so ill:
 Ne ought auayled for the armed knight,
 To thinke to follow him, that was so swift and light.

Which when he saw, his yron man he sent,
 To follow him; for he was swift in chace.
 He him pursued, where euer that he went,
 Both ouer rockes, and hilles, and euery place,
 Where so he fled, he followd him apace:
 So that he shortly forst him to forsake
 The height, and downe descend vnto the bafe.
 There he him courtt a fresh, and soone did make
 To leaue his proper forme, and other shape to take.

Into a Foxe himselfe he first did tourne;
 But he him hunted like a Foxe full fast:
 Then to a bush himselfe he did transforme,
 But he the bush did beat, till that at last

Into

Into a bird it chaung'd, and from him past,
 Flying from tree to tree, from wand to wand:
 But he then stoncs at it so long did cast,
 That like a stone it fell vpon the land,
 But he then tooke it vp, and held fast in his hand.

So he it brought with him vnto the knights,
 And to his Lord Sir *Artegall* it lent,
 Warning him hold it fast, for feare of flights,
 Who whilest in hand it gryping hart he hent,
 Into a Hedgehogge all vnwares it went,
 And prickt him fo, that he away it threw.
 Then gan it runne away incontinent,
 Being returned to his former hew:
 But *Talus* soone him ourtookey, and backward drew.

But when as he would to a snake againe
 Hauc turn'd himselfe, he with his yron flayle
 Gan driue at him, with so huge might and maine,
 That all his bones, as small as sandy grayle
 He broke, and did his bowels disentrayle;
 Crying in vaine for helpe, when helpe was past.
 So did deceipt the selfe deceiuer fayle,
 There they him left a carrion outcast;
 For beafts and foules to feede vpon for their repast.

Thence forth they passed with that gentle Mayd,
 To see her Ladie, as they did agree.
 To which when she approached, thus she sayd;
 Loe now, right noble knights, arriu'd ye bee
 Nigh to the place, which ye desir'd to see:
 There shall ye see my fouerayne Lady *Queene*
 Most sacred wight, most debonayre and free,
 That euer yet vpon this earth was scene,
 Or that with *Diademe* hath euer crowned beene.

The gentle knights rejoyced much to heare
 The prayes of that Prince so manifold,
 And passing litle further, commen were,
 Where they a stately pallace did behold,
 Of pompous show, much more then she had told;
 With many towres, and tarras mounted hye,
 And all their tops bright glistering with gold,
 That seemed to out shine the dimmed skye,
 And with their brightnesse daz'd the straunge beholders

eye.

There they alighting, by that Damzell were
 Directed in, and shewed all the fight:
 Whose porch, that most magnificke did appeare,
 Stood open wyde to all men day and night;
 Yet warded well by one of mickle might,
 That fate thereby, with gyantlike resemblance,
 To keepe out guyle, and malice, and despight,
 That vnder shew oftymes of fayned semblance,
 Are wont in Princes courts to worke great scath and hin-
 drance.

His name was *Ame*; by whom they passing in
 Went vp the hall, that was a large wyde roome,
 All full of people making troublous din,
 And wondrous noyse, as if that there were some,
 Which vnto them was dealing righteous doome.
 By whom they passing, through the thickest preasse,
 The marshall of the hall to them did come;
 His name hight *Order*, who commaunding peace,
 Them guyded through the throng, that did their cla-
 (mors cease.

They ceast their clamors vpon them to gaze;
 Whom seeing all in armour bright as day,
 Straunge there to see, it did them much amaze,
 And with vnwonted terror halfe affray.

For

For neuer saw they there the like array.
 Ne euer was the name of warre there spoken,
 But ioyous peace and quietnesse alway,
 Dealing iust iudgements, that mote not be broken
 For any brybes, or threates of any to be wroken.

There as they entred at the Scriene, they saw
 Some one, whose tongue was for his trespasse vyle
 Nayld to a post, adiudged so by law:
 For that therewith he falsely did reuyle,
 And foule blasphemie that Queene for forged guyle,
 Both with bold speaches, which he blazed had,
 And with lewd poems, which he did compyle;
 For the bold title of a Poet bad
 He on himselfe had ta'en, and rayling rymes had sprad.

Thus there he stood, whyleft high ouer his head,
 There written was the purport of his sin,
 In cyphers strange, that few could rightly read,
 BON FON S: but *bon* that once had written bin,
 Was raced out, and *Mal* was now put in.
 So now *Malfont* was plainly to be red;
 Eytter for th'euill, which he did therein,
 Or that he likened was to a welhed
 Of euill words, and wicked sclanders by him shed.

They passing by, were guyded by degree
 Vnto the presence of that gracious Queene:
 Who fate on high, that she might all men see,
 And might of all men royally be seene,
 Vpon a throne of gold full bright and sheene,
 Adorned all with gemmes of endlesse price,
 As either might for wealth haue gotten bene,
 Or could be fram'd by workmans rare deuce;
 And all embost with Lyons and with Flourdelice.

All ouer her a cloth of state was spred,
 Not of rich tiffew, nor of cloth of gold,
 Nor of ought else, that may be richest red,
 But like a cloud, as likeft may be told,
 That her brode fpreading wings did wyde vnfold;
 Whose skirts were bordred with bright funny beams,
 Gliftring like gold, amongft the plights enrold,
 And here and there shooting forth filuer freames,
 Mongft which crept litle Angels through the glittering
 gleames.

Seemed thofe litle Angels did vphold
 The cloth of state, and on their purpled wings
 Did beare the pendants, through their nimbleffe bold:
 Befides a thoufand more of fuch, as fings
 Hymnes to high God, and carols heavenly things,
 Encoimpaffed the throne, on which the fate:
 She Angel-like, the heyre of ancient kings
 And mightie Conquerors, in royall fstate,
 Why left kings and kefars at her feet did them prostrate.

Thus fhe did fit in fouerayne Maieftie,
 Holding a Scepter in her royall hand,
 The facred pledge of peace and clemencie,
 With which high God had bleft her happie land,
 Maugre fo many foes, which did withftand.
 But at her feet her fword was likewife layde,
 Whofe long reft rufted the bright fteely brand;
 Yet when as foes enforft, or friends fought ayde,
 She could it fternely draw, that all the world difmayde.

And round about, before her feet there fate
 A beuie of faire Virgins clad in white,
 That goodly feem'd t' adorne her royall fstate,
 All lowly daughters of high *Ioue*, that hight,

Lita

Lita by him begot in loues delight,
 Vpon the righteous *Themis*: thofe they fay
 Vpon *Ioues* iudgement feat wayt day and night,
 And when in wrath he threatens the worlds decay,
 They doe his anger calme, and cruell vengeance ftay.

They alfo doe by his diuine permission
 Vpon the thrones of mortall Princes tend,
 And often treat for pardon and remiffion
 To fuppliants, through frayltie which offend.
 Thofe did vpon *Mercillaes* throne attend:
 Iuft *Dice*, wife *Eunomie*, myld *Eirene*,
 And them amongft, her glorie to commend,
 Sate goodly *Temperance* in garments clene,
 And facred *Reuerence*, yborne of heavenly ftrene.

Thus did the fit in royall rich eftate,
 Admyr'd of many, honoured of all,
 Why left vnderneath her feete, there as the fate,
 An huge great Lyon lay, that mote appall
 An hardie courage, like captiued thrall,
 With a ftrong yron chaine and collar bound,
 That once he could not moue, nor quich at all;
 Yet did he murmure with rebellions found,
 And foftly royne, when faluage cholere gan redound.

So fitting high in dreaded fouerayntie, (brought;
 Thofe two ftrange knights were to her prefence
 Who bowing low before her Maieftie,
 Did to her myld obeysfance, as they ought,
 And meekeft boone, that they imagine mought.
 To whom the eke inclyning her withall,
 As a faire ftoupe of her high foaring thought,
 A chearefull countenance on them let fall,
 Yet tempred with fome maieftie imperiall.

V

As the bright sunne, what time his fierie teme
Towards the westerne brim begins to draw,
Gins to abate the brightnesse of his beme,
And seruour of his flames somewhat adaw:
So did this mightie Ladie, when she saw
Those two strange knights such homage to her make,
Bate somewhat of that Maiestie and awe,
That whylome wont to doe so many quake,
And with more myld aspect those two to entertake.

Now at that instant, as occasion fell,
When these two stranger knights arriu'd in place,
She was about affaires of common wele,
Dealing of Iustice with indifferent grace,
And hearing pleas of people meane and base.
Mongst which as then, there was for to be heard
The tryall of a great and weightie case,
Which on both sides was then debating hard:
But at the sight of these, those were a while debar'd.

But after all her princely entertayne,
To th'hearing of that former cause in hand,
Her selfe estoones she gan conuert againe;
Which that those knights likewise mote vnderstand,
And witnesseth forth a right in forrain land,
Taking them vp vnto her stately throne,
Where they mote heare the matter throughly scand
On either part, she placed th'one on th'one,
The other on the other side, and neare them none.

Then was there brought, as prisoner to the barre,
A Ladie of great countenance and place,
But that she it with foule abuse did marre;
Yet did appeare rare beautie in her face,

But

But blotted with condition vile and base,
That all her other honour did obscure,
And titles of nobilitie deface:
Yet in that wretched semblant, she did sure
The peoples great compassion vnto her allure.

Then vp arose a person of deepe reach,
And rare in-sight, hard matters to reucler;
That well could charme his tongue, & time his speach
To all assayes; his name was called *Zele*:
He gan that Ladie strongly to appele
Of many haynous crymes, by her enured,
And with sharpe reasons rang her such a pele,
That those, whom she to pitie had allured,
He now t'abhorre and loath her person had procured.

First gan he tell, how this that seem'd so faire
And royally arayd, *Duessa* hight
That false *Duessa*, which had wrought great care,
And mickle mischief vnto many a knight,
By her beguyled, and confounded quight:
But not for those she now in question came,
Though also those mote question'd be a right,
But for vyl treasons, and outrageous frame,
Which she against the dred *Mercilla* oft did frame.

For the whylome (as ye mote yet right well
Remember) had her counfels false conspyred,
With faithlesse *Blandamour* and *Paridell*,
(Both two her paramours, both by her hyred,
And both with hope of shadowes vaine inspyred.)
And with them practiz'd, how forto depryue
Mercilla of her crowne, by her aspyred,
That she might it vnto her selfe deriue,
And tryumph in their blood, whō she to death did dryue.

V 2

But through high heauens grace, which fauour not
 The wicked driftes of trayterous defynes,
 Gainst loiall Princes, all this cursed plot,
 Ere prooffe it tooke, discouered was betymes,
 And th'actours won the meede meet for their crymes.
 Such be the meede of all, that by such meane
 Vnto the type of kingdomes title clymes.
 But false *Duessa* now vntitled *Queene*,
 Was brought to her sad doome, as here was to be scene.

Strongly did *Zelee* her haynous fact enforce,
 And many other crimes of foule defame
 Against her brought, to banish all remorse,
 And aggrauate the horror of her blame.
 And with him to make part against her, came
 Many graue persons, that against her pled;
 First was a sage old Syre, that had to name
 The *Kingdomes care*, with a white siluer hed,
 That many high regards and reasons gainst her red.

Then gan *Authority* her to appose
 With peremptorie powre, that made all mutes,
 And then the law of *Nations* gainst her rose,
 And reasons brought, that no man could refuse;
 Next gan *Religion* gainst her to impute
 High Gods behest, and powre of holy lawes;
 Then gan the Peoples cry and Commons sute,
 Importune care of their owne publicke cause;
 And lastly *Iustice* charged her with breach of lawes.

But then for her, on the contrarie part,
 Rose many aduocates for her to plead:
 First there came *Pittie*, with full tender hart,
 And with her ioynd *Regard* of womanheads

And

And then came *Dauenger* threatning hidden dread,
 And high alliance vnto forren powre;
 Then came Nobilitie of birth, that bread
 Great ruth through her misfortunes tragicke stowre;
 And lastly Griefe did plead, & many teares forth powre.

With the neare touch whereof in tender hart
 The Briton Prince was fore empaffionate,
 And woxe inclined much vnto her part,
 Through the sad terror of so dreadfull fate,
 And wretched ruine of so high estate,
 That for great ruth his courage gan relent.
 Which when as *Zelee* perceiued to abate,
 He gan his earnest serour to augment,
 And many fearefull obieets to them to present.

He gan t'efforce the euidence anew,
 And new accufements to produce in place:
 He brought forth that old hag of hellish hew,
 The cursed *Ate*, brought her face to face,
 Who priuie was, and partie in the case:
 She, glad of spoyle and ruinous decay,
 Did her appeach, and to her more disgrace,
 The plot of all her practise did display,
 And all her traynes, and all her treasons forth did lay.

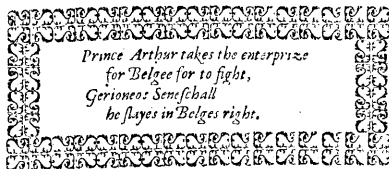
Then brought he forth, with grieisly grim aspect,
 Abhorred *Murder*, who with bloudie knyfe
 Yet dropping fresh in hand did her detect,
 And there with guiltie bloudfined charged ryse:
 Then brought he forth *Sedition*, breeding stryfe
 In troublous wits, and mutinous vpror:
 Then brought he forth *Inconscience* of lyfe,
 Euen foule *Adulterie* her face before,
 And lewd *Impietie*, that her accused fore.

V 3

All which when as the Prince had heard and scene,
 His former fancies ruth he gan repent,
 And from her partie estfoones was drawn cleene.
 But *Artegall* with constant firme intent,
 For zeale of Iustice was against her bent.
 So was she guiltie deemed of them all.
 Then *Zelee* began to vrge her punishment,
 And to their *Queene* for iudgement loudly call,
 Vnto *Mercilla* myld for Iustice gainst the thrall.

But she, whose Princely breast was touched nere
 With piteous ruth of her so wretched plight,
 Though plaine she saw by all, that she did heare,
 That she of death was guiltie found by right,
 Yet would not let iust vengeance on her light;
 But rather let in stead thereof to fall
 Few perling drops from her faire lampes of light;
 The which the couering with her purple pall
 Would haue the passion hid, and vp arose withall.

CANT.

Cant. X.

Some Clarke doe doubt in their deuicefull art,
 Whether this heavenly thing, whereof I treat,
 To weeten *Mercie* be of Iustice part,
 Or drawne forth from her by diuine extreate.
 This well I wote, that sure she is as great,
 And meriteth to haue as high a place,
 Sith in th' Almightyes euerlasting fear
 She first was bred, and borne of heavenly race;
 From thence pour'd down on men, by influence of grace.

For if that Vertue be of so great might,
 Which from iust verdict will for nothing start,
 But to preferue inuiolated right,
 Oft spilles the principall, to faue the part;
 So much more then is that of powre and art,
 That seekes to faue the subiect of her skill,
 Yet neuer doth from doome of right depart:
 As it is greater prayſe to faue, then spill,
 And better to reforme, then to cut off the ill.

Who then can thee, *Mercilla*, throughly prayſe,
 That herein doest all earthly Princes pas?
 What heavenly Muse shall thy great honour rayſe
 Vp to the skies, whence first deriu'd it was,

And now on earth it selfe enlarged has,
 From th'vmost brinke of the *Americke* shore,
 Vnto the margent of the *Molucas*?
 Those Nations farre thy iustice doe adore:
 But thine owne people do thy mercy prayse much more.

Much more it prayfed was of those two knights;
 The noble Prince, and righteous *Artegall*,
 When they had seene and heard her doome a rights
 Against *Duessu*, damned by them all;
 But by her tempred without grieffe or gall,
 Till strong constraint did her thereto enforce.
 And yet euen then ruing her wilfull fall,
 With more then needfull naturall remorse,
 And yeelding the last honour to her wretched corse.

During all which, those knights continu'd there,
 Both doing and receiuing curtesies,
 Of that great Ladie, who with goodly chere
 Them entertayn'd, fit for their dignities,
 Approuing dayly to their noble eyes
 Royall examples of her mercies rare,
 And wortheie paterns of her clemencies;
 Which till this day mongst many liuing are,
 Who them to their posterities doe still declare.

Amongst the rest, which in that space befell,
 There came two Springalls of full tender yeares,
 Farre thence from forrein land, where they did dwell,
 To seeke for succour of her and of her Peares,
 With humble prayers and intreatfull teares;
 Sent by their mother, who a widow was,
 Wrapt in great dolours and in deadly feares,
 By a strong Tyrant, who inuaded has
 Her land, and slaine her children ruefully alas.

Her

Her name was *Belge*, who in former age
 A Ladie of great worth and wealth had beene,
 And mother of a frutefull heritage,
 Euen seuentene goodly sonnes; which who had seene
 In their first flowre, before this fatall teene
 Them ouertooke, and their faire blossomes blasted,
 More happie mother would her fluely weene,
 Then famous *Niobe*, before she tasted
Latonas childrens wrath, that all her issue wasted.

But this fell Tyrant, through his tortious powre,
 Had left her now but siue of all that brood:
 For twelue of them he did by times deuoure,
 And to his Idols sacrifice their blood,
 Whylest he of none was stopped, nor withstood.
 For soothly he was one of matchlesse might,
 Of horrible aspect, and dreadful mood,
 And had three bodies in one wast empight,
 And th'armes and legs of three, to succour him in fight.

And sooth they say, that he was borne and bred
 Of Gyants race, the sonne of *Geryon*,
 He that whylome in Spaine so fore was dred,
 For his huge powre and great oppression,
 Which brought that land to his subiection,
 Through his three bodies powre, in one combynd;
 And eke all strangers in that region
 Arryuing, to his kyne for food asynd;
 The fayrest kyne aliue, but of the fiercest kynd.

For they were all, they say, of purple hew,
 Kept by a cowheard, high *Eurytion*,
 A cruell carle, the which all strangers slew,
 Ne day nor night did sleepe, r attend them on,

But walkt about them euer and anone,
 With his two headed dogge, that *Orthrus* hight;
Orthrus begotten by great *Tiphon*,
 And foule *Echidna*, in the house of night;
 But *Hercules* them all did ouercome in fight.

His sonne was this, *Geryoneo* hight,
 Who after that his monstrous father fell
 Vnder *Aleides* club, streight tooke his flight
 From that sad land, where he his fyre did quell,
 And came to this, where *Belge* then did dwell,
 And flourish in all wealth and happynesse,
 Being then new made widow (as befell)
 After her Noble husbands late deceffe;
 Which gaue beginning to her woe and wretchednesse.

Then this bold Tyrant, of her widowed
 Taking aduantage, and her yet fresh woes,
 Him selfe and seruice to her offered,
 Her to defend against all forrein foes,
 That should their powre against her right oppose.
 Whereof she glad, now needing strong defence,
 Him entertayn'd, and did her champion chose:
 Which long he vld with carefull diligence,
 The better to confirme her fearelesse confidence.

By meanes whereof, she did at last commit
 All to his hands, and gaue him soueraine powre
 To doe, what euer he thought good or fit.
 Which hauing got, he gan forth from that howre
 To stirre vp strife, and many a Tragicke stowre,
 Giuing her dearest children one by one
 Vnto a dreadful Monster to deuoure,
 And setting vp an Idole of his owne,
 The image of his monstrous parent *Geryone*.

So

So tyrannizing, and oppressing all,
 The woefull widow had no meanes now left,
 But vnto gracious great *Mercilla* call
 For ayde, against that cruell Tyrants theft,
 Ere all her children he from her had rest.
 Therefore these two, her eldest sonnes she sent,
 To seeke for succour of this Ladies guest:
 To whom their sute they humbly did present,
 In th'hearing of full many Knights and Ladies gent.

Amongst the which then fortun'd to bee
 The noble Briton Prince, with his braue Peare;
 Who when he none of all those knights did see
 Hastily bent, that enterpris to heare,
 Nor undertake the fame, for cowheard feare,
 He stepped forth with courage bold and great,
 Admir'd of all the rest in presence there,
 And humbly gan that mightie Queene entreat,
 To graunt him that aduerture for his former feat.

She gladly graunted it: then he straight way
 Him selfe vnto his journey gan prepare,
 And all his armours readie dight that day,
 That nought the morrow next mote stay his fare.
 The morrow next appear'd, with purple hayre
 Yet dropping fresh out of the *Indian* fount,
 And bringing light into the heauens fayre,
 When he was readie to his steede to mount;
 Vnto his way, which now was all his care and count.

Then taking humble leaue of that great Queene,
 Who gaue him roiall giftes and riches rare,
 As tokens of her thankfull mind becene,
 And leauing *Artegall* to his owne care;

Vpon his voyage forth he gan to fare,
 With thofe two gentle youthes, which him did guide,
 And all his way before him ftill prepare.
 Ne after him did *Artigall* abide,
 But on his firft aduerture forward forth did ride.

It was not long, till that the Prince arriued
 Within the land, where dwelt that Ladie fad,
 Whereof that Tyrant had her now depriued,
 And into moores and marfhes banifht had,
 Out of the pleafant foyle, and citties glad,
 In which the wont to harbour happily:
 But now his cruelty fo fore the drad,
 That to thofe fennes for faftneffe the did fly,
 And there her felfe did hyde from his hard tyranny.

There he her found in forrow and difmay,
 All folitarie without liuing wight;
 For all her other children, through affray,
 Had hid themfelves, or taken further flight:
 And eke her felfe through fudden ftrange affright,
 When one in armes the faw, began to fly;
 But when her owne two fonnes the had in fight,
 She gan take hart, and looke vp ioyfully:
 For well the wift this knight came, fuccour to fupply.

And running vnto them with greedy ioyes,
 Fell ftraight about their neckes, as they did kneele,
 And burfting forth in teares; Ah my fweet boyes,
 (Said the) yet now I gin new life to feele,
 And feeble fpirits, that gan faint and reele,
 Now rife againe, at this your ioyous fight.
 Alreadie feemes that fortunes headlong wheele
 Begins to turne, and funne to shine more bright,
 Then it was wont, through comfort of this noble knight.

Then

Then turning vnto him; And you Sir knight
 (Said the) that taken haue this toylefome paine
 For wretched woman, miserable wight,
 May you in heauen immortal guerdon gaine
 For fo great trauell, as you doe fuftaine:
 For other meede may hope for none of mee,
 To whom nought elfe, but bare life doth remaine,
 And that fo wretched one, as ye do fee
 Is liker lingring death, then loathed life to bee.

Much was he moued with her piteous plight,
 And low difmounting from his loftie fteede,
 Gan to recomfort her all that he might,
 Seeking to driue away deepe rooted dreede,
 With hope of helpe in that her greateft neede.
 So thence he wiled her with him to wend,
 Vnto fome place, where they mote reft and feede,
 And the take comfort, which God now did fend:
 Goodhart in euils doth the euils much amend.

Ay me (fayd the) and whether fhall I goe?
 Are not all places full of forraine powres?
 My pallaces poffeffed of my foe,
 My citties fact, and their fky-threatening towres
 Raced, and made fmooth fields now full of flowres?
 Onely thefe marifhes, and myrie bogs,
 In which the fearefull ewftes do build their bowres,
 Yeeld me an hoftry mongft the croking frogs,
 And harbour here in fafety from thofe rauenous dogs.

Nathleffe (faid he) deare Ladie with me goe,
 Some place fhall vs receiue, and harbour yeld;
 If not, we will it force, maugre your foe,
 And purchafe it to vs with fpeare and fhield:

And if all fayle, yet farewell open field:
 The earth to all her creatures lodging lends.
 With such his chearefull speeches he doth wield
 Her mind so well, that to his will she bends
 And bynding vp her locks and weeds, forth with him
 (wends,

They came vnto a Citie farre vp land,
 The which whylome that Ladies owne had bene;
 But now by force extort out of her hand,
 By her strong foe, who had defaced cleene
 Her stately towres, and buildings funny theene;
 Shut vp her hauen, mard her marchants trade,
 Robbed her people, that full rich had bene,
 And in her necke a Castle huge had made,
 The which did her cōmaund, without needing perswade.

That Castle was the strength of all that state,
 Vntill that state by strength was pulled downe,
 And that same citie, so now ruinate,
 Had bene the keye of all that kingdomes crowne;
 Both goodly Castle, and both goodly Towne,
 Till that th'offended heauens list to lowre
 Vpon their blisse, and balefull fortune frowne.
 When those gainst states and kingdomes do coniure,
 Who then can thinke their hedlong ruine to recure.

But he had brought it now in feruile bond,
 And made it beare the yoke of inquisition,
 Struying long time in vaine it to withstond;
 Yet glad at last to make most base submission,
 And life enioy for any composition.
 So now he hath new lawes and orders new
 Imposd on it, with many a hard condition,
 And forced it, the honour that is dew
 To God, to doe vnto his Idole most vtrew.

To

To him he hath, before this Castle greene,
 Built a faire Chappell, and an Altar framed
 Of costly-Iuory, full rich besene,
 On which that cursed Idole farre proclaimed,
 He hath set vp, and him his God hath named,
 Offering to him in sinfull sacrifice
 The flesh of men, to Gods owne likeneffe framed,
 And powring forth their blood in brutifhe wize,
 That anyron eyes, to see it would agrize.

And for more horror and more crueltie,
 Vnder that cursed Idols altar stone;
 An hideous monster doth in darknesse lie,
 Whose dreadfull shape was neuer seene of none
 That liues on earth; but vnto those alone
 The which vnto him sacrificed bee.
 Those he deuoures, they say, both flesh and bone:
 What else they haue, is all the Tyrants fee;
 So that no whit of them remayning one may see.

There eke he placed a strong garrison,
 And set a Seneschall of dreaded might,
 That by his powre oppressed euery one,
 And vanquished all ventrous knights in fight;
 To whom he wont shew all the shame he might,
 After that them in battell he had wonne.
 To which when now they gan approach in fight,
 The Ladie counfeld him the place to shonne,
 Whereas so many knights had fouly bene fordonne.

Her fearefull speeches nought he did regard,
 But ryding streight vnder the Castle wall,
 Called aloud vnto the watchfull ward,
 Which there did wayte, willing them forth to call

Into the field their Tyrants Seneschall,
 To whom when tydings thereof came, he streight
 Calls for his armes, and arming him withall,
 Eftsoones forth pricked proudly in his might,
 And gan with courage fierce addresse him to the fight!

They both encounter in the middle plaine,
 And their sharpe speares doe both together smite
 Amid their shields, with so huge might and maine,
 That seem'd their foules they wold haue ryuen quight
 Out of their breasts, with furious despight.
 Yet could the Seneschals no entrance find
 Into the Princes shield, where it empight;
 So pure the metall was, and well refynd,
 But shiuered all about, and scattered in the wynd.

Not so the Princes, but with restlesse force,
 Into his shield it readie passage found,
 Both through his habericon, and eke his corse:
 Which tumbling downe vpon the senselesse ground,
 Gaue leaue vnto his ghost from thraldome bound,
 To wander in the grieley shades of night.
 There did the Prince him leaue in deadly ffound,
 And thence vnto the castle marched right,
 To see if entrance there as yet obtaine he might.

But as he nigher drew, three knights he spyde,
 All arm'd to point, issuing forth a pace,
 Which towards him with all their powe did ryde,
 And meeting him right in the middle race,
 Did all their speares attonce on him enchace.
 As three great Culuerings for battrie bent,
 And leueld all against one certaine place,
 Doe all attonce their thunders rage forth rent,
 That makes the wals to stagger with astonishment.

So

So all attonce they on the Prince did thonder;
 Who from his saddle swarued nought asyde,
 Ne to their force gaue way, that was great wonder,
 But like a bulwarke, firmly did abyde,
 Rebutting him, which in the midst did ryde,
 With so huge rigour, that his mortall speare
 Past through his shield, & pierst through either syde,
 That downe he fell vpon his mother deare,
 And powred forth his wretched life in deadly dreare.

Whom when his other fellowes saw, they fled
 As fast as feete could carry them away;
 And after them the Prince as swiftly sped,
 To be aueng'd of their vnknightly play.
 There whilest they entring, th'one did th'other stay,
 The hindmost in the gate he ouerhent,
 And as he pressed in, him there did flay:
 His carkase tumbling on the threshold, sent
 His groning foule vnto her place of punishment.

The other which was entred, laboured fast
 To sperre the gate; but that same lumpe of clay,
 Whose grudging ghost was thereout fled and past;
 Right in the midst of the threshold lay,
 That it the Posterne did from closing stay:
 The whiles the Prince hard preafed in betweene,
 And entraunce wonne. Streight th'other fled away,
 And ran into the Hall, where he did weene
 Him selfe to saue: but he there flew him at the skreene.

Then all the rest which in that Castle were,
 Seeing that sad ensample them before,
 Durst not abide, but fled away for feare,
 And them conuayd out at a Posterne dore.

X

Long fought the Prince, but when he found no more
 Toppoffe againſt his powre, he forth iſſued
 Vnto that Lady, where he her had lore,
 And her gan cheare, with what ſhe there had vewed,
 And what ſhe had not ſeene, within vnto her ſhewed.

Who with right humble thanks him goodly greeting,
 For ſo great prowefſe, as he there had proued,
 Much greater then was euer in her weeting,
 With great admirance inwardly was moued,
 And honourd him, with all that her behoued.
 Thenceforth into that Caſtle he her led,
 With her two ſonnes, right deare of her beloved,
 Where all that night them felues they cheriſhed,
 And from her balefull minde all care he baniſhed.

Cant. XI

*Prince Arthur ouercomes the great
 Gerion in fight:
 Doth ſlay the Monſter, and reſtore
 Belge vnto her right.*

IT often falſ in courſe of common life,
 That right long time is ouerborne of wrong,
 Through auarice, or powre, or guile, or ſtrife,
 That weakens her, and makes her party ſtrong;
 But Juſtice, though her dome ſhe doe prolong,
 Yet at the laſt ſhe will her owne cauſe right.
 As by ſad *Belge* ſeemes, whoſe wrongs though long
 She ſuffred, yet at length ſhe did requight,
 And ſent redreſſe thereof by this braue Briton Knight.
 Whereof

Whereof when newes was to that Tyrant brought,
 How that the Lady *Belge* now had found
 A Champion, that had with his Champion fought,
 And laid his Senefchall low on the ground,
 And eke him ſelfe did threaten to confound,
 He gan to burne in rage, and friefe in feare,
 Doubting ſad end of principle vnfound:
 Yet ſith he heard but one, that did appeare,
 He did him ſelfe encourage, and take better cheare.

Natheleſſe him ſelfe he armed all in haſt,
 And forth he far'd with all his many bad,
 Ne ſtayed ſtep, till that he came at laſt
 Vnto the Caſtle, which they conquer had.
 There with huge terrour, to be more ydrad,
 He ſternely marcht before the Caſtle gate,
 And with bold vaunts, and ydle threatening bad
 Deliuer him his owne, ere yet too late,
 To which they had no right, nor any wrongfull ſtate.

The Prince ſtaid not his aunſwere to deuize,
 But opening ſtreight the Sparre, forth to him came,
 Full nobly mounted in right warlike wize;
 And asked him, if that he were the ſame,
 Who all that wrong vnto that woſfull Dame
 So long had done, and from her natiue land
 Exiled her, that all the world ſpake ſhame.
 He boldly aunſwerd him, he there did ſtand
 That would his doings iuſtifie with his owne hand.

With that ſo furiouſly at him he flew,
 As if he would haue ouerrun him ſtreight,
 And with his huge great yron axe gan hew
 So hideouſly vpon his armour bright,

As he to peeces would haue chopt it quight:
That the bold Prince was forced foote to giue
To his first rage, and yeeld to his despight;
The whilest at him so dreadfully he driue,
That seem'd a marble rocke asunder could haue riue.

Thereto a great aduantage eke he has
Through his three double hands thrife multiplyde,
Besides the double strength, which in them was:
For stil when fit occasion did betyde,
He could his weapon shift from side to syde,
From hand to hand, and with such nimbleffe fly
Could wield about, that ere it were espyde,
The wicked stroke did wound his enemy,
Behinde, beside, before, as he it list apply.

Which vncouth vsf when as the Prince perceiued,
He gan to watch the wielding of his hand,
Least by such flight he were vnwares deceiued;
And euer ere he saw the stroke to land,
He would it meete, and warily withstand.
One time, when he his weapon faynd to shift,
As he was wont, and chang'd from hand to hand,
He met him with a counterstroke so swift,
That quite smit off his arme, as he it vp did list.

Therewith, all fraught with fury and disdain,
He brayd aloud for very fell despight,
And sodainely t'auenge him selfe againe,
Gan into one assemblle all the might
Of all his hands, and heaued them on hight,
Thinking to pay him with that one for all:
But the sad steele feizd not, where it was hight,
Vppon the childe, but somewhat thort did fall,
And lighting on his horses head, him quite did mall.

Downe

Downe streight to ground fell his astonisht steed,
And eke to th'earth his burden with him bare:
But he him selfe full lightly from him freed,
And gan him selfe to fight on foote prepare.
Whereof when as the Gyant was aware,
He wox right blyth, as he had got thereby,
And laught so loud, that all his teeth wide bare
One might haue seene enraung'd disorderly,
Like to a rancke of piles, that pitched are awry.

Eftsoones againe his axe he rought on hie,
Ere he were throughly buckled to his gear,
And can let driue at him so dreadfullie,
That had he chaunced not his shield to reare,
Ere that huge stroke arriued on him neare,
He had him surely clouen quite in twaine.
But th' Adamantine shield, which he did beare,
So well was tempred, that for all his maine,
It would no passage yeeld vnto his purpose vaine.

Yet was the stroke so forcibly applide,
That made him stagger with vncertaine sway,
As if he would haue tottered to one side.
Wherewith full wroth, he fiercely gan assay,
That cur't'sie with like kindnesse to repay;
And smote at him with so importune might,
That two more of his armes did fall away,
Like fruitlesse braunches, which the hatchets slight
Hath pruned from the natue tree, and cropped quight.

With that all mad and furious he grew,
Like a fell mastiffe through enraging heat,
And curst, and band, and blasphemies forth threw,
Against his Gods, and fire to them did threat,

X 3

And hell vnto him selfe with horroure great.
 Thenceforth he car'd no more, which way he strooke,
 Nor where it light, but gan to chaufe and sweate,
 And gnasht his teeth, and his head at him shooke,
 And sternely him beheld with grim and ghastly looke.

Nought fear'd the childe his looks, ne yet his threats,
 But onely wexed now the more aware,
 To saue him selfe from those his furious heats,
 And watch aduantage, how to worke his care:
 The which good Fortune to him offred faire.
 For as he in his rage him ouerstrooke,
 He ere he could his weapon backe repaire,
 His side all bare and naked ouertooke,
 And with his mortal steel quite through the body strooke.

Through all three bodies he him strooke attonce;
 That all the three attonce fell on the plaine:
 Elle should he thrife haue needed, for the nonce
 Them to haue stricken, and thrife to haue slaine.
 So now all three one fencelisse lump remaine,
 Enwallow'd in his owne blacke bloody gore,
 And byring th'earth for very deaths disdaine;
 Who with a cloud of night him couering, bore
 Downe to the house of dole, his daies there to deplore.

Which when the Lady from the Castle saw,
 Where she with her two sonnes did looking stand,
 She towards him in hast her selfe did draw,
 To greet him the good fortune of his hand:
 And all the people both of towne and land,
 Which there stood gazing from the Citties wall
 Vpon these warriours, greedy vnderstand,
 To whether should the victory befall,
 Now when they saw it false, they eke him greeted all.

But.

But *Belge* with her sonnes prostrated low
 Before his feete, in all that peoples sight;
 Mongst ioyes mixing some tears, mongst wele, some
 Him thus bespake; O most redoubted Knight, (wo,
 The which hiaht me, of all most wretched wight,
 That earst was dead, restor'd to life againe,
 And these weake impes replanted by thy might;
 What guerdon can I giue thee for thy paine,
 But euen that which thou sauedst, thine still to remaine?

He tooke her vp forby the lilly hand,
 And her recomforted the best he might,
 Saying; Deare Lady, deedes ought not be scand
 By th'authors manhood, nor the doers might,
 But by their trueth and by the causes right:
 That same is it, which fought for you this day.
 What other meed then need me to requight,
 But that which yeeldeth vertues meed alway?
 That is the vertue selfe, which her reward doth pay.

She humbly thank him for that wondrous grace,
 And further sayd; Ah Sir, but mote ye please,
 Sith ye thus farre haue tendred my poore case,
 As from my chiefest foe me to release,
 That your victorious arme will not yet cease,
 Till ye haue rooted all the relickes out
 Of that wilde race, and stablished my peace.
 What is there else (sayd he) left of their rout?
 Declare it boldly Dame, and doe not stand in dout.

Then wote you, Sir, that in this Church hereby,
 There stands an Idole of great note and name,
 The which this Gyant reared first on hie,
 And of his owne vaine fancies thought did frame:

X 4

To whom for endlesse horrour of his shame,
He offred vp for daily sacrifice
My children and my people, burnt in flame;
With all the tortures, that he could deuize,
The more t'aggrate his God with such his bloody guize.

And vnderneath this Idoll there doth lie
An hideous monster, that doth it defend,
And feedes on all the carcaffes, that die
In sacrifice vnto that cursed feend:
Whose vgly shape none euer saw, nor kend,
That euer scap'd: for of a man they say
It has the voice, that speaches forth doth send,
Euen blasphemous words, which she doth bray
Out of her poyfynous entrails, fraught with dire decay.

Which when the Prince heard tell, his heart gan earne
For great desire, that Monster to assay,
And prayd the place of her abode to learne.
Which being shew'd, he gan him selfe streight way
Thereto addresse, and his bright shield display.
So to the Church he came, where it was told,
The Monster vnderneath the Altar lay;
There he that Idoll saw of massy gold
Most richly made, but there no Monster 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 shade,
There forth issewd, from vnder th' Altars smooke,
A dreadfull feend, with fowle deformed looke,
That stretcht it selfe, as it had long lyen still;
And her long taile and fetthers strongly shooke,
That all the Temple did with terrour fill;
Yet him nought terrifide, that feared nothing ill.

An

An huge great Beast it was, when it in length
Was stretched forth, that nigh filld all the place,
And seem'd to be of infinite great strength;
Horrible, hideous, and of hellish race,
Borne of the brooding of *Echidna* base,
Or other like infernall furies kinde:
For of a Mayd she had the outward face,
To hide the horrour, which did lurke behinde,
The better to beguile, whom she so fond did finde!

Thereto the body of a dog she had,
Full of fell rauin and fierce greedinesse;
A Lions clawes, with powre and rigour clad,
To rend and teare, what so she can oppresse;
A Dragons taile, whose sting without redresse
Full deadly wounds, where so it is emight;
And Eagles wings, for scope and speedinesse,
That nothing may escape her reaching might,
Whereto she euer list to make her hardy flight.

Much like in foulnesse and deformity
Vnto that Monster, whom the Theban Knight,
The father of that fatal progeny,
Made kill her selfe for very hearts despight,
That he had red her Riddle, which no wight
Could euer loofe, but suffred deadly doole.
So also did this Monster vse like flight
To many a one, which came vnto her schoole,
Whom she did put to death, deceiued like a foole.

She comming forth, when as she first beheld
The armed Prince, with shield so blazing bright,
Her ready to assaile, was greatly queld,
And much dismayd with that dismayfull sight,

That backe she would haue turnd for great affright.
 But he gan her with courage fierce asslay,
 That forst her turne againe in her despight,
 To saue her selfe, least that he did her slay:
 And sure he had her flaine, had she not turnd her way.

Tho when she saw, that she was forst to fight,
 She flew at him, like to an hellish feend,
 And on his shield tooke hold with all her might,
 As if that it she would in peeces rend,
 Or reauce out of the hand, that did it hend.
 Strongly he stroue out of her greedy gripe
 To loofe his shield, and long while did contend:
 But when he could not quite it, with one stripe
 Her Lions clawes he from her feete away did wipe.

With that aloude she gan to bray and yell,
 And fowle blasphemous speaches forth did cast,
 And bitter curses, horrible to tell,
 That euen the Temple, wherein she was plast,
 Did quake to heare, and nigh afunder brast.
 Tho with her huge long taile she at him strooke,
 That made him stagger, and stand halfe agast
 With trembling ioynts, as he for terrour thooke;
 Who nought was terrifide, but greater courage tooke.

As when the Mast of some well timbred hulke
 Is with the blast of some outrageous storme
 Blowne downe, it shakes the bottome of the bulke,
 And makes her ribs to cracke, as they were torne,
 Whilest still she stands as stonishd and forlorne:
 So was he stouud with stroke of her huge taile.
 But ere that it she backe againe had borne,
 He with his sword it strooke, that without faile
 He ioyned it, and mard the swinging of her flaine.

Then

Then gan she cry much louder then afore,
 That all the people there without it heard,
 And *Belge* selfe was therewith stonied fore,
 As if the onely sound thereof she feard.
 But then the feend her selfe more fiercely reard
 Vpon her wide great wings, and strongly flew
 With all her body at his head and beard,
 That had he not foreseene with heedfull vew,
 And thrown his shield atween, she had him done to rew.

But as she prest on him with heauy sway,
 Vnder her wombe his fatall sword he thrust,
 And for her entrailes made an open way,
 To issue forth; the which once being brust,
 Like to a great Mill damb forth fiercely gusht,
 And powred out of her infernall sinke
 Most vgly filth, and poyson therewith rusht,
 That him nigh choked with the deadly stinke:
 Such loathly matter were finall lust to speake, or thinke.

Then downe to ground fell that deformed Masse,
 Breathing out clouds of sulphure fowle and blacke,
 In which a puddle of contagion was,
 More loathd then *Lerna*, or then *Stygian* lake,
 That any man would nigh awhaped make.
 Whom when he saw on ground, he was full glad,
 And streight went forth his gladnesse to partake
 With *Belge*, who watcht all this while full sad,
 Wayting what end would be of that same daunger drad.

Whom when she saw so ioyoufly come forth,
 She gan reioyce, and shew triumphant chere,
 Lauding and praying his renowned worth,
 By all the names that honorable were.

Then in he brought her, and her shewed there
The present of his paines, that Monsters spoyle,
And eke that Idoll deem'd so costly dere;
Whom he did all to peeces breake and foyle
In filthy durt, and left so in the loathely foyle.

Then all the people, which beheld that day,
Gan shout aloud, that vnto heauen it rong;
And all the damzels of that towne in ray,
Came dauncing forth, and ioyous carols song:
So him they led through all their streetes along,
Crowned with girlonds of immortall baies,
And all the vulgar did about them throng,
To see the man, whose euerlasting praise
They all were bound to all posterities to raise.

There he with *Belga* did a while remaine,
Making great feast and ioyous merriment,
Vntill he had her settled in her raine,
With safe assurance and establishment.
Then to his first emprise his mind he lent,
Full loath to *Belga*, and to all the rest:
Of whom yet taking leaue, thenceforth he went
And to his former iourney him address,
On which long way he rode, ne euer day did rest.

But turne we now to noble *Artegall*;
Who hauing left *Mercilla*, streight way went
On his first quest, the which him forth did call,
To weete to worke *Irenaes* franchisement,
And eke *Grantortoos* worthy punishment.
So forth he fared as his manner was,
With onely *Talus* wayting diligent,
Through many perils and much way did pas,
Till nigh vnto the place at length approach he has.

Canto.

There as he traueled by the way, he met
An aged wight, wayfaring all alone,
Who through his yeares long since aside had set
The vse of armes, and battell quite forgone:
To whom as he approacht, he knew anone,
That it was he which whilome did attend
On faire *Irene* in her affliction,
When first to Faery court he saw her wend,
Vnto his soueraine *Queene* her suite for to commend.

Whom by his name saluting, thus he gan;
Haile good Sir *Sergis*, truest Knight aliuē,
Well tride in all thy Ladies troubles than,
When her that Tyrant did of Crowne deprive;
What new occasion doth thee hither driue,
Whiles she alone is left, and thou here found?
Or is she thrall, or doth she not suruiue?
To whom he thus; She liueth sure and found;
But by that Tyrant is in wretched thraldome bound.

For she presuming on th'appointed tyde,
In which ye promise, as ye were a Knight,
To meete her at the saluage Ilands syde,
And then and there for trial of her right
With her vnrighteous enemy to fight,
Did thither com; where she afraid of nought,
By guilefull treason and by subtil flight
Surprized was, and to *Grantorto* brought,
Who her imprisond hath, and her life often sought.

And now he hath to her prefixt a day,
By which if that no champion doe appeare,
Which will her cause in battailous array
Against him iustifie, and proue her cleare

Of all those crimes, that he gainst her doth reare
 She death shall by. Those tidings sad
 Did much abash Sir *Artegall* to heare,
 And grieued fore, that through his fault she had
 Fallen into that Tyrants hand and vnlage bad.

Then thus replide; Now sure and by my life,
 Too much am I too blame for that faire Maide,
 That haue her drawne to all this troublous strife,
 Through promise to afford her timely aide,
 Which by default I haue not yet defraide.
 But witnesse vnto me, ye heauens, that knew
 How cleare I am from blame of this vpbraide:
 For ye into like thraldome me did throw,
 And kept from completing the faith, which I did owe.

But now aread, Sir *Sergis*, how long space,
 Hath he her lent, a Champion to prouide:
 Ten daies (quoth he) he graunted hath of grace,
 For that he weeneth well, before that tide
 None can haue tidings to assist her fide.
 For all the shores, which to the sea accoste,
 He day and night doth ward both far and wide,
 That none can there arriue without an hoste:
 So her he deemes already but a damned ghoste.

Now turne againe (Sir *Artegall* then sayd)
 For if I liue till those ten daies haue end,
 Assure your selfe, Sir Knight, she shall haue ayd,
 Though I this dearest life for her doe spend;
 So backward he attone with him did wend.
 Tho as they rode together on their way,
 A rout of people they before them kend,
 Flocking together in confusde array,
 As if that there were some tumultuous affray.

To

To which as they approacht, the cause to know,
 They saw a Knight in daungerous distresse
 Of a rude rout him chafing to and fro,
 That fought with lawlesse powre him to oppresse,
 And bring in bondage of their brutifnesse:
 And farre away, amid their rakehell bands,
 They spide a Lady left all succourlesse,
 Crying, and holding vp her wretched hands
 To him for aide, who long in vaine their rage withstands,

Yet still he striues, ne any perill spares,
 To reskue her from their rude violence,
 And like a Lion wood amongst them fares,
 Dealing his dreadfull blowes with large dispence,
 Gainst which the pallid death findes no defence.
 But all in vaine, their numbers are so great,
 That naught may boot to banishe them from thence:
 For soone as he their outrage backe doth bear,
 They turne afresh, and oft renew their former threat.

And now they doe so sharply him assay,
 That they his shield in peeces battred haue,
 And forced him to throw it quite away,
 Fro dangers dread his doubtfull life to saue;
 Albe that it most safaty to him gaue,
 And much did magnifie his noble name.
 For from the day that he thus did it leaue,
 Amongst all Knights he blotted was with blame,
 And counted but a recreant Knight, with endles shame.

Whom when they thus distressed did behold,
 They drew vnto his aide; but that rude rout
 Them also gan assaile with outrage bold,
 And forced them, how euer strong and stout

They were, as well approu'd in many a doubt,
 Backe to recule; vntill that yron man
 With his huge flaile began to lay about,
 From whose stern preence they diffused ran,
 Like scattred chaffe, the which the wind away doth fan.

So when that Knight from perill cleare was freed,
 He drawing neare, began to greeete them faire,
 And yeeld great thankes for their so goodly deed,
 In sauing him from daungerous despaire
 Of those, which fought his life for to empaire.
 Of whom Sir *Artegall* gan then enquire
 The whole occasion of his late misfaire,
 And who he was, and what those villaines were,
 The which with mortall malice him pursu'd so nere.

To whom he thus; My name is *Barbon* hight,
 Well knowne, and far renowned heretofore,
 Vntill late mischiefe did vpon me light,
 That all my former praise hath blemish't fore;
 And that faire Lady, which in that vpor
 Ye with those caytiues saw, *Flourdelis* hight,
 Is mine owne loue, though me she haue forlore,
 Whether withheld from me by wrongfull might,
 Or with her owne good will, I cannot read aright.

But sure to me her faith she first did plight,
 To be my loue, and take me for her Lord,
 Till that a Tyrant, which *Grandoriso* hight,
 With golden giftes and many a guilefull word
 Entycee her, to him for to accord.
 O who may not with gifts and words be tempted?
 Sith which she hath me euer since abhord,
 And to my foe hath guilefully consented:
 Ayme, that euer guyle in wemen was inuented.

And

And now he hath this troupe of villains sent,
 By open force to fetch her quite away:
 Gainst whom my selfe I long in vaine haue bent,
 To rescue her, and daily meanes assay,
 Yet rescue her thence by no meanes I may:
 For they doe me with multitude oppresse,
 And with vnequall might doe ouerlay,
 That oft I driuen am to great distresse,
 And forced to forgoe th' attempt remedielesse.

But why haue ye (said *Artegall*) forborne
 Your owne good shield in daungerous difmay?
 That is the greatest shame and foulest scorne,
 Which vnto any knight be happen may
 To loofe the badge, that should his deedes display.
 To whom Sir *Barbon*, blushing halfe for shame,
 That shall I vnto you (quoth he) bewray;
 Least ye therefore mote happily me blame,
 And deeme it doen of will, that through inforcement
 (came.

True is, that I at fairst was dubbed knight
 By a good knight, the knight of the *Redcrosse*;
 Who when he gaue me armes, in field to fight,
 Gaue me a shield, in which he did endosse
 His deare Redeemers badge vpon the bosse:
 The same long while I bore, and therewithall
 Fought many battels without wound or losse;
 Therewith *Grandoriso* selfe I did appall,
 And made him oftentimes in field before me fall.

But for that many did that shield enuie,
 And cruell enemies increased more;
 To stint all strife and troublous enmitie,
 That bloudie scutchin being battered fore,

Y

I layd aside, and haue of late forborne,
 Hoping thereby to haue my loue obtayned:
 Yet can I not my loue haue nathemores;
 For she by force is still fro me detayned,
 And with corruptfull brybes is to vntruth mis-trayned.

To whom thus *Artegall*; Certes Sir knight,
 Hard is the case, the which ye doe complaine;
 Yet not so hard (for nought so hard may light,
 That it to such a streight mote you constraîne)
 As to abandon, that which doth containe
 Your honours stie, that is your warlike shield.
 All perill ought be lesse, and lesse all paine
 Then losse of fame in disauentrous field;
 Dye rather, then doe ought, that mote dishonour yield.

Not so; (quoth he) for yet when time doth serue,
 My former shield I may resume againe:
 To temporize is not from truth to swerue,
 Ne for aduantage terme to entertaine,
 When as necessitie doth it constraîne.
 Fie on such forgerie (said *Artegall*)
 Vnder one hood to shadow faces twaine.
 Knights ought be true, and truth is one in all:
 Of all things to dissemble fouly may befall.

Yet let me you of courtesie request,
 (Said *Barbon*) to assist me now at need
 Against these peasants, which haue me opprest,
 And forced me to so infamous deed,
 That yet my loue may from their hands be freed.
 Sir *Artegall*, albe he earst did wyte
 His wauering mind, yet to his aide agreed,
 And buckling him estfoones vnto the fight,
 Did set vpon those troupes withall his powre and might.

Who

Who flocking round about them, as a swarme
 Of flies vpon a birchen bough doth cluster,
 Did them assault with terrible allarme,
 And ouer all the fields themfelues did muster,
 With bills and glayues making a dreadfull luster;
 That forst at first those knights backe to retyre:
 As when the wrathfull *Boreas* doth bluster,
 Nought may abide the tempest of his yre,
 Both man and beaft doe fly, and succour doe inquire.

But when as ouerblown was that brunt,
 Those knights began a fresh them to assaile,
 And all about the fields like Squirrels hunt;
 But chieffy *Talus* with his yron flayle,
 Gainst which no flight nor rescue mote auayle,
 Made cruell hauocke of the baser crew,
 And chased them both ouer hill and dale:
 The raskall manie soone they ouerthrew,
 But the two knights thefelues their captaiues did subdew.

At last they came whereas that Ladie bode,
 Whom now her keepers had forsaken quight,
 To saue themfelues, and scattered were abroad:
 Her halfe dismayd they found in doubtfull plight,
 As neither glad nor sorie for their sight;
 Yet wondrous faire she was, and richly clad
 In roiall robes, and many Iewels dight,
 But that those villens through their vsage bad
 Them fouly rent, and shamefully defaced had.

But *Barbon* streight dismounting from his steed,
 Vnto her ran with greedie great desyre,
 And catching her fast by her ragged weed,
 Would haue embraced her with hart entyre.

Y 2

But the backstarting with disdainfull yre,
 Bad him auant, ne would vnto his lore
 Allured be, for prayer nor for meed.
 Whom when those knights fo forward and forlore
 Beheld, they her rebuked and vpbrayded fore.

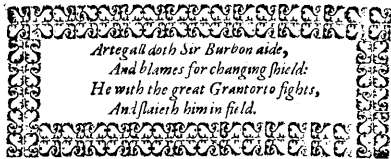
Sayd *Artegall*; what foule disgrace is this,
 To so faire Ladie, as ye seeme in fight,
 To blot your beautie, that vnblemit is,
 With so foule blame, as breach of faith once plight,
 Or change of loue for any worlds delight?
 Is ought on earth so pretious or deare,
 As prayse and honour? Or is ought so bright
 And beautifull, as glories beames appeare,
 Whose goodly light then *Phebus* lampe doth shine more
 cleare?

Why then will ye, fond Dame, attempted bee
 Vnto a strangers loue, so lightly placed,
 For guiftes of gold, or any worldly glee,
 To leaue the loue, that ye before embraced,
 And let your fame with falshood be defaced.
 Fic on the pelfe, for which good name is fold,
 And honour with indignitie debased:
 Dearer is loue then life, and fame then gold;
 But dearer the them both, your faith once plighted hold;

Much was the Ladie in her gentle mind
 Abasht at his rebuke, that bit her neare,
 Ne ought to answere thereunto did find;
 But hanging downe her head with heaueie cheare,
 Stood long amaz'd, as the amazed weare.
 Which *Burbon* seeing, her amated assayd,
 And clasp'ng twixt his armes, her vp did reare
 Vpon his fleede, whiles she no whit gainefayd,
 So bore her quite away, nor well nor ill apayd.

Nathlesse

Nathlesse the yron man did still pursue
 That raskall many with vnpiitted spoyle,
 Ne ceassed not, till all their scatted crew
 Into the sea he droue quite from that foyle,
 The which they troubled had with great turmoyle.
 But *Artegall* seeing his cruell deed,
 Commaunded him from slaughter to recoyle,
 And to his voyage gan againe proceed:
 For that the terme approaching fast, required speed.

Cant. XII.

O Sacred hunger of ambitious mindes,
 And impotent desire of men to raine,
 Whom neither dread of God, that deuils bindes,
 Nor lawes of men, that common weales containe,
 Nor bands of nature, that wilde beastes restraine,
 Can keepe from outrage, and from doing wrong,
 Where they may hope a kingdome to obtaine.
 No faith so firme, no trust can be so strong,
 No loue so lasting then, that may endure long.

Witnesse may *Burbon* be, whom all the bands,
 Which may a Knight assure, had firely bound,
 Vntill the loue of Lordship and of lands
 Made him become most faithlesse and vnfound:

Y 3

And witness be *Gerioneo* found,
 Who for like cause faire *Belge* did oppresse,
 And right and wrong most cruelly confound:
 And so be now *Grantorto*, who no lesse
 Then all the rest burst out to all outragiousnesse.

Gainst whom Sir *Artegall*, long hauing since
 Taken in hand th'exploit, being theretoo
 Appointed by that mightie Faerie Prince,
 Great *Gloriane*, that Tyrant to fordoe,
 Through other great adventures hether too
 Had it forlackt, But now time drawing ny,
 To him affynd, her high behest to doo,
 To the sea shore he gan his way apply,
 To weete if shipping readie he mote there descry.

Tho when they came to the sea coast, they found
 A ship all readie (as good fortune fell)
 To put to sea, with whom they did compound,
 To passe them ouer, where them they list to tell:
 The winde and weather serued them so well,
 That in one day they with the coast did fall;
 Whereas they readie found them to repell,
 Great hostes of men in order martiall,
 Which them forbad to land, and footing did forfall.

But nathemore would they from land refraine,
 But when as nigh vnto the shore they drew,
 That foot of man might found the bottome plaine,
Talus into the sea did forth islew,
 Though darts from shore & stones they at him threw;
 And wading through the' waues with stedfast sway,
 Maugre the might of all those troupes in vew,
 Did win the shore, whence he them chaft away,
 And made to fly, like doves, whom the Eagle doth affray.
 The

The whyles Sir *Artegall*, with that old knight
 Did forth descend, there being none them neare,
 And forward marched to a towne in fight.
 By this came tydings to the Tyrants care,
 By thofe, which earlt did fly away for feare
 Of their arriuall: wherewith troubled sore,
 He all his forces streight to him did reare,
 And forth issuing with his scouts afore,
 Meant them to haue incountred, ere they left the shore.

But ere he marched farre, he with them met,
 And fiercely charged them with all his force;
 But *Talus* sternely did vpon them set,
 And brusht, and battred them without remorse,
 That on the ground he left full many a corse;
 Ne any able was him to withstand,
 But he them ouerthrew both man and horse,
 That they lay scattred ouer all the land,
 As thicke as doth the seede after the sowers hand.

Till *Artegall* him seeing so to rage,
 Willd him to stay, and signe of truce did make:
 To which all harkning, did a while affwage
 Their forces furie, and their terror slake;
 Till he an Herauld cald, and to him spake,
 Willing him wend vnto the Tyrant streight,
 And tell him that not for such slaughters sake
 He thither came, but for to trie the right
 Offayre *Irenaes* cause with him in single fight.

And willed him for to reclayme with speed
 His scattred people, ere they all were slaine,
 And time and place conuenient to aceed,
 In which they two the combat might darraine.

Which message when *Grantorto* heard, full fayne
 And glad he was the slaughter so to stay,
 And pointed for the combat twixt them twayne
 The morrow next, ne gaue him longer day.
 So founded the retraite, and drew his folke away.

That night Sir *Artegall* did cause his tent
 There to be pitched on the open plaine;
 For he had giuen streight commaundement,
 That none should dare him once to entertaine:
 Which none durst breake, though many would right
 For fayre *Irena*, whom they loued deare. (faine)
 But yet old *Sergis* did so well him paine,
 That from close friends, that dar'd not to appeare,
 He all things did puruay, which for them needfull weare.

The morrow next, that was the dismall day,
 Appointed for *Irena*'s death before,
 So soone as it did to the world display
 His chearefull face, and light to men restore,
 The heauy Mayd, to whom none tydings bore
 Of *Artegals* arruall, her to free,
 Lookt vp with eyes full sad and hart full fore;
 Weening her lifes last howre then neare to bee,
 Sith no redemption nigh she did nor heare nor see.

Then vp she rose, and on her selfe did dight
 Most squalid garments, fit for such a day,
 And with dull countenance, and with doleful spright,
 She forth was brought in sorrowfull dismay,
 For to receive the doome of her decay.
 But comming to the place, and finding there
 Sir *Artegall*, in battailous array
 Wayting his foe, it did her dead hart cheare,
 And new life to her lent, in midit of deadly feare.

Like

Like as a tender Rose in open plaine,
 That with vntimely drought nigh withered was,
 And hung the head, soone as few drops of raine
 Thereon distill, and deaw her daintie face,
 Gins to looke vp, and with fresh wonted grace
 Dispreeds the glorie of her leaues gay;
 Such was *Irenas* countenance, such her case,
 When *Artegall* she saw in that array,
 There wayting for the Tyrant, till it was farre day.

Who came at length, with proud presumptuous gate,
 Into the field, as if he fearelesse were,
 All armed in a cote of yron plate,
 Of great defence to ward the deadly feare,
 And on his head a steele cap he did weare
 Of colour rustie browne, but sure and strong;
 And in his hand an huge Polaxe did beare,
 Whose steale was yron studded, but not long,
 With which he wont to fight, to iustifie his wrong.

Of stature huge and hideous he was,
 Like to a Giant for his monstrous height,
 And did in strength most sorts of men surpas,
 Ne euer any found his match in might;
 Thereto he had great skill in single fight:
 His face was vgly, and his countenance ferne,
 That could haue frayd one with the very sight,
 And gaped like a gulfe, when he did gerne,
 That whether man or monster one could scarce discern.

Soone as he did within the listes appeare,
 With dreadfull looke he *Artegall* beheld,
 As if he would haue daunted him with feare,
 And grinning grieisly, did against him weld

His deadly weapon, which in hand he held,
But th'Elfin swayne, that oft had seene like fight,
Was with his ghastly count'nance nothing queld,
But gan him streight to buckle to the fight,
And cast his shield about, to be in readie plight.

The trumpets sound, and they together goe,
With dreadfull terror, and with fell intent;
And their huge strokes full daungerously bestow,
To doe most dammage, where as most they ment,
But with such force and furie violent,
The tyrant thundred his thicke blowes so fast,
That through the yron walles their way they rent,
And euen to the vitall parts they past,
Ne ought could them endure, but all they cleft or brast.

Which cruell outrage when as *Artegall*
Did well auize, thenceforth with warie heed
He shund his strokes, where euer they did fall,
And way did giue vnto their gracelesse speed:
As when a skilfull Marriner doth reed
A storme approaching, that doth perill threat,
He will not bide the daunger of such dread,
But strikes his sayles, and vereth his mainhear,
And lends vnto it leauc the empirie ayre to beat.

So did the Faerie knight him selfe abear,
And stouped oft his head from shame to shield;
No shame to stoupe, ones head more high to reare,
And much to gaine, a litle for to yeld;
So stoutest knights doen oftentimes in field,
But still the tyrant sternely at him layd,
And did his yron axe so nimbly wield,
That many wounds into his flesh it made,
And with his burdenous blowes him fore did ouerlade.

Yet

Yet when as he aduertage he did spy,
The whiles the curfed felon high did reare
His cruell hand, to smite him mortally,
Vnder his stroke he to him stepping neare,
Right in the flanke him strooke with deadly dreare,
That the gore bloud thence gushing grieuouly,
Did vnderneath him like a pond appeare,
And all his armour did with purple dye;
Thereat he brayed loud, and yelled dreadfully.

Yet the huge stroke, which he before intended,
Kept on his course, as he did it direct,
And with such monstrous poise adowne descended,
That seemed nought could him from death protect:
But he it well did ward with wise respect,
And twixt him and the blow his shield did cast,
Which thereon seizing, tooke no great effect,
But byting deepe therein did sticke so fast,
That by no means it backe againe he forth could wraist.

Long while he tug'd and stroue, to get it out,
And all his powre applyed thereunto,
That he therewith the knight drew all about:
Nathlesse, for all that euer he could doe,
His axe he could not from his shield vndoe,
Which *Artegall* perceiuing, strooke no more,
But loosing soone his shield, did it forgoe,
And whiles he combred was therewith so fore,
He gan at him let driue more fiercely then afore.

So well he him pursew'd, that at the last,
He stroke him with *Chrysaor* on the hed,
That with the soufe thereof full fore aghast,
He staggered to and fro in doubtfull sted.

Againe whiles he him saw so ill bested,
 He did him finite with all his might and maine,
 That falling on his mother earth he fed:
 Whom when he saw prostrated on the plaine,
 He lightly rest his head, to ease him of his paine.

Which when the people round about him saw,
 They shouted all for ioy of his successe,
 Glad to be quit from that proud Tyrants awe,
 Which with strôg powre did the long time oppresse;
 And running all with greedie ioyfulnessse
 To faire *Irena*, at her feet did fall,
 And her adored with due humblenessse,
 As their true Liege and Princeesse naturall;
 And eke her champions glorie founded ouer all.

Who streight her leading with meete maiestie
 Vnto the pallace, where their kings did rayne,
 Did her therein establish peaceable,
 And to her kingdomes feat restore agayne;
 And all such persons, as did late maintayne
 That Tyrants part, with close or open ayde,
 He sorely punished with heauie, payne;
 That in shortspace, whiles there with her he stayd,
 Not one was left, that durst her once haue disobayd.

During which time, that he did there remaine,
 His studie was true Iustice how to deale,
 And day and night employ'd his busse paine
 How to reforme that ragged common-weale:
 And that same yron man which could reueale
 All hidden crimes, through all that realme he sent,
 To search out those, that vsd to rob and steale,
 Or did rebell gainst lawfull government;
 Oa whom he did inflict most grieuous punishment.

But

But ere he could reforme it thoroughly,
 He through occasion called was away,
 To Faerie Court, that of necessity
 His course of Iustice he was forst to stay;
 And *Talus* to reuoke from the right way,
 In which he was that Realme for to redresse,
 But enuies cloud still dimmeth vertues ray.
 So hauing freed *Irena* from distresse,
 He tooke his leaue of her, there left in heuinessse.

Tho as he backe returned from that land,
 And there arriu'd againe, whence forth he fet,
 He had not pass'd farre vpon the strand,
 When as two old ill fauour'd Hags he met,
 By the way side being together set,
 Two grieisly creatures; and, to that their faces
 Most foule and filthie were, their garments yet
 Being all rag'd and tatter'd, their disgraces
 Did much the more augment, and made most vgly cases.

The one of them, that elder did appeare,
 With her dull eyes did seeme to looke askew,
 That her mis-shape much helpt; and her foule heare
 Hung loose and loathsomely: Thereto her hew
 Was wan and leane, that all her teeth arew,
 And all her bones might through her cheekes be red;
 Her lips were like raw lether, pale and blew,
 And as she spake, therewith she flauered;
 Yet spake she seldom, but thought more, the lesse she fed.

Her hands were foule and durtie, neuer washt
 In all her life, with long nayles ouer raught,
 Like puttocks clawes: with th'one of which she scracht
 Her cursed head, although it itched naught;

The other held a snake with venime fraught,
 On which she fed, and gnawed hungrily,
 As if that long she had not eaten ought;
 That round about her iawes one might descry
 The bloudie gore and poyson dropping lothfomely.

Her name was *Ennie*, knownen well thereby;
 Whose nature is to grieue, and grudge at all,
 That euer she sees doen prayf-worthily,
 Whose sight to her is greatest crosse, may fall,
 And vexeth so, that makes her eat her gall,
 For when she wanteth other thing to eat,
 She feedes on her owne maw vnnatural,
 And of her owne foule entrayles makes her meat;
 Meat fit for such a monsters monitrous dyeat.

And if she hapt of any good to heare,
 That had to any happily betid,
 Then would she inly fret, and grieue, and teare
 Her flesh for felnesse, which she inward hid:
 But if she heard of ill, that any did,
 Or harme, that any had, then would she make
 Great cheare, like one vnto a banquet bid;
 And in anothers losse great pleasure take,
 As she had got thereby, and gayned a great stake.

The other nothing better was, then shee;
 Agreeing in bad will and cancred kynd,
 But in bad maner they did disagree:
 For what so *Ennie* good or bad did fynd,
 She did conceale, and murder her owne mynd;
 But this, what euer euill she conceiued,
 Did spred abroad, and throw in th'open wynd.
 Yet this in all her words might be perceiued, (reued.
 That all she fought, was mens good name to haue be-
 For

For what focuer good by any sayd,
 Or doen she heard, she would streightwayes inuent,
 How to depraue, or slanderouly vpbraid,
 Or to misconstrue of a mans intent,
 And turne to ill the thing, that well was ment.
 Therefore she vfed often to resort,
 To common haunts, and companies frequent,
 To hearken what any one did good report,
 To blot the fame with blame, or wrest in wicked fort.

And if that any ill she heard of any,
 She would it eeke, and make much worfe by telling,
 And take great ioy to publish it to many,
 That euery matter worfe was for her melling.
 Her name was hight *Detraction*, and her dwelling
 Was neare to *Ennie*, euen her neighbour next;
 A wicked hag, and *Enny* selfe excelling
 In mischief: for her selfe she onely vext;
 But this fame both her selfe, and others eke perplex.

Her face was vgly, and her mouth distort,
 Foming with poyson round about her gils,
 In which her curst tongue full sharpe and short
 Appeard like *Aspis* sting, that closely kils,
 Or cruelly does wound, whom so she wils:
 A distaffe in her other hand she had,
 Vpon the which she litle spinnes, but spils,
 And faynes to weaue false tales and leafings bad,
 To throw amongst the good, which others had disprad.

These two now had themselves combynd in one,
 And linckt together gainst Sir *Artegall*,
 For whom they wayted as his mortall fone,
 How they might make him into mischief fall,

For freeing from their snares *Irena* thrall,
 Besides vnto themfelues they gotten had
 A monster, which the *Blatant beast* men call,
 A dreadfull feend of gods and men ydrad,
 Whom they by slights allur'd, and to their purpose lad.

Such were these Hags, and so vnhandfome drest:
 Who when they nigh approaching, had espyde
 Sir *Artegall* return'd from his late quest,
 They both arose, and at him loudly cryde,
 As it had bene two shepheards curres, had scryde
 A rauinous Wolfe amongst the scattered flockes.
 And *Ennie* first, as she that first him eyde,
 Towardes him runs, and with rude flaring lockes
 About her eares, does beat her brest, & forehead knockes.

Then from her mouth the gobbet she does take,
 The which whyleare she was so greedily
 Deuouring, euen that halfe-gnawen snake,
 And at him throws it most despightfully.
 The curfed Serpent, though she hungryly
 Earst chawd thereon, yet was not all so dead,
 But that some life remayned secretly,
 And as he past afore withouten dread,
 Bit him behind, that long the marke was to be read.

Then th'other comming neare, gan him reuile,
 And fouly rayle, with all she could inuent;
 Saying, that she ha' with vnmanly guile,
 And foule abuson both his honour blent,
 And that bright sword the sword, of Iustice lent
 Had stayned with reprochfull crueltie,
 In guiltlesse blood of many an innocent:
 As for *Grandorto*, him with treacherie
 And traynes hauing surpriz'd, he fouly did to die.

Thereto

Thereto the *Blatant beast* by them set on
 At him began aloud to barke and bay,
 With bitter rage and fell contention,
 That all the woods and rockes nigh to that way,
 Began to quake and tremble with dinmay;
 And all the aire rebellowed againe.
 So dreadfully his hundred tongues did bray,
 And euermore those hags them felues did paine,
 To sharpen him, and their owne curfed tongs did straine.

And still among most bitter wordes they spake,
 Most shamefull, most vnrighteous, most vntrew,
 That they the mildest man alieu would make
 Forget his patience, and yeeld vengeance dew
 To her, that so false sleaunders at him threw.
 And more to make the pierce & wound more deepe,
 She with the sting, which in her vile tongue grew,
 Did sharpen them, and in fresh poyson steepe:
 Yet he past on, and seem'd of them to take no keepe.

But *Talus* hearing her so lewdly raile,
 And speake so ill of him, that well deserued,
 Would her haue chastiz'd with his yron staile,
 If her Sir *Artegall* had not preserued,
 And him forbidden, who his heaft obserued.
 So much the more at him still did she scold,
 And stones did cast, yet he for nought would swerue
 From his right course, but still the way did hold
 To Faery Court, where what him fell shall else be told.

Z



THE SIXTE
BOOKE OF THE
FAERIE QVEENE.

Contayning
THE LEGEND OF S. CALIDORE
OR
OF COVRTESIE.

He waies, through which my weary steps I
In this delightfull land of Faery, (guyde,
Are so exceeding spacious and wyde,
And sprinkled with such sweet variety,
Of all that pleasant is to eare or eye,
That I nigh rauisht with rare thoughts delight,
My tedious trauell doe forget thereby;
And when I gin to feele decay of might,
It strength to me supplies, & chears my dulled spright.

Such secret comfort, and such heauenly pleasures,
Ye sacred imps, that on *Parnasso* dwell,
And there the keeping haue of learnings threasures,
Which doe all worldly riches farre excell,
Into the mindes of mortall men doe well,
And goodly fury into them infuse;
Guyde ye my footing, and conduct me well
In these strange waies, where neuer footé did vse,
Ne none can find, but who was taught them by the Muse.

Z. 2

Reneue to me the sacred nourfery
 Of vertue, which with you doth there remaine,
 Where it in filuer bowre does hidden ly
 From view of men, and wicked worlds difdaine.
 Since it at firft was by the Gods with paine
 Planted in earth, being deriud at firft
 From heavenly feedes of bounty foueraine,
 And by them long with carefull labour nurft,
 Till it to ripenefle grew, and forth to honour burft.

Amongft them all growes not a fayrer flowre,
 Then is the bloofme of comely courtefie,
 Which though it on a lowly ftalke doe bowre,
 Yet brancheth forth in braue nobilitie,
 And fprede it felfe through all ciuilitie:
 Of which though prefent age doe plenteous feeme,
 Yet being matcht with plaine Antiquitie,
 Ye will them all but fayned fhowes efteeme,
 Which carry colours faire, that feeble eies mifdeeme.

But in the triall of true curtefie,
 Its now fo farre from that, which then it was,
 That it indeed is nought but forgerie,
 Fashion'd to pleafe the eies of them, that pas,
 Which fee not perfect things but in a glas:
 Yet is that glaffe fo gay, that it can blynd
 The wifeft fight, to thinke gold that is bras.
 But vertues feat is deepe within the mynd,
 And not in outward fhows, but inward thoughts defynd.

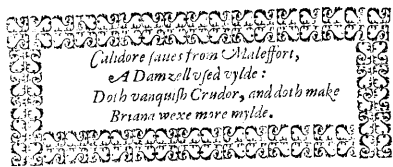
But where fhall I in all Antiquity
 So faire a patterne finde, where may be feene
 The goodly praife of Princely curtefie,
 As in your felfe, O foueraine Lady Queene,

In

In whofe pure minde, as in a mirrour fhene,
 It fhowes, and with her brightneffe doth inflame
 The eyes of all, which thereon fixed beene;
 But meriteth indeede an higher name:
 Yet fo from low to high vplifted is your name.

Then pardon me, moft dreaded Soueraine,
 That from your felfe I doe this vertue bring,
 And to your felfe doe it returne againe:
 So from the Ocean all riuers fpring,
 And tribute backe repay as to their King.
 Right fo from you all goodly vertues well
 Into the reft, which round about you ring,
 Faire Lords and Ladies, which about you dwell,
 And doe adorne your Court, where courtesies excell.

Z 3

Cant. I.

OF Court it seemes, men Courtesie doe call,
For that it there most vseth to abound;
And well befecemeth that in Princes hall
That vertue should be plentifully found,
Which of all goodly manners is the ground,
And roote of ciuill conuerſation.
Right ſo in Faery court it did redound,
Where courteous Knights and Ladies moſt did won
Of all on earth, and made a matchleſſe paragon.

But mongſt them all was none more courteous Knight,
Then *Calidore*, belouedouer all,
In whom it ſeemes, that gentleneſſe of ſpright
And manners mylde were planted naturall;
To which he adding comely guiſe withall,
And gracious ſpeach, did ſteale mens hearts away.
Nathleſſe thereto he was full ſtout and tall,
And well approu'd in batteilous affray,
That him did much renowme, and far his fame diſplay.

Ne was there Knight, ne was there Lady found
In Faery court, but him did deare embrace,
For his faire vſage and conditions found,
The which in all mens liking gayned place,

And

And with the greateſt purchaſt greateſt grace:
Which he could wiſely vſe, and well apply,
To pleaſe the beſt, and th'euil to embace.
For he loathd leaſing, and baſe flattery,
And loued ſimple truth and ſtedfaſt honeſty.

And now he was in trauell on his way,
Vpon an hard aduenture fore beſtad,
Whenas by chaunce he met vpon a day
With *Artegall*, returning yet halfe ſad
From his late conqueſt, which he gotten had.
Who whenas each of other had a fight,
They knew them ſelues, and both their perſons rad:
When *Calidore* thus firſt; Haile nobleſt Knight
Of all this day on ground, that breatheſ liuing ſpright.

Now tell, if pleaſe you, of the good ſucceſſe,
Which ye haue had in your late enterprize.
To whom *Sir Artégall* gan to expreſſe
His whole exploite, and valorous emprize,
In order as it did to him arize.
Now happy man (ſayd then *Sir Calidore*)
Which haue ſo goodly, as ye can deuize,
Atchieu'd ſo hard a queſt, as few before;
That ſhall you moſt renowmed make for euermore.

But where ye ended haue, now I begin
To tread an endleſſe trace, withouten guyde,
Or good direction, how to enter in,
Or how to iſſue forth in waies vntryde,
In perils ſtrange, in labours long and wide,
In which although good Fortune me befall,
Yet ſhall it not by none be teſtifyde.
What is that queſt (quoth then *Sir Artégall*)
That you into ſuch perils preſently doth call?

Z 4

The Blattant Beaft (quoth he) I doe purfew,
 And through the world incessantly doe chafe,
 Till I him ouertake, or else subdew:
 Yet know I not or how, or in what place
 To find him out, yet still I forward trace.
 What is that Blattant Beaft? (then he replide)
 It is a Monster bred of hellishe race,
 (Then answerd he) which often hath annoyd
 Good Knights and Ladies true, and many else destroyd.

Of *Cerberus* whilome he was begot,
 And fell *Chimera* in her darkefome den,
 Through fowle commixture of his filthy blot;
 Where he was fostred long in *Stygian* fen,
 Till he to perfect ripenesse grew, and then
 Into this wicked world he forth was sent,
 To be the plague and scourge of wretched men:
 Whom with vile tongue and venomous intent
 He fore doth wound, and bite, and cruelly torment.

Then since the saluage Island I did leaue
 Sayd *Artegall*, I such a Beaft did see,
 The which did seeme a thousand tongues to haue,
 That all in spight and malice did agree,
 With which he bayd and loudly barkt at mee,
 As if that he attonce would me deuoure.
 But I that knew my selfe from perill free,
 Did nought regard his malice nor his powre,
 But he the more his wicked poyson forth did poure.

That surely is that Beaft (saide *Calidore*)
 Which I pursue, of whom I am right glad
 To heare these tidings, which of none afore
 Through all my weary trauell I haue had:

Yet

Yet now some hope your words vnto me add,
 Now God you speed (quoth then Sir *Artegall*)
 And keepe your body from the daunger drad:
 For ye haue much adoe to deale withall,
 So both tooke goodly leaue, and parted feuerall.

Sir *Calidore* thence trauelled not long,
 When as by chaunce a comely Squire he found,
 That thorough some more mighty enemies wrong,
 Both hand and foote vnto a tree was bound:
 Who seeing him from farre, with piteous found
 His shrill cries him called to his aide.
 To whom approaching, in that painefull stound
 When he him saw, for no demaunds he staide,
 But first him losde, and afterwards thus to him saide.

Vnhappy Squire, what hard mishap thee brought
 Into this bay of perill and disgrace?
 What cruell hand thy wretched thraldome wrought,
 And thee captuyed in this shamefull place?
 To whom he answerd thus; My haplesse case
 Is not occasion through my misdefert,
 But through misfortune, which did me abase
 Vnto this shame, and my young hope subuert,
 Ere that I in her guilefull traines was well expert.

Not farre from hence, yppon yond rocky hill,
 Hard by a streight there stands a caffle strong,
 Which doth obserue a custome lewd and ill,
 And it bath long mayntaind with mighty wrong:
 For may no Knight nor Lady passe along
 That way, (and yet they needs must passe that way,)
 By reason of the streight, and rocks among,
 But they that Ladies lockes doe shau away,
 And that knights berd for toll, which they for passage pay

A shamefull vse as euer I did heare,
 Sayd *Calidore*, and to be ouerthrowne.
 But by what meanes did they at first it reare,
 And for what cause, tell if thou haue it knowne.
 Sayd then that Squire: The Lady which doth owne
 This Castle, is by name *Briana* hight.
 Then which a prouder Lady liueth none:
 She long time hath deare lou'd a doughty Knight,
 And fought to win his loue by all the meanes she might.

His name is *Crudor*, who through high disdain
 And proud despight of his selfe pleasing mynd,
 Refused hath to yeeld her loue againe,
 Vntill a Mantle she for him doe fynd,
 With beards of Knights and locks of Ladies lynd.
 Which to prouide, she hath this Castle dight,
 And therein hath a Seneschall asynd,
 Cald *Maleffort*, a man of mickle might,
 Who executes her wicked will, with worse despight.

He this same day, as I that way did come
 With a faire Damzell, my beloved deare,
 In execution of her lawlesse doome,
 Did set vpon vs flying both for feare:
 For little bootes against him hand to reare.
 Me first he tooke, vnhabie to withstond;
 And whiles he her pursued euery where,
 Till his returne vnto this tree he bond:
 Ne wote I surely, whether her he yet haue fond.

Thus whiles they spake, they heard a ruefull shriek
 Of one loud crying, which they streight way ghest,
 That it was she, the which for helpe did seeke.
 Tho looking vp vnto the cry to left,

They

They saw that Carle from farre, with hand vnblest
 Hayling that mayden by the yellow heare,
 That all her garments from her snowy brest,
 And from her head her lockes he nigh did teare,
 Ne would he spare for pittie, nor refraine for feare.

Which haynous fight when *Calidore* beheld,
 Eftsoones he loofd that Squire, and so him left,
 With hearts dismay and inward dolour queld,
 For to pursue that villaine, which had rest
 That piteous spoile by so iniurious theft.
 Whom ouertaking, loude to him he cryde;
 Leauē faytor quickely that misgotten west
 To him, that hath it better iustifyde,
 And turne thee soone to him, of whom thou art desyde.

Who hearkning to that voice, him selfe vpreard,
 And seeing him so fiercely towards make,
 Against him stoutly ran, as nought afeard,
 But rather more enrag'd for those words sake;
 And with sterne count'naunce thus vnto him spake,
 Art thou the caytiue, that desyest me,
 And for this Mayd, whose party thou doest take,
 Wilt giue thy beard, though it but little bee?
 Yet shall it not her lockes for raumsome fro me free.

With that he fiercely at him flew, and layd
 On hideous strokes with most importune might,
 That oft he made him stagger as vnstayed,
 And oft recuile to shunne his sharpe despight.
 But *Calidore*, that was well skild in fight,
 Him long forbore, and still his spirite spar'd,
 Lying in waite, how him he damage might.
 But when he felt him shrinke, and come to ward,
 He greater grew, and gan to driue at him more hard.

Like as a water streame, whose swelling course
 Shall drine a Mill, within strong bancks is pent,
 And long restrayned of his ready course;
 So soone as passage is vnto him lent,
 Breakes forth, and makes his way more violent.
 Such was the fury of Sir *Calidore*,
 When once he felt his foeman to relent;
 He fiercely him pursu'd, and pressed fore,
 Who as he still decayd, so he encreas'd more.

The heauy burden of whose dreadfull might
 When as the Carle no longer could sustaine,
 His heart gan faint, and streight he tooke his flight
 Toward the Castle, where if need constraind,
 His hope of refuge vs'd to remaine.
 Whom *Calidore* perceiuing fast to flie,
 He him pursu'd and chased through the plaine,
 That he for dread of death gan loude to crie
 Vnto the ward, to open to him hastilie.

They from the wall him seeing so aghast,
 The gate soone opened to receive him in,
 But *Calidore* did follow him so fast,
 That euen in the Porch he him did win,
 And cleft his head asunder to his chun.
 The carkasse tumbling downe within the dore,
 Did choke the entraunce with a lump of sin,
 That it could not be shut, whilest *Calidore*
 Did enter in, and slew the Porter on the flore.

With that the rest, the which the Castle kept,
 About him flockt, and hard at him did lay;
 But he them all from him full lightly swept,
 As doth a Steare, in heat of sommers day.

With

With his long taile the bryzes brush away.
 Thence passing forth, into the hall he came,
 Where of the Lady selfe in sad dismay
 He was ymett, who with vncomely shame
 Gan him salute, and fowle vpbrayd with faulty blame.

Falſe traytor Knight, (sayd she) no Knight at all,
 But ſcorne of armes that haſt with guilty hand
 Murdred my men, and ſlaine my Seneschall;
 Now comelt thou to rob my houſe vnmind,
 And ſpoile my ſelfe, that can nor thee withſtand?
 Yet doubt thou not, but that ſome better Knight
 Then thou, that ſhall thy treaſon vnderſtand,
 Will it auenge, and pay thee with thy right:
 And if none do yet ſhame ſhal thee with ſhame requight

Much was the Knight abaſhed at that word;
 Yet anſwerd thus; Not vnto me the ſhame,
 But to the ſhamefull doer it afford.
 Bloud is no blemiſh; for it is no blame
 To puniſh thoſe, that doe deſerue the ſame;
 But they that breake bands of ciuilitie,
 And wicked cuſtomes make, thoſe doe deſame
 Both noble armes and gentle curteſie.
 No greater ſhame to man then inhumanitie.

Then doe your ſelfe, for dread of ſhame, forgoe
 This euill manner, which ye here maintaine,
 And doe in ſtead thereof mild cur'tſie ſhowe
 To all, that paſſe. That ſhall you glory gaine
 More then his loue, which thus ye ſeeker obtaine.
 Wherewith all full of wrath, ſhe thus replyde;
 Vile recreant, know that I doe much diſdaine
 Thy courteous lore, that doelt my loue deride,
 Who ſcornes thy ydle coſſe, and bids thee be deſyde.

To take defiance at a Ladies word
 (Quoth he) I hold it no indignity;
 But were he here, that would it with his sword
 Abett, perhaps he mote it deare aby.
 Cowherd (quoth she) were not, that thou wouldst fly,
 Ere thou doe come, he should be soone in place.
 If I doe so, (sayd he) then liberty
 Heaue to you, for aye me to disgrace
 With all those shames, that erst ye spake me to deface.

With that a Dwarfie she cald to her in hast,
 And taking from her hand a ring of gold,
 A priuy token, which betweene them past,
 Bad him to flie with all the speed he could,
 To *Cruder*, and desire him that he would
 Vouchsafe to reskue her against a Knight,
 Who through strôg powre had now her self in hould;
 Having late slaine her Seneschall in fight,
 And all her people murdered with outrageous might.

The Dwarfie his way did hast, and went all night;
 But *Calidore* did with her there abyde
 The comming of that so much threatned Knight,
 Where that discourteous Dame with scornfull pryde,
 And fowle entreaty him indignifide,
 That yron heart it hardly could sustaine:
 Yet he, that could his wrath full wisely guyde,
 Did well endure her womanish disdain,
 And did him selfe from fraile impatience refraine.

The morrow next, before the lampe of light,
 About the earth vpreard his flaming head,
 The Dwarfie, which bore that message to her knight,
 Brought aumfwere backe, that ere he tasted bread,
 He

He would her succour, and aliuie or dead
 Her foe deliuier vp into her hand:
 Therefore he wuld her doe away all dread;
 And that of him she mote assured stand,
 He sent to her his basenet, as a faithfull band.

Thereof full blyth the Lady streight became,
 And gan t'augment her bitternesse much more:
 Yet no whit more appalled for the same,
 Ne ought disinayed was Sir *Calidore*,
 But rather did more chearefull seeme therefore.
 And hauing soone his armes about him dight,
 Did issue forth, to meete his foe afore;
 Where long he stayed not, when as a Knight
 He spide come pricking on with al his powre and might.

Well weend he streight, that he should be the same,
 Which tooke in hand her quarrell to maintaine;
 Ne stayd to aske if it were he by name,
 But coucht his speare, and ran at him amaine.
 They bene ymett in middelt of the plaine,
 With so fell fury, and dispiteous forse,
 That neither could the others stroke sustaine,
 But rudely rowld to ground both man and horse,
 Neither of other taking pity nor remorse.

But *Calidore* vprose againe full light,
 Whiles yet his foe lay fast in fencelesse found,
 Yet would he not him hurt, although he might;
 For shame he weend a sleeping wight to wound.
 But when *Briana* saw that dreery stound,
 There where she stood vpon the Castle wall,
 She deem'd him sure to haue bene dead on ground,
 And made such piteous mourning therewithall,
 That from the battlements she ready seem'd to fall.

Nathlesse at length him selfe he did vpreare
 In lustlesse wife, as if against his will,
 Ere he had slept his fill, he wakened were,
 And gan to stretch his limbs; which feeling ill
 Of his late fall, a while he rested still:
 But when he saw his foe before in view,
 He shooke off luski shnesse, and courage chill
 Kindling a fresh, gan battell to renew,
 To proue if better foote then horsebacke would enfew.

There then began a fearefull cruell fray
 Betwixt them two, for maystery of might.
 For both were wondrous practicke in that play,
 And passing well expert in single fight,
 And both inflam'd with furious despight:
 Which as it still increast, so still increast
 Their cruell strokes and terrible affright;
 Ne once for ruth their rigour they releast,
 Ne once to breath a while their angers temper ceast.

Thus long they trac'd and trauerst to and fro,
 And tryde all waies, how each mote entrance make
 Into the life of his malignant foe;
 They hew'd their helmes, and plates asunder brake,
 As they had potshares bene; for nought more slake
 Their greedy vengeaunces, but goary blood,
 That at the last like to a purple lake
 Of bloody gore congeal'd about them stood,
 Which from their riuen sides forth gushed like a flood.

At length it chaunst, that both their hands on hie,
 At once did heaue, with all their powre and might,
 Thinking the vtmost of their force to trie,
 And proue the finall fortune of the fight:

But

But *Calidore*, that was more quicke of sight,
 And nimbler handed, then his enimie,
 Preuented him before his stroke could light,
 And on the helmet smote him formerlie,
 That made him stoupe to ground with meeke humilitie.

And ere he could recouer foot againe,
 He following that faire aduantage fast,
 His stroke redoubled with such might and maine,
 That him vpon the ground he groueling cast;
 And leaping to him light, would haue vnlast
 His Helme, to make vnto his vengeance way.
 Who seeing, in what daunger he was plast,
 Cryde out, Ah mercie Sir, doe me not slay,
 But saue my life, which lot before your foot doth lay.

With that his mortall hand a while he stayd,
 And hauing somewhat calm'd his wrathfull heat
 With goodly patience, thus he to him sayd;
 And is the boast of that proud Ladies threat,
 That menaced me from the field to beat,
 Now brought to this? By this now may ye learne,
 Strangers no more so rudely to intreat,
 But put away proud looke, and vsage sterne,
 The which shal nought to you but foule dishonor yearne.

For nothing is more blamefull to a knight,
 That court'sie doth as well as armes professe,
 How euer strong and fortunate in fight,
 Then the reproch of pride and cruellnesse.
 In vaine he seeketh others to suppressse,
 Who hath not learn'd him selfe first to subdew:
 All flesh is frayle, and full of ficklenesse,
 Subiect to fortunes chance, still chaunging new;
 What haps to day to me, to morrow may to you.

Aa

Who will not mercie vnto others shew,
 How can he mercy euer hope to haue?
 To pay each with his owne is right and dew.
 Yet since ye mercie now doe need to craue,
 I will it graunt, your hopelesse life to saue;
 With these conditions, which I will propound:
 First, that ye better shall your selfe behaue
 Vnto all errant knights, wherefo on ground;
 Next that ye Ladies ayde in euery stead and stound.

The wretched man, that all this while did dwell
 In dread of death, his hearts did gladly heare,
 And promist to performe his precept well,
 And whatfoeuer else he would require.
 So suffering him to rise, he made him sweare
 By his owne sword, and by the crosse thereon,
 To take *Briana* for his louing fere,
 Withouten dowre or composition;
 But to releafe his former foule condition.

All which accepting, and with faithfull oth
 Bynding himselfe most firmly to obey,
 He vp arose, how euer lief or loth,
 And swore to him true fealtie for aye.
 Then forth he cald from sorrowfull dismay
 The sad *Briana*, which all this beheld:
 Who comming forth yet full of late affray,
 Sir *Calidore* vpcheard, and to her teld
 All this accord, to which he *Crudor* had compeld.

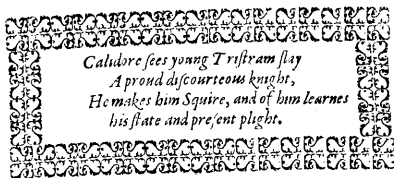
Whereof she now more glad, then foryearst,
 All ouercome with infinite affect,
 For his exceeding courtesie, that pearst
 Her stubborne hart with inward deepe effect,
 Before

Before his feet her selfe she did proiect,
 And him adoring as her liues deare Lord,
 With all due thanks, and dutifull respect,
 Her selfe acknowledg'd bound for that accord,
 By which he had to her both life and loue restord.

So all returning to the Castle glad,
 Most ioyfully she them did entertaine,
 Where goodly glee and feast to them she made,
 To shew her thankefull mind and meaning faine,
 By all the meanes she more it best explaine:
 And after all, vnto Sir *Calidore*
 She freely gaue that Castle for his paine,
 And her selfe bound to him for euermore;
 So wondrously now chaung'd, from that she was afore.

But *Calidore* himselfe would not retaine
 Nor land nor fee, for hyre of his good deede,
 But gaue them streight vnto that Squire againe,
 Whom from her Seneschall he lately freed,
 And to his damzell as their rightfull meed,
 For recompence of all their former wrong:
 There he remaind with them right well agreed,
 Till of his wounds he waxed hole and strong,
 And then to his first quest he passed forth along.

A a 2

Cant. II.

WHat vertue is so fitting for a knight,
 Or for a Ladie, whom a knight should loue,
 As Curtesie, to beare themelues aright
 To all of each degree, as doth behoue?
 For whether they be placed high aboue,
 Or low beneath, yet ought they well to know
 Their good, that none them rightly may reprove
 Of rudenesse, for not yeelding what they owe:
 Great skill it is such duties timely to bestow.

There to great helpe dame Nature selfe doth lend:
 For some so goodly gracious are by kind,
 That euery action doth them much commend,
 And in the eyes of men great liking find;
 Which others, that haue greater skill in mind,
 Though they enforce themselues, cannot attaine.
 For euerie thing, to which one is inclin'd,
 Doth best become, and greatest grace doth gaine:
 Yet praise likewise deserue good thewes, enforst with
 paine.

That well in courteous *Calidore* appears,
 Whose euery act and deed, that he did say,
 Was like enchantment, that through both the eyes,
 And both the eares did steale the hart away.

He

He now againe is on his former way,
 To follow his first quest, when as he spyde
 A tall young man from thence not farre away,
 Fighting on foot, as well he him descryde,
 Against an armed knight, that did on horsebacke ryde.

And them beside a Ladie faire he saw,
 Standing alone on foot, in foule array:
 To whom himselfe he hastily did draw,
 To weete the cause of so vncomely fray,
 And to depart them, if so be he may.
 But ere he came in place, that youth had kild
 That armed knight, that low on ground he lay,
 Which when he saw, his hart was inly child
 With great amazement, & his thought with wonder fild.

Him stedfastly he markt, and saw to bee
 A goodly youth of amiable grace,
 Yet but a slender slip, that scarce did see
 Yet seuteene yeares, but tall and faire of face
 That sure he deem'd him borne of noble race.
 All in a woodmans iacket he was clad
 Of lincolne greene, belayd with siluer lace;
 And on his head an hood with aglets sprad,
 And by his side his hunters horne he hanging had.

Buskins he wore of costliest cordwayne,
 Pinckt vpon gold, and paled part per part,
 As then the guize was for each gentle swayne;
 In his right hand he held a trembling dart,
 Whose fellow he before had sent apart;
 And in his left he held a sharpe bore speare,
 With which he wont to launch the saluage hart
 Of many a Lyon, and of many a Beare
 That first vnto his hand in chafe did happen neare.

Aa 3

Whom *Calidore* a while well hauing yewed,
 At length bespake; what means this, gentle swaine?
 Why hath thy hand too bold it selfe embrewed
 In blood of knight, the which by thee is laine,
 By thee no knights, which armes impugne th plain?
 Certes (said he) loth were I to haue broken
 The law of armes; yet breake it should againe,
 Rather then let my selfe of wight be stroken,
 So long as these two armes were able to be wroken.

For not I him as this his *Ladie* here
 May witnesse well, did offer first to wrong,
 Ne surely thus vnarm'd I likely were;
 But he me first, through pride and puiffance strong
 Assayld, not knowing what to armes doth long.
 Perdie great blame, (then said *Sir Calidore*)
 For armed knight a wight vnarm'd to wrong.
 But then aread, thou gentle chyld, wherefore
 Betwixt you two began this strife and sterne vprorc.

That shall I sooth (said he) to you declare.
 I whose vnryper yeares are yet vnfit
 For thing of weight, or worke of greater care,
 Doe spend my dayes, and bend my carelesse wit
 To saluage chace, where I thereon may hit
 In all this Forrest, and wyld wooddie raine:
 Where, as this day I was enraunging it,
 I chaunft to meete this knight, who there lyes laine,
 Together with this *Ladie*, passing on the plaine.

The knight, as ye did see, on horsebacke was,
 And this his *Ladie*, (that him ill became,)
 On her faire feet by his horse side did pas
 Through thicke and thin, vnfit for any Dame.

Yet

Yet not content, more to increafe his shame,
 When so she lagged, as she needs mote so,
 He with his speare, that was to him great blame,
 Would thumpe her forward, and inforce to goe,
 Weeping to him in vaine, and making piteous woe.

Which when I saw, as they me passed by,
 Much was I moued in indignant mind,
 And gan to blame him for such cruelty
 Towards a *Ladie*, whom with vsage kind
 He rather should haue taken vp behind,
 Wherewith he wroth, and full of proud disdain,
 Tooke in foule scorne, that I such fault did find,
 And me in lieu thereof reuill'd againe,
 Threatning to chastize me, as doth t' a chyld pertaine.

Which I no lesse disdayning, backe returned
 His scornfull taunts vnto his teeth againe,
 That he streight way with haughtie cholour burned,
 And with his speare strooke me one stroke or twaine;
 Which I enforst to beare though to my paine,
 Cast to requite, and with a slender dart,
 Fellow of this I beare, throwne not in vaine,
 Strooke him, as seemeth, vnderneath the hart,
 That through the wound his spirit shortly did depart.

Much did *Sir Calidore* admyre his speach
 Tempred so well, but more admyr'd the stroke
 That through the mayles had made so strong a breach
 Into his hart, and had so sternely wroke
 His wrath on him, that first occasion broke.
 Yet rested not, but further gan inquire
 Of that same *Ladie*, whether what he spoke,
 Were soothly so, and that th'vnrighteous ire
 Of her owne knight, had giuen him his owne due hire.

Aa 4

Of all which, when as she could nought deny,
 But cleard that stripling of th' impured blame,
 Sayd then Sir *Calidore*; neither will I
 Him charge with guilt, but rather doe quite clame:
 For what he spake, for you he spake it, Dame,
 And what he did, he did him selfe to faue: (shame,
 Against both which that knight wrought knightlesse
 For knights and all men this by nature haue,
 Towards all womenkind them kindly to behaue.

But sith that he is gone irreuocable,
 Please it you Ladie, to vs to aread,
 What cause could make him so dishonourable,
 To driue you so on foot vnfit to tread,
 And lackey by him, gainst all womanhead?
 Certes Sir knight (sayd she) full loth I were
 To rayse a lyuing blame against the dead:
 But since it me concerns my selfe to clere,
 I will the truth discouer, as it chaunst whylerc.

This day, as he and I together roade
 Vpon our way, to which we weren bent,
 We chaunst to come fore by a couert glade.
 Within a wood, whereas a Ladie gent
 Sate with a knight in ioyous iolliment,
 Of their franke loues, free from all gealous spyes:
 Faire was the Ladie sure, that mote content
 An hart, not carried with too curious eyes,
 And vnto him did shew all louely courtesyes.

Whom when my knight did see so louely faire,
 He inly gan her louer to enuy,
 And with, that he part of his spoyle might share.
 Whereto when as my presence he did spy

To

To be a let, he bad me by and by
 For to alight: but when as I was loth,
 My loues owne part to leaue so suddenly,
 He with strong hand down fro his steed me throw'th,
 And with presumptuous powre against that knight
 streight go'th.

Vnarm'd all was the knight, as then more meete
 For Ladies seruice, and for loues delight,
 Then fearing any foeman there to meete:
 Whereof he taking odde, streight bids him dight
 Himselfe to yeeld his loue, or else to fight,
 Whereat the other starting vp dismayd,
 Yet boldly answer'd, as he rightly might;
 To leaue his loue he should be ill apayd,
 In which he had good right gaynst all, that it gaine sayd.

Yet since he was not presently in plight
 Her to defend, or his to iustifie,
 He him requested, as he was a knight,
 To lend him day his better right to trie,
 Or stay till he his armes, which were thereby,
 Might lightly fetch. But he was fierce and whor,
 Ne time would giue, nor any termes aby,
 But at him flew, and with his speare him smot;
 From which to thinke to saue himselfe, it booted not.

Meane while his Ladie, which this outrage saw,
 Whilest they together for the quarry stroue,
 Into the couert did her selfe withdraw,
 And closely hid her selfe within the groue.
 My knight hers soone, as seemes, to daunger droue
 And left fore wounded: but when her he mist,
 He woxe halfe mad, and in that rage gan roue
 And range through all the wood, where so he wist
 She hidden was, and sought her so long, as him list.

But when as her he by no meanes could find,
 After long search and chauff, he turned backe
 Vnto the place, where me he left behind:
 There gan he me to curfe and ban, for lacke
 Of that faire bootie, and^dwith bitter wracke
 To wreake on me the guilt of his owne wrong.
 Of all which I yet glad to beare the packe,
 Stroue to appease him, and perfwaded long:
 But still his passion grew more violent and strong.

Then as it were t'auenge his wrath on mee,
 When forward we should fare, he flat refused
 To take me vp (as this young man did see)
 Vpon his steed, for no iust cause accused,
 But forfit to trot on foot, and foule misused,
 Pouching me with the butt end of his speare,
 In vaine complaying, to be so abused.
 For he regarded neither playnt nor teare,
 But more enforst my paine, the more my plaints to heare.

So passed we, till this young man vs met,
 And being moou'd with pittie of my plight,
 Spake, as was meet, for ease of my regret:
 Whereof befell, what now is in your light.
 Now sure (then said Sir *Calidore*) and right
 Me seemes, that him befell by his owne fault:
 Who euer thinks through confidence of might,
 Or through support of count'nance proud and hault
 To wrong the weaker, oft fallcs in his owne assault.

Then turning backe vnto that gentle boy,
 Which had himselfe so stoutly well acquit;
 Seeing his face so louely sterne and coy,
 And hearing th'answers of his pregnant wit,

He

He prayd it much, and much admired it;
 That fure he weend him borne of noble blood,
 With whom those graces did so goodly fit:
 And when he long had him beholding stood,
 He burst into these words, as to him seemed good.

Faire gentle swayne, and yet as stout as fayre,
 That in these woods amongst the Nymphs dost wonne,
 Which daily may to thy sweete lookes repayre,
 As they are wont vnto *Latomæes* sonne,
 After his chace on woodie *Cynthus* donne:
 Well may I certes such an one thee read,
 As by thy worth thou worthily hast wonne,
 Or surely borne of some Heroicke seed,
 That in thy face appears and gracious goodly head.

But should it not displease thee it to tell;
 (Vnlesse thou in these woods thy selfe conceale,
 For loue amongst the woodie Gods to dwell);
 I would thy selfe require thee to reuale,
 For deare affection and vnfayned zeale,
 Which to thy noble personage I beare,
 And with these grow in worship and great weale.
 For since the day that armes I first did reare,
 In euer saw in any greater hope appeare.

To whom then thus the noble youth; may be
 Sir knight, that by discouering my estate,
 Harne may arise vnweeting vnto me;
 Natherlesse, fith ye so courteous seemed late,
 To you I will not feare it to relate.
 Then wote ye that I am a Briton borne,
 Sonne of a King, how euer thorough fate
 Or fortune I my cuntry haue forlorne, (a lone,
 And lost the crowne, which should my head by right

And *Tristram* is my name, the onely heire
 Of good king *Meliogras* which did rayne
 In Cornewale, till that he through liues despeire
 Vntimely dyde, before I did attaine
 Ripe yeares of reason, my right to maintaine.
 After whose death, his brother seeing mee
 An infant, weake a kingdome to sustaine,
 Vpon him tooke the roiall high degree,
 And sent me, where him list, instructed for to bee.

The widow *Queene* my mother, which then high
 Faire *Emiline*, conceiuing then great feare
 Of my fraile fatetic, resting in the might
 Of him, that did the kingly Scepter beare,
 Whose gealous dread induring not a peare,
 Is wont to cut off all, that doubt may breed,
 Thought best away me to remoue somewhere
 Into some forrein land, where as no need
 Of dreaded daunger might his doubtfull humor feed.

So taking counsell of a wife man red,
 She was by him aduiz'd, to send me quight
 Out of the countrie, wherein I was bred,
 The which the fertile *Lionesse* is hight,
 Into the land of *Faerie*, where no wight
 Should weet of me, nor worke me any wrong
 To whose wife read the hearkning, sent me streight
 Into this land, where I haue wond thus long.
 Since I was ten yeares old, now grown to stature strong.

All which my daies I haue not lowly spent,
 Nor spilt the blossome of my tender yeares
 In ydleesse, but as was conuenient,
 Haue trayned bene with many noble ferres

In

In gentle thewes, and such like seemely leres.
 Mongst which my most delight hath alwaies been,
 To hunt the saluage chace amongst my peres,
 Of all that raungeth in the forrest greene;
 Of which none is to me vnknowne, that eu'r was seene.

Ne is there hauke, which mantleth her on perch,
 Whether high towring, or accoasting low,
 But I the measure of her flight doe search,
 And all her pray, and all her diet know.
 Such be our ioyes, which in these forrests grow:
 Onely the vse of armes, which most I Ioy,
 And fitteth most for noble swayne to know,
 I haue not tasted yet, yet past a boy,
 And being now high time these strong ioynts to employ.

Therefore, good Sir, sith now occasion fit
 Doth fall, whose like hereafter seldome may,
 Let me this craue, vnworthy though of it,
 That ye will make me Squire without delay,
 That from henceforth in batteilous array
 I may beare armes, and learne to vse them right;
 The rather since that fortune hath this day
 Giuen to me the spoile of this dead knight,
 These goodly gilden armes, which I haue won in fight.

All which when well Sir *Calidore* had heard,
 Him much more now, then erst he gan admire,
 For the rare hope which in his yeares appear'd,
 And thus replide; faire chyld, the high desire
 To loue of armes, which in you doth aspire,
 I may not certes without blame denie;
 But rather with, that some more noble hire,
 (Though none more noble then is cheualric,)
 I had, you to reward with greater dignity.

There him he cauld to kneele, and made to sweare
 Faith to his knight, and truth to Ladies all,
 And neuer to be recreant, for feare
 Of perill, or of ought that might befall:
 So he him dubbed, and his Squire did call.
 Full glad and ioyous then young *Trifram* grew,
 Like as a flowre, whose silken leaues small,
 Long shut vp in the bud from heauens view,
 At length breakes forth, and brode displays his smyling
 hew.

Thus when they long had treated to and fro,
 And *Calidore* betooke him to depart,
 Chylid *Trifram* prayd, that he with him might goe
 On his aduenture, vowing not to start,
 But wayt on him in euery place and part.
 Whereat Sir *Calidore* did much delight,
 And greatly ioy'd at his so noble hart,
 In hope he sure would proue a doughtie knight:
 Yet for the time this answere he to him beight.

Glad would I surely be, thou courteous Squire,
 To haue thy presence in my present quest,
 That mote thy kindled courage set on fire,
 And flame forth honour in thy noble breast:
 But I am bound by vow, which I profess
 To my dread Soueraigne, when I it assayd,
 That in atchieuement of her high behest,
 I should no creature ioyne vnto mine ayde,
 For thy I may not graunt, that ye so greatly prayde.

But since this Ladie is all desolate,
 And needeth safegard now vpon her way,
 Ye may doe well in this her needfull state
 To succour her, from daunger of dismay

That

That thankfull guerdon may to you repay.
 The noble ympe of such new seruice fayne,
 It gladly did accept, as he did say.
 So taking courteous leaue, they parted twayne,
 And *Calidore* forth passed to his former payne.

But *Trifram* then despoyling that dead knight
 Of all those goodly implements of prayle,
 Long fed his greedie eyes with the faire sight
 Of the bright mettall, shyning like Sunne rayes;
 Handling and turning them a thousand wayes,
 And after hauing them vpon him dight,
 He tooke that Ladie, and her vp did rayse
 Vpon the steed of her owne late dead knight,
 So with her marched forth, as she did him beight.

There to their fortune leaue we them awhile,
 And turne we backe to good Sir *Calidore*;
 Who ere he thence had traueild many a mile,
 Came to the place, whereas ye heard afore
 This knight, whom *Trifram* slew, had wounded fore
 Another knight in his despituous pryde;
 There he that knight found lying on the flore,
 With many wounds full perilous and wyde,
 That all his garments, and the graffe in vermill dyde.

And there beside him fate vpon the ground
 His wofull Ladie, piteously complainyng
 With loud laments that most vnluckie stound,
 And her sad selfe with careful hand constraynyng
 To wype his wounds, and ease their bitter paynyng,
 Which forie fight when *Calidore* did vew
 With heauie cync, from teares vneath refraynyng,
 His mightie hart their mournfull case can rew,
 And for their better comfort to them nigher drew.

Then speaking to the Ladie, thus he sayd:
 Ye dolefull Dame, let not your grieife empeach
 To tell, what cruell hand hath thus arayed
 This knight vnarm'd, with so vnknighly breach
 Of armes, that if I yet him nigh may reach,
 I may auenge him off so foule despight.
 The Ladie hearing his so courteous speech,
 Gan reare her eyes as to the chearefull light,
 And from her fory hart few heauie words forth fight.

In which she shew'd, how that discourteous knight
 (Whom *Tristram* slew) them in that shadow found,
 Ioying together in vnblam'd delight,
 And him vnarm'd, as now he lay on ground,
 Charg'd with his speare and mortally did wound,
 Withouten cause, but onely her to reauie
 From him, to whom she was for euer bound:
 Yet when she fled into that couert greaue,
 He her not finding, both them thus nigh dead did leaue.

When *Calidore* this ruefull storie had
 Well vnderstood, he gan off her demand,
 What manner wight he was, and how yclad,
 Which had this outrage wrought with wicked hand.
 She then, like as she best could vnderstand,
 Him thus describ'd, to be of stature large,
 Clad all in gilden armes, with azure band
 Quartred athwart, and bearing in his targe
 A Ladie on rough waues, row'd in a sommer barge.

Then gan Sir *Calidore* to ghesse streight way
 By many signes, which she described had,
 That this was he, whom *Tristram* earst did slay,
 And to her said; Dame be no longer sad:

For

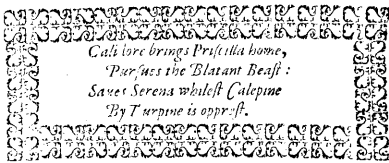
For he, that hath your Knight so ill bestad,
 Is now him selfe in much more wretched plight;
 These eyes him saw vpon the cold earth sprad,
 The meede of his desert for that despight,
 Which to your selfe he wrought, & to your loued knight.

Therefore faire Lady lay aside this grieife,
 Which ye haue gathered to your gentle hart,
 For that displeasure; and thinke what reliefe
 Were best deuise for this your louers smart,
 And how ye may him hence, and to what part
 Conuay to be recur'd. She thank him deare,
 Both for that newes he did to her impart,
 And for the courteous care, which he did beare
 Both to her loue; and to her selfe in that sad dreare.

Yet could she not deuise by any wit,
 How thence she might conuay him to some place.
 For him to trouble she it thought vnfit,
 That was a stranger to her wretched case;
 And him to beare, she thought it thing too base.
 Which when as he perceiu'd, he thus bespake;
 Faire Lady let it not you seeme disgrace,
 To beare this burden on your dainty backe;
 My selfe will beare a part, coportion of your packe.

So off he did his shield, and downward layd
 Vpon the ground, like to an hollow beare;
 And powring balme, which he had long puruayd,
 Into his wounds, him vp thereon did reare,
 And twixt them both with parted paines did beare,
 Twixt life and death, not knowing what was donne.
 Thence they him carried to a Caffe neare,
 In which a worthy auncient Knight did wonne:
 Where what ensu'd, shall in next Canto be begonne.

Bb

Cant. III.

TRue is, that whilome that good Poet sayd,
 The gentle minde by gentle deeds is knowne.
 For a man by nothing is so well bewrayd,
 As by his manners, in which plaine is showne
 Of what degree and what race he is growne.
 For seldome seene, a trotting Stalion get
 An ambling Colt, that is his proper owne:
 So seldome seene, that one in basenesse fet
 Doth noble courage shew, with courteous manners met.

But euer more contrary hath bene tryde,
 That gentle blood will gentle manners breed;
 As well may be in *Calidore* descryde,
 By late ensample of that courteous deed,
 Done to that wounded Knight in his great need,
 Whom on his backe he bore, till he him brought
 Vnto the Castle where they had decreed.
 There of the Knight, the which that Castle ought,
 To make abode that night he greatly was befought.

He was to weete a man of full ripe yeares,
 That in his youth had bene of mickle might,
 And borne great sway in armes amongst his peares:
 But now weake age had dimd his candle light.

Yet

Yet was he courteous still to euery wight,
 And loued all that did to armes incline.
 And was the father of that wounded Knight,
 Whom *Calidore* thus carried on his chine,
 And *Aldus* was his name, and his sonnes *Aladine*.

Who when he saw his sonne so ill bedight,
 With bleeding wounds, brought home vpon a Beare,
 By a faire Lady, and a straunger Knight,
 Was inly touched with compassion deare,
 And deare affection of so dolefull dreare,
 That he these words burst forth; Ah fory boy,
 Is this the hope that to my hoary heare
 Thou bringst? aie me, is this the timely joy,
 Which I expected long, now turnd to fad annoy?

Such is the weakenesse of all mortall hope;
 So tickle is the state of earthly things,
 That ere they come vnto their aymed scope,
 They fall too short of our fraile reckonings,
 And bring vs bale and bitter forrowings,
 In stead of comfort, which we should embrace:
 This is the state of Keasars and of Kings.
 Let none therefore, that is in meaner place,
 Too greatly grieue at any his vn lucky case.

So well and wisely did that good old Knight
 Temper his griefe, and turned it to cheare,
 To cheare his guests, whom he had stayd that night,
 And make their welcome to them well appeare:
 That to Sir *Calidore* was easie geare;
 But that faire Lady would be heard for nought,
 But sigh'd and sorrow'd for her louer deare,
 And inly did afflict her pensive thought, (brought.
 With thinking to what case her name should now be

B b 2

For she was daughter to a noble Lord,
 Which dwelt thereby, who fought her to affy
 To a great pere; but she did difaccord,
 Ne could her liking to his loue apply,
 But lou'd this fresh young Knight, who dwelt her ny,
 The lusty *Aladine*, though meener borne,
 And of lesse liuelood and hability,
 Yet full of valour, the which did adorne
 His meaneffe much, & make her th'others riches scorne.

So hauing both found fit occasion,
 They met together in that luckelesse glade;
 Where that proud Knight in his presumption
 The gentle *Aladine* did earst inuade,
 Being vnarm'd, and fet in secret shade.
 Whereof she now bethinking, gan t'aduize,
 How great a hazard she at earst had made
 Of her good fame, and further gan deuize,
 How she the blame might salue with coloured disguise.

But *Calidore* with all good courtesie
 Fain'd her to frolicke, and to put away
 The pensiuie fit of her melancholie;
 And that old Knight by all meanes did assay,
 To make them both as merry as he may.
 So they the euening past, till time of rest,
 When *Calidore* in seemly good array
 Vnto his bowre was brought, and there vndrest,
 Did sleepe all night through weary trauell of his quest.

But faire *Priscilla* (so that Lady hight)
 Would to no bed, nor take no kindly sleepe,
 But by her wounded loue did watch all night,
 And all the night for bitter anguish weepe,

And

And with her teares his wounds did wash and sleepe.
 So well she wash't them, and so well she wacht him,
 That of the deadly swound, in which full deepe
 He drenched was, she at the length dispacht him,
 And droue away the ffound, which mortally attacht him.

The morrow next, when day gan to vplooke,
 He also gan vplooke with dreary eye,
 Like one that out of deadly dreame awooke:
 Where when he saw his faire *Priscilla* by,
 He deeply figh'd, and groaned inwardly,
 To thinke of this ill fate, in which the flood,
 To which she for his sake had weetingly
 Now brought her selfe, and blam'd her noble blood:
 For first, next after life, he tendered her good,

Which she perceiuing, did with plenteous teares
 His care more then her owne compassionate,
 Forgetfull of her owne, to minde his feares:
 So both conspiring, gan to intimate
 Each others grieue with zeale affectionate,
 And twixt them twaine with equall care to cast,
 How to saue hole her hazarded estate;
 For which the onely helpe now left them last
 Seem'd to be *Calidore*: all other helpes were past.

Him they did deeme, as sure to them he seem'd,
 A courteous Knight, and full of faithfull trust:
 Therefore to him their cause they best esteem'd
 Whole to commit, and to his dealing iust.
 Earely, so soone as *Titans* beames forth brust
 Through the thicke clouds, in which they steeped lay
 All night in darkenesse, duld with yron rust.
Calidore rising vp as fresh as day,
 Gan freshly him addresse vnto his former way.

Bb 3

But first him seemed fit, that wounded Knight
 To visite, after this nights perillous passe,
 And to salute him, if he were in plight,
 And eke that Lady his faire louely laffe.
 There he him found much better then he was,
 And moued speach to him of things of course,
 The anguish of his paine to ouer passe:
 Mought which he namely did to him discourse,
 Of former daies mishap, his sorrowes wicked course.

Of which occasion *Aldine* taking hold,
 Gan breake to him the fortunes of his loue,
 And all his disaduentures to vnfold;
 That *Calidore* it dearly deepe did moue.
 In th'end his kyndly courtesie to proue,
 He him by all the bands of loue befought,
 And as it mote a faithfull friend behoue,
 To safeconduct his loue, and not for ought
 To leaue, till to her fathers house he had her brought.

Sir *Calidore* his faith thereto did plight,
 It to performe: so after little stay,
 That she her selfe had to the journey dight,
 He passed forth with her in faire array,
 Fearelesse, who ought did thinke, or ought did say,
 Sith his own thought he knew most cleare from wite,
 So as they past together on their way,
 He can deuize this counter-cast of flight,
 To giue faire colour to that Ladies cause in fight.

Streight to the carkasse of that Knight he went,
 The cause of all this euill, who was flaine
 The day before by iust auengement
 Of noble *Tristram*, where it did remaine:

There

There he the necke thereof did cut in twaine,
 And tooke with him the head, the signe of shame.
 So forth he passed thorough that daies paine,
 Till to that Ladies fathers house he came, (came.)
 Most pensue man, through feare, what of his childe be-

There he arriuing boldly, did present
 The fearefull Lady to her father deare,
 Most perfect pure, and guiltlesse innocent
 Of blame, as he did on his Knight hood sweare,
 Since first he saw her, and did free from feare
 Of a discourteous Knight, who her had reft,
 And by outrageous force away did beare:
 Witnesse thereof he shew'd his head there left,
 And wretched life forlorne for vengeance of his theft.

Most ioyfull man her fire was her to see,
 And heare th'adventure of her late mischaunce;
 And thousand thanks to *Calidore* for see
 Of his large paines in her deliuerance
 Did yeeld; Nelesse the Lady did aduance,
 Thus hauing her restored trustily,
 As he had vow'd, some small continuance
 He there did make, and then most carefully
 Vnto his first exploit he did him selfe apply.

So as he was pursuing of his quest
 He chaunt to come whereas a iolly Knight,
 In couert shade him selfe did safely rest,
 To solace with his Lady in delight:
 His warlike armes he had from him vndight;
 For that him selfe he thought from daunger free,
 And far from enuious eyes that mote him spight,
 And eke the Lady was full faire to see,
 And courteous withall, becoming her degree.

Bb 4

To whom Sir *Calidore* approaching nye,
 Ere they were well aware of liuing wight,
 Them much abasht, but more him selfe thereby,
 That he so rudely did vpon them light,
 And troubled had their quiet loues delight.
 Yet since it was his fortune, not his fault,
 Him selfe thereof he labour'd to acquite,
 And pardon crau'd for his so rash default,
 That he gainst courtesie so fowly did default.

With which his gentle words and goodly wit
 He soone allayd that Knights conceiu'd displeasure,
 That he befought him downe by him to sit,
 That they mote treat of things abroad at leasure;
 And of aduentures, which had in his measure
 Of so long waies to him befallen late.
 So downe he fate, and with delightfull pleasure
 His long aduentures gan to him relate,
 Which he endured had through daungerous debate.

Of which whilest they discourf'd both together,
 The faire *Serena* (so his Lady hight)
 Allur'd with myldnesse of the gentle wether,
 And pleafaunce of the place, the which was dight
 With diuers flowres distinct with rare delight;
 Wandred about the fields, as liking led
 Her wauering lust after her wandring sight,
 To make a garland to adorne her hed,
 Without suspect of ill or daungers hidden dred.

All sodainely out of the Forrest nere
 The *Blatant Beast* forth rushing vnaaware,
 Caught her thus loofely wandring here and there,
 And in his wide great mouth away her bare.

Crying

Crying aloud in vaine, to shew her fad misfare
 Vnto the Knights, and calling oft for ayde,
 Who with the horrour of her haplesse care
 Hastily starting vp, like men disinayde,
 Ran after fast to reskue the distressed mayde.

The Beast with their pursfuit incited more,
 Into the wood was bearing her apace
 For to haue spoyled her, when *Calidore*
 Who was more light of foote and swift in chace,
 Him ouertooke in midst of his race:
 And fiercely charging him with all his might,
 Forst to forgoe his pray there in the place,
 And to betake him selfe to fearefull flight;
 For he durst not abide with *Calidore* to fight.

Who nathelesse, when he the Lady saw
 There left on ground, though in full euill plight,
 Yet knowing that her Knight now neare did draw,
 Staide not to succour her in that affright,
 But follow'd fast the Monster in his sight:
 Through woods and hills he follow'd him so fast,
 That he would let him breath nor gather spright,
 But forst him gape and gaspe, with dread aghast,
 As if his lungs and lites were nigh a funder braist.

And now by this Sir *Calepine* (so hight)
 Came to the place, where he his Lady found
 In dolorous difmay and deadly plight,
 All in gore bloud there tumbled on the ground,
 Hauing both sides through grypt with grieffly wound.
 His weapons soone from him he threw away,
 And stouping downe to her in drery ffound,
 Vprear'd her from the ground, whereon she lay,
 And in his tender armes her forced vp to stay.

So well he did his busie paines apply,
 That the faint sprite he did reuoke againe,
 To her fraile mansion of mortality.
 Then vp he tooke her twixt his armes twaine,
 And setting on his steede, her did sustaine
 With carefull hands softing foot her beside,
 Till to some place of rest they mote attaine,
 Where she in safe assurance mote abide,
 Till she recured were of those her woundes wide.

Now when as *Phœbus* with his fiery waine
 Vnto his Inne began to draw apace;
 Tho waxing weary of that toyle some paine,
 In traouelling on foote so long a space,
 Not wont on foote with heauy armes to trace,
 Downe in a dale forby a riuers syde,
 He chaunft to spie a faire and stately place,
 To which he meant his weary steps to guyde,
 In hope there for his loue some succour to prouyde.

But comming to the riuers side, he found
 That hardly passable on foote it was:
 Therefore there still he stood as in a stound,
 Ne wist which way he through the foord mote pas.
 Thus whilest he was in this distressed case,
 Deuising what to doe, he nigh espyde
 An armed Knight approaching to the place,
 With a faire Lady lincked by his syde,
 The which themselues prepard through the foord to ride

Whom *Calepine* saluting (as became)
 Befought of courtesie in that his neede,
 For safe conducting of his sickely Dame,
 Through that same perillous foord with better heede,
 To

To take him vp behinde vpon his steed,
 To whom that other did this taunt returne.
 Perdy thou peasant Knight, mightst rightly reed
 Me then to be full base and euill borne,
 If I would beare behinde a burden of such scorne.

But as thou hast thy steed forlorne with shame,
 So fare on foote till thou another gayne,
 And let thy Lady likewise doe the same,
 Or beare her on thy backe with pleasing payne,
 And proue thy manhood on the billowes vayne.
 With which rude speach his Lady much displeas'd,
 Did him reprove, yet could him not restrayne,
 And would on her owne Palfrey him haue cas'd,
 For pity of his Dame, whom she saw so diseas'd.

Sir *Calepine* her thanckt, yet inly wroth
 Against her Knight, her gentleness refused,
 And carelesly into the riuier goth,
 As in despight to be so fowle abus'd
 Of a rude churle, whom often he accus'd
 Offwolle discourtesie, vnfit for Knight
 And strongly wading through the waues vnused,
 With speare in th'one hand, stayd him selfe vp right,
 With th'other staide his Lady vp with stedy might.

And all the while, that same discourteous Knight,
 Stood on the further bancke beholding him,
 At whose calamity, for more despight
 He laugh't, and mockt to see him like to swim.
 But when as *Calepine* came to the brim,
 And saw his carriage past that perill well,
 Looking at that same Carle with count'nance grim,
 His heart with vengeance inwardly did swell,
 And forth at last did breake in speeches sharpe and fell.

Vnknighly Knight, the blemish of that name,
 And blot of all that armes vppon them take,
 Which is the badge of honour and of fame,
 Loe I defie thee, and here challenge make,
 That thou for euer doe those armes forsake;
 And be for euer held a recreant Knight,
 Vnlesse thou dare for thy deare Ladies sake,
 And for thine owne defence on foote alight,
 To iustifie thy fault gainst me in equall fight.

The dastard, that did heare him selfe desyde,
 Seem'd not to weigh his threatfull words at all,
 But laught them out, as if his greater pryde,
 Did scorne the challenge of so base a thrall:
 Or had no courage, or else had no gall.
 So much the more was *Calepine* offendd,
 That him to no reuenge he forth could call,
 But both his challenge and him selfe contemnd,
 Ne cared as a coward so to be condemned.

But he nought weighing what he sayd or did,
 Turned his steede about another way,
 And with his Lady to the Castle rid,
 Where was his won; ne did the other stay,
 But after went directly as he may,
 For his sicke charge some harbour there to seeke;
 Where he arriuing with the fall of day,
 Drew to the gate, and there with prayers meeke,
 And myld entreaty lodging did for her beseeke.

But the rude Porter that no manners had,
 Did shut the gate against him in his face,
 And entraunce boldly vnto him forbad.
 Nathelesse the Knight now in so neede case,

And

Gan him entreat euen with submission base,
 And humbly praid to let them in that night:
 Who to him aunswer'd, that there was no place
 Of lodging fit for any errant Knight,
 Vnlesse that with his Lord he formerly did fight.

Full loth am I (quoth he) as now at earst,
 When day is spent, and rest vs needeth most,
 And that this Lady, both whose sides are pearst
 With wounds, is ready to forgo the ghost:
 Ne would I gladly combate with mine host,
 That should to me such curtesie afford,
 Vnlesse that I were thereunto enforst.
 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 list to leame,
 Is hight Sir *Turpine*, one of mickle might,
 And manhood rare, but terrible and stearne
 In all affaies to euery errant Knight,
 Because of one, that wrought him worse despight.
 Ill seemes (sayd he) if he so valiaunt be,
 That he should be so sterne to stranger wight:
 For seldome yet did liuing creature see,
 That curtesie and manhood euer disagee.

But go thy waies to him, and fro me say,
 That here is at his gate an errant Knight,
 That house-rome craues, yet would be loth t'assay
 The prooue of battell, now in doubtfull night,
 Or curtesie with rudenesse to requite:
 Yet if he needes will fight, craue leaue till morne,
 And tell with all, the lamentable plight,
 In which this Lady languiseth forlorne,
 That pity craues, as he of woman was yborne.

The groom went streight way in, and to his Lord
 Declar'd the message, which that Knight did moue;
 Who sitting with his Lady then at bord,
 Nor onely did not his demaund reprove,
 But both himselfe reuild, and eke his loue;
 Albe his Lady, that *Blandina* hight,
 Him of vngentle vsage did approue
 And earnestly entreated that they might
 Finde fauour to be lodged there for that same night.

Yet would he not perswaded be for ought,
 Ne from his curriish will awhit reclame.
 Which answer when the groom returning, brought
 To *Calepine*, his heart did inly flame
 With wrathfull fury for so foule a shame,
 That he could not thereof auenged be:
 But most for pity of his dearest Dame,
 Whom now in deadly daunger he did see;
 Yet had no meanes to comfort, nor procure her glee.

But all in vaine; for why, no remedy
 He saw, the present mischiefe to redresse,
 But th'vtmost end perforce for to aby,
 Which that nights fortune would for him adresse.
 So downe he tooke his Lady in distresse,
 And layd her vnderneath a bush to sleepe,
 Couer'd with cold, and wrapt in wretchednesse,
 Whiles he him selfe all night did nought but weepe,
 And wary watch about her for her safegard keepe.

The morrow next, so soone as ioyous day
 Did shew it selfe in sunny beames bedight,
Serena full of dolorous dismay,
 Twixt darkenesse dread, and hope of liuing light,
 Vpreard

Vpreard her head to see that chearefull sight.
 Then *Calepine*, how euer inly wroth,
 And greedy to auenge that vile despight,
 Yet for the feeble Ladies sake, full loth
 To make there lenger stay, forth on his journey goth.

He goth on foote all armed by her side,
 Vpstaying still her selfe vpon her steede,
 Being vnhable else alone to ride;
 So fore her sides, so much her wounds did bleede:
 Till that at length, in his extreamest neede,
 He chaunst far off an armed Knight to spy,
 Pursuing him apace with greedy speede,
 Whom well he wist to be some enemy,
 That meant to make aduantage of his misery.

Wherefore he stayd, till that he nearer drew,
 To weet what issue would thereof betyde,
 Tho whenas he approched nigh in view,
 By certaine signes he plainely him descryde,
 To be the man, that with such scornfull pryde
 Had him abusde, and shamed yesterday;
 Therefore misdoubting, least he should misguyde
 His former malice to some new assay,
 He cast to keepe him selfe so safely as he may.

By this the other came in place likewise,
 And couching close his speare and all his powre,
 As bent to some malicious enterprise,
 He bad him stand, & abide the bitter stoure
 Of his fore vengeance, or to make auoure
 Of the lewd words and deedes, which he had done:
 With that ran at him, as he would deuoure
 His life atonce; who nought could do, but shun
 The perill of his pride, or else be ouerrun.

Yet he him still purfew'd from place to place,
 With full intent him cruelly to kill,
 And like a wilde goate round about did chace,
 Flying the fury of his bloody will.
 But his best succour and refuge was still
 Behinde his Ladies backe, who to him cryde,
 And called off with prayers loud and thrill,
 As euer he to Lady was affyde,
 To spare her Knight, and rest with reason pacifyde.

But he the more thereby enraged was,
 And with more eager felnesse him purfew'd,
 So that at length, after long weary chace,
 Hauing by chaunce a close aduantage vew'd,
 He ouer raught him, hauing long eschew'd
 His violence in vaine, and with his spere
 Strooke through his shoulder, that the blood enfew'd
 In great aboundance, as a well it were,
 That forth out of an hill fresh gushing did appere.

Yet ceast he not for all that cruell wound,
 But chaste him still, for all his Ladies cry,
 Not satisfyde till on the fatall ground
 He saw his life powrd forth despiteously:
 The which was certes in great ieopardy,
 Had not a wondrous chaunce his reskue wrought,
 And saued from his cruell villany.
 Such chaunces oft exceed all humane thought:
 That in another Canto shall to end be brought.

*Canto.**Cant. III.*

*Calepine by a saluage man
 from Turpine reskewed is,
 And whylest an Infant from a Beare
 be saued, his loue doth misse.*

Like as a ship with dreadfull storme long tost,
 Hauing spent all her mastes and her ground-hold,
 Now farre from harbour likely to be lost,
 At last some sisher barke doth neare behold,
 That giueth comfort to her courage cold.
 Such was the state of this most courteous knight
 Being oppressed by that faytour bold,
 That he remayned in most perilous plight,
 And his sad Ladic left in pitifull affright.

Till that by fortune, passing all foresight,
 A saluage man, which in those woods did wonne,
 Drawne with that Ladies loud and piteous shrighr,
 Toward the same incessantly did ronne,
 To vnderstand what there was to be donne.
 There he this most discourteous crauen found,
 As fiercely yet, as when he first begonne,
 Chafing the gentle *Calepine* around,
 Ne sparing him the more for all his grieuous wound.

The saluage man, that neuer till this houre
 Did taste of pittie, neither gentleesse knew,
 Seeing his sharpe assault and cruell stoure
 Was much emmoued at his perils vew,

C c

That euen his ruder hart began to rew,
 And feele compassion of his euill plight,
 Against his foe that did him so purlew:
 From whom he meant to free him, if he might,
 And him auenge of that so villenous despight.

Yet armes or weapon had he none to fight,
 Ne knew the vse of warlike instruments,
 Saue such as sudden rage him lent to smite,
 But naked without needfull vestiments,
 To clad his corpe with meete habiliments,
 He cared not for dint of sword nor speere,
 No more then for the stroke of strawes or bents:
 For from his mothers wombe, which him did beare
 He was invulnerable made by Magicke leare.

He stayed not t'aduize, which way were best
 His foe t'assayle, or how himselfe to gard,
 But with fierce fury and with force infest
 Vpon him ran; who being well prepard,
 His first assault full warily did ward,
 And with the push of his sharp-pointed speare
 Full on the breast him strooke, so strong and hard,
 That forst him backe recoyle, and reele areare;
 Yet in his bodie made no wound nor bloud appeare.

With that the wyld man more enraged grew,
 Like to a Tygre that hath mist his pray,
 And with mad mood againe vpon him flew,
 Regarding neither speare, that mote him slay,
 Nor his fierce steed, that mote him much dismay.
 The saluage nation doth all dread despize:
 Tho on his shield he griple hold did lay,
 And held the fame so hard, that by no wize
 He could him force to loofe, or leaue his enterprize.

Long

Long did he wrest and wring it to and fro,
 And euery way did try, but all in vaine:
 For he would not his greedie grype forgoe,
 But hayld and puld with all his might and maine,
 That from his steed him nigh he drew againe.
 Who hauing now no vse of his long speare,
 So nigh at hand, nor force his shield to straine,
 Both speare and shield, as things that needlesse were,
 He quite forooke, and fled himselfe away for feare.

But after him the wyld man ran apace,
 And him pursewed with importune speed,
 (For he was swift as any Bucke in chace)
 And had he not in his extreamest need,
 Bene helped through the swiftnesse of his steed,
 He had him ouertaken in his flight,
 Who euer, as he saw him nigh succed,
 Gancry aloud with horrible affright,
 And shrieked out, a thing vncomely for a knight.

But when the Saluage saw his labour vaine,
 In following of him, that fled so fast,
 He wearie woxe, and backe return'd againe
 With speede vnto the place, whereas he last
 Had left that couple, nere their vtmost cast.
 There he that knight full sorely bleeding found,
 And eke the Ladie fearefully aghast,
 Both for the perill of the present found,
 And also for the sharpnesse of her rankling wound.

For though she were right glad, so rid to bee
 From that vile lozell, which her late offendd,
 Yet now no lesse encombrance she did see,
 And perill by this saluage man pretended;

Cc 2

Gainst whom she saw no meanes to be defended,
 By reason that her knight was wounded fore,
 Therefore her selfe she wholly recommended
 To Gods sole grace, whom she did oft implore,
 To send her succour, being of all hope forlore.

But the wyld man, contrarie to her feare,
 Came to her creeping like a fawning hound,
 And by rude tokens made to her appeare
 His deepe compassion of her dolefull stound,
 Kissing his hands, and crouching to the ground;
 For other language had he none nor speach,
 But a soft murmure, and confused found
 Of senselesse words, which nature did him teach,
 To expresse his passions, which his reason did empeach.

And comming likewise to the wounded knight,
 When he beheld the streames of purple blood
 Yet flowing fresh, as moued with the sight,
 He made great mone after his saluage mood,
 And running streight into the thickest wood,
 A certaine herbe from thence vnto him brought,
 Whose vertue he by vse well vnderstood:
 The iuyce whereof into his wound he wrought,
 And stopt the bleeding straight, ere he it stauched
 (thought.)

Then taking vp that Recreants shield and speare,
 Which earst he left, he signes vnto them made,
 With him to wend vnto his wonning nere:
 To which he easily did them perswade
 Farre in the Forrest by a hollow glade,
 Couered with mossie shrubs, which spreading brode
 Did vnderneath them make a gloomy shade;
 There foot of liuing creature neuer trode, (abode.)
 Ne scarce wyld beasts durst come, there was this wights
 Thether

Thether he brought these vnacquainted guests;
 To whom faire semblance, as he could, he shewed
 By signes, by lookes, and all his other gifts,
 But the bare ground, with hoarie mosse bestrowed,
 Must be their bed, their pillow was vnfowed,
 And the frutes of the Forrest was their feast:
 For their bad Stuard neither plough'd nor fowed,
 Ne fed on flesh, ne euer of wyld beast
 Did taste the blood, obeying natures first behest.

Yet howfoeuer base and meane it were,
 They tooke it well, and thanked God for all,
 Which had them freed from that deadly feare,
 And sau'd from being to that caytiue thrall,
 Here they of force (as fortune now did fall)
 Compelled were themselves a while to rest,
 Glad of that easement, though it were but small;
 That hauing there their wounds awhile redrest,
 They mote the abler be to passe vnto the rest.

During which time, that wyld man did apply
 His best endeouour, and his daily paine,
 In seeking all the woods both farre and nye
 For herbes to dresse their wounds; still seeming faine,
 When ought he did, that did their lyking gaine.
 So as ere long he had that knights wound
 Recured well, and made him whole againe:
 But that same Ladies hurts no herbe he found,
 Which could redresse, for it was inwardly vnfound.

Now when as *Calepine* was woxen strong,
 Vpon a day he cast abroad to wend,
 To take the ayre, and heare the thrushes song,
 Vnarm'd, as fearing neither foe nor friend,

And without sword his perfon to defend,
 There him befell, vnlooked for before,
 An hard aduenture with vnhappy end,
 A cruell Beare, the which an infant bore
 Betwixt his bloodie iawes, befrinckled all with gore.

The litle babe did loudly fcrike and fquall,
 And all the woods with piteous plaints did fill,
 As if his cry did meane for helpe to call
 To *Calepine*, whose eares thofe fhriches fhrill
 Percing his hart with pitiepoint did thrill;
 That after him, he ran with zealous hafte,
 To refcue th'infant, ere he did him kill:
 Whom though he faw now fomewhat ouerpaft,
 Yet by the cry he follow'd, and purfued faft.

Well then him chaunft his heauy armes to want,
 Whofe burden mote empeach his needfull fpeed,
 And hinder him from libertie to pant:
 For hauing long time, as his daily weed,
 Them wont to weare, and wend on foot for need,
 Now wanting them he felt himfelfe fo light,
 That like an Hauke, which feeling her felfe freed
 From bels and ieffes, which did let her flight,
 Him feem'd his feet did fly, and in their fpeed delight.

So well he fped him, that the wearie Beare
 Ere long he ouertooke, and forft to ftay,
 And without weapon him affaying neare,
 Compeld him foone the fpoyle adowne to lay.
 Wherewith the beaft enrag'd to loofe his pray,
 Vpon him turned, and with greedie force
 And furie, to be croffed in his way,
 Gaping full wyde, did thinke without remorse
 To be aueng'd on him, and to deuoure his corfe.

But

But the bold knight no whit thereat difmayd,
 But catching vp in hand a ragged ftone,
 Which lay thereby (fo fortune him did ayde)
 Vpon him ran, and thruft it all attone
 Into his gaping throte, that made him grone
 And gafpe for breath, that he nigh choked was,
 Being vnable to digeft that bone;
 Ne could it vpward come, nor downward paffe,
 Ne could he brooke the coldneffe of the ftony maffe.

Whom when as he thus combred did behold,
 Struying in vaine that nigh his bowels braft,
 He with him clofd, and laying mightie hold
 Vpon his throte, did gripe his gorge fo faft,
 That wanting breath, him downe to ground he caft;
 And then oppreffing him with vrgent paine,
 Ere long enforft to breath his vtmoft blaft,
 Gnathing his cruell teeth at him in vaine,
 And threatning his sharpe clawes, now wanting powre
 (to fraine.

Then tooke he vp betwixt his armes twaine
 The litle babe, fweet relickes of his pray,
 Whom pitying to heare fo fore complaine,
 From his foft eyes the teares he wypt away,
 And from his face the filth that did it ray,
 And every litle limbe he fearcht around,
 And every part, that vnder fweathbands lay,
 Leaft that the beafts sharpe teeth had any wound
 Made in his tender flefh, but whole them all he found.

So hauing all his bands againe vptyde,
 He with him thought backe to returne againe:
 But when he lookt about on euery fyde,
 To weet which way were beft to entertaine,

C c 4

To bring him to the place, where he would faine,
 He could no path nor tract of foot defcry,
 Ne by inquirie learne, nor ghesse by ayme,
 For nought but woods and forrests farre and nye,
 That all about did close the compasse of his eye.

Much was he then encombred, ne could tell
 Which way to take: now West he went a while,
 Then North; then neither, but as fortune fell.
 So vp and downe he wandred many a mile,
 With wearie trauell and vncertaine toile,
 Yet nought the nearer to his iourneys end;
 And euermore his louely litle spoile
 Crying for food, did greatly him offend.
 So all that day in wandring vainely he did spend.

At last about the setting of the Sunne,
 Him selfe out of the forest he did wynd,
 And by good fortune the plaine champion wonne:
 Where looking all about, where he mote fynd
 Some place of succour to content his mynd,
 At length he heard vnder the forrests fyde
 A voice, that seemed of some woman kynd,
 Which to her selfe lamenting loudly cryde,
 And oft complayn'd of fate, and fortune oft defyde.

To whom approching, when as the perceiued
 A stranger wight in place, her plaint she stayd,
 As if she doubted to haue bene deceiued,
 Or loth to let her sorrowes be bewrayd.
 Whom when as *Calepine* saw so dismayd,
 He to her drew, and with faire blandishment
 Her chearing vp, thus gently to her sayd;
 What be you wofull Dame, which thus lament,
 And for what cause declare, so mote ye not repent.

To

To whom she thus, what need me Sir to tell,
 That which your selfe haue earst ared so right?
 A wofull dame ye haue me termed well;
 So much more wofull, as my wofull plight
 Cannot redressed be by liuing wight.
 Nathlesse (quoth he) if need doe not you bynd,
 Doe it disclose, to ease your grieved spright:
 Oftimes it haps, that forrowes of the mynd
 Find remedie vnfought, which seeking cannot fynd.

Then thus began the lamentable Dame;
 Sith then ye needs will know the grieue I hoord,
 I am th'vnfortunate *Matilde* by name,
 The wife of bold Sir *Bruin*, who is Lord
 Of all this land, late conquer'd by his sword
 From a great Gyant, called *Cormorant*;
 Whom he did ouerthrow by yonder foord,
 And in three battailes did so deadly daunt,
 That he dare not returne for all his daily vaunt.

So is my Lord now seiz'd of all the land,
 As in his fee, with peaceable estate,
 And quietly doth hold it in his hand,
 Ne any dares with him for it debate.
 But to these happie fortunes, cruell fate
 Hath ioyn'd one euill, which doth ouerthrow
 All these our ioyes, and all our blisse abate;
 And like in time to further ill to grow,
 And all this land with endlesse losse to ouerflow.

For th'heauens enuying our prosperitie,
 Haue not vouchsaf't to graunt vnto vs twaine
 The gladfull blessing of posteritie,
 Which we might see after our felues remaine

In th' heritage of our vnhappy paine:
So that for want of heires it to defend,
All is in time like to returne againe
To that foule feend, who dayly doth attend
To leape into the same after our liues end.

But most my Lord is grieved herewithall,
And makes exceeding mone, when he does thinke
That all this land vnto his foe shall fall,
For which he long in vaine did sweate and swinke,
That now the same he greatly doth forthinke.
Yet was it sayd, there should to him a sonne
Be gotten, not begotten, which should drinke
And dry vp all the water, which doth runne
In the next brooke, by whō that feend should be fordonne.

Well hop't he then, when this was propheside,
That from his sides some noble chyld should rize,
The which through fame should farre be magnifide,
And this proud gyant should with braue emprize
Quite ouerthrow, who now ginnes to despize
The good Sir *Bruin*, growing farre in yeares;
Who thinks from me his sorrow all doth rize.
Lo this my cause of griefe to you appeares;
For which I thus doe mourne, and poure forth ceaselesse
(teares.

Which when he heard, he inly touched was
With tender ruth for her vnworthy griefe,
And when he had deuized of her case,
He gan in mind conceiue a fit reliefe
For all her paine, if please her make the priefe.
And hauing cheared her, thus said; faire Dame,
In euils counsell is the comfort chiefe,
Which though I be not wise enough to frame,
Yet as I well it meane, vouchsafe it without blame.

f

If that the cause of this your languishment
Be lacke of children, to supply your place,
Low how good fortune doth to you present
This litle babe, of sweete and louely face,
And spotlesse spirit, in which ye may enchace
What euer formes ye list thereto apply,
Being now soft and fit them to embraces;
Whether ye list him traine in cheualry,
Or nourise vp in lore of learn'd Philosophy.

And certes it hath oftentimes bene seene,
That of the like, whose linage was vnknowne,
More braue and noble knights haue rayfed beene,
As their victorious deedes haue often shouen,
Being with fame through many Nations blowen,
Then those, which haue bene dandled in the lap.
Therefore some thought, that those braue imps were
Here by the Gods, and fed with heavenly sap, (sowen
That made them grow so high t' all honorable hap.

The Ladie hearkning to his sensefull speach,
Found nothing that he said, vnmeet nor reason,
Hauing oft seene it tryde, as he did teach.
Therefore inclyning to his goodly reason,
Agreeing well both with the place and season,
She gladly did of that same babe accept,
As of her owne by liuerey and seisin,
And hauing ouer it a litle wept,
She bore it thence, and euer as her owne it kept.

Right glad was *Calepine* to be so rid
Of his young charge, whereof he skilled nought:
Ne the lesse glad, for the so wisely did,
And with her husband vnder hand so wrought,

That when that infant vnto him she brought,
 She made him thinke it surely was his owne,
 And it in goodly thewes so well vpbrought,
 That it became a famous knight well knowne
 And did right noble deedes, the which elsewhere are
 showne.

But *Calepine*, now being left alone
 Vnder the greenewoods side in sorie plight,
 Withouten armes or steede to ride vpon,
 Or house to hide his head from heauens spight,
 Albe that Dame by all the meanes she might,
 Him oft desired home with her to wend,
 And offred him, his courtesie to requite,
 Both horse and armes, and what so else to lend,
 Yet he them all refusd, though thankt her as a friend.

And for exceeding griefe which inly grew,
 That he his loue so lucklesse now had lost,
 On the cold ground, maugre himselfe he threw,
 For fell despight, to be so sorely crost;
 And there all night himselfe in anguish tost,
 Vowing, that neuer he in bed againe
 His limbes would rest, ne lig in ease embost,
 Till that his Ladies fight he mote attaine,
 Or vnderstand, that she in safetie did remaine.

CANT.

Cant. V

*The saluage serues Maiida well
 till she Prince Arthur find,
 Who her together with his Squire
 with th' Hermit leaues behynd.*

○ What an easie thing is to descry
 The gentle blood, how euer it bewrapt
 In sad misfortunes foule deformity,
 And wretched sorrowes, which haue often hap't
 For howsoeuer it may grow misshapt,
 Like this wyld man, being vndisciplind,
 That to all vertue it may seeme vnapt,
 Yet will it shew some sparkes of gentile mynd,
 And at the last breake forth in his owne proper kynd.

That plainely may in this wyld man be red,
 Who though he were still in this desert wood,
 Mongst saluage beasts, both rudely borne and bred,
 Ne euer saw faire guise, ne learned good,
 Yet shewd some token of his gentle blood,
 By gentle vsage of that wretched Dame,
 For certes he was borne of noble blood,
 How euer by hard hap he hether 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 *Calepine*, that farr was strayd,
 Did wege exceeding sorrowfull and sad,
 As he of some misfortune were afrayd:

And leaueing there this Ladie all difmayd,
 Went forth freightway into the forreft wyde,
 To feeke, if he perchance a fleepe were layd,
 Or what fo elfe were vnto him betyde:
 He found him farre & neare, yet him nowhere he fpyde.

The backe returning to that forie Dame,
 He fhewed femblant of exceeding mone,
 By fpeaking figures, as he them beft could frame;
 Now wringing both his wretched hands in one,
 Now beating his hard head vpon a ftone,
 That ruth it was to fee him fo lament.
 By which the well perceiuing, what was done,
 Can teare her hayre, and all her garments rent,
 And beat her breaft, and piteoufly her felfe torment.

Vpon the ground her felfe fhe fiercely threw,
 Regardleffe of her wounds, yet bleeding rife,
 That with their bloud did all the flore imbrew,
 As if her breaft new launcht with murtherous knife,
 Would freight dilodge the wretched wearie life.
 There fhe long groweling, and deepe groning lay,
 As if her vitall powers were at ftrife
 With ftronger death, and feared their decay,
 Such were this Ladies pangs and dolorous affay.

Whom when the Saluage faw fo fore diftreft,
 He reared her vp from the bloudie ground,
 And fought by all the meanes, that he could beft
 Her to recure out of that ftony fwound,
 And ftanch the bleeding of her dreary wound.
 Yet nould fhe be recomforted for nought,
 Ne ceafe her forrow and impatient ffound,
 But day and night did vexe her carefull thought,
 And euer more and more her owne affliction wrought.

At

At length, when as no hope of his retourne
 She faw now left, fhe caft to leaue the place,
 And wend abroad, though feeble and forlorne,
 To feeke fome comfort in that forie cafe.
 His Steele now ftrong through reft fo long a fpace,
 Well as fhe could, fhe got, and did bedight,
 And being thereon mounted, forth did pace,
 Withouten guide, her to conduct aright,
 Or gard her to defend from bold oppreffors might.

Whom when her Hofte faw readie to depart,
 He would not fuffer her alone to fare,
 But gan himfelfe addrefse to take her part.
 Thofe warlike armes, which *Calepine* whyleare
 Had left behind, he gan eftfoones prepare,
 And put them all about himfelfe vnto,
 His fhield, his helmet, and his curats bare.
 But without fword vpon his thigh to fit:
 Sir *Calepine* himfelfe away had hidden it.

So forth they traueled a vneuen payre,
 That mote to all men feeme an vncouth fight;
 A faluage man matcht with a Ladie fayre,
 That rather seem'd the conquest of his might,
 Gotten by spoyle, then purchas'd aright.
 But he did her attend moft carefully,
 And faithfully did ferue both day and night,
 Withouten thought of fame or villeny,
 Ne euer fhewed figne of foule difloyalty.

Vpon a day as on their way they went,
 It chaunft fome furniture about her Steele
 To be difordred by fome accident:
 Which to redrefse, fhe did th' affiftance need

Of this her groome, which he by signes did reede,
 And streight his combrous armes aside did lay
 Vpon the ground, withouten doubt or dreed,
 And in his homely wize began to affay
 To amend what was amisse, and put in right aray.

Bout which whilest he was busied thus hard,
 Lo where a knight together with his squire,
 All arm'd to point came ryding thetherward,
 Which seemed by their portance and attire,
 To be two errant knights, that did inquire
 After aduentures, where they mote them get.
 Those were to weete (if that ye it require)
 Prince *Arthur* and young *Timias*, which met
 By straunge occasion, that here needs forth be set.

After that *Timias* had againe recured
 The fauour of *Belphebe*, (as ye heard)
 And of her grace did stand againe assured,
 To happie blisse he was full high vpreard,
 Nether of enuy, nor of change afear'd,
 Though many foes did him maligne therefore,
 And with vniust detraction him did beard;
 Yet he himselfe so well and wisely bore,
 That in her soueraine lyking he dwelt euermore.

But of them all, which did his ruine seeke
 Three mightie enemies did him most despight,
 Three mightie ones, and cruell minded ecke,
 That him not onely fought by open might
 To ouerthrow, but to supplant by flight.
 The first of them by name was call'd *Despetto*,
 Exceeding all the rest in powre and hight;
 The second not so strong but wise; *Deetto*;
 The third nor strong nor wise, but spightfullest *Desetto*.
 Oftimes

Oftimes their sundry powres they did employ,
 And seuerall deceits, but all in vaine:
 For neither they by force could him destroy,
 Ne yet entrap in treafons subtil traine.
 Therefore conspiring all together plaine,
 They did their counsels now in one compound;
 Where singled forces faile, conioynd may gaine.
 The *Blatant Beast* the fittest meanes they found,
 To worke his vtter shame, and throughly him confound,

Vpon a day as they the time did waite,
 When he did range the wood for saluage game,
 They sent that *Blatant Beast* to be a baite,
 To draw him from his deare beloued dame,
 Vnwares into the daunger of defame.
 For well they wist, that Squire to be so bold,
 That no one beast in Forrest wyld or tame,
 Met him in chafe, but he it challenge would,
 And plucke the pray oftimes out of their greedy hold.

The hardy boy, as they deuised had,
 Seeing the vgly Monster passing by,
 Vpon him set, of perill nought adrad,
 Ne skilfull of the vncouth iopardy;
 And charged him so fierce and furiously,
 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 heedlesse bit, the whiles he was thereof secure.

Securely he did after him pursfew,
 Thinking by speed to ouertake his flight;
 Who through thicke woods and brakes & briers him
 To weary him the more, and waste his spight, (drew,
 Dd

So that he now has almost spent his fright,
Till that at length vnto a woody glade
He came, whose couert stopt his further sight,
There his three foes shrowded in guilefull shade,
Out of their ambush broke, and gan him to inuade.

Sharpely they all attonce did him assaile,
Burning with inward rancour and despight,
And heaped strokes did round about him haile
With so huge force, that seemed nothing might
Bears off their blowes, from percing thorough quite.
Yet he them all so warily did ward,
That none of them in his soft flesh did bite,
And all the while his backe for best safegard,
He lent against a tree, that backward onlet bard.

Like a wylde Bull, that being at a bay,
Is bayted of a mastiffe, and a hound,
And a curre-dog; that doe him sharpe assay
On euery side, and beat about him round;
But most that curre barking with bitter fownd,
And creeping still behinde, doth him incomber,
That in his chauffe he digs the trampled ground,
And threats his horns, and bellowes like the thonder,
So did that Squire his foes disperse, and driue afonder.

Him well behoued so; for his three foes
Sought to encompasse him on euery side,
And dangerously did round about enclose.
But most of all *Desetto* him annoyde,
Creeping behinde him still to haue destroyde:
So did *Decetto* eke him circumuent,
But stout *Despetto* in his greater pryde,
Did front him face to face against him bent,
Yet he them all withstood, and often made relent.

Till

Till that at length nigh tyrd with former chace,
And weary now with carefull keeping ward,
He gan to shrinke, and somewhat to giue place,
Full like ere long to haue escaped hard;
When as vnwares he in the Forrest heard
A trampling steede, that with his neighing fast
Did warne his rider be vpon his gard;
With noise whereof the Squire now nigh aghast,
Reniued was, and sad dispaire away did cast.

Eftsoones he spide a Knight approaching nye,
Who seeing one in so great daunger set
Mongst many foes, him selfe did faster hye;
To reskue him, and his weake part abet,
For pity so to see him ouerset.
Whom soone as his three enemies did vew,
They fled, and fast into the wood did get:
Him booted not to thinke them to pursue,
The couert was so thicke, that did no passage shew.

Then turning to that swaine, him well he knew
To be his *Timias*, his owne true Squire,
Whereof exceeding glad, he to him drew,
And him embracing twixt his armes entire,
Him thus bespake; My liefte, my lifes desire,
Why haue ye me alone thus long yleft?
Tell me what worlds despight, or heauens yre
Hath you thus long away from me bereft?
Where haue ye all this while bin wandring, where bene
(west?)

With that he sighed deepe for inward tyne:
To whom the Squire nought answered againe,
But shedding few soft teares from tender eyne,
His deare affect with silence did restraine,

Dd 2

And shut vp all his plaint in pritty paine.
 There they awhile some gracious speeches spent,
 As to them seemed fit time to entertaine.
 After all which vp to their steedes they went,
 And forth together rode a comely complement.

So now they be arriued both in sight
 Of this wyld man, whom they full busie found
 About the sad *Serena* things to dight,
 With those braue armours lying on the ground,
 That seem'd the spoile of some right well renownd.
 Which when that Squire beheld, he to them stept,
 Thinking to take them from that hylding hound:
 But he it seeing, lightly to him lept,
 And sternely with strong hand it from his handling kept.

Gnawing his grinded teeth with grieisly looke,
 And sparkling fire out of his furious eyne,
 Him with his fist vnwares on th'head he strooke,
 That made him downe vnto the earth encline;
 Whence soone vpstarting much he gan repine,
 And laying hand vpon his wrathfull blade,
 Thought therewithall forthwith him to haue slaine,
 Who it perceiuing, hand vpon him layd,
 And greedily him griping, his auengement stayd.

With that aloude the faire *Serena* cryde
 Vnto the Knight, them to dispart in twaine:
 Who to them stepping did them soone diuide,
 And did from further violence restrain,
 Albe the wyld-man hardly would refrain.
 Then gan the Prince, of her for to demand,
 What and from whence she was, and by what traine
 She fell into that saluage villaines hand,
 And whether free with him she now were, or in band.

To

To whom she thus; I am, as now ye see,
 The wretchedst Dame, that liue this day on ground,
 Who both in minde, the which most griueth me,
 And body haue receiud a mortall wound,
 That hath me driuen to this drery found.
 I was erewhile, the loue of *Calepine*,
 Who whether he aliuie be to be found,
 Or by some deadly chaunce be done to pine,
 Since I him lately lost, vneath is to define.

In saluage Forrest I him lost of late,
 Where I had surely long ere this bene dead,
 Or else remained in most wretched state,
 Had not this wyld man in that wofull stead
 Kept, and deliuered me from deadly dread.
 In such a saluage wight, of brutish kynd,
 Amongst wilde beastes in desert Forrests bred,
 It is most straunge and wonderfull to fynd
 So milde humanity, and perfect gentle mynd.

Let me therefore this fauour for him finde,
 That ye will not your wrath vpon him wreake,
 Sith he cannot expresse his simple minde,
 Ne yours conceiue, ne but by tokens speake:
 Small praise to proue your powre on wight so weake.
 With such faire words she did their heate aswage,
 And the strong course of their displeasure breake,
 That they to pittie turnd their former rage,
 And each fought to supply the office of her page.

So hauing all things well about her dight,
 She on her way cast forward to proceede,
 And they her forth conducted, where they might
 Finde harbour fit to comfort her great neede.

D d 3

For now her wounds corruption gan to breed,
 And eke this Squire, who likewise wounded was
 Of that same Monster late, for lacke of heed,
 Now gan to faint, and further could not pas
 Through feeblenefse, which all his limbes oppressed has.

So forth they rode together all in troupe,
 To seeke some place, the which mote yeeld some ease
 To these sicke twaine, that now began to droupe,
 And all the way the Prince sought to appease
 The bitter anguish of their sharpe disease,
 By all the courteous meanes he could inuent,
 Somewhile with merry purpose fit to please,
 And otherwhile with good encouragement,
 To make them to endure the pains, did them torment.

Mongst which, *Serena* did to him relate
 The foule discourtesies and vnknighthly parts,
 Which *Turpine* had vnto her shewed late,
 Without compassion of her cruell smartes,
 Although *Blandina* did with all her artes
 Him otherwise perswade, all that she might;
 Yethe of malice, without her desertes,
 Not onely her excluded late at night,
 But also trayterously did wound her weary Knight.

Wherewith the Prince fore moued, there auoud,
 That soone as he returned backe againe,
 He would auenge th'abuses of that proud
 And shamefull Knight, of whom she did complaine.
 This wise did they each other entertaine,
 To passe the tedious trauell of the way;
 Till towards night they came vnto a plaine,
 By which a little Hermitage there lay,
 Far from all neighbourhoood, the which annoy it may.

And

And nigh thereto a little Chappell stooode,
 Which being all with Yuy ouerspred,
 Deckt all the roofe, and shadowing the roode,
 Seem'd like a groue faire braunched ouer hed:
 Therein the Hermite, which his life here led
 In streight obseruance of religious vow,
 Was wont his howres and holy things to bed,
 And therein he likewise was praying now,
 Whenas these Knights arriu'd, they wist not where nor
 (how.

They stayd not there, but streight way in did pas,
 Whom when the Hermite present saw in place,
 From his deuotion streight he troubled was;
 Which breaking of he toward them did pace,
 With stayed steps, and graue beseeching grace:
 For well it seem'd, that whilome he had bene
 Soome goodly person, and of gentle race,
 That could his good to all, and well did weene,
 How each to entertaine with curtsie well beseeene.

And soothly it was sayd by common fame,
 So long as age enabled him thereto,
 That he had bene a man of mickle name,
 Renowned much in armes and derring doe:
 But being aged now and weary to
 Of warres delight, and worlds contentious toyle,
 The name of knighthood he did disfaou,
 And hanging vp his armes and warlike spoyle,
 From all this worlds incombraunce did himselfe assoyle.

He thence them led into his Hermitage,
 Letting their steedes to graze vpon the Greene:
 Small was his house, and like a little cage,
 For his owne turne, yet inly neate and cleane,

D d 4

Deckt with greene boughes, and flowers gay befeene,
 Therein he them full faire did entertaîne
 Not with such forged showes, as fitter beene
 For courting fooles, that curtesies would faîne,
 But with entire affection and appearaunce plaine.

Yet was their fare but homely, such as hee
 Did vse, his feeble body to sustaine;
 The which full gladly they did take in glee,
 Such as it was, ne did of want complaine,
 But being well suffiz'd, them rested faîne,
 But faire *Serene* all night could take no rest,
 Ne yet that gentle Squire for grievous paine
 Of their late woundes, the which the *Blatant Beast*
 Had giuen them, whose griefe through suffraunce sore in-
 (creast.

So all that night they past in great disease,
 Till that the morning, bringing earely light
 To guide mens labours, brought them also ease,
 And some affwagement of their painefull plight.
 Then vp they rose, and gan them selues to dight
 Vnto their journey; but that Squire and Dame
 So faint and feeble were, that they ne might
 Endure to trauell, nor one foote to frame:
 Their hearts were sicke, their sides were sore, their feete
 (were lame.

Therefore the Prince, whom great affaires in mynd
 Would not permit, to make their lenger stay,
 Was forced there to leaue them both behynd,
 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 whileare
 Seeing his royall vsage and array,
 Was greatly growne in loue of that braue pere,
 Would needes depart, as shall declared be elsewhere.

*Canto.**Cant. VI.*

The Hermite heales both Squire and dame
 Of their sore maladies:
 He Turpine doth defeat, and sume
 For his late villanies.

NO wound, which warlike hand of enemy
 Inflicts with dint of sword, so sore doth light,
 As doth the poyfuous sting, which infamy
 Infixeth in the name of noble wight:
 For by no art, nor any leaches might
 It euer can recured be againe;
 Ne all the skill, which that immortal spright
 Of *Podalyrius* did in it retaine,
 Can remedy such hurts; such hurts are hellish paine.

Such were the woundes, the which that *Blatant Beast*
 Made in the bodies of that Squire and Dame;
 And being such, were now much more increast,
 For want of taking heede vnto the same,
 That now corrupt and curelesse they became.
 Howbe that carefull Hermite did his best,
 With many kindes of medicines meete, to rãme
 The poyfuous humour, which did most infest
 Their ranckling woundes, & euery day them duely drest.

For he right well in Leaches craft was seene,
 And through the long experience of his dayes,
 Which had in many fortunes tossèd beene,
 And past through many perillous assayes,

He knew the diuerſe went of mortall wayes,
 And in the mindes of men had great insight;
 Which with ſage counſell, when they went aſtray,
 He could enforme, and them reduce aright,
 And al the paſſiōs heale, which wou'd the weaker ſpright.

For whylome he had bene a doughty Knight,
 As any one, that liued in his daies,
 And proued oft in many perillous fight,
 Of which he grace and glory wonne alwaies,
 And in all battels bore away the baies.
 But being now attacht with timely age,
 And weary of this worlds vnquiet waies,
 He tooke him ſelſe vnto this Hermitage,
 In which he liu'd alone, like careleſſe bird in cage.

One day, as he was ſearching of their wounds,
 He found that they had feltred priuily,
 And ranckling inward with vnruly ſounds,
 The inner parts now gan to putrify,
 That quite they ſeem'd paſt helpe of ſurgery,
 And rather needed to be diſciplin'd
 With holeſome reede of ſad ſobriety,
 To rule the ſtubborne rage of paſſion blinde:
 Giue ſalues to euery ſore, but counſell to the minde.

So taking them apart into his cell,
 He to that point fit ſpeeches gan to frame,
 As he the art of words knew wondrous well,
 And eke could doe, as well as ſay the ſame,
 And thus he to them ſayd; faire daughter Dame,
 And you faire ſonne, which here thus long now lie
 In piteous languor, ſince ye hither came,
 In vaine of me ye hope for remedie,
 And I likewiſe in vaine doe ſalues to you applie.

For

For in your ſelſe your onely helpe doth lie,
 To heale your felues, and muſt proceed alone
 From your owne will, to cure your maladie.
 Who can him cure, that will be cur'd of none?
 If therefore health ye ſeek, obſerue this one.
 Firſt learne your outward fences to refrain
 From things, that ſtirre vp fraile affection;
 Your eies, your eares, your tongue, your talke reſtaine
 From that they moſt affect, and in due termes containe.

For from thoſe outward fences ill affected,
 The ſeede of all this euill firſt doth ſpring,
 Which at the firſt before it had infected,
 Mote eaſie be ſuppreſt with little thing:
 But being grown ſtrong, it forth doth bring
 Sorrow, and anguiſh, and impatient paine
 In th'inner parts, and laſtly ſcatterring
 Contagious poiſon cloſe through euery vaine,
 It neuer reſts, till it haue wrought his finall bane.

For that beaſtes teeth, which wounded you tofore,
 Are ſo exceeding venomous and keene,
 Made all of ruſty yron, ranckling ſore,
 That where they bite, it booteth not to weene
 With ſalue, or antidote, or other mene
 It euer to amend: ne maruaile ought;
 For that ſame beaſt was bred of helliſh ſtrene,
 And long in darkſome *Stygian* den vpbrought,
 Begot of foule *Echidna*, as in bookes is taught.

Echidna is a Monster direfull dred,
 Whom Gods doe hate, and heauens abhor to ſee;
 So hideous is her ſhape, ſo huge her hed,
 That euen the helliſh fiends affrighted bee.

At sight thereof, and from her presence flee:
 Yet did her face and former parts professe
 A faire young Mayden, full of comely glee;
 But all her hinder parts did plaine expresse
 A monstrous Dragon, full of fearefull vglinesse.

To her the Gods, for her so dreadfull face,
 In fearefull darkenesse, furthest from the skie,
 And from the earth, appointed haue her place,
 Mongst rocks and caues, where the enrol doth lie
 In hideous horrour and obscurity,
 Waisting the strength of her immortall age.
 There did *Typhaon* with her company,
 Cruell *Typhaon*, whose tempestuous rage
 Make th'heauens tremble oft, & him with vowes asswage.

Of that commixtion they did then beget
 This hellish Dog, that hight the *Blatant Beast*;
 A wicked Monster, that his tongue doth whet
 Gainst all, both good and bad, both most and least,
 And poures his poyshous gall forth to infect
 The noblest wights with notable defame:
 Ne euer Knight, that bore so lofty creast,
 Ne euer Lady of so honest name,
 But he them spotted with reproch, or secreete shame.

In vaine therefore it were, with medicine
 To goe about to salue such kynd of sore,
 That rather needes wise read and discipline,
 Then outward salues, that may augment it more.
 Aye me (sayd then *Serena* fighting sore)
 What hope of helpe doth then for vs remaine,
 If that no salues may vs to health restore?
 But sith we need good counsell (sayd the swaine)
 Aread good sire, some counsell, that may vs sustaine.

The

The best (sayd he) that I can you aduize,
 Is to auoide the occasion of the ill:
 For when the cause, whence euill doth arise,
 Remoued is, th'effect surceaseth still.
 Abstaine from pleasure, and restraine your will,
 Subdue desire, and bridle loose delight,
 Vse scanted diet, and forbear your fill,
 Shun secretes, and talke in open sight:
 So shall you soone repaire your present euill plight.

Thus hauing sayd, his sickely patients
 Did gladly hearken to his graue behest,
 And kept to well his wise commaundements,
 That in thort space their malady was ceased,
 And eke the biting of that harmefull Beast
 Was thoroughly heal'd. Tho when they did perceau
 Their wounds recur'd, and forces reincreast,
 Of that good Hermite both they tooke their leau,
 And went both on their way, ne ech would other leau.

But each th'other vow'd t'acompany,
 The Lady, for that she was much in dred,
 Now left alone in great extremity,
 The Squire, for that he courteous was indeed,
 Would not her leau alone in her great need.
 So both together traueled, till they met
 With a faire Mayden clad in mourning weed,
 Vpon a mangy iade vnumeetely set,
 And a lewd foolle her leading thorough dry and wet.

But by what meanes that shame to her befell,
 And how thereof her selfe she did acquite,
 I must a while forbear to you to tell;
 Till that, as comes by course, I doe recite,

What fortune to the Briton Prince did lye,
 Pursuing that proud Knight, the which while care
 Wrought to Sir *Calidore* so foule despight;
 And eke his Lady, though she sickely were,
 So lowdly had abuse, as ye did lately heare.

The Prince according to the former token,
 Which faire *Serene* to him deliuered had,
 Pursu'd him streight, in mynd to bene wrooken
 Of all the vile demeane, and vface bad,
 With which he had those two foill bestad:
 Ne wight with him on that aduenture went,
 But that wyld man, whom though he oft forbad,
 Yet for no bidding, nor for being shent,
 Would he restrayned be from his attendement.

Arriuing there, as did by chaunce befall,
 He found the gate wyde ope, and in he rode,
 Ne stayd, till that he came into the hall:
 Where soft dismounting like a weary lode,
 Vpon the ground with feeble feete he trode,
 As he vnabed were for very neede
 To moue one foote, but there must make abode;
 The whiles the saluage man did take his steede,
 And in some stable neare did fet him vp to feede.

Ere long to him a homely groome there came,
 That in rude wise him asked, what he was,
 That durst so boldly, without let or shame,
 Into his Lords forbidden hall to passe.
 To whom the Prince, him sayning to embase,
 Mylde answer made; he was an errant Knight,
 The which was fall'n into this feeble case,
 Through many wounds, which lately he in fight,
 Receiued had, and prayd to pittie his ill plight.

But

But he, the more outrageous and bold,
 Sternely did bid him quickly thence auant,
 Or deare aby, for why his Lord of old
 Did hate all errant Knights, which there did haunt,
 Ne lodging would to any of them graunt,
 And therefore lightly bad him packe away,
 Not sparing him with bitter words to taunt;
 And therewithall rude hand on him did lay,
 To thrust him out of dore, doing his worst assay.

Which when the Saluage comming now in place,
 Beheld, estfoones he all enraged grew,
 And running streight vpon that villaine base,
 Like a fell Lion at him fiercely flew,
 And with his teeth and nailes, in present vew,
 Him rudely rent, and all to peeces tore:
 So miserably him all helpelesse flew,
 That with the noise, whilst he did loudly rore,
 The people of the house rose forth in great vprore.

Who when on ground they saw their fellow slaine,
 And that same Knight and Saluage standing by,
 Vpon them two they fell with might and maine,
 And on them layd so huge and horribly,
 As if they would haue slaine them presently.
 But the bold Prince defended him so well,
 And their assault withstood so mightily,
 That maugre all their might, he did repell,
 And beat them back, whilst many vnderneath him fell.

Yet he them still so sharpely did pursue,
 That few of them he left aliue, which fled,
 Those euill tidings to their Lord to shew.
 Who hearing how his people badly sped,

Came

Came forth in haft: where when as with the dead
 He ſaw the ground all frow'd, and that ſame Knight
 And ſaluage with their bloud freſh ſteeming red,
 He woxenigh mad with wrath and fell deſpight,
 And with reprochfull words him thus beſpake on hight.

Art thou he, traytor, that with treaſon vile,
 Haſt ſlainemy men in this vnmanly maner,
 And now triumpheſt in the piteous ſpoile
 Of theſe poore folk, whoſe ſoules with black diſhonor
 And ſoule deſame doe decke thy bloudy baner?
 The meede whereof ſhall ſhortly be thy ſhame,
 And wretched end, which ſtill attendeth on her.
 With that him ſelſe to battell he did frame;
 So did his forty yeomen, which there with him came.

With dreadfull force they all did him aſſaile,
 And round about with boyſtrous ſtrokes oppreſſe,
 That on his ſhield did rattle like to haile
 In a great tempeſt; that in ſuch diſtreſſe,
 He wiſt not to which ſide him to addreſſe.
 And euermore that crauen cowerd Knight,
 Was at his backe with heartleſſe heedineſſe,
 Wayting if he vnwares him murder might:
 For cowardize doth ſtill in villany delight.

Whereof whenas the Prince was well aware,
 He to him turnd with furious intent,
 And him againſt his powre gan to prepare;
 Like a fierce Bull, that being buſie bent
 To fight with many foes about him ment,
 Feeling ſome curre behinde his heeles to bite,
 Turnes him about with fell auengement;
 So likewiſe turnde the Prince vpon the Knight,
 And layd at him amaine with all his will and might.

Who

Who when he once his dreadfull ſtrokes had taſted,
 Durſt not the furie of his force abyde,
 But turn'd abacke, and to retyre him haſted
 Through the thick preaſe, there thinking him to hyde.
 But when the Prince had once him plainely eyde,
 He foot by foot him followed alway,
 Ne would him ſuffer once to ſhrinke aſyde
 But ioyning cloſe, huge lode at him did lay:
 Who flying ſtill did ward, and warding fly away.

But when his foe he ſtill ſo eger ſaw,
 Vnto his heeles himſelſe he did betake,
 Hoping vnto ſome refuge to withdraw:
 Ne would the Prince him euer foot forſake,
 Where ſo he went, but after him did make.
 He fled from roome to roome, from place to place,
 Whyleft euery ioynt for dread of death did quake,
 Still looking after him, that did him chace;
 That made him euermore increaſe his ſpeedie pace.

At laſt he vp into the chamber came,
 Whereas his loue was fitting all alone,
 Wayting what tydings of her folke became.
 There did the Prince him ouertake anone,
 Crying in vaine to her, him to bemeone,
 And with his ſword him on the head did ſmyte,
 That to the ground he fell in ſenſeleſſe ſwone:
 Yet whether thwart or flatly it did lyte,
 The tempred ſteele did not into his braynepan byte.

Which when the Ladie ſaw, with great affright
 She ſtarting vp, began to ſhriek aloud,
 And with her garment couering him from ſight,
 Seem'd vnder her protection him to ſhroud;

E c

And falling lowly at his feet, her bowd
 Vpon her knee, intreating him for grace,
 And often him besought, and prayd;
 That with the ruth of her so wretched case,
 He stayd his second strooke, and did his hand abafe.

Her weed she then withdrawing, did him discover,
 Who now come to himselfe, yet would not rize,
 But still did lie as dead, and quake, and quier,
 That euen the Prince his baseness did despize,
 And eke his Dame him seeing in such guise,
 Gan him recomfort, and from ground to reare,
 Who rising vp at last in ghastly wize,
 Like troubled ghost did dreadfully appeare,
 As one that had no life him left through former feare.

Whom when the Prince so deadly saw dismayd,
 He for such baseness shamefully him shent,
 And with sharpe words did bitterly vpbrayd;
 Vile cowheard dogge, now doe I much repent,
 That euer I this life vnto thee lent,
 Whereof thou caytiue so vnworthie art;
 That both thy loue, for lacke of hardiment,
 And eke thy selfe, for want of manly hart,
 And eke all knights hast shamed with this knightlesse
 (part.)

Yet further hast thou heaped shame to shame,
 And crime to crime, by this thy cowheard feare.
 For first it was to thee reprochfull blame,
 To erect this wicked custome, which I heare,
 Gainst errant Knights and Ladies thou dost reare;
 Whom when thou mayst, thou dost of arms despoile,
 Or of their vpper garment, which they weare:
 Yet dost thou not with manhood, but with guile
 Maintaine this euill vse, thy foes thereby to foile.

And

And lastly in approuance of thy wrong,
 To shew such faintnesse and soule cowardize,
 Is greatest shame: for oft it falles, that strong
 And valiant knights doe rashly enterprize,
 Either for fame, or else for exercise,
 A wrongfull quarrell to maintaine by right;
 Yet haue, through prowesse and their braue emprize,
 Gotten great worship in this worldes fight.
 For greater force there needs to maintaine wrong, then
 (right.)

Yet since thy life vnto this Ladie fayre
 I giuen haue, liue in reproch and scorne;
 Ne euer armes, ne euer knighthood dare
 Hence to professe: for shame is to adorne
 With so braue badges one so basely borne;
 But onely breath sith that I did forgieue.
 So hauing from his crauen bodie torne
 Those goodly armes, he them away did giue
 And onely suffred him this wretched life to liue.

There whilest he thus was setting things about,
 Atwene that Ladie myld and recreant knight,
 To whom his life he graunted for her loue,
 He gan bethinke him, in what perilous plight
 He had behynd him left that saluage wight,
 Amongst so many foes, whom sure he thought
 By this quite slaine in so vnequall fight:
 Therefore descending backe in haste, he sought
 If yet he were aliue, or to destruction brought.

There he him found enuironed about
 With slaughterd bodies, which his hand had slaine,
 And laying yet a fresh with courage stout
 Vpon the rest, that did aliue remaine;

Ee 2

Whom he likewise right forely did constraîne,
Like scattred sheepe, to seeke for safetie,
After he gotten had with busie paine
Some of their weapons, which thereby did lie,
With which he layd about, and made them fast to flie.

Whom when the Prince so felly saw to rage,
Approching to him neare, his hand he stayd,
And fought, by making signes, him to assuage:
Who them perceiuing, streight to him obeyd,
As to his Lord, and downe his weapons layd,
As if he long had to his hearts bene trayned.
Thence he him brought away, and vp conuayd
Into the chamber, where that Dame remainyed
With her vnworthy knight, who ill him entertayned.

Whom when the Saluage saw from daunger free,
Sitting beside his Ladie there at ease,
He well remembered, that the same was hee,
Which lately fought his Lord for to displease:
Tho all in rage, he on him streight did feaze,
As if he would in peeces him haue rent;
And were not, that the Prince did him appeaze,
He had not left one limbe of him vrent:
But streight he held his hand at his commaundement.

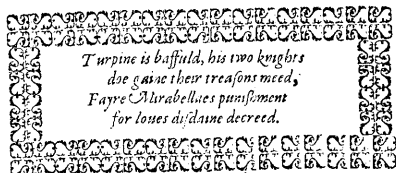
Thus hauing all things well in peace ordayned,
The Prince himselfe there all that night did rest,
Where him *Blandina* fayrcly entertayned,
With all the courteous glee and goodly feast,
The which for him she could imagine best.
For well she knew the wayes to win good will
Of euery wight, that were not too infest,
And how to please the minds of good and ill, (skill.
Through tempering of her words & lookes by wondrous
Yet

Yet were her words and lookes but false and fayned,
To some hid end to make more easie way,
Or to allure such fondlings, whom she trayned
Into her trap vnto their owne decay:
Thereto, when needed, she could weepe and pray,
And when her listd, she could fawne and flatter;
Now smyling smoothly, like to sommers day,
Now glooming sadly, so to cloke her matter;
Yet were her words but wynd, & all her teares but water.

Whether such grace were given her by kynd,
As women wont their guilefull wits to guyde;
Or learn'd the art to please, I doe not fynd.
This well I wote, that the so well applyde
Her pleasing tongue, that soone the pacifyde
The wrathfull Prince, & wrought her husbands peace.
Who nathelless nor therewith satisfide,
His rancorous despight did not releasse,
Ne secretly from thought of fell reuenge surceasse.

For all that night, the whyles the Prince did rest
In carelesse couch, not weeting what was ment,
He watcht in close awayt with weapons prest,
Willing to worke his villenous intent
On him, that had so shamefully him thent:
Yet durst he not for very cowardize
Effect the same, whylest all the night was spent.
The morrow next the Prince did early rise,
And passed forth, to follow his first enterprize.

E c 3

Cant. VII.

*Turpine is busfull, his two knights
doe gaine their treasons meed;
Fayre Atrabellines punishment
for losses a/danne decreed.*

Like as the gentle hart it selfe bewrayes,
In doing gentle deedes with franke delight,
Euen so the baser mind it selfe displays,
In cancred malice and reuengefull spight.
For to maligne, & enuie, & vse thisting slight,
Be arguments of a vile donghill mind,
Which what it dare not doe by open might,
To worke by wicked treason wayes doth find,
By such discourteous deeds discouering his base kind.

That well appeares in this discourteous knight,
The coward *Turpine*, whereof now I treat;
Who notwithstanding that in former fight
He of the Prince his life receiued late,
Yet in his mind malicious and ingrate
He gan deuize, to be aueng'd anew
For all that thame, which kindled inward hate.
Therefore so soone as he was out of vew,
Himselfe in hast he arm'd, and did him fast pursew.

Well did he tract his steps, as he did ryde,
Yet would not neare approach in daungers eye,
But kept aloofe for dread to be decryde,
Vntill fit time and place he mote espy,

Where

Where he mote worke him scath and villeny.
At last he met two knights to him vnknowne,
The which were arm'd both agreeably,
And both combynd, what euer chaunce were blowne,
Betwixt them to diuide, and each to make his owne.

To whom false *Turpine* comming courteously,
To cloke the mischiefe, which he inly ment,
Gan to complaine of great discourtesie,
Which a straunge knight, that neare afore him went,
Had doen to him, and his deare Ladie shent:
Which if they would afford him ayde at need
For to auenge, in time conuenient,
They should accomplish both a knightly deed,
And for their paines obtaine of him a goodly meed.

The knights beleue'd, that all he sayd, was trew,
And being fresh and full of youthly spight,
Were glad to heare of that aduenture new,
In which they mote make triall of their might,
Which neuer yet they had approu'd in fight;
And eke desirous of the offred meed,
Said then the one of them; where is that wight,
The which hath doen to thee this wrongfull deed,
That we may it auenge, and punish him with speed?

Herides (said *Turpine*) there not farre afore,
With a wyld man soft footing by his syde;
That if ye list to haste a litle more,
Ye may him ouertake in timely tyde:
Eftsoones they pricked forth with forward pryde,
And ere that litle while they ridden had,
The gentle Prince not farre away they spyde,
Ryding a softly pace with portance sad,
Deuizing of his loue more, then of daunger drad.

Ee 4

Then one of them aloud vnto him cryde,
 Bidding him turne againe, false traytour knight,
 Foule womanwronger, for he him desyde.
 With that they both at once with equall spight
 Did bend their speares, and both with equall might
 Against him ran; but th'one did misse his marke,
 And being carried with his force forthright,
 Glaunst swiftly by; like to that heavenly sparke,
 Which glyding through the ayre lights all the heauens
 (darke.

But th'other ayning better, did him smite
 Full in the shield, with so impetuous powre,
 That all his launce in peeces shiuered quite,
 And scattered all about, fell on the stowre.
 But the stout Prince, with much more stedy stowre
 Full on his beuer did him strike so fore,
 That the cold steele through piercing, did deuowre
 His vitall breath, and to the ground him bore,
 Where still he bathed lay in his owne bloody gore.

As when a cast of Faulcons make their flight
 At an Herneshaw, that lyes aloft on wing,
 The whyles they strike at him with heedlesse might,
 The warie foule his bill doth backward wrings
 On which the first, whose force her first doth bring,
 Her selfe quite through the bodie doth engore,
 And falleth downe to ground like senselesse thing,
 But th'other not so swift, as she before,
 Fayles of her soufe, and passing by doth hurt no more.

By this the other, which was passed by,
 Himselfe recouering, was return'd to fight;
 Where when he saw his fellow lifelesse ly,
 He much was daunted with fo dismall sight;

Yet

Cant. VII. FAERIE QUEENE. 439
 Yet nought abating of his former spight,
 Let drue at him with so malicious mynd,
 As if he would haue passed through him quight:
 But the steele-head no stedfast hold could fynd,
 But glauncing by, deceit'd him of that he desynd.

Not so the Prince: for his well learned speare
 Tooke surer hould, and from his horses backe
 About a launces length him forth did beare,
 And gainst the cold hard earth so fore him strake,
 That all his bones in peeces nigh he brake.
 Where seeing him so lie, he left his steed,
 And to him leaping, vengeance thought to take
 Of him, for all his former follies meed,
 With flaming sword in hand his terror more to breed.

The fearefull swayne beholding death so nie,
 Cryde out aloud for mercie him to saue;
 In lieu whereof he would to him descric,
 Great treason to him meant, his life to reauce.
 The Prince soone hearkned, and his life forgauce.
 Then thus said he, There is a straunger knight,
 The which for promise of great meed, vs draue
 To this attempt, to wreake his hid despight,
 For that himselfe thereto did want sufficient might.

The Prince much mused at such villenie,
 And sayd; Now sure ye well haue earn'd your meed,
 For th'one is dead, and th'other soone shall die,
 Vnlesse to me thou hether bring with speed
 The wretch, that hyr'd you to this wicked deed,
 He glad of life, and willing eke to wreake
 The guilt on him, which did this mischief breed,
 Swore by his sword, that neither day nor weeke
 He would surceasse, but him, where fo he were, would
 (seeke.

So vp he rose, and forth streight way he went
 Backe to the place, where *Turpin* late he lore;
 There he him found in great astonishment,
 To see him so bedight with bloodie gore,
 And grisly wounds that him appalled sore.
 Yet thus at length he said, how now Sir knight?
 What meaneth this, which here I see before?
 How fortuneth this foule vncomely plight,
 So different from that, which earst ye seem'd in fight?

Perdie (said he) in euill houre it fell,
 That euer I for need did vndertake
 So hard a taske, as life for hyre to sell;
 The which I earst aduentur'd for your sake.
 Witnesse the wounds, and this wyde bloudie lake,
 Which ye may see yet all about me steeme.
 Therefore now yeeld, as ye did promise make,
 My due reward, the which right well I deeme
 I yearned haue, that life so dearely did redeeme.

But where then is (quoth he halfe wrothfully)
 Where is the bootie, which therefore I bought,
 That cursed caytiue, my strong enemy,
 That recreant knight, whose hated life I fought?
 And where is eke your friend, which halfe it ought?
 He lyes (said he) vpon the cold bare ground,
 Slayne of that errant knight, with whom he fought;
 Whom afterwards my selfe with many a wound
 Did slay againe, as ye may see there in the fount.

Thereof false *Turpin* was full glad and faine,
 And needs with him streight to the place would ryde,
 Where he him selfe might see his foeman slaine,
 For else his feare could not be satisfyde.

So

So as they rode, he saw the way all dyde
 With streames of bloud; which tracting by the traile,
 Ere long they came, whereas in euill tyde
 That other Iwayne, like athes deadly pale,
 Lay in the lap of death, rewing his wretched bale.

Much did the Crauen seeme to mone his case,
 That for his sake his deare life had forgone;
 And him bewayling with affection bale,
 Did counterfeit kind pittie, where was none:
 For wheres no courage, theres no ruth nor mone.
 Thence passing forth, not farre away he found,
 Whereas the Prince him selfe lay all alone,
 Loosely displayd vpon the grassie ground,
 Possessed of sweete sleepe, that luld him soft in ffound.

Wearie of trauell in his former fight,
 He there in shade him selfe had layd to rest,
 Hauing his armes and warlike things vndight,
 Fearelesse of foes that mote his peace molest;
 The whyles his saluage page, that wont be prest,
 Was wandred in the wood another way,
 To doe some thing, that seemed to him best,
 The whyles his Lord in siluer slomber lay,
 Like to the Euening starre adorn'd with deawy ray.

Whom when as *Turpin* saw so loosely layd,
 He weened well, that he in deed was dead,
 Like as that other knight to him had sayd:
 But when he nigh approcht, he mote aread
 Plaine signes in him of life and liuelihead.
 Whereat much grieved against that straunger knight,
 That him too light of credence did mislead,
 He would haue backe retyred from that fight,
 That was to him on earth the deadliest despight.

But that same knight would not once let him start,
 But plainly gan to him declare the case
 Of all his mischief, and late lucklesse smart;
 How both he and his fellow there in place
 Were vanquished, and put to foule disgrace,
 And how that he in lieu of life him lent,
 Had vow'd vnto the victor, him to trace
 And follow through the world, where so he went,
 Till that he him deliuered to his punishment.

He therewith much abashed and affrayd,
 Began to tremble euery limbe and vaine;
 And softly whispering him, entyrelly prayd,
 T'aduize him better, then by such a traine
 Him to betray vnto a straunger swaine:
 Yet rather counfeld him contrarywise,
 Sith he likewise did wrong by him sustaine,
 To ioyne with him and vengeance to deuize,
 Whylest time did offer means him sleeping to surprize.

Nathelisse for all his speach, the gentle knight
 Would not be tempted to such villenie,
 Regarding more his faith, which he did plight,
 All were it to his mortall enemye,
 Then to entrap him by false treacherie:
 Great shame in lieges blood to be embrew'd.
 Thus whylest they were debating diuerslie,
 The Saluage forth out of the wood islew'd
 Backe to the place, whereas his Lord he sleeping vew'd.

There when he saw those two so neare him stand,
 He doubted much what mote their meaning bee,
 And throwing downe his load out of his hand,
 To weet great store of forrest frute, which hee

Had

Had for his food late gathered from the tree,
 Himselfe vnto his weapone he betooke,
 That was an oaken plant, which lately hee
 Rent by the root; which he so sternely shooke,
 That like an hazell wand, it quiered and quooke.

Whereat the Prince awaking, when he spyde
 The traytour *Turpin* with that other knight,
 He started vp, and snatching neare his syde
 His trustie sword, the seruant of his might,
 Like a fell Lyon leaped to him light,
 And his left hand vpon his collar layd,
 Therewith the cowheard deaded with affright,
 Fell flat to ground, ne word vnto him sayd,
 But holding vp his hands, with silence mercie prayd.

But he so full of indignation was,
 That to his prayer nought he would incline,
 But as he lay vpon the humbled gras,
 His foot he set on his vile necke, in signe
 Offeruile yoke, that nobler harts repine.
 Then letting him arise like abiect thrall,
 He gan to him obiect his haynous crime,
 And to reuile, and rate, and recreant call,
 And lastly to depoyle of knightly bannerall.

And after all, for greater infamie,
 He by the heeles him hung vpon a tree,
 And bassfuld so, that all which passed by,
 The picture of his punishment might see,
 And by the like ensample warned bee,
 How euer they through treason doe trespasse.
 But turne we now backe to that Ladie free,
 Whom late we left ryding vpon an Ass,
 Led by a Carle and foole, which by her side did passe.

She was a Ladie of great dignitie,
 And lifted vp to honorable place,
 Famous through all the land of Faerie,
 Though of meane parentage and kindred base,
 Yet deckt with wondrous giftes of natures grace,
 That all men did her person much admire,
 And praise the feature of her goodly face,
 The beames whereof did kinde louely fire
 In th'hart of many a knight, and many a gentle squire.

But she thereof grew proud and insolent,
 That none she worthie thought to be her fere,
 But scorned them all, that loue vnto her ment;
 Yet was she lou'd of many a worthy pere,
 Vnworthy she to be belou'd so dere,
 That could not weigh of worthinesse aright.
 For beautie is more glorious bright and clere,
 The more it is admir'd of many a wight,
 And noblest she, that seru'd is of noblest knight.

But this coy Damzell thought contrariwise,
 That such proud looks would make her praised more;
 And that the more she did all loue despise,
 The more would wretched louers her adore.
 What cared she, who sigh'd for her fore,
 Or who did wayle or watch the wearie night?
 Let them that list, their lucklesse lot deplore;
 She was borne free, not bound to any wight,
 And so would euer liue, and loue her owne delight.

Through such her stubborne stiffeesse, and hard hart,
 Many a wretch, for want of remedie,
 Did languish long in lifeconsuming smart,
 And at the last through dreary dolour die:

Whylest

Whylest she, the Ladie of her libertie,
 Did boast her beautie had such soueraine might,
 That with the onely twinkle of her eye,
 She could or saue, or spill, whom she would hight.
 What could the Gods doe more, but doe it more aright?

But loe the Gods, that mortall follies vew,
 Did worthily reuenge this maydens pride;
 And nought regarding her so goodly hew,
 Did laugh at her, that many did deride,
 Whylest she did weepe, of no man mercifide.
 For on a day, when *Cupid* kept his court,
 As he is wont at each Saint Valentide,
 Vnto the which all louers doerestort,
 That of their loues successe they there may make report.

It fortun'd then, that when the roules were red,
 In which the names of all loues folke were fyled,
 That many there were missing, which were ded,
 Or kept in bands, or from their loues exyled,
 Or by some other violence despoyled.
 Which when as *Cupid* heard, he waxed wroth,
 And doubting to be wronged, or beguyled,
 He had his eyes to be vnblindfold both,
 That he might see his men, and muster them by oth.

Then found he many missing of his crew,
 Which wont doe suite and seruice to his might;
 Of whom what was becomen, no man knew.
 Therefore a Iurie was impanel'd streight,
 To enquire of them, whetier by force, or sleight,
 Or their owne guilt, they were away conuayd.
 To whom foule *Infamie*, and fell *Despight*
 Gaue euidence, that they were all betrayd,
 And murderd cruelly by a rebellious Mayd.

Fayre *Mirabella* was her name, whereby
 Of all those crymes she there indired was;
 All which when *Cupid* heard, he by and by
 In great displeasure, wild a *Capias*
 Should issue forth, & attach that scornfull laffe.
 The warrant straight was made, and therewithall
 A Baylieffe errant forth in post did passe,
 Whom they by name there *Portamore* did call;
 He which doth summon louers to loues iudgement hall.

The damzell was attacht, and shortly brought
 Vnto the barre, whereas she was arrayned:
 But she thereto nould plead, nor answere ought
 Euen for stubborne pride, which her restrained.
 So iudgement past, as is by law ordayned
 In cases like, which when at last she saw,
 Her stubborne hart, which loue before disdaind,
 Gan stoupe, and falling downe with humble awe,
 Cryde mercie, to abate the extremitie of law.

The sonne of *Venus* who is myld by kynd,
 But where he is prouokt with peeuishnesse,
 Vnto her prayers piteouly enclynd,
 And did the rigour of his doome repress;
 Yet not so freely, but that nathelesse
 He vnto her a penance did impose,
 Which was, that through this worlds wyde wildernes
 She wander should in companie of those,
 Till he had sau'd so many loues, as she did lose.

So now she had bene wandring two whole yeares
 Throughout the world, in this vncomely case,
 Wasting her goodly hew in heauie teares,
 And her good dayes in dolorous disgrace:

Yet

Yet had she riot in all these two yeares space,
 Sated but two, yet in two yeares before,
 Through her dispiteous pride, whilest loue lackt place,
 She had destroyed two and twenty more.
 Aie me, how could her loue make half amends therefore.

And now she was vpon the weary way,
 When as the gentle Squire, with faire *Serene*,
 Met her in such misseeming foule array;
 The whiles that mighty man did her demeane
 With all the euill termes and cruell meane,
 That he could make; And ecke that angry foole
 Which follow'd her, with curst hands vnckleane
 Whipping her horse, did with his smarting toole
 Oft whip her dainty selfe, and much augment her doole.

Ne ought it mote auaille her to entreat
 The one or th'other, better her to vse:
 For both so wilfull were and obstinate,
 That all her piteous plaint they did refuse,
 And rather did the more her beate and bruse.
 But most the former villaine, which did lead
 Her tyreling iade, was bent her to abuse;
 Who though she were with wearinesse nigh dead,
 Yet would not let her lite, nor rest a litle stead.

For he was sterne, and terrible by nature,
 And ecke of person huge and hideous,
 Exceeding much the measure of mans stature,
 And rather like a Gyant monstrous.
 For sooth he was descended of the hous
 Of those old Gyants, which did warres darraine
 Against the heauen in order battailous,
 And sib to great *Orgolio*, which was slaine
 By *Arthur*, when as *Vnas* Knight he did maintaine.

F f

His lookes were dreadfull, and his ferities
 Like two great Beacons, glared bright and wyde,
 Glauncing askew, as if his enemies
 He scorned in his ouerweening pryde;
 And stalking stately like a Crane, did stryde
 At every step vpon the tiptoes hie,
 And all the way he went, on euery fyde
 He gaz'd about, and stared horrible,
 As if he with his lookes would all men terrifie.

He wore no armour, ne for none did care,
 As no whit dreading any liuing wight;
 But in a lacket quilted richly rare,
 Vpon checklaton he was straungely dight,
 And on his head a roll of linnen plight,
 Like to the Mores of Malaber he wore;
 With which his locks, as blacke as pitchy night,
 Were bound about, and voyded from before,
 And in his hand a mighty yron club he bore.

This was *Disdaine*, who led that Ladies horse
 Through thick & thin, through mountains & through
 Compelling her, wher she would not by force (plains,
 Haling her palfrey by the hempen raines,
 But that same foole, which most increast her paines,
 Was *Scorne*, who hauing in his hand a whip,
 Her therewith yirks, and still when she complains,
 The more he laughes, and does her closely quip,
 To see her fore lament, and bite her tender lip.

Whose cruell handling when that Squire beheld,
 And saw those villaines her so vildely vse,
 His gentle heart with indignation sweld,
 And could no longer beare so great abuse.

As

As such a Lady so to beate and brufe;
 But to him stepping, such a stroke him lent,
 That forst him th'halter from his hand to loofe,
 And maugre all his might, backe to relent:
 Else had he surely there bene flaine, or fowly shent.

The villaine wroth for greeting him so sore,
 Gathered him selfe together soone againe,
 And with his yron batton, which he bore,
 Let driue at him so dreadfully amaine,
 That for his safety he did him confraine
 To giue him ground, and shift to euery side,
 Rather then once his burden to sustaine:
 For bootelesse thing him seemed, to abide,
 So mighty blowes, or proue the puiffaunce of his pride.

Like as a Mastiffe hauing at a bay
 A saluage Bull, whose cruell hornes doe threat
 Desperate daunger, if he them assay,
 Traceth his ground, and round about doth bear,
 To spy where he may some aduantage get;
 The whiles the beast doth rage and loudly rore,
 So did the Squire, the whiles the Carle did fret,
 And fume in his disdainefull mynd the more,
 And oftentimes by Turmagant and Mahound swore.

Nathelesse so sharply still he him pursewd,
 That at aduantage him at last he tooke,
 When his foote slipt (that slip he dearely rewde,)
 And with his yron club to ground him strooke;
 Where still he lay, ne out of swoune awooke,
 Till heauy hand the Carle vpon him layd,
 And bound him fast: Tho when he vp did looke,
 And saw him selfe captiu'd, he was dismayd,
 Ne powre had to withstand, ne hope of any ayd.

F f 2

450 THE VI. BOOKE OF THE *Cant. VII.*

Then vp he made him rise, and forward fare;
 Led in a rope, which both his hands did bind;
 Ne ought that foole for pittie did him spare;
 But with his whip him following behynd,
 Him often scourg'd, and forst his feete to fynd:
 And other whiles with bitter mockes and mowes
 He would him scorne, that to his gentle mynd
 Was much more gricuous, then the others blowes:
 Words sharply wound, but greatest griefe of scorning
 (grows.

The faire *Serena*, when she saw him fall
 Vnder that villaines club, then surely thought
 That slaine he was, or made a wretched thrall,
 And fled away with all the speede she mought,
 To seeke for safety, which long time she fought:
 And past through many perils by the way,
 Ere she againe to *Calepine* was brought;
 The which discourse as now I must delay,
 Till *Mirabellaes* fortunes I doe further say.

*Cant.**Cant. VIII.*

*Prince Arthure ouercomes Disdaine,
 Quites Mirabell from arced:
 Serena found of Saluages,
 By Calepine is freed.*

YE gentle Ladies, in whose foueraine powre
 Loue hath the glory of his kingdome left,
 And th'hearts of men, as your eternall dowre,
 In yron chaines, of liberty bereft,
 Deliuered hath into your hands by gift;
 Be well aware, how ye the same doe vse,
 That pride doe not to tyranny you list;
 Least if men you of cruelty accuse,
 He from you take that chiefedome, which ye doe abuse.

And as ye soft and tender are by kynde,
 Adorn'd with goodly gifts of beauties grace,
 So be ye soft and tender eeke in mynde;
 But cruelty and hardnesse from you chace,
 That all your other praifes will deface,
 And from you turne the loue of men to hate.
 Ensample take of *Mirabellaes* case,
 Who from the high degree of happy state,
 Fell into wretched woes, which she repented late.

Who after thraldome of the gentle Squire,
 Which she beheld with lamentable eye,
 Was touched with compassion entire,
 And much lamented his calamity,

Ff 3

That for her sake fell into misery;
Which bootéd nought for prayers, nor for threat
To hope for to releafe or mollify;
For aye the more, that she did them entreat
The more they him misfult, and cruelly did beat.

So as they forward on their way did pas,
Him still reuiling and afflicting fore,
They met Prince *Arthure* with Sir *Enias*,
(That was that courteous Knight, whom he before
Hauing subdew'd, yet did to life restore,)
To whom as they approcht, they gan augment
Their cruelty, and him to punish more,
Scourging and haling him more vehement;
As if it them should grieue to see his punishment.

The Squire him selfe when as he saw his Lord,
The witnesse of his wretchednesse, in place,
Was much asham'd, that with an hempen cord
He like a dog was led in captiue case,
And did his head for bashfulnesse abase,
As loth to see, or to be seene at all:
Shame would be hid. But when as *Enias*
Beheld two such, of two such villaines thrall,
His manly mynde was much emmoued therewithall.

And to the Prince thus sayd; See you Sir Knight,
The greatest shame that euer eye yet saw?
Yond Lady and her Squire with foule despight
Abusde, against all reason and all law,
Without regard of pity or of awe.
See how they doe that Squire beat and reuile;
See how they doe the Lady hale and draw.
But if ye please to lend me leafe a while,
I will them soone acquite, and both of blame assoile.

The

The Prince assented, and then he streight way
Dismounting light, his shield about him threw,
With which approching, thus he gan to say;
Abide ye caytiue treachetours vntrew,
That haue with treason thralled vnto you
These two, vnworthy of your wretched bands;
And now your crime with cruelty purfew.
Abide, and from them lay your loathly hands;
Or else abide the death, that hard before you stands.

The villaine stayd not aunswer to inuent,
But with his yron club preparing way,
His mindes sad message backe vnto him sent;
The which descended with such dreadfull sway,
That seemed nought the course thereof could stay:
No more then lightening from the lofty sky.
Ne list the Knight the powre thereof assay,
Whose doome was death, but lightly slipping by,
Vnwares defrauded his intended destiny.

And to requite him with the like againe,
With his sharpe sword he fiercely at him flew,
And strooke so strongly, that the Carle with paine
Saued him selfe, but that he there him flew:
Yet sau'd not so, but that the bloud it drew,
And gaue his foe good hope of victory.
Who therewith fesh't, vpon him set anew,
And with the second stroke, thought certainly
To haue supplde the first, and paid the vsury.

But Fortune aunswerd not vnto his call;
For as his hand was heaued vp on hight,
The villaine met him in the middle fall,
And with his club bet backe his brondyron bright

F f 4

So forcibly, that with his owne hands might:
 Rebeaten backe vpon him selfe againe,
 He driuen was to ground in selfe despight;
 From whence ere he recovery could gaine,
 He in his necke had fet his foote with fell disdaine.

With that the foole, which did that end awayte,
 Came running in, and whilest on ground he lay,
 Laide heauy hands on him, and held so strayte,
 That downe he kept him with his scornefull sway,
 So as he could not weld him any way.
 The whiles that other villaine went about
 Him to haue bound, and thrald without delay;
 The whiles the foole did him reuile and flour,
 Threatning to yoke them tow & tame their corage stout.

As when a sturdy ploughman with his hynde
 By strength haue ouerthrowne a stubborne steare,
 They downe him hold, and fast with cords do bynde,
 Till they him force the buxome yoke to beare:
 So did these two this Knight of tug and teare.
 Which when the Prince beheld, there standing by,
 He left his lofty steede to aide him neare,
 And buckling soone him selfe, gan fiercely fly
 Vpon that Carle, to saue his friend from ieopardy.

The villaine leauing him vnto his mate
 To be capti'd, and handled as he list,
 Him selfe addrest vnto this new debate,
 And with his club him all about so blist,
 That he which way to turne him scarcely wist:
 Sometimes aloft he layd, sometimes alow;
 Now here, now there, and oft him neare he mist;
 So doubtfully, that hardly one could know
 Whether more wary were to giue or ward the blow.

But

But yet the Prince so well enured was
 With such huge strokes, approued oft in fight,
 That way to them he gaue forth right to pas.
 Ne would endure the daunger of their might,
 But wayt aduantage, when they downe did light.
 At last the caytue after long discourse,
 When all his strokes he saw auoyded quite,
 Resolued in one r'assemble all his force,
 And make one end of him without ruth or remorse.

His dreadfull hand he heaued vp aloft,
 And with his dreadfull instrument of yre,
 Thought sure haue pownded him to powder soft,
 Or deepe emboweld in the earth entyre:
 But Fortune did not with his will conspire.
 For ere his stroke attayned his intent,
 The noble childe preuenting his desire,
 Vnder his club with wary boldnesse went,
 And smote him on the knee, that neuer yet was bent.

It neuer yet was bent, ne bent it now,
 Albe the stroke so strong and puissant were,
 That seem'd a marble pillour it could bow,
 But all that leg, which did his body beare,
 It crackt throughout, yet did no blood appeare;
 So as it was vnable to support
 So huge a burden on such broken geare,
 But fell to ground, like to a lump of durt,
 Whence he assayd to rise, but could not for his hurt.

Estfoones the Prince to him full nimbly stept,
 And least he should recouer foote againe,
 His head meant from his shoulders to haue swept.
 Which when the Lady saw, she cryde amaine;

Stay stay, Sir Knight, for loue of God abstaine,
 For that vnwares ye weetelesse doe intend;
 Slay not that Carle, though worthy to be flaine:
 For more on him doth then him selfe depend;
 My life will by his death haue lamentable end.

He feide his hand according her desire,
 Yet nathemore him suffred to arise;
 But still suppressing gan of her inquire,
 What meaning mote those vncooth words comprize,
 That in that villaines health her safety lies:
 That, were no might in man, nor heart in Knights,
 Which durst her dreaded reskue enterprize,
 Yet heauens them selues, that fauour feeble rights,
 Would for it selfe redresse, and punish such despights.

Then bursting forth in teares, which gushed fast
 Like many water streames, a while she stayd;
 Till the sharpe passion being ouerpast,
 Her tongue to her restord, then thus she sayd;
 Not heauens, nor men can me so wretched mayd
 Deliuer from the doome of my defart,
 The which the God of loue hath on me layd,
 And damned to endure this direfull smart,
 For penance of my proud and hard rebellious hart.

In prime of youthly yeares, when first the flowre
 Of beauty gan to bud, and bloosme delight,
 And nature me endu'd with plenteous dowre,
 Of all her gifts, that please each liuing sight,
 I was belou'd of many a gentle Knight,
 And sude and sought with all the seruice dew:
 Full many a one for me deepe groand and sight,
 And to the dore of death for sorrow drew,
 Complaying out on me, that would not on them rew.
 But

But let them loue that list, or liue or die;
 Me list not die for any louers doole:
 Ne list me leaue my loued libertie,
 To pittie him that list to play the foole:
 To loue my selfe I learned had in schoole.
 Thus I triumphed long in louers paine,
 And sitting carelesse on the scorners stoole,
 Did laugh at those that did lament and plaine:
 But all is now repayd with interest againe.

For loe the winged God, that woundeth harts,
 Cause me be called to accompt therefore,
 And for reuengement of those wrongfull smart,
 Which I to others did inflict afore,
 Addeem'd me to endure this penaunce fore;
 That in this wize, and this vnmeet array,
 With these two lewd companions, and no more,
Disdaine and *Scorne*, I through the world should stray,
 Till I haue fau'd so many, as I earst did slay.

Certes (sayd then the Prince) the God is iust,
 That taketh vengeance of his peoples spoile.
 For were no law in loue, but all that lust,
 Might them oppresse, and painefully turmoile,
 His kingdome would continue but a while.
 But tell me Lady, wherefore doe you beare
 This bottle thus before you with such toile,
 And ecke this wallet at your backe arreare,
 That for these Carles to carry much more comely were:

Here in this bottle (sayd the sory Mayd)
 I put the teares of my contrition,
 Till to the brim I haue it full decayd:
 And in this bag which I behinde me don,

I put repentance for things past and gon,
 Yet is the bottle leake, and bag so torne,
 That all which I put in, fals out anon;
 And is behinde me trodden downe of *Scorne*,
 Who mocketh all my paine, & laughs the more I mourn.

The Infant hearkned wisely to her tale,
 And wondred much at *Cupid's* iudgment wise,
 That could so meekly make proud hearts auale,
 And wreake him selfe on them, that him despise.
 Then suffred he *Disdaine* vp to arise,
 Who was not able vp him selfe to reare,
 By means his leg through his late lukelesse prise,
 Was crackt in twaine, but by his foolish feare
 Was holpen vp, who him supported standing neare.

But being vp, he lookt againe aloft,
 As if he neuer had receiued fall;
 And with sterne eye-browes stared at him oft,
 As if he would haue daunted him with all:
 And standing on his tiptoos, to seeme tall,
 Downe on his golden feete he often gazed,
 As if such pride the other could apall;
 Who was so far from being ought amazed,
 That he his lookes despised, and his boast dispraised.

Then turning backe vnto that captiue thrall,
 Who all this while stood there beside them bound,
 Vnwillig to be knowne, or seene at all,
 He from those bands weend him to haue vnwound.
 But when approaching neare, he plainly found,
 It was his owne true groome, the gentle Squire,
 He thereat wext exceedingly astound,
 And him did oft embrace, and oft admire,
 Ne could with seeing satisfie his great desire.

Meane

Meane while the Saluage man, when he beheld
 That huge great foole oppressing th'other Knight,
 Whom with his weight vnweldy downe he held,
 He flew vpon him, like a greedy knight
 Vnto some carrion offered to his sight,
 And downe him plucking, with his nayles and teeth
 Gan him to hale, and teare, and scratch, and bite;
 And from him taking his owne whip, therewith
 So fore him scourgeth, that the blood downe followeth.

And sure I weene, had not the Ladies cry
 Procur'd the Prince his cruell hand to stay,
 He would with whipping, him haue done to dye:
 But being checkt, he did abstaine streight way,
 And let him rise. Then thus the Prince gan say;
 Now Lady sith your fortunes thus dispose,
 That if ye list haue liberty, ye may,
 Vnto your selfe I freely leaue to chose,
 Whether I shall you leaue, or from these villaines lose.

Ah nay Sir Knight (sayd she) it may not be,
 But that I needes must by all meanes fulfill
 This penaunce, which enioyned is to me,
 Least vnto me betide a greater ill;
 Yet no lesse thanks to you for your good will.
 So humbly taking leaue, she turnd aside,
 But *Arthur* with the rest, went onward still
 On his first quest, in which did him betide
 A great adventure, which did him from them detide.

But first it falleth me by course to tell
 Offaire *Seyena*, who as earst you heard,
 When first the gentle Squire at variaunce fell
 With those two Carles, fled fast away, as heard

Of villany to be to her inferd:
 So fresh the image of her former dread,
 Yet dwelling in her eye, to her appeared,
 That euery foote did tremble, which did tread,
 And euery body two, and two she foure did read.

Through hills & dales, through bushes & through breces
 Long thus she fled, till that at last she thought
 Her selfe now past the perill of her feares.
 Then looking round about, and seeing nought,
 Which doubt of danger to her offer mought,
 She from her palfrey lighted on the plaine,
 And sitting downe, her selfe a while bethought
 Of her long trauell and turmoyleing paine;
 And often did of loue, and oft of lucke complaine.

And cuermore she blamed *Calepine*,
 The good Sir *Calepine*, her owne true Knight,
 As th'onely author of her wofull tine:
 For being of his loue to her so light,
 As her to leaue in such a piteous plight.
 Yet neuer Turtle truer to his make,
 Then he was tride vnto his Lady bright:
 Who all this while endured for her sake,
 Great perill of his life, and restlesse paines did take.

Tho when as all her plaints, she had displayd,
 And well disburdened her engriued brest,
 Vpon the grasse her selfe adowne she layd;
 Where being tyrede with trauell, and opprest
 With sorrow, she betooke her selfe to rest.
 There whilest in *Morpheus* bo some safe she lay,
 Fearelesse of ought, that mote her peace molest,
 Falsse Fortune did her safety betray,
 Vnto a straunge mischaunce, that menac'd her decay.

In

In these wyld deserts, where she now abode,
 There dwelt a saluage nation, which did liue
 Of stealt and spoile, and making nightly rode
 Into their neighbours borders; ne did giue
 Them selues to any trade, as for to driue
 The painefull plough, or cattell for to breed,
 Or by aduentrous marchandize to thriue;
 But on the labours of poore men to feed,
 And serue their owne necessities with others need.

Thereto they vsde one most accursed order,
 To eate the flesh of men, whom they mote fynde,
 And straungers to deuoure, which on their border
 Were brought by error, or by wreckfull wynde.
 A monstrous cruelty gainst course of kynde.
 They towards euenting wandring euery way,
 To seeke for booty, came by fortune blynde,
 Whereas this Lady, like a sheepe astray,
 Now drowned in the depth of sleepe all fearelesse lay.

Soone as they spide her, Lord what gladfull glee
 They made amongst them selues; but when her face
 Like the faire yuory shining they did see,
 Each gan his fellow solace and embrace,
 For ioy of such good hap by heauenly grace.
 Then gan they to deuize what course to take:
 Whether to slay her there vpon the place,
 Or suffer her out of her sleepe to wake,
 And then her eate attonce; or many meales to make.

The best aduizement was of bad, to let her
 Sleepe out her fill, without encomberment:
 For sleepe they sayd would make her battill better.
 Then when she wakt, they all gaue one consent,

That since by grace of God she there was sent,
 Vnto their God they would her sacrifice,
 Whose share, her guiltlesse bloud they would present,
 But of her dainty flesh they did deuize
 To make a common feast, & feed with gurmardize.

So round about her they them selues did place
 Vpon the grasse, and diuerfely dispose,
 As each thought best to spend the lingring space.
 Some with their eyes the daintest morsels chose;
 Some praise her paps, some praise her lips and nose;
 Some whet their kniues, and strip their elboes bare:
 The Priest him selfe a garland doth compose
 Of finest flowres, and with full buisie care
 His bloudy vessels wash, and holy fire prepare.

The Damzell wakes, then all atonce vpstart,
 And round about her stocke, like many flies,
 Whooping, and hallowing on euery part,
 As if they would haue rent the brasen skies.
 Which when she sees with ghastly grievful eies,
 Her heart does quake, and deadly pallid hew
 Benumbes her cheekes: Then out aloud she cries,
 Where none is nigh to heare, that will her rew,
 And rends her golden locks, and snowy breasts embrew.

But all bootes not: they hands vpon her lay;
 And first they spoile her of her iewels deare,
 And afterwards of all her rich array;
 The which amongst them they in peeces teare,
 And of the pray each one a part doth beare.
 Now being naked, to their fordid eyes
 The goodly threasures of nature appeare:
 Which as they view with lustfull fantasies,
 Each wisheth to him selfe, and to the rest enuyes.

Her

Her yuorie necke, her alabaster breest,
 Her paps, which like white silken pillowes were,
 For loue in soft delight thereon to rest;
 Her tender sides her bellie white and clere,
 Which like an Altar did it selfe vprere,
 To offer sacrifice diuine thereon;
 Her goodly thighes, whose glorie did appeare
 Like a triumphall Arch, and thereupon
 The spoiles of Princes hang'd, which were in battel won.

Those daintie parts, the dearlings of delight,
 Which mote not be prophan'd of common eyes,
 Those villeins vew'd with loose lasciuious sight,
 And closely tempted with their craftie spies;
 And some of them gan amongst themselues deuize,
 Thereof by force to take their beastly pleasure.
 But them the Priest rebuking, did aduize,
 To dare not to pollure so sacred threasure,
 Vow'd to the gods: religiō held euen theeues in measure.

So being stayd, they her from thence directed
 Vnto a litle groue not fare asyde,
 In which an altar shortly they erected,
 To slay her on. And now the Euentyde
 His brode black wings had through the heauens wyde
 By this dispred, that was the tyme ordayned
 For such a dismall deed, their guilt to hyde:
 Of few greene turfes an altar soone they fayned,
 And deckt it all with flowres, which they nigh hand ob-
 (tayned).

Tho when as all things readie were aright,
 The Damzell was before the altar set,
 Being already dead with fearefull fright.
 To whom the Priest with naked armes full ner

G g

Approching nigh, and murderous knife well whet,
 Gan mutter close a certaine secret charme,
 With other diuclith ceremonies met:
 Which doen he gan aloft t' aduance his arme,
 Whereat they shouted all, and made a loud alarme.

Then gan the bagpipes and the hornes to shrill,
 And shriek aloud, that with the peoples voyce
 Confused, did the ayre with terror fill,
 And made the wood to tremble at the noyce:
 The whyles she wayld, the more they did reioyce.
 Now mote ye vnderstand that to this groue
 Sir *Calepine* by chaunce, more then by choyce,
 The selfe same euening fortune hether droue,
 As he to seeke *Serena* through the woods did roue.

Long had he sought her, and through many a soyle
 Had traueled still on foot in heauie armes,
 Ne ought was tyred with his endlessse toyles,
 Ne ought was feared of his certaine harmes:
 And now all weetelesse of the wretched stormes,
 In which his loue was lost, he slept full fast,
 Till being waked with these loud alarmes,
 He lightly started vp like one aghast,
 And catching vp his arms streight to the noyse forth past.

There by th' vncertaine glims of starry night,
 And by the twinkling of their sacred fire,
 He mote perceiue a litle dawning sight
 Of all, which there was doing in that quire:
 Mongst whom a woman spoyld of all attire
 He spyde, lamenting her vnluckie strife,
 And groning sore from grieued hart entire;
 Eftsoones he saw one with a naked knife
 Readie to launch her brest, and let out loued life.

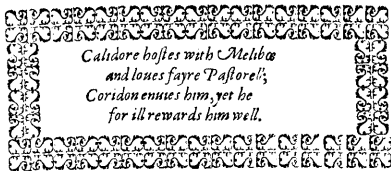
With

With that he thrufts into the thickest throng,
 And euen as his right hand adowne descends,
 He him preuenting, layes on earth along,
 And sacrificeth to th' infernall feends.
 Then to the rest his wrathfull hand he bends,
 Of whom he makes such hauocke and such hew,
 That swarmes of damned soules to hell he sends:
 The rest that scape his sword and death eschew,
 Fly like a flocke of doues before a Faulcons vew.

From them returning to that Ladie backe,
 Whom by the Altar he doth sitting find,
 Yet fearing death, and next to death the lacke
 Of clothes to couer, what they ought by kind,
 He first her hands beginneth to vnbind;
 And then to question of her present woe;
 And afterwards to cheare with speaches kind.
 But she for nought that he could say or doe,
 One word durst speake, or answere him awhit thereto.

So inward shame of her vncomely case
 She did conceiue, through care of womanhood,
 That though the night did couer her disgrace,
 Yet she in so vnwomanly a mood,
 Would not bewray the state in which she stood.
 So all that night to him vnknown she past.
 But day, that doth discouer bad and good,
 Ensewing, made her knownen to him at last:
 The end whereof he keepe vntill another cast.

G g 2

Cant. IX.

Now turne againe my teme thou iolly swayne,
Backe to the furrow which I lately left;
I lately left a furrow, one or twayne
Vnplough'd, the which my coulter hath not cleft:
Yet seem'd the soyle both fayre and frutefull est,
As I it past, that were too great a shame,
That so rich frute should be from vs bereft;
Besides the great dishonour and defame,
Which should befall to *Calidores* immortall name.

Great trauell hath the gentle *Calidore*
And toyle endured, sith I left him last
Sewing the *Blatant beast*, which I forboare
To finish then, for other present hast.
Full many pathes and perils he hath past, (plaines
Through hils, through dales, through forests, & through
In that same quest which fortune on him cast,
Which he achieued to his owne great gaines,
Reaping eternall glorie of his restlesse paines.

So sharply he the Monster did pursue,
That day nor night he suffred him to rest,
Ne rested he him selfe but natures dew,
For dread of daunger, not to be redrest,

If

If he for slouth forslackt so famous quest,
Him first from court he to the citties coursed,
And from the citties to the townes him prest,
And from the townes into the countrie forsed,
And from the country back to priuate farmes he scorsted.

From thence into the open fields he fled,
Whereas the Heardes were keeping of their neare,
And the shepards sining to their flockes, that fed,
Layes of sweete loue and youtnes delightfull heat:
Him thether eke for all his fearefull threat
He followed fast, and chased him so nie,
That to the folds, where sheepe at night doe feat,
And to the litle cots, where shepherds lie
In winters wrathfull time, he forced him to flie.

There on a day as he pursue'd the chace,
He chaunst to spy a sort of shepheard groomes,
Playing on pypes, and caroling apace,
The whyles their beasts there in the budded broomes
Beside them fed, and nipt the tender bloomes:
For other worldly wealth they cared nought,
To whom Sir *Calidore* yet sweating comes,
And them to tell him courteously befought,
If such a beast they saw, which he had thether brought.

They answer'd him, that no such beast they saw,
Nor any wicked feend, that mote offend
Their happie flockes, nor daunger to them draw:
But if that such there were (as none they kend)
They prayd high God them farre from them to send,
Then one of them him seeing so to sweat,
After his rusticke wise, that well he weend,
Offred him drinke, to quench his thirstie heat,
And if he hungry were, him offred eke to eat.

G g 3

The knight was nothing nice, where was no need,
 And tooke their gentle offer: so adowne
 They prayd him fit, and gaue him for to feed
 Such homely what, as serues the simple townne,
 That doth despise the dainties of the towne.
 Tho hauing fed his fill, he there besyde
 Saw a faire damzell, which did weare a crowne
 Of sundry flowres, with silken ribbands tyde.
 Yclad in home-made greene that her owne hands had

(dyde.

Vpon a litle hillocke she was placed
 Higher then all the rest, and round about
 Enuiron'd with a girland, goodly graced,
 Of louely lasses, and them all without
 The lustie shepheard swaynes fate in a rout,
 The which did pype and sing her praytes dew,
 And oft reioyce, and oft for wonder shout,
 As if some miracle of heavenly hew
 Were downe to them descended in that earthly vew.

And foothly sure she was full fayre of face,
 And perfectly well shapt in euery lim,
 Which the did more augment with modest grace,
 And comely carriage of her count'nance trim,
 That all the rest like lesser lamps did dim:
 Who her admiring as some heavenly wight,
 Did for their foueraine goddesse her esteeme,
 And caroling her name both day and night,
 The fayrest *Pastorella* her by name did hight.

Ne was there heard, ne was there shepherds swayne
 But her did honour, and eke many a one
 Burnt in her loue, and with sweet pleasing payne
 Full many a night for her did sigh and grone:

But

But most of all the shepheard *Coridon*
 For her did languish, and his deare life spend;
 Yet neither she for him, nor other none
 Did care a whit, ne any liking lend:
 Though meane her lot, yet higher did her mind ascend.

Her whyles Sir *Calidore* there vewed well,
 And markt her rare demeaure, which him seemed
 So farre the meane of shepherds to excell,
 As that he in his mind her worthy deemed,
 To be a Princes Paragone esteemed,
 He was vnwares surpris'd in subtile bands
 Of the blynd boy, ne thence could be redeemed
 By any skill out of his cruell hands,
 Caught like the bird, which gazing still on others stands.

So stood he still long gazing thereupon,
 Ne any will had thence to moue away,
 Although his quest were farre afore him gon;
 But after he had fed, yet did he stay,
 And fate there still, vntill the flying day
 Was farre forth spent, discoursing diuersly
 Of sundry things, as fell to worke delay;
 And euermore his speach he did apply
 To th'heards, but meant them to the damzels fantasy.

By this the moystie night approaching fast,
 Her deawy humour gan on th'earth to shed,
 That warn'd the shepherds to their homes to hast
 Their tender flocks, now being fully fed,
 For feare of wetting them before their beds:
 Then came to them a good old aged fyre,
 Whose siluer lockes bedeckt his beard and hed,
 With shepherds hooke in hand, and fit attyre,
 That wild the damzell rise; the day did now expyre.

G g 4

He was to weete by common voice esteemed
 The father of the fayrest *Pastorell*,
 And of her selfe in very deede so deemed;
 Yet was not so, but as old stories tell
 Found her by fortune, which to him befell,
 In th'open fields an Infant left alone,
 And taking vp brought home, and nourfed well
 As his owne chylde; for other he had none,
 That she in tract of time accompted was his owne.

She at his bidding meekely did arise,
 And streight vnto her litle flocke did fare:
 Then all the rest about her rose likewise,
 And each his sundrie sheepe with seuerall care
 Gathered together, and them homeward bare:
 Whylest euerie one with helping hands did striue
 Amongst themselues, and did their labours share,
 To helpe faire *Pastorella*, home to driue
 Her fleecie focke; but *Coridon* most helpe did giue.

But *Melibee* (so hight that good old man)
 Now seeing *Calidore* left all alone,
 And night arriued hard at hand, began
 Him to inuite vnto his simple home;
 Which though it were a cottage clad with lome,
 And all things therein meane, yet better so
 To lodge, then in the saluage fields to Rome.
 The knight full gladly soone agreed thereto,
 Being his harts owne wish, and home with him did go.

There he was welcom'd of that honest fyre,
 And of his aged Beldame homely well;
 Who him befought himselfe to disattyre,
 And rest himselfe, till supper time befell.

By

By which home came the fayrest *Pastorell*,
 After her focke she in their fold had tyde,
 And supper readie dight, they to it fell
 With small ado, and nature satisfyde,
 The which doth litle craue contented to abyde.

Tho when they had their hunger slaked well,
 And the fayre mayd the table ta'ne away,
 The gentle knight, as he that did excell
 In courtesie, and well could doe and say,
 For so great kindnesse as he found that day,
 Gan greatly thanke his host and his good wife;
 And drawing thence his speach another way,
 Gan highly to commend the happie life,
 Which Shepherds lead, without debate or bitter strife.

How much (sayd he) more happie is the state,
 In which ye father here doe dwell at ease,
 Leading a life so free and fortunate,
 From all the tempests of these worldly seas,
 Which tesse the rest in dangerous disease?
 Where warres, and wreckes, and wicked enmitie
 Doe them afflicke, which no man can appease,
 That certes I your happinesse eniue,
 And wish my lot were plast in such felicitie.

Surely my sonne (then answer'd he againe)
 If happie, then it is in this intent,
 That hauing small, yet doe I not complaine
 Of want, ne wish for more it to augment,
 But doe my selfe, with that I haue, content;
 So taught of nature, which doth litle need
 Of forreine helpes to lifes due nourishment:
 The fields my food, my focke my rayment breed,
 No better doe I weare, no better doe I feed.

Therefore I doe not any one enuy,
 Nor am enuyde of any one therefore;
 They that haue much, feare much to loofe thereby,
 And ftore of cares doth follow riches ftore.
 The litle that I haue, growes dayly more
 Without my care, but onely to attend it;
 My lambes doe euery yeare increafe their ftore,¹
 And my flockes father daily doth amend it.
 What haue I, but to praife th'Almighty, that doth fend

To them, that lift, the worlds gay ftowes I leaue,
 And to great ones fuch follies doe forgiue,
 Which oft through pride do their owne perill weaue,
 And through ambition downe themfelues doe driue
 To fad decay, that might contented liue.
 Me no fuch cares nor combrous thoughts offend,
 Ne once my minds vnmooued quiet grieue,
 But all the night in filuer fleepe I fpend,
 And all the day, to what I lift, I doe attend.

Sometimes I hunt the Fox, the vowed foe
 Vnto my Lambes, and him diflodge away;
 Sometime the fawne I praftife from the Doe,
 Or from the Goat her kidde how to conuay;
 Another while I baytes and nets difplay,
 The birds to catch, or fifhes to beguyle:
 And when I wearie am, I downe doe lay
 My limbes in euery ftade, to reft from toyle,
 And drinke of euery brooke, when thirft my throte doth
 boyle.

The time was once, in my firft prime of yeares,
 When pride of youth forth pricked my defire,
 That I difdain'd amongft mine equall peares
 To follow fheepe, and fhepheards bafe attire:

For

For further fortune then I would inquire,
 And leauing home, to roiall court I fought;
 Where I did fell my felfe for yearely hire,
 And in the Princes gardin daily wrought:
 There I beheld fuch vainenefe, as I neuer thought.

With fight whereof foone cloyd, and long deluded
 With idle hopes, which them doe entertaine,
 After I had ten yeares my felfe excluded
 From natiue home, and fpent my youth in vaine,
 I gan my follies to my felfe to plaine,
 And this fweet peace, whofe lacke did then appeare,
 Tho backe returning to my fheepe againe,
 I from thenceforth haue learn'd to loue more deare
 This lowly quiet life, which I inherite here.

Whyleft thus he talkt, the knight with greedy care
 Hong ftill vpon his melting mouth a tent;
 Whofe fenfefull words empierft his hart fo neare,
 That he was rapt with double rauifhment,
 Both of his fpeach that wrought him great content,
 And alfo of the object of his vew,
 On which his hungry eye was alwayes bent;
 That twixt his pleaſing tongue, and her faire hew,
 He loſt himſelfe, and like one halfe entranced grew.

Yet to occaſion meanes, to worke his mind,
 And to inſinuate his harts defire,
 He thus replyde; Now ſurely fyre, I find,
 That all this worlds gay ſhowes, which we admire,
 Be but vaine ſhadowes to this faſt retyre
 Of life, which here in lowlineſſe ye lead,
 Feareleſſe of foes, or fortunes wrackfull yre,
 Which toſſeth ſtates, and vnder foot doth tread
 The mightie ones, affrayd of euery chaunges dread.

That euen I which daily doe behold
 The glorie of the great, mongt whom I won,
 And now haue prou'd, what happinesse ye hold
 In this small plot of your dominion,
 Now loath great Lordship and ambition;
 And with th'heauens so much had graced mee,
 As graunt me liue in like condition;
 Or that my fortunes might transposed bee
 From pitch of higher place, vnto this low degree.

In vaine (said then old *Melibæ*) doe men
 The heauens of their fortunes fault accuse,
 Sith they know best, what is the best for them:
 For they to each such fortune doe diffuse,
 As they doe know each can most aptly vse,
 For not that, which men couet most, is best,
 Nor that thing worst, which men do most refuse;
 But fittest is, that all contented rest
 With that they hold: each hath his fortune in his brest,

It is the mynd, that maketh good or ill,
 That maketh wretch or happie, rich or poore:
 For some, that hath abundance at his will,
 Hath not enough, but wants in greatest store;
 And other, that hath litle, asks no more,
 But in that litle is both rich and wife.
 For wisdom is most riches; fooles therefore
 They are, which fortunes doe by vowes deuize,
 Sith each vnto himselfe his life may fortunize.

Since then in each mans self (said *Calidore*)
 It is, to fashion his owne lyfes estate,
 Giue leaue awchyle, good father, in this shore
 To rest my barcke, which hath bene beaten late

With

With stormes of fortune and tempestuous fate,
 In seas of troubles and of toylefome paine,
 That whether quite from them for to retrate
 I shall resolute, or backe to turne againe,
 I may here with your selfe some small repose obtaine.

Not that the burden of so bold a guest
 Shall chargefull be, or chaunge to you at all;
 For your meane food shall be my daily feast,
 And this your cabin both my bowre and hall.
 Besides for recompence hereof, I shall
 You well reward, and golden guerdon giue,
 That may perhaps you better much withall,
 And in this quiet make you safer liue.
 So forth he drew much gold, and toward him it driue.

But the good man, nought tempted with the offer
 Of his rich mould, did thrust it farre away,
 And thus bespake; Sir knight, your bounteous proffer
 Be farre fro me, to whom ye ill display
 That mucky masse, the cause of mens decay,
 That mote empaire my peace with daungers dread,
 But if ye algates couet to assay
 This simple sort of life, that shepheards lead,
 Be it your owne: our radenesse to your selfe aread.

So there that night Sir *Calidore* did dwell,
 And long while after, whilest him list remaine,
 Dayly beholding the faire *Pastorell*,
 And feeding on the bayt of his owne bane.
 During which time he did her entertaine
 With all kind courtesies, he could inuent;
 And euery day, her companie to gaine,
 When to the field she went, he with her went:
 So for to quench his fire, he did it more augment.

But she that neuer had acquainted beene
 With such queint vsage, fit for Queenes and Kings,
 Ne euer had such knightly seruice seene,
 But being bred vnder base shepheards wings,
 Had euer learn'd to loue the lowly things,
 Did little whit regard his courtecous guise,
 But cared more for *Colins* carolings
 Then all that he could doe, or euer deuize:
 His layes, his loues, his lookes she did them all despize.

Which *Calidore* perceiuing, thought it best
 To chaunge the manner of his lostie looke;
 And doshing his bright armes, himselfe address
 In shepheards weed, and in his hand he tooke,
 In stead of steelhead speare, a shepheards hooke,
 That who had seene him then, would haue bethought
 On *Phrygian Paris* by *Plexippus* brooke,
 When he the loue of fayre *Benone* fought,
 What time the golden apple was vnto him brought.

So being clad, vnto the fields he went
 With the faire *Pastorella* euery day,
 And kept her sheepe with diligent attent,
 Watching to driue the rauenous Wolfe away,
 The whilest at pleasure she mote sport and play;
 And euery euening helping them to fold:
 And otherwhiles for need, he did assay
 In his strong hand their rugged teats to hold,
 And out of them to presse the milke: loue so much could.

Which seeing *Coridon*, who her likewise
 Long time had lou'd, and hop'd her loue to gaine,
 He much was troubled at that straungers guise,
 And many gealous thoughts conceiu'd in vaine,
 That

That this of all his labour and long paine
 Should reap the haruest, ere it ripened were,
 That made him scoule, and pout, and oft complaine
 Of *Pastorell* to all the shepheards there,
 That she did loue a stranger swayne then him more dere.

And euer when he came in companie,
 Where *Calidore* was present, he would loure,
 And byte his lip, and euen for gealoufie
 Was readie oft his owne hart to deuoure,
 Impatient of any paramoure:
 Who on the other side did seeme so farre
 From malicing, or grudging his goodhoure,
 That all he could, he graced him with her,
 Ne euer shewed signe of rancour or of iarre.

And oft, when *Coridon* vnto her brought
 Or litle sparrows, stolen from their nest,
 Or wanton squirrels, in the woods farre fought,
 Or other daintie thing for her address,
 He would commend his guift, and make the best.
 Yet she no whit his presents did regard,
 Ne him could find to fancie in her brest:
 This newcome shepheard had his market mard,
 Old loue is litle worth when new is more prefard.

One day when as the shepheard swaynes together
 Were met, to make their sports and merrie glee,
 As they are wont in faire sunshynie weather,
 The whiles their flockes in thadowes shrouded bee,
 They fell to daunce: then did they all agree,
 That *Colin clout* should pipe as one most fit;
 And *Calidore* should lead the ring, as hee
 That most in *Pastorellaes* grace did sit.
 Thereat frown'd *Coridon*, and his lip closely bit.

But *Calidore* of courteous inclination
 Tooke *Coridon*, and set him in his place,
 That he should lead the daunce, as was his fashion;
 For *Coridon* could daunce, and trimly trace.
 And when as *Pastorella*, him to grace,
 Her flowry garland tooke from her owne head,
 And plaft on his, he did it soone displace,
 And did it put on *Coridons* in stead:
 Then *Coridon* woxe frolicke, that earst seemed dead.

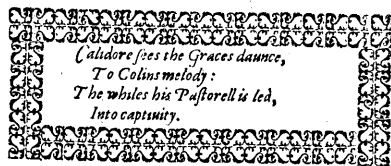
Another time, when as they did dispose
 To practise games, and maisteries to try,
 They for their Iudge did *Pastorella* chofe;
 A garland was the meed of victory.
 There *Coridon* forth stepping openly,
 Did chalenge *Calidore* to wrestling game:
 For he through long and perfect industry,
 Therein well practis'd was, and in the same
 Thought sure t'auenge his grudge, & worke his foe great
 (thame,

But *Calidore* he greatly did mistake;
 For he was strong and mightily stiffe pight,
 That with one fall his necke he almost brake,
 And had he not vpon him fallen light,
 His dearest toynt he sure had broken quight.
 Then was the oaken crowne by *Pastorell*
 Giuen to *Calidore*, as his due right;
 But he, that did in courtesie excell,
 Gaue it to *Coridon*, and said he wonne it well.

Thus did the gentle knight himselfe abeare
 Amongst that rusticke rout in all his deeds,
 That euen they, the which his riuals were,
 Could not maligne him, but commend him needs:
 For

For courtesie amongst the rudest breeds:
 Good will and fauour. So it surely wrought
 With this faire Mayd, and in her mynde the seeds
 Of perfect loue did sow, that last forth brought
 The fruite of ioy and blisse, though long time dearely
 (bought.

Thus *Calidore* continu'd there long time,
 To winne the loue of the faire *Pastorell*;
 Which hauing got, he vsed without crime
 Or blamefull blot, but menaged so well,
 That he of all the rest, which there did well,
 Was fauoured, and to her grace commended.
 But what straunge fortunes vnto him befell,
 Ere he attain'd the point by him intended,
 Shall more conueniently in other place be ended.

Cant. X.

WHO now does follow the foule *Blasant Beast*,
 Whilest *Calidore* does follow that faire Mayd,
 Vnmyndfull of his vow and high beheaft,
 Which by the Faery *QUEENE* was on him layd,
 That he should neuer leaue, nor be delayd
 From chasing him, till he had it attachiued?
 But now entrapt of loue, which him betrayd,
 He mindeth more, how he may be relieued (griued.
 With grace from her, whose loue his heart hath fore en-
 Hh

That from henceforth he meanes no more to seew
 His former quest, so full of toile and paine;
 Another quest, another game in view
 He hath, the guerdon of his loue to gaine:
 With whom he myndes for euer to remaine,
 And set his rest amongst the rusticke sort,
 Rather then hunt still after shadowes vaine
 Of courtly fauour, fed with light report,
 Of euery blaste, and sayling alwaies on the port.

Ne certes mote he greatly blamed be,
 From so high step to stoupe vnto so low.
 For who had tasted once (as oft did he)
 The happy peace, which there doth ouerflow,
 And prou'd the perfect pleasures, which doe grow
 Amongst poore hyndes, in hils, in woods, in dales,
 Would neuer more delight in painted show
 Off such false blisse, as there is set for stales,
 T'entrap vniwary fooles in their eternall bales.

For what hath all that goodly glorious gaze
 Like to one sight, which *Calidore* did view?
 The glaunce whereof their dimmed eyes would daze,
 That neuer more they should endure the shew
 Of that sunne-shine, that makes them looke askew.
 Ne ought in all that world of beauties rare,
 (Saue onely *Glorianes* heavenly hew
 To which what can compare?) can it compare;
 The which as commeth now, by course I will declare.

One day as he did rauge the fields abroad,
 Whilest his faire *Pastorella* was elsewhere,
 He chaun't to come, far from all peoples troad,
 Vnto a place, whose pleasaunce did appere

To

To passe all others, on the earth which were:
 For all that euer was by natures skill
 Deuized to worke delight, was gathered there,
 And there by her were poured forth at fill,
 As if this to adorne, she all the rest did pill,

It was an hill plaste in an open plaine,
 That round about was bordered with a wood
 Of matchlesse hight, that seem'd th' earth to disdain,
 In which all trees of honour stately stood,
 And did all winter as in sommer bud,
 Spredding pauilions for the birds to bowre,
 Which in their lower braunches sung aloud;
 And in their tops the foring hauke did towre,
 Sitting like King of fowles in maiesty and powre.

And at the foote thereof, a gentle flud
 His siluer waues did softly tumble downe,
 Vnward with ragged mosse or filthy mud,
 Ne mote wylde beastes, ne mote the ruder clowne
 Thereto approch, ne filth mote therein drowne:
 But Nymphes and Faeries by the bancks did sit,
 In the woods shade, which did the waters crowne,
 Keeping all noysome things away from it,
 And to the waters fall tuning their accents fit,

And on the top thereof a spacious plaine
 Did spred it selfe, to serue to all delight,
 Either to daunce, when they to daunce would faine,
 Or else to course about their bases light;
 Ne ought there wanted, which for pleasure might
 Desired be, or thence to banish bale:
 So pleasauntly the hill with equall hight,
 Did seeme to ouerlook the lowly vale;
 Therefore it rightly cleped was mount *Acidale*.

Hh 2

They say that *Venus*, when she did dispose
 Her selfe to pleasure, vsed to resort
 Vnto this place, and therein to repose
 And rest her selfe, as in a glad some port,
 Or with the Graces there to play and sport;
 That euen her owne Cytheron, though in it
 She vsed most to keepe her royall court,
 And in her foweraine Maiesty to sit,
 She in regard hereof refusde and thought vnfit.

Vnto this place when as the Elfin Knight
 Approcht, him seemed that the merry sound
 Of a shrill pipe he playing heard on high,
 And many feete fast thumping th' hollow ground,
 That through the woods their Echo did rebound.
 He nigher drew, to weete what mote it be;
 There he a troupe of Ladies dauncing found
 Full merrily, and making gladfull glee,
 And in the midst a Shepheard piping he did see.

He durst not enter into th' open greene,
 For dread of them vnwares to be descryde,
 For breaking of their daunce, if he were seene;
 But in the couert of the wood did byde,
 Beholding all, yet of them vnespide.
 There he did see, that pleased much his sight,
 That euen he him selfe his eyes enuyde,
 An hundred naked maidens lilly white,
 All raunged in a ring, and dauncing in delight.

All they without were raunged in a ring,
 And daunced round; but in the midst of them
 Three other Ladies did both daunce and sing,
 The whilest the rest them round about did hemme,
 And

And like a girlond did in compasse stemme:
 And in the middelt of those same three, was placed
 Another Damzell, as a precious gemme,
 Amidst a ring most richly well enchaced,
 That with her goodly presence all the rest much graced.

Looke how the Crowne, which *Ariadne* wore
 Vpon her yuory forehead that same day,
 That *Theseus* her vnto his bridale bore,
 When the bold *Centaures* made that bloody fray.
 With the fierce *Lapithes*, which did them dismay,
 Being now placed in the firmament,
 Through the bright heauen doth her beams display,
 And is vnto the starres an ornament,
 Which round about her moue in order excellent.

Such was the beauty of this goodly band,
 Whose sundry 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 rosie girlond, that right well
 Did her beseeeme. And euer, as the crew
 About her daunst, sweet flowres, that far did smell,
 And fragrant odours their vpon her threw;
 But most of all, those three did her with gifts endew.

Those were the Graces, daughters of delight,
 Handmaidens of *Venus*, which are wont to haunt
 Vpon this hill, and daunce there day and night:
 Those three to men all gifts of grace do graunt,
 And all, that *Venus* in her selfe doth vaunt,
 Is borrowed of them. But that faire one,
 That in the midst was placed parauaunt,
 Was she to whom that shepheard pypt alone,
 That made him pipe so merrily, as neuer none.

She was to weete that iolly Shepherds lasse,
 Which piped there vnto that merry rout,
 That iolly shepheard, which there piped, was
 Poore *Colin Clouts* (who knowes not *Colin Clouts*?)
 He pypt apace, whilest they him daunft about.
 Pype iolly shepheard, pype thou now apace
 Vnto thy loue, that made thee low to lout;
 Thy loue is present there with thee in place,
 Thy loue is there aduauunt to be another Grace.

Much wondred *Calidore* at this straunge sight,
 Whose like before his eye had neuer seene,
 And standing long astonished in spright,
 And rapt with pleasaunce, wist not what to weene;
 Whether it were the traine of beauties *Queene*,
 Or Nymphes, or Faeries, or enchanted show,
 With which his eyes mote haue deluded beene.
 Therefore resoluing, what it was, to know,
 Out of the wood he rose, and toward them did go.

But soone as he appeared to their vew,
 They vanisht all away out of his sight,
 And cleane were gone, which way he neuer knew;
 All saue the shepheard, who for fell despright
 Of that displeasure, broke his bag-pipe quight,
 And made great mone for that vnhappy turne.
 But *Calidore*, though no lesse fory wight,
 For that mishap, yet seeing him to mourne,
 Drew neare, that he the truth of all by him mote learne.

And first him greeting, thus vnto him spake,
 Haile iolly shepheard, which thy ioyous dayes
 Here leadeest in this goodly merry make,
 Frequented of these gentle Nymphes alwayes,

Which

Which to thee flocke, to deaire thy louely layes;
 Tell me, what mote these dainty Damzels be,
 Which here with thee doe make their pleafant playes?
 Right happy thou, that mayst them freely see:
 But why when I them saw, fled they away from me?

Not I so happy answerd then that swaine,
 As thou vnhappy, which them thence didst chace,
 Whom by no meanes thou canst recall againe,
 For being gone, none can them bring in place,
 But whom they of them selues list fo to grace.
 Right fory I, (saide then Sir *Calidore*,)
 That my ill fortune did them hence displace.
 But since things passed none may now restore,
 Tell me, what were they all, whose lacke thee grieues so
 (fore.

Tho gan that shepheard thus for to dilate;
 Then wote thou shepheard, what focuer thou bee,
 That all those Ladies, which thou sawest late,
 Are *Venus* Damzels, all with in her see,
 But differing in honour and degree:
 They all are Graces, which on her depend,
 Besides a thousand more, which ready bee
 Her to adorne, when so the forth doth wend:
 But those three in the midst, doe chiefe on her attend.

They are the daughters of sky-ruling Ioue,
 By him begot of faire *Eurynome*,
 The Oceans daughter, in this pleafant groue,
 As he this way comming from feastfull glee,
 Of *Thetis* wedding with *Aecidee*.
 In sommers shade him selfe here rested weary.
 The first of them high mylde *Euphrosyne*,
 Next faire *Aglai*a, last *Thalia* merry:
 Sweete Goddesse all three which me in mirth do cherry.

Hh 4

These three on men all gracious gifts bestow,
 Which decke the body or adorne the mynde,
 To make them louely or well fauoured shew,
 As comely carriage, entertainment kynde,
 Sweete semblaunt, friendly offices that bynde,
 And all the complements of curtesie:
 They teach vs, how to each degree and kynde:
 We should our selues demeane, to low, to hie;
 To friends, to foes, which skill men call Ciuitie.

Therefore they alwaies smoothly seeme to smile,
 That we likewise should mylde and gentle be,
 And also naked are, that without guile
 Or false dissemblance all them plaine may see,
 Simple and true from couert malice free:
 And eke them selues so in their daunce they bore,
 That two of them still forward seem'd to bee,
 But one still towards shew'd her selfe afore;
 That good should from vs goe, then come in greater
 (store.)

Such were those Goddesses, which ye did see;
 But that fourth Mayd, which there amidst the traced,
 Who can aread, what creature mote he bee,
 Whether a creature, or a goddesse graced
 With heauenly gifts from heuen first enraced?
 But what so sure she was, she worthy was,
 To be the fourth with those three other placed:
 Yet was she certes but a countrey lasse,
 Yet she all other countrey lasses farre did passe.

So farre as doth the daughter of the day,
 All other lesser lights in light excell,
 So farre doth she in beautyfull array,
 About all other lasses beare the bell,

Ne

Ne lesse in vertue that befeemes her well,
 Doth he exceede the rest of all her race,
 For which the Graces that here went to dwell,
 Haue for more honor 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 meane of her degree;
 Diuine resemblance, beauty foueraime rare,
 Firme Chastity, that spight ne blemish dare;
 All which she with such courtesie doth grace,
 That all her peres cannot with her compare,
 But quite are dimmed, when she is in place.
 She made me often pipe and now to pipe apace.

Sunne of the world, great glory of the sky,
 That all the earth doest lighten with thy rayes,
 Great *Gloriana*, greatest Maiesty,
 Pardon thy shepheard, mongst so many layes,
 As he hath sung of thee in all his dayes,
 To make one minime of thy poore handmayd,
 And vnderneath thy feete to place her prayle,
 That when thy glory shall be fare displayd
 To future age of her this mention may be made.

When thus that shepheard ended had his speach,
 Sayd *Calidore*; Now sure it yrketh mee,
 That to thy blisse I made this luckeleffe breach,
 As now the author of thy bale to be,
 Thus to bereaue thy loues deare fight from thee:
 But gentle Shepheard pardon thou my shame,
 Who rashly fought that, which I mote not see.
 Thus did the courteous Knight excuse his blame,
 And to recomfort him, all comely meanes did frame.

In such discourses they together spent
 Long time, as fit occasion forth them led;
 With which the Knight him selfe did much content,
 And with delight his greedy fancy fed,
 Both of his words, which he with reason red;
 And also of the place, whose pleasures rare
 With such regard his fences rauished,
 That thence, he had no will away to fare,
 But wisht, that with that shepheard he mote dwelling
 (share.

But that enuenim'd sting, the which of yore,
 His poysonous point deepe fixed in his hart
 Had left, now gan afresh to rancle fore,
 And to renew the rigour of his smart:
 Whch to recure, no skill of Leaches art
 Mote him auaille, but to returne againe
 To his wounds worker, that with louely dart
 Dinting his brest, had bred his restless paine,
 Like as the wounded Whale to shore flies frō the maine.

So taking leaue of that same gentle swaine,
 He backe returned to his rusticke wonne,
 Where his faire *Pastorella* did remaine:
 To whome in sort, as he at first begonne,
 He daily did apply him selfe to donne,
 All dewfull seruice voide of thoughts impare
 Ne any paines ne perill did he shonne,
 By which he might her to his loue allure,
 And liking in her yet vntamed heart procure.

And euermore the shepheard *Coridon*,
 What euer thing he did her to aggrate,
 Did striue to match with strong contention,
 And all his paines did closely emulate;

Whether

Whether it were to caroll, as they fate
 Keeping their sheepe, or games to exercise,
 Or to present her with their labours late;
 Through which if any grace chaunft to arize
 To him, the Shepheard streight with icaloufie did frize.

One day as they all three together went
 To the greene wood, to gather strawberries,
 There chaunft to them a dangerous accident;
 A Tigre forth out of the wood did rise,
 That with fell claws full of fierce gourmandize,
 And greedy mouth, wide gaping like hell gate,
 Did runne at *Pastorell* her to surprize:
 Whom she beholding, now all desolate
 Gan cry to them aloud, to helpe her all too late.

Which *Coridon* first hearing, ran in hast
 To reskue her, but when he saw the scend,
 Through cowherd feare he fled away as fast,
 Ne durst abide the daunger of the end;
 His life he steemed dearer then his frend.
 But *Calidore* soone comming to her ayde,
 When he the beast saw ready now to rend
 His loues deare spoile, in which his heart was prayde,
 He ran at him enraged in stead of being frayde.

He had no weapon, but his shepherds hooke,
 To serue the vengeaunce of his wrathfull will,
 With which so sternely he the monster strooke,
 That to the ground astonished he fell;
 Whence ere he could recoit, he did him quell,
 And hewing off his head, it presented
 Before the feete of the faire *Pastorell*;
 Who scarcely yet from former feare exempted, (ted.
 A thousand times him thank, that had her death preuen-

From that day forth she gan him to affect,
 And daily more her fauour to augment;
 But *Coridon* for cowerdize reiect,
 Fit to keepe sheepe, vnfit for loues content:
 The gentle heart scornes base disparagement,
 Yet *Calidore* did not despise him quight,
 But vld him friendly for further intent,
 That by his fellowship, he colour might
 Both his estate, and loue from skill of any wight.

So well he wood her, and so well he wrought her,
 With humble seruice, and with daily sute,
 That at the last vnto his will he brought her;
 Which he so wisely well did profecute,
 That of his loue he reapt the timely frute,
 And ioyed long in close felicity:
 Till fortune fraught with malice, blinde, and brute,
 That enuies louers long prosperity,
 Blew vp a bitter storme of foule aduerfity.

It fortun'd one day, when *Calidore*
 Was hunting in the woods (as was his trade)
 A lawlesse people, *Brigants* hight of yore,
 That neuer vld to liue by plough nor spade,
 But fed on spoile and booty, which they made
 Vpon their neighbours, which did nigh them border,
 The dwelling of these shepheards did inuade,
 And spoyld their houses, and them selues did murder;
 And droue away their flocks, with other much disorder.

Amongst the rest, the which they then did pray,
 They spoyld old *Melibe* of all he had,
 And all his people captiue led away,
 Mongst which this lucklesse mayd away was lad,

Faire

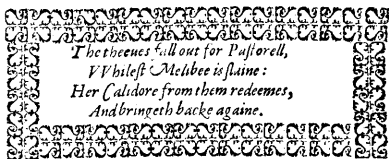
Faire *Pastorella*, sorrowfull and sad,
 Most sorrowfull, most sad, that euer sight,
 Now made the spoile of theeues and *Brigants* bad,
 Which was the conquest of the gentlest Knight,
 That euer liu'd, and th'onely glory of his might.

With them also was taken *Coridon*,
 And carried captiue by those theeues away;
 Who in the couert of the night, that none
 Mote them descry, nor rescue from their pray,
 Vnto their dwelling did them close conuay.
 Their dwelling in a little Island was,
 Couered with shrubby woods, in which no way
 Appeard for people in nor out to pas,
 Nor any footing fynde for ouergrown gras.

For vnderneath the ground their way was made,
 Through hollow caues, that no man mote discouer
 For the thicke shrubs, which did them alwaies shade
 From view of liuing wight, and couered ouer:
 But darkenesse dred and daily night did houer
 Through all the inner parts, wherein they dwelt.
 Ne lightned was with window, nor with louer,
 But with continuall candlelight, which delt
 A doubtfull sense of things, not so well seene, as felt.

Hither those *Brigants* brought their present pray,
 And kept them with continuall watch and ward,
 Meaning so soone, as they conuenient may,
 For slaues to sell them, for no small reward,
 To merchants, which them kept in bondage hard,
 Or sold againe. Now when faire *Pastorell*
 Into this place was brought, and kept with gard
 Of grieisly theeues, she thought her self in hell, (dwell,
 Where with such damned fiends she should in darknesse

But for to tell the dolefull dremert,
 And pittifull complaints, which there she made,
 Where day and night she nought did but lament
 Her wretched life, shut vp in deadly shade,
 And waste her goodly beauty, which did fade
 Like to a flowre, that feels no heate of sunne,
 Which may her feeble leaues with comfort glade.
 But what befell her in that theeuiſh wonne,
 Will in an other Canto better be begonne.

Cant. XI.

THe ioyes of loue, if they should euer last,
 Without affliction or disquietnesse,
 That worldly chaunces doe amongst them cast,
 Would be on earth too great a blessednesse,
 Liker to heauen, then mortall wretchednesse.
 Therefore the winged God, to let men weete,
 That here on earth is no sure happinesse,
 A thousand sowres hath tempred with one sweet,
 To make it seeme more deare and dainty, as is meet.

Like as is now befallne to this faire Mayd,
 Faire *Pastorell*, of whom is now my song,
 Who being now in dreadfull darknesse layd,
 Amongst those thecues, which her in bondage strong
 Detaynd,

Detaynd, yet Fortune not with all this wrong
 Contented, greater mischiefse on her threw,
 And sorrowes heapt on her in greater throng;
 That who so heares her heauinesse, would rewe
 And pittie her sad plight, so chang'd from pleasaunt hew.

Whylest thus she in these hellish dens remayned,
 Wrapped in wretched cares and hearts vnrest,
 It so befell (as Fortune had ordayned)
 That he, which was their Capitaine profest,
 And had the chiefe commaund of all the rest,
 One day as he did all his prisoners vew,
 With lustfull eyes, beheld that louely guest,
 Faire *Pastorella*, whose sad mournfull hew
 Like the faire Morning clad in misty fog did shew.

At sight whereof his barbarous heart was fired,
 And inly burnt with flames most raging whor,
 That her alone he for his part desired
 Of all the other pray, which they had got,
 And her in mynde did to him selfe allor,
 From that day forth he kyndnesse to her showed,
 And sought her loue, by all the meanes he mote;
 With looks, with words, with gifts he oft her wowed:
 And mixed threats among, and much vnto her vowed.

But all that euer he could doe or say,
 Her constant mynd could not a whit remoue,
 Nor draw vnto the lure of his lewd lay,
 To graunt him fauour, or afford him loue.
 Yet ceast he not to sew and all waies proue,
 By which he mote accomplish his request,
 Saying and doing all that mote behoue;
 Ne day nor night he suffred her to rest,
 But her all night did watch, and all the day molest.

At last when him she so importune saw,
 Fearing least he at length the raines would lend
 Vnto his lust, and make his will his law,
 Sith in his powre she was to foe or friend,
 She thought it best, for shadow to pretend
 Some shew of fauour, by him gracing fall,
 That she thereby mote either freely wind,
 Or at more ease continue there his thrall:
 A little well is lent, that gaineth more withall.

So from thenceforth, when loue he to her made,
 With better tearmes she did him entertaine,
 Which gaue him hope, and did him halfe perswade,
 That he in time her ioyauce should obtaine.
 But when she saw, through that small fauours gaine,
 That further, then she willing was, he prest,
 She found no meanes to barre him, but to faine
 A fodaine sickenesse, which her fore opprest,
 And made vnfit to serue his lawlesse mindes behest.

By meanes whereof she would not him permit
 Once to approach to her in priuity,
 But onely mongst the rest by her to sit,
 Mourning the rigour of her malady,
 And seeking all things meete for remedy.
 But she resolu'd no remedy to fynde,
 Nor better cheare to shew in misery,
 Till Fortune would her captiue bonds vnbynde,
 Her sickenesse was not of the body but the mynde.

During which space that she thus sicke did lie,
 It chaunst a sort of merchants, which were wount
 To skim those coastes, for bondmen there to buy,
 And by such trafficke after gaines to hunt,

Arriued

Arriued in this Isle though bare and blunt,
 T' inquire for slaues; where being readie met
 By some of these same theeues at the instant brunt,
 Were brought vnto their Captaine, who was set
 By his faire patients side with sorrowfull regret.

To whom they shewed, how those marchants were
 Arriud in place, their bondslaues for to buy,
 And therefore prayd, that those same captiues there
 Mote to them for their most commodity
 Be sold, and mongst them shared equally.
 This their request the Captaine much appalled;
 Yet could he not their iust demand deny,
 And willed streight the slaues should forth be called,
 And sold for most aduantage not to be forstalled.

Then forth the good old *Melibee* was brought,
 And *Coridon*, with many other moe,
 Whom they before in diuerse spoyles had caught:
 All which he to the marchants sale did shoue.
 Till some, which did the sundry prisoners knowe,
 Gan to inquire for that faire shepherdesse,
 Which with the rest they tooke not long agoe,
 And gan her forme and feature to expresse,
 The more t'augment her price, through praife of com-
 (linesse.)

To whom the Captaine in full angry wize
 Made answer, that the Mayd of whom they spake,
 Was his owne purchase and his onely prize,
 With which none had to doe, ne ought partake,
 But he himselte, which did that conquest make;
 Little for him to haue one silly lasse:
 Besides through sicknesse now so wan and weake,
 That nothing meet in marchandise to passe.
 So shew'd them her, to proue how pale & weake she was.

Ii

The sight of whom, though now decayd and mard,
 And eke but hardly seene by candle-light,
 Yet like a Diamond of rich regard,
 In doubtfull shadow of the darke some night,
 With starrie beames about her shining bright,
 These marchants fixed eyes did so amaze,
 That what through wonder, & what through delight,
 A while on her they greedily did gaze,
 And did her greatly like, and did her greatly praise.

At last when all the rest them offred were,
 And prizes to them placed at their pleasure,
 They all refused in regard of her,
 Ne ought would buy, how euer prisd with measure,
 Withouten her, whose worth about all threasure
 They did esteeme, and offred store of gold,
 But then the Captaine fraught with more displeasure,
 Bad them be still, his loue should not be sold:
 The rest take if they would, he her to him would hold.

Therewith some other of the chiefeft theenes
 Boldly him bad such iniurie forbear;
 For that same mayd, how euer it him greenes,
 Should with the rest be sold before him there,
 To make the prizes of the rest more deare.
 That with great rage he stoutly doth deny;
 And fiercely drawing forth his blade, doth sweare,
 That who so hardie hand on her doth lay,
 It dearly shall aby, and death for handsell pay.

Thus as they words amongst them multiply,
 They fall to strokes, the frute of too much talke,
 And the mad steele about doth fiercely fly,
 Not sparing wight, ne leauing any balke,

But

But making way for death at large to walke:
 Who in the horror of the grieftly night,
 In thousand dreadful shapes doth mongst them talke,
 And makes huge hauocke, whiles the candlelight
 Out quenched, leaues no skill nor difference of wight.

Like as a sort of hungry dogs ymet
 About some carcase by the common way,
 Doe fall together, stryuing each to get
 The greatest portion of the greedie pray;
 All on confused heapes them selues assay,
 And snatch, and byte, and rend, and tug, and teare;
 That who them sees, would wonder at their fray,
 And who sees not, would be affrayd to heare.
 Such was the conflict of those cruell *Brigants* there.

But first of all, their captiues they doe kill,
 Least they should ioyne against the weaker side,
 Or rise against the remnant at their will;
 Old *Melibæ* is slaine, and him beside
 His aged wife, with many others wide,
 But *Coridon* escaping craftily,
 Creepes forth of doores, whilst darknes him doth hide,
 And flies away as fast as he can hie,
 Ne stayeth leaue to take, before his friends doe dye.

But *Pastorella*, wofull wretched Elfe,
 Was by the Captaine all this while defended,
 Who minding more her safety then himselfe,
 His target alwayes ouer her pretended;
 By meanes whereof, that mote not be amended,
 He at the length was slaine, and layd on ground,
 Yet holding fast twixt both his armes extended
 Fayre *Pastorell*, who with the selfe same wound
 Launched through the arme, fell down with him in drierie
 Ii 2 (swound.

There lay she couered with confused preasse
 Of carcafes, which dying on her fell.
 Tho when as he was dead, the fray gan ceasse,
 And each to other calling, did compell
 To stay their cruell hands from slaughter fell,
 Sith they that were the cause of all, were gone,
 Thereto they all attonce agreed well,
 And lighting candles new, gan search anone,
 How many of their friends were flaine, how many fone.

Their Captaine there they cruelly found kild,
 And in his armes the dreary dying mayd,
 Like a sweet Angell twixt two clouds vphild:
 Her louely light was dimmed and decayd,
 With cloud of death vpon her eyes displayd;
 Yet did the cloud make euen that dimmed light
 Seeme much more louely in that darknesse layd,
 And twixt the twinkling of her eye-lids bright,
 To sparke out litle beames, like starres in foggie night.

But when they mou'd the carcafes aside,
 They found that life did yet in her remaine:
 Then all their helpes they busily applyde,
 To call the soule backe to her home againe;
 And wrought so well with labour and long paine,
 That they to life recouered her at last.
 Who sighing fore, as if her hart in twaine
 Had riuen bene, and all her hart strings braff,
 With drearie drouping cyne lookt vp like one aghast.

There she beheld, that fore her grien'd to see,
 Her father and her friends about her lying,
 Her selfe sole left, a second spoyle to bee
 Of those, that hauing saued her from dying,

Renew'd

Renew'd her death by timely death denying:
 What now is left her, but to wayle and weepe,
 Wringing her hands, and ruefully loud crying?
 Ne cared she her wound in teares to steepe,
 Albe with all their might those *Brigants* her did keepe.

But when they saw her now reliu'd againe,
 They left her so, in charge of one the best
 Of many worst, who with vnkind disdain
 And cruell rigour her did much molest;
 Scarfe yeelding her due food, or timely rest,
 And scarcely suffring her infestred wound,
 That fore her payn'd, by any to be drest.
 So leaue we her in wretched thraldome bound,
 And turne we backe to *Calidore*, where we him found.

Who when he backe returned from the wood,
 And saw his shepheards cottage spoyled quight,
 And his loue rest away, he wexed wood,
 And halfe enraged at that ruefull sight,
 That euen his hart for very fell despight,
 And his owne flesh he readie was to teare,
 He chaufft, he grien'd, he fretted, and he sight,
 And fared like a furious wyld Beare,
 Whose whelpes are stolne away, she being otherwhere.

Ne wight he found, to whom he might complaine,
 Ne wight he found, of whom he might inquire;
 That more increast the anguish of his paine.
 He sought the woods; but no man could see there,
 He sought the plaines; but could no tydings heare.
 The woods did nought but echoes vaine rebound,
 The playnes all waste and emptie did appeare:
 Where wont the shepheards oft their pypes resound,
 And feed an hundred flocks, there now not one he found.

li 3

At last as there he romed vp and downe,
 He chaunst one comming towards him to spy,
 That seem'd to be some forie simple clowne,
 With ragged weedes, and lockes vpstaring hye,
 As if he did from some late daunger fly,
 And yet his feare did follow him behind:
 Who as he vnto him approached nye,
 He mote perceiue by signes, which he did fynd,
 That *Coridon* it was, the silly shepherds hynd.

Tho to him running fast, he did not stay
 To greet him first, but askt where were the rest;
 Where *Pastorell*? who full of fresh disinay,
 And gushing forth in teares, was so opprest,
 That he no word could speake, but smit his brest,
 And vp to heauen his eyes fast streiming threw.
 Whereat the knight amaz'd, yet did not rest,
 But askt againe, what ment that ruffull hew:
 Where was his *Pastorell*? where all the other crew?

Ah well away (sayd he then fighting fore)
 That euer I did liue, this day to see,
 This distmall day, and was not dead before,
 Before I saw faire *Pastorells* dyc.
 Die? out alas then *Calidore* did cry:
 How could the death dare euer her to quell?
 But read thou shepherd, read what destiny,
 Or other dyrefull hap from heauen or hell
 Hath wrought this wicked deed, doe feare away, and tell.

Tho when the shepherd breathed had a while,
 He thus began: where shall I then commence
 This wofull tale? or how those *Brigants* vyle,
 With cruell rage and dreadfull violence

Spyld

Spyld all our cots, and caried vs from hence?
 Or how faire *Pastorell* should haue bene sold
 To marchants, but was sau'd with strong defence?
 Or how those theeues, whilest one sought her to hold,
 Fell all at ods, and fought through fury fierce and bold.

In that same conflict (woe is me) befell
 This fatall chauce, this dolefull accident,
 Whose heauy tydings now I haue to tell.
 First all the captiues, which they here had hent,
 Were by them slaine by generall consent;
 Old *Melibee* and his good wife withall
 These eyes saw die, and dearely did lament:
 But when the lot to *Pastorell* did fall,
 Their Captaine long withstood, & did her death forfall,

But what could he gainst all them doe alone:
 It could not boot; needs mote she die at last:
 I lonely scapt through great confusione
 Of cries and clamors, which amongst them past,
 In dreadfull darknesse dreadfully aghast;
 That better were with them to haue bene dead,
 Then here to see all desolate and wast,
 Despoyled of those ioyes and iolly head,
 Which with those gentle shepherds here I wont to lead.

When *Calidore* these ruefull newes had raught,
 His hart quite deaded was with anguish great,
 And all his wits with doole were nigh distraught,
 That he his face, his head, his brest did beat,
 And death it selfe vnto himselfe did threat,
 Oft cursing th'heauens, that so cruell were
 To her, whose name he often did repeat;
 And wishing oft, that he were present there,
 When she was slaine, or had bene to her succour nere.

Ii 4

But after griefe awhile had had his course,
 And spent it selfe in mourning, he at last
 Began to mitigate his swelling course,
 And in his mind with better reason cast,
 How he might saue her life, if life did last;
 Or if that dead, how he her death might wreake,
 Sith otherwise he could not mend thing past;
 Or if it to reuenge he were too weake,
 Then for to die with her, and his liues threed to breake.

Tho *Coridon* he prayd, sith he well knew
 The readie way vnto that theeuish wonne,
 To wend with him, and be his conduct trew
 Vnto the place, to see what should be donne.
 But he, whose hart through feare was late fordonne,
 Would not for ought be drawne to former drede,
 But by all meanes the daunger knowne did shonne:
 Yet *Calidore* so well him wrought with meed,
 And faire bespoke with words, that he at last agreed.

So forth they goe together (God before)
 Both clad in shepherds weeds agreeably,
 And both with shepherds hookes: But *Calidore*
 Had vnderneath, him armed priuily.
 Tho to the place when they approached nye,
 They chaunst, vpon an hill not farre away,
 Some flockes of sheepe and shepherds to espy;
 To whom they both agreed to take their way,
 In hope there newes to learne, how they mote best assay.

There did they find, that which they did not feare,
 The selfe same flockes, the which those theeues had rest
 From *Melibe* and from themselves whyleare,
 And certaine of the theeues there by them left,

The

The which for want of heards themselves then kept,
 Right well knew *Coridon* his owne late sheepe,
 And seeing them, for tender pittie wept:
 But when he saw the theeues, which did them keepe
 His hart gan sayle, albe he saw them all asleepe.

But *Calidore* recomforting his griefe,
 Though not his feare: for nought may feare disswaie;
 Him hardly forward drew, whereas the thiefe
 Lay sleeping soundly in the bushes shade,
 Whom *Coridon* him counfeld to inuade
 Now all vnwares, and take the spoyle away;
 But he, that in his mind had closely made
 A further purpose, would not fo them slay,
 But gently waking them, gaue them the time of day.

Tho sitting downe by them vpon the greene,
 Of fundrie things he purpose gan to faine;
 That he by them might certaine tydings weene
 Of *Pastorell*, were she alieue or flaine.
 Mongst which the theeues them questioned againe,
 What mister men, and eke from whence they were.
 To whom they answer'd, as did appertaine, (Iere
 That they were poore heardgroomes, the which why-
 Had frō their maisters fled, & now sought hyre elsewhere.

Whereof right glad they seem'd, and offer made
 To hyre them well, if they their flockes would keepe:
 For they themselues were euill groomes, they sayd,
 Vnwonnt with heards to watch, or pasture sheepe,
 But to forray the land, or scoure the deepe.
 Thereto they soone agreed, and earnest tooke,
 To keepe their flockes for litle hyre and chepe:
 For they for better hyre did shortly looke,
 So there all day they bode, till light the sky forsooke.

Tho when as towards darksome night it drew,
 Vnto their hellish dens those theeues them brought,
 Where shortly they in great acquaintance grew,
 And all the secrets of their entrayles sought,
 There did they find, contrarie to their thought,
 That *Pastorell* yet liu'd, but all the rest
 Were dead, right so as *Coridon* had taught:
 Whereof they both full glad and blyth did rest,
 But chiefly *Calidore*, whom griefe had most posselt.

At length when they occasion fittest found,
 In dead of night, when all the theeues did rest
 After a late forray, and slept full sound,
 Sir *Calidore* him arm'd, as he thought best,
 Hauing of late by diligent inquest,
 Prouided him a sword of meaneest fort:
 With which he streight went to the Captaines nest,
 But *Coridon* durst not with him comfort,
 Ne durst abide behind, for dread of worfe effort.

When to the Caue they came, they found it fast:
 But *Calidore* with huge resistlesse might,
 The dores assayed, and the locks vpbraft.
 With noyse whereof the theeue awaking light,
 Vnto the entrance ran: where the bold knight
 Encountering him with small resistance flew;
 The whiles faire *Pastorell* through great affright
 Was almost dead, misdoubting least of new
 Some vproure were like that, which lately the did view.

But when as *Calidore* was comen in,
 And gan aloud for *Pastorell* to call,
 Knowing his voice although not heard long sin,
 She sudden was reuiued therewithall.

Aad

And wondrous ioy felt in her spirits thrall:
 Like him that being long in tempest tost,
 Looking each houre into deathes mouth to fall,
 At length espyes at hand the happie coast,
 On which he safely hopes, that earst feard to be lost.

Her gentle hart, that now long season past
 Had neuer ioyance felt, nor chearefull thought,
 Began some smacke of comfort new to tast,
 Like lyfull heat to nummed senses brought,
 And life to feele, that long for death had sought;
 Ne lesse in hart reioyced *Calidore*,
 When he her found, but like to one distraught
 And robd of reason, towards her him bore,
 A thousand times embrast, and kist a thousand more.

But now by this, with noyse of late vproure,
 The hue and cry was rayed all about;
 And all the *Brigants* flocking in great store,
 Vnto the caue gan preasse, nought hauing dout
 Of that was doen, and entred in a rout.
 But *Calidore* in th'entry close did stand,
 And enterdayning them with courage stout,
 Still slew the formost, that came first to hand,
 So long till all the entry was with bodies mand.

Tho when no more could nigh to him approch,
 He breath'd his sword, and rested him till day:
 Which when he spyde vpon the earth encroch,
 Through the dead carcafes he made his way,
 Mongst which he found a sword of better fay,
 With which he forth went into th'open light:
 Where all the rest for him did readie stay,
 And fierce assaying him, with all their might
 Gan all vpon him lay: there gan a dreadfull fight.

How many flies in whotest sommers day
 Do seize vpon some beast, whose flesh is bare,
 That all the place with swarmes do ouerlay,
 And with their litle stings right felly fare;
 So many theeues about him swarming are,
 All which do him assayle on euery side,
 And sore oppresse, ne any him doth spare:
 But he doth with his raging brood diuide
 Their thickest troups, & round about him scattreth wide.

Like as a Lion mongst an heard of dere,
 Disperfeth them to catch his choyslest pray;
 So did he fly amongst them here and there,
 And all that nere him came, did hew and slay,
 Till he had strowd with bodies all the way;
 That none his daunger daring to abide,
 Fled from his wrath, and did themselues conuay
 Into their caues, their heads from death to hide,
 Ne any left, that victorie to him enuide.

Then backe returning to his dearest deare,
 He her gan to recomfort, all he might,
 With gladfull speaches, and with louely cheare,
 And forth her bringing to the ioyous light,
 Whereof the long had lackt the wishfull sight,
 Deuiz'd all goodly meanes, from her to driue
 The sad remembrance of her wretched plight.
 So her vneath at last he did reuiue,
 That long had lyen dead, and made againe aliue.

This doen, into those theeuish dens he went,
 And thence did all the spoyles and treasures take,
 Which they from many long had robd and rent,
 But fortune now the victors meed did make;

Of

Of which the best he did his loue betake;
 And also all those flockes, which they before
 Had rest from *Melibæ* and from his make,
 He did them all to *Coridon* restore.
 So droue them all away, and his loue with him bore.

Cant. XII.

*Fayre Pastorella by great hap
 her parents vnderstands,
 Calidore doth the Blatant beast
 subdew, and bynd in bands.*

Like as a ship, that through the Ocean wyde
 Directs her course vnto one certaine coast,
 Is met of many a counter winde and tyde,
 With which her winged speed is let and crost,
 And the her selfe in stormic furies tost;
 Yet making many a borde, and many a bay,
 Still winneth way, ne hath her compasse lost:
 Right so it fares with me in this long way,
 Whose course is often stayd, yet neuer is astray.

For all that hitherto hath long delayd
 This gentle knight, from sewing his first quest,
 Though out of course, yet hath not bene mis-layd,
 To shew the courtesie by him profest,
 Euen vnto the lowest and the least.
 But now I come into my course againe,
 To his atchieuement of the *Blatant* beast;
 Who all this while at will did range and raine,
 Whilst none was him to stop, nor none him to restraine.

Sir *Calidore* when thus he now had raught
 Faire *Pastorella* from those *Brigants* powre,
 Vnto the Castle of *Belgard* her brought,
 Whereof was Lord the good Sir *Bellamour*;
 Who whylome was in his youtnes freshest floure
 A lustie knight, as cuer wielded speare,
 And had endured many a dreadfull floure
 In bloudy battell for a Ladie deare,
 The fayrest Ladie then of all that liuing were.

Her name was *Claribell*, whose father hight
 The Lord of *Many Ilands*, farr renownd
 For his great riches and his greater might.
 He through the wealth, wherein he did abound,
 This daughter thought in wedlocke to haue bound
 Vnto the Prince of *Picteland* bordering nere,
 But the whose sides before with secret wound
 Of loue to *Bellamour* empierced were,
 By all meanes shund to match with any forrein fere.

And *Bellamour* againe so well her pleased,
 With dayly seruice and attendance dew,
 That of her loue he was entyrelly seized,
 And closely did her wed, but knowne to few.
 Which when her father vnderstood, he grew
 In so great rage, that them in dongeon deepe
 Without compassion cruely he threw;
 Yet did so streightly them a sinder keepe,
 That neither could to company of th'other creepe.

Nathlesse Sir *Bellamour*, whether through grace
 Or secret guifts so with his keepers wrought,
 That to his loue sometimes he came in place,
 Whereof her wombe vnwilt to wight was fraught,
 And

And in dew time a mayden child forth brought,
 Which she streight way for dread least, if her fyre
 Should know thereof, to slay he would haue fought,
 Deliuered to her handmayd, that for hyre
 She should it cause be fostred vnder straunge attyre.

The trustie damzell bearing it abroad
 Into the emptie fields, where liuing wight
 Mote not bewray the secret of her lode,
 She forth gan lay vnto the open light
 The litle babe, to take thereof a sight.
 Whom whyleft the did with warrice cyne behold,
 Vpon the litle breft like chustfall bright,
 She mote perceiue a litle purple mold,
 That like a rose her silken leaues did faire vnfold.

Well she it markt, and pittied the more,
 Yet could not remedie her wretched case,
 But closing it againe like as before,
 Bedeaw'd with teares there left it in the place:
 Yet left not quite, but drew a litle space
 Behind the bushes, where she her did hyde,
 To weet what mortall hand, or heauens grace
 Would for the wretched infants helpe pronyde,
 For which it loudly cald, and pittifully cryde.

At length a Shepheard, which there by did keepe
 His fleecie flocke vpon the playnes around,
 Led with the infants cry, that loud did weepe,
 Came to the place, where when he wrapped found
 Th'abandond spoyle, he softly it vnbound;
 And seeing there, that did him pittie fore,
 He tooke it vp, and in his mantle wound;
 So home vnto his honest wife it bore,
 Who as her owne it nursed, and named euermore.

Thus long continu'd *Claribell* a thrall,
 And *Bellamour* in bands, till that her fyre
 Departed life, and left vnto them all.
 Then all the stormes of fortunes former yre
 Were turnd, and they to freedome did retyre.
 Thenceforth they ioy'd in happinesse together,
 And liued long in peace and loue entyre,
 Without disquiet or dislike of ether,
 Till time that *Calidore* brought *Pastorella* thether.

Both whom they goodly well did entertaine;
 For *Bellamour* knew *Calidore* right well,
 And loued for his prowesse, sith they twaine
 Long since had fought in field. Als *Claribell*
 No lesse did tender the faire *Pastorell*,
 Seeing her weake and wan, through durance long.
 There they a while together thus did dwell
 In much delight, and many ioyes among,
 Vntill the damzell gan to wex more found and strong.

Tho gan Sir *Calidore* him to aduize
 Of his first quest, which he had long forelore,
 Altham'd to thinke, how he that enterprize,
 The which the Faery Queene had long afore
 Bequeath'd to him, forlacked had to fore;
 That much he feared, least reprochfull blame
 With soule dishonour him more blot therefore;
 Besides the losse of so much loos and fame,
 As through the world thereby should glorifie his name.

Therefore resolving to returne in hast
 Vnto so great atchieuement, he bethought
 To leaue his loue, now perill being past,
 With *Claribell*, whylste he that monster sought
 Through-

Troughout the world, and to destruction brought.
 So taking leaue of his faire *Pastorell*,
 Whom to recomfort, all the meanes he wrought,
 With thanks to *Bellamour* and *Claribell*,
 He went forth on his quest, and did, that him besell.

But first, ere I doe his adventures tell,
 In this exploitte, me needeth to declare,
 What did betide to the faire *Pastorell*,
 During his absence left in heauy care,
 Through daily mourning, and nightly misfare:
 Yet did that auncient matrone all she might,
 To cherish her with all things choise and rare;
 And her owne handmayd, that *Melissa* hight,
 Appointed to attend her dewly day and night.

Who in a morning, when this Mayden faire
 Wasighting her, hauing her snowy brest
 As yet not laced, nor her golden haire
 Into their comely tresses dewly drest,
 Chaunst to espy vpon her yuory cheft
 The rose marke, which she remembered well
 That litle Infant had, which forth she kest,
 The daughter of her Lady *Claribell*,
 The which she bore, the whiles in prison she did dwell.

Which well auizing, streight she gan to cast
 In her conceptfull mynd, that this faire Mayd
 Was that same infant, which so long sith past
 She in the open fields had loofely layd
 To fortunes spoile, vnable it to ayd.
 So full of ioy, streight forth she ran in hast
 Vnto her mistresse, being halfe dismayd,
 Totell her, how the heauens had her graste, (plaste,
 To saue her chyld, which in misfortunes mouth was

The sober mother seeing such her mood,
 Yet knowing not, what meant that foudaine thro,
 Ask her, how more her words be vnderstood,
 And what the matter was, that mou'd her so.
 My liefie (sayd she) ye know, that long ygo,
 Whilest ye in durance dwelt, ye to me gaue
 A little mayde, the which ye chylde tho;
 The same againe if now ye list to haue,
 The same is yonder Lady, whom high God did faue.

Much was the Lady troubled at that speech,
 And gan to question streight how she it knew.
 Most certaine markes, (sayd she) do me it teach,
 For on her brest I with these eyes did vew
 The litle purple rose, which thereon grew,
 Whereof her name ye then to her did giue.
 Besides her countenance, and her likely hew,
 Matched with equall yeares, do surely priene
 That yond same is your daughter sure, which yet doth liue

The matrone stayd no lenger to enquire,
 But forth in hast ran to the straunger Mayd;
 Whom catching greedily for great desire,
 Rent vp her brest, and bofome open layd,
 In which that rose she plainly saw displayd.
 Then her embracing twixt her armes twainet,
 She long so held, and softly weeping sayd;
 And liuest thou my daughter now againe?
 And art thou yet aliuie, whom dead I long did faine.

The further asking her of sundry things,
 And times comparing with their accidents,
 She found at last by very certaine signes,
 And speaking markes of passed monuments,
 That this young Mayd, whom chance to her presents

Is

Is her owne daughter, her owne infant deare.
 Tho wondring long at thise so straunge euents,
 A thousand times she her embraced nere,
 With many a ioyfull kisse, and many a melting teare.

Who euer is the mother of one chylde,
 Which hauing thought long dead, she fyndes aliuie,
 Let her by prooffe of that, which she hath fylde
 In her owne breast, this mothers ioy descriue:
 For other none such passion can contriue
 In perfect forme, as this good Lady felt,
 When she so faire a daughter saw suruiue,
 As *Pastorella* was, that nigh she swelt
 For passing ioy, which did all into pittie melt.

Thence running forth vnto her loued Lord,
 She vnto him recounted, all that fell:
 Who ioyning ioy with her in one accord,
 Acknowledg'd for his owne faire *Pastorell*.
 There leaue we them in ioy, and let vs tell
 Of *Calidore*, who seeking all this while
 That monstrous Beast by finall force to quell,
 Through euery place, with restlesse paine and toile
 Him follow'd, by the tract of his outrageous spoile.

Through all estates he found that he had past,
 In which he many massacres had left,
 And to the Clergy now was come at last;
 In which such spoile, such hauocke, and such theft
 He wrought, that thence all goodnesse he bereft,
 That endlesse were to tell. The Elfin Knight,
 Who now no place besides vsfought had left,
 At length into a Monastere did light,
 Where he him found despoyling all with maine & might.
 Into their cloysters now he broken had,
 Through which the Monckes he chased here & there,

Kk 2

And them pursu'd into their dortours fad,
 And searched all their cels and secrets neare;
 In which what filth and ordure did appeare,
 Were yrkesome to report; yet that foule Beast
 Nought sparing them, the more did tosse and teare,
 And ransacke all their dennes from most to least,
 Regarding nought religion, nor their holy heast.

From thence into the sacred Church he broke,
 And robd the Chancell, and the desks downe threw,
 And Altars fouled, and blasphemy spoke,
 And th' Images for all their goodly hew,
 Did cast to ground, whilest none was them to rew;
 So all confounded and disordered there.
 But seeing *Calidore*, away he flew,
 Knowing his fatall hand by former feare;
 But he him fast pursuing, soone approached neare.

Him in a narrow place he ouertooke,
 And fierce assailing forst him turne againe:
 Sternely he turnd againe, when he him strooke
 With his sharpe steele, and ran at him againe
 With open mouth, that seemed to containe
 A full good pecke within the vtmost brim,
 All set with yron teeth in raunges twaine,
 That terrifide his foes, and armed him,
 Appearing like the mouth of *Orcus* griefly grim.

And therein were a thousand tongs empight,
 Offundry kindes, and sundry quality,
 Some were of dogs, that barked day and night,
 And some of cats, that wrawling still did cry.
 And some of Beares, that groynd continually,
 And some of Tygres, that did seeme to gren,
 And snar at all, that euer passed by:

But

But most of them were tongues of mortall men,
 Which spake reprochfully, not caring where nor when.

And them amongst were mingled here and there,
 The tongues of Serpents with three forked stings,
 That spat out poyson and gore bloody gere
 At all, that came within his rauening,
 And spake licentious words, and hatefull things
 Of good and bad alike, Of low and hie;
 Ne Kefars spared he a whit, nor Kings,
 But either blotted them with infamie,
 Or bit them with his banefull teeth of injury.

But *Calidore* thereof no whit afraid,
 Rencountred him with so impetuous might,
 That th' outrage of his violence he stayd,
 And bet abacke, threatning in vaine to bite,
 And spitting forth the poyson of his spight,
 That fomed all about his bloody iawes.
 Tho rearing vp his former feete on hight,
 He rampt vpon him with his rauenous pawes,
 As if he would haue rent him with his cruell clawes.

But he right well aware, his rage to ward,
 Did cast his shield atweene, and therewithall
 Putting his puiffaunce forth, pursu'd so hard,
 That backward he enforced him to fall,
 And being downe, ere he new helpe could call,
 His shield he on him threw, and fast downe held,
 Like as a bullocke, that in bloudy stall
 Of butchers balefull hand to ground is feld,
 Is forcibly kept downe, till he be throughly queld.

Full cruelly the Beast did rage and rore,
 To be downe held, and maytred so with might,

Kk 3

That he gan fret and fome out bloody gore,
 Striuing in vaine to rere him selfe vpright.
 For still the more he stroue, the more the Knight
 Did him suppress, and forcibly sbdew;
 That made him almost mad for fell despight,
 He grind, hee bit, he scratcht, he venim throw,
 And fared like a feend, right horrible in heu.

Or like the hell-borne *Hydra*, which they faine
 That great *Alcides* whilome ouerthrew,
 After that he had labourd long in vaine,
 To crop his thousand heads, the which still new
 Forth budded, and in greater number grew.
 Such was the fury of this hellish Beast,
 Whilest *Calidore* him vnder him downe threw;
 Who nathemore his heauy load releast,
 But aye the more he rag'd, the more his powre increast.

Tho when the Beast saw, he mote nought auail,
 By force, he gan his hundred tongues apply,
 And sharpely at him to reuile and raile,
 With bitter termes of shamefull infamy;
 Of it interlacing many a forged lie,
 Whose like he neuer once did speake, nor heare,
 Nor euer thought thing so vnworthy:
 Yet did he nought for all that him forbear,
 But strained him so strenghtly, that he chokt him neare.

At last when as he found his force to shrinke,
 And rage to quail, he tooke a muzzell strong
 Of surett yron, made with many a lincke;
 Therewith he mured vp his mouth along,
 And therein shut vp his blasphemous tong,
 For neuer more defaming gentle Knight,
 Or vnto louely Lady doing wrong:

And

And thereunto a great long chaine he tight,
 With which he drew him forth, euē in his own despight.

Like as whylome that strong *Tyrnthian* swaine,
 Brought forth with him the dreadfull dog of hell,
 Against his will fast bound in yron chaine,
 And roring horribly, did him compell
 To see the hatefull funne, that he might tell
 To grieisly *Pluto*, what on earth was donne,
 And to the other damned ghosts, which dwell
 For aye in darkenesse, which day light doth sronne.
 So led this Knight his captiue with like conquest wonne.

Yet greatly did the Beast repine at those
 Sraunge bands, whose like till then he neuer bore,
 Ne euer any durst till then impose,
 And chauffed inly, seeing now no more
 Him liberty was left aloud to rore:
 Yet durst he not draw backe; nor once withstand
 The proued powre of noble *Calidore*,
 But trembled vnderneath his mighty hand,
 And like a fearefull dog him followed through the land.

Him through all Faery land he follow'd so,
 As if he learned had obedience long,
 That all the people where so he did go,
 Out of their townes did round about him throng,
 To see him leade that Beast in bondage strong,
 And seeing it, much wondred at the sight;
 And all such persons, as he earst did wrong,
 Reioyced much to see his captiue plight, (Knight.
 And much admyr'd the Beast, but more admyr'd the

Thus was this Monster by the maystring might
 Of doughty *Calidore*, suppress and tamed,
 That neuer more he mote endammadge wight
 With his vile tongue, which many had defamed,

And many causelesse caused to be blamed:
 So did he ecke long after this remaine,
 Vntill that, whether wicked fate so framed,
 Or fault of men, he broke his yron chaine,
 And got into the world at liberty againe.

Thenceforth more mischief and more scath he wrought
 To mortall men, then he had done before;
 Ne euer could by any more be brought
 Into like bands, ne maystred any more:
 Albe that long time after *Calidore*,
 The good Sir *Pelleas* him tooke in hand,
 And after him Sir *Lamoracke* of yore,
 And all his brethren borne in Britaine land;
 Yet none of them could euer bring him into band.

So now he raungeth through the world againe,
 And rageth fore in each degree and state;
 Ne any is, that may him now restraine,
 He growen is so great and strong of late,
 Barking and biting all that him doe bate,
 Albe they worthy blame, or cleare of crime:
 Ne spareth he most learned wits to rate,
 Ne spareth he the gentle Poets rime,
 But rends without regard of person or of time.

Ne may this homely verse, of many meanest,
 Hope to escape his venomous despite,
 More then my former writs, all were they clearest
 From blamefull blot, and free from all that wite,
 With which some wicked tongnes did it backebite,
 And bring into a mighty Peres displeasure,
 That neuer so deserued to endite.
 Therefore do you my rimes keep better measure, (sure,
 And seeke to please, that now is counted wisemens threa-

F I N I S.